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THE SWEET OLD NAME.

Calling the sweet old name,
And a child voice answering,
With an eye of kindling flame,
And brown hair clustering
Over a brow so like your own,
And a voice whose ringing tone
Wakes the echoes of all the years,
The beautiful, bygone years.

The awful silence of shroud and tomb,
That seemed to fold you away so far,
Is broken, and through the gloom
Comes the gleam of one soft star,
A mingled thrill of joy and pain,
Though I call to you in vain;
In the sound of the boyish tone
Is something still your own.

And I watch and wait to see
Your life again unfolding,
From out of the death that seemed to be
When you passed from my beholding;
And joy, if your life is lived again,
So brave and true in its peace and pain,
So strong in its high endeavor
To live for the vast forever.

—Emily J. Bugbee, in Chicago Current.

AMONG THE MODOCS.

A Story of Indian Diplomacy Never Before Published.

The Interview That Preceded the Massacre of the Peace Commissioners—A Perilous Mission and a Narrow Escape.

A thrilling chapter of the unwritten history of the negotiations that preceded the massacre by the Modocs of the Peace Commission in 1872 is now related for the first time by a gentleman of this city who formed one of the party. Four months anterior to the appearance of Meacham and the Peace Commission in the Lava Beds it was deemed advisable to send a small party to Captain Jack to have a peace talk and ascertain how the land lay. The Indians had no faith in Meacham. They regarded him as their enemy and the cause of all their troubles, as he was in part, and from the start they meant to kill him if they got a chance. When the overtures for a preliminary talk were first made, Captain Jack refused to send out any message by the squaws, but two days later he sent out two Indians who knew Fairchild, a rancher, well, to say that he, Jack, wanted to see Fairchild and 'Squire Steele of Yreka, and would talk peace with them. He wanted them to come unarmed, and they might bring a few other good men, but "no soldiers."

It was rather a perilous undertaking, but Fairchild promptly said he would go. Mr. Steele was communicated with, and as he had successfully defended one of the leading Indians in a cattle-stealing case, and knew he would not be harmed, he also consented. The squaws were sent in with a message that Steele and Fairchild, with an interpreter, Frank Riddle, and three newspaper correspondents, one from New York, one from San Francisco and a third from Sacramento, would visit Captain Jack on a certain day, but that he must send out five of his braves unarmed to escort the party in. Jack assented to this, and in due time "Hooka Jim," "Boston Charley," "Bogus Charley" and "Shacknasty Jim" appeared at Gillem's camp.

The next morning the party set out. No arms were carried except a small derringer, which each person had hidden in his breast for obvious use in case treachery was practiced. It was a long ride in the saddle, and over the worst country that horse's foot ever trod. Though the party set out at daylight, it was three o'clock in the afternoon before the edge of the lava beds was reached. The Indians were then sent ahead to uncover the trails, and Jack's stronghold was fully eight miles ahead. The horses had the most difficult task to thread their way over the hard, flinty scoria. Little tufts of sage brush grew out of crevices in the rocks. These covered hidden holes into which the animals would stumble and flounder, and in scores of places riders had to dismount and lead the tired and worried beasts.

It was after dark when "Hooka Jim" took Steele's horse by the bridle and led him through between two great rocks, just separated enough to avoid scraping the rider's legs. The rest of the party followed and found themselves in a great, torn up rocky basin, resembling the crater of an extinct volcano. It was dark and everybody had to dismount, but from the little fires that here and there dotted the rocky ledges on either side it was seen that we were in the Indian camp. The Modoc welcome was not effusively cordial. "Bogus Charley," who acted as Captain Jack's Lord Chamberlain, and could speak a little English, directed the party where it could picket the horses and cook the supper of bacon and flapjacks, now much needed. The Indian women gathered about in a shy way, and the children came and grinned through the smoke of the camp fire.

"They don't mean any treachery yet, that's certain," said Fairchild. "When Indians mean mischief they keep their squaws in the background."

The party had brought two pack-mules loaded with bacon, flour and coffee and a sack or two of army biscuit. The squaws watched the unloading of these with the deepest interest. The supper ended, "Bogus Charley" appeared with "Scar-Faced Charley," who was known as Captain Jack's Adjutant-General. "Scar-Face" was a Rogue River Indian, of lighter hue than the Modocs and a man of great dignity and sternness. He had lived a short time among the whites at Jacksonville, Oregon, and could speak a little English. He spoke first to Steele, and shook hands with Fairchild, whom he knew. He then said a council of Modocs had been called in Captain Jack's cave, and that they would meet "'Squire" Steele and "Boss" Fairchild in half an hour. Pending this it was noticed that the party's little camp was closely guarded by armed Indians, and what made the sight the more disagreeable was that every Indian had a Springfield breech-loader, with his breast literally covered with belts of cartridges, and every one had an army overcoat and army hat. This was plunder from the rout of January 17th. After that defeat there was no scarcity of arms or ammunition in the Indian camp. They had more than they could use.

Just before the "embassy" went into the Modoc Chief's presence, Mr. Steele said to the newspaper men:

"Gentlemen, I want to impress upon you that, being entirely at the mercy of these people, we are in a delicate position. You must leave to Fairchild and myself the whole business of this mission. Do not talk to the Indians or try to watch us closely, and do exactly as we do. Everything must be conciliatory. Some of these foolish young chiefs may seem impertinent, or, indeed, insult us. We must submit to any indignity, come how it may. If Captain Jack asks you who you are it will be a good point for you to say that you are the men who write for the great newspapers which reach the eye of the Great Father, and that his complaints will be carefully taken down. Now, let us be cautious and I believe there will be no danger."

Everybody trusted Steele and Fairchild, and for once there were gathered as quiet, as demure and as unostentatious a lot of newspaper men as ever assembled. There were no attempts at interviewing, no bustling about for pointers, and no buttonholing on the quiet in search of "scoops." Each man simply held his breath and listened. The Modoc statesmen were one and all freed from newspaper pertinacity.

Captain Jack's cave was a "vaulted chamber" of nature's make. It was created by volcanic action, and the entrance to it was not more than ten feet wide. The latter was irregular, and one had to follow a dark and intricate chamber. Once inside, the room was perhaps sixty feet long by thirty feet wide. The council fire of sage-brush and grease-wood was in full blast, and around it, sitting on their haunches, were more than one hundred Indians. The only squaws present were Captain Jack's two wives, one an old pure-blooded Modoc, and the other a paler-faced and rather comely woman, evidently possessed of a strain of white blood. She spoke no English, however. The "embassy" was escorted in by Scar-Faced Charley. Captain Jack sat in the rear of the cave on a mat of twigs, and one of his wives on either side of him. He looked up as the party entered, and half smiled at Fairchild. Then he took Steele's proffered hand, but he did not rise from his seat. Then followed handshakings all around. If anybody thinks this was not irksome he had better try it some time. Six people had each to shake hands with over one hundred Indians, every one armed to the teeth. Blinded by the smoke of the fire in the cave, each white stomach somewhat disturbed by the noisome smells from a not too cleanly housekeeping, and, withal, the absolute necessity of expressing delight in the face if none in the heart, imposed a task upon the Indian's guests which required some exercise of will. General Canby had been thoughtful enough to send along a couple of hundred cigars with which to aid in subduing the savage soul. Before another word was uttered Fairchild opened these and distributed them.

One of the funniest things in aboriginal economy is to see an untutored savage smoke a cigar. Ed. Fox, of New York, came near sacrificing the lives of the whole Embassy by laughing when Hooka Jim bit his cigar half way in the middle, put one piece in his pocket and stuck the other in his mouth, elevated at an angle of sixty degrees.

After the cigars were lighted the Indians sat in silence several minutes. The whites were clustered to the left of Jack, around the council fire. When Indians are silent it is etiquette to remain silent also. Steele and Fairchild knew this and said nothing, but smoked away. Presently, without preliminary, Captain Jack burst into an animated talk in the Modoc tongue. He spoke to no one in particular. But the Indians interrupted him frequently with grunts and "ughs!" He spoke for five minutes, perhaps; then, motioning to one of his wives, the latter got him a drink of water.

Another phase of Indian character, which Steele well understood, is not to be hasty in reply. Therefore, when the interpreter had given the substance of Captain Jack's speech, Mr. Steele preserved a dead silence for more than five minutes. Nothing so pleases an Indian as to have him believe you are weighing his words and giving great thoughts to his utterances. The Indian is one of the vainest of men. When the proper time arrived Steele began a grandiloquent oration, which Riddle interpreted sentence by sentence. He told how the Great Father had been grieved at the conduct of his children, but that, believing that his children had been improperly treated, had sent a commission of "hy-as-tyees" to meet Captain Jack and his braves and do full justice. The Great Father simply wanted peace. True, he had sent his soldiers, but only to guard his "hy-as-tyees" from improper treatment by the young and thoughtless braves among his children. [Cries of "Ugh! Ugh."]

This was a hopeful sign, and Steele went on. Whenever you can get an Indian to grunt "Ugh," he is at least satisfied with what you say. Steele then spoke at length on the desire of the "Great Father" to have the Indians meet his Commissioners, the "hy-as-tyees," who had been sent far from the rising sun to confer with them. Captain Jack, after another wait of ten minutes, during which there was dead silence, began another speech. This was a tirade against Meacham and against the policy which had starved them first on the reservation and then strove to force them back. Finally he said, with an outburst of passion, during which his swarthy face lowered and his black eyes gleamed: "I will meet the 'hy-as-tyees.' We will see what they will say." He then turned away, in token that the interview was ended. The two wives led him to the rear of the cave, the Indians gradually dispersed, and it began to be an interesting question as to what was to become of the guests.

This, however, was soon settled when "Scar-Faced Charley" told Mr. Steele that the party were expected to sleep in the cave, and that another "talk" would be had in the morning. Accordingly the party's horses were cared for, their blankets and saddles were brought in, and the six or seven white men and forty or more Indians lay down on the rocks. The writer was invited to stretch himself beside "Scar Face" on a tule mat. It was not inviting, but the invitation was graciously accepted. There was not much sleep. All night long the sage-brush fire was kept blazing. Every hour or so the savages would "change the watch." One or two or three red devils would crawl into the cave, guns in hand, and covered with cartridges, and others would crawl out and take their places.

The silent hours dragged by and finally daylight broke. With it all the Indians were astir, and, of course, their guests were too polite to interfere with domestic arrangements. They arose, too.

"We must saddle up and be prepared to get out of here just as soon as this 'talk' is over," said Fairchild. "We mustn't wear out our welcome," he added, significantly.

He said afterward that he saw certain signs among some of the younger Indians that he didn't like. For instance, at daybreak they had removed the horses of their guests to another spot, and had been so impolite as to take all the bacon and biscuit they could get their hands on, leaving none for the white man's breakfast. A pail of coffee was hastily made, the horses were saddled, and then the Indians were assembled for another "talk." Steele and Fairchild purposely made this as brief as possible. Captain Jack stated simply that he would receive the "hy-as-tyees," and he said in English to Fairchild:

"Meacham—you tell Meacham me want him to come. Me want to see Meacham."

The few Indians who understood English broke into a coarse laugh, and Steele at once took Captain Jack's hand and bade him good-bye.

"Go out and mount," he whispered quickly to the rest of the party.

There was no time lost in bidding adieu to the savages. Fairchild sprang into his saddle and struck out at once. In ten minutes the whole party were out of the crater-like basin and picking their way in single file over the rocks. It was fully an hour before a word was spoken, and then Steele, who brought up the rear, exclaimed:

"Boys, I think we got out of there in good time."

Four weeks later the treacherous Modocs committed the awful crime which startled the country.—*San Francisco Cor. N. Y. Star.*

A SALT LAKE.

Remarkable Curiosity on the Top of a Mountain.

There is a remarkable salt lake situated one hundred and fifty miles west and south of Albuquerque, in New Mexico, and about fifty miles from the Arizona line. The lake is located on the top of a volcanic mountain, and evidently occupies an extinct carter. The lake is perhaps three quarters of a mile in diameter, and is so strongly impregnated with salt that a thick crust of pure white salt of a spongy consistency like floating ice encrusts the margin. It is so plentiful that it is carried away by the wagon load. It has been long used by the Indians. The salt is white, of the purest quality, and destitute of sand or any foreign ingredient. The texture is porous, like congealed white foam. There is one specimen inclosing the stem of some vegetable, and can be handled like an apple by its stem.

But the most curious feature of this lake is a tall, circular column, of monument-shaped formation, which rises up near the center of the lake to the height of one hundred feet, and which appears to be composed of white lava thrown up by some convulsion during some ancient geological period. The outside of the singular column sloped from the base toward the top, and was rough enough to enable it to be ascended. On reaching the top of the cone, the interior was found to be hollow like a tube, and at the bottom there was seen a circular pond of water with a bright emerald green color in appearance, probably to be attributed to the sparse rays of light which penetrated this huge tube, and were reflected from the smooth, mirror-like surface of the water. A party with some difficulty descended the projecting sides of the interior of this bowl, and they found no incrustations of salt on the surface like that on the outside, but, on thrusting the hand into the water and withdrawing it, the hand came out perfectly white from the particles of salt that adhered to it. It was evidently very strong brine.—*Exchange.*

THEY GOT LEFT.

How a Granger Demonstrated an Important Fact.

He sat down in one of the hallways of the Merrill block and pulled off his boot, and a policeman who happened along at that moment kindly inquired:

"Concluded to go barefoot?"

"Say," called the man as he tugged away at his sock, "I've been walking around this town for about five hours."

"Must be footsore."

"No, 'tain't that, but I've had a dozen different boys ask me if I had tar on my heel. I've looked and looked but there is no tar. Is there any on that boot?"

"No."

"Any on my sock?"

"No."

"Well, now, off comes the sock and you look at my bare heel. If there's any tar there I want to know it."

"I can't see any," replied the officer, "but you've got the thumpingest, biggest old callous I ever did behold."

"I know it, but I'm after tar. Any tar on my foot?"

"No."

"Any on my toes?"

"No."

"Then these sassy young cubs are left, smart as they are. I was kinder surprised all the time, but they want to quit right off on me now! I've looked and you've looked, and there's no tar there, and the next boy who sees tar on my heel will see stars along with it."—*Detroit Free-Press.*

CUBAN RAILWAYS.

Two Cheap Competitive Routes With Otherwise High Fares—Curiosities of Travel.

About the only instance of competition which I have encountered in Cuba is that between the two lines of railway extending from Havana to Matanzas. In general, railway fare is phenomenally high. The tariff from Havana to Cienfuegos on the southern coast is $16 in gold, and the railway company held a meeting not long ago to ascertain, if possible, why the receipts don't exceed the expenses. But a first-class fare by the longest of the two routes to the city is only $1.10, and by the shortest $1.50. Second and third-class fares are proportionally cheaper. The long route has a train which pushes right through in two hours and forty minutes without stopping, save two or three times at railway junctions.

Tourists ordinarilly make the trip out by one route and back by the other.

A railway train in Cuba is not such a curiosity as one in India, Burmah, or even Europe. The rolling-stock was manufactured in New England and shipped here a few centuries ago. It consequently has a venerable but withal familiar look to any one whose experience runs back to the primitive sort of coaches and engines that characterized the early history of railroading in our country.

It is in the third-class coaches that you get the best glimpses into real Cuban life.

You see the negroes and the Chinamen, and the poor Cubans and the Spanish soldiers all mingling on a common level. You see every peasant, black or white, stow some live chickens away under the seat, and you wonder, as I have done a score of times, why everybody persists in this curious habit. I have seen two-thirds of the wealthy Cuban passengers on a steamboat take chickens into their first-class cabins. When the train stops at a station of some importance, in rush men and boys with various kinds of native fruits for sale, country cheese, lightning bugs, and above all, lottery tickets. The lightning bugs are principally purchased by tourists as curiosities, for the Cuban lightning bug, if he could be trained to systematic illuminating habits and brought into the United States, would soon bankrupt the various electric light companies.

When it is time for the train to start a wrinkled, emaciated Chinaman rings a hand-bell lethargically, and the engine pulls out.

The first-class car is put at the rear of the train, and is nearly empty except in the tourist season. On one railroad there is a machine in the forward end of each coach displaying a placard that reads, "Proxima Estacion, ——." It would not be amiss if some of our railroads thus announced to the eye as well as to the ear the name of the next station, but I imagine some way would be found in our country of having the moving wheels of the car operate the machine instead of sapping the life-blood of the tired conductor.—*Matanzas Cor. Times-Democrat.*

ALBANIA.

Incident of a Journey From Cettinje to Rjeka.

From Cettinje to Rjeka, at the northern extremity of the Lake of Scutari, the journey lies through a sterile country, which grows more smiling and less sterile as the lake is neared, and after a six hours' steam in a small pinnace belonging to the Prince, the lake scenery en route being most lovely, Scutari of Albania is at last reached. This, with the exception of Janina, is the most important town in the whole of Albania, and certainly one of the most picturesque. Its red roofs peeping up from among masses of green foliage; its old tumbledown bazaar, roofed in years ago with rough planking, half of which has rotted or fallen away, while vines clinging round what is left afford an ever-varying shade against the fierce rays of the sun; its quaint old Venetian fortress, ruined by time and explosions, frowning above the town; its stunted mosques and graceful minarets; the lovely expanse of lake, bounded on north, east and west by magnificent ranges of rocky mountains—all contribute to form a most striking and beautiful whole. The inhabitants are well in keeping with their surroundings. Here you may see the swinging *fustanella* and portentous rolling swagger of the Mussulman townsman; there the red jacket and baggy black drawers of his Christ an fellow; here again the tight-fitting white leggins and the black jacket (still worn as a sign of mourning for Iskander Bey) of the Miridite, or the brilliant vest of the *Bayraktar*; on this side glows the yellow-embroidered scarlet cloak of the Roman Catholic lady; on that the gold-embroidered chocolate mantle and white yashmak of the Mussulman dame; and endless variety of color and costume are continually shifting and passing before your eyes, while silver-mounted arms flashing in the sun lend everywhere an additional sparkle and glitter to the scene. The men here, and everywhere in North Albania, are tall, lithe and active, with an exceedingly intelligent expression of face, sharp-cut aquiline features, broad forehead, and a peculiar flash of the eyes and intensity of look. The women, on the other hand, are generally coarse in feature and stunted in figure, but the quite young girls are usually graceful and handsome; it is more than probable that their subsequent want of beauty is the result of the severe out-of-door labor which they continually undergo, for they are treated as mere beasts of burden. The intelligence of the men is not belied by their looks. They are pre-eminent in building, gardening, silverwork, lacework, architecture, and in fact in all branches of industry requiring either skilled labor or artistic taste; while it is no uncommon occurrence to find an Albanian occupying a high position in the Government of the Ottoman Empire. They are, moreover, as a rule honest, hospitable, and thoroughly true to the rules of their own code of honor, while their valor is almost proverbial.—*Fortnightly Review.*

THE DAIRY.

—Butter in air-tight packages keeps longest.

—Dogs are poor cowboys for driving up dairy stock.

—Whey makes an excellent drink for calves, if some bran or shipstuff is mixed with it.

—Dealers in butter in New York, where they have a law squarely prohibiting the sale of oleomargarine and other imitation butter, state that the honest enforcement of the law is having the effect of increasing the demand for genuine dairy butter, says *Hoard's Dairyman.*

—A little extra food should be given awhile before the cow calves, and it should be of a cooling, loosening nature, says an exchange. Roots, with a little rye and oat meal sprinkled over, is an excellent feed for such occasions. As soon as the calf is weaned and the cow has regained her strength, she may be put back into her accustomed place and the box-stall vacated for the next.—*Western Rural.*

SUMMER DAIRYING.

How to Make Butter in Hot Weather—A Few Practical Suggestions.

In the first place give your attention to the cows; see that they are not compelled to live upon a dry and worn out pasture, with only weeds to eat, and old swale water to drink. See that they have a liberal feed, either of green grass or fodder, or that the stalls are supplied with a generous lot of ground food when they come in to be milked, and above all, give them an abundant supply of fresh, pure water, not only once or twice a day, but if they have to climb over bare hills to pick up a scant supply of grass, then give them abundance of water all day long. We know it is seldom that poor grass and good water go together, but it must be borne in mind that it is the two together—bad grass and bad water—that raises the mischief with butter making. So if you can not afford both, be sure to supply one, or else leave the whole business alone. This is a point that dairymen should bear particularly in mind when they are either choosing a dairy farm, or deciding to turn the old homestead into a dairy farm. See that it will either produce a succulent growth of food the year round, or a never-failing supply of pure, fresh water.

Having attended well to the cows, the next thing in order, where an extra article of butter is wanted, is to see that the milk is not only properly taken from the cow, but that it is properly treated immediately after it is taken from the cow. That is, see that the milkers are cleanly in their habits; that the milk cans are properly scalded and sunned, for this process is of vital importance. A thorough drying and heating is a wonderful purifier. This being well attended to, the next thing is the cow's udder. This should be thoroughly cleaned at this time of the year if there is any foulness about it. Having looked to these points, we now come to the most vital one of all, and that is the care of the milk immediately after it is drawn from the udder. An hour's delay or even half this time will often destroy the quality of the whole week's make of butter. To avoid any such calamity the milk should be treated systematically and properly. That is, it should be subjected to a cold water bath as soon as it is drawn from the cow. To do this, have a large can holding eight or ten gallons sitting in a trough by the pump. As a milkman pours milk in the can, let him stop and pump the same amount of water in the trough, or rather, water enough to raise it to the same eight on the outside of the can that the milk reaches on the inside of the can. In this way the first heat is taken out of the milk and it is left in a good keeping condition, and may then be set deep or shallow, and it should not be set either way until it is subjected to this treatment.

If set deep, and this process is scrupulously complied with, there will be no fear of having tainted milk or a "cowy" smell about it. If set shallow, it will then not "clabber" or thicken too quickly to let the cream have time to rise. Whatever plan of setting is adopted, when the cream is removed, let it be remembered that the sooner in season it is put to the churn the better it will be for the quality of the butter. That is, cream should always be allowed a certain time to "ripen;" if raised sweet, then not less than twelve hours. If raised shallow and sour, six or eight hours will do. But right fresh cream will not churn, and it is a great waste of material to put it in the churn. This, however, is not the common fault with farmers. It is seldom they churn too quickly, but, on the contrary, as a rule, almost universal, they set the cream away to wait upon further acquisitions, and being in a warm atmosphere the sour whey begins to eat up the finer qualities of the cream, so that when churning day finally does arrive there is nothing but a tasteless curd left in the cream. To avoid this misfortune, churn early and often in hot weather. Then, above all things, do not put the cream in the churn at too high a temperature. Keep it below sixty if you can. Fifty-eight is a good summer temperature for churning if a fine article of butter is wanted. To accomplish this, ice or extremely cold spring or well water must be used by immersing the cream pail in it before the cream is put in the churn. When this is properly done the butter is sure to come within twenty or thirty minutes, and in a firm condition and of a high color and flavor. This should be retained by the further use of ice or cold water, never allowing the butter to become warm and mushy.

In this condition it should be packed or printed, put in the tub or butter box, and placed in the ice-house or other cool receptacle. From here it should be hurried to market with all possible speed, and the injunction to all hands through which it will pass to hurry it on to the final consumer, who will abundantly reward you for your extra care and favorable management. This, in fact, is the whole secret of the success of butter factories, and it will be well when all dairymen learn to follow their illustrious example.—*Farm, Stock and Home.*

ADVICE TO BOYS.

Suggestions Containing a Vein of Sarcasm, and Which Are Not to Be Taken Literally.

The one mark by which you can distinguish a smart boy is his disrespect toward his parents. Your father undoubtedly means well, but he is fogyish and terribly slow—has none of the "lightning glance" and "cold fiendish smile" which are going to characterize you when you are grown up. It may not be politic to ignore his authority—you tried it once with unfavorable results—but you can, with propriety, refer to him as "the old man," and can let him see plainly that he has no common, tame boy to deal with. Your mother is, at best, only a woman, and this fact should be sufficient to insure your pitying contempt. Treat her with mild, compassionate scorn, and be scrupulously careful to ignore all her advice. In this way you can lay up a pleasant store of reflections for after life; for nothing will thrill a middle-aged man with keener pleasure than the remembrance of how he used to grieve his mother.

You can never be a man until you have learned to smoke. The delicate tissues of your mouth and lungs, as well as the subtler tissues of your brain, can not properly be regarded as in working order until they have been well dried by tobacco smoke. Nature leaves them in a crude state, the sagacity of the individual to complete the work. If you can not afford to buy a cigar, seek some luscious discarded remnant and rekindle its sacred fires.

Teachers are, by nature and education, petty tyrants, and are therefore to be thwarted and annoyed in every possible manner. They gloat on staying after school for the purpose of keeping their pupils, and assign long lessons through sheer malignity. Do everything in your power to make them unhappy. Be especially careful to portray all your grievances to your parents and in these portrayals, as in writing poetry, give your imagination full play. By patient and heroic stubbornness you may, perhaps, weary the teacher into hopelessness and triumph gloriously by graduating an idiot in spite of his mean efforts to elevate you.

You can not be too careful about your reading. Books of the proper sort are constantly being written by the best talent of the age, and retailed for the moderate price of one dime. Reading-matter of as similarly elevating character may be found in the illustrated weekly papers for boys, which are published by men who have consecrated their whole lives to the work of making upright and honorable citizens out of the coming generation. These books and papers will not only furnish means of delightful recreation, but may usefully serve as handbooks of reference in emergence as similar to those described. You remember how Gatling Gath, the Gory Terror of Gommersdorf, rushed amid the redskins—or were they bandits?—waving his blade on high, and rescued the lovely, star-eyed Florimel. Now, it is high time that the public woke up to these things. It is astonishing that gray-haired deacons and rich business men dare to tempt Providence by recklessly walking the streets without having a bowie-knife at the belt and a revolver in each pocket when such thrilling scenes are being enacted all over America; but do not you let their foolhardiness mislead you. Buy a revolver and practice shooting promiscuously with it. This will afford intense gratification to the neighbors, and may come into good play at some time in the near future. Who knows but the Indians may be contemplating a raid on your town, and you may be called upon to save by your intrepidity the whole town from destruction. Or it may be that some robber chieftain and his outlaw crew are hiding in a secret cave near at hand, and will abduct the little freckle-nosed girl across the way from your house. And then you will track them to their retreat and cover the thunderstruck villians with your revolver and make your appearance in the town with the rescued Polly Jones on your arm and the outlaws driven like sheep before you; and then Polly will strike an attitude (like the lovely Florimel) and say: "To thee, dauntless hero, I owe me life! Receive me heart an' me hand!" If you had the enormous wealth of Bloody Clutch, the Wizard of Wallenford, you might buy a horse and practice riding by midnight through the streets, with the bridle-rein between your clenched teeth, and wave a torch in either hand to paralyze the town folk, as he did; but as you can not, perhaps, afford to buy and keep a death-black steed, and as you may betray a healthy but most unheroic tendency to go to sleep at nine o'clock in the evening, perhaps it is as well to postpone this daring feat until you have discovered the hidden treasure, concealed by pirates centuries ago within the bosom of the beach hard by.

An old woman, carrying a lot of bundles and walking on a slippery sidewalk, is a splendidly appropriate object of merriment, and when she falls flat, the only course left open to one who would preserve the flower of gallantry in his soul is to burst into a roar of laughter. The boy who, under such circumstances, would assist her to her feet and restore her bundles to her, thereby wantonly destroying the enjoyment of a whole group of loafers, is a brute and ought to be kicked. Cut his acquaintance.—*Arthur M. Cummings, in Judge.*

—"Have you got any bread?" said a tramp to a housewife in the country. "No." "Have you got any bacon?" "No." "Have you got any cheese?" "No." "What in thunder have you got, anyway?" "I've got this," she said, and she took down a revolver and put it to his nose. He left.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

—Francis Murphy thinks that marriages are made in heaven and dissolved in alcohol.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

PITH AND POINT.

—Bunala paralysis is a new disease. It generally attacks a man on his way home from the grocery store.

—Doctors say drinking too much coffee makes bald heads. Telling the female of the house that her coffee is "nothing but slops" will also do it.—*Boston Post.*

—"If a man could only catch fish as easily as he can lie about it!" laments a Texas editor. He could if he understood fishing as well as he does lying.—*Puck.*

—The earth would be a comparatively pleasant dwelling place if it were not for the man who is always talking about "the good old times."—*Washington Hatchet.*

—It is claimed that if Odlum, the Brooklyn Bridge lunatic, had kept straight he would not have been injured. The same thing might be said of a good many young men.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

—Mr. Burke, the famous orator, once exclaimed: "Strip majesty of its extremes, and it at once becomes a jest." He meant that if the letters "m" and "y" at the ends be removed, "a jest" remains.—*Golden Days.*

—Before they are married she will carefully turn down his coat collar when it gets awry; but afterward she'll jerk it down into position as if she was throwing a door-mat out of the window.—*Burlington Free-Press.*

—A woman writer of a prize essay on House-Cleaning says: "Start with the men of the house." Why, bless your heart, just let the men know you are about to begin house-cleaning, and they'll start of their own accord, and won't stop until they are out of sight of the house. It is a way men have.—*Norristown Herald.*

—A gentleman of this city has a small boy who imitates George W. When a gentleman called recently the father said to him, politely: "I wish I had another cigar to offer you," looking with regret at the one he was smoking. Now was the small boy's opportunity. "I know where they are, pa," he said, dragging open a drawer and bringing out a box of a choice brand.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—He was a poet and he was talking to Miss Ethel in the conservatory, and as she toyed with the ice which he had just brought her, she inquired: "Mr. Rimer, you write a good deal of poetry, don't you?" "O, yes, Miss Ethel," he answered, "and it comes so easily to me. Why, do you know, I expect it is more work for you to read my poems than it is for me to write them?" "Yes, I expect it is," she answered, coyly; "and it must be so much pleasanter to write them than to read them." And then he looked up at the shrubs that grew around them and said nothing, while she continued to toy with the chilly, orange-flavored ice.—*Boston Post.*

PLAYING HOOKEY.

A School Principal Dilates on the Science of Truancy.

The boy who never played hookey during his school-days is hard to find, for the reason that somehow or another the goody-goody boys all die young and the teachers' pets never seem to pan out into anything remarkable. If they do they generally become ashamed of themselves and recite wonderful stories of their juvenile depravity. A school principal, who had a few hours' leisure Saturday afternoon, entertained a reporter with some remarks on truancy in the schools. He said: "Truancy, or absence of a scholar from school without permission of the principal or knowledge of parents, exists to an alarming extent in the schools. We have lots of cases of playing hookey during the circus season, and when the time comes around for swimming. The boys tire of school about April, and from that time until school closes in June, we have the most trouble. The boys don't play truant in winter."

"What's the worst case of truancy you have come across?" asked the reporter.

"About the worst was the case of a boy who staid away from school for 170 consecutive days without the knowledge of his parents. Now when a boy is absent three days his name is dropped from the rolls. If he can manage to stop the notice sent to his parents he stays away all the year, and has what he calls a picnic, making demands for money to purchase books and spending it in lordly revel after a boy's fashion. Most of the truants stay away for a day and come back with some excuse. I tell you the Board of Health doesn't know of the enormous amount of sickness in this city. The truants report an awful amount. Every time they come back they come with a story that they are sick, and in some instances the whole family was sick. They very often have to go to funerals, and one boy came once at my school and said that his absence was caused by his folks moving. The boys often wait outside the school yard until the gates are closed, and then go home and indignantly tell fond mothers that the road to learning has been closed up. The boys nowadays early adopt forgery as a means of escaping detection. A boy procures a note from his father or mother on an occasion of legitimate absence and gets the form. Some of them copy the signature pretty well. We generally catch them."

"What punishment do you inflict?"

"The rattan is about the best thing to apply to the truant. He is generally a manly fellow, and when given to understand that he has to take a whipping takes it in a manner that makes him the pride of his fellows. A boy, nowadays, who cries under the rattan is set down as a baby. Moral suasion has a good deal of force. Of course they don't all reform, but the incorrigibles we get rid of."

"Do girls play truant?"

"Occasionally they play truant to go to a picnic, but they never miss more than an afternoon. You see, the girls can't run about the streets like the boys, and they have no inducement to play truant. We punish the girls by notifying their parents and giving them a talking to ourselves."—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*