THE LAFAYETTE GAZETTE.

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A MOUNTAIN LESSON.

We had written our names on the mountain-top,
When we saw, to our great surprise
Our little Marian standing alone,
With a happy look in her eyes.

"'Don't you wish your name written here?"
Asked her papa, with a smile.
"I'll carve it there on that highest rock—
It will take but a little while."

"I've tried to leave a tiny mark,"
Said Marian, wise and slow;
"I've planted a mountain cranberry vine,
And God will help it to grow.

"'And when the folk from the cities far
Here on the mountain stand,
I hope they'll see how He keeps wee things
In the hollow of His hand.

"I forget His loving care sometimes—
With others it may be so;
And the vine will help them to see God's hand.
I am sure He will make it grow."

Dear, trusting girl, we shall not forget
The lesson that to us came—
How she cared so little about herself,
If her name but read God's name.

—Charles N. Sinnett, in S. S. Times.

AN INDIAN THIEF.

He Succeeded in Stealing the Fastest Horse on the Plains.

THAT honesty which we know to be the best policy and which makes us loathe a thief is one of the marks of our civilization and intelligence. Rude, uncivilized people do not love honesty as we do. Almost all such people have some tradition or story of very skilful thieving. The best-known story of the kind is among the fairy tales written and collected by the brothers Grimm. It is a tale of how a horse was stolen while a man was on its back, and how the rider was left in the saddle hanging in the air while the horse was led away. Our North American Indians have many such tales, and some of them are almost as wonderful as this one in the Grimm collection.

Our Indians have no such proverb as: "It is a sin to steal a pin." If they had they would add a line to it, and make it read like this:

"It is a sin to steal a pin,
But it matters naught if you don't get caught."

Their whole philosophy with regard to stealing is summed up in the idea that men may not steal from their own people, but that there is no harm in stealing from strangers or enemies provided you are not caught at it. Among the fierce fighting and hunting red men of the plains, which I know most about, the men in one camp or village did not steal from one another, but they did steal from everybody else whenever the got the chance. They gloried in stampeding and running off with the horses of the other camps and tribes, and in plundering white men who were fewer in number than themselves. Cunning and courage were required in successful stealing, and cunning and courage are as much admired by the Indians as ever they were by the Spartans of old.

An interpreter among the Canadian Blackfeet Indians who are of the same tribe as our Blackfeet—told me a story of how that tribe lost the most wonderful race horse that it ever owned. The plains Indians are very fond of horses, and being addicted to gambling and betting they have always raced their best horses against one another in order to have an exciting excuse for betting.

Not very many years ago, in the lifetime of Three Bulls, the present chief of the tribe, the Blackfeet owned a wonderfully fast horse. He was as black as a rainy night, as glossy as a wild duck, as fiery as an angry chief, and so fleet-footed that it seemed as if no horse could beat him in a race. No other horse the Blackfeet owned could keep anywhere near him, and when the Crows, and Bloods and Sarcis, and Stonies and Gros Ventres tried to beat him with their best horses, this wonderful Blackfoot race horse shot by the others as if it was no trouble at all to do so.

The Blackfeet were wonderfully proud of this noble horse. He brought them honor, and, better yet, he brought them riches, because they used to wager all that they had that he would win every race, and of course they won

HE DISCOVERED THE SECRET.

horses, and blankets, and guns, and skins, and everything that the other Indians put up against this astonishing horse. The neighboring tribes envied the Blackfeet this splendid horse, and more than one attempt to steal him was made by bold Indians of the other tribes before the Blackfeet took alarm and resolved to guard him to the very best of their ability. In order to do this they built an extra large tepee of buffalo hide in which to shut the valuable animal up at night. And every night two or three young braves of the warrior band slept in the tepee on either side of the race horse, which was tethered to one of the stout side poles of the great tent. When these watchful, light-sleeping braves took the horse in the tent and secured him there, they laced up the slitlike door of the tepee tight and fast. It would have taken several minutes to undo this fastening from the outside.

When this plan was hit upon and carried out, the Blackfeet not only breathed easier, but they laughed to themselves. "If anybody wants to steal our black beauty," they thought, "we would like to see him try it." They fancied some dog of a Gros Ventre or coward of a Stony crawling in the grass among the common horses of the tribe, and expecting to find the champion of the plains among the lot. "Let the thieves come," they thought. "They will never dream that the great racer is kept like a warrior, in a tent the size of a chief's tepee, guarded by young men, armed and brave as lions."

But it is the unexpected that always happens, and as the old adage puts it no one is in such danger as he who thinks himself secure. While the Blackfeet were flattering themselves that no one could rob them of their priceless horse, a young Crow Indian was planning to cover himself with savage glory by stealing the animal. He had, at the risk of his life, crawled close to the Blackfoot camp on more than one night to watch what was done with the wonderful beast. Flat on the ground among the tufts of bunch-grass he had wriggled nearer and nearer to the outer circle of tents, only to stop when it seemed to him that the light of some camp-fire must shine on his face if he crawled further. On one night he watched from one side of the Blackfoot village; on another he came at the village from another side. At last he discovered the secret. He saw the famous horse led in or out of the tepee.

That was glory half won for this archthief of the Crows. Now that he knew where the horse was, all that he had to do was to steal him. He was all courage and cunning, and he wanted all the other Crows to know it. They would know it, and they would honor him if he succeeded in his dangerous experiment. On the next night this thief (I wish I had asked for his name) rode boldly across the plains in the very dead of the night until he was close to the Blackfoot camp. Then he dropped off his horse and wriggled like a snake over the grass and into the enemy's village. He crawled past the outer tepees, and past the next inner circle of tepees, and past the next circle. My! but that was dangerous work to be at. Dogs are as plentiful in an Indian village as branches in an orchard, and if one dog saw or heard or smelled the young Crow thief it would have been lucky if he got away alive.

He came to the stable-tepee—the great tent where the beautiful horse was tied and guarded. By means of a travois, a sort of frame that Indians drag loads upon in place of wagons, he

THE FEAT WAS DONE.

climbed noiselessly up the side of the tepee. Such caution and such stealthiness as he must have used to climb up the side of a rickety tent of skins and poles can better be imagined than described. His nerves and his muscles were of steel, and he managed to accomplish this task. Reaching the top of the tepee, where all the poles branch out in a circle, like the sides of a willow basket, he steadied himself and peered down into the tent. He could not see the sleeping braves, each with a gun at hand and knife in belt, but he could faintly distinguish the bulky outline of the swift horse that he was after. Lifting his body over the opening that serves as a chimney for a tepee, and steadying himself and measuring the distance, he let himself fall. He landed a-straddle on the horse's back.

All the rest that he did was like lightning. With his skinning-knife bare in his hand he swept the blade past the horse's nose till he felt the halter and severed it. Then he urged the animal forward, and with a mighty thrust and sweep he gashed an opening in the side of the tepee from top to bottom. Still prodding the racer with his heels he rode him through the opening and into the outer air. The feat was done. Indianlike he yelled the war-cry of the Crows, and thundered away from the Blackfeet village out on the plains faster than any other Indian between Mexico and Canada could ride. And as he rode he heard the pandemonium in the startled camp behind him. Then he laughed. He had proved himself the cleverest red thief on the plains.

Such a whooping and howling and hubbub, such a barking of dogs and screaming of squaws, such a yelling and firing of guns, and, in short, such a riot of noises as was aroused by the Crow thief's warhoop only those who have lived in an Indian camp can imagine. But all the noise was useless. From that minute the crows owned the fastest Indian horse on the plains, and the Blackfeet plotted revenge.—Julian Ralph, in Harper's Young People.

The Most Appropriate Place.

A gentleman having noticed that his wife instead of wearing her wedding ring on her finger kept it concealed in her purse, took her to task about it. The lady replied:

"What would you have? That is its proper place. You didn't marry me, but my purse!"—Fliegende Blatter.

—"Hullo, old man; where are you living now?" "Esk-esk-esk-esk-Schenectady." "Where is your brother living?" "Esk-esk-esk—confound it! why didn't you ask me where we both lived?"—Brooklyn Life.

BRITISH ROYAL FAMILY.

Humdrum, Mediocre People, But the Most Powerful House on Earth.

The recent royal English wedding may with almost a certainty of accuracy be spoken of as the marriage of the future king and queen of England. If to rule is desirable then the position of Prince George and Princess May is most enviable. The queen's position at the wedding was unique. It was the fifteenth marriage of a direct descendant which has occurred during her reign.

Nature has not been over-generous in its gifts to the family of Queen Victoria. It would be a stretch of courtesy to call any of the female descendants beautiful, and while some of the men are good looking not one of them would be chosen by a sculptor as a model for Apollo. In no instance can it be said of Queen Victoria's daughters that their faces were their fortunes, or would have been had they been penniless. It must in fairness be admitted, however, that the daughters of the British queen have higher gifts than beauty. Their womanly qualities would make them desirable wives in any station in life. But Prince Charming would never have offered any of them a throne had he met them milking cows or tossing hay in the field, or in any other capacity of humble life. Had Queen Victoria not been the monarch of Great Britain and her children born to royalty there is not the remotest probability that the family would have achieved distinction in any form. Yet there is the patent fact that this naturally humdrum, mediocre house is today the most powerful family on earth; that two European thrones are already occupied by Victoria's offspring, and that, in all probability, the crowns of the three great empires of Britain, Germany and Russia will yet be worn at the same time by grandchildren of the British queen. The German emperor is Queen Victoria's grandson; it is as certain as anything in human affairs that the royal crown of Great Britain and the imperial crown of India will devolve, if not to the prince of Wales, then to Prince George, who wedded the Princess May a few days ago, and it is stated that the betrothal of the czarowitz, heir to the throne of Russia, to the Princess Alice, of Hesse, granddaughter of Queen Victoria, will shortly be announced.

The Princess Alice is sister of the Grand Duke Ernest Louis, of Hesse-Darmstadt, one of the sovereign states of Germany. Another granddaughter of Queen Victoria, the Princess Sophia, of Prussia, is married to the Crown Prince Constantine, of Greece. Another granddaughter, the Princess Charlotte, of Prussia, is married to Bernard, the hereditary prince of Saxe-Meiningen. As the reigning Duke Ernest of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, has no children, that sovereignty will fall to Queen Victoria's family on account of the late prince consort, who was the only brother of Duke Ernest, and Prince Alfred, duke of Edinburg, second son of Queen Victoria, will presumably occupy the throne.

Queen Victoria's descendants will, therefore, in the natural course of events sit on the following thrones, either already occupied or to be occupied by them: Great Britain and India, Germany (Prussia), Hesse-Darmstadt, Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, Saxe-Meiningen, Greece.

Assuming that the czarowitz really intends to marry the Princess Alice the vast empire of Russia will also be added to the list. It may be stated here that in addition to the countries named Queen Victoria is closely connected by family relationship with the king of the Belgians, and that she is also connected, through the marriages of her children and otherwise, with the ruling houses of Russia, Holland, Denmark, and through Denmark with Sweden, Norway and Baden, and also with other European sovereignties. Her near relative, the duke of Cumberland, is a claimant to the throne of Hanover, and it is probable that there is hardly a non-Catholic sovereign house in Europe with which Queen Victoria is not related either by blood or marriage. And the same may be said, more remotely, of Catholic royal houses. The late Dom Pedro, emperor of Brazil, was also related to Queen Victoria through the Coburg family.

As King Leopold, of the Belgians, is sovereign of the Congo Free State in Africa, and Queen Victoria is empress of India, it may be said that before the deposition of Dom Pedro, Queen Victoria, besides ruling in two quarters of the globe herself, was related to rulers in the two other continents of America and Africa. It may be mentioned that Queen Victoria is connected through the royal houses of Belgium and Denmark with the Bourbons, and that means with nearly all the reigning and non-regnant Catholic families of Europe.

To trace these various genealogies would be an interminable task, for enough has been stated to show that the aged widow who sits on the throne of Great Britain is indeed a mother of monarchs of Europe and that her progeny are ruling or destined to rule a considerable portion of the earth.

One of the chief and perhaps the chief reason for the family spreading itself, as it were, over the face of Europe is the modern custom, amounting to law, whereby the members of royal houses seek their spouses only among royal houses. In olden times kings often married subjects, and it is to be noted that England never had such vigorous kings and queens as when such marriages were the rule. Royalty does not seem to improve the further it gets away from the people, and it is to be noted that King Oscar of Sweden and Norway, who, besides being almost a giant in height, is also a man of remarkable intellectual endowments, is descended from the plebeian Bernadotte. Yet so strict is the rule against marriages with blood not royal that even King Oscar required one of his sons to give up his title and call himself plain Bernadotte when the son took to wife a beautiful and most worthy lady, the daughter of Col. Munck.

This exclusiveness is undoubtedly the chief cause why Queen Victoria's prolific family is so much in demand. Protestant princes must marry into Protestant families, and there is no more desirable family of that faith than the ruling house of Great Britain. Queen Victoria's descendants, however, have had no hesitation in marrying into the Greek church—one of her granddaughters, Elizabeth, being wife of the grand duke Sergius of Russia and having espoused his religion, and the princess Sophia adopted a similar course in Greece.

Taken altogether it is a wonderful family, and the caution, prudence and mediocrity which characterize most of its members may perhaps have no small influence in postponing for a time the ultimate disappearance of royalty in the civilized world.—N. Y. Press.

SPAIN'S SOLDIER NUN.

Disguised as a Man She Made a Gallant Officer and Fought Duels.

A very famous heroine in her day was Catalina de Erauso, still remembered vaguely as the "Spanish soldier-nun." She left memoirs, which have been translated or summarized or "romancified" in most European tongues. The truth of them has been disputed, but upon the other hand popes and kings, nobles and savants accepted every word, while evidence remained to support or question the statements.

Catalina, we are told, ran away from a nunnery in San Sebastian at the age of fifteen, transformed her conventual habiliments into doublet and hose and found employment as a page in the household of a noble at Valladolid. Driven from this refuge by the appearance of her father—who had no suspicion, nevertheless—she joined an expedition sailing to Peru under charge of Ferdinand de Cordova. Her ship was wrecked off Paita and she alone refused to desert the captain, who stood by his vessel. Catalina then built a little raft, broke open the treasure chest, took as much gold as she could carry, and set off for the shore, but the captain was drowned in embarking. She reached the town and accepted an engagement as manager to the tailor who made her new clothes. Complications of business and passion—for a great lady fell in love at sight—led to a first duel, in which she killed her man promptly. The great lady smuggled her out of prison, but Catalina found it necessary to repay this service by pushing the dame downstairs, probably breaking her neck. Then she jumped into a boat, put to sea and was picked up by a Spanish vessel bound for Concepcion.

At this place her brother was secretary to the governor, and he, all unconscious of the relationship, got her a commission in the army. Very soon afterward she distinguished herself in an engagement, and for twenty years ranked as one of the most brilliant officers of the Spanish service—living mostly with her brother, but keeping the secret. This happy time came to an end in a midnight duel, when she killed a man unknown, who proved to be this same brother. Flying for life once more, Catalina crossed the Andes. All her companions perished, but she reached Tucuman after terrible adventures.

Another love affair, all on one side, and another fatal duel brought her literally to the gallows; but with the rope around her neck she escaped. Traveling on to Cuzco she joined an Alcalde with a pretty wife and a gentleman, his friend. In a very few days Catalina perceived that these two had an understanding. The Alcalde perceived it also, and took an opportunity to murder his faithless friend. He would have murdered his wife, but Catalina snatched her to the saddle and rode furiously for Cuzco. The Alcalde pursuing, she ran him through, but received a desperate wound. The fugitives got safely to the bishop's palace. Catalina knew, however, that her secret must be discovered now. She had just strength to reveal it to the bishop before fainting. That worthy man reported the whole story to the king, who sent orders that Catalina should be dispatched by the next ship. All Spain declared for the heroine. At her arrival Count Olivarez himself, the prime minister, met her; the king kissed her; the pope sent for and forgave her; Velasquez painted her portrait.—London Standard.

A KING'S HARDSHIP.

The Privation to Which He Was Subjected by the Former Queen of Burmah.

The queen would not allow the king to take any other wives. It is true that there was the lesser queen, but Mebya did not mind her, for she was of no account; but the queen was afraid of any one coming between her and the king. If the king loved one of the queen's maidens, the queen was obliged to give her to the king, but after six months or a year the girl would disappear. Yes! I suppose she was killed. The queen was afraid of any rival between herself and the throne she had given her husband. The Thakin looks upon it with different eyes from ours. He is shocked; but would it be better that the king should have seventy children, as Mindon his father had, to raise up trouble in future? Have English queens never killed their rivals, or English kings allowed their wives to be executed? No, Thakin, I do not think these things right; they are very terrible; but does the Thak'n ever consider the reason? There was no punishment the queen could give save death. Imprisonment was only death made a little longer and a great deal harder. There were no jails with high brick walls, such as the English government has raised all over the land. The jail was but a wooden hut, and the prisoners were kept in wooden stocks, and the heat was deadly in the low hut crowded with prisoners. Death were much preferable, Thakin, to such imprisonment, especially for a woman.—Blackwood's Magazine.

Knew His Business.

Briggs—Smallacre is the most economical man I ever saw.

Griggs—What has he done now?

Briggs—He wouldn't propose to his present fiancee until the day before she sailed for Europe.—Judge.

HOUSEHOLD BREVITIES.

—Corned Beef.—If beef is young and properly corned it will not be necessary to soak over night. Wash off the salt, put on in cold water. Bring to boiling point and simmer from four to six hours according to size of the piece. If to be eaten cold and a suitable piece, the bones may be removed, the meat folded up and pressed, making a nice shape to slice from.—Farm, Field and Fireside.

—Pickled Mackerel.—Four dozen small mackerel, a tablespoonful each of pepper, allspice and clove, and two cupfuls of salt. Cover entirely with vinegar. Make a crust of flour and water to keep from burning, and bake seven hours. If the vinegar cooks out, put more in when ready to set away. They taste somewhat like sardines (minus oil), and are nice for a relish for tea or lunch.—Good Housekeeping.

—Omelet.—Take as many eggs as there are persons and one extra, beat whites and yolks separately, season yolks and add to them half cupful of hot milk or cream, then beat thoroughly into the beaten whites. Pour into a hot, well buttered spider and cover. In a few minutes it will be done, and then loosening the edges double it on a hot platter and serve immediately. Chopped ham stirred in makes a nice change.—Detroit Free Press.

—Baked Peach Pudding.—Sift together two teacupfuls of flour, one-half teaspoonful of baking powder. Stir into this with a stiff tablespoon a piece of softened butter the size of a small egg. Make a soft dough with two-thirds of a cupful of milk. Roll half the dough to fit the bottom of a pudding dish, and cover with two teacupfuls of pecled and sliced peaches. Sprinkle over two-thirds of a teacupful of sugar, cover with a layer of dough, and bake. Eat with butter and sugar or cream sauce.—Ohio Farmer.

—Plain French Dressing.—One saltspoonful of salt, one-fourth saltspoonful of pepper, one tablespoonful of vinegar and four of oil. This dressing is used by the French on nearly all their salads. Those who do not care for oil should use equal quantities of oil and vinegar, or one-third vinegar to two-thirds oil; but four parts of oil to one of vinegar is needed to make the genuine French dressing. The dressing may be mixed in a bowl and the salad added; or the salad may be made as follows: Place the salt and pepper and a tablespoonful of oil together, mix well and add to the salad. Stir lightly, put in the rest of the oil, stir again a few seconds, and add lastly the vinegar.—Prairie Farmer.

—Fish Pate.—This is an excellent way of using any cold fish which may be left over from dinner: Free thoroughly from bones and shred fine enough fish to fill a pint measure, add to it one quart of milk, two eggs, one-quarter of a cup of flour mixed smoothly with a little milk which has been reserved from the quart. Season with pepper, salt and nutmeg, one-quarter of a teaspoonful of each. Mix the milk, flour, eggs and spice smoothly together. Set it over the fire and stir until it is as thick as cream. Put in a deep baking dish alternate layers of sauce, fish and bread crumbs, in the order named, and set in the oven until it is slightly browned. Very little time is required, as almost all the ingredients have been previously cooked. It is an excellent dish for breakfast, lunch or tea.—Harper's Bazar.

RIBBONS AND LACES.

If Judiciously Applied Will Make Old Bodices as Good as New.

Bodices which are not quite up to date are the foundation now for the dainty blouse or bertha of lace, which is so convenient in dressing up summer gowns.

For summer evenings a blouse waist of tulle is a pretty fancy. It is so simply fashioned that it can easily be made at home. One recently seen was of white tulle, embroidered with blue silk. The low neck and armholes were outlined with a fine ruching of black velvet baby ribbon. A black velvet sash encircled the waist. It was worn over an old-fashioned blue silk bodice.

An effective way of draping a bodice with lace is also shown. The bows should harmonize in color with the skirt worn. This arrangement is especially effective in black Chantilly lace over a white bodice.

Then there are large cape-like collars of lace that are for sale in most of the best stores. Of their infinite variety only two are shown, which are fair samples of all the others. They can be bought either for an open neck or with a standing collar. Of course they are rather expensive, but they are very effective, and most effective things are expensive.

Another way of hiding from view the deficiencies of a silk waist is to adorn it with a deep bertha of embroidered chiffon and ribbon. This falls over the corsage back and front and is shirred into a graceful epaulette over each shoulder. There is a stock collar of the filmy chiffon circled by a band of ribbon, which hangs down in front with long ends. In order to completely cover the bodice a deep belt of the same shade of ribbon is worn about the waist. This ties in a jaunty knot at the side.

These are not really cheap ways of getting new dresses for old. Lace and ribbon are never cheap. But they are cheaper than buying the material for a new dress, with the ribbons and laces which you must have now to be fashionable, and then paying a dressmaker to make it up. The effect is good, and you can do it yourself.—Chicago Times.

Dress at Weddings.

Some authority has discovered that it is not good taste to dress much at a wedding, and a simple style of toilet is adopted for such an occasion. This may be out of compliment to the bride and her attendants, who are expected to outshine invited guests. It is intended to make the marriage ceremony more an affair of the heart and not so much one of ceremony. Day dress, with the addition of laces and light gloves, will be the standard, it is said, during the season, if the reform should become popular.

OF GENERAL INTEREST.

—Old bills of sale of negroes are very common relics of slavery days, but a bill of sale of an Indian woman is a rare article among collections of antiquarians. One of the latter, however, is in the possession of J. B. Balch, of Harwinton, Ct. The document, which is dated 1717, records the selling of a "squaw" for fifteen shillings.

—The earliest chest was simply the trunk of an oak tree scooped out and cut down the middle, one-half serving as a lid, which was at first kept closed by a strap of leather, and later by one made of iron. As late as the fourteenth century the oak chest, in addition to being a repository for valuables, served as a seat, and sometimes as a table.

—The latest relic claimed to be in the possession of a collector is the skull of Sophocles, the great master of Greek tragedy. The relic is at present owned by Dr. Herman Mynter, of Buffalo, N. Y., to whom it was recently sent by his brother, Prof. Ludwig Mynter, director-general of the royal possessions of Greece, for exhibition at the world's fair.

—Travelers in Arctic regions say the physical effects there are about as follows: Fifteen degrees above, unpleasantly warm; zero, mild; ten degrees below, bracing; twenty degrees below, sharp, but not severely cold; thirty degrees below, very cold; forty degrees below, intensely cold; fifty degrees below, a struggle for life.—N. O. Picayune.

Every railway should have its surgeon. He is a necessity as much as its lawyer, its president or even its superintendent. Both professions of law and medicine are now a necessity for the proper management and conduct of a railway. The railway surgeon came, perhaps, last, but he has come to stay, and no railway of importance can now dispense with this officer.—Medico-Legal Journal.

—Sterilized milk is a very modern device for infants and invalids. It sells as high as fifty cents a quart, and is bought sometimes in quantities to last the individual consumer a year. It is even sent to customers in Europe. It is shipped in hermetically sealed vessels and may be kept like any other preserve. Specimens have been found sweet and wholesome two years after leaving the cow.

—Those Oriental balls of crystal that most persons take for glass greatly increase in value with each inch of diameter. While one-half an inch in diameter may be worth not more than a few dollars, a ball eight inches in diameter is worth thousands. There are a few of these crystal balls at the Metropolitan museum, and some dealers in Oriental goods usually have half a dozen on hand. The Japanese call them sleepy globes, because of the dreamlike aspect of objects as seen through the crystal.

—A cheap substitute for lay figures now popular with small shopkeepers is the lithographic head printed on pasteboard and then cut into outline figures. These heads are carefully attached to rude lay busts, over which women's gowns are draped, and the result is a highly effective show window decoration. The lithographic heads are much more human in appearance than the lay figures of wax, wood or paper pulp commonly in use for years, and artists of some superficial ability are employed in making the designs.

—In northern New England the wayfarer is often surprised by coming upon a big tomb, directly beside the road and unconnected with a cemetery. Occasionally the door is open showing a bier, coffin, boxes and other appurtenances, and, very likely, stones and apple cores tossed in by the prevalent boy. These tombs are not intended for permanent sepultures. There are merely receiving vaults for use in winter, when the cemetery on distant hillsides are covered with two feet of snow and the roads to them are impassable.

—Many New Yorkers who live up town wait for their breakfasts until they reach the lower part of town. Several down-town restaurants find that it pays to open early for such customers. One big restaurant opens its doors at four o'clock every morning and begins to serve meals at six. Some of the customers walk down for the exercise, and even those who ride seem to believe in the theory that it is wholesome to move about before breakfast. A reporter watched some of them the other morning, and noticed that nearly all had excellent appetites.

—When rings are sent to a jeweler for repair he always cleans the stones and surprises the owners by their brilliancy. The accumulation of dirt on the under side of a diamond or other transparent gem is so slow that the dulling of the stone is hardly noticed. Usually they are cleaned, without removal from their settings, with the chewed ends of wooden toothpicks, but they cannot be made entirely bright without taking them out of their clasps. The dirt that gets into the space between the ring and the stone is often as hard as clay.

The Viking Ships.

The mystery of the viking ships is now passing away, owing to the discovery of their remains during this century. In 1867 a good-sized ship was discovered near Sarpsborg, while in 1882 there was dug out of a murial-mound at Gokstad, near Christiania, the entire remains of a viking ship with most of her equipments in a good state of preservation. The ship was evidently the burial-tomb of its great captain, for the bones of his horses and dogs lay beside it; and, strangest thing of all to relate, the bones of the viking himself, a man of giant size, six feet three and a half inches tall, were found in a covered place amid ships.—St. Nicholas.

A Mean Fellow.

Clara—Of all mean, selfish, worldly, despicable creatures, I think Mr. Huggem is the worst.

Dora—Why, what has he done?

Clara—Wen I refused him, he did not commit suicide, or go to a mountain cave, or anything. He's engaged to a girl I hate.—N. Y. Weekly.

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

—Daniel Webster used to be fond of draughts. The widow of ex-Speaker Linn Boyd, of Kentucky, says that when in Washington he often visited her husband, and that they "would play the dreary game of checkers steadily hour after hour, sometimes till after midnight."

—Richard Brinsley Sheridan was once talking to a friend about the prince regent, who took great credit to himself for various public occurrences, as if they had been directed by his political skill or foreseen by his political sagacity: "But," said Sheridan, after expatiating on this, "what his royal highness more particularly prides himself on, is the late excellent harvest."

—Rev. Charles H. Spurgeon was asked not long before his death by an American preacher, Rev. Dr. William Wright, if it was true that he once said: "Resist the devil and he will flee from you; resist a deacon and he will fly at you." The great preacher answered that the sentence was older than his grandfather, and so could not have originated with him, and that he never had any experience which would have justified him in repeating it.

—Rossini was blessed with a not very retentive memory—especially for names of persons introduced to him. One day he met Bishop, the English composer. Rossini knew the face well enough, and at once greeted him. "Ah! my dear Mr. ——," but he could progress no further. To convince him that he had not forgotten him, Rossini commenced whistling Bishop's glee, "When the Wind Blows," a compliment which "the English Mozart" recognized, and would as readily have heard as his less musical surname.

—Miss Caroline Preston Davis could not, according to the laws of the university of Virginia, attend its lectures, but she did pass successfully its examinations in mathematics, receiving from the faculty a certificate of excellence, and the members of the graduating class voted to her the privilege of an honorary diploma. Miss Irene W. Colt, the brilliant young woman of Norwich, Conn., who successfully passed the classical examinations at Yale last summer, but was forbidden the privilege of entering the university because of her sex, has accepted a place as teacher in the girl's seminary at Geneva, N. Y.—Harper's Bazar.

—Adm. Humann, the commander-in-chief of the French forces in Siam, whose name has appeared so ofter in print since the beginning of the trouble between France and the Oriental country, is the grandson of Jean-George Humann, a rich merchant of Strasburg. He was minister of finance under the so-called July monarchy. The admiral was born in 1838 and was graduated at the naval school in 1857. He became a captain in 1880. Nine years later he was made vice admiral and commander-in-chief of the division of the extreme orient. He went on the French expedition to Syria, Corea and Cochin-China, and played a prominent part during the siege of Paris. He has been sent by the government on several important diplomatic missions. The admiral married Mlle. de Bouthillier-Chavigny, and is the father of six children. He is a man of medium height, exceedingly strong, erect and forceful-looking. His features are large, his beard is heavy and gray. On the whole he is an ideal-looking French soldier.

"A LITTLE NONSENSE."

—Figg—"You evidently think I am a fool." Fogg—"I am grateful to find that what I think is evident even to you."—Boston Transcript.

—Briggs—"Doesn't your wife object to you smoking cigarettes about the house?" Braggs—"No. She uses me as a horrible example to our boy."—Indianapolis Journal.

—Smith—"I don't believe Thomson spends as much money as he did before he was married." Brown—"No, he doesn't: his wife spends it for him."—Demorest's Magazine.

—What He Took.—Bizz—"I used to belong to a theatrical company myself." Futlite—"What part did you take?" Bizz—"Oh, I took it all; I was treasurer."—Detroit Free Press.

—He (thoughtfully)—"When a man marries twice which wife does he take when he gets to Heaven?" She (who loves him, dreamily)—"Neither. A man who marries twice doesn't go to Heaven."—Vogue.

—Sammy Squildig—"Pop said if I went fishing without permission, he'd thrash me till I couldn't rest." Dickey McSwilligen—"Did you go?" "Yes." "Well?" "I eat my meals off the mantel now."—Pittsburgh Chronicle.

—Husband (after a quarrel)—"You may buy the dress if you wish, but I shant pay for it." Wife—"Then they'll sue you for the amount." Husband—"So much the better; in that case I'll pawn the piano for the money."—Humoristiche Blatter.

—Josiah (reading bill of fare at the roof garden cafe)—"'Taint no wonder they're makin' money out of these here sky-scraper buildin's." Mandy—"Why, Josiah?" Josiah—"Well, besides the reg'lar victuals for folks they furnish angels food, too."—Inter Ocean.

—"You have a lively set of clerks," he said to the proprietor of the establishment. "It must be pleasant and profitable to have employes so full of energy and enthusiasm." "Yes," responded the proprietor, "we close early to-day and they are getting ready to go home.—Tid Bits.

—Gussie Softleigh—"Weally, I cawn't imagine anything more howwible than being goahed to death by a howwid cow, cawn you, Miss Bluntley?" Belle Bluntley—"No, Mr. Softleigh, unless it is to meet the same fate by a calf." Then she drove the remark into his head with a yawn and he faded away.—Buffalo Courier.

—"Raggsy," said Tired Thomas the Tramp to his companion, "de papers says there's a finanshul convulsion in our midst." "That's only a newspaper sensation, I guess, Tummy. I ain't felt no uneasiness in the money market myself. Coin's as plenty with me now as ever. Will you join me in a glarss of this well water?"—Harper's Bazar.