

A WINTER RACE.

An Iceboat Adventure on the Susquehanna River.

It was a bitterly cold afternoon in December. On the river shore, in front of the little village of Port Treverton, were assembled nearly a score of men and boys. The latter were largely in the majority, and they were as noisy as most boys are. There was some excuse for excitement. This was the day fixed for the race between the rival iceboats. The finishing touches had been put to them only that morning. Very fascinating they looked, with their fluttering white sails and polished runners, as they rested on the glassy ice behind a jutting promontory of rocks and timber. They were alike in size and construction. Each had a movable runner behind, worked by an ordinary tiller. Each was fitted with a sloop mainsail and jib. The Alfratta belonged to Andy Clayton and Frank Snyder; the Elf to Phil Wardle and Jack Salyard.

The four lads were chatting together in low tones, and paying no heed to the impatient shouting of the crowd. The advisability of postponing the race was the subject of their conversation. Andy and Jack vehemently opposed this, and Frank was inclined to side with them. Andy was less rash and impetuous than his companions. He was not a coward, as the others well knew. But he had a streak of caution in his nature, and he hesitated to incur needless peril for the sake of racing his rival's iceboat.

The danger was more than imaginary. Out beyond the sheltering promontory a fierce wind swept and howled down the broad, frozen surface of the Susquehanna. Here and there it lifted the white patches of snow and drove them forward in swirling, mist-like clouds. Such a gale was rarely known at this time of year. It had been blowing all day and showed no signs of abating.

"O, come," said Phil. "What's the use of putting it off for a little while?"

"That makes the sport all the better," added Jack. "We can run down to Halifax like a streak."

"But it's more than a little wind," declared Andy. "It's a regular hurricane. Ten to one we won't be able to manage the boats. We'll be blown into some of the big air holes that lie between bays and Halifax."

"No danger," replied Phil. "The wind ain't that strong. Jack and I can manage the Elf, I'm sure. What do you think about it, Frank?"

"I'll leave it to Andy," was the reply. "As far as the air holes go, I think we can steer clear of them."

Andy shaded his eyes with one hand and looked out over the ice. "I don't want to spoil the fun," he said, "but we had better wait until to-morrow. The wind may drop over night. It will be really dangerous to race now."

"You're making a big fuss about nothing," replied Phil, half angrily. "It's a shame to disappoint every one. I guess you're afraid the Elf will beat the Alfratta in such a good wind."

He turned his back on Andy, and moved toward the crowd. "There won't be any race to-day," he shouted. "Don't you hear the cyclone out on the river? Andy is afraid we'll be blown down to Chesapeake bay!"

The disappointed spectators began to hoot and jeer. Some few shook their heads wisely. Andy's face flushed. He sat down on a rock near the edge of the shore.

Amid the confusion a plump, rosy-cheeked little lad, about nine years old, ran up to Phil and caught hold of him. This was Phil's brother, and, though there was only seven years' difference between them, Dick regarded the elder as a full-grown man, and looked up to him accordingly.

"Take me for a ride on your iceboat, Phil," he pleaded. "Just a little one. Please do."

Phil shook his head. He was not in the humor for sport. Then, seeing the shadow of disappointment on the lad's face, he relented.

"Come on, Dick," he said. "I'll give you a short spin. You mustn't ask for more."

"No, I won't," promised Dick, as he eagerly followed his brother over the ice.

Phil had no intention of going beyond the sheltering bank of rocks and trees. But his plan miscalculated, as plans often will. When the outermost verge of the promontory was eight or ten feet distant he concluded to slacken speed. Just then, as if by magic, would have it, his foot tripped on a projecting ridge of ice. The rudder was jerked out of his hand and he sprawled headlong. He started and started the runaway iceboat, which was gliding slowly toward the open river. The loud outcry told him that the crowd saw and realized Dick's peril. Phil ran as he had never run before. He strained every muscle to overtake the fugitive. But he was destined to fail. Just when another stride would have seen his hand on the tiller the Elf glided beyond the promontory. Then quickly the wind filled her sails and swung her around. Away she went at a frightful speed, spinning diagonally down the river. In almost less time than it takes to tell she was fifty yards away. Little Dick could be seen clinging to the seat, apparently helpless with fright.

At first there was wild excitement. The crowd ran out on the ice. No one knew what to do or what to suggest. Phil was the picture of despair and remorse. He started madly after the boat, but seeing the folly of it he turned back.

"It's all my fault," he cried, hoarsely. "Poor little Dick don't know what to do. He'll run into an air hole and be drowned. Save him, someone. Oh save him!"

The appeal was answered unexpectedly. One in that half-dazed crowd did not lose his wits. With a life at stake Andy Clayton no longer dreading the gale, he seized the Alfratta and drove it toward the open river. Frank and Jack pleaded to go along, but per-

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The last new stage performance for children is shaving. An eight-year-old girl, daughter of the "champion shaver of the world," who gives exhibitions of rapid work at the London Aquarium, had been shaving thirteen men in ten minutes every night until the law stopped her to investigate.

On the island of St. George, one of the Pribilof group in Behring sea, the breeding of blue foxes has become very profitable. They generate very rapidly, and when an island of good size becomes well stocked it is impossible to deplete it, as the law provides that they must not be shot, but trapped, the restriction being imposed mainly to keep them tame.

The effort to have Joan of Arc canonized will probably fail. The opposition says there is no evidence of heroic virtue or of the sacred character necessary for the insertion of a name in the calendar. No miracles have been worked by her intercession, and most of the signs demanded by the Congress of Bites are wanting. The fervor of French Catholics in her behalf, therefore, is apt to be disappointed.

It is estimated that from four to seven hundred thousand mummies were embalmed in Egypt during about three thousand years. So the supply, though seemingly sufficient, is not inexhaustible. The demand is from collectors of bric-a-brac, and the prices range from sixty dollars to five hundred dollars, the former for baby sizes, and the latter for notables and finer specimens.

The London police grew out of the night watchmen established in 1258, the order of things which continued down to the first quarter of the present century. Many persons still living can recollect the antiquated individuals who did duty in that force in the early days of the century, and whose chief duty appeared to be to disturb the night's rest by calling out at each hour the time and state of the weather.

Paris tradesmen who sell photographs say that the pictures of prominent men are very little in demand nowadays. They are seen so often in the illustrated papers that photographs no longer go. The actresses and fashionable women, of all social grades, are eagerly bought, not by their admirers among men mainly, but by dressmakers of the second class in Paris and the provinces. The latter buy the photographs to study the patterns.

A house servant in Vienna says he committed his various crimes, including robbery and attempted murder, because of the maddening effect of being required to shave off his mustache. The woman who engaged him made it a condition that his upper lip should be clean shaven and the man agreed under protest. After five years he had been discovered to be a criminal, and in his confession he says that his motive was to revenge himself on his mistress for the wound she gave his mustache.

Eight cars loaded with human hair delivered in Paris recently, consigned to the East India and China, whence thousands of pounds are annually sent to England and France. This traffic, a foreign medical journal says, is the cause of the introduction of many diseases in Europe. The hair is cut from persons after death in China, and, although it is disinfected upon arrival in France, it often carries the germs of disease. Asiatic hair, owing in part to its coarseness, can be purchased cheaply.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

The total production of coal in Belgium in 1892 was 19,583,178 metric tons, the average value being stated at \$1.96 per ton. The total number of employes, taking the average for the year, was 118,578, of whom 88,806 were employed below ground, and 29,772 on the surface. It is stated that the number of women employed below underground is decreasing, and it is hoped that the employment of women, except on the surface, will soon cease altogether. Wages have shown a slight decrease, the average amount paid per head last year, including all employes in and about the mines, having been \$188.74, against \$208.50 in 1892. Even with such low wages trade was not very profitable, for the average profit realized per ton was about 12 cents.

NORTH CAROLINA CHEROKEES.
A Band of Indians Whose Home is in the Old North State.

One of the most interesting places in North Carolina, and yet one of the least known, even by the people of the old North State, is the reservation of what is termed the "Eastern band" of the Cherokee nation. The history of the reservation is a strange one. When the Indians in North Carolina were removed by the government to the Indian territory, by far the greater part of the Cherokees left their old home forever. But a strong band retained in what was then almost a wilderness. A great tract of land was set apart as a reservation by the state, and voluminous laws governing these Cherokee lands were enacted.

For three score years or more these "Cherokee land laws" formed a large part of the various codes, etc., and only recently have been dropped from the pages of such publications. They form curious reading in their effort to mix American law with Indian ideas, customs, and rules as to land tenure. Originally the tract of land held by the Cherokees was far larger than at present. It now comprises seventy-three thousand acres and some of it is the very best land in western North Carolina. It is mainly in Swain and Jackson counties, right among the mountains, and the entire country east of the Mississippi does not contain a more picturesque beautiful region or one better suited to Indian taste and requirements, with its cold, clear streams, full of fish, its mountains, well wooded and abounding in game, and its comparative remoteness from the beaten track of white people.

The wolf is yet a rover in this section, and there is a county bounty for

MRS. SPROUL'S

How She Induced Her Husband to Marry Her.

Sailors are said to be more than other mortals that in their journey through the world they gather up a few odd facts. Mrs. Sproul, a native village as "Chicago" has no exception to the rule. She is full of notions of the strangest and most foolish sort. He was possessed, too, by a spirit of indolence. So much all the neighbors knew, and good Mrs. Sproul, a loving and faithful wife, often found herself called upon to extenuate and apologize for his shortcomings in the eye of the public.

"Cap'n Am is p'f'ly willin' to work when he gets started," she would often say, "but I have to tackle him on some severe to start him."

After a time, however, it was noticed that Cap'n Am had mended his ways and grown all at once very industrious. When Mrs. Sproul was spoken to about the matter she gave the following explanation:

"You see that ole lean-to on our house has needed shinglin' for a good spell and I had said everythin' to the cap'n to have him do it. But he kep' p'nterin' round and puttin' me off."

"He'd say when it was fair it didn't need shinglin', and when it rained he couldn't do it. Some day he'd get ready to go to work, an' then he'd remember he saw a crow flyin' alone, bein' a sure sign of foul weather, or else they were flyin' in circles an' callin'."

"Sometimes it was that he'd dreamt of bein' in deep water, an' then he wouldn't trust himself on the ruf for fear of accident."

"Well, one day he got fairly to work an' I begun to hop, when all of a sudden an owl flew round the barn three times an' hooted. Down came Ambrose off the ruf an' hurried into the house. 'It's comin'—a terrible hurricane,' he says. 'An owl hootin' in daylight is a sure sign!'"

"I've got a ter'ble good temper, but I must say I was riled. I didn't spurt out, though, but I just left my work an' tuk a book to read. I kep' readin', an' by an' by the cap'n says: 'Ain't it 'bout time for me?'"

"I looked up kind of surpris'd an' says: 'We don't want to bother much 'bout eatin' in such a ter'ble gale as this.'"

"About two o'clock he got himself some bread an' milk, but he never driv another nail. I didn't get any regular supper, an' the next mornin' I didn't get up. I said I dreamt of a white horse, an' it was a sure sign of death, an' I wanted to go decent in my bed while I was prepared."

"He was in a ter'ble takin' to go over to the upper deestrin' to the circus, but I said the chickens crowed before sundown, an' it was an indication of sudden tornadoes."

"Well, 'bout ten o'clock I heard the shingles slappin' on the lean-to, an' then I got up an' prepared a good meal. He eat as though he enjoyed it, an' seemed uncommon sociable."

"That's all, she said, after a moment's silence, in which she smiled to herself. "Sense then he's been different. When he has a job to do he goes at it, an' all the crow-flyin' an' owl-hootin' in two counties couldn't steer him into stoppin'."—Youth's Companion.

EGYPT EVER THE SAME.

A Country Where the Curtain of Time Has Not Fallen.

The characters in the "Thousand and One Nights" may be almost imagined to step out of their setting words and to take form and glow with the generous warmth and glow of white the coffee and out of the same cups; they smoke the same pipes; they wear generally the same dress; they play the same primitive instruments that whisper the same strange and plaintive tones; the funeral processions wend their way along the streets as of old; the popular festivals or moolids are still observed with the same untiring capacity for enjoyment; the public reciters still practice their profession before admiring crowds; the water carriers still carry their burdens so well to their thirsty lips; except in the houses of the rich and thoroughly Europeanized, food is still eaten with the fingers in the same manner, and the hands are washed with the same basins and ewers; the mosque of El-Azhar still attracts its crowds of students.

Even the old wooden locks and keys are still kept in use, and the water jars are still kept in the cool lattice work of the overhanging mshrabiyeh window frames. Instances of this sort are indeed a wonderful change and contrast that is presented to the eye when you leave the European and enter the native quarter. And the mind and feelings are turned in unison and become attuned to the changed scene.

The sense of taking part in the new and different life steals over you, and you temporarily throw off your affinity with the west and the nineteenth century. The clock of time is for the moment put back for you.—Gentleman's Magazine.

ROMAN CHARITIES.

Almsgiving as Practiced Toward the Letter-End of the Empire.

It would be a great mistake to suppose that pagan Rome did not know or did not practice almsgiving. Under the republic large sums were often disbursed to secure popularity and influence; but toward its close philosophy promoted a truly philanthropic, instead of an ostentatious and selfish, expenditure to succor widows and orphans, to redeem captives, and to bury the dead. From the beginning of the second century, state aid was bestowed monthly on the children of the poor families.

When Antoninus lost his beloved but not very meritorious wife, Faustina, he founded in her honor a charitable institution for poor girls, who were termed puellae Faustinae. The example thus given was followed by private individuals, and Pliny made many a noble gift during his life, known to us through his not possessing the specially Christian virtue of concealing his own good deeds.

A lady of Tarracina gave eight thousand pounds to found an institution for poor children, and charitable legacies were not uncommon and epitaphs were sometimes written which represented a dead man congratulating himself on having been merciful and a friend to the poor. A society largely animated by so benevolent a spirit was one prepared to appreciate Christian charity.—Nineteenth Century.

Seems to me young Skrocher grows an inch taller every day.

"He's merely straightening up. He hasn't had a chance to ride his bicycle since the snow fell."—Chicago Tribune.

"So he worked pretty hard at school this year?" "Well, I should say so. You ought to see the perfectly magnificent suit of hair he has."—Latter Ocean.

CHICKEN SALAD.

—Mock Mince Pie: A teaspoonful each of dried bread crumbs, molasses, sugar and raisins; half a teaspoonful each of vinegar and softened butter; spice to your taste with cinnamon and nutmeg. Sprinkle the top of each pie with flour before placing the top crust. Will make four pies.—Ohio Farmer.

—Filling for Lemon Pie: Take the thick white rind of one lemon and the seeds out of a lemon and chop fine. Grate the rind. One apple chopped fine, one egg and one cup of sugar, butter the size of a walnut, one-half cup of water and one teaspoonful of cornstarch. This is a particularly good recipe.—N. Y. Ledger.

—Scotch Pudding: One cup sour cream, same of milk, one egg, one teaspoonful soda, a little salt and flour enough to make a stiff batter. Fill a pudding dish with two-thirds full of sliced apples (first butter the dish), pour the batter over the apples and bake an hour. Serve with sweet sauce.—Farm, Field and Fireside.

—A Dainty Soup for Invalids: To one pint of sweet milk add one teaspoonful of butter, put on the fire to get hot, then beat the yolk of one egg very light, add one heaping teaspoonful of flour; stir this into the hot milk with salt to taste, let it come to a boil, then serve. This is considered very nourishing for a weak person.—Detroit Free Press.

—Quick Gems: One cup cold water, one cup milk, sweet or sour. A spoon of soda and one of salt. Add graham flour to stir very thick. Have ready some hot drippings in a skillet and drop spoonfuls of batter into the grease. When brown on one side turn and cook the other. Very nice for breakfast, and always good. Water alone may be used, but baking powder should be used with it.—Housekeeper.

—Chicken Salad: One chicken weighing three pounds, one large cupful of chopped celery, four hard-boiled eggs, one cupful of chicken jelly, one cupful of Duke's dressing, one teaspoonful of salt, one-half teaspoonful of pepper, one cupful of vinegar. Boil chicken until tender, pick into bits, chop eggs fine and add to other ingredients and mix. This may be made the day before wanted.—N. Y. Observer.

—Cabbage Salad: Have the cabbage chopped fine and in a deep dish. Put in a stewpan, over a rather hot fire, one cupful of thick sour cream. Stir in while heating, the yolks of three well-beaten eggs. Add half a teaspoonful each of mustard, and sugar, and butter the size of an egg, with a dash of white pepper and salt. While cooking, stir in half a cupful of strong vinegar. This makes a smooth, thick dressing with a delicate creamy taste, superior to the old method. Pour over the cabbage while hot and mix thoroughly.—Housekeeper.

BEDROOM WALLS.
Papers Designed for Them Do Not Escalate to the General Rule.

The tendency of the time is to separate the bedroom from the rest of the house; to give it lighter colors; to allow within it full scope for individual fancy; to hang it with lace and delicate stuffs; to exclude all seriousness and gloom; to make of it a nest, a place of rest where pleasant dreams flourish and tender colors hold sway; to hang within it no pictures of worth; to display there an article of virtue; but to make of it a spot sweet, attractive, inviting as a whole. And so its walls are hung with greater license than those of more formal rooms. They are made attractive and lovely in themselves.

The dado is altogether banished; the frieze is brought well down upon the wall; conventionalized flowers are allowed to trail about; graceful designs are sought. No attempt at subduing the walls into a mere background is made, and only the dainty furniture stands against them and claims their support. The picture as a whole is made sweet and inviting. And if some few critics carp and cry out that it is wrong, let them build up rooms that are better suited to their needs and that offer more tempting repose. For while it is beyond dispute that flowered papers do not make perfect backgrounds, they do make parts of an attractive whole.

Others, less well suited to such rooms, can be found to serve where sleeping and sitting rooms are combined, and where pictures will be hung or the walls otherwise decorated. But for the room that induces sleep, that lulls the senses to rest, that is designed for a bed-room and bedroom only the dainty flowered papers and the papers of bright yet tender tone are good despite the apparent paradox, and despite the law that pronounces walls a background only, which in all other rooms should be obeyed.—Harper's Bazar.

Black Notre Gowns.
The most elegant black dresses of the season are of clouded moire tulle trimmed with white Venetian lace. These are also very useful gowns, as they are made with two waists, one cut as long coat to the knee, opening on a vest of white satin, and suitable for afternoon receptions as well as for the evening; the other a dinner waist of the moire, or else of white chiffon, cut low in the neck and trimmed with bands of fur and lace. Such gowns are worn by young and elderly women alike, and are given a touch of color by a soft stock collar of satin antique or velvet of a brilliant cerise shade, or turquoise blue, Nile green, or very light yellow. Modistes often send home half a dozen colored collars with a black dress, adding also one of white satin if the complexion of the wearer will permit, as well as one of the moire of which the gown is made.—Harper's Bazar.

—The ancient Hammond house in Marblehead, Mass., has been torn down, and some of spruce timbers, which have been protected from rain and wind for more than two hundred years, were eagerly sought after by violin-makers for use in the manufacture of their instruments.

A PERPLEXING CASE.

Judge Decided that He Had No Jurisdiction.

The courthouse of a small country town in Illinois was filled with a curious throng gathered to witness the proceedings of a divorce case begun by a young woman whose husband was town marshal of the place.

A string of legal lights supported the suit on both sides, which gave evidence of a long and tedious fight.

The judge to whom the case had been assigned was enjoying his first term, and his conscientious face showed that he would discharge the duties of his office with the greatest care, but the town marshal's suit was one of universal interest in the community, and the worn look around his honor's eyes revealed sleepless nights, which he had spent in pondering over law books in a endeavor to decide what would make a lasting impression upon the people, and to show them that he was ably equipped with the necessary knowledge and sense of justice for the office to which he had been elected.

The complainant's side rested. The defendant was then called to the stand, and the opposing counsel began to rigidly cross-examine him.

"Where were you married?" he asked.

"Chicago," the defendant answered bluntly.

"Very well," said the lawyer. "Now, Mr. Blank, where did you go after the ceremony?"

"We came down and visited the fair."

"Came down from where?"

"From the air," he answered with a chuckle.

"How did you manage to get in the air?" the lawyer asked, surprised.

"Why, we were married two hundred and fifty-eight feet above the earth."

"How did that happen?"

"You see," he explained, "I went to Chicago to meet my wife, and we both decided that it would be a novel and inexpensive wedding tour to take a ride on the Ferris wheel, and to inaugurate on the idea, some afterward suggested that the ceremony be performed on the trip. I, of course, consented, and a minister came with us, and we were married at the highest point in the revolution of the wheel."

At this point the rustic maidens looked longingly at one another in anticipation of such a glorious wedding trip, while the judge, with a long breath, arose to give his first decision.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I find by the testimony that this case is beyond my jurisdiction, and I am wholly without power to decide. In the evidence it appears that the couple were married two hundred and fifty-eight feet above the level of the ground, and there is no authority vested in me or this office by which I am given jurisdiction over events transpiring in the air."

"The parties then," he continued, as he threw his head back, with an air of great importance, "will have to appear at the court of the district in which the ceremony was performed, or else remarry on solid and substantial earth instead of in mid-air, and try their case over again."—Detroit Free Press.

ANIMAL REASONING.

The Rebuke Given by a Monkey Wounded in Person and in Feelings.

Many years ago a padre dwelt in Simta, and the padre's wife used to feed the monkeys that haunted the place every morning. One day the patriarch of the lot whittled away his time waiting for his breakfast by throwing the contents of the padre's dressing table through the open window down the khud. The padre was a merciful man, so he only loaded the monkey with the small scarlet berries which the natives use for bead work, and gave the feeling Hanuman the contents of one barrel as he was leaping from tree to tree through the jungle. During breakfast not a vestige of a monkey was to be seen, and after a while the padre went out and his wife took up her accusatory seat in the veranda. Presently she became aware of the noiseless arrival of a deputation. Two full-grown monkeys were supporting their wounded patriarch up the veranda steps. Slowly the sad little group approached the lady and the two helpers placed the wounded monkey in front of her and then withdrew a little.

With a look of saddest reproach the old monkey placed his hands on his wounds and then held out the palm, stained with blood, for the lady's inspection, accompanying the action with a most melancholy little moan. The padre's wife was terribly upset with sympathy for the monkey and felt that they might revenge themselves on her. She had food brought and laid on the floor, but none of the three would touch it, but slowly and silently departed as they had come, the old monkey being assisted by the others with the most pathetic solicitude over the various obstacles of the path. All day the food lay there for the benefit of the crows and sparrows, but no other monkey was seen, and for many days not one came near the house, until one morning, while breakfast was in progress, the whole band arrived headed by the old patriarch himself, recovered of his wounds, and most condescendingly oblivious of by-gones.

From that day the old friendly relations remained unimpaired, and the padre used to declare that, even if they threw the baby down the khud, he did not think his wife would let him shoot another monkey. Who, then, is going to order the wholesale slaughter of the monkey-folks of Simta, especially when the Hindoos of the place will so strongly object to the blood of Hanuman defiling their bazars?—Chicago Post.

Plenty of Faith.
Mrs. Chatter—Do you believe that sure can be effected by the laying on of hands?
Mrs. Clatter—Most certainly. I cured my boy of smoking in that way.—Brooklyn Life.

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