

**Treasures.**  
Don't lose courage; spirit brave  
Carry with you to the grave.  
Don't lose time in vain distress;  
Work, not worry, brings success.  
Don't lose hope; who lets her stray  
Goes forlornly all the way.  
Don't lose patience, come what will;  
Patience oft times outruns skill.  
Don't lose gladness; every hour  
Blooms for you some happy flower.  
Though he follow your dearest plan;  
Don't lose faith in God and man.  
—[Wauwink.]

### Found by an Umbrella.

By FREDERICK HOWE BARNES.

I went down to the Balms at River-  
ville one summer. I had been very  
hard at work all winter, and my phy-  
sician said that a week's rest would  
do me good. The Balms was my un-  
cle's place, and we were having fine,  
open weather that month.

It was strange, having nothing to  
do after being so long actually driven  
with work, I had Herod, my dog,  
with me, a great English stag-hound.  
Herod and I used to take long walks  
through the open country. We used  
to go strawberrying and botanizing a  
little. We did some hunting and a bit  
of fishing. I believe, during that first  
week. Meanwhile, I was physically  
recruiting very rapidly.

I don't think there is a lovelier place  
anywhere than Riverville. It stands  
upon a hill, you know, and its sur-  
roundings, white with bloom in May,  
slope down to the river which encir-  
cles it. The river is excellent, both  
for boating and fishing. The hills-  
sides are spangled with flowers,  
violets, hellebores, anemones, every-  
thing pretty I ever heard of growing  
wild. The twenty houses which con-  
stitute the place are mostly those of  
gentlemen's country-seats. Now I  
think of it, there is a peach or two,  
but they are overrun with vines, and  
are picturesque. As I look back upon  
Riverville it seems more like a beauti-  
ful picture I have seen upon a canvas  
than an actual place.

Well, the second week of my stay  
had nearly passed. I began to realize  
it with some consternation, and to  
contemplate somewhat ruefully cer-  
tain distasteful tasks before me. My  
little doll office, with its ledgers and  
papers, its dust and din, and musty  
documents, seemed like a tomb.

But not wishing to be more miser-  
able than was necessary, I whisked  
to Herod, and we sallied forth into the  
pure sunshine. I went forward to my  
favorite seat. It was a fallen tree  
at the edge of the little cove formed  
by the circling bank of the river.

As I sat here, in solitude, a boat  
came gliding down stream. It was  
rowed by a slender female figure. As  
I sat at my post of observation, a fair  
face was turned gently upon me, and  
I beheld a beautiful blonde with heron  
plumes in her hat.

In reality, by the beauty of the face,  
I did not see that there was in it a  
sharp anxiety and appeal. But the  
next moment I was electrified by a  
shrill scream. The young woman had  
fallen from her feet, and threw up her  
hands, as the wherry swamped be-  
neath her. But I saw her in the water  
and tore off my coat.

But there was no need of my as-  
sistance; Herod had already leaped into  
the river. His great head went sail-  
ing through the circling water to the  
spot where the terrified girl struggled.  
It was not thirty seconds before her  
arms were around the dog's neck.

"Lightly! hold him lightly!" I  
shouted, "or you'll drag him down!"  
As the same time Herod shook him-  
self loose from one of her clinging  
hands. She must have been more  
spent than I thought, for the other  
hand unclasped also, and the golden  
head went under the waves.

"Save her! save her!" I shouted  
frantically.  
The dog dived and brought her up  
again. He came swimming toward me.

He held her firmly by a sleeve of  
her dress. I observed that her face  
floated out of the water. I enthusias-  
tically encouraged him. I saw, before  
he reached the bank, that his burden  
was quite senseless.

I relieved him at the water's edge.  
The noble brute lay down, panting. I  
carried the unconscious girl up the  
bank, and laid her on the grass.

I watched her for a moment. No  
an eyelid quivered; her breast did not  
stir with the breath of life. Spreading  
my coat over her and saying to Herod,  
"Watch!" I ran across the fields in  
shirt sleeves for assistance.

Arriving at the Balms, I shouted to  
the hired man leaning on the gate-  
post:  
"Harness a horse into the chaise!"  
Then rushing to the kitchen, I franti-

cally ordered "Hot water and blan-  
kets!"  
Finally, encountering my respected  
uncle in the sitting-room, I laid violent  
hands upon him.

"Why, John—what the deuce—"  
"Come, come!" I entreated. "A  
young lady is drowning!"  
"Where?"  
"Over here—under the pines—by  
the bank of the cove," I panted, dis-  
connectedly. "Come, come!"

All amazement, he followed me.  
Arriving at the stable I thrust Enoch  
aside—most unceremoniously, for his  
customary business manner, particu-  
larly exacting, had me at that moment  
flushed, harnessing the general into the  
vehicle, jumped in, mentioned my uncle  
after me, and whipped the animal off  
the way down the hill.

"John, I think you are crazy,"  
mildly reprimanded Uncle Lemuel.

I made no reply, for we had reached  
the spot.

As I stepped out of the chaise,  
Herod came leaping upon me.

"Where—?" I commenced, looking  
stupidly around. My patient was  
gone.

My uncle gazed at me inquiringly.  
I think I must have looked foolish.

"I should like to know what you  
are looking for, John?"

"Looking for?" I exclaimed, begin-  
ning to get angry. "You think I'm a  
fool, I suppose, but I tell you there  
was a girl here; she was drowning,  
and the dog pulled her out of the water.  
She was quite insensible, and I  
laid her here myself. Now she is  
gone!"

"Silly see?" coolly replied Uncle  
Lemuel. "Well, how did it happen?"

"She was in a boat."  
"What boat?"  
"It swamped."

Uncle Lemuel whistled and put his  
hands in his pockets. I began to doubt  
myself if there had been any reality in  
the scene which had so excited me.

Had I not been dreaming? At that  
moment Herod shook the water from  
his thick coat all over me.

"Look at the dog," I began.

"What is that he has there?" inter-  
rupted Uncle Lemuel.

Herod had laid down with his fore-  
paws upon some small, white object.  
I went to examine it. It was a linen  
handkerchief.

"See here!" I cried, in exultation.  
"He is watching her handkerchief  
now."

Then I looked for a name, and found  
it "Aster Grey." Uncle Lemuel be-  
gan to look convinced as I showed it  
to him. He said:

"There are no Greys in Riverville  
that I know of."

We re-entered the chaise and drove  
more slowly homeward. So ended the  
episode, and so ended, upon the next  
day, my stay at Riverville.

I returned to the city and plunged  
into hard work, mental activity and  
steady application. Before another  
spring my energies were rather  
drained.

I should have forgotten the episode  
at Riverville, perhaps, if the girl had  
not been so beautiful. As it was, the  
face sometimes haunted me. It was  
the kind of beauty that suited me—  
fair, noble, and serene in character. I  
wanted some one to love, and I was  
sorry that I had lost Aster Grey.

One spring evening, after a harass-  
ing day's work, I left my office and  
hailed a horse-car to take me up town.  
It was raining heavily.

After I had entered the car I found  
that I had left my umbrella behind me.  
My rooms were beyond the ex-  
treme route of the car, and some ten  
minutes' walk from the stopping  
place—long enough to drench me to  
the skin, as it was coming down then.  
Accordingly I made up my mind for  
a ducking, and we proceeded.

Gradually, as we approached the  
end of our way, the car was almost  
empty. When nobody was left but  
myself and a small boy at the other  
end of the car I espied an umbrella  
lying on the seat beside me.

"Is this your umbrella, boy?" said I.  
"No, sir," said he.  
I reached forth my hand, took it, and  
jumped out at the end of my street.  
I cannot say that I had a spasm of  
conscience in so doing. I had had too  
many umbrellas of my own appropri-  
ated, and it was evident that the article  
had been forgotten by its owner,  
who would never have seen it again  
if I had not appropriated it. But I  
noticed, as I walked along, that it was  
a remarkably neat little affair, with  
an ornate handle.

And when I got home I found a  
plate upon the handle, and the plate  
was marked "Aster Grey, 79 S—  
street."

see Miss Grey. She came fair and  
gracious.  
I was emboldened to claim her for-  
mer acquaintance. She looked mysti-  
fied, as was quite natural, since she  
never remembered to have seen me  
before. When I recalled the incident  
of her danger at Riverville she told  
me that when she glanced toward the  
shore she was too much frightened at  
the peril she was in to distinguish any  
features or appearances. She knew  
nothing from the moment the boat  
sank beneath her. When she recov-  
ered I consciousness she was alone on  
the bank, with the big dog over her.  
When she arose to her feet the dog  
seemed unwilling to leave her go. By  
having him her handkerchief she man-  
aged to get away. She was visiting a  
family with whom my uncle had lit-  
tle acquaintance, and left Riverville  
the next day.

I spent a pleasant evening, telling  
her of other exploits of my brave  
Herod. I spent other pleasant even-  
ings with her, and asked her—only  
that—to let me love her.

She not only promised that, but to  
love me. And now she is my dear  
little wife, found by an umbrella.—  
[New York Weekly.]

### Jerked Beef as a Steady Diet.

Everywhere in Brazil jerked beef is  
an important article of food. Immense  
quantities of it are exported from Ur-  
uguay and the Argentine Republic,  
and it is stated that not less than 30,-  
000 tons of it are annually brought  
into Brazil. Think of it—30,000 tons  
a year of that leathery, indigestible  
substance consumed by this scanty  
population. It furnishes the staple  
food for plantation laborers and for  
the lower classes in cities. Indeed, it  
may be called the Brazilian national  
dish, for it is omnipresent on every  
table, at least twice a day, stewed  
with beans and grease and garlic, as  
the frioles of Mexico or the rice of  
China. Another great delicacy here-  
about is bacanao (codfish), as highly  
esteemed among the Brazilians as  
partridge, planked shad and terrapin  
in the District of Columbia. At least  
100,000 of codfish are annually sent to  
Brazil from the United States and  
Nova Scotia, and the people are so  
fond of it that the fresh fish of their  
own rivers are entirely ignored for  
"bacanao," which is a feature of every  
banquet, as indispensable as roast  
turkey at a New England Thanksgiv-  
ing. But when prepared in Por-  
tuguese fashion and served on the  
festive board the Yankee that caught  
it would never recognize his own cod-  
fish, so begrimed and begrudged is  
it, and turned a rusty red by the ad-  
dition of strange condiments and  
served with yams and cabbage and  
goodness knows what else, in one  
abominable olapadrida, which once  
smelled can never be forgotten.—  
[Washington Star.]

### Meerschaum is a Kind of Clay.

There is a very general impression  
in the minds of smokers that the  
meerschaum part of the pipe which  
they treasure so carefully and take so  
much pride and satisfaction in "color-  
ing" is compressed sea foam. Such,  
however, is not the case. The Ger-  
man word meerschaum means in Eng-  
lish foam of the sea, but its formation  
has nothing to do with the sea. It is  
a kind of clay, comes out of mines  
like coal, and is found only in Turkey.  
The artist who carves meerschaum is  
required to pass through as severe a  
school of apprenticeship, lasting from  
three to ten years, as though his work  
were in marble. Meerschaum carved  
and in the rough resembles the ordi-  
nary plaster cast. The outlines being  
complete, it is scraped with a  
knife, filed, soaked in a preparation,  
and then polished with a linen cloth.  
The color of meerschaum has nothing  
to do with the quality, and ranges  
from pure white to a light yellow or  
a bluish white. The practice some-  
times indulged in by smokers of soak-  
ing a meerschaum in hot water, milk,  
or steaming it, is altogether wrong.  
It spoils the meerschaum and ruins  
the color.—[Chicago Herald.]

### The Sweet Pea Was Once Spurred.

It is marvellous that so valuable a  
flower for eating as the sweet pea  
should have been left for so many  
years unnoticed by florists. It is one  
of the oldest in cultivation, and yet  
has been improved only quite recent-  
ly. Nothing now is more popular  
with florists than this delightful  
flower, and some are taking them in  
hand to improve them, as they have  
the pansy, dahlia, carnation and other  
flowers. They are not only improv-  
ing them, but giving them distinctive  
names, just as in the class of flowers.  
There are among them shades of pink,  
mauve, lilac, yellow, orange, scarlet,  
purple, and even a white—far much  
purer and deeper than the white of  
the old form.—[Pacifique.]

### CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

**A BEEF FIGHT.**  
On a windy day young Willie Bookery,  
instead of going to school played hooky.  
To a far distant field he went,  
With dog and ball, on his intent,  
When suddenly, in that lone place,  
Appeared a very startling face.

And, dropping ball, away Will flew,  
The faithful comrade flying too.  
Oh! shame on you, young Willie Bookery!  
If you had not been playing hooky,  
You'd such a coward not have been,  
But stopped such in a moment, seen  
That startling face was but a kite,  
That once had broken in its flight.  
—[Detroit Free Press.]

### A NOVEL CLIMAX.

A funny story is told of some of the  
monkeys in Lincoln Park, Chicago.  
The cage containing white rats had  
stood for a long time near the monkey  
cage, and the monkeys had displayed  
much curiosity and interest in their  
neighbors. One day by way of ex-  
periment, the keeper put a large white  
rat into the monkey cage. The mon-  
keys screamed with delight, and after  
a few days' observation of their new  
comrade they made fast friends with  
him, stroking his fur, fondling him in  
their arms and sharing their food with  
him, even picking out choice bits for  
his special benefit.

One day a new idea seemed to strike  
the oldest monkey. He put the rat  
from his arms gently upon the floor,  
and calmly sat down upon it. The  
rat did not move, nor seem to object  
to the new use to which he was placed,  
and the monkey chattered with delight  
at his soft cushion. He allowed the  
rest of the monkeys to try the novel  
seat, and they all seemed equally  
pleased.

From that time the rat's destiny was  
settled. He was in constant use as a  
sofa, and the monkeys violently re-  
sented and opposed any attempt at his  
removal. They never injured the rat  
in any way, nor did he seem to be  
worse for the peculiar use to which he  
was put, so the keepers allowed him  
to remain. It was said to be a com-  
mon sight, so long as the rat was  
there, to see a demure monkey seated  
upon its back.—[N. Y. News.]

### CHOCOLATE, COFFEE, TEA.

When Columbus discovered Ameri-  
ca, he opened to the world a number  
of good things, among them being  
chocolate, the extract of the cacao  
bean. The Mexicans used it long be-  
fore the conquest, but not until 1520  
was it introduced into Spain, and the  
Spaniards kept it a secret for many  
years. It became a great favorite as  
soon as known, and since then has  
continued in popularity. The best  
chocolate comes from the beans of the  
South American tree, although it  
grows elsewhere. Linnæus  
liked it so much that he called it "food  
of the Gods."

Coffee belongs originally to Arabia,  
where it was discovered in a curious  
manner. The monks of a certain  
monastery used to get so sleepy during  
services that they were unable to at-  
tend to the responses, and the Superior  
was at his wit's end. It was reported  
by shepherds that after their flocks  
had eaten of a certain berry, they  
were always wakeful and lively; so  
some of the berries were brewed for  
the sleepy monks, and the first cup of  
coffee made. It is not known whether  
the monks were able to attend service  
properly after this, but, at  
any rate, coffee was given  
to the world. The use of  
it spread to Turkey, where it was pro-  
hibited by some of the Sultans; but in  
1554 Solyman the Great allowed it to  
be drunk by all, and in 1669 London  
first learned what coffee was. The  
Dutch were the first to transplant the  
trees from Mocha to Batavia, and be-  
came great coffee raisers. The plant  
from which all the coffee raised in  
Martinique came was presented to  
Louis XIV. by the magistrates of Am-  
sterdam in 1714. Coffee is now re-  
garded as one of the necessities of  
life, though people seemed to get  
along without it for some centuries.

One cannot say definitely how long  
tea has been used in China, but Eu-  
rope owes its discovery to the Dutch,  
who imported it in 1610. About that  
time it cost fifty dollars or so a pound  
in England; and 1669 Samuel Pepys  
says that he had his first cup of tea.  
His steeds of millions of pounds are  
now used in the course of a year, and  
everybody uses it more or less. The  
question of tea is a very interesting  
subject to war, for it was the duty im-  
posed by England that led to the New  
York and Boston "tea-parties" in  
1773; and not long after that the soli-  
dificence over, and the Declaration of  
Independence was signed. For this  
reason tea ought to be a national  
drink with us.—[Harper's Young  
World.]

### ODD ORCHIDS.

Plants Which Afford Counterfeits  
of Animal Life.

### Most Curious Tribe in All the Vegetable Kingdom.

"Nature is much given to counter-  
feiting her own work," said a botani-  
st to a Washington Star writer.  
"Among the most remarkable illus-  
trations of this tendency on her part  
are numerous vegetable imitations of  
animal life. You will find this sort  
of freak best exhibited in plants of  
the orchid kind, whose oddly formed  
flowers suggest various queer resem-  
blances. There are two species, for  
example, known as the 'bee orchid' and  
the 'fly orchid' from the likeness  
between their flowers and those in-  
sects. Other varieties for similar rea-  
sons are called the 'man orchid,' the  
'dizard orchid' and the 'dady's slipper.'  
In some species the flowers are like  
splendid butterflies. One again re-  
sembles the observer of a grinning  
monkey; another suggests the aspect  
of an opera dancer suspended by the  
head, while a third mimics the 'spider  
orchid,' affords a striking likeness to  
that animal.

"Although there are orchids of var-  
ious kinds to be found in temperate  
latitudes, the most beautiful species  
grow in luxuriance where a tropical  
climate develops these exquisite vege-  
table forms on the branches of the  
living trees, in the decayed bark of  
fallen trunks, running over mossy  
rocks or hanging suspended from  
boughs in the untrodden forests. For  
a long time it was supposed that this  
most curious tribe in all the vegetable  
kingdom could not be subjected to the  
uses of the gardener, but it has been  
discovered of late years that, with care  
and perseverance, they can be brought  
to as high a perfection in a green  
house as they obtain in their native  
woods. It is chiefly in the forests  
of South America that the species  
which grow on the bark of trees are  
found. Some of them are known as  
'air plants' from their power of vege-  
tating when simply suspended in the  
air without any soil or direct supply  
of water, supported only by the mois-  
ture of the atmosphere. When hung  
up by strings from the ceiling of a  
room they will live for months and  
will go on blossoming luxuriantly.  
Such orchids are favorite ornaments  
of houses in China and Japan.

"There are nearly 2000 known spe-  
cies of orchids. Probably as many  
more remain undiscovered in the  
depths of unexplored tropical forests.  
He who comes upon a new one ob-  
tains almost as much glory as is got  
by the discovery of a star. It seems  
curious that, whereas these plants are  
spread over nearly all of the world,  
as far as the borders of the frozen  
zone, there should be so very few  
kinds that are useful in any way to  
man. Vanilla is an orchid, which, in  
the West Indies, creeps over trees and  
wails like ivy. A substance called  
'salap' somewhat resembling arrow-  
root or sago, is obtained from the  
tubers of a variety that grows in Tay-  
loy and Persia, where it is highly  
esteemed.

"This 'salap' used to be sold at the  
corners of streets in London, says Dr.  
Carpenter in his 'Vegetable Phy-  
siology.' It was a favorite drink with  
priests, coal heavers and other hard-  
working people, by whom it was con-  
sidered very strengthening. It is said  
to contain a greater amount of nutri-  
ment than any other vegetable sub-  
stance in the same bulk, and for this  
reason it is much employed by travel-  
ers who have to carry supplies with  
them into deserts and other uninhab-  
ited countries. One ounce of 'salap,'  
boiled with an equal quantity of the  
animal jelly known as portable soup,  
in two quarts of water, will suffice for  
the daily nourishment of an able-  
bodied man. Some of the South  
American species yield, by boiling,  
a sort of glue, which the Brazilians  
use for fastening leather together. These  
are the only orchids that are of utility  
to mankind."

### Good Effects of Yawning.

To yawn is to do a good deal more  
than merely to open wide the mouth  
through drawiness or weariness," as  
the dictionary tells us. According to  
Mrs. Russell, of Delaware fame, the  
yawn is an involuntary exercise which  
nature suggests to us when, in conse-  
quence of sleep or drowsiness, or  
sunt, or cold, or hunger or indiges-  
tion, something is needed to restore  
the system to a state of general ac-  
tivity. Through it and the move-  
ments which accompany it the whole  
body, beginning with the muscles  
of the throat and face, is  
stimulated and refreshed, the

successive motions extending  
themselves throughout the entire  
frame and reaching finally to the feet.  
"A good yawn," says Mrs. Russell,  
"is always slow, and the best uses  
every articulation in the body—prob-  
ably every muscle—possibly refreshes  
every nerve. Not all at once or in  
jerks, but slowly, in perfect succe-  
sions or rhythms, with the best pos-  
sible breathing. Certainly no gymnast,  
with the single exception of Francois  
De laerte, ever so arranged the same  
expenditure of force, nervous and  
muscular, as to result in an equal  
amount of invigorating effect upon the  
system." And again we are informed  
that yawning embodies all the laws  
of growth needed for movements that  
are to give physical growth and re-  
freshment, and some of the laws which  
are necessary to the higher growth,  
so called, of the emotions and the in-  
tellect."

The moral of these observations  
would appear to be that we ought all  
to yawn as much as possible—the  
offender the better; and further, since  
yawning comes so near perfection as a  
mode of bodily exercise, that we  
should do well to discard such con-  
ventionalities as dumb bells and the  
horizontal bar, and to cultivate our  
bodily powers by merely lounging in  
our chairs and yawning. Merely to  
think about it or to read about it, and  
to set some people agape, when these  
dey are fall, the desired result can be  
attained in a purely mechanical fash-  
ion. Drop the eyelids as if sleepy,  
at the same time rolling the eyeballs  
slightly upward, though without clos-  
ing the eyes; repeat the movement  
some half dozen times and you will  
find yourself beginning to yawn.—  
[Chicago Herald.]

### The French Spoilation Gains.

The French spoliation claims arose  
as follows: In the revolutionary war  
the United States guaranteed to France  
the security of her West Indian colonies,  
and when the war between France  
and England broke out toward the end  
of the century the United States was  
unable to make good the agreement.  
On the contrary it issued a proclama-  
tion of neutrality. On this the French  
retaliated by capturing American mer-  
chant vessels and fighting American  
warships as though they had been  
English. The United States claimed  
\$20,000,000 damages for these outrage.  
The French Republic claimed  
\$20,000,000 damages suffered because  
the United States had not carried out  
its guaranty. The dispute was settled  
by each country agreeing to settle the  
claims of its own citizens against the  
other. The American sufferers by the  
deprivations of the French warships  
had thus to look to Congress for re-  
imbursement of their losses. They  
followed the matter up from 1800 to  
1881, securing thirty-eight reports of  
committees admitting the validity of  
the claims and recommending pay-  
ment. Nothing was done till 1884,  
when it was provided that the claim-  
ants might sue the government in the  
court of claims, but added that "noth-  
ing in this act shall be construed as  
committing the United States to the  
payment of any such claims." Having  
done so much for honesty after eighty-  
two years of impotently Congress re-  
fused for seven more years, when in  
the last days of the Fifty-first Con-  
gress an appropriation to pay a part  
of the claims approved by the court  
was squeezed through.—[San Francis-  
co Examiner.]

### A Crack Shoemaker.

"I believe the finest shoemaker in  
the world is the one employed by the  
Government at the West Point Mil-  
itary Academy," said an army officer  
at the Lindell. "He has been there  
time out of mind, is old and bent and  
gray, but the shoes he still makes for  
the cadets haven't their equal for  
shape and durability. The cadet, you  
know, is supplied with four pairs of  
shoes—a dancing shoe made of mor-  
rocco, a furlough shoe made of the  
finest African, a uniform shoe made  
of self-kill, but with a thick sole, and  
a winter shoe made of cowhide. When  
I left West Point I carried my cow-  
hide shoes with me. I marched every  
foot of the way from Fort Leaven-  
worth to Fort Bayard, a distance of  
1200 miles, in the cowhide shoes.  
That long tramp didn't phase them,  
and I have them yet, good as new."  
—[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

### Isinglass is Fish.

Isinglass is a preparation of gelatine  
taken from the internal parts of fish.  
The best comes from Russia and is  
prepared from sturgeon, which is in  
great plenty in Russian waters. Isin-  
glass is much more highly esteemed  
and gelatine for all culinary pur-  
poses, and especially for desserts.—  
[New York Tribune.]

**Sleep.**  
I should lay in prison like St. Paul,  
Chained to two giants that both were  
grim and stout,  
All day they sat by me and held me thrall;  
The one was named Regret, the other  
Hope.

And through the twilight of that hopeless  
drear  
There came a sweet shining suddenly  
That took me by the hand and led me free.  
The chains grew soft and slipped away  
from me.  
The doors gave back and swung without a  
sound.  
I took part of some magic flower unfurled.  
I followed, treading o'er enchanted ground,  
Into another and a kinder world.  
The master of that black and bolted keep  
Then knowest is life, the angel's name is  
Sleep.  
—[A. H. H. Eschman, in Harper's.]

### HUMOROUS.

**Woman poses and man propose.**  
Fogg suggests that the reason why  
fish is brain food is because fish go in  
schools.

Johnny's latest composition: "The  
Goo—The goo is so called because it  
is kinder silly and don't know any  
letter."

A Western editor thus alludes to a  
conemporary: "He is young yet, but  
he can sit at his desk and hunch cob-  
webs from the ceiling with his ears."  
Yeast—What are you going to make  
out of your boy? Crumbs—A  
"Yeast."—Has he a taste for it?  
"Oh, yes," he tells it from his  
mother's."

The wife went out to bed.  
No longer than 10  
And the 2000-man who  
Laughs but not to her best.

He (tenderly)—Do you think you  
could ever learn to love me? She  
confidently—Oh, yes, yes. Why,  
I learned to love Tom Barry, who was  
here last month, in two days.

"I wonder where my vest is," ex-  
claimed Mr. Justice. "I've looked  
everywhere I can think of for it." "I  
found it in the washbasin, dear," replied  
Mrs. Justice, sweetly. "I believe in  
having everything in its proper place."  
Mr. Wicklow—Here is the "For  
and About Women" page of the Sun-  
day paper, with nothing in it but  
descriptions of dresses, as usual. Mrs.  
Wicklow—Well, if dresses are not  
for and about women, I don't know  
what they are.

### Dogs that the Indians Eat.

The dogs eaten by the Dakota In-  
dians are quite different from the  
dogs of which they, like civilized peo-  
ple, make friends and companions.  
They have square, box-like bodies and  
heads, and severely dry tails. They  
seem to fatten as pigs. A small tip-  
ple on the family tipple is put up  
in the dog family. The flesh of  
these dogs is looked on as a dainty,  
and is eaten with ceremony, and the  
women bring little tin cups to take  
some of it to the children at home.  
For one of the weekly dances in  
camp, one dog is considered sufficient,  
but as many as forty are killed for a  
great feast. The odor of a stewed  
dog is very unpleasant, and we had  
to throw open the windows, even in  
severe weather, after the school-  
dinner had been regaled on that dish.  
The Indian school at the Agency was  
kept by the Agent's pretty daughter.  
She had often observed one of these  
dogs that seemed to have more suga-  
rily than his fellows. He came every  
day to school with the child who  
owned him, and during the exercises  
he sat beside her on the platform, and  
joined with the children in the games  
at recess. She said to the dog's mas-  
ter one day: "Your dog is very fat."  
"Yes," was the boy's answer, "we  
will eat him next week."

One day there was a knock at our  
camp schoolhouse door. One of the  
children, little Amos Black-bull, had  
brought his dog, one of the edible  
variety, as a present to us, and had  
tied him to the step. Of course Amos  
was thanked, but his present was not  
accepted.—[New York Post.]

### A Costly Sturgeon.

A. H. Viamen, the pioneer fisher-  
man of the Fraser river, had on exhibi-  
tion a sturgeon fourteen feet long and  
weighing 900 pounds, which was  
caught in an obelisk net. Notwith-  
standing the size of this fish and the  
interest it created, Mr. Viamen did not  
feel at all proud of his catch, for the  
reason that it cost him the tidy little  
sum of \$500. The sturgeon got  
tangled in the obelisk net and slipped  
into pieces in a very few minutes.  
The net was a new one, and probably  
the best on the river. Sturgeons sell  
at 2 cents per pound and the 900-  
pounder was valued at \$27, which  
left the loss almost total. Though  
glad at any time to make a heavy  
catch, Mr. Viamen hopes he may never  
again win fisherman's honors at such  
a price.—[Westminster (British Co-  
lumbia) Columbian