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An Alaska Witch.

Wednesday a gray-haired, doctor came into town and called on the interpreter that had been sent to the doctor. The doctor had observed that he should see a witch at two o'clock that day. He asked that he receive from the white men. The doctor had the matter before the Indian doctor was interrupted and brought up for consideration the following facts were:

The doctor had been for some time in the town of Squaw who was from the effects of a disease. Notwithstanding the doctor's explanations the patient would not be cured. The doctor then went to the house of the witch and found that he was powerless to cure her until she was ordered to give up her witchcraft. She then gave up her witchcraft and the patient was cured. The facts in the case were brought up before the interpreter and he told them that the witch was a very old woman and that she was a very powerful witch. The doctor's head he had been for some time in the town of Squaw who was from the effects of a disease. Notwithstanding the doctor's explanations the patient would not be cured. The doctor then went to the house of the witch and found that he was powerless to cure her until she was ordered to give up her witchcraft. She then gave up her witchcraft and the patient was cured.

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A Soldier Under Napoleon.

Do you see that tumble-down cottage there, beyond the road, by the sycamore tree? With the broken window-panes? And the flowers which the flower-pots used to hold? You never would think, in such a place, to meet an old hero face to face.

There's the little hero, I confess. In the window-panes in his corner chair; Not a tooth nor a thought in his hairless head. As he sits and mumbles and grumbles there, but if ninety years take much away, His title, at least, will always stay.

His dim eyes watch his daughter at work. A thin old woman in calico; He sometimes notes her grandson at play With his painted soldiers all in a row; And he dearly loves his pint of gin And his black clay pipe, this man who has been A soldier under Napoleon.

But Jena, Marano, Austerlitz, And last and bloodiest, Waterloo! Will his eye not flash if I speak those words, And the sluggish blood in his veins burn true? He's deaf, but I'll shout them out till he hear, And in memory's light, at last, appear A soldier under Napoleon.

"Good sir," I say, "do you recollect The last great day when the records tell, You fought so bravely, nor quit your post Till the last man left of your comrades fell?" "I've lost the names," he says to me; "I just recollect I used to be A soldier under Napoleon."

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very attractive in manner, conversation, and person, and all her attractions were put in force to save him. She concealed his habit of intemperance for years. She kept his faults to herself. She never breathed aught against him. She upheld him, strengthened him, counseled him. If woman's influence could have saved him he would have been saved.

"I have seen her home taken from her. Her children and herself wandering from one place to another, as she could best earn their support; and this man, seemingly devoid of human feelings, leaving her to her own resources, while wealthy relations cared for him."

"This woman was very near and dear to me, and nothing upon earth could induce me to put myself in jeopardy to the possibility of such a fate. You have my true friendship, my best wishes for your welfare, my sincere prayers that you may conquer in this fiery trial, but I dare not give you more. Good only knows how hard this is for me to say to you. How willingly would I share your fate in poverty, in any ordinary trial of life; but I dare not, for mine own soul's sake, say I take your life, whatever it may be for mine. And so, Harry, let us speak of this no more."

"Margaret," he said, "let me kiss you once. And before she could reply his burning lips touched her pure cool brow. "God bless you, Margaret, whatever becomes of me!" In another instant he was gone.

"It is a lovely night, father," she said; "but I will go to my room, I believe. I am very weary to-night. Good-night!" "O, I might, my daughter!"

And Margaret went as usual with her steady step to her chamber-door; but within its solitude, and the proud, resolved spirit was bowed in bitter sorrow.

How she had loved this man! And her whole frame shook with the sobs she dared not vent loudly, and the tears rushed down the proud beautiful face. Must she thus condemn him, and was there no hope for him?

He was a student of medicine, studying of late with her father, and an eager, apt student. He had come into the quiet life of this village as a bright sunbeam. His quick active intellect aroused her from the ordinary routine of her usual life.

His tastes harmonized with her own, and she had given him her heart entirely. Then, one day, she learned that the fatal habit of stimulating his energies when exhausted by study or fatigue had become a necessity to him, and the interview we have just related was the decision at which she had arrived.

She was a girl of no ordinary character. Her clear good sense, with the intimate knowledge of her friend's life, taught her to doubt the influence she could wield against the triumphant juggernaut, whose victims can never be numbered.

Harry Norton left the village for the distractions of a life in a great city. Now and then news came of him as a clever successful practitioner, accompanied with doubtful surmises as to certain changes in his habits of life—vague speeches, meaning, perhaps, much or little.

slowly up the garden-walk, and Margaret, hastening with tender welcome to greet him, saw at once, from his face, that he bore unwelcome news. "Margaret," he said, "I wish you would come with me to see a dying man who wishes to bid you farewell. You have never forgotten Harry Norton. It is he."

It was not calmly she could think of the interview. Her hands trembled as she tied the strings of her bonnet; tears filled her eyes, and she leaned heavily on the arm of her husband as he related to her the story of his summons to the house where Harry Norton, feeling his days were numbered, had come to bid her farewell to die.

"You are good as ever, Margaret," Harry said faintly, "to come; but I felt that if you wished me God speed, I might more safely cross the dark river. You cannot know—no one can know but its victims—the irresistible power of the disease which bears me to my grave. It is a disease—a madness with some—and I have been one of those fatal ones. If I could say with supernatural power: 'Touch it not when first you feel the accused throb, or you are lost! But who would believe me? God only knows!'"

Long and tenderly Margaret and her husband talked with him, listened pityingly to his account of the struggles he had made so uselessly against what he believed to be a madness, and soothed and comforted by them, he passed quietly, resignedly—nay, thankfully, into the other life, the "great beyond."

In the White House. If people think that the President is not sociable in his official prison life in the White House they do not know him. He is warm-hearted and companionable in his hours of leisure from the routine drudgery of his high place. He is fond of his friends and always has a good deal of company. As a bachelor a friend or two at dinner was a regular occurrence, to which he now often adds the friends of Mrs. Cleveland. The President is also a good liver. His greatest fondness is for game in season. Chief Perin resented with an emphasis which looked as if he might seize the nearest skillet and bring it down upon the offending pate when the buckwheat scandal of the Executive Kitchen which went the rounds of the press in the early days of the Administration was mentioned.

"Me make buckwheat cakes, pancake dole noir? Never, sir, vile I am here. Le President never eat buckwheat cake from me."

Then, rising with a sort of Marseillais-hymn enthusiasm: "I see. That Dutch cook. Yes, yes. Maybe he make buckwheat cake. France, no. Germane, yes."

The Presidential buckwheat cake threatening to become an international issue, the chef tempered his national aversion for "Die Waech am Rhine" by cooling off in the pastry kitchen with the mercury sizzling up to 110 degrees.

The gastronomic economy of the Executive Mansion in the diurnal revolutions of that portion of the earth's surface over which the President of the United States governs represents three epochs: Breakfast at 9 a. m., luncheon at 1:30, and dinner at 7 p. m. The chef who makes the life of a President, allimentally speaking, a joy, and thus maybe a benefactor, begins the day with a breakfast of three dishes—fish, a steak, and eggs with coffee. He divides the day with a luncheon of cold meats and broiled, small, feathered game in season. He makes his triumph at the family dinner—oysters, raw; a soup, fish, an entree, perhaps a sweetbread, a relvee, a roast and vegetables, terrapin, an entremet sucre, perhaps a pudding or a jelly. Dessert—pastry, ice-cream, nuts, fruit and coffee. Since his marriage the President has lingered longer at his meals and enjoys life in his domestic circle, even if the prerogatives and proprieties of supreme rank do debar him from many of the little joys and diversions of his fellow-mortals.

Spooks at Red Top. There seems to be a great deal of trouble in keeping servants at Red Top. The fierce winds of March drive the president and his family from their country residence, because they found the alterations in the house had been made for the soft zephyrs of summer, and not for the March gales. Soon after they left the steward of the White House, who has charge of the servants also at Red Top, got notice from the domestics employed there that they would like to leave. He tried others, but they, too, left, and after wondering what the cause was he found that the colored people employed were afraid to stay there. They were superstitious. The howling wind had made the windows rattle and whistled through the woodwork of the house. Stories got abroad that "spooks" were there. Then some said that an old man had died in the house, and his ghost was revisiting it. This was enough for the colored servants, and forthwith they resigned. In vain, it is said, did the steward try to show them how foolish were their fears, but they would not listen to him, and now the lonely mounted policeman alone keeps guard.

WIT AND HUMOR.

The only people who keep diaries for any length of time are those who keep them for sale.—Harper's Bazar.

This is Patti's last farewell tour, but if we all club together and ask him, possibly Nicodem will come over and see us again.—Pack.

The Mayor of Montreal wears a \$2,000 gold collar about his neck, but never when any member of the American colony are around.—Washington Critic.

Customer (to baker's boy): Is your bread nice and light, sonny? Baker's boy (confidentially): Yes, ma'am, it only weighs ten ounces to the pound.—Pack.

Once in a while it is well to remember that a crown will not cure a headache any more than a golden slipper will the gout.—Shoe and Leather Reporter.

The Hoosie Tunnel is nearly five miles long; but it's no use, young people, no use. The brakemen always light the lamps before the cars run in.—Sensational Journal.

No matter how bad and destructive a law may be, he rarely becomes so degraded or loses his self-respect sufficiently to throw mud on a circus poster.—Texas Sittings.

A Michigan school-teacher punishes the big girls by kissing them when they mis-behave. As a consequence he has the most unruly school in the State.—Philadelphia Call.

"Shocking unprincipled lot, those 'bus conductors!' One of them passed a bad sixpence on me a fortnight ago, confound him! And I've not been able to get rid of it yet!"—Punch.

"If you want to get at the circumference of a man examine him among folks; but if you want to get at his actual diameter measure him at his bedside."—Boston Commercial-Bulletin.

There's a good deal of bosh written about "the square gambler." In the game he plays the chances are usually so much in his favor that there is no need of crooked work.—Buffalo Express.

Wisconsin claims to lead all other States in the production of Limburger cheese. If this true, none of them will care to approach near enough to take it away from her.—New Haven News.

"Who is the ugliest woman in town?" asked the stranger. "Can't tell you," replied the citizen, "she never comes in until fifteen minutes after the entertainment begins."—Burlesque.

Joe—Where are you going to spend the summer? Eli—I was thinking of going to Maine on a fishing trip. Joe—Going to Maine to go fishing? Why, man, that is a prohibition State!—Detroit Free Press.

A distinguished physician has discovered that the gall of a rattlesnake will cure its bite. From this we infer that the average rattlesnake has almost as much gall as a book-agent.—New Haven News.

Parson—How did you like my sermon this morning? Parishoner—Too long, Parson. Dear me; I'm sorry. Parishoner—So am I. If I sleep five minutes over my usual time it gives me a horrible headache.—Tad-Bits.

A Northern man says: "I came down to Florida to get a little change and some rest." "Did you get it?" some one asked. "No; the waiters got the little change, and the hotels got the rest."—Atlanta Constitution.

A gentleman writes on the subject of spirits and beer. One point he fails to make is, that too much beer makes one lose one's spirits, while an overindulgence in spirits is only too likely to result in a premature beer.—Life.

Snookson—A—yaas—Jones is a vefy good fellow—a I don't know that I quite call him a gentleman, you know. Miss Sharp (who has a liking for Jones)—Don't you, really? But perhaps you are not a very good judge!—Punch.

A Chinese theatrical manager is taking steps to introduce the Chinese drama in American theatres. This will be a cruel test of our fortitude, but the manager evidently knows how we have behaved under British influence.—New Haven News.

"I wish I had your conscience for a pair of suspenders," was the witty remark with which Alderman White-floured an opponent whom he desired to accuse of too much laxity in the region of his moral mentor, in the city council proceedings.—Buffalo Courier.

"The only possible objection that can be found with the house," said the landlord after showing all the apartments, "is the absence of a bathroom." "That doesn't make any difference at all," said the would-be tenants; "we are Anarchists."—Harper's Bazar.

Miss Upperton—Oh, by the way, dear, I am going to send you an invitation to my party. It is to be next week. Miss Sas-sy-bety—Party! Why, love, you surprise me—it is possible you are not keeping Lent? Miss Upperton—Oh, no; it's so common.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

As a gentleman in the parquet remarked: "None but women who have purchased high hats and have none other to wear, because they can't afford to buy new bonnets, would dare to wear them to the theatre after all the hue and cry that has been raised."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

There is a movement in Erie for the erection of a monument to Commodore Perry.

How to Live for a Full Century.

Professor Humphrey, of Cambridge, has prepared a series of tables which contain some interesting information about centenarians. Of fifty-two persons whom he mentioned at least eleven—two males and nine females—actually attained the age of 100. Others attained very nearly to the hundred years. Only one of the persons reached 108 years, while one died at the alleged age of 106. Of the fifty-two persons, thirty-six were women and sixteen men. Professor Humphrey tells us that the comparative immunity of women from the exposures and risks to which men are subjected, and the greater temperance in eating and drinking exhibited by women are the chief points in determining their higher chances of longevity. Out of the thirty-six women twenty-six had been married, and eleven had borne large families. Of the twenty-six who had been wives eight had married before they were 20, one at 16, and two at 17.

Twelve of the fifty-two centenarians were discovered to have been the eldest children of their parents. This fact, adds Dr. Humphrey, does not agree with popular notions that first children inherit a feebleness of constitution, nor with the opinion of racing stables, which is decidedly against the idea that "firstlings" are to be depended on for good performances on the course. The centenarians generally regarded were of spare build. Gout and rheumatism were, as a rule, absent. "It seems," says Professor Humphrey, "that the frame which is destined to great age needs no such pophylaetics, and engenders none of the peccant humors for which the larger joints (as in gout) may find a vent."

Of the fifty-two aged people, twenty-four only had no teeth, the average number of teeth remaining being four or five. Long hours of sleep were notable among these old people, the period of repose averaging nine hours, while out-of-door exercise in plenty and early rising are to be noted among the factors of a prolonged life. One of the centenarians "drank to excess on festive occasions," another was a "free beer drinker," and "drank like a fish during his whole life." Twelve had been total abstainers for life, or nearly so, and mostly all were "small meat eaters."—St. James Gazette.

Caught by the Lawyeer.

A dramatic little scene occurred in court here recently. It was no very great matter, but it is a pretty instance of legal dexterity. The case was a suit for damages brought in behalf of a girl who had been run over by a brewer's wagon, and the testimony of the plaintiff was flatly contradicted by that of a girl of her own age who had been playing with her on the curbstone at the time the accident occurred. Both the girls, who were each about nine years old, gave their testimony with much directness and stood well under cross-examination. The lawyer for the plaintiff, however, at last got the second girl on the stand, and after asking her several unimportant questions, said aside to his associate counsel: "Would you risk it?" The question being answered in the affirmative, he turned to the witness with the air of a man who wishes to make an impression: "You seem to remember extremely well," he said, "what sort of stockings did you have on that day?" "Brown stockings," she returned, without hesitation, "brown stockings with white checks."

"What kind of a hat?" "A brown straw with brown ribbons."

"Who told you so?" "My mother," replied the witness, wholly off her guard.

"When did she tell you?" pursued the lawyer with no change of countenance.

"Day before yesterday," was the response, fatal to the case of the defense, since upon this child's testimony they chiefly relied. Of course such an incident is not so extremely rare in the records of trials, but the thing was very prettily and effectively done.—Boston Cor. Providence Journal.

A Peculiarity of London Papers.

The great morning dailies of London ignore each other's existence. They are a set of editorial ostriches. They reverse the simile, for they seem to go on the principle that nobody sees anything but themselves, their contemporaries being hidden in the sands. I think I've mixed the metaphor there a little, but let it go. I have a dim remembrance that when the veritable Mr. Lucy took charge of the Daily News he actually mentioned the name of another paper in its columns, but whether the paper ever recovered from the shock, or whether Lucy ever had the temerity to do it again, I really don't know. The earth, I believe, made its customary thousand miles an hour in twenty-four laps the next day. The only paper that seems aware that there is another sheet published in this village is the Pall Mall Gazette. As its office is situated away up by Charing Cross, how it ever found out what the great journals of Fleet street never discovered I have been quite unable to ascertain. It was a great journalistic feat, anyhow. To sum up the case: I beg to remark, and my language is plain, to get out of the dark, and their rights to obtain, the papers must all pull together, which the same I am free to maintain.—Detroit Free Press.

San Francisco Chronicle.