BELOW THE SEA.

Deep in the bay the old church lies,
Beyond the storm-wind's power,
The waves that whelmed it ever play
In ripples round the tower.
And if you look down through the tide—
Many and many a time—
You may catch the glimmer of the stones,
Or hear the sweet bells chime!

For they that dwell deep in the sea,
Below the wind and rain,
The Mermen and the Mermaidens,
Have built it up again!
They have made fast the ruined walls
With their immortal hands,
And strewn the aisle with red sea flowers,
And with the wet sea sand.

And when a drifting boat comes back
Dark shattered to the shore,
With never captains at the helm,
Nor sailor at the oar,
Then down below the stormy foam
The sweet old bells ring free,
They call upon the mariners
That come to moor from sea!

—*May Kendall in Magazine of Art.*

Clothing on the "Installment Plan."

They were two traditional newspaper men.

"Any news?" asked one.

"No; the city editor is out, and I am prospecting a new overcoat. I'm going to try the installment plan. Ever heard of that?"

"Not in the gents' furnishings line," answered the surprised writer.

"Well, 'tis a fact," continued the other; "within a year there has been an important extension in the system. Now we have several institutions go down up for just such a purpose. Going to one of those institutions and naming the article you desire, you are asked: What have you got for references? Where are you employed? and are you employed permanently? After answering you are asked to call again in a day or two. In the meantime your references are investigated. Should they prove satisfactory, upon your calling again the manager hands you an order and directs you to a store where the article you desire is kept; there you choose for yourself. They make arrangements with stores for any article in the furnishing line, and receive as compensation a percentage on all goods sold, and the only security these installment institutions have is the fact that you are at work, and that you furnished satisfactory references. It may be thought that on account of all this a much larger price would be charged than at places where cash payments are the rule. This, however, is not so. They claim that their prices will compare favorably with any house in the city, in fact, they point to this as the reason why their trade is constantly increasing. Occasionally they meet with loss by the dishonesty of some individual that they have furnished. The system is destined to become in the future of great magnitude"—Boston Globe.

PHOTOS OF DISTINGUISHED MEN.

Public People's Pictures Sought by Tourists and Strangers—How They Sell.

Washington is the leading market of this country for photographs of distinguished men. An auction dealer whose sales morgue up into the thousands annually told me this morning that intelligent customers were purchasers and strangers. "Washington people," said he, "rarely interest themselves in such matters. They meet public men at every turn. Their faces are as familiar to them as any other citizens of the capital. For this reason I presume there is but little local demand for such pictures. Who sells best? Cleveland, of course. That is true of all presidents during the period of their incumbency. Cleveland sells better than either Arthur, Garfield, or Hayes. He was not so well known to the country at large as his name immediately preceding, which, I dare say, accounts for it in part. Of the cabinet, Garland's pictures are the most in demand. He is personally a very popular man. The other members of the cabinet sell slightly."

"Do you experience much difficulty in procuring sittings from public men?"

"Not as a rule. Such men as Edmunds and Sherman are hard to get, but this arises not so much from a reluctance to sit as from the fact that they are busy men and find it difficult to spare the time."

"Do you find much vanity among this class of men?"

"Very little. The most of them are plain, business-like people, who get photographed to satisfy the demands of their friends. That is about the only interest they show in the matter. Good looks have little to do with selling such pictures. To tell you the truth, the best-looking men are the least called for. You may not know it, but handsome men are seldom great statesmen, with, of course, an occasional exception now and then. The man's position, his character, his association with passing events—these are what sell his pictures. Gen. Logan, for example, is not a handsome man, but his pictures are always in demand, notwithstanding the fact that nearly every one became familiar with his features during the campaign. Gen. Sheridan sells well, too. He and Gen. Sherman are the only army officers whose pictures we keep constantly in stock.

"No, Blaine and Grant do not sell well at this time. They were both in public life so long that their photographs became very common. Hendrick's picture was but little called for. I could never understand that. He was very popular in a certain sense, but, somehow his pictures had no 'go.' A group picture of the supreme court is selling constantly and well. The lawyers who come here want it, and dealers all over the country send for it. Photographs of Mrs. Logan and Mrs. Carlisle are also in great demand. They sell better than the pictures of any other ladies. The Chinese minister also goes quite freely. Lee, Jeff Davis, and Joe Johnston are some times called for—Davis the least of the three. Red Cloud's pictures sold well at one time, and so did the pictures of Spotted Tail and Sitting Bull. But there is no stability in such booms. The newspaper cuts usually satisfy public curiosity with regard to such people, and after a few weeks or months they are forgotten entirely."—Washington Cor. Chicago News.

Boise City's Wooden Washington Statue.

Milwaukee having boasted that she alone among cities west of New York has an equestrian statue of Washington, the champion town of Idaho, Boise City, modestly directs attention to her own equestrian statue of the Father of his Country. It is by a young German sculptor, name unknown, and stands "between the new capitol building and and the magnificent public schoolhouse, the latter just finished at a cost of $54,000." It is true that it is of wood. But it was the labor of love on the part of its maker, who carved it one winter while snowed up in the hills. Godless soldiers, also, from a neighboring camp of the army of the United states, have at times thought it funny to wrench off a leg or so from the horse, but the art-loving citizens have rescued all the pieces and restored their Cypriote to the rightful quantity of limbs.

America is a great country. Where else could a city reach the effete luxuries of an equestrian statue, vandalism, and "restorations" in such a handful of years? Talk of art centers: Boise City is the place for American sculptors to visit, if it is true that in the work of this neglected genius "the pose of both horse and rider is grand and magnificent beyond expression by pen or pencil, and the minor details are worked out with an artist's keen sense of fidelity to truth, which is but nature in this instance.—New York Times.

THE CLAY-EATING HABIT.

EXPLANATION OF A PECULIAR AND PERNICIOUS PRACTICE.

A Philadelphia Physician Solves the Mystery—Physical Appearance of the Clay-Eaters—Sedative and Stimulating.

It has been a matter of speculation for years as to why the "poor white trash" of central North Carolina ate the clay that is found in that part of the country. It remained for a Philadelphia physician to solve the mystery. A short time ago Dr. Frank H. Gotchell went on a pleasing expedition to North Carolina. His quest for game led him into the wild country back of Salisbury, which is inhabited for the most part by a miserable race of beings with only just enough energy to eke out a wretched existence. These creatures are nearly all veritable living skeletons, and with exceptions, are addicted to the habit of clay-eating.

While shooting wild turkey and other game in this wild region, Dr. Gotchell made an incidental study of this peculiar habit of the inhabitants. It is a mountainous country, and in the spring little streams start out from the edge of snow on the mountains, and as the days grow warmer the little rivulets become torrents, and great washouts are being made along the mountain side.

THE MANY ALBINOTIC ANIMALS.

The soil is of a heavy, clayey nature, but there are strata of clay that is heavier than the rest, and when the water rushes down this clay is formed into little pellets and rolls and accumulates in heaps in the valley. These little pellets and rolls are what the clay eaters devour with as much avidity as a liqueur swallows a glass of whisky.

"Among the poor people of this section," said Dr. Gotchell, "the habit of eating clay is almost universal. Even little boys and girls are addicted to the habit, and the appetite seems to increase with time. While investigating the matter I entered a cabin occupied by one of these poor families and saw a little chap tied by the ankle to the leg of a table, on which was placed a big dished bread and meat and potatoes which I could reach. The child was kicking and crying, and I asked his mother why she had tied him up. She replied that she wanted him to eat some food before he went out to the clay and he refused to do so. The woman confessed that she ate the clay herself, but explained that the child's health demanded that it eat some substantial food before eating any earth. Almost every one I met in this section was addicted to the habit. They were all very thin, but their flesh seemed to be puffed out. This was particularly noticeable about the eyes, which had a sort of reddish hue.

"All of the clay-eaters were extremely lazy and indolent, and all these conditions combined led me to the conclusion that there must be some sedative or stimulating qualities, or both, in the clay, and I determined to find out whether there was or not. I consequently brought a lot of the clay home with me and Professor Tieman and myself made an analysis of the stuff and discovered that, instead of clay-eaters, the inhabitants of central North Carolina should more properly be called arsenic eaters.

ARSENIC AS A SEDATIVE AND STIMULANT.

"All of this clay contains arsenic, but exactly in what proportion we have not yet discovered. Arsenic eating is common in many parts of the world, and is practiced to a greater or less extent throughout. It acts as a sedative and also as a stimulant. The mountaineers of Styria, Austria, are habitual arsenic-eaters. They are better able to climb the mountains after eating the poison, and their explanation is a perfectly conceivable one, as arsenic acts as a sedative to the heart's action. The habit is also prevalent in the Tyrol and in the Alps.

"It is also said that the peasant girls of Switzerland and part of Germany and in Scandinavia eat arsenic to give lustre to their eyes and color to their cheeks, but this is a matter I have not investigated. It has been shown that arsenic or arsenical fumes are a sure cure for intermittent fever. The inhabitants of a section of Cornwall, England, at one time suffered with this type of fever, but when the copper works were established there the fever disappeared. This was accounted for by the arsenical fumes generated in the treatment of copper. As to whether arsenic eating shortens life, I am not yet prepared to say, but I intend investigating the matter thoroughly."—Philadelphia Times.

An Art Tale of Two Cities.

A good illustration of the differences in the characteristics of the average New Yorker and the average Bostonian is aptly expressed by an artist who recently exhibited paintings in both cities. "A New York lady," he says, "comes in to look at a picture, looks it over carefully, asks the price, and, if the picture pleases her, pays the price set upon it and has it sent to her home. A Boston lady steps in, focuses her eyeglasses upon it, looks upon it critically, asking the price meanwhile, and giving various hints as to the correctness of the picture, and as she rises to go makes the remark, 'Oh, I think it is just beautiful! I am going home to paint one exactly like it.' You can imagine how the artist feels."

Size of South American Countries.

South America is more than double the size of the United States. The empire of Brazil seems on the map quite as large as Australia. It twenty-four times the size of England. The Argentine Republic is nearly as large as Europe, taking Russia out. Bolivia and Venezuela are each twice the size of England. New Granada and Peru each are as large as England and Scotland, Ecuador something less. Paraguay equal to Great Britain. Uruguay and Chili about the same, and the little-known regions of Patagonia and Terra del Fuego at least double the dimensions of Great Britain. British, French, and Dutch Guiana are nearly as large as Great Britain.—New York Sun.

The Gon-Gon the Reigning Favorite.

Though the great west doesn't suspect it, at the eastern centers of civilization the dude has been replaced by the Gussie, he supplanted by the Timmie, and the latter's successor is the gon-gon, who is the reigning favorite. The name gon-gon is an exact reproduction of the first sound made by an infant. We don't know whether it was intentional.—Buffalo Express.

The Japanese cats' eyes, which are now fashionable ornaments, are the polished hinge, or thick knob at the hinge, of the pearl oyster.

Mrs. Fillmore's Obituary Scrap-Book.

The late Mrs. Fillmore's library at Buffalo has in it a scrap-book made by Mrs. Fillmore with much painstaking. The covers of green Russia leather contain all the newspaper articles that she could find to clip telling of the last illness and death of her husband, the president of the United States.—Chicago Herald.

Was Not a Society Cardinal.

Cardinal Panebianca has just died in Rome at the age of 77. He was not a society cardinal, as he lived a hard life, slept on the boards, his board being also simple bread and water, with a morsel of horse now and then by way of a luxury.—Chicago Herald.

CHASING THE HOSTILES.

DUTIES AND HABITS OF THE GOVERNMENT INDIAN SCOUTS.

Three Tribes of Apaches That Are Always Reliable—Details of the Arduous Work of the Scouts—Their Life in Camp.

When an outbreak occurs some men are enlisted and sent on the trail of the hostiles. The Yuma and Mojave Apaches have been scouting for the government for many years, and also the San Carlos. These three tribes are always reliable, and only those that have been with them know their worth. During the last few years the White Mountain men have been enlisted, and now the Chiricahua is found to have taken a liking to Uncle Sam's service.

The scout is a regular soldier, governed by the articles of war, the same as the army in general, but he is only enlisted for six months, and, except the police at the agency, is only paid on discharge, with final statement. On enlisting he is given a Springfield rifle, a mule and a saddle, canteen, and cup. To his belt is attached a small brass tag with his number and the letter of his company stamped on it. The clothing all he draws is a dark blue shirt and a blouse. Very seldom is the shirt drawn, the blouse being about all he cares for. In the field each scout is supposed to wear a piece of white cloth tied around his head to distinguish him from hostiles, as it has been found that he prefers to travel with the blouse folded under the belt to keep the weight off it of the hips. These companies are generally about fifty strong, with one first sergeant, three or four other sergeants, and as many corporals, generally chiefs or sons of chiefs or trustworthy men. They are commanded by experienced officers from different regiments of cavalry or infantry, assisted by citizens employed by the government, known as chiefs of scouts.

SCOUTS IN ACTIVE SERVICE.

The duties of the chiefs of scouts are to serve out rations, carry dispatches, and act as lieutenant to the officers in charge of the company. The scouts draw their rations every day, generally after coming into camp, when on the march. The ration is the army cold ration, and the way they cook it is according to emergency. When the command breaks camp in the morning the scouts are off ahead of every one, and are in camp at night long before the columns are in sight. They cut across the country by trails of their own, and when the tinkle, tinkle of the bell-horse ahead of the pack train is heard they jump up, ready for the loads as they are dropped from the mules in camp. The chief of scouts opens up the rations, cries "Ambo, coo-coo!" (come for rations). Here they come all around, laughing and joking, sometimes trying to erase a "straw" on the sugar sack on the sly, which they are very fond of.

Then away they go to their fires, which are sure to be burning well, for rain or shine they have got a fire every time. One parches the coffee in a pan, and when it is done another grinds it with two stones in a shelter tent as well as any coffee-mill. Another makes flour and baking powder in an iron pan and partly makes the bread in a round, flat cake that resembles a Mexican tortilla in a frying pan. He then spanks it to another, who stands it up on end against a stone close to the fire, and there it bakes till done. The bacon they will not eat, only using it to grease the pans, but they generally manage to secure a deer on the road, and that will be carried on the rumrods of their guns, sizzling over the fire. They cook their meat day's breakfast at supper time, when on the march, so that the next morning they have everything packed and breakfast disposed of before the mules have begun to be saddled.

EXAMPLES OF PHYSICAL EXPERIENCE.

For the campaign down in Mexico last summer, Maj. Davis' scouts carried five days' rations on their backs and took the trails where pack trains could not go. Some of our scouts were mere lads of 17, and they would run off with all that load on their backs, when the white men had to be helped to carry their own rations. They have been known to travel 100 miles in thirty hours, over a rough mountainous country in the heaviest sun, and one young officer that attempted to follow them last summer became completely exhausted in five hours and had to be helped back to the cavalry company by two of the Indians. When the cavalryman's horse dropped on the trail he would have to go on foot, and when he begin to stumble and slip from fatigue the scout would be at his side and carrying both their guns, would make him to help his white comrade along. Simple as a child, he never forgets a friend or an enemy, and one good turn done him will be amply rewarded in the shape of deer meat or anything he thinks will please the other.

Although the scouts do all their service in the mountains on foot they are very fond of riding, and always make good use of any captured stock they may get hold of. Four companies were paid off and discharged in Fort Bowie in October, and the sutler and an enterprising ranchman did a rushing business for a few days. From the sutler's store, each with a new saddle, down to a herd of young broncho horses, there was a constant stream of Indians. In an hour or so they would have their horses broken and be riding to camp on a run, with fancy ribbons streaming from their horses and heads. At this time there were fourteen squaws and fourteen children prisoners, captured from the hostiles at different times during the summer, and it was a strange sight to see the Chiricahua squaws buying calico and trinkets for the prisoners, captured in some cases by themselves.—Arizona Cor. Chicago Times.

Joaquin Miller's Opinion of Dogs.

Joaquin Miller is spending the winter here engaged in literary work. He has an intense hatred of dogs. A visitor who recently called upon him was accompanied by a large English mastiff. "Take that beast out!" exclaimed Mr. Miller, furiously. "There was but one nation (the Greeks) that knew how to properly treat a dog, and they put him at the gates of hell."—Washington Letter.

The government's receipts, during the year ending June 30, '85, were $221,000,000—a little more than $1,000,000 for each working day.

A theatre with a seating capacity of 2,000 is to be built in New Orleans.

A tramp, when arrested, gave his residence as "all over."

New Source of Lead Poisoning.

The latest danger to sewing women is reported by Dr. Arthur V. Meigs, who tells of a case of marked lead poisoning in a tailor, which he attributes to the use of sewing silk treated with sugar of lead to give it weight, and especially to the habit of biting off such thread. It is probable that many sewing women suffer from the results of this habit, although the poisoning is not often produced in such intensity as to lead them to consult a physician.—Chicago Herald.

Dangers of the Paris Streets.

A distinguished naval officer just returned from Tonquin and Formosa having been run over in the street and killed. The Telegraphic makes a well timed protest against the dangers beset ting pedestrians in Paris. In novelty, it justly says, is the traffic so ill regulated, and it might have added that travelers two centuries ago complained of furious driving, while English visitors after Waterloo were struck by the absence of foot-pavements, which made the boulevards the only safe thoroughfares for walkers. Heavy covered vans abound, the drivers being so seated, made or not to be well able to see persons crossing the street or not caring to see. The most large omnibuses with three horses abreast can not, moreover, pull up or slacken speed very promptly. A line of coal or other wagons is often 100 hundred yards long, without any space between them available for pedestrians wishing to cross the street. Neither cabs nor private carriages slacken speed at the chief crossings, and the drivers frequently, to cut off a corner, take the wrong side of the road.

Policemen are stationed at the corner of the Place de l'Opera, but they look placidly on at furious cycling, violations of the rule of the road, and blockade of the crossings. If it rains and the carriage traffic consequently increases and there with the peril of pedestrians, the policeman get under shelter, and do not place themselves in the street. Not once in six months do they stop the vehicles to give a destitute a safe crossing. Toward midnight, when the theatres close, there is the usual reckless galloping. It should be added that people who ride are scarcely to be envied. The Parisian omnibus of those outlawed prisons, are wretched carrets, and the falling of a horse is one of the commonest sights.

It is true that the pedestrians are usually maimed, but perhaps foreigners would do well to stand clear. We Brits are fast reducing. They are very behind about dismissed. As to the people with defective sight or hearing, their fate should never be added. It is with out a doubt.—Paris Cor. London Times.

Shoe-Making Class for Servantesses.

Some attention is being attracted here in England to the new purpose of the well known Bloomsbury Guild, formed for servantesses and poor girls of the metropolis. The Daily Telegraph describes an exhibition held in the marvellous drawing-room. "The Guild is to be located and must will have a dozen or so girls, each with her Bloomsbury which engineer to the head of the leather, and thus is exactly what is needed in order to give a lady a pair of comfortable footwear. The Guild is ready for the time when shoe making is in the mind."

Accordingly any teaching and experience there is success of the one think so much while it was in the people of St. Crispin. James Hogg, the great Endrick philosopher and thresh-phisi, was a shoemaker. So was George Fox. In the middle of the 17th century it both that to become a shoemaker, good one should begin to make shoes. I know a Scotch shoemaker who is now prohibited to astrology and Greek and sciences. As everyone proposed of the craft are decided to Gladstone, or solid arts, or something of the kind. "Stick and Stone Trade." Democratic Gazette Pelham is too strong.—London Leather Trades.

Stories of the Gold Trade.

I have no money at present, in fact, I don't get nothing from it, stock, they [illegible] I'm [illegible] for [illegible] in [illegible] the [illegible] the [illegible] the