Combinations of Capital Inciting Anarchy and Fomenting Lawnessness

Money Changers Compel Patrons to Put Up Their Citizenship as Collateral.

Corporations Dominate Party Machines and Sap the Foundations of Justice.

Shall we Have Honest Government.

(Reprinted From the Sunday Bee) To the people of this commonwealth: A recent letter from an intelligent gentleman living in a neighboring city asks, in apparent sincerity, "Why is it that the business men of Omaha, regardless of party, are combining to defeat the election of the Populist candidate for governor?" The "business men" of Omaha who take the position that we, the citizens of Nebraska, are not entitled to have pure and honest government in this state are largely the bankers and those unfortunate business men that they can oppress, and the railroads and their pass holders. These two interests are not for honest government. It is they who breed anarchists, they who, in combining against the people to corrupt legislatures and elect dishonest men to office, prey upon the people, and, in the results they accomplish, visit upon state and nation all the evils of anarchism. It is not an uncommon thing for these bankers to keep in their offices petitions or addresses which they ask those who come to bor row their money, or to get extensions, to sign; they have them in their banks now: in other words, they insist that the unfortunate customers that they have in their power shall put up their citizenship as collateral! The banks and railroads must be taught that they are servants, and not masters; that each must stick to its legitimate business and not seek to usurp the functions of the people. Last year this country was plunged into financial distress by the bankers; while seeking to interfere with law making they started a scare that artificially created a money stringency-that ended in a panic that, unexpectedly to them, nearly involved all of them in the ruin that they had planned for others. Thousands of their victims met bank-

LOOK HERE, UPON THIS PICTURE. bout the railroads? Go to the sitting of our legislature, and what do you find? You find their lobby organized to corrupt. Who stood behind Mosher and his guilty crowd? Who stood be hind the corruption in the penitentiary ring? Who defends all the public plunrers and thieves? The railroad ring. They are co-partners in corrupting the public service. And banks trot in their lass. They did not dare to have Mosher open his mouth! He knew too much! Mosher, liable, as indicted, to sentence for an hundred years, got off with fivel He was "confined" in our county jail instead of being sent to the penitentiary— and such scandals arose in that regard as we never before heard of in connection with a convict incarcerated in prison! The wrongs that these banks and railroads have countenanced and encouraged in conspiring against the common weal in Nebraska is a foul list. The true and lofty citizenship of this common-wealth will not tolerate the rottenness in our public service that these banks and railroads stand for any longer.

ruptcy. Their constant aim is to make

money scarce, and so to increase the power of their store to the hurt of the

poor and middle classes. It is time the banks kept to their tasks, or to take

away from them their powers and turn

them down. They must not take the position that the people of this state cannot have honest government!

The people are slow to anger and to nove. When public affairs get so rotten that they stink then the people clean their honse. Nebraska, under railroad and bankers' rule, is so rotten that it stinks. It is time to movel The banks and railroads raise the cry to deceive us that it would hurt the credit of the state to elect a Populist. The credit of the state! The credit of a million people! Who made these corporations the guardians of the public credit? Of our good name! When rottenness and corruption stand for purity and soundness, then will they stand for honest government. They tell to that if we elect an honest man governor it will ruin the credit and fair name of the state, and that if we elect a dishonest man governor it will preserve the credit and fair name of the state!

CHOOSE YE THIS DAY.

I believe that the civilization of Nebraska is better than the civilization of Wall Street. Choose ye between the civilization of the people and the civiliza-tion of money, Nebraskans! We are a million and more in number. Here we are, just as we are. We have such and such measure of honesty; such and such measure of justice; such and such measure of refinement; such and such sense of right. No more, no less. Are we not intelligent enough, honest enough, just enough, true enough, to rule ourselves Shall we go abroad to find another rule of honesty to guide us; another sense of right to control us; another estimate of stice to be our standard? Shall we go to Wall Street for itsethics-to corporations and trusts to tell us what are rules of right? Verily, I believe that the million and a quarter of people who live within our borders are able enough, honest enough, just enough, to make up honest government in Nebraska, and we are entitled to rule ourselves. For these principles we should be ready with our bleod, for it is the blood which in all times past has been shed for these things. We must say to corporations, you are our servants and not our masters; to money, you are our slave and not our ruler; you shall not impose upon us blic agents who will betray the people to serve you in the future—to reward them for perfidy to the people in the past! We stand for our civilization against all comers! Either the corporations shall rule this state the next two years with corruption installed upon the French settlers.

throne of power, or the people shall do so CLASSES throne of power, or the people shall do so in the purity and simplicity of the fathers in which our foundations were laid.

To the great middle class citizens of the To the great middle class citizens of the state: You who seek neither offices, nor franchises, nor plunder, who are content to live honestly and faithfully; who love this country and its flag; are we not entitled to honest government in Nebraska? Can't we afford it? Why should we allow ourselves to be frightened by the noise and clamor of banks and railroads turned "calamity howlers?"-who ask us to pull their chestnuts out of the fire; to elect their servants to office to destroy us—forscoth, to preserve "the credit of the state"—the good name of Nebraska!

TIME FOR THE GIANT TO AWAKE. To our best citizenship: It is not time you turned round and stopped this anar-chy? What anarchy is there so hatelul, so destructive and ruinous, as that of the banks and railroads who corrupt our legislatures and dely our laws? It is this that makes the other kind of anarchists -those of the bomb and red flag! Let us down with anarchy by making the corporations, the bankers and railroads obey the laws! Let us not give them immunity for their crimes. They must be made by you—the great middle class, the great citizenship of the state—to take their place as servants at the master's table! We, the people, are not to be farmed out as the operatives of these corporations-as we were cattle! Their eagerness to fatten upon the substance of the people must be curbed. What is your duty in reference to the great laboring classes, the poor and the ignorant? Will you let them see that our best citizenship is coming to the relief of the situation in that you shall decree that the laws shall be obeyed by all! Think of it, in candor and seriousness. The labor-ing men today see their champions in their contests with capital under indictment and being sent to jail for violating laws by corporations, which daily vio-late the laws and defy the courts and sap the fountains of justice and of pure citizenship, and whose ministers walk the earth as they were its lords and kings! When the poor man violates the law they put him in jail with rats and vermin, while his family sleep on the sidewalk and eat the soles of their shoes for their breakfast, their dinner and supper. To the rich violater of law and despoiler of justice is given the freedem of the earth to his family is brought rare food and rich raiment from the east and from the west-for he has his yoke upon the peo-

This is what makes the red flag and bomb anarchists. Are our best citizens -our great middle class-going to follow the lead of the corporations because they appoint themselves the guardian of our good name and credit only, to consummate the ruin of both? For one, I shall help to put down anarchy, wherever found—however high the place wherein it seeks refuge, or whatever its masquer-

These corporations tell us that dire calamity will visitus by reason of a name
—the name of Populist! Time was when
the name abolitionist was held in dishonor, but greater knowledge hath made it great. I am no Populist. Neither will I be a Democrat, or Republican, or any sort of partisan whatsoever, on the great But alas Issue—which is the only issue in our state politics—namely: Shall we have honest government in Nebraska? Neither the Republican nor Democratic parties offered us a ticket that honest and selfin so far as an honorable, capable and straightforward man was put forward in Judge Holcomb. True, the Democrata have named him, but it was by the true Democracy of the people in revolt against the bosses that have dominated the party so long in the interest of corporations-our servants and not our masters The kingdom is at hand; the kingdom of the people is at hand!

JOHN D. HOWE.

A Maryland Negro Brute Lynched. UPPER MARLBORO, Md., Oct. 22.-Stephen Williams, the negro who assauted Mrs. Hardesty Wednesday night and confessed, was taken from the county jail at 3 o'clock this morning and hanged.

THE NAMES OF CITIEN.

The word Minneapolis is a compound of an Indian word meaning curling water and a Greek word meaning

Pittsburg was originally called Fort Du Quesne, then became Fort Pitt, in honor of the great British premier.

Chicago was named from the Chicago river, which in turn took its name from an Indian word meaning place of the wild leek or polecat plant.

St. Louis was named from Louis IX., of France. The name was originally given to his depot and trading station by Pierre Laclede Liquest.

Detroit took its name from the river. which was called by the French De Troit, the narrows. The settlement was originally called Fort Pontchartrain.

Albany is named from the second title of the duke of York, afterward James II. The title is Scottish, from the Celtic word Albyn, a native name for Scotland.

New York was named from the first title of the duke of York, afterward James II., who took the city from the Dutch in 1664. The Dutch called it ing a hand to him and keeping just New Amsterdam.

Boston was originally named Tremont, or Trimountain, from being kept his head above the water. built on three hills-Beacon, Kopp and Fort hills. In 1630 the court of Charleston ordered the name changed to Boston.

Cincinnati was originally called Losantiville. The present name was given by General St. Clair as a reminder of the Cincinnati society, an association of the officers of the revolutionary war.

General Francis Nash of the revolutionary army gave a name to Nashville, Tenn. It was first called Nashborough, which was objected to on account of being hard to spell. Nashton was suggested, but Nashville finally accepted in 1784.

Baton Rouge, La., was named from the fact that for many years after the town was established a gigantic cypress, the bark of which was red, grew on the site. The name means red stick, and was bestowed by the

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

THE STORY OF LITTLE WOLF AND YELLOW HEAD.

An Episode of Border Life in the Southwest-A Novel Way of Saving a Vessel on Fire-Wisht I Could-Here's a Queer Game.

Little Wolf.

"Keep close to the house, Frank." The little pioneer mother smiled fondly at the pretty boy, who was already brown with tan and glowing with health, though only a month had passed since they ventured into the wilderness.

"I never go far, mamma-just down by the spring."

She watched the sturdy little fellow with pardonable pride as he bounded away down the slope towards the spring. A cluster of laurel-bushes almost hid him from sight, when he was there, but every day his mother looked down that way whenever she passed the door, and could always catch the glint of the sunshine on his tumbled curls.

But here, in this great wilderness, what reason there might be for fear! They said that all the wild animals had been cleared out of the country long ago, but she was not so sure of that. And as for the Indians, who knew when they might swoop down upon the settlement, as they had done upon others? They were barely twenty miles to the north, and though they were friendly and in a reservation, why-Indians were Indians in Mrs. Grey's eyes.

Horses feet sunk noiselessly into the soft earth and Mrs. Grey did not know that any one was near until a long shadow fell across the floor. She was not given to screaming, but she came very near it when she saw the four mounted Indians sitting serenely on their horses and gazing in at her.

But the brave little woman did not utter a sound. Her first thought was of her boy, and so she controlled herself. If only she could keep them from seeing the child.

"White woman cook, we eat,' said themselves down from their horses. Pale as her face was, she managed to smile on them; and hastily adding more wood to the dying fire in the stove, she set about cooking such simple fare as she had at hand. The Indians watched her silently, and when everything was ready they ate. with scant ceremony. The meal over. they gave a grunt that might have been construed into thanks, and mounting their horses again went on

But alas, their way led them past he spring. In an instant Mrs. Grey from being seen, but intent on reach- tain Samuel Jackson. they would pass without seeing him, after all!

that came from one of them when he caught the glint of sunshine on the boy's curls, and instantly one of the horses was turned in that direction. The mother darted forward, but it from his saddle and snatched the boy

Mrs. Grey rushed forward with a his horse to one side and deftly eluded her.

"Little Wolf teach Yellow Head to swim," he said, and at once set out in by the others.

Wildly Mrs. Grey ran after them. Her home and everything in it was forgotten. She was crazed with fear. The river was not more than half a straight towards it. What did they intend to do with the child?

She ran until her knees seemed to rive way under her. The brambles saught at her dress and tore it when she pulled away from them, and still she ran and stumbled on. The Indians were out of sight and she was following their tracks-on and onand now the river was near and there on the ban's were the horses.

And such a scene as met the mother's eyes. There was Little Wolf standing on the bank with Frank in his arms, and he swung the child as easily as though he had been a rabbit, and flung him far out into the stream.

Then Little Wolf and his companions leaped in and dived, and as Frank came to the surface, struggling and Like she uster wait fer me. whenever I was sputtering, the four Indians rose around him. Merrily as Tritons they sported about him, sometimes holdout of his way when he reached for it; but always taking care that he

After a little while they scrambled out with him, only to toss him in again. Surely more fantastic sport was never seen. The mother watched as though turned to stone, yet she could not help seeing that the child was not frightened, and she heard his laugh ring out merrily when he had really learned to strike out boldly for

himself. "Did you see that mamma?" cried when they brought him out. "I swimmed! I sure enough swimmed!

Little Wolf taught me!" With a prayer of thankfulness in her heart she took the child in her arms, while the Indians mounted their horses again and rode away. She carried the boy home, crying over him all the way. But as for him he

was wild with enthusiasm.

they were roused from sleep by a hand's shaking the rude door and a voice that cried:

"Wake up, white woman! Little Wolf come to save Yellow Head!" There was something in the voice that made Mr. Grey unfasten the door

and let the Indian in. "Come!" he cried. "Injuns be here soon-they on the war-path-come hide with Little Wolf!"

He snatched the sleeping child from his cot, wrapped a blanket about him and darted out into the night. The parents could do nothing but follow to what fate they did not know, but they believed in their guide simply

because he loved their child. As they fled through the night they saw a glare on the sky to the northward. Little Wolf stopped and pointed

"Red men been there-farmhouse

burning," he said laconically. He led them to the top of a hill that overlooked the valley and prairie farms for miles away; and they sat there and watched fire after fire kindled, each fire nearer than the last, and each one marking the destruction of some home. Then he made them watch the patch of moonlight through which the road passed at the foot of the hill and presently there they went, a dark band of them, up towards the little home that the Grevs had learned to love.

Soon in the deep silence they heard the wild whoop with which the savages surrounded the house. Then there was a pause and the sound of heavy blows-the door was beaten in. Then came a hubbub of angry voices as they discovered that they had been robbed of their prey, and amid the shricks and imprecations, the glare of torches began to light up the scene. The horafied group on the hill could see the Indians waving the torches and throwing them-and then, in an instant, the house was on fire.

Then something else happened. Suddenly the road the Indians had come resounded with the tread of galloping horses; and through the pater of moonlight galloped a company of rangers. A fusilade of gunshots roused the startled echoes, and away swept the Indians to the West, with the rangers in flerce pursuit. Two or three remained behind to put one of them gruffly, and they swung out the fire, and in a little while the country was wrapped in darkness and silence.

Then Little Wolf put the sleeping child in his father's arms.

"Yellow Head safe," he said; "now Little Wolf go back to his people." And so Little Wolf went out of their life.—Philadelphia Times.

A Novel Way of Saving a Vessel on Fire One of the most brilliant pieces of ocean-wrecking seamanship on record, whereby the vessel, far out in the Atlantic with her cargo on fire, was saved and brought safely to port, was was speeding after them, stealing performed on board the American through the bushes and trying to keep ship John Jay, commanded by Cap-

When two weeks out the cargo was could just see him jumping back and discovered to be on fire. The captain forth over the little stream that determined upon his course of action. flowed from the spring. Perhaps He had the carpenter lowered over the rail, and instructed him to bore several holes low down by the water-No, she heard the grunt of surprise line. The vessel was then put on the other tack so that she would be heeled over on the side where the holes had been made.

The water shot through these openings, and after the ship had been was too late. The Indian had stooped | allowed to sink almost to the level of the deck, she was put around on the other tack again, so that the holes came within three or four feet of the scream of fear, but the savage turned | water. Several of the sailors, with lines made fast under their arms and holding long wooden pegs and hammers, slid down along the side, steadying themselves by ropes that a sharp trot down the slope, followed had been passed under the vessel and hauled taut, so that they came alongside of the holes. The tapering pins were thrust into the openings and knocked tight, then the vessel was put before the wind to get her mile away and they were going on an even keel, and the crew turned to and pumped her out.-Harper's Young People.

Wisht I Could. Wisht I could go back, a little, 'n be a boy agin A-jerkin o' the minners with a little crooked

'N hear the fro is a gruntin' as I git 'em on the jump 'N me skeered wusser'n they was, when they hit the water plump

Wisht I could so loafin', cross the medder smellin's weet. 'N feel the sassy daisies a ticklin' o' my feet, All the while a-noddin' 'n a-smilin' up at me Wisht I could o back 'n be like I u ter be

Wisht I could go t'morrer, n' find 'em all the As they was the day I lef' t' make a bigger 'N see dear oll mother-always skeery-at

the gate. Wisht I could look in heaven 'n see her thare

'N git a tender smile o' love, like when I went away I feel like it would help me to battle here with

Wisht I could go back awhile, 'n be a boy agin. Here's a Queer Game.

Among Indian boys a favorite gambling game is played with bows and arrows. A boy will shoot an arrow and all the other boys will shoot at it. If their arrows hit it or stick within a certain distance the boy who shoots first pays an arrow. If they do not come within the stated distance he gets an arrow. Cheating predominates here as in all other forms of Indian gambling, and many of the larger Indian boys treat the younger ones outrageously, deliberately robbing them of their arrows by false representations, just as I have seen big white boys cheat their smaller playmates out of their marbles.

"Are you sure you took laughing Once again Little Wolf visited the gas when your tooth was taken out?"
log cabin where the Greys had planted "Mercy, yes! I cried the whole time home in the wilderness. One night I was under the influence of it."

## HIS PROPOSAL.

Mr. Softheart had always been a romantic man, and he was still.

Mr. Softheart had never desired to he a bachelor. He admired the other sex too much, but although he had been in love with four blonds, three brunettes and five young ladies who were neither one nor the other he had never been able to pop the question point blank. but delicately insinuated it in such a way that his meaning would have been a riddle to the sphinx, and was, naturally enough, never successful.

Now, at 40, and growing extremely stout, he was as romantic as ever. Mr. Softheart was very well off and not ill

For six months Belinda Bellows had been waiting for Mr. Softheart to propose and growing every day more certain that he positively intended to place his brownstone mansion and bank account at her disposal.

But, though Mrs. Bellows was kind enough to allow the cook to summon her to consultations when Mr. Softheart called, and so leave the pair tete-a-tete. and although Miss Angelina was equally considerate, and invariably remembered that something she wanted very particularly was up stairs when her mother went to speak to the cook, poor Mr. Softheart could never bring himself | before the truth could be extracted from to the point of saying, "Will you have

"I'll do it by letter," he said to himself after long consideration. "Women, so far, have misunderstood me. I'll do it in black and white now.

And so, on the last day of March. Mr. Softheart wrote an offer of his hand and heart, enveloped, sealed it and put it in the bachelor an eligible match, and she his pocket before he made his evening that very evening had accepted Spooney. call on his beloved Belinda.

resolution. Her twenty-fifth birthday or two. was approaching, and she could not af ford "to waste time."

If Mr. Softheart meant anything, he should say it; if he did not, she would accept young Spooney.

When Mr. Softheart rang the bell, he

found the field quite clear at the Bellowses'. Miss Belinda had artfully contrived that it should be so. That perfidious young person had actually purchased tickets for a concert; requested young Spooney, who was half mad with joy at the idea, to accompany Angelina and herself and on the evening in question was smitten with a terrible attack of neuralgia; but, after all, Mr. Spooney should not have his trouble for nothing -mamma and Angelina would go.

Ten minutes after the departure of the trio Miss Belinda, arrayed in blue silk, was playing at such a rate on the piano that it seemed quite certain that the demon neuralgia must have vanish-

She did not even hear Mr. Softheart's ring and started in sweet confusion on blanks in the design.

Mr. Softheart looked and sighed and uttered romantic sentiments, but he did American manufacture. Having found

further this object, but in vain. She did not know-how should she?-

to Biddy: "Look here, girl, put this in Miss Belinda's room, where she will be sure to see it, and I'll give you a quarter," and had presented her with the billet containing his proposal, crowned by a

silver 25 cent piece. If the man did not avail himself of such a chance after six months' courtship, plain even to the servants in the kitchen, why, he meant nothing. And the unhappy, unlucky Mr. Softheart did not utter the expected words and left at 10:45.

"He's a contemptible thing," said Miss Belinda. "I'll show him my heart is not broken. I'll marry Spooney.'

And Belinda wept, for she was bitterly mortified, and Spooney did not own a brownstone house. Belinda wept, as we have said, and

went to bed in the dark. Of course she did not see the letter in the workbasket, and no one else saw it until the 1st of April dawned.

Now, in their normal condition, with no love affairs on the tapis, the Bellows were merry people, who indulged in practical jokes, and April Fool's day was always religiously kept in the fam-

But this year the three particular Bellows with whom we have to deal were not prepared with any practical joke, though each suspected the other. And when Angelina, sitting up in bed beside her sister, saw the glittering white note in the workbasket she immediately made up her mind that it was a trick.

She crept softly toward it and read the inscription - "Miss Belinda Bellows"-and retired to her pillow again. "What a flat trick!" she said to herself. "Why, Bell will guess at once unless she forgets that it is the 1st of April.'

Then a thought struck her. She crept tiptoe out of the room and down stairs to the kitchen, where Bridget, with a smutty face, was making the fire, taking the letter with her.

"Biddy," she said in a whisper, 'come up stairs and awaken my sister and tell her Mr. Softheart brought this this morning."

And Angelina tiptoed back to bed But Belinda was awake this time. "She is going to try to fool me, I know," said she to herself, with her eyes shut and in a very cross mood, and awaited the denouement. Biddy meanwhile had recognized the

letter. And up stairs she stumped and knock-

ed at Belinda's door. "Misther Softheart bade me give ye

this, mum," she said. "I'll teach you to tell lies," said Be-

linda. "You know Miss Angelina gave

it to you.' Biddy was confounded.

"He gave it to me last night, miss, as true as I hope to go to heaven," she

"Last night?" said Angelina, with a warning glance, supposing Biddy to have forgotten her lesson.

"I mane this morning," said Biddy. taking the hint.

"Give me the letter," said Belinda. Then, snatching it, she tore it deliberately into four pieces and threw them on the floor.

That evening Spooney called to in-quire after Miss Belinda's health and found her well enough to walk out with him, and Angelina and her mamma began to compare notes. Then, and not till then, the letter began to be a mystery, and Biddy, being sent for, explained that, to the best of her belief, Mr. Softheart gave it to her to put in Miss Belinda's room the night before. Then in dismay the ladies rummaged the dust bin and after an hour's search appeared in the parlor with dusty dresses and soiled hands and nine little pieces of paper. These, deftly pieced together, made a whole note, which, being perused, revealed a proposition.

Belinda returned very late with sa very conscious look upon her face and stared in astonishment at the dusty objects, who met her with excitement on their countenances. It was a good while the interjections and ejaculations with which she was greeted, but when at last it was made manifest Belinda listened like one in a trance. She had indeed been made an April fool of. Mr. Softheart had really proposed. The brownstone house had been offered to her, the bank stock and all that made

It was not very complimentary to her Now, it so happened that that very betrothed, but she went into hysterics evening Belinda herself had come to a at once and kept them up for an hour

As for Mr. Softheart, he never proposed to any one again. -Toledo Blade.

Clever Japanese Devices.

The Japanese have a mode of preparing stencils which is better than ours. In our method complicated figures must be divided by broad lines of paper in order to glue the paper together and make the stencil strong enough for use, and these bands of paper leave blanks in the design which must often be filled in by hand. The Japanese cut their stencils out of two or sometimes three thicknesses of thin but tough paper. Then between each two of these sheets they lay, crossing one another in all directions, human hairs or fibers of raw silk. These are specially laid across the open parts of the design, and when the several layers of the stencil are glued together they serve the same purpose as the bands of paper left by our stencil cutters, but they form no obstacle to the application of the color and leave no

The same clever workers use rice "I'm all alone," she said. "Mamma paste, applied with the brush or with and Lina won't be home until 11 stencils, for "stopping out" in dyeing o'clock," and the two talked together in very low voices, sitting very close to each other on twin chairs.

They also obtain the opposite effect on silks of European or not pop the question. Miss Belinda did that these often fade quickly, they exeall that a modest young lady could to cute a design on them in rice paste, then treat them with chloride of lime until they are bleached. The rice paste that at the door Mr. Softheart had said is then washed away, leaving the design in the original color. -Art Ama-

Long Sleepers.

When the heat of a tropical or semitropical summer dries up every pool and parches the ground to such an extent that it is difficult for animals not endowed with great powers of locomotion to obtain water, they compromise with nature by sleeping off the season of heat and scarcity. The winter sleepers are all pretty well known; but, owing to the summer sleepers being for the most part inhabitants of tropical countries, far removed from the path of trained observers, we are less acquainted with the species practicing that means of escaping the heat and drought of summer. Indeed at present only one mammal, the tenec, a hedgehoglike beast of Madagascar, is known to do so. In South America and Africa various reptiles sestivate. In the plains of Venezuela the alligator, the land and fresh water tortoise, the boa constrictor and several sorts of the smaller kinds of serpent lie motionless during the hottest period of the tropical summer. But their dormancy is not so perfect as that of some hibernators. In Brazil, Australia and the Cape Colony lizards, frogs, tortoises and insects pass months of the rainless season inclosed in hard earth, and in India many species of fishes live during the hot season in a torpid condition, imbedded in the hardened clay.-Brooklyn Eagle.

How Carnot Was Named.

The way in which the late President Carnot was named after the Persian poet Sadi, who is little read nowadays, is interesting and recalls a deal of French history. Sadi was the favorite poet of the French revolutionists of the last century, and the literature of the day is full of quotations from him. Carnot's father of the directory was, like the rest, a great admirer of Sadi and named one of his sons after him. This son was the late president's uncle, and the name was continued in the family. After the death of his father the late president was simply M. Carnot. Before that he had been M. Sadi Carnot.-Chicago Tribune.

His Blunder.

The mayor of a small Italian commune had to receive the king of Italy, who, with his accustomed kindliness, pressed his hand like an old friend. Totally overcome with pride and emotion at this honor, the poor man lost not only his head, but his tongue altogether, and stammeringly exclaimed:

"Now that I have seen your majesty you can die content. "-Exchange.