

Beauty's Failure.

Of the beautiful women I have known, but few have attained superiority of any kind, says a writer in *Ladies' Home Journal*. In marriage they have frequently made failures; why, I do not know, unless the possession of great loveliness is incompatible with the possession of an equal amount of good judgment. So much is expected by the woman accustomed to admiration, that she plays and palters with her fate till the crooked stick is all that is left her. This we see exemplified again and again. While the earnest, lofty, sweet-smiling woman of the pale hair and doubtful line of nose, has, perhaps, one true lover whose worth she has time to recognize, an acknowledged beauty will find herself surrounded by a crowd of showy egotism whose admiration so dazes and bewilders her that she is sometimes tempted to bestow herself upon the most impudent one in order to end the unseemly struggle.

Then the incentive to education, and to the cultivation of one's special powers is lacking. Forgetting that the triumphs which have made a holiday of youth must lessen with the years, many a fair one neglects that training of the mind which gives to her all else an endless storehouse of wealth from which she can hope to produce treasures for her own delectation and that of those about her, long after the fitful bloom upon her handsome sister's cheek has faded with the roses of departed summer.

Though the world can show instances here and there of women in whose dazzling glances genius and beauty struggle for equal recognition, and they are not the exception proving the rule? To win without effort, and yet to ignore these victories for the sake of the more lasting and honorable ones which follow the attainment of excellency in any one thing, means character. And to loveliness gives us those rare specimens of womanly perfection which assure us that poetry and art are not solely in the minds of men, but exist here and there in an embodied form for the encouragement and delight of struggling human nature.

The Revenue Service Bear.

"Bears make good pets," said Lieut. Clark. "When I was in the revenue service at Alaska we had one on the boat and he made things hum. We named him Wineska. He used to climb to the cross trees, going up hand over hand by the ratlines. One day he ventured out on the pard-arm and there he stayed. We had to get a rope and haul him down. When we were in the cabin he would back down the companion way and came to us for his mess of grog. He dearly loved rum and molasses. Once he vaulted over the head of our Chinese cook, and went into the lockers, where he helped himself to sugar and butter. We had a tackling made for him, much the same as a harness of a pet pug, and we would drop him overboard, with a rope attached, to take his bath. Once he landed in a native boat, and nearly frightened the occupants out of their wits. He was as playful as a kitten, and, although he sometimes disobeyed, he was never treacherous or unkind. When he was lost or hid himself, as he often did, we would look in the dark till we saw two little balls of fire. These were his eyes, and gave him away every time."

A New Race Forming.

There is forming in America at present a new race, distinct from all others on the earth. It is being made up of a moiety of every race and nation in existence. We note the disappearance of the blonde. It is true, they are going for the race is going to be a dark, hared race, as pigmented people always gain the ascendancy where they mingled equally with non-pigmented, not because non-pigmented people are less able to withstand disease than the others, but for the same reason that if you mix white and black the white cannot preserve its purity. The new one is to be the largest race of the earth, and will contain all that is good and some that is bad, of all other races. It is to be a grand medley and the American of the future will be the representative of the world. But we are as yet just beginning to develop into this race, which may not be a distinctive one before 1,000 years. To sum it all up in a single statement, I would say that man is positively increasing in size, longevity and intelligence.

Cast-Off Clothing for Neg. ex.

Thousands of southern negroes wear the cast-off clothing of New Yorkers. Such clothing is bought for little or nothing by peddlers, who sell it to wholesalers in the central European quarter. The wholesalers clean, patch, and press the garments, arrange them according to sizes in dozens, and await the southern merchants. The latter come from Washington, Richmond, Charleston, Mobile, and half a dozen other convenient cities and buy as best they may. The wholesalers sell on ninety days' credit, and if one merchant does not offer fair prices they wait the coming of others. Nobody's profits are extraordinarily large, but those of the southern retailers are usually the best.

The First Raid.

The first organized Oklahoma raid, it is said was made at night on April 12, 1880 by thirteen men, two of whom acted as guards marked the trail by placing old buffalo skulls at prominent ridge, so that the route is known to this day as the Big's Back Trail. A location was selected on April 22. A city six miles square in area was surveyed and three houses built, and then on May 12 came Lieutenant Pardoe with twenty-four Indians and twelve Indian women from Fort Reno and arrested

the young men.

Death and a raid that is ready for next week and the news of the

whole country.

The Youngest Sailor.

The whaling schooner William A.

Grozier, of Provincetown, carries one of the youngest sailors afloat—the captain's son, aged thirteen years, who is now making his seventh voyage whaling. He goes as assistant mate and navigator. He is regarded as a man both by owners and crew, as good luck has followed every trip.

What does he do?

He goes to sea.

He goes to sea.