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Our Young Readers.

SAMMIE RUNS AWAY.

"I'm going now to run away,"
Said little Sammie Green, one day.
"Then I can do just what I choose,
I'll never have to black my shoes,
Or wash my face, or comb my hair.
I'll find a place, I know, somewhere;
And never have again to fill
That old chip-basket—no I will.

"Good-bye, mamma," he said—"Good-bye!"
He thought his mother then would cry.
She only said: "You going, dear?"
And didn't shed a single tear.
"There, now!" said Sammie Green; "I know
She does not care if I do go.
But Bridget does. She'll have to fill
That old chip-basket—so she will."

But Bridget only said: "Well, boy,
You off for sure? I wish you joy."
And Sammie's little sister Kate,
Who swung upon the garden gate,
Said, anxiously, as he passed thro':
"To-night, whatever will you do
When you can't get no 'lasses spread
At supper time on top of bread?"

One block from home, and Sammie's dear,
Weak little heart was full of fear.
He thought about "Red Riding Hood;"
The wolf that met her in the wood;
The beanstalk boy, who kept so mum
When he heard the giant's "Fee, fo fum;"
Of the dark night and the policeman,
Then poor Sammie homeward ran.

Quick through the alley-way he sped,
And crawled in thro' the old wood-shed.
The big chip-basket he did fill;
He blacked his shoes up with a will;
He washed his face and combed his hair;
He went up to his mother's chair,
And kissed her twice, and then he said:
"I'd like some 'lasses top of bread!"
—*Mrs. Susan T. Perry, in Golden Days.*

TEDDY AND THE LOAF-CAKE.

Teddy was sitting on the back door-step, trying to wake up his mind whether to play Daniel in the lion's den, with Rose for lion, or Robinson Crusoe, with Timmy Jones for his man Friday.

He was wondering, too, if the days here at Aunt Penelope's were not, at least, twice as long as they were at home.

What would he not give to see papa, mamma, Nell and Margie, to say nothing of Dick and Tom?

The thought of them was too much for him, and though he would never have owned it, his blue eyes completely overflowed.

"Hannah," said Aunt Penelope, coming into the kitchen, "you may stone some raisins and cut up some citron. I think I'll make some loaf-cake this morning."

Teddy rubbed his eyes briskly with his jacket-sleeve, and listened eagerly.

"Mr. Kent is coming to tea. You may make custards and biscuits, and some time in the course of the day you may bring up that jar of strawberry preserves"——

Teddy's face fairly shone. If he had a weakness, it was strawberry preserves and loaf-cake. As for Hannah's custards, they were not to be equaled anywhere by anybody.

It wasn't so bad having to stay at Aunt Penelope's, after all. At any rate, he would wait until to-morrow to see the folks at home.

"I declare!" said good Aunt Penelope, an hour later, going into the pantry, "I never saw a handsomer loaf of cake in my life, though I do say it, as shouldn't."

As for Teddy, who, having at length decided upon playing Daniel, was busily engaged digging a den, his mouth fairly watered at the delicious odor wafted out to him.

"It'll be an awful long time till night," he sighed. "It most seems as though I couldn't wait."

"O Miss Penelope, do come *quick!*" cried Timmy Jones, rushing into the yard just then. "The baby's took a fit, and mother's off washing!"

Miss Penelope left her cake by the open window, picked up her sun-bonnet and ran, calling to Hannah to follow.

For a few minutes Teddy continued his excavations. Presently, however, he paused.

"I should like," he said to himself, "to know if that cake *looks* as good as it smells."

So accordingly he stood on tiptoe, turned the slats and peeped in.

It certainly did look very delicious, though he could not really get a good view of it.

Somehow he had lost all his interest in Daniel.

"I'd like to see how it looks near to," he said, after another short pause. "And I'm very thirsty for some milk.

"I wish—I had a little piece, just a little—teenty tonty piece, 'cause I'm homesick! There'll be plenty left. And may be Aunt Penelope was going to give me a piece when Timmy came for her. She'll be real disappointed if I don't have it." He sighed, full of sympathy—for Aunt Penelope, of course.

"Why, Hannah Jane Smith! did you put away my cake?" asked Aunt Penelope.

"No, ma'am, I didn't touch it; haven't even seen it since you took it out of the oven."

"But I left it by the window. I was just going to put it in the cake box when Johnny came. Where can it be?"

"Tramps!" said Hannah, in a horror-stricken tone. "It's a mercy we was not here, as they might have murdered us. And they've taken some milk, too," she added, spying the empty glass.

"Dinner ready and on the table," said Hannah.

"Where's Teddy?" asked Aunt Penelope.

"I'm sure I've not set my eyes on him since breakfast."

"Where can the child be?" asked Aunt Penelope, now thoroughly alarmed.

They called and called, they hunted the house, barn and neighborhood all over, they looked down the well and up on the barn ridge-pole, and in every other imaginable and unimaginable place; but no Teddy was to be found.

"It will break his mother's heart," sighed Aunt Penelope.

Hannah was on her way up garret for another search, when noticing the store-room door open she stopped and looked in. There in the further corner on a pile of comfortables was Teddy.

"You needn't bother 'bout me," he said, briskly. "I was tired and my head ached. You better go down and eat your dinner without waiting for me, 'cause I ain't a bit hungry."

"Miss White," called Hannah, "I've found him, and it's my belief he's goin' to be sick. He looks fevery, and says he don't want his dinner, and it's serious when boys of his age don't want that."

Aunt Penelope came up with all possible haste.

"Dear, dear me, what can it be! I didn't know there was scarlet fever or anything about here except baby Jones' fits, and those ain't catching."

"You needn't bother a bit about me," said Teddy, very earnestly. "My mother doesn't when I'm sick; she just lets me cuperate, she says."

But Aunt Penelope preferred to know about it.

"Teddy," she exclaimed, as she took his rather grimy and very sticky hand to find his pulse, "Teddy, what have you been eating?"

Teddy looked up at the ceiling, down at his copper-toes, over in the corner, everwhere but at Aunt Penelope.

"Teddy," she almost gasped, "did you eat my cake?"

"I—you said it was beautiful, and—I wanted to see—I fought—you know—you'd want me—to have some 'cause I was so homesick—and I kept a thinking—and—it went pretty fast before I knowed it," sobbed Teddy. "But I didn't eat it all," he added, taking from the depths of his pocket a very small, very crumpled piece of cake.

Aunt Penelope turned round and looked at Hannah, and Hannah looked speechlessly at Aunt Penelope.

"A loaf of cake! He'll die," said Aunt Penelope.

They took him down-stairs, soaked his feet in boiling water—as Teddy offered—gave him pennyroyal tea and tea of every kind of herb in the house, while waiting for the doctor.

But he did not die, though mamma said afterwards, laughing until the tears ran down her cheeks, that it was not Teddy's nor Aunt Penelope's fault.

He certainly did not "recuperate" much from that sickness, and from that day to this Teddy has never once tasted a bit of loaf-cake; indeed, he objects to the very sight of it.—*Youth's Companion.*

Florida Chameleons.

A few days after, our special artist Harry went out for a tramp, and returned to camp, his face radiant with pleasure and self-satisfaction.

"Tom," said he, "I have caught for you some black, some yellow, and some brown lizards."

Then he carefully opened an old cigar-box in which he usually carried his paints, and, as he peeped inside, his eyes opened and his whole face expressed the utmost astonishment.

"What is the matter?" asked Tom. "Have they escaped?"

"Escaped! No," said he. "But either I am bewitched, or some wood-nymph has played a trick upon me; for here is a box full of pea-green lizards!"

"*Carolina anolis!*" remarked Tom.

"Who's she? The wood-nymph? Do you know her?" asked Harry, as he shut the box, with a snap. "Well, what I want to know is, how Carrie what-her-name painted all my specimens bright-green, for I am willing to vouch that nothing green touched that box."

"Except yourself," laughed Tom. "You have been catching what are commonly known as Florida chameleons, and they have changed color in the box."

From the mysterious depths of his pockets Tom produced a magnifying-glass. Then, thrusting his hands into the cigar-box, he pulled out one of the squirming reptiles, and, holding it in his fingers, handed Harry the glass, saying:

"Look and see how old Dame Nature has adapted the feet of these little rascals for climbing."

Harry looked and saw that the under side of each toe was a cushion, the surface of which was plaited like an old-fashioned shirt-front, the plaits on the hinder part having their edges turned toward the end of the toe, and the plaits on the forward part having their edges turned toward the heel, thus dividing the cushion in the middle just as the band for the studs divides the shirt-front. And upon looking further, Harry discovered that the edges of the plaits were armed with rows of needle-like points, and the mechanical principles upon which the foot acted dawned upon him.

"I see, I see!" he exclaimed. "When the little rascal runs up a wall, the soft pads upon his toes fit and fill any little uneven place beneath them, acting like the leather suckers we used to make; while, at the same time, the little spines pointing downward are brought to bear upon the surface of the wall. But," he continued, "should Mr. Bright Eyes run down the wall, the pads perform their part just as well and are aided by the opposite set of spines and plaits. Hurrah for Tom, the great naturalist!" he shouted, and in his enthusiasm dropped the box from under his arm.

The inmates immediately took advantage of the opportunity to scatter in every direction; seeing which, Harry grabbed at one and caught it by the tail. His sudden cry of horror startled Tom from his fit of laughter; but when a tailless chameleon darted under a stick at his feet, and he saw Harry gazing with consternation on a squirming tail which he held in his hand for a moment, and then dropped, twisting and writhing, on the ground, he broke out afresh and laughed immoderately.

Harry looked up at last, muttering something about its being his belief that the box had contained imps instead of reptiles. Tom, however, explained that it was quite an ordinary occurrence for this curious animal to part with its caudal appendage, when, by that means, escape from captivity was possible.—*D. C. Beard, in St. Nicholas.*

Begin at Once.

Make an effort! Every young man intends to make an effort. He is going to do wonders. "You just wait," he says, confident in his own good intention and abilities. "I'll show you some day." Show us now, lad! Show us now! Now's the time! You'll never have a better. We can't wait; we are anxious to see you begin. Let us at once see you animated by the practical purpose of doing—not by the dream of doing—and then we will cipher up your future for you. Make an effort! Even if you fail the first time—a hundred times—that's no matter. Stick to it! The result is inevitable! It is only those who back out who come to grief.

Fountain Club Bob.

"Many say that it is impossible to tame a quail or a partridge," said Mr. Harry Miller, the Treasurer of the Fountain Gun Club, as he lowered his glass to the mahogany table in the club rooms, near Prospect Park.

"It is rather a general opinion," responded the reporter.

"Well, then," continued Mr. Miller, "I will show you a curiosity—a *rara avis*, as it were. I have a tame quail in the yard, and am willing to wager one hundred dollars to ten dollars that there isn't its mate in the county. George, bring Bob here."

A young man carried into the room a smooth-plumaged quail and put it on the table. It was plump and healthy, and, after looking the reporter over with its bright little brown eyes, walked toward him and pecked at his hand. Then it turned around and jumped on Mr. Miller's arm, where it whistled knowingly until its plumage was stroked.

"Bob is a great bird," said Mr. Miller, "and likes to be petted. He isn't a bit timid if strangers enter. Just hold your hand out."

The reporter did so, and Bob hopped on. After settling himself in a comfortable position, he appeared to be considering the wisdom of taking a nap.

"How did you tame Bob?"

"Just by treating him kindly. He is four years old, and has been in my possession for the last three years. His full name is Fountain Club Bob. I got him along with a miscellaneous lot of birds, which we intended to set out for breeding. I took a fancy to and kept him. The hen quail which was with him died. Bob, however, kept good and strong. I have another hen with him now. I'll show you where he lives."

Bob's residence is a very large cage, like those used for robins. There are no perches in it, and it rests against the rear wall of the building. His companion quail was very timid, and ran around at Mr. Miller's approach. Bob was put in the cage, to his apparent disgust, and whistled angrily as Mr. Miller walked away.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Cigarette smoking by messenger boys and others is considered an immense nuisance, now, by New York brokers. They find their rooms filled with the most offensive odor, and the boys do not heed signs bearing words "no cigarette smoking here," etc. Managers of messenger agencies are trying to restrain the habit, but with slight success. One of them said: "We make statements rules concerning smoking, and punish the boys if they break them. I can pick out a messenger-boy at long [illegible] by the smell of his breath."

Temperance Stories.

"TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS."

Read This Story, Boys.

"Gent'emen," said a repentant drinking man, at a temperance meeting held in ——, during the Murphy excitement, "gentlemen, it has cost me ten thousand dollars to bring my nose to its present state of perfection." Ten thousand dollars! And what did he have besides his red nose? An aching and remorseful heart, a pain-racked and diseased body; a home where a miserable woman probably dragged her weary life along in wretched, hopeless apathy, crushed and bowed to the earth by the shame of being a drunkard's wife. "Ten thousand dollars!" wrote the recording angel and turned in stern sorrow from the page. "Ten thousand dollars!" chuckled the rum-seller; "I am that much richer; am I not a lucky man?" "Ten thousand dollars!" said the devil; "what a fool! I'll have him surely, if he doesn't look out." "Ten thousand dollars," whispered a little boy away back in the corner, whose father was killed in a drunken brawl, "ten thousand dollars would make my mother happy, and I wouldn't have to sell newspapers for a living, and stay out of school when my heart is hungry for books." "Ten thousand dollars!" soliloquized the young man who drank a little. "I can't afford that." And he signed the pledge, though he did not mean to.

The confession was like a spark that sprang into the flame, and rang with vivid tongues of fire through the vast audience. The little boy went forward with the throng with all the manliness of twenty-five. He wrote his name as well as he could, and proudly took his pledge card. When he thought himself unnoticed, he wrote slyly on its back: "Ten thousand dollers saved for mothur bi not drinkin'." That was exactly the way he wrote it, so you need not laugh. May he his own father had wasted as much over his cups, and now his child had no time to learn to spell. He was busy all day at anything to turn an honest penny, and nights, poor fellow, he was too tired and sleepy to even look at a book.

How do I know what he wrote. In passing out his precious card was brushed from his hand. He could not go back, for the throng pressed on. It was picked up by the janitor, given to one of the officers in charge, and was next day pasted on an immense blackboard, and served as a text for one of the most magnificent lectures of the course. What a lot of wet handkerchiefs there were when the speaker was through! How red the ladies' eyes were—almost as red as the drunkard's nose! And Jimmy—there, I didn't mean to tell one bit of his name—who had stolen back to get his treasured card, and see if he could sell a few books and papers, trembled like a leaf with excitement, to think he was the hero of all that grand talk, and the color went in and out of his cheeks with just that quiver you have seen in the sky when the Northern lights wave and tremble. By and by the gentleman called his name, and somebody put him on the platform, and then there was such a stamping and clapping as you never heard of before in your life. And how did it all end? Why, good people interested themselves in the child and its mother, and Jimmy goes to school now, and his mother is matron in a "Temperance House," and some day, if you don't study hard, boys, Jimmy will be at the top of the ladder while you are just beginning to climb. I want you to remember the man—for he was a real living man—who said: "It cost me ten thousand dollars to bring my nose to its present state of perfection," and think of the boy, a drunkard's orphan, who resolved to save ten thousand dollars for his mother "by not drinking," and if you are tempted to drink, see if you can not make and keep as good a resolution.—*Mrs. O. W. White, in Conector.*

A DRUNKARD'S WILL.—First, I leave to society a ruined character, a wretched example, and a memory that soon will rot. Secondly, I leave to my parents, the rest of their lives, as much sorrow as humanity, in a feeble, decrepit state, can sustain. Thirdly, I leave to my brothers and sisters as much mortification and injury as I well could bring upon them. Fourthly, I leave my wife a broken heart, a life of wretchedness and shame, to weep over my premature death. Fifth, I give and bequeath to each of my children, poverty, ignorance, low character and a remembrance that their father was a drunkard.—*N. W. Christian Advocate.*

BEER AND INSANITY.—Insanity is increasing to an alarming extent in Germany, and it is an established fact that there are more cases of insanity among the Germans of the United States than among the people of any other nationality. Lager-beer drinking is said to be the cause. The stuff which is manufactured and sold for beer nowadays poisons the system, causes serious diseases of the liver, kidneys and stomach, stupefies the brain, and drives hundreds of Germans to suicide [illegible] disease of the kidneys also [illegible] a large percentage of [illegible]

said the foundation of more [illegible]
makes his own fortune, he is to be congratulated, and if it serves also to help to dispel the prevailing prejudice against Cape diamonds, he will, while enriching himself, have also done our African colony a substantial service.—*London Telegraph.*

A Morning Scene.

About eight o'clock yesterday morning a man smoking plug tobacco in an old clay pipe walked out of a Michigan avenue saloon with a rat in a trap. He looked neither to the right nor the left until he had reached the middle of the street. Then he placed the trap on the ground and whistled for his dog. If he had a dog, the animal did not respond, but the public did. In less than two minutes thirty men were rushing to the spot.

"Hi! there! Don't let him out till I get my dog," shouted one.

"Hold on! Wait for the dogs!" yelled half a dozen voices at once.

"Keep cool and form a circle!" commanded a policeman, as he took a firmer grip of his baton.

The man with the trap spread a large handkerchief over it and waited. He was not a bit excited. On the contrary he was as placid as a chip sailing in the wash-dish.

"Whar' did ye ketch him?" inquired a newsboy.

The placid man did not deign to reply.

"What'll ye take fur him?" asked another, but his inquiry was treated with the same silent contempt.

Then four or five men came running up with dogs under their arms, and ten or fifteen dogs on foot followed behind. There was a fight between a bull-dog and a Newfoundland, and there would have been a row between owners had not a second policeman appeared. Order was finally restored. The dogs were arranged in a circle and held by their collars, and the placid man slowly knocked the ashes from his pipe, looked carefully around, and then raised the trap and shook the rat out. All the dogs made a rush, but in ten seconds each and every canine walked off on his ear and seemed to be hurt in his feelings. A boy stepped forward and held the rat up to view.

"It's a crockery rat!" he yelled as he whirled it around.

"Yes, it vhas a grogery radt, und he cost me den cents!" calmly replied the placid man as he walked off with his trap.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Wanted to Settle.

Among the passengers in a stage-coach, stopped one day last spring by road-agents in Montana, was a Buffalo man who was out there to look over the ground with a view of establishing a clothing store. He was the last one out of the coach, and as he was ordered to hold up his hands, he called out:

"Shentlemen, I like to shettle dis case like an honest man!"

"Keep your hands up!"

"If I can't make an assignment to my brudder Moses I settle mit you for twenty cents on der dollar."

"You shut up and shell out!" was the stern command.

"Shentlemens," continued the victim, as he wriggled around, "I haf made three assignments and failed seven times in peenness, und I nefer vhas treated like dis before. I shall now offer thirty cents on der dollar, und if you doan' take him I'll go into bankruptcy und my wife puts all der cash in her stocking!"—*Wall Street News.*

—American girls are popular in Mexico. The Chihuahua *Mail* thus greets two new arrivals: "Thrice welcome, fair daughters of Columbia, to the sunny clime whose brightness you enhance!"

viaduct. He [illegible] not three yards from [illegible] line wor a' fouled.

"The sweat poured down my fa[illegible] I made for the junction again, [illegible] knowed I'd saved the train, [illegible] prayed again—not in words, but wi[illegible] sort of choking gratitude that came [illegible] in big burning lumps in my throat. Some of my mates gave me this 'ere watch and chain, and I was shifted up by the superintendent to a ganger's job, but I dunna take so much credit to mysen, for Providence lit the match that night in the storm.—*Cassell's Magazine.*

Abandoned Vessels.

Derelicts always appear to me as a kind of ocean beggars. They hover about the path of well-to-do ships, and exhibiting their mutilated stumps and broken sides, cringe and courtesy for help as the vessels go by. They are, it must be admitted, as a rule, miserably poor—in rags and without a "brass farden" in their pockets. The sea despoils them first; but if Neptune overlooks anything of worth, it is pretty sure to be carried away by one or other of the vessels which may bear down to have a look at the wreck and overhaul her. "Found a good quarter-boat floating alongside; got it aboard and proceeded." Or, "Nothing to be found on deck or below; looked as if some passing vessel had helped herself to all that was to be got." Such statements are sometimes to be found in log-books. Here is one that I at this moment light on: "The German bark Europa reports, March 26, sighted an unknown bark; all sails set, and on fire aft; found a thirty-foot life-boat adrift, which was taken aboard, in which were some tobacco, provisions, and a stone butter-pot." Doubtless the Dutchmen enjoyed the tobacco, and ate with relish the provisions and the butter. The Ocean Swell reported sighting a vessel right ahead, with only a jurymast standing. "The cargo was all gone out of the main-hatch, but her afterhold was full of casks. She had no forehatch, but I think her forehold must have been full of casks also. I fancy that she has been loaded with rum and molasses, the rum being stored in both ends, keeping the vessel afloat." She was full of water, consequently the rum was not to be come at, and so all that poor Jack of the Ocean Swell could do was to look yearningly down at the casks and then, with watering mouth, tumble reluctantly into his boat and row aboard his ship again.

A more romantic derelict was the American brig Celeste, the story of which I read with interest in an American paper a few days ago. She was found in the Mediterranean and boarded. All sail was on her, but not a living creature was to be seen. There was a fire burning in the galley; dinner was set out untasted and not yet cold; there was some child's toys in the cabin, "and a piece of a woman's dress was still under the needle of the sewing-machine." What had become of the people? Had they committed suicide by jumping overboard? If so, why was their dinner cooked and served, only to be left untouched? The easiest way perhaps to solve the riddle is to disbelieve the story. But if it be true it is extraordinary, and should commend itself as a marine problem very well worth the notice of a magazine-writer on the lookout for a subject.

Now and again, however, a derelict is encountered that proves a wonderfully rich prize. Such was the Falls of Afton. At about 280 miles from Madeira a French vessel fell in with a large iron English ship, abandoned, and she was conveyed to the island by a French squadron of inspection. She proved to be the Falls of Afton, a new iron ship, loaded with 2,500 tons of railway sleepers, 150 tons of pig iron, 150 tons of smithy coal, and 20 tons of cake—a nice little haul for Monsieur, as the

[illegible] astronomy next [illegible] required a classmate of [illegible]d. "Hardly. But Au[illegible] me splendid astronomi[illegible] during the vacation." [illegible] nice? Has he text books [illegible] atlas?" "Oh, Louise, my dear! [illegible] says I'm all the world to him, and when I lean my head on his shoulder he is my Atlas."—*Hartford Post.*

—"What was the trouble between you and another party, Mike, on the avenue last evening?" inquired an Austin citizen of his Hibernian porter. "Well, yer see, sur, it was a bit of hesitation on his part." "A bit of hesitation?" "Yes, sur. You see I gave him the choice av my two fists, an' he seemed to hesitate loike, an' when I seen he couldn't make up his moind, I jist gave him the two av 'em for luck."—*Texas Siftings.*

—A Roman ecclesiastic, in reply to whatever question might be proposed, always began by saying: "I make a distinction." A Cardinal, having invited him to dine, proposed to derive some amusement for the company from this well-known peculiarity of his guest. Saying to him that he had an important question to propose, he asked: "Is it under any circumstances lawful to baptize in soup?" "I make a distinction," said the priest. "If you ask: Is it lawful to baptize in soup in general? I say no; if you ask: Is it lawful to baptize in your Excellency's soup? I say yes, for there is really no difference between it and water."

A Cruel Joke.

A broad-shouldered man was walking along Chatham street on Friday. He looked as if he was in great pain.

"What's the matter?" asked a friend.

"Oh, I'm in terrible agony! Got a boil as big as a watermelon on my calf. Can hardly walk. So long!" and the proprietor of Job's comforter moved off. As he did so another gentleman came along and shook hands with his friend.

"I've got the biggest joke of the season on —. There he goes up the street. He was telling me how he was frightened by a dog this morning. Let's have some fun!"

The new arrival was "in for it."

"You walk up behind him, grab him by the leg and bark like a dog. His nerves are all unstrung, and we'll have a big joke on him to see him jump."

"I'll do it," said the other, "and you walk on the other side and see me scare him to death."

The two parted to carry out the programme. The latest arrival proceeded after their mutual friend. Just as he got close up behind him he grabbed him by the boil and playfully barked: "Bow, wow, wow," just as naturally as a dog-show.

The broad-shouldered man went up in the air, while his face looked as if he had suddenly swallowed a tree full of persimmons. When he came down he recited the alphabet backwards and then pointed his toe thirteen distinct times at his playful friend, slammed him up against a telegraph pole, mashed his hat over his eyes, and then walked away looking as if he'd like to put the leg with the watermelon boil on over his shoulder and carry it home.

After the "dog" had pulled himself out of his hat he hunted up and down Chatham street for the man who had put the job upon him, but he couldn't find him, for he was looking over the cornice of a neighboring house and was bursting with grins.—*N. Y. World.*

—A Bostonian writes that in the Art Museum in Boston an attendant recently showed him some Indian vases, cups and other vessels of brass, one of which was about as large as a pint measure. The attendant, who had been in India, told him that it was used for holding milk, and was called in India a dood, or dude.

—Sarah Winnemucca, the Piute Princess, has written a book about the Piute tribe of Western Indians, which will be issued by a Boston house.