[illegible]

## YELLOW ROSES.

"By the cool, cold stream" of youth and truth
Then passingly it glistens, a rippling away,
Of such perfume sweet, a crushed lot will
In the long ago—in the long ago.

A rose dainty sets on its broad lap fell,
"Along the bank meandered, like a fairy
"At the bell," it said, "if with me you'd
Wear a rose to-night—wear a rose to-
night."

Bewildered by light, by sound and sight,
With nascent hope his spirit glows
Now the heart beats fast, for she comes at
last;
But alas! no rose—alas, no rose!

Without one word, unseen, unheard,
With smothered sigh and downcast eye;
With a chess that burns and a heart that
breaks,
He passes by—he passes by.

With a breast that throbs and a brain on
fire;
With a bated breath and a sudden start,
Her lover's "good night" to the host she
hears,
Like a knell at her heart—like a knell at
her heart.

Years many have flown, o'er oceans unknown,
Tho' roaming he ever remembers that
day:
"Lang Syne" is sweet, once more they meet,
Their locks are gray—their locks are gray.

"Tis a fancy interred in the tomb of our
years,
Youth has ever," he muses, "for age a
charm."
So he tells her at last, for the tempest is
past,
And his heart is calm—his heart is calm.

"Golden roses, as rich as the oriole's wing,
That day on my heart is engraven," cries
she;
"But the note 'mong the roses, so carefully
hid,
Was ne'er seen by me—ne'er seen by me."

Then she lifts with care, from a "casket
rare,"
Oft sunned by smiles, oft bedewed by
tears,
The yellow roses, still treasured by love,
Thro' those weary years—thro' those
weary years.

Silken cord of the sky's lightest blue she
unties,
Like a gem in the earth at the cluster's
core
Rests the dainty, triangular, sweet-scented
note,
Never found before—never found before

Ah! there's many a wreck on time's rough
sea,
That the world knows not—shall never
know,
And there's many a heart guards its faded
rose
Of the long ago—of the long ago.

—*J. Hooter Hamersley.*

## THE OLD SETTLER.

### Little Peleg's Great Indiscretion with An Umbrella.

"Jeewhizz, Peleg!" exclaimed the Old Settler, in evident alarm. "Don't ye never do that! W'y, sonny, that's the nex' thing to bein' ez onlucky ez killin' a white deer! Put it down, ye young varmint! That boy'll be the death o' me, yit! He will, b'gosh!"

The Old Settler had entered the kitchen and found little Peleg, his lively ten-year-old grandson, parading around the room with the ancient family umbrella raised over his head. Peleg took it down and closed it.

"Ye mustn't never h'ist an umberel over ye w'en yer in the house, ye pesky cub!" said Peleg's grandfather, sternly. "It's the wust kind o' luck. I know'd a boy, wunst, ez riz an umberel in the house, an' two days arterw'ds he was took with hookin' cough, an' the hookin' cough run inter the measles, an' jist a week from the day he riz the umberel he were deader'n a frost-bit tomater plant. Yuv give me such a shock th't I hain't got the strength to git over to the grocery arter the five cent paper o' smokin' t'backer I were goin' arter, an' I'll be obleeged to ast you to run an' get it fur me. Go git me the t'backer, Peleg, and I'll tell ye an Injin story. That's a good boy."

"Will you tell me the story first, grandpop?"

"Pererastynation, Peleg, ain't jist the thing to humor a boy o' your size in," said the Old Settler, solemnly; "'cause ye shouldn't never put off till arter while any thing ye kin do ez slick ez a greaser to wunst. But bein' ez I've got a pipe full or so left I'll humor ye jist this wunst, but I don't [illegible] t ye to take it ez a perceedent. So [illegible] 'll cross yer breast th't ye won't [illegible] off with Bill Simmons ez soon ez I [illegible] ye this story; leavin' yer poor ol' [illegible] n' pop to totter over to the grocery [illegible] er the t'backer hisself, an' mebbe [illegible] ch on a rippin' an' tearin' rassil with the army, I'll give in to ye, an' give ye the story in advance."

Little Peleg crossed his breast three times, and said that, honestly and truely, he'd go after his grandpop's tobacco. So the old settler shoved his spectacles up on his forehead and began his story.

"Yuv often heerd me speak o' White Deer pond, Peleg, an' o' the many an' many a sloshin' ol' buck I've put a quietuss on around an' about it. Wull, I'm gointer to tell ye how that pond got its name, being 'minded of the circumstance by yer onfort'nit raisin' o' that umberel in the house, w'ich I tol' ye were nigh outer ez onlucky ez killin' a white deer. I hope nothin'll come on it, but I'm tortur'd with permonitory symptoms th't sumpin'll happen.

"Longer ago th'n I kin recomember, 'long ez my mem'ry is, Pike County were settled by Injins. They enj'yed theirselfs by huntin' an' fishin' an' fightin', an' indulged a leetle in agger cult'ral pursuits, which was the raisin' of a trifle o' corn, an' a consid'able o' hair. The crop o' hair they riz was bigger arter the white folks 'gun to chop an' pry out clearin's around in the country th'n it were afore. Up around this pond I'm tellin' ye 'bout th' was a p'tic'larly noble tribe of Injins residin'. I s'pose their pedigree run clean back inter Noah's ark, from all 'counts. They was way up above all t'other tribes, an' was ruther p'tic'lar who they 'sociated with. None o' their young men was invited to powwow an' play ball or pickstraw with the young ones of the tribe nex' door, an' the way the young gals an' fellers o' this onlike tribe sorty tog themselfs out was the talk o' the rest o' the community. Their clothin' bills must a been somepin' tremenjus. The gals o' the ordinary tribe sorty think they was puttin' on airs w'en they went out of a Sunday if they wore their heads o' hair an' a pair o' moc'sins, an' the young fellers was feelin' way up in s'ciety if they had four stripes o' red paint on their noses in addition to their every-day clothes, w'ich was an eagle feather on their top knots. But the young folks o' the boss tribe! Jeewhizz. Peleg! the style they slung on! W'en the gals went out for a stroll on a Sunday arternoon, or was dressed fur Fourth o' July, or some ice-cream fest'val they never thought o' puttin' on less'n three strings o' beads, 'sides wearin' their moc'sins an' hair; an' ez fur the fellers, they had stripes o' red an yaller paint all over their faces, an' eagle feathers enough on their heads to fill a bed tick. W'ye, the wardrobe o' some o' them stuck up Injin gals wa'nt half complete 'thout it had two pair o' moc'sins an' a quart o' beads in it, and I've heerd th't th' was some o' the young bucks th't couldn't think o' dressin' on less'n a kag o' paint an' two eagles a month. Proud an' 'stravagant people, war they, Peleg! But whar be they now sonny? Go ast the winds that rips and roars, an' inquire of the hills an' rocks th't frowns an' towers. Go ast 'em, and if they tell ye, come let me know, an' I'll be obleeged to ye. I will, b'gosh!

"Winky-ha-jibby-goslambo-gash were the name of the chief of this bang-up people. That means in English, Skeert-at-nothin'-less'n-a-swamp-full-o'-painters. His wife called him Slambo fur short, and we'll call him that ez we perceed with the history. He had a darter. I spect th't Rippy-rap-Ketinko were the pootiest piece o' copper-colored caliker th't ever chawed ven'zen. Though she were the darter of a King, she done all the house-work o' the fam'ly, an' that's w'y they called her Rippy-rap-Ketinko, which means in our language, Ez-useful-in-the-fam'ly-ez-a-fine-tooth-comb. The King had a prophet. Besides prophetin' he were the fam'ly doctor, and usety also do a few slick tricks with cards, an' juggle pennies an' shillin' pieces up his sleeve for the big chief's amusement. He were uglier th'n the front end of a rhinocerhoss. They called him Waw-waw-sloggy-swampum, or Skeer-the-man-in-the-moon-to-death-with-a-look. The King were stuck on him. The leadin' young buck o' the tribe were a risin' youth by the name o' Nishy-pishy-wahnocky-flop. The gang he traveled with called him Nocky-flop, but in English his name 'd be Chaw-the-head-off'n-a-mad-rattlesnake-an'-call-it-fun.

"If ye were a leetle older, sonny, th' wouldn't be no need o' me tellin' ye th't Nocky-flop were dead an' gone on Sambo-gash's charmin' darter, Rippy-rap-Ketinko. He loved her wuss'n a b'ar loves honey, an' she swopped her love for his'n, even dicker. The noble ol' King didn't hev no idee that sech were the case till his prophet came to him one day an' 'tol' him that Nocky-flop an' the King's darter were spoonin' like two turkle doves ev'ry night over the back garden gate. Jeewhizz, Peleg! how mad ol' Sambo-gash did git! He hopped an' he swore, an' he said that he'd slice the impydent young Injin into bait for eels.

"'Holy smoke!' he hollered. 'That epstart of a Chaw-the-head-off'n-a-rattlesnake havin' the cheek to shine up to the high-born Useful-ez-a-fine-tooth-comb! W'y durn his picters! I'll go an' drop him out'n a nine-story winder, jist for luck!'

"Now, Nocky-flop were ez pop'lar ez peanuts with the noble tribe, an' the sly ol' prophet, Waw-waw-sloggy-swampum, know'd that if the King should do any thing so rash ez to drop the young buck out'n setch a high winder, th' chances war th't the people 'd git their dander up an' jist fix both the King an' his prophet so th't nutner one on 'em 'd ever hev any place fur dander agin. So the prophet says to the King:

"'Hol' on, Slambo,' he says; 'don't go off half-cocked. Thuz more way th'n one out'n the woods,' he says, 'if one is a cow-path; I've got a scheme, an' if you'll only stick to me,' he says, 'we'll get rid o' Mr. Nocky-flop so quick an' easy th't it'll make yer head swim. An' better'n that,' he says, 'the people'll say that it sarved him right. I've got my finger shoved way under his gills, yer Majesty,' he says, 'an' don't you furget it.'

"The prophet was a bad man, Peleg, an' he were ez jealous o' Nocky-flop ez the King were, an' he had a grudge agin the King, too, fur the prophet had mentioned it wunst to Slambo-gash th't it would suit him to death to marry the charmin' Rippy-rap-Ketinko, an' the King had sot down on him like a thousan' o' brick on a rotten punkin. Ah, Peleg," said the Old Settler, "the wicked often flourishes like a green bay hoss, an' the righteous hain't got no more show th'n a jug o' rum at a barn raisin'.

"I'm gettin' a leetle ahead o' my story, Peleg, so I'll put right in here w'at I mowt ha' tol' ye afore. The Injins know'd th't all white deer was sacred, an' th't to kill one would be invitin' all kinds o' mistortun' on the killer. But then, fort'nitly, white deer had a charmed life, an' if any one had took it inter his head to knock one over he mowt jest ez well hev plugged away inter the side of a barn ez inter the deer, fur no common bullets hedn't no 'feet on 'em. More'n that, white deer wa'n't ez plenty ez chipmunks, an' twa'n't more'n wunst in a coon's age th't any Injin hunker run agin one.

"Wull, w'at d'ye think the wicked prophet's scheme were? Nothin', only to hev Nocky-flop kill a white deer. The prophet laid his plans 'fore the King, an' one day Nocky-flop were s'prised to git a note from Slambo-gash, sayin' th't he were wanted at court. Nocky answered the s'peeny with a heap o' magnyin' bigger 'n a haystack. Wen he got in the presence o' Slambo he foun' the ugly prophet with him. Then he know'd th' were somepin' up, an' he said to hi—self, b'gosh, th't it stood him in hand to keep his weather eye skinned.

"'Nocky,' said the King, 'I hear yer tol'able sweet on my darter Rippy-rap-Ketinko. Nice gal Rippy is,' said he.

"Nocky said he thort a heap o' the gal, an' hoped his Majesty didn't hev no 'bjection.

"'Yo kin hev her, Nocky-flop,' said Slambo-gash, pervidin' ye slip out some evenin' an' fetch me in the skin of a white deer, killed by yerself. I'm a pinin' fur a white deer skin.'

"The King grinned a knowin' grin; the prophet smiled a wicked smile. Nocky-flop turned from the color of a copper cent to the color of a tin coffee pot.

"'Thuz a big bluff in this, somewhar,' thort he, 'but I'll do any thing to get Rippy-rap.'

"'I'm yer huckleberry,' said he to the King. 'But th' hain't no amunition 'round these woods ez'll knock a white deer over.'

"'I'd like to bet ye my scalp agir your'n th't th' is,' said the wicked prophet.

"'Perjuce it, then,' said Nocky-flop, drawin' hissel' up a foot higher, 'an' I'll lay the white deer-skin down here afore I pick my teeth arter supper to-night.'

"The prophet draw'd an arrer out'n his sleeve. It had a silver head.

"'Thar's an arrer,' said he, 'ez'll find the heart o' any white deer an' lay him low.'

"Th' wan't no more said. Nocky took the arrer an' dug out fur a big pond th't laid off in the mountains. He jumped in his canoe and paddled over to whar he know'd a white deer gin'erly waded in t'ords night to eat an' drink. Arter he had gone the wicked prophet said to the King:

"'Slambo,' said he, 'come 'long o' me. I know whar the young varmint is goin'. We'll hide, an' we'n he shoots the white deer, we'll inj'y the wagon load o' mis'ry that'll tumble arter him.'

"So Slambo an' the prophet sneaked over an' laid low 'long the pond. Nocky drifted about in his canoe, an' by an' by a big white deer skipped out'n the woods and waded inter the pond. Nocky drew his bow an' arrer fly. The deer gave a yell that filled the woods, an' tumbled over dead.

"Then Nocky-flop found th't he couldn't move a muscle. He sat thar in the canoe like a stone monument till he went crazy ez a loon, an' then he died. The people missed the King, an' the prophet, an' Nocky-flop, an' arter two or three days went out to look for 'em. They found Nocky-flop in his canoe deader'n a salt mackeral. Then they 'skivered the dead white deer. That 'splained the fate o' Nocky. Lo'kin' a leetle furder in the woods they found the King, dead, with a hole in his heart. Right ahind him laid the wicked prophet, an' in his heart was the arrer with the silver head, stickin' straight in the air. Nocky had shot the arrer clean through the deer. The King an' the prophet war right in range, an' the arrer slid through Slambo, an' lodged in the prophet's black heart. W'en Rippy-rap-Ketinko heerd o' the fate o' her lover she throw'd herself in the lake. They got her out, rolled her on bar'ls, an' tried ev'ry which way to fetch her to, but tw'an't no kind 'o use. The jig were up. In less'n a year th' wa'n't enough scalps left in that noble tribe to pay even a squaw fur the trouble o' goin' an' takin' 'em. That pond has been called the White Deer pond ever since, Peleg, an' I hope ez ye run over to the grocery arter my terbacker th't ye'll be able to pick a moral out'n the story I ben a tellin' ye. Tell the storekeeper th't I'll drop in ez I go by an' hand him the five cents fur the t'backer, sonny, an' lemme see if ye kin git it ez quick ez I usety git t'backer fur my dear ol' gran'pop w'en I war a boy."

Peleg ran to the grocery. He was soon back, and the Old Settler smiled, approvingly.

"Grandpop," said Peleg, "did you always get the tobacco for your grandpop when you went after it?"

"Alluz, sonny," said the Old Settler.

"Did the storekeeper know your grandpop?" asked little Peleg.

"Ez well ez you know whar yer gran'mammy keeps her ginger snaps, Peleg," said the Old Settler, with a good-natured wink.

"That's kind o' funny," said Peleg, musingly. "When I told the storekeeper to give me a five-cent paper of tobacco for my grandpop, and that you'd drop in and hand him the money when you were going by, he said: 'That'd be all right, sonny, if I didn't know your grandpop; but I know him.' Then he kind o' laughed, and I didn't get the tobacco, grandpop."

"Thar ye be already, ye ongrateful cub!" shouted the Old Settler, bringing his cane down on the kitchen floor. "Ye go an' raise an umberel in the house, an' I feel it in my bones at wunst that sumpin onlucky's bound to happen, but if I'd a thunk th't the fust thing to happen were no t'backer for me I'd a ——"

But Peleg had caught sight of Bill Simmons on his way to go in swimming, and was half way across the lot to join him before the Old Settler could finish what he had it in his mind to say. As Peleg disappeared down the road the Old Settler said, fiercely:

"If that boy stays here much longer M'riar an' me'll hev words. We will, b'gosh!"—*Ed. Mott, in N. Y. Sun.*

## UNWHOLESOME MILK.

### Why Public Dairy Farms Should Be Placed Under Sanitary Supervision.

It is a well-recognized fact that the mother who is nursing her child is obliged to be very careful about her diet, for whatever she eats or drinks has its effect upon her milk, and consequently upon the health of her child. The most acute symptoms, and even death, may be produced by dietary indiscretion. But it is less appreciated that similarly alarming results may be produced in both children and adults by the use of milk taken from improperly fed cattle. There have recently been a number of mysterious poisoning cases, that after a great deal of random speculation have finally been traced to diseased milk. In spite, however, of these warnings, the subject has not yet received the sanitary attention to which it is entitled. Particularly is the danger of such contamination great in the neighborhood of large cities, where the absence of wholesome pasturage is a temptation to the less scrupulous to substitute all grades of organic refuse, the most of which should properly be consigned to the garbage crematory. In addition to this danger, however, it is discovered that even in the presence of abundant and suitable food cattle are not discriminating in their selection, but exhibit frequently the most depraved tastes. In the neighborhood of large distilleries, it has been observed that the cattle become utterly demoralized by feasting on the refuse from the stills. In time they come to have the dull, stupid appearance characteristic to an opium eater. It is hardly possible that the milk produced by animals permitted to feed on such abominable stuff can be either wholesome or agreeable.

In other places the case is even worse, for the cattle have been observed to feed with evident relish upon unadulterated animal excreta and other highly pernicious food. Aside from the disgust which the practice excites, it is a source of actual and grave danger. When it is remembered that the fatal plague at Plymouth, Pa., was directly traceable to the careless disposal of the excreta of a single typhoid fever patient, it can readily be seen that milk may become in this manner a vehicle for the distribution of the most malignant disease germs.

So large are the possibilities for evil which may result from the use of milk taken from animals improperly fed, either through design or carelessness, that it is not too much to ask that all public dairy farms should be placed under rigid sanitary supervision, and that no milk should be offered for sale whose milk is offered for sale should be regularly inspected by officials appointed for the purpose.—*Scientific American.*

## ANCIENT PATCH-WORK.

### The Oldest Crazy-Quilt Discovered Up to the Present Time.

The "funeral tent of an Egyptian Queen" formed part of the sepulchral trappings discovered in 1882 in the royal tombs at Dier-al-Bahari, near the ancient Thebes. The lady whose remains it had covered was a contemporary of the Queen of Sheba. Her grandfather may have bowed before the charms of Helen when the guest of Polydamna, "wife of Thon." Her son-in-law, Shisak, first King of the Bubastite dynasty, captured Jerusalem shortly after the death of Solomon. Queen Isi-em-Kheb, however, did not live so long. She died young, and her obsequies must have been celebrated within a few years of 1000 B. C. The date of the "tent" is thus perfectly well ascertained. It is the earliest example extant of "opus consutum," or patch-work. Constructed of innumerable fragments of gazelle hide, finely stitched together, its surface even now retains the gloss of a kid glove, and displays in marvelous freshness, considering the antiquity of their application, the four colors—red or bright pink, yellow (two shades), bluish green and pale blue—employed to produce a striking, if somewhat gaudy, decorative effect; an effect, to our ideas, strangely incongruous with its somber destination. The shape, size and design of this ample expanse of variegated leather (two hundred and one square feet in area) correspond unmistakably to its purpose as a canopy for the royal coffin. A central panel nine feet by six, was adorned over one-half of its surface with pink and yellow rosettes on a blue ground; over the other, with six flying vultures, emblematic of supernal protection, separated by bands of hierogiyphics, setting forth the earthly dignities and immortal hopes of the illustrious departed. Four attached flaps, checkered pink and green, completed the covering of the mortuary shrine. The borders display, among other emblems, gazelles kneeling in adoration on either side of a sacred tree or shrub. The device (with unessential modifications) was prehistorically diffused in the East, and is thought to have been connected with the old Aryan homa worship.—*Edinburgh Review.*

—One of the prettiest sights imaginable is to be enjoyed in driving from Sacramento to Walnut Grove, upon the river. The road for miles is on top of the levee, broad and smooth. On your right is the Sacramento, on your left one continuous orchard for a distance of over twenty-five miles. The trees are all in full bloom, delighting the eye with their beauty and the sense of smell with their fragrance. The cherry orchards, at a distance, with their pure white blossoms, resemble an immense snowbank, with here and there a field of pink, where the peach orchards intervene.—*San Francisco Call.*

—Orthochromatic photography is the latest development in the photographic art. It aims to give black and white rendering of different colors their true tone value.—*Chicago Times.*

## THE DEADLY FREEZER.

### Heart-Rending Fate of Numerous Victims to the Pernicious Ice-Cream Habit.

It is a thankless task to warn young people of the evils of over-indulgence in cooling viands and drinks during the heated term. Young people will be young people, but not very long if they keep on gorging that insidious foe to health and life, ice-cream. There is death and, what is worse, premature old age in the freezer.

On the 13th day of July, this present summer, James L. Walsingham, of this city, began to eat ice-cream every Sunday, in spite of the warnings of his friends he kept up this practice nearly three weeks, and then one day he fell while chasing a street car, abrading the skin on both his shins and running a sliver into the ball of his thumb so far that it made his teeth ache when he pulled it out. When he went home that evening he learned that his eldest boy, of whom he is very proud, had been licked in a fair fight by a boy not half his size.

Abraham Eldridge, of Salem, ate ice-cream with his young friends every summer for three years. After eating it about two months he noticed that his boots began to run over at the heel. His aged pastor besought him to abandon the pernicious habit, and his sweetheart, with tears and prayers, added her entreaties to the minister's. In the forlorn hope of reforming him the foolish young girl married him. The next Sunday after their wedding they were out driving, when a runaway horse, driven by the pastor, dashed into them and knocked thirty-seven dollars out of Eldridge's buggy and lamed his horse, the minister's turnout escaping without a scratch. Still he neglected the warning, and in six weeks somebody poisoned his dog. Eldridge is now the father of twins, both of whom, or which, inherit, or probably will inherit, their father's vice.

Cecelia Thaxter, a young girl of very prepossessing and personal appearance and engaging manners, while employed in the family of Judge Ezra Hankinson, of this city, as governess, became addicted to the ice-cream habit. In a short time it grew upon her and began to interfere with her duties in the school-room One day, while seated at the sewing-machine, she ran a needle clear through her thumb, and for several days thereafter whenever she ate ice-cream she felt a sharp pain in her thumb. She disregarded the warning, however, and last week she was carried away. The man who carried her away married her when he carried her as far as the church, where he left her with a few sand dollars, and can take her slipper and spank chain lightning out of the impudent children that used to bully the life out of their poor governess. (P. S.—And she does it, too.)

A single teaspoonful of ice-cream dropped upon the tongue of a rattlesnake will kill the man that drops it just as quick as the rattlesnake can get a crack at him, which will be while he is measuring the ice-cream.

Fifteen grains of strychnine, mixed with a freezer full of ice-cream, will kill as many people as a young man can stand treat for.

A dog, shut up in an air tight iron box, for six weeks, and fed upon nothing but ice-cream, will die.

A young man named W. S. Thornton presumptuously declared that he could live upon ice-cream. He ate fifteen cents worth, and defiantly ordered another dish. While waiting for it, he heard a noise out in the street, and going out to see what caused it, a steamer, on its way to a fire, knocked him down and ran over him. An ambulance was summoned, and while waiting to be conveyed to the hospital, the wretched youth died of old age.—*Burdette, in Brooklyn Eagle.*

## TRAIN THE GIRLS.

### A Bit of Sensible Advice on a Very Important Topic.

When a girl is ten years old, she should be given household duties to perform according to her size and strength, for which a sum of money should be paid her weekly. She needs a little pocket money, and the knowledge how to spend it judiciously, which can so well be given by a mother to her little girl. She should be required to furnish a part of her wardrobe with this money. For instance, if she gets ten cents a week, she should purchase all her stockings, or all her gloves, as the mother may decide; and doing this under the mother's supervision, she will soon learn to trade with judgment and economy.

Of course the mother will see to it that the sum is sufficient to do this, and yet leave a trifle for the child to spend just as she pleases. This will supply a healthy stimulus; it will give her a proper ambition and pride in her labor, and the ability to use money paoperly. As she grows older these household duties should increase, with a proportionate increase of money paid for the performance of them. We know of a lady who divides the wages of a servant among her three daughters. There is a systematic arrangement of their labor, which is done with a thoroughness and alacrity rarely found, either with a hired girl, or a daughter who feels that she has to do it with nothing to encourage and stimulate her in the work.—*Woman's Journal.*

### A Poor Sick Woman.

"I'm a sick woman, doctor."

"Well, madame."

"But, doctor, I ain't well. I'm sick, I tell you."

"I was going to say that I know of a sanitarium up in the White mountains that would suit you."

"Sanitarium be blowed! There is nobody but invalids there. How would Long Branch do?"—*Texas Siftings.*

—The customs duty on one picture recently brought to New York by Hermann Schaus was $12,480.

## FOREST FIRES.

### How They Changed a Once Fertile Country Into a Dismal Desert.

The damage caused by the recent forest fires in Algeria has called attention to the causes which have reduced certain parts of the country to a sandy waste, for the prosperity of Algeria, like the rest of the Barbary States, depends almost entirely on its rainfall, and "every acre of clearing," as our Consul-General affirmed in his report on the subject, "exercises some influence on the climate." Sir Robert Playfair is indeed justified in stating that, after examining the subject in all its aspects, he is satisfied that the great difference in point of fertility between Algeria and Tunis, which have much the same climate and possess an almost identical geological structure, is owing to the utter destruction of the forests in the latter country. During the period of the Roman occupation Tunis must have contained little short of 20,000,000 of people. Now, even under the fostering influences of a better government than it ever enjoyed since the conquerors of the world disappeared, the most favorable estimates do not venture on placing the population at more than 1,500,000. Day after day the traveler rides over arid treeless plains intersected by watercourses, in which no water flows, and covered with sand and stones incapable of supporting vegetable life.

Yet at one time these regions at present so barren were wealthy with crops. In places where not a tree is now visible, the ruins of Roman oil mills are frequently met with. But in those days the country was clothed with luxuriant forests. Indeed, if we are to believe Ibn Khaldoun, there was a time, before El-Kahina began his marches, when all the vast region between Tripoli and Tangier had the appearance of an immense thicket, under the shade of which arose a multitude of villages, the one touching the other. No sign of these hives of thriving farmers is now visible. The early Arab conquerors had at least this excuse for their destructive handiwork, that it was necessitated by the demands of self-protection. No such apology avails the descendants of these tribesmen, who never hesitate to set fire to a field to improve the pasturage, reckless how far the flames may extend, or to hew down a tree without dreaming of planting another or of protecting from their flocks and herds those which spring up spontaneously. In Bruce's day, one hundred and twenty years ago, frequent allusion is made to forests through which not a single tree. For instance, Bruce mentions that Sbeitla is shaded all over by a wood of firs, from which the inhabitants made pitch, and at a later date—little more than a century ago—Desfontaines, the French botanist, tells much the same tale. Nowadays not a tree or a bush is to be seen in the whole plain as far as the eye can range. The inhabitants have disappeared as completely as the trees, and the traveler may sleep in peace among the ruins without any dread of the Oulad Amron, who twice attempted to surprise Bruce's camp at night, or of the lions, that "greatly incommoded him," and "who came to the door of the tent, and afterward fell upon the neighboring dowar." Lands which were at one time the granary of Rome have thus been converted into deserts, which in an unfavorable season can not support the sparse population that now inhabits them. Yet the soil is still there, wanting to be stirred into life. All that it needs is water, and water can only come from rain, in some form or other. Nearly every country off which the timber has been cut without discretion is feeling in a greater or less degree the same inconvenience. Even the United States is taking warning in time, and by paying more attention to arboriculture is endeavoring, not only to replant the regions which have been partially "cleared" for the saw mills, but by passing strict laws regarding the causes which led to the extensive forest fires of the past, to prevent such ruinous waste as that witnessed so recently in Algeria, as well as in many parts of Western America.—*London Standard.*

## MISSING A CHANCE.

### An Incident Which Proves That Women Have No Business About Them.

"John," said the wife of a Dakota settler when he came home from a trip to town, "old Bill is dead at last."

"Well, that's good—I 'lowed when I turned him out in the pasture the other day that if he didn't die 'fore winter I'd have to shoot him. It don't pay to keep a hoss when it gets as old and feeble a she was. He 'peared extra weak this mornin'."

"Oh, he didn't die that way—some Chicago hunters came along and shot him by mistake."

"Shot him, hey! Well, that's blame' smart! How much did you get for him?"

"Why, I told 'em it was all right, that we wanted him to die."

"Great thunder, woman, don't you know nothin'! Why in blazes didn't you tell 'em he was our family buggy hoss and worth one hundred and fifty dollars! Great snakes! it seems as if women never had no bus'ness 'bout 'em anyhow! You might just as well of told 'em that he was a blooded hoss and that yer husband was county sheriff and got a hundred dollars of good, honest money!"—*Estelline (D. T.) Bell.*

### Just a Trifle Sensitive.

Algy—Do you think, my love, your father will consent to our marriage?

Angely—Of course papa will be very sorry to lose me, darling.

Algy—But I will say to him that instead of losing a daughter he will gain a son.

Angely—I wouldn't do that, love, if you really want me. Papa has three such sons boarding here now, and he's a little touchy on that point.—*Tid-Bits.*

## FULL OF FUN.

—After the vigilance committee had escorted a tough citizen out of a Texas village, he remarked: "I am now one of the rail-rode men of the West."—*Merchant Traveler.*

—"Mamma," said Bobby, "I have eaten my cake all up, and Charles hasn't touched his yet. Won't you make him share with me so as to teach him to be generous?"—*Judge.*

—"There's pop[illegible]rity for you. Highway Jim recently left a Nevada town, and the whole place turned out to see him depart." "How did he go?" "The newspapers says by rail."—*Tid-Bits.*

—One way to make picnic sandwiches is to put a slice of raspberry pie between a prostrate log and a pair of lemon-colored trousers. It is not a good way, however.—*Somerville Journal.*

—"That's the smallest horse I ever saw," said a countryman on viewing a Shetland pony. "Indade, now," replied his Irish companion. "I've seen one as small as two of him."—*N. Y. Telegram.*

—Conductor (on night train)—"Those trunks will have to be removed to the baggage-car." Lady Passenger—"Sir, those are my feet!" Conductor—"Ah! from Chicago."—*St. Louis Chronicle.*

—A Canadian man says that he will jump with any man in America for five hundred dollars. If he is acquainted with the Americans who have jumped into Canada, he ought to know that they never jump for any such paltry sum as five hundred dollars.—*Boston Transcript.*

—"I hope there are no cannibals around here," said a stupid traveler to a United States frontier girl, as she was mixing a batch of bread. "There are plenty of 'em," returned she, pouring some corn-meal into the pan. "We most always eat a little Indian with our bread."

—Oftentimes advertisements are woefully lacking in perspicuity. One, in describing a patent feeding bottle closes with: "When the baby has done drinking it must be unscrewed and laid in a cool place." That is why we said the baby was patented instead of the bottle.—*Philadelphia Call.*

—The Ruling Passion Strong in Death.—A stranger loitering about a mill the other day was caught by a belt and drawn into the machinery. He was taken out in a dying condition; but smiled faintly as he remarked to his rescuers: "I see you are determined [illegible]"—*Puck.*

—Iowa Man—"Talking about dry weather, why, it's an actual fact that in Iowa the watermelons haven't a drop in 'em—have to be soaked before we can market 'em." Nebraska Man—"Shouldn't be surprised. Wish you could have been with me on a ride I took during the heated term." "Hot, eh?" "Well, I didn't feel it so much, but it was such a pretty sight to see the corn popping in the fields."—*Omaha World.*

## ITEMS OF INTEREST.

—A method of sending a picture by telegraph has been invented by a Scotchman, W. Gemmill, by which a photograph taken at one end of a wire is transmitted and reproduced at the other.

—It is now just about eighty-six years since Charles Stewart Parnell's great-grandfather was dismissed from the Chancellorship of the Irish Exchequer for opposing the union with England.

—When Buffalo's streets are well paved with asphalt the Buffalo Herdic Company expects to couple several carriages together and run them on the smooth surface by electricity or compressed air.—*Buffalo Express.*

—In the Chinese quarter of New York no charge is made for tea in the restaurants and in the barber's shop, the grocery stores, the gambling houses and the opium dens. A pot of tea stands always ready for any who choose to drink. This is in compliance with a precept laid down by Confucius.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—An old Californian inserts a growl in the Sacramento *Bee* because all the "ranches" of San Mateo County have become "villas." Furthermore, the plutocracy is becoming entirely too English, you know, and social position is measured largely by the degree of nobility with which the imported coachmen, footmen, butlers, etc., served in England.

—A fast-moving train narrowly escaped being demolished by a wagon-load of nitro-glycerine one day recently at Olean, N. Y. Upon seeing the wagon on the track the engineer instantly set the air brake, and, while he was not able to come to a stop before reaching the crossing where the wagon was, the decreased speed of the locomotive enabled the driver to barely get off the track.

—A singular accident happened to Mr. Rufus Stickney and his wife, of Somerville, Mass., as they were riding a tandem tricycle a few days ago. The lady turned the machine upon a down grade so suddenly that she upset it. She fell beneath it and was very badly hurt, while her husband was thrown upon his head and received such severe injuries that he did not long survive them.—*Boston Journal.*

—H. G. Hotchkiss, of Lyons, N. Y., known as the Peppermint King, says that seven-eighths of the peppermint of the world is raised in Wayne County. The average crop is about one hundred thousand pounds. The average price paid for crude oil is from $3.75 to $4 a pound. To give an idea of the money that is in peppermint, Mr. Hotchkiss said that a farmer last year brought to the refinery an ordinary sleigh load, which, when measured, proved to be worth $4,000. Of course, this was in the crude oil, which the farmers distill themselves.