[illegible] communications for this paper should be addressed to the name of the Author; [illegible] only for publication, but as an evidence of good faith on the part of the writer. Write only on one side of the paper. Be particularly careful in giving names and dates. Write the letters and figures plain, and spell correctly.

## FUNNY THING A BABY IS.

Funny thing a baby is,
With its little, wrinkled phiz;
Scarce a hair upon its head,
Mottled, purple, white and red
From its cunning, cherry nose
To its tiny, puckered toes—
Truly, very certain 'tis
Funny thing a baby is.
But the passing day will bring
Changes onto every thing;
Nature no distinction shows,
And the baby daily grows.
Scanty hair is getting longer,
Little limbs becoming stronger.
Parents with their longing eyes
Watch its freaks in pleased surprise,
"Coty gopon, da! da! da!
Will it come to its ma or pa?"
'Tis no matter—that will quite
Depend upon its appetite—
Very, very certain 'tis
Funny thing a baby is.
May be it will come to pass
That the little, pudgy mass
Has a mighty mission here
On this tossed and troubled sphere.
If a boy perhaps 'twill be
Better man than you or me;
Maybe be to Congress sent,
Maybe make a President.
If a girl, in beauty's field,
She the scepter yet may wield;
Wit and genius at her feet
Shall rehearse a story sweet,
Or the glamour of her eyes
Win for her a golden prize.
But the issue none can tell,
Be it ill or be it well;
Yet a truth most certain 'tis
Funny thing a baby is.

—*Chicago Mail.*

## ONE WOMAN'S WAY.

### The Grand Work Accomplished by Pretty Mrs. Jenner.

The charitable committee had been holding a grave consultation. The town, nameless in my story, was peculiar in having two distinct local features, and two differing sets of inhabitants. Walking in one part of its territory, where, surrounding the green campus, the college buildings lifted their stately fronts, the visitor was aware of a tranquil atmosphere, disturbed periodically by gusts of boyish glee and the shouts of base-ball and tennis players; yet the dominant feeling here was of aristocratic repose and seclusion. At the opposite end were tall, black-browed factories, with many grimy windows and chimneys belching smoke in puffs and clouds, while all day the hum of spindles and the whirr of looms told their tale of anxious industry. About the factories clustered the swarming homes of the operatives, and fringing these, like tatters on the edge of a garment, were the saloons, which did their best to rob the working man of his wages, and break the hearts of his wife and children.

As the Jews had no dealings with the Samaritans, equally as remote from intercourse, and alien in feeling, were the people of the college quarter and the people of the town. The churches did what they could in an intermittent fashion, to bridge the gulf, but their efforts were not successful, and they failed to get into the inner life of the outsiders, to whom their interest came with a half-unconscious tone of patronage quickly resented—for none are more sensitive than the poor. The charity organization did better, and still, when the year's work came up for estimate, there was always disappointment because of evident failure.

"The Greshams are hopeless," said one member, pushing back his spectacles from his puzzled eyes. "Father, a good workman, but seldom sober, and growing worse weekly. Mother, discouraged and frivolous, a gadder about, our visitors say. Jake, in jail three months for theft. Sally, sent to the reformatory. Lucy, John, Theodore and Garfield, all taking their turns at basket begging. It's astonishing that an American family can sink so low."

"Americans surpass foreigners in capacity for shiftlessness, when once they have lost their self-respect," said Rev. Dr. Evandorf, with emphasis.

"We may as well cross the Greshams from the list," said Mrs. Lucas, addressing the chairman. "We ought to assist the worthy poor. These Greshams are distinctly unworthy."

"The Lord does not treat us on that basis, Mrs. Lucas," remonstrated Deacon Bayfield, shaking his grizzled head. "For that matter, He has long suffering for the worst of us miserable sinners. I don't want to abandon the Greshams yet, though I confess I don't see what more we can do."

A silence fell upon the committee. It was broken by a clear, bell like voice from a lady on the outer rim of the circle. She was the youngest person present, blue eyed as a baby, with wavy, golden hair, and color that deepened from shell pink to blush rose, as she modestly said: "I will take the Greshams for next year, Mr. Chairman. Let me have the family as my special work."

Mrs. Lucas frowned, the deacon beamed, the good committee, as a whole, wore an air of relief, and leaving the troublesome Greshams to Mrs. Jenner, passed on to other themes.

Paying her first visit to the Gresham's abode, pretty Mrs. Jenner had need of all her courage. The home was unlike any she had ever seen. No word except "squalor" was sufficient to describe the kind of shameless, out-at-the elbows, defiant poverty, which proclaimed itself in the rents and tears of the frouzy mother's gown, in the dirty floor and windows, the broken chairs, the rusty stove, the wretched apologies for beds, and the general confusion and the lack of thrift. Pausing on the threshold, Mrs. Jenner took in every thing at a glance, but the blue eyes, with the forget-me-not luster, apparently saw nothing except the wailing infant on a pillow in the old cane rocker. It was a peculiarity of the Gresham's to have always a baby, and however the mother might cuff and scold the other children, she was womanly enough still to have gentleness for every new comer into the unattractive nest.

"The baby is teething, I see," said Mrs. Jenner, lifting him up with tender care. "What a pretty boy! Would you lend him to me for an hour, Mrs. Gresham? I'll take the best care of him; I have been used to little brothers and sisters at home. Please let me carry him off for a drive!"

As she spoke, she was dipping her soft handkerchief into a stream at the dirty sink, and washing the not over-clean and fever-flushed little face. Of the soiled slip and shrunken flannel skirt she took no notice, and as the moaning child, soothed and refreshed, smiled up into her face, she stooped and kissed the little forehead.

Had she been an Amazon, instead of merely a *vain*, incapable woman, Mrs. Gresham would have been won by attention like this to her darling, and standing with arms akimbo, a flock of bare-footed boys and girls in the background, she complacently watched her visitor step into the luxurious carriage, gather the lap-robe over the baby and drive away toward the green fields in the distance. Then she drew a long breath of wonder and pride.

Was it fancy, or, when the hour was over and the little one brought back, did Mrs. Jenner perceive an effect as of picking up and straightening out in the wretched living room? Had Mrs. Gresham for once endeavored to "tidy the place a bit," that it might wear a more cheerful look in her visitor's eyes?

If so, the little lady made no sign. In a day or two she came again, bringing a scarlet geranium and a pot of mignonette—a pretty ribbon also for little Lucy's hair.

"I thought one of the boys would fix a little shelf where these flowers could stand in the sunshine," she said, simply.

And the result, which she expected, followed; for the bright flowers begged in their own winsome way for a clear pane of glass and gained it. The clean pane was the entering wedge. Mrs. Jenner observed it, and mentally thanked God for so much progress. A clean floor would come in time. And the ribbon made Lucy happy and amiable. She behaved better all day.

Jake, a big, shuffling fellow, with the prison taint upon him, unable to get work because of the report of his dishonesty, which made every one suspicious, was Mrs. Jenner's next object of attack. She prayed over that boy; she went from one tradesman to another, trying to obtain work for him; she listened with patience while his mother, the mendicant whine in her voice, besought Mrs. Jenner to clothe the lad decently. Fortunately Mrs. Jenner knew where and when to say "No."

Sullen and mortified, the boy avoided her gaze, slouched out of the house when he saw her coming, hung his head and answered her curtly when she surprised him within. But none the less was Mrs. Jenner determined, God helping her, to save Jake.

"I wouldn't insult him by giving him clothes," she replied, when Mrs. Gresham had been more urgent than usual; "but if Jake will earn the money to pay for them"——

"Earn the money!" ejaculated Mrs. Gresham, with a scornful sniff. "It's likely he could earn it, when his character's is gone, and not a soul in town will employ him at any price."

"I will employ him myself, and pay him, too," promptly responded his friend, not minding the obstinate set of Jake's shoulders, and the flinging back of his shaggy head. The hair had grown since the prison shears had cropped it closely.

"Jake," she said, looking at him winningly, "my pony, Frisk, needs somebody to groom him, and I want him exercised every morning. Mr. Jenner was saying this very day that the lawn-mower will rust if it isn't used, to say nothing of its being a shame that our lawn should look worse than any in the neighborhood. Now, if you'll come and take charge of Frisk, and see to the lawn, you shall be well paid, and you'll soon earn as fine a suit of clothing as a young man deserves."

The light leaped into the lad's face. If he had a passion for any thing, it was for horses, and to take care of Mrs. Jenner's pony seemed to him promotion indeed. What Mrs. Jenner had gone through in persuading Donald, her trusty old coachman, to suffer this new recruit's invasion, she alone could have told. But Donald was a Christian, like his mistress, and could refuse her nothing when the appeal was made "in His name."

Not a Gresham, boy and girl, could be persuaded to go to Sunday-school. It had happened, as Mrs. Jenner discovered by diligent inquiry, that occasionally one of the girls, when first arrayed in new apparel from head to foot, the gift of some kind friend, would, for a Sabbath or two, in the neighborhood of Christmas, attend some one's class; but as a rule this lasted only until the bonnet or gown had lost its freshness. The Greshams were not even Sunday-school vagrants. They were open Sabbath-breakers, with no belief in God or Heaven. There was not a Bible in the house. One sometimes found a tawdry novel or a copy of the *Police Gazette*, but nothing fit to read, nothing that was not poisonous.

"Mr. Lester"—Mrs. Jenner addressed the superintendent of the First Church Sunday-school, one evening after prayer meeting—"please find some one else to take my class. I am going to open a Sunday-school at home."

Drawing him aside, she told him of her plan. It was to gather the Gresham children in her own parlor every Sabbath afternoon, teaching them the Bible, and after simple exercises, prayer and a hymn, finishing the session with a treat of cakes or fruit.

"I think," she said, modestly, "that I can get hold of them in that way. Jake promises that his brothers shall come regularly."

"Aren't you afraid to have Jake Gresham about your place so familiarly," asked Mr. Lester—"with his reputation?"

A flash shot from the soft blue eyes. "Whatever his reputation may have been, Mr. Lester, the boy is building up a new character. My husband says he would trust him anywhere. And he is to be apprenticed to our good Mr. Gray, who says Jacob will make a capital blacksmith. How is a fellow ever to make up for a past crime if there is no forgiveness in this world?"

"You are right. I beg your pardon," replied Mr. Lester. "Well, we shall lose one of our best teachers, but I see no other way, for you, with your conscience. You seem to have adopted the Greshams."

"I have," she answered, simply.

She already had a plan for elevating Sally, who was at home again, and every one of them was on her mind.

The question is whether there is a more excellent way to help the poor than this of Mrs. Jenner's. When each family, among the well-to-do and Christ-loving, shall become responsible for some other family, neither God-fearing nor comfortable, giving them personal care and applying individual help to their up-lifting, our charitable boards, in smaller towns at least, will have easier work. When I had my last talk with Mrs. Jenner, the gulf between the college folks and the factory people was not yet bridged; the social conditions of my nameless town, on the surface, were about what they had been for years.

But the Greshams were on the mend. The father had made a struggle to overcome his besetting sin; the home had become cleaner and was more comfortably furnished, and the flower in the window was multiplied by a dozen. The boys were all learning trades, and gave promise of working steadily; the girls, taught by Mrs. Jenner, had learned to cook and to sew; and the mother, for the first time in many years, did her washing and ironing on their appointed days, were clean and whole gowns and disdained to beg. One woman's way of helping had in this case borne good fruit.—*Congregationalist.*

## GREEDY REPTILES.

### The Habits and Voracity of the Common American Blacksnake.

Blacksnakes always feed on live prey and possess a power over their prey that is truly wonderful, and I think that birds, old and young, are their main dependence for food—old birds are captured by them with ease. I captured a snake nearly five feet long that had a full-fledged song sparrow in its body about six inches from its head. They feed on any kind of live prey within their capacity, and have been caught with a young rabbit in their body. They also are successful hunters of bird's nests for the young, and will climb trees in their search. I was once near an orchard when I heard robins making a great outcry, evidently disturbed by something. I went to see the cause and discovered a large blacksnake at their nest in an apple tree about fifteen feet from the ground. The tree was about one foot in diameter and seven or eight feet up to the branches. The branch on which the nest was, stood off at an angle of about forty-five degrees. When the snake saw me he glided down on the topside to the branch, and when he reached the trunk he slid off and dropped to the ground. In his mouth was a young bird partly swallowed, which proved such a clog to him that he could not run rapidly in the grass and I captured him.

Many stories are told of their chasing people. I have seen persons who claim to have been chased by them, and sometimes it was by a racer, a blacksnake with a white ring around its neck. I never saw a snake of that description, and I know of no authority claiming the existence of such a snake. A blacksnake five or six feet long can outrun a man. Their speed I have repeatedly witnessed, when they have escaped from me. Now if they chase people, why do they not catch them? and if they should catch a person, what could they do with them? Certainly they could not use them as food. It is singular that so many persons have been chased by them and yet no instance has been reported where they have been caught.

The racer, described as a black snake with a white ring around its neck, exists only in the imagination of frightened people. It has no place in natural history, and yet I know several persons who claim to have been chased by them, and were just as sure of the white ring as they were of being chased.—*Forest and Stream.*

## No Fool Like an Old One.

What silly things people do; what silly things people have done; what silly things people will do till the end of time. There is no age at which a man loses all his sentiment; no age at which a woman is not sentimental. Look at this courtly old gentleman talking to a sweet and charming maiden of eighteen in the ball room. What is he thinking? Although he may have the best wife in the world, and love and respect her, the wish still passes through his mind that he were young once again to love and win her. She has a bouquet of roses in her hand. She picks one of the prettiest out and gives it to him. Watch him take it. He puts it to his lips—with that old-fashioned grace. He bows and holds her hand to the lips where the rose has been. He puts it in a button-hole, and there comes into his face, as he watches the fair giver swept off into the dance, a look of mingled pleasure and sadness. You can't tell me that man's heart is hardened to the world. He is a judge, accustomed to try hard cases, to see human nature in its meanest, in its most contemptible form. See, he comes back. He is looking for something. He has dropped the rose by accident, and—there it is—he has picked it up and put it back in his button-hole.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

—It is said that in the southern part of Russia the peasants use a coin of such small value that it would take 250,000 of them to buy an American dollar, and these coins are so scarce that a man who has a hundred is looked upon as rich, and one who has a thousand is considered very wealthy. It is strange to think a person wealthy who owns two-fifths of a cent, and comfortably well off on one-twenty-fifth of a cent.

—On the top of a pile of Bibles in front of a book store in Kansas City was recently displayed a placard bearing the tempting injunction: "Ah, There, Sinner! Buy a Bible While They're Dead Cheap."

## THE ARIZONA KICKER.

### Ups and Downs of Editorial Life Out in the Far West.

APOLOGETICAL.—We hope our readers will excuse the typographical appearance of the inside pages of the *Kicker* this week. We were working them off as usual on Wednesday, having Joe the Digger Indian as roller-boy, when Judge Shackawacksen made us a call and jumped on our collar. Greatly to our surprise we picked the judge up and mopped him all over the office and flung him out doors. His boot heels, hind buttons, spectacles and tobacco-box flew about and alighted on the forms, and in our excitement we failed to notice them.

The big hole in our editorial on the tariff was caused by a boot-heel. The blurr on the poem entitled: "When Baby Wakes Again," was caused by two hind buttons. Such society items as are unreadable owe their present state to the judge's spectacles. We hope it won't occur again.

NOT THIS EVE.—Our name is being prominently mentioned in connection with the United States Senatorship from Arizona. While we are flattered and feel to step high, we must beg our friends to hold up.

In the first place, we are too honest, sober and conscientious.

In the second place, we are needed at home. We propose to run about 10,000 human coyotes out of this Territory during the next twelve months, and put a thousand others behind prison bars.

While we feel tickled all over and can hardly sleep nights, we can't accept the office nor leave Arizona. Just pass the place along to some other man and leave us to do our work.

A DECEIVER.—We owe no grudge to Colonel Hastings because he once cuffed our ears in the corridor of the town hall. We had proved him a liar, a swindler, and an absconder, and he had to cuff to save his reputation. The Colonel is now seeking the nomination for Sheriff, and is promising, in case he is elected, to secure our town a government appropriation of $250,000 to build a public building. We are actuated only by the kindest motives when we say that the Colonel is a blooming deceiver. He can no more secure a dollar from Uncle Sam than we can borrow one of the hinges from the gates of Heaven. All the influence he has in this world of sin and sorrow is confined to the Red Hot saloon and its crowd of reprobates. Do not be deceived in the castor oil voice of the Colonel.

AN EXPLANATION.—The cause of the *Kicker* in opposing the building of a bridge over Red Horse river, to connect our town with Dutch Hill, is being severely criticised by some of our citizens, who declare that we are opposed to progress and improvements. Such is far from being the case. Any open bridge across the river would be an encouragement to suicides and accidents. When a man gets drunk on Arizona whisky, he either wants to kill some one or jump off a bridge. There are fifty men in town who would go over to Dutch Hill, fill up, and fall off the bridge coming back if it had a railing fifteen feet high.

As to a covered bridge, it would at once be taken possession of by all the old soakers in town who tried to get home, and in a month would be voted a public nuisance. While we just holler for progress and improvement, we can't see our way clear on this bridge question, and shall therefore oppose it until we have a change of heart.

NOTICE.—We have in our possession about forty deeds and conveyances belonging to as many different parties which we picked up on the street last night. They dropped from the coat-tail pocket of our estimable and efficient Register of Deeds as he was weaving his way homewards at a late hour. In the East this would be called a piece of gross carelessness, and the Register would be expected to resign. Out here in the glorious West no importance is attached, and the estimable Register takes an extra drink and pulls another wire for renomination. And the worst of it is that we owe genial Henry $14 in cash and daren't go for him until it is paid.—*Detroit Free Press.*

## GREELEY'S PUGNACITY.

### How the Great Editor Reproved a Crowd of Gotham Skulkers.

Horace Greeley, as is well known, was a very pronounced non-resistant, yet he was one of the most pugnacious men in the world. A curious instance of this incongruous temperament and its result came under the writer's observation on one occasion, occasioning him some surprise. It was the general opinion that the old fellow was a coward at heart, and made use of his non-resistant professions as a screen to protect himself from personal injury at the hands of an opponent. It was a Sunday morning in New York at the very commencement of the war, just after the great Bull Run scare, and the Government authorities at Washington were frantically calling for troops. The Metropolitan Hotel of New York, then the great up-town exchange, was filled by a motley crowd, drinking, smoking and discussing the situation of beleagured Washington. Among the crowd, were several army officers in full uniform, smoking their cigars and criticising Lincoln as commander-in-chief in a sneering way, when a commotion occurred in the doorway, and Greeley, with his old felt hat on the back of his head, rushed through the crowd and up to the group of officers and addressed them somewhat after this style: "Why are you loafing about here, you miserable cowards? Why are you not reporting yourselves at Washington? This is a resort for skulkers. Aren't you ashamed of yourselves?" The biggest fellow of the group was terribly angry, and lifting his heavy sword he thundered out, "Repeat those words, old man, and I'll split your skull!" Greeley threw off the old felt hat exclaiming: "Strike as soon as you please; I repeat what I have already said." Every one present expected that the old man would be cut down; instead, the fellow turned on his heel, saying, "Come away, boys, I won't strike the old lunatic." Greeley gave them one contemptuous look, and took his departure.—*Boston Budget.*

## TROUBLE BORROWERS.

### Persons Who Make Themselves as Well as Their Friends Very Uncomfortable.

There is an ancient weather tradition about the month of March borrowing certain days from April, which she pays back, not in the same weather that she borrows, but in one of her own glorious gales, at a later date, and this is perhaps the most poetical expression of the borrowing of trouble that we have. Those who borrow trouble, however, are seldom in the habit of paying it back with the scrupulosity of the month of March in the tradition; they keep it for themselves, they roll it over and let it gather accretion, they make much of it, and they grow so weary with the weight of it that when real trouble comes there is no strength to bear that, and the nervous powers fail at the time when they are most needed.

Is there to be that most festive of all festivals in the family, a wedding, the trouble borrower is sure that the bride is a lamb led to the slaughter, or that the bridegroom is now to be lost forever to the family in being adopted into the new wife's family, and that nobody knows where they will all be a year from that day. Or else the trouble-borrower is sure that the church will be cold and they will get their deaths, or the dress will never come from the dressmaker's in time, or with the lover's well-known dilatory character, he will be sure to be late at his own wedding. Not even a funeral satisfies this trouble-borrower—an occasion when one might feel as if there were already on the spot trouble and to spare; it certainly could not be expected that any one could be late at one's own funeral, in spite of the feelings of the heirs of rich men who persist in living; yet there as well as elsewhere the borrower will be sure to find reason to anticipate disaster. At the christening, again, it is the borrower who, if not the bad fairy of evil gifts in person, is the one who sees that fairy coming, never by any possibility the bright fairy, the good fairy; and a child does not undergo teething in the family where the borrower makes a home, for which, from the first tooth to the last, trouble is not to be extracted. An urchin can not be sent to school from that family where the borrower does not forsee an overtaxed brain and nervous disease, and it can not stay away from school where there is not at once forecast of a dunce. In business matters it is as bad: this debtor is not going to pay, that creditor is going to be inexorable. In all the concerns of life, in short, the borrower is drawing on the future—always a bankrupt future in everything but sorrow; and even when it comes to death, the borrower illustrates this life with the lurid light of the flames of the bottomless pit, although more often concerned in that light for others than for one's self, it may be said. This borrower of ours extends operations even into the outer affairs of nature. There is never a sunshiny, balmy day of south winds but it is a weather-breeder, and the borrower sees no sun to-day for the cloud and storm of to-morrow. Are the first buds early, the bluebirds here, and all things promising a genial spring?—then it is untimely weather, and the premature buds will all be nipped by the frosts to come, and there will be no fruit. On the other hand, has the bad weather held its own till late, knowing apparently, with that strange intelligence of the elements, that everything will come on in the stronger and longer sunshine with about the same celerity as if it had not had its own freer and lingering play, the great law of compensations acting with inanimate as with all other of the departments of nature?—why, then the summer is never going to be long enough to ripen anything, and if there should not be a real famine in consequence, yet prices will put food out of the reach of the poor, and the balance of trade between the continents will be disturbed, and there will be a change in the rate of discount of the Bank of England.

Nobody is made so uncomfortable by all this borrowing of trouble as the borrower himself, although, of course, everybody in the region is disturbed and vexed by the habit. It is a habit that takes on serious freaks sometimes.—*Harper's Bazar.*

## A HINDOO WEDDING.

### An Event Interesting Not only as a Ceremony, But as a Spectacle.

The branches of the trees in the garden were outlined with little lamps, and a large pond in front of the house was hung round very high up with flags between which the lamps were suspended. From the balcony of the house I saw the bridegroom arrive on a led horse, accompanied by many friends. He was dressed in cloth of gold, and wore a splendid hat, and his richly caparisoned horse had wreaths of yellow flowers placed at equal short distances across its back and hanging down to the ground. He dismounted at the entrance, where his little bride met him and threw rice over her own and his head as a symbol that she would care for the wants of the household. They went together into the house, where the wedding guests were assembled, and sat down on two red cushions facing each other. A white cloth was held up in front of his face, and she covered her face with her sari, whilst a cord of yellow and white worsted was then put up round their necks, joining them together. A large piece of muslin was then put round his neck and held up close to her, and under this they joined hands. On leaving the house, a bouquet on which attar of roses had been poured was presented to every guest, and wreaths of flowers were hung round our necks by our hosts. A pot of red paint seems to have been one of the "properties" necessary at the wedding, and the veneration in which the red paint was held was exemplified by a fact narrated by the correspondent. When telegraph posts were first set up in some remote parts of India, the gentle Hindo was wont to cut the same down for firewood. A young engineer, who had studied the aboriginal character, painted the posts red, whereupon the natives worshiped the posts, and ceased to carry them away as burnt offerings.—*St. James' Gazette.*

## PASTURE STUDIES.

### The Amusing Ways of the Chipmunk and the Independent Woodchuck.

Among the rocks and hollows of the pasture, society is, perhaps, as nearly upon a communistic basis as we can find it in Nature outside the bee-cell and the ant-hill. There are no rich holdings. The thin blonde grass is free to all, and gives nourishment to the cows, who spend the long day in threading their way between rocks and bushes, cropping mouthfuls of its sweetness as they go, and weaving a network of objectless paths through the swampy growths and sweet-fern. The chipmunks keep house under the bowlders, and scamper out to sun themselves, in kittenish attitudes, on rocky ledges. In summer they vary their diet of nuts by an occasional berry. I watched one lately helping himself to the lowest raspberry from a low-hanging branch, picking it daintily with his forepaws, and holding it up to eat as if it were a nut. They are the tamest of our wild creatures. I have known one to come daily from his hole in the garden wall to join the chickens at meal-time; by degrees he became venturesome, and once or twice he crossed the threshold of the farmhouse, and picked up from the kitchen floor crumbs that must have had a new flavor to his palate.

Another pasture mammal, though he is also a denizen of the meadow, and was christened in the cops, is the woodchuck. He is not to be lured by the wiles of civilization; he takes kindly to its fruits, but will none of its yoke. I held an interview, brief but half intimate, with a woodchuck the other day, in which my fancy was captivated by that idea of a possible kinship with wild four-footed things that haunted Hawthorne and Thoreau; but I could perceive that the comradeship was all on one side, and that my companion received but small pleasure, and had no intention of imparting any. It was on a logging road which struck away from the pasture into a wood. A half-grown woodchuck advanced from under the trees to the edge of the path, and stopped on seeing me. He held three leaves in his teeth. I also called a halt, and we stood looking at each other. His little nose quivered with a motion all its own, and his round body rose and fell in longer waves of respiration. Both of us shirked the initiative for a time; at last I withdrew a little to give him confidence and an opportunity to resume his way, but he did not budge. He may have been paralyzed in his little woodchuck heart, but he did not look frightened. At the risk of being set down as unpoetic in my conclusions, I will say that he looked like a shrewd Yankee woodchuck, who waited to see his neighbor's pile before making his own. Impelled by a curiosity to see how far his terror or his courage would go, I stepped up to him and took one of the leaves from between his teeth. He made a little snap at my hand, then drew himself together and chattered at me with a wild gleam in his eye, "a countenance more" in anger than expressive of fear or any other sentiment. It was not till I had removed to a distance and waited for some moments that he took to his heels, and then they carried him down the wooded slope at a pace which put further intercourse out of the question.—*Sophia Kirk, in Atlantic.*

## RAPID TRAVELING.

### The English Fashion of Getting Speed Out of an Engine.

"What is the limit of speed?"

"There is none," replied Sir Edward; "I don't see why you shouldn't go one hundred miles an hour if you had express lines—through lines—that is, without goods and slow passenger trains crawling over them.

Mr. Watkins Jr., as a man of greater experience in this particular matter, observed that the attainment of such a speed would be prevented by the difficulty of getting rid of the steam, "because," said he, "the higher you drive the engine above a certain speed the more the back pressure is."

"What was the highest speed traveled to-day? Seventy-two?" queried Sir Watkins. "No," was our practical man's reply, "not more than sixty-five. Any speed above sixty miles an hour is got on a road with a falling gradient. They could have gone beyond sixty-five easily enough to-day, but there was no need—there was no lost time to make up. They kept a level speed all the way, but they had a steady train and an easy load, only four carriages; and running with a light train like that, you are running under the best possible conditions."

"The great secret in getting a steady train," remarked Sir Edward, "is to have the vehicles the same length, the same weight and all coupled well together. That was the case to-day, and I never experienced easier running."

"I remember well," the veteran went on to say, "when I was a boy of eleven, at the opening of the Liverpool and Manchester railway, when poor dear old Huskisson was killed at Rainhill, old George Stephenson came down with one of his engines to Manchester to get doctors, and I remember the Manchester papers next day said, 'marvelous to relate,' the engine bearing George Stephenson coming into Manchester, 'attained the extraordinary speed of thirty-four miles an hour.' That was looked upon as a marvelous thing in those days."

"Is there no additional danger in seventy-miles-an-hour trains compared with slower?"

"O, there's no danger in seventy miles an hour at all, except in crossings and sidings, and not there if the points are kept properly cleaned and oiled. You may go through a station safely with many points and crossings, but if the points are not properly kept clean and oiled you may go with a bang into something that sticks. So in all these trains there should be very great care about points and crossings."—*Pall Mall Budget.*

The most popular way of committing suicide in California is to sit on a keg of powder and touch it off. It's a sort of demise, coroner's inquest and funeral rolled together, and saves no end of work for the relatives.—*Burlington Free Press.*

## THE SAVAGE WAY.

### How the Indian Treats an Injury—Old Time Methods.

The savage is emphatically the child of nature. He lives close to nature, his only education is gained in nature's school.

When the Indian receives an injury he does not seek a cure in mineral poisons, but binds on the simple leaf, administers the herbal tea, and, with nature's aid, comes natural recovery.

Our rugged ancestors, who pierced the wilderness, built their uncouth but comfortable Log Cabins and started the clearings in the woods, which in time became the broad, fertile fields of the modern farmer, found in roots and herbs that lay close at hand nature's potent remedies for all their common ailments. It was only in very serious cases they sent for old "diddle-bags" with his physic, which quite as often killed as cured.

Latter day society has wandered too far away from nature, in every way, for its own good. Our grandfathers and grandmothers lived wholesomer, purer, better, healthier, more natural lives than we do. Their minds were not filled with noxious isms, nor their bodies saturated with poisonous drugs.

Is it not time to make a change to return to the simple vegetable preparations of our grandmothers, which contained the power and potency of nature as remedial agents, and in all the ordinary ailments were efficacious, at least harmless?

The proprietors of Warner's Log Cabin remedies have thought so, and have put on the market a number of these pure vegetable preparations made from formulas secured after patient searching into the annals of the past, so that those who want them need not be without them.

Among these Log Cabin remedies will be found "Log Cabin sarsparilla," for the blood; "Log Cabin hops and buchu remedy," a tonic and stomach remedy; "Log Cabin cough and consumption remedy," "Log Cabin hair tonic," for strengthening and renewing the hair; "Log Cabin extract," for both external and internal application; "Log Cabin liver pills;" "Log Cabin rose cream," an old but effective remedy for catarrh, and "Log Cabin plasters." All these remedies are carefully prepared from recipes which were found, after long investigation, to have been those most successfully used by our grandmothers of "ye olden time." They are the simple, vegetable, efficacious remedies of Log Cabin days.

## FORCE OF MAGNETISM.

### Some Curious Instances of the Influence Exerted by It.

Most well informed people are doubtless aware, remarks a contemporary, that the globe on which they live is a great ball of magnetism, but comparatively few have an adequate idea of the influence this property is continually exerting on all sides; that many common but inexplicable phenomena can be traced directly to this source. Statistics go to show that in the matter of steel rails, as many as thirteen will become crystalized and break where they go to make up a railroad track running east and west before one of those on a north and south track is similarly affected. This is entirely due to the magnetism generated by friction, and the fact that the polarity of the magnetic current is in the former instance resisted in the head-long rush of the train, whereas in the latter case it is undisturbed. Another strange effect of this peculiar and occult force is that exerted on the watches of trainmen. A time-piece carried by the conductor running a train twenty miles an hour, however accurate it may be, will, if the speed of the train is increased say to fifty miles, become useless until regulated. The magnetism generated by the flight of a train may be said to be in proportion to the speed with which it is propelled, and the delicate parts of a watch, numbering all the way from four hundred to one thousand pieces, and peculiarly susceptible to this influence by reason of the hammering and polishing they have received, are not slow to feel the effect.—*Boston Journal of Commerce.*

## Delicacy of the Mexicans.

They are delicate in Mexico. They have nice ways of putting things that would in blunt language hurt the feelings. You remember the young lady who went to have a look at San Quentin and got in conversation with a prisoner, and wished to ask how long he was in for in a delicate way. She asked:

"How long do you expect to be away from home?"

There was a lady in the country whose husband had been given fourteen days for a spree and a fight. The day after he was sentenced a city friend called upon her.

"And where is your husband?"

"John? Oh, John went down to the court house yesterday on some business, and I don't think that he'll be back for a couple of weeks."

A friend of mine received a letter from a lawyer in Mexico on some land business a few days ago. After some other information he wrote:

"I have written to Senor—— about the documents and am awaiting his reply. He has not answered, although there has been plenty of time. I hear that he is in jail, and that, of course, handicaps him somewhat."—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

## Humbert and His Cigar.

Here is a good story of the King of Italy. It is commended to the thousands of Americans, rich and poor, who are killing themselves by excessive smoking. The King of Italy is known for his temperance in all things, except smoking. He is an exceedingly small eater, and, as to drink, his guests may have it in plenty, but his own favorite "tipple" is water. His one great weakness was a good cigar. In this respect he had abused himself until his nerves had begun to suffer; he had asthmatic turns, could sleep but little, and then had to be propped up by plenty of pillows. Some weeks ago his physician told him what was the matter, and King Humbert said: "From this day forth I will not smoke another cigar or any thing in the shape of tobacco." The result has been a most noticeable improvement in his health. King Humbert is a man of iron will, and no one doubts that he will keep his pledge to the end of life.—*Paris American Register.*

—"I may look pretty rough now, sir," remarked the tramp, "but I've seen the time when I had only to reach out my arm to pick up a handful of diamonds." "Well, here's a quarter, but you should have looked out sharper." "I did, sir; but the fact is they were watching me too close."—*Jewelers' Weekly.*