

VANITY OF VANITIES.

In days of old, it came to pass That Vanity was born a lass, And lovers wooed her all in vain, She cared not for their grief or pain.

And still she walks the earth to-day, Disguised in woman's lovely clay, And still men grieve it came to pass That Vanity was born a lass.

—Buffalo Courier.

IRIS AND AUNTIE.

"But you are not in earnest?" I said. "Certainly I am," replied Bob, and his face corroborated his assertion.

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed. "Where's the objection?" he began, in an injured tone. "Because it's not conventional, because it's contrary to custom? That's conventionality's fault, not mine."

"You're young, Reggie," replied Bob, in a tone that made my lip curl. "We will return to our hypothesis. If Iris is an angel—which at present I am inclined to allow—and if she is expecting me to put the marriage question—"

"Ah, that's where the gain comes in. I am afraid a life-long disaster. There are fools that aver that marriage is a lottery. Bosh! Built on a commercial basis, it's as sure a thing as exists."

"I was too disgusted to reply, so I pleaded an engagement and left him. Bob Pallant was my friend, and I doubt if I could have swallowed his impertinent suggestion had it referred to a stranger, but when Iris, the pretty, soft-voiced, downy-checked, innocent-eyed Iris was concerned, my stomach absolutely refused."

"Her innocence alone should protect her from such duplicity," I argued as I walked. "To attack such guileless rusticity with the subtleties of urban resource was blackguardly in the extreme."

"I wished as I went my way, that one of Iris's brothers would suddenly present himself, for I felt equal to proving my friendship to Bob by disclosing his intention ere he could perpetrate it. But, for I knew, Iris was brotherless. I had never imagined to elicit such information of her people beyond the simple fact, that they lived in the country; certainly that huge, rambling mansion bared in the recesses of a well-timbered park from which there issued in the morning gay squires and fair ladies in full hunting rig, and where, at night, love's soft cooling was echoed by the wood-land doves and the roar of a hunting chorus was mocked at by the owls, could not have been altogether a mental aberration, though who put it all into my head, if not Iris or her auntie, I could not recall."

"I purposely avoided Bob's rooms for a week. I knew I should only insult him if I went, and I was loath to do that. Besides, upon reflection, a little brightness broke through the mist. If Norton Scrubbs made a mistake and either by accident or design supplied Bob with a report of Iris's character and upbringing, libellous and untrue, Bob would throw up the sponge, and then—"

She's younger, than I thought, Reggie. "She doesn't look her age," I reported. "Bob granted and continued. 'Famously renowned for rectitude of purpose, moral severity, generosity, and mercifulness.' 'I could have told you that,' I interrupted. 'Iris carries all that, and more, in her face. Go on!'"

"The ladies noted for their enduring beauty, innocence of mind and splendid physique. The Maypels come over with William of Normandy, and are hence of Norman extraction; their—"

"That's enough," I interrupted angrily. "Why will you continue to insult the girl you pretend to love?" Bob laughed light-heartedly. "Confound your impudence and your hospitality!" he said. "Haven't you some whisky or something to pledge me with, Reggie?"

"I found him some liquor and he drank but mine stood unaltered, though I did, in a feeble way, wish him every thing he desired. My recent hope, quashed so soon after birth, left me limp. "By the by," I remarked, presently, "you take Scrubbs' report for gospel, I notice. You don't question his—er—veracity?"

"Bob laughed merrily. "Question the veracity of Norton Scrubbs! Doubt the written word of the smartest man in his profession! No, my boy, only an idiot would do that. Why, even the bar acts upon it, sometimes. Besides, look at his bill of costs. Fare to Maypel Court, first return—£3 18s. Lodging and board at hostelry in the vicinity of the court, together with tips for information and so forth—£3 4s. What do those items mean?"

"Oh, I suppose it's all right," I replied. "I don't doubt that one of the hounds has followed the scent, but it's amazing to me that you can be satisfied with the report of any third person, and yet be incredulous of your own eyes."

"Now look here, old man," said Bob, with a paternal flourish, "what's mine can't be yours—where a wife is concerned at all events; and so make up your mind to the inevitable, and if you must love Iris Maypel learn to love her as a sister, though there's greater security both for you and me, to say nothing of our friendship, if you drop loving her at all."

"He left me to ponder over his well-meaning hint and I was vainly endeavoring to perceive the truth in it when a letter from Iris was handed in. The first few lines led up to this: "Why have you deserted us so long, Mr. Clive? Falling to meet you at our social gathering where you are usually to be found was quite expected of you to call. I have, with great difficulty, dissuaded dear auntie from the belief that I have offended you. Will you not come and assert your innocence? Dear auntie's box for Wednesday's first night is not filled, and if you will honor us by helping to fill it dear auntie will be really delighted—as also yours, etc."

"I read the lines and then endeavored to read between them. Iris had never approached me in so intimate a mood—in fact, I had been shown to comprehension more than once that Bob's friend was not necessarily upon the same family footing as Bob. And as for auntie—certainly her cold civility had often impressed me, but I had never flattered myself that she would have concerned herself if Iris had offended, ay, insulted me a dozen times a week."

a fairly respectable country position, but—" "Doesn't that suit you?" interrupted auntie. "No, you old fool. Do you think I'm going to marry a man who has been humbugged like that?" "You are unusually tender about a little imposition."

"Thank you, that will do. I didn't pick up a chaperon and pay her handsomely to stand auntie to me for a season and introduce me to society to be bullied by her in earnest. There are no men to hear us now, remember. I'm not a kid. I've ceased to blubber, and I won't be whipped. Can't you see that if I marry Bob Pallant after this, my chance of pleasure—to say nothing of your chance of your fee—wouldn't be worth a week's notice? He would jolly soon undeceive himself, and then—"

"You wouldn't be to blame. You didn't deceive him." "No, but Norton Scrubbs did, and it would ruin his reputation and close his purse to me forever. Norton has already given me to understand as much and advised me to take on Reggie Clive. But there, you haven't any sense."

"What an awakening! How I mentally cursed Bob for not having married his innocent-lipped, downy-checked, dove-eyed Iris right away without inquiry, and so spared me the agonizing predicament I was in! Now I cursed—likewise mentally—Norton Scrubbs and all his kith and kin. And all that mental imprecation came out through my pores until drops of sweat fell soft and silent upon the horn petals of a dying chrysanthemum."

"But I had suffered in silence long enough. Scene or no scene, scandal, slander, or what not, I cared not—I was callous to them all. I would reveal my hideous presence. The revealing was done for me. That smirking servant appeared and announced in a sepulchral voice that Mr. Clive had arrived."

"Very well, Adams, show him in." "I have—already shown him in, Miss Iris," stammered the man. "Didn't I tell you to show him here—to the conservatory?" said Iris severely. "And so I did, Miss Iris. I brought him here several minutes ago, and I have been searching for you ever since to tell you so."

"I stepped from behind the screen just in time to witness the full comedy of the moment. Iris was a spectacle to behold! She baffled all description. Amazement mingled with fear, shame, guilt, horror, rage, indignation, and a number of other symptoms peculiar to such a nervous shock. I walked to where she still sat, too paralyzed to move."

"Miss Maypel," I said, "I have overheard your conversation, and I know you will call me a coward and an eavesdropper, but my conscience is innocent. I was put here by your man, and you had already committed your self before I could warn you of my presence, so I waited in the hope that you would leave before discovering me."

"She made no reply, so I gladly walked from the conservatory and the house. I went home and tried to see the end of the business. What attitude would Iris adopt when Bob in the flushing pride of Norton Scrubbs report, proposed marriage to her? I gave up the conservatory when, far into the night, I had failed to solve it."

THE INDIAN'S WOOING

VARIOUS WAYS IN WHICH LO DOES HIS COURTING.

The Blanket Plays an Important Part—Among the Zunis the Girl Makes the Overtures—How the Navajos Settle the Mother-in-Law Problem.



A Pueblo Beauty.

lovers attentions he must at once desist. Among the Zunis it is the girl who first makes overtures. Her parents or relatives inform those of the young man as to the state of things, and if everything goes smoothly she becomes "his to be." After that the betrothed couple may often be seen together. In summer she will sit combing his hair on the terraces, while in winter he will sit by her fireside sewing on her trousseau. When the later is finished, including the necessary pair of white moccasins made from a whole deer's skin, the two are pronounced man and wife."

With some of the Pueblo tribes the young people are given two ears of corn just before marriage, the young man a blue ear and the maiden a white one. The kernels are very hard, and they must prove their devotion by eating them every one. Then they must run a foot race in the presence of the head men of the pueblo. If the girl comes out ahead she is ever afterward "boss." If the man comes out ahead he is boss. If the race is a draw the match is declared off, for this result is considered a bad omen. It may safely be inferred that such an untoward accident seldom happens with true lovers."

Mr. Dunbar, in speaking of the Pawnees, gives an interesting account of marriage among them. The girls marry at sixteen or eighteen. The qualities most desired in a wife are that she should be of good family and well skilled in domestic duties. Personal beauty is of secondary importance, though not without weight. The girls have most regard for personal bravery, rising influence, skill in hunting and a fine physique. A brave has chosen a suitable maiden for a wife he puts on his robe with the hair side out, draws it over his head so as to entirely conceal his face, and entering the lodge of the fair one, sits down. No one pays him the slightest attention, nor does he speak himself. His object is sufficiently understood without words. At the end of a few days the visit is repeated in precisely the same way. If on this occasion he finds a robe or other seat of honor prepared for his reception he uses it and uncovers his face, for this is a sign that his attentions are acceptable. If no preparation has been made for him he retires, and the wooing is ended."



An Apache Maiden.

(two men the matter is fully discussed and then referred to the family relations. By the latter the subject is very thoroughly investigated, the last point to be settled being the price that shall be paid. This is a very important item, and is never omitted. With the Pawnees a bride is considered to be worth from one to twenty ponies, according to her qualifications. The marriage ceremony is very simple, if there may be considered to be any at all. It consists of the bride elect going to the lodge of her husband; the event being followed perhaps by a feast given by her parents. Among the Navajos eight ponies is considered an average price for a wife

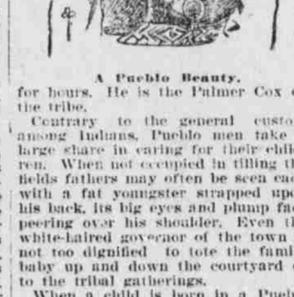
and twelve is high. A pony is worth about \$10. The wife is the property of the husband, and when he wants to sell her. Such a transfer makes no breach in the friendly feeling between the two. A traveler relates that on a long ride through the Navajo Reservation he had as a guide a very intelligent Indian, with whom he conversed for hours. One night when they could find no water, for which their horses were suffering, the guide said: "If we go a few miles further we will find a Navajo house where we will be comfortable. The man is my friend, and his wife is a good cook. She was my wife, last year, but I sold her to him."

On arrival at the "house," which was simply a rude wall of stones built around a cavern, the family appeared. The man was a villainous-looking, elderly Indian. The woman was fat and 40, without being fair. The meeting was cordial all around, and between the guide and his former wife there was much pleasant badinage. The new husband placidly smoked cigarettes.

Another peculiar thing about Navajo marriages is that after the event the mother-in-law and son-in-law must never look each other in the face again. Thus these ignorant savages have solved a problem which has bothered civilization for ages. Polygamy is very common among all Indians. It is only recently that the government has been able to make headway at all toward breaking it up. Some Indians have been known to have as many as a dozen wives, though two or three is far more common.

When an Indian marries more than one wife it is quite customary for him to take the younger sisters of the first one. They are given to him as soon as they become marriageable, the father receiving a pony or two for each one. The oldest sister is the principal wife, and rules the others; a young wife, however, if a favorite of the husband, escapes most of the annoyance from this source. Polygamous marriages of this sort are more apt to be harmonious than where the wives come from different families. Quarrels between wives are frequent and while surveying one day he was enough under the best circumstances, and sisters are more apt to live together peaceably than strangers.

Indians are very fond of their children and treat them with much kindness. They very rarely whip them, and it is believed that no youngsters in the world are happier than these dirty and half-naked little specimens of humanity. Indian babies do not cry as much as white ones, for the reason that when they do cry no attention is paid to them. Some tribes have regular story tellers, men who spend a great deal of time in learning the myths and stories of their people, and who possess, in addition, a good memory, and vivid imagination. The mother sends for one of these, and having prepared a feast for him, she and her flock, who are curled up near her, listen to the fairy stories of the dreamer



A Pueblo Beauty.

for hours. He is the Palmer Cox of the tribe. Contrary to the general custom among Indians, Pueblo men take a large share in caring for their children. When not occupied in tilling the fields fathers may often be seen each with a fat youngster strapped upon his back, his big eyes and plump face peering over his shoulder. Even the white-haired governor of the town is not too dignified to tote the family baby up and down the courtyard or to the tribal gatherings. When a child is born in a Pueblo town the father has a novel duty to perform. For the next eight days night and day, he must keep a fire blazing in the family fireplace. It can only be kindled in the manner sanctioned by their religion—by the fire-drill, flint steel, or by a brand from the hearth of the governor. Should the father let it go out or fail to kindle it in one of the ways mentioned, it is solemnly believed that the child would not live out the year.

REMEDY FOR TENDER FEET.

Rat Trap Pedals Often Cause the Cause of Soreness—An Excellent Cure Named. After a long day's ride a good many cyclists complain of sore feet, and when touring this is apt to get worse each day instead of better. One excellent remedy is to bathe the feet at night for about ten minutes in warm water, to which a few drops of tincture of opium and a pinch of Epsom salts have been added. This will tend to harden them somewhat, and entirely remove the soreness. Rat trap pedals are often the principal cause of the annoyance, and it is a good plan to cover them completely with thick string wrapped round and round over the blades before too much harm is occasioned. This done in time will often render a long ride possible which would otherwise be quite out of the question. It will be found that the string will give a very fair hold for the foot, and where toe-clips are used, no disadvantage in this respect will be felt.

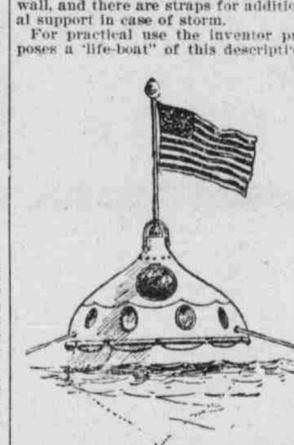
People who start on foreign trips early in the year are now on their way home. The westward tide of steamship travel has set in with so much strength that the transatlantic liners can hardly accommodate the home-comers. But the absent ones will all eventually get across the "pond." There is no ground for anxiety on that score.

NON-SINKABLE LIFE-BOAT.

Description of an Interesting Craft Constructed by a Chicago Inventor.

The man didn't live in Chicago who complained that there is nothing new under the sun, else would his mind have changed at sight of the little model brought to the Inter-Ocean office yesterday of a new "life-boat" just patented by a Swedish-American resident of the South Side. A. S. Hedberg, of No. 215 One Hundred and Eleventh street, in the Roseland ward. Made of galvanized iron—in actual service different materials can be used—the miniature looks like a large turnip, and is in two parts, cut apart horizontally at the line of greatest girth. The halves, however, are firmly clamped together with a water-tight connection, when the toy is dumped into the water, to which it takes as jauntily as a rubber feather, and the only means of entrance and exit then is via a little upward opening like a melon plug, and very easily made use of, as also readily rendered water-tight in its turn. At the top are several little holes for ventilation, but which can also be closed at will. Furthermore, there are six windows, round as port-holes in the ordinary ship. Over all this is a flagstaff which can be lowered and put up at pleasure, with water-proof connections and ventilation device, and on the top of the flagstaff is a lantern. There are two air holes also, one on each side, similarly water-tight in the play of the pair of strong serviceable oars.

And last, and most important of all, the apparatus always rides the wave right-side-up-with-care, because of the abundant ballast in the bottom. The interior of the miniature is fitted up completely, with seats all around the wall, and there are straps for additional support in case of storm. For practical use the inventor proposes a "life-boat" of this description



The New Non-Sinkable Boat.

which shall be either eight feet high by six feet in diameter, at the widest girth, with a seating capacity of ten persons, or else one ten feet high and eight feet wide, seating twenty-five persons. The former style of boat, made wholesale, would cost only \$125, and would carry 1,000 pounds without sinking more than four feet in the water, riding as buoyantly as a top. In the base would be plenty of room for supplies and water to last from ten to fifteen persons several weeks, without any danger from water or vitiated air. For the first named size of boat the circular entrance would be three feet in diameter, and the windows one foot. Chairs are attached on the outside for people out in the water to catch hold and climb up by. The lifeboat cannot possibly tip over, but simply bobs up and down like a cork.

Already on Lake Calumet there is a little "lifeboat" of this pattern, and the inventor expects soon to have one on Lake Michigan.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

KNOWING A RIVER.

What a Pilot from Pittsburgh to Cairo Must Carry in His Head.

At this season of the year, when the river excursion business is at its height, and hundreds of boats are carrying thousands of people to and fro along the entire length of the Ohio river from Pittsburgh to Cairo, many persons who ordinarily never give the subject a thought are being impressed with the wonderful way in which navigation on our beautiful stream is carried on. The first thing noticed generally is the accuracy with which the pilot handles the boat, avoiding the bars, which are near the surface of the water at this season of the year going from one side of the river to the other, and finally, without a jar, landing them all safely at their destination. When the excursion business is over these same men will assume similar positions on packets and towboats carrying hundreds of tons of freight and thousands of bushels of coal on every trip with the same accuracy with which they handled the excursion steamers during the summer.

A large number of the pilots running out at Cincinnati know the river from here to New Orleans, others from here to Memphis, and others still to points up the river as far as Pittsburgh. "Know the river!" This phrase means much. For instance, a man running from here to New Orleans must be able to take charge of the wheel of his boat at any hour of the day or night, at any point of the river, and on any stage of water. He must be able to tell at a glance exactly where the boat is, at any point on this long stretch of 1513 miles. He must know every bend and chute, and by day the different points by which to steer, such as houses, barns, trees, fences, and even haystacks; by night every light placed by the government in conspicuous places, as well as the hills and their shape; he must know exactly how long to hold the boat to one light or object before changing to another. When the Mississippi river is reached a new feature presents itself in the shape of the constantly changing channel. To work here requires more skill and greater judgment probably than all the rest of the difficulties combined. Going down, a boat may go on one side of the river; coming back it doesn't go within two miles of that place. When these things are appreciated (and they are only a small number of the things a pilot must know), then it is that the pilot gets credit for what he does.—Pittsburgh Commercial-Gazette.

IN THE WRONG ROOM AND BED.

Singular Happening in New York Settled Only by Oaths.

John Donco, a Hungarian, 25 years old, says the New York Sun, lives with his wife Bertha on the second floor of the tenement at 537 East One Hundred and Eighteenth street. James Big, a Hungarian carpenter, lives across the hall. Big went home at 1 o'clock yesterday morning drunk. Mrs. Donco was in bed with the door unlocked, because her husband was out. Big drifted into the wrong room, and went to bed without awakening Mrs. Donco.

Two hours later Donco returned. Then there was a scene. Mr. Big and Mrs. Donco, who were both asleep when Mr. Donco returned, protested their entire ignorance of each other's presence in the room until awakened by the indignant husband. Finally, in response to his wife's pleading, Donco asked: "Will you swear it?" "Yes," said the wife. "And you?" asked Donco, turning to Big. "Certainly I will," Big said. The three, with a 16-year-old girl, act as interpreter went to Harlem court yesterday, and Big and Mrs. Donco, laying their hands on the court Bible swore that the husband's untoward discovery was entirely the result of accident, and that they were innocent of any wrongdoing. The husband said he was convinced, and the three went home the best of friends.