LOVE'S ERRAND.

Swift through the ocean of Silence go,
Sprite unseen!
Dive to the echoless realms below;
Kindle the depths with a radiance keen;
Then, like an arrowy pulse of fire,
Throb to the quivering stars and higher
Into the vault serene!

Glide through the mystical orb of Sleep;
Pause to see,
Born of the amorous twilight deep,
Dreams, from their chrysalis slumber free,
Throning the shadowy close of day,
Wed with the loveliest, steal away,
Speeding again to me!

—John B. Tabb in the Independent.

Explorers And Their Ways.

How the White Man Gains Victories Over the Untutored Savage.

A cable dispatch from Sierra Leone the other day said that Sir Francis de Winton had won a decisive victory over the Youine tribe in the interior, and that the natives had been terrified as much by the electric lights as by the guns of the expedition. For signaling purposes at night and to illumine his camp Sir Francis had provided a number of electric lights raised on lofty poles. The native saw night turned into day, and the inexplicable sight took all the fight out of them. It is nearly always the case that when the white man, by some harmless expedient, impresses savages with his puissance and superiority he has more than half conquered them before he strikes a blow.

For many years the fierce Pahouin tribe on the middle Ogowe River turned back every explorer who tried to enter their country. Pierre de Brazza was the first traveler they permitted to ascend the great river, and he won their favor without a single hostile act. He sent word to the chief that he had some presents for him, and in this way got permission to enter one of the frontier towns. The tattooed savages could hardly believe their eyes that night as a great crowd grouped themselves around the explorer and witnessed the wonderful show he had provided. Rockets, Roman candles, whirligigs and many other wonders of the pyrotechnic art bewildered, delighted and astounded them. The feats he performed with the exploding bullet filled them with awe, and in his repeating rifle they saw a wonderful weapon, which they were sure he could fire off forever without recharging. It was this night's work that opened the great region of the French Congo to De Brazza and made him famous as an explorer. It has been his pride that in all his travels he never shot a native; but for all that gunpowder and fireworks were the foundation of his brilliant success.

A good story is told of a white man who was taken prisoner by an inland tribe in the early days of the Fiji settlements. His captors were cannibals, and it made him very nervous when he saw them start a fire under a big native oven. He made up his mind that it was all up with him unless he convinced the savages that he was a very superior being. A happy thought struck him. He called for something to eat, and when food was placed before him he used his jackknife to cut it up. Every mouthful or two he stuck the point of the jackknife into one of his legs with such force that it stood erect. It was a cork leg, and the natives looked on in astonishment and alarm as he buried the blade in it. After the meal he began to take his leg off. This was too much for the savages, and they scampered for the bush as they saw him turning his leg round and round. As he mounted his horse the natives began to gather again, but he made a motion as if to unscrew his head, and the spectators fled in dismay, leaving him to find his way back to the coast.

When Joseph Thomson made a great journey through Masailand a few years ago he had a few tricks that gave him a great reputation as a wizzard and helped him wonderfully on his way. One trick he always reserved as a last resort and many times it procured food for his party from natives who had refused to sell him a single fowl or a particle of mamoc. He had two teeth on a plate and his great trick was to show the natives that the white man could remove his teeth. This wonderful feat usually accomplished the desired result, but the Mount Kenia natives wanted a bigger show than he gave them. They insisted that if he could remove two teeth he could extract the others also, and they demanded to see the entire circus. Expostulation was of no avail. They told him to take all his teeth out or starve, and he was glad to escape in the night from this inhospitable tribe. On the way back to the coast Thomson was almost wholly destitute of goods to barter for food, but his reputation as a wizzard and a physician spread far and wide and by means of his tricks and medicines he managed to get along.

Most savages at first regard sleight-of-hand feats as evidence of supernatural powers, but now and then they are sharp enough to think they are being duped. One day after Mr. Martin had been performing some tricks for the amusement of a crowd of Wakwafi girls he told them he could do much more wonderful things. Holding up a finger he assured them that if he cut it off a new finger would at once grow on again. The girls laughed at him and told him he lied. Suddenly one of them sprang forward and seizing one of Martin's fingers cut it to the bone with a native knife. She told him she meant to take him at his word, and that now she knew what he said was not true, for if he could not heal the wound she had made she was very sure he could not cause a new finger to grow.

The magic lantern has of late years been an endless source of amusement to many a savage audience. We can hardly imagine the surprise and delight which the simple minded natives have seen spread before them on a screen the streets of London and Paris and many other wonders of civilization. Pictures of Niagara Falls, Alps and other wonders of nature do not make the slightest impression upon the untutored minds; but give them glimpses of thoroughfares crowded with people and vehicles, show them the lofty structures in which the white men live, and find soldiers and gay women clad in all the colors of the rainbow, and they rend the air with their exclamations of astonishment and pleasure. In his last journeys Livingstone had a magic lantern; and several later travelers have found this toy very useful in helping them win the friendship of their new acquaintances.

Dr. Junker found, during his many years in Central Africa, that he could not introduce himself more favorably to tribes who had never before seen a white man than by playing on his accordeon. He never entered a new village without first obtaining permission, and he never failed to make an impression, as he marched in at the head of his little caravan, making the woods ring with the liveliest melodies of his native land. He found many of these people quick to catch an air, and probably scores of negroes in the depths of Central Africa whom he met are still humming some of the jolliest melodies of Europe. One of the most highly prized presents the great King Mtesa ever received was a hand-organ; and a while ago a Mr. Coillard found on the banks of the Zambesi a native queen who had a wheezy accordeon, over which she ran her fingers with surprising agility, playing a curious medley of savage airs.

A compass is one of the essential articles in an explorer's equipment and is an endless source of wonder and pleasure to many savages. In Africa the compass is often regarded as a fetich which knows all things and unerringly shows the white man the right road even amid interminable forests. During the recent travels of Jacques de Brazza, a younger brother of the more celebrated explorer by that name, the fame of his compass spread far and wide, and the constant demands to see it became so annoying that for a time the explorer told the natives that the fetich was sick and had been put away in the bottom of a box to get well. Mr. McDonald, a missionary South of Lake Nvassa, says he has made many friends by explaining the mysteries of his watch. Its works excite no greater surprise than the watch crystal among those who have never seen glass, and the missionary describes the amusing perplexity of one chief who could not understand why he was unable to touch the watch hands which he saw before him.

There is a wonderful potency in the mere crack of a rifle or revolver among savages who have never seen firearms. When Dr. Ludwig Wolf discovered a new water route to Central Africa along the Sankuru River a while ago his little party would in all probability have been massacred by the Bassongo Mino cannibals had not the white man given them a very exalted opinion of his power by a single discarge of his revolver. One day Wolf learned that the savages had decided to kill him and his comrades as the easiest way to gain possession of the white man's trade goods. Their chief refused to let the party go on their way and told Wolf he had him in his power. The poor wretch had never heard of the magical powers of the shooting-iron, and seeing no lances or bows and arrows he imagined the visitors were defenceless. While he was insulting the stranger, Wolf suddenly held his revolver close to the chief's ear and discharged it. The insolent crowd was struck dumb with horror and the chief shivered from head to foot with fear. After giving the chief a few specimens of his ability as a marksman, Wolf told the astounded potentate that he was going to leave and the whole tribe was apparently glad to get rid of so dangerous a person. It is thus that travelers have a great advantage over the most implacable tribes they meet, so long as they can give some novel exhibition of power that is utterly inexplicable to the savage mind. The Aird River, in New Guinea, long remained unexplored on account of the hostility of the natives at its mouth, but when Mr. Bevan entered this river last Spring these same savages, who sallied out in their canoes to attack him, were so badly frightened by a single blast from his steam whistle that they jumped overboard and swam for dear life to the shore. Captain Everill ran the gauntlet of hostile savages for scores of miles on the Fly River, New Guinea, keeping them out of arrow range by tooting his whistle, and Stanley by the same means last Summer sent hundreds of the Yambuga natives scampering into the woods, leaving his party in peace to prepare and fortify the permanent camp, where his reserve force has since remained awaiting the explorer's return from the Nile.

It often happens, too, that savages are disarmed of hostile intentions if they become convinced that their visitors are friends of ealier travelers who won their good will. Dr. Holub says that any well-disposed white man can travel wherever Livingstone went if the natives think he knew and loved that grand old hero. The fame of the powerful Bula Matari, as Stanley is known in the Congo basin, has spread far and wide, and in a region he never visited. Dr. Buchner a while ago completely turned the tide of feeling in his favor by shouting to a crowd of savages who were hurling lances at his carriers that he was a friend of Bula Matari. When Mr. Romilly landed in Astrolabe Bay, New Guinea, the native advanced to attack him until he uttered "the magic name of Miklucho Maclay," and then the word passed from one to another that the stranger was their good friend's brother and they give him a friendly reception.

Two years ago the missionaries in Metabeleland, in South America, adopted an unusual plan for attracting audiences to their services. They had ceased to be a novelty, and their talks were poorly attended. As they went to the place of meeting they would shoot game on the way, and while one of them expounded the Bible the others built fires under trees and cooked the meat for distribution among the congregation. As long as the provender held out they were sure of a good audience.

C. C. Adams.

Animals Have Language.

Gentleman's Magazine.

The intellectual superiority of civilized man over his savage brethren is due to the greater multiplicity of his objects of thought, and precisely so is it with the intellectual superiority of the savage man over Simian ancestors. The actions of all have the same aim, viz., the supplying of the wants of physical nature and the gratifying of the desires aroused in the mind. The old theory that speech was altogether limited to the human race has now to be given up once and for all, for such a statement cannot stand against the scientific evidence brought forward to oppose it from all quarters.

Language is but a product of reflection and experience, and originated, in all probability, in interjection or the instinctive expression of the subjective impressions derived from external nature; and just as the reflective powers of the race were developed and shown more brilliantly as each stage in the evolutionary march of intellect was passed, so did language pass from the simple monosyllabic cries of the lower animals and savage men to the complex dialects of modern civilization; and it is worthy of note that at the present day, or at least very recently, there were races of savage men inhabiting the earth who possessed no proper language at all, and could not, on account of their manner of living, be placed on a higher intellectual level than the higher apes; while we have the authority of the leading philologists of the day in support of the fact that the monosyllabic cries of some of the lower human tribes are well within the grasp of the ape's voice.

Travelers whose veracity and ability cannot be impugned have described long conferences held by monkeys, where one individual addressed the assembly at great length, fixing the attention of all upon himself and quelling every disturbance by a loud and harsh cry, which was at once recognized and obeyed by the multitude; and we need no traveler to point out to us the many notes of call and recognition possessed by birds of all kinds, who thoroughly well understand each other's expressions, and, moreover, are able to produce quite a string of different notes consecutively, and without any hesitation. In fact the organ of voice in some of the lower animals far exceeds in power that of some tribes of the human family.

The Euphonia musica of the East Indies can perform the seven notes in the scale; the chaffinch not only sings real songs, but invents them, one of his songs containing as many as five long strophes, while the songs of many savage races of men never run to half that length, and when, Cook visited the Fiji archipelago the native women could only sing from la to mi. Asia appears to have been the birthplace of stringed instruments, no Southern tribes ever having been discovered using such musical appliances. We see, therefore, a gradual improvement taking place in vocal apparatus as we rise in the animal scale, which results in speech and song, and, indirectly, in instrumental music of various degrees; and we find fresh proof that there is as wide a difference between the developement of civilized European and the savage man as between that of the savage man and his brute ancestry.

A Western Courtship.

"When I was a young man," said the politician, "I traveled in the southwest considerably, selling saddles, etc. On one of my trips I stopped over night in a settlers cabin in Southeast Missouri. The settler and his wife were mighty cordial, gave me the best they had and made me welcome to a bunk on the floor with them. The oldest daughter was 16 or 17 years old and a perfect beauty for her situation. She was the kind of a girl a novelist would break his neck to get hold of for a heroine. She'd be very picturesque and pleasing in a book, but I shudder when I think of her in real life. She took quite a shine to me and before we laid down she had told me nearly every thing she ever heard. A heavy rain fell during the night, and as the roads had been heavy before, they were not passable the next morning. So I had to stay at the cabin. The girl was very attentive for the three days I was there, and on the evening of the last day she said: 'Say, is you uns married?' I told her 'no,' and wanted to know why she asked. 'Well, if you uns ain't,' she said, 'we uns might get spliced.'

The speaker paused to allow his hearers time to break all their buttons, and then proceeded:

"Her father approved heartily of the plan. 'Iv'e been wishing you uns would hitch ever since I seen you uns,' he said, and the whole family was so congratulatory that I was afraid to decline. I pretended to accept, and offered to ride to the meeting-house about 20 miles away and get the preacher. They laughed at the idea. 'We uns can marry ourselves by kissing over a candle,' the girl said. I insisted on the preacher, and after a long argument got my horse out to ride for him. Just as I was about to mount the girl came out of the cabin arrayed to go with me. That was too much. I mounted in a hurry, laid a switch to the horse's flanks and rode off at the top of the horse's speed. I have never seen the charmer since.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

THE MAIL CARRIER'S STORY.

Albany Evening Journal.

We were gathered round the stove in the little station of the frontier town of S——, waiting for the midnight express. The wind howled dismally among the branches of the old elm behind the station and the hard flakes of snow rattled against the panes in a way suggestive o cold weather.

Suddenly we heard a tremendous stamping on the platform outside, the door opened and a sturdy-looking fellow entered with a lantern and a couple of mail bags. He wore a heavy army overcoat and long riding boots, at the heels of which jingled an ugly-looking pair of Mexican spurs. On the front of his blue cap, which was held down by a heavy muffler, was a metal band, on which were stamped the words "U. S. Mail" in large letters.

"Well," he said, throwing the snow covered mail bags down in a corner, blowing out his lantern and coming over to the stove, "I guess you gents 'll have a long wait; they jest telegraphed up from Julesburg that the train is an hour late and on account of the snow drittin' so I don't imagine we'll see her short of two hours."

Here was a pretty fix. Finally one of our number, a short man dressed in buckskin, who sat behind the stove proposed that we "tell yarns." To this all agreed, and he began with a mining adventure. When each had spun his yarn and there was still no sign of the train, the man in buckskin turned half around and said to the mail carrier, who sat quietly smoking behind him, and who had taken no part in the proceedings, "I say, Jim, tell the gentlemen about your little discussion with French Pete."

After much persuasion the mail carrier, who must have been six-feet-two in his stockings, recharged his pipe and began:

"I've carried mails between the towns around here for something like ten years. My story lays in the winter of '76 in January, about the 16th I think. One night, an awful cold night, the postmaster of Laramie—I was runnin' between Fort Laramie and Deadwood—says to me, 'Now, Jim, I got some important mail tonight, and ye want to be mighty keerful of it.'

"'All right,' says I, and takin' the mail bags, I slung 'em in their usual place across the saddle and started on my journey, a matter of 60 mile or so.

"I was jest gettin' into the open country when I heard somebody call 'Jim, Jim Fenton!' I reined in and a feller I knew came up and said kinder low, 'Jim, ye want to watch yerself mighty close.'

French Pete got away agin last night, and I'm pretty sure he knows ye've got vallyble mail—I heard myself thet ye had $40,000 in bonds for Col. F.——— at Deadwood. So be kinder keerful to have them seven-shooters of yourn ready for 'mergincy.'

"'All right, Fred,' says I, 'much obliged to ye.' I must own as this bit of news made me feel very squeamish, and I took partic'lar care to see that my pistols was in trim for 'mmediate use—I had a pair of navies, seven-shooters, as long as yer forearm, reg'lar beauties, and I was a pretty fair shot. I've put nine out of ten shots into a playin' card (only way I ever use 'em) at 100 yards. French Pete was a what we call a road agent, and he'd done some pretty ticklish stealin' on that very road. He'd been captured two or three days previous, and accordin' to what Fred Jones had told me was loose agin—he never could be held on to when he was catched—so, as I said, I felt kinder cur'us, to say the least. He'd been described to me as tall, with piercin' black eyes and a long flowin' beard, as quick as a cat, and with a deep, gruff voice. I'd never seed him but I'd seed his hoss, a little black mare with white feet and nose and a white star on her forehead. I felt a little more oneasy at the idea of his havin' his eye on me and my vallyble mail. So I jest made up my mind to keep away from any horsemen that I might see layin' around loose.

"Well, after I got out on the open prairie the wind, which was kinder held back by the buildings, at Laramie, struck me full force. You call this a hard wind, do yer? Well, ye'd oughter ha' seed that wind—my land! this is only a zeffer. Anyhow, it did blow fearful hard, drivin' the small frozen bits of snow into my face like so many needles.

"By midnight the wind all went down till there was scarcely a breath, and the moon came out white and full, till it was 'most like daylight.

"Suddenly, I heard a horse's footsteps, clickin' on the frozen ground. My heart jumped into my mouth and I turned around pretty lively I tell ye, and I see quite a piece back up the road a feller on hossback, comin' after me at a pretty stiff rate.

"I put the spurs into my little sorrel and took out one of my pistols and cocked it. The feller didn't seem to be in any very great hurry to catch up with me, for I soon had him a mile or two behind. Then I slowed up again and went on at a jog-trot. I had ridden about 15 miles or so when I heard the hoss agin. Seein' how easy I got away from him before I waited till he was pretty close, forgettin' how easy a bullet in my back would make up the distance. Then I was jest goin' to spur up again, when he called out, 'Stop, what's yer hurry?' but instead of the gruff, coarse voice I expected from French Pete—I supposed it was him—it was as soft as a woman's. A good deal easier in my mind, I reigned in, and as the stranger came up I looked him over mighty keerful. He was a young man not over twenty-five or six, inclined to be short and thick-set, with yellow hair hangin' round his shoulders and a light mustache. The only part of his face I didn't like was his eyes. I couldn't see them very well, for his soft, broad-brimmed felt hat was pulled over 'em, but they seemed to look right through me and it made me feel nervous. He was dressed in a Mexican rig, a bluish broadcloth jacket, edged and decyrated with gold braid and buttons, a pair of loose buckskin pants and high boots. The butt of a revolver peeked out of his sash, and another I could see in a holster at his hip. I noticed him very close, and he looked wonderful trim and neat. We rid on a good piece, laughin' and talkin' and I was feelin' pretty cheerful, 'cause there was two of us in case French Pete did turn up.

"Well, we got almost to Deadwood, and near the woods about three miles from there, when suddenly somethin' took me to look at his hoss. I hadn't done this afore—don't know why, but I had't—and Jiminy Corn! there was the famous little mare, with her white trimmings and long mane and tail—oh, yes, it was French Pete's hoss, sure enough. But I didn't let on that I knew, and I was 'most beginning to think I must be mistaken when we came out of the woods. The sun was just rising, and we got to that big pine—remember it, Joe?—just as the full circle came up over the prairie. Just under this tree my my companion says, with a little chuckle, 'Jim, look at this.' Kinder startled, I turned, and I tell you the hair riz right straight up on my head. I was lookin' plumb into the muzzle of a big six-shooter, ugh!

"'Wha—what's this?' says I, skeered 'most out of my wits—I never was much on studyin' the internals of loaded weapons through the barrel. He laughed and said: 'Didn't know you had French Pete for a travelin' companion, did ye? Well, it means thet I'd like to look over yer mail abit,' and then he roared right out as he see the long face I put on, for I couldn't help thinking' of what Fred Jones had told me, and kinder wonderin' if there really was sech a pile of money in them bags.

"'Well,' says I, 'I, don't see as I can help it, here they be.'

"'You unbuckle them yerself,' says he. 'I'll keep an eye on this pistol and see that it don't go off, but I'm afeared I couldn't manage it if you should cut up any shines; it goes off mighty easy,' and he chuckled again, for I could see thet if it should go off a '32' would cut a tunnel right through my head.

"All of a sudden I thought of somethin' and jest as suddenly I found that I couldn't onbuckle the trap that held the bags to the saddle. I fussed at it for several minutes and French Pete was gettin' impatient. 'Hurry up,' says he, 'I can't control this weppin much longer.'

"'I can't onbuckle this,' says I.

"'Take your knife,' says he, with an oath. I got it out of my belt, got the point under the strap and then it slipped out of my fingers and dropped to the ground.

Then, without thinking, and I've always thought he was a fool not to shoot me on the spot, he lowered his pistol, put it back in his sash, and whipping out a big bowie rode up along side. This little proceedin' of his cost him just five years of liberty. Maybe he thought I was dreadful skeered, but he made a big mistake. Jest the minute he put away his pistol I pulled out both of mine and poked them, cocked and ready for business, right into his face, and says, as calm as I could: 'French Pete,' says I, 'hands up! Your road-agent business is jest about wound up—hands up, lively!' He see that I'd jest as soon shoot him as not, and held up both arms.

"I kept one of my pistols lookin' at him while I searched him and cleaned him of weppins. Then I tied his hands to the back of his saddle and his feet under the hose, and onbucklin' one side of his curb-rein, druv him in front of me, with a cocked revolver in the other hand. I got into Laramie all right with my pris'ner about nine o'clock, and he was tried, sentenced and did his five years in state prison. A government court tried him—a Laramie judge would ha' hanged him on the nearest tree.

"He come out of prison a different chap. He started in the mines and made his pile; then he went to New York and married. In about two years he come back, and now he's the biggest toad in the government assay office here at S——. His real name is Joseph Kennedy, and," the mail carrier suddenly added, nodding towards the short man in buckskin; "there he is, and here comes your train." And the mail carrier rose, stretched himself, took up his lantern and mail bags and went out into the storm.

"All aboard!" and with a parting shriek, a jerk and a spasmodic snort, the train rolled on its way, and the little station was left deserted, alone in the darkness and the wind.

The Cowboy of Russia.

The Cossacks furnished the cavalry and the Russians think it is the finest in the world, although there is a decided difference of opinion on this subject among military authorities. Outside of Russia the Cossack is regarded as a good scout and an active guerrilla, but worthless for regular warfare. He is a cowboy, the gaucho of Russia, was borne in a saddle, has a contempt for agriculture (all the food products among the Cossacks are raised by the women), a contempt for schools, would not learn to read or write if he had the opportunity, and is just about half civilized.

But the Cossacks are a race of free men. They have never been serfs, and have never paid taxes to any authority. They own vast tracts of land in eastern Russia, where they raise herds of cattle, sheep and horses. All their land is held in common and the people live in communes. Their system of local government is the same as that of the Bedouins; the same as that of the children of Isreal in the time of Moses and Abraham.—W. E. Curtis.

PRAISE FOR WOMEN.

Some of the Pretty Things Said About the Cherished Sex.

Mary E. Spencer, in Globe Democrat.

If the Bible had said man was made out of a woman's rib, I would believe; for of all things in this world a man is most helpless alone. A chicken two hours out of the shell can take better care of itself than a man can. So it is all right that a man by 20 or 25 should be looking around for a woman to take care of him; and a woman never is permitted to look around for a man. The women do not need to go courting. I am sure there is some mistake in the translation. It should read that a man was made of a rib of a woman.

I can not stick a pin down in literature, but I come upon the praise of women, and it is not for me to say it is not all deserved. Let me give you a taste of my collection of nice things. Martin Luther said: "Earth has nothing more tender than a woman's heart when it is the abode of pity. Michelet said: "Woman is the Sunday of man; not his repose only, but his joy—the salt of his life." That is a little mixed as a figure, I allow, but Mr. Michelet meant well, and when one is in love he can not help getting a little flurried. At least it is so with women. John Adams said: "All that I am my mother made me." Lord Lansdowne said: "If the whole world were put into one scale and my mother into the other, the world would kick the beam." I like that because of all things I am sure the very best is a noble mother. The Arabs say: "One can get a hundred wives, but he can never get but one mother; therefore a mother is equal to one hundred wives." But Leopold Schefer has it better yet, when he says: "But one thing on earth is better than the wife, that is the mother."

However, the wife gets enough praise and need not be jealous. N. P. Willis said, as sweetly as he said all things: "The sweetest thing in life is the unclouded welcome of a wife." Richter, that is, the divine Jean Paul, said: "No man can either live piously or be righteous without a wife." Emerson said: "A beautiful woman is a practical poet, taming her savage mate, planting tenderness, hope and eloquence in all she approaches." I have, however, never heard that Mrs. Emerson had much taming to do—only she must see that her mate had his hat on when he went abroad.

Among the very pretty things said of women Whittier has given us this: "If woman lost us Eden, such as she alone restores it." Voltaire said: "It is woman who teaches us repose, civility and dignity." Ruskin says a great many fine things of woman. "Shakspeare has no heroes; he has only heroines." This is always true in a ruder, earlier stage of society. Woman always begins civilization. The honor of woman has always been the corner-stone in building socially. A race lacking respect for women has never advanced politically and socially, or has speedily decayed. Lessing said: "Nature meant to make woman its masterpiece." Confucius, 2200 years ago said: "Woman is the world's masterpiece." But Malherbe spoke the mind of all Frenchmen when he said: "There are only two beautiful things in the world—women and roses; and only two sweet things—women and melons." This was gallant, but natural; and it gave women her true place as a blossom and fruit of nature.

Concerning women and men as equals Ruskin says: "We are foolish and without excuse, in claiming the superiority of our sex to the other. In truth, each has what the other has not. One completes the other, and they are in nothing alike. The happiness of both depends on each asking and receiving from the other what the other only can give." Thackeray drew this contrast: "Almost all women will give a sympathizing hearing to men who are in love. Be they ever so old, they grow young again in that conversation and renew their own early time. Men are not quite so generous." Voltaire said: "All the reasonings of men are not worth one sentiment of woman." Gladstone says: "Woman is the most perfect when the most womanly." Dr. Clark says: "Man is not superior to woman, nor woman to man. The relation of the sexes is one of equality, not of better and worse, or of higher and lower. The loftiest ideal of humanity demands that each shall be perfect in its best work. The lily is not inferior to the rose, nor the oak superior to the clover; yet the glory of the lily is one, and the glory of the oak is another, and the use of the oak is not the use of the clover."

A Weather Fable.

From the New York Tribune.

Abou Manhattan—may her tribe increase and multiply and possess the earth—awoke one night from a sweet dream of peas and spring lamb and saw within the electric light of the city hall park an angel writing on a typewriter. Exceeding blizzard made Manhattan cold. And to the presence in the park she said: "What writest thou?" The vision raised its head and remarked that it was making a list of cities that have experienced more or less weather this winter. "And is mine one?" said Manhattan. "Nay, not so," replied the vision. Manhattan speaks more loud and confident and said, "I pray thee, then, just hunt up my record for March 12." The angel hunted it up and vanished. The next night it came again with a great wakening light, and showed a list of cities that have experienced more or less weather this winter, and lo, Manhattan's name led all the rest and all the other names had been carefully erased.

Moral—This fable teaches that the Mayor of Bismarck, Dak., was justified in telegraphing Mayor Hewitt to draw upon the town for fifty dollars' worth of provisions or old clothes.