

A SEPTEMBER VIOLET.

For days the peaks wore hoods of cloud,
The drops were rained in chilly rain;
We said: 'It is the Summer's shroud,
And with the brooks we moaned aloud,
Will sunshine never come again?

At last the west wind brought us one
Serene, warm, cloudless, crystal day,
As though September, having blown
A blast of tempest, now had thrown
A gauntlet to the favored May.

Backward to Spring our fancies flew,
And, careless of the course of Time,
The bloomy days began anew,
Then, as a happy dream comes true,
Or as a poet finds his rhyme—

Half wondered at, half believed—
I found thee, friendliest of the flowers!
Then Summer's joys came back, green-leaved,
And I dreamed dead, awhile reprieved,
And thou learned how truly they were ours.

Dear violet! Did the Autumn bring
The vernal dreams, till thou, like me,
Didst climb to thy imagining?
Or was it that the thoughtful Spring
Did come again, in search of thee?
—The Century.

ATTACKED BY APACHES.

In the northwestern corner of New Mexico, nestling in one of the fertile valleys that dot those great deserts, is found the Indian village of Zuni. Around it are high table lands and those "buttes" so peculiar to the west, and not far away the horizon is bounded by the Zuni mountains, a part of the great continental back-bone. Emigrants have gradually settled wherever a fertile valley has invited a ploughshare or a grassy hillside a ranch, but this reservation has for the most part remained intact.

The village where the Zuni formerly dwelt was built upon the top of a butte which stands near by in the reservation. It was an impregnable stronghold, and for untold centuries these people held it against the hostile tribes around them. The meadows along the river at the foot of the butte supplied their wants with little labor, and as fast as the harvest ripened, they were stowed away in the granaries upon the top of the mountain. But in their security they lost their warlike qualities, and just in proportion as agriculture and the ruder arts progressed among them, they have grown less savage and more timid.

Their houses are built of stone and sun-baked brick, with the entrance through the roof, just as they were a thousand years ago. The householder climbs up upon a ladder, and then draws it after him. The dwellings were so constructed at first as a precaution against enemies, and even now, with all the protection the federal government can give, the custom is often useful, as the following incident will show.

In August, 1881, a party of men connected with the territorial surveys was stationed for several weeks at this place. The day before their arrival a band of marauding Mexicans had crossed the border, and made a raid upon the adjacent ranches, and driven away some ponies and cattle. The Zuni, having recovered from their fright as soon as the Mexicans disappeared with the booty, had hastily summoned their white neighbors, and were organizing for pursuit.

But there were only a few good weapons in the whole party, and when the young men arrived with their rifles and heavy revolvers, they were requested to lend them to the Zuni Indians during the few days necessary for pursuit. Owing to the bad feeling which universally prevails against the thieving border Mexicans, and the hospitable reception which had been accorded the young men, they were easily persuaded to lend their arms. One of them, however, refused to part with his rifle, and several of them retained their revolvers, while allowing the Indians to take their other arms to aid in recapturing their property.

The following day, while the young men were scattered about the town, some reading, some sketching the quaint objects around them, they were startled suddenly by a woman howling and screaming from one of the house-tops. Immediately the cry was caught up and repeated, as other women hurried out upon their houses, until it seemed that the whole town had gone mad. From one end of the village to the other arose the cry; eight hundred women and children howling, screaming, beating their breasts and tearing their hair.

The young men gathered at their camp in alarm, and inquired the cause of the uproar. A band of Apaches was coming! The woman had espied them some distance down the river, creeping stealthily upon the town. Evidently they had learned that the men were away, and, tired of being good, they had put on their war paint, left their reservation in Lincoln county, and were out on a raid. They were coming now to butcher the defenseless women and children, and carry off whatever plunder they could find.

There was a hurried consultation. Some of the young men advised that they should mount their horses and escape as quickly as possible, leaving the women and children to look out for themselves; for if they remained, what defense could half a dozen boys, armed with revolvers, make against seven times that number of men?

But one young fellow, whom we will call Stonewall W., remonstrated so vehemently against deserting the women and children that the rest of the party yielded, and they resolved to remain and make what defense they could. Hastily collecting their weapons and ammunition, they climbed up on one of the highest houses in the village, and drew the ladder after them. There, sheltered behind the high defenses of the roof, they would be almost secure, and able to do some damage to the assailants.

The party of Apaches could be seen plainly in the clear atmosphere of this region yet some distance down the river, but approaching still, one behind the other, in true Indian file. It is not disparagement to those young men to say that they were thoroughly frightened. It is one thing to read of brave deeds and dangers faced while seated safely at home, but quite

another to find yourself in the heart of a wild country, with two scores of painted savages creeping upon you. It was not death alone that Apaches might inflict but torture and mutilation too horrible to mention.

It is doubtful if there exists a people more devoid of human feeling, more cruel and fiendish, than these Apache Indians. Formerly, in their long marches across the country, they would kill the old and infirm when they began to impede their progress; and on one occasion, when a squaw could carry no more of her husband's trappings on account of the pappoose in her arms, the father took the child from her, and swinging it about him by the heels dashed its head against the ground; then pointing to his luggage, moved on. While the young men were watching the approaching Indians, some one suddenly remembered that two white women and an infant were in the house outside the town, and in the direction of the savages. They were wholly unconscious of impending danger, and unless warned, would surely fall into the hands of the Apaches.

But how were they to be informed of it? At that distance they could not hear a call, and a pistol-shot would not attract their notice.

The house stood in the level plain, about a mile from the village, and a thousand yards or more from a defile in the rocks through which the approaching Indians would have to enter the valley. Already the savages had disappeared behind the rocks and stunted shrubbery beyond the pass, and in a few minutes more they would be in the valley.

While they hesitated, Stonewall W.—sprang up, and declaring that he would see no woman murdered without making an effort to save her, threw the ladder over the wall and began to descend, rifle in hand, for it was he who had retained his rifle. His companions called to him to come back, that it was too late to reach the women and return before the Indians would be upon him.

But they might as well have called to a whirlwind. Every spark of chivalry was aroused in the young man, and had he known the Apaches would capture him, it is doubtful if he would have returned then.

In another moment he was upon his horse, flying across the plain towards the solitary house. As his companions watched him from the housetop, they broke into a hearty cheer. It was truly a gallant deed. A soldier may charge the cannon's mouth without flinching when two armies are watching, and he knows his gallantry will be blazoned to the world; but to dare such deeds as these, almost alone in the great wilderness, for the sake of two unknown women, was truly heroic.

These women were the wife and daughter of a man named Dan Dubois. This man had come from Wheeling, West Virginia, a number of years before, and having married a Mexican woman, settled here upon the Zuni river.

Throughout the frontier country Dubois had made such a name for bravery and daring that his presence carried more terror to Indians and thieving Mexicans than a whole regiment of soldiers. Many marvelous feats are accredited to him, but certain it is that he could draw his revolver and shoot so quickly that the eye could not detect the movement of his hand. He rarely missed his aim, and fear was unknown to him.

The Mexican woman whom he married was of a family that for generations had suffered from the Apaches. Her ancestors as far back as the records show had been killed by them, and the natural timidity of the Mexican had been so intensified in her that the sight of an Apache was sufficient to throw her into terror.

Stonewall's companions watched him till he had ridden across the intervening plain to Dubois's house; they saw him spring from his horse and enter the house, and as yet the Apaches had not a peeped in the pass.

"I heard the Mexican woman engaged in some household work," said Stonewall afterwards, "while the baby was drumming on the floor. Her daughter, a handsome girl of sixteen years, was seated by the door thrumming a guitar. 'Run for your lives!' I said; 'the Apaches are coming!'

"Snatching the baby in her arms, the woman dashed out of the door, never pausing for a question nor once looking back for the girl."

"I turned to follow her, for each moment I was expecting to hear the yells of the Indians about the house, but glancing back, I observed the girl casting after her mother such a look of scorn as I have never seen on any other face, and instead of following, she quickly took down a rifle from the wall and fastened a belt of cartridges about her waist."

"Run! I called to her in Spanish, thinking she had not understood; 'the Apaches are in the pass!'

"I will not run," she replied in Spanish; "I will fight them here!"

"Frightened as I was, I almost forgot the danger in admiration for the girl. Born of a Mexican woman, she was afeared with her Virginia father's blood. A moment before I had been thoroughly scared, but her spirit was contagious, and now I was heartily ashamed of my fears."

"I remember now to have heard of this girl at the fort, and that she was a fine shot with the rifle."

"I'll remain with you," I said, for no man could have left so brave a girl to fight alone. No time was to be lost, and we quickly barricaded the heavy door."

"Nothing further was said, but her quick, nervous movements showed her alive for the fray, and I do not believe a thought of fear had crossed her mind. 'The door securely fastened, we climbed out upon the top of the house, which like those of Zuni, was flat and had a stone parapet for defense. As we came out above, the leaders of the Apaches were just appearing through the defile in the rocks. To approach us they would have to pass over a thousand yards of level plain, and with the two rifles we hoped to do some execution among them before they reached the house, and then defend ourselves as long as possible from behind the wall upon the roof."

"When the savages had entered the valley they paused as if in consultation. There were forty-three of them. They were evidently surprised at seeing a white man there, and were considering if it were Dubois, for had they not thought him to be in pursuit of the Mexicans, they would not have ventured to make an attack."

"Presently they began to advance very cautiously, creeping upon the ground so as to expose as little of their persons as possible to our fire."

"They knew the man they saw was not Dubois. I was aware that we were in imminent danger, with scarcely a chance against those savages, but so thrilled was I by the bravery and determination of the girl standing near me that I did not feel afraid. She had not spoken since coming upon the house-top, but, dressed in her Indian costume, was standing, rifle in hand, watching the painted forms as they crawled nearer, her lips compressed, and her fine Spanish eyes flashing as if she had been some wild animal at bay. I carried an excellent rifle, and hesitating no longer, fired at one of the savages. A little cloud of dust showed where the ball had struck the alkaline sand near a sage bush some feet from the Indian. A derisive yell was the only response."

"Bad shot!" said the girl, and taking deliberate aim, she fired. No shout answered her rifle, for one of the Indians was wounded. They seemed somewhat disconcerted by this, and paused again then, spreading out their line, began to approach once more."

"Presently there was a whiff of smoke among them, and a ball whistled so near my head that instinctively I dodged. The girl laughed at me. The Apaches evidently had the best rifles made, and they knew how to use them. We both shielded ourselves somewhat behind the parapet."

"I was sufficiently acquainted with the Indian tactics to know that when they had approached within fair range of our rifles they would make a rush for the house, and under the shelter of the walls to try to break through the door or climb up to where we were."

"That our last hour had come I could not doubt, and it was horrible to think of dying by those fiends and being cut to pieces afterwards."

"But the girl stood observing them as coolly as though they had been rabbits, waiting till they should be within better range of her rifle before wasting more ammunition. I was preparing to fire again, for in another moment the savages might rush upon the house, when a clatter of hoofs sounded behind us, and, turning, I saw Dan Dubois galloping up."

"The girl hurried down, and letting her father in, both were with me in another moment. Springing upon the parapet in full view of the savages, Dubois opened a rapid fire upon them. Instantly they recognized him, and began a hasty retreat. The distance was so great that little damage was done among them, but quite a number, as was afterwards learned, were slightly wounded."

"The rest of Dubois's party was only a short distance behind with the recaptured ponies and cattle. As soon as they reached the town they started after the Apaches, and some miles away from Zuni joined a party of troops under Lieutenant Gilfoyle, who, having learned that the Indians had left their reservation, was in pursuit of them."

"The fight which followed a few days later is a matter of history which it is not necessary to relate here. Before being overtaken, the Apaches had murdered and scalped forty men, women and children. In every instance the heart was taken out, and the body itself was mutilated in a most shocking manner." —John Willis Hays, in Youth's Companion.

Sir Joshua Reynolds's Boyhood.

When Joshua was but a mere child, his father was displeased to find him devoted to drawing; on a sketch which the boys had made, his father wrote: "This is drawn by Joshua in school, out of pure idleness." The child found the "Jesus's Treatise on Perspective," and studied it with such intelligence that before he was eight years old he made a sketch of the school and its cloister which was so accurate that his astonished father exclaimed, "How this justifies the author of the 'Perspective' when he says that, by observing the laws laid down in his book, a man may do wonders; for this is wonderful!"

When about twelve years old, Joshua, while in church, made a sketch upon his thumb-nail of the Rev. Thomas Smart. From this sketch, he painted his first picture in oils; his canvas was a piece of an old sail, his colors were common ship-paint, and he did his work in a boathouse on Cremyll Beach.

In 1740, when Joshua was seventeen years old, his father tried to carry out his plan to apprentice him to a druggist, but the boy was greatly opposed to this. He said "I would prefer to be an apothecary rather than an ordinary painter; but if I could be bound to an eminent master, I should choose that." Fortunately Lord Edgumbe and other friends advised the boy's father in his favor, and so Joshua was finally sent to London and bound to Thomas Hudson, then the best portrait painter in England. After two years, Hudson suddenly dismissed the youth from his studio, though his agreement was for four years; the master said that Joshua neglected his orders, but others believed Hudson to be jealous of his pupil's success. —St. Nicholas.

A Modern Wonder.

"Say, John! What do you think? I've found something that 'beats the Dutch.' It is the wonder of wonders, the most blessed thing that ever I set eyes on. The very angel of perfection and beauty—without wings. I wouldn't take one million dollars for it. The very devil and his angels would stand aghast at the sight of it. It is the loveliest flower of mortality I ever beheld—a perfect gem. It is the one great fortune of my life. With it I can live contented and enjoy a happy old age."

"But, pray, what is it, Jack? Are you going crazy? Do tell me!"

"Well, don't mention it, John; it's my wife—a woman without a tongue." —Electric Light.

Broadbrims Who Are Up to Snuff.

The gentle Quaker is to be found at almost every summer resort along the New Jersey coast, and he is a fixture and a feature of the lake and mountain resorts of Pennsylvania. In your mind's eye you picture him with a venerable beard, bald-head, broad brimmed hat and buckle shoes, but your mind's eye is way off. In a great many instances "William" keeps the hotel, and he has a business look about him to make things snap. Any one who takes him for a moss-back will presently hear something drop.

"I welcome thee and thine," observes William as a guest walks up to the register.

"That's all right and proper, and visions of first floor rooms at \$7 per week float through a man's mind."

"Wilt thou tarry with me?" inquires William in a voice as soft as butter.

You will. That's what you've come for. You register your name and ask to look at rooms.

"I know I can satisfy thee," observes William as he leads the way. "I suppose thee prefers the first floor?"

Thou does. He is shown a bedroom a trifle larger than a coffin, without a bell, gas or other convenience, and blandly informed that he can tarry a week for \$22. If he should so far forget himself as to remain two weeks a reduction of \$1 per week would be made.

"I have still others to show thee," says William, and you finally accept of a room and stow yourself away, because you can't do better. William has the bulge on you, and he knows it. Candles are cheaper than gas, and he knows you'll put up with them. Electric bells cost money, and he knows you'll come to the office to report your wants or let them go unheeded. His beds are as hard as boards, but people sleep on them in preference to the floor. His table won't compare with an ordinary country hotel, but you must eat or go hungry. The waiter softly teases and thumps you, but the coffee is dishwater and the butter stale. At the office thee is told to make thyself at home, but the price of cigars, billiards and bowls create the impression of highway robbery.

Thou can't get a bathing suit any cheaper of William than of the Hebrew on the corner. His wagon charges thee just as much for a ride, and his porter wants feeing and his boot-black grabs for his dime the same as at the tavern of the ungodly. If you get beer it is brought to you covertly, as if William was ashamed, but the liquid is execrable, the bottle is a cheat, and the price exorbitant. William professes to serve thee with milk at the table, but he waters it. He talks of dairy butter, but serves thee with a mockery. He tells thee there are no mosquitoes, but there is the expense of screens while you fight the pests all night.

In fact, Old Broadbrim is up to snuff at all the resorts, and you've got to get drowned with all your cash on your person to get ahead of him for even a nickel. Every "thee" costs you fifteen cents, and it is never more than two "thees" for a quarter. —Detroit Free Press.

They Were Near-Sighted.

"You seem to be very much attached to your wife, as much so as if you were enjoying your honeymoon instead of being old married people," said Smith to Brown.

The latter appeared somewhat confused. He took off his eye-glasses, rubbed them very carefully with a handkerchief and replaced them on his nose. "What do you mean?" he asked. "Didn't I see you at the theater last night?" asked Brown.

"We were there," responded Brown. "Did I see you two coming out, at the end of the performance, hand in hand?"

"That's a fact!" replied Brown. "You see we are very near-sighted and were afraid if we got separated we could not find each other. It did look kinder affectionate, didn't it?" —St. Paul Globe.

No Trouble.

"Do you have much trouble in getting your children to take medicine?" said Mrs. Green, addressing Mrs. Black.

"None at all."

"How do you manage it?"

"Well, for instance, when I want my boy to take castor oil, I pour the oil in to a glass and say, 'Here, Tom, drink this, but you needn't ask for any more.' Then he drinks it with apparent relief, believing that I am not anxious for him to take it. He always asks for more. Oh, no, it is no trouble to get my children to take medicine." —Arkansas Traveler.

An Editor's Vacation.

Times being rather hard we are going to take our wife to the home of our mother-in-law next week for our short visit, and we will give our readers a little vacation by not issuing any paper. They won't lose much, for there is little news going just now, and we print this week an editorial on the tariff which would have appeared next week. The only thing we have had to leave out on that account is Bill Jones' ad. about a farm for sale, but that is of no consequence, as he hasn't paid us anything for it yet. —Dakota Thunderer.

Lazy People.

"I think old Judge Pennybunker is one of the laziest men I ever saw," remarked Gilhooly to Hostetter McGinnis.

"Is he lazy?"

"Lazy! Lazy is no name for it. He is so confounded lazy that it tires him to keep up with the earth when it turns on its axis." —Texas Siftings.

A Rare Combination.

New Tutor—You say that you want me to give special attention to good breeding and religious matters?

Father—Yes; I want my son to grow up a well bred, religious man.

New Tutor—I will do the best I can, sir; but the two are somewhat antagonistic, as it were. —New York Times.

THE BUSINESS WORLD.

A Wholesome, Steady Advancement in Legitimate Operations.

The business record of August contrasts favorably with the same month of recent years, both in point of commercial, financial, and industrial activity and in the promise of future prosperity. A wholesome, steady advancement in legitimate operations is the marked feature of the past few weeks. The peculiar conditions surrounding the money market are the direct outgrowth of its gratifying movement. Under the stimulus of increased railroad building, expanding consumptive requirements while production has been restricted, abundance of grain and produce at home, and only fair agricultural returns abroad, it is natural that momentary affairs should first respond to the broad general improvement. Distinctively fresh enterprises have thus far been less numerous than in other years when the common situation has been otherwise healthful, and purely speculative ventures have scarcely caused a ripple on the surface of financial seas.

A warm, dry summer has resulted in matured and harvested grain crops about three weeks earlier than for the average year, while the labor agitation of last spring deferred the larger half of that season's trade to the summer months. It may be well for those who have exaggerated ideas of what the autumn has in store for them, to remember that August has been a profitable month chiefly when compared with the like dull period of former years. The special reasons assigned for its unusual activity are not likely to obtain in the fall, though there is undoubted ground for presuming that relative enlargement may prevail through the next ninety days. There is moreover, but little inclination to reckless operating, and values of commodities are nowhere advanced unless the appreciation can be readily and permanently held. The foundation of trade, in a broad sense, is strongly fortified by strict adherence to the laws of supply and demand, and the danger from the "boom" element is now reduced to a point near its minimum.

In the grain situation nothing but moderate improvement in the condition of the growing crops has revealed itself, corn in Kansas and spring wheat in Minnesota being especially benefited by the rains of the past two weeks. Receipts of wheat were 3,348,764 bushels at the eight leading western markets, against 3,287,000 bushels for the previous week. Heavy deliveries are looked for and the visible supply is expected to show an increase of 2,000,000 to 2,500,000 bushels. The export demand has been good and bad weather reported abroad, but holders were weak and the course of prices has been downward. The October option ranged at 77½ to 81½, the outside being realized Monday. No real improvement to European crops was developed, and Liverpool markets were inclined to be heavy, especially toward the close of the week. Corn sympathized very strongly with wheat, and had little beside the intermittent support of the "short" interest to sustain it. Shipments of old stock from farmers' hands were large and sensibly affected prices. The October option ranged at 42½ to 44½ cents, as against 42½ to 44 cents for the same week of 1885. Pasturage has been greatly benefited by the rainfall of the week, extending over wide sections of the grazing lands, but there is yet decided danger of overstocking it, and cattle as a rule, must be given additional feed for some time to come.

Dry goods and general merchandise movements have proven exceptionally satisfactory, both as compared with previous weeks and the corresponding period of recent years. The jobbers of dry goods report gratifying returns, but manufacturers' agents only made moderate sales. There was a material increase in the shipments of woollen dress goods from New York, owing to a reclassification of freights over the Eastern railroads favorable to these fabrics. The late upward movement in cottons has been somewhat checked by the improving cotton crop conditions, slightly lower prices at New York and Liverpool, and two unfortunate defalcations at Boston which caused temporary embarrassment to several mills in the vicinity of that city. A short interruption to production, however, will only have the effect of enhancing values as stocks of the raw product are nowhere excessive. Print cloths have fully held their own while there has been a steady, active request for cotton flannels throughout the week.

Lumber and coal have gained advances upon better consumptive demands. Through the Mississippi Valley, at Saginaw, Toledo, Cleveland and eastward the lumber trade is inspired with a stronger feeling and animation than here, but prices have been well maintained with the increased activity in building, the mainstay of the markets everywhere. The iron trade is using more coal than for several years past, and the same may be said of almost all manufacturing industries. The restriction of the output for September to 2,750,000 tons was a wise step on the part of the anthracite combination and, if adhered to, will bring the production of the first eight months to very nearly an even basis with the same months of 1884 and 1885. The tonnage for this year to Oct 1 will be 22,206,724 tons, against 21,785,421 tons last year, and 21,962,167 the previous year for the like period. There has been more doing in soft coal, too, and outside quotations were easily obtained. Pig iron gained in activity, while southern irons were advanced about 50 cents per ton, Scotch iron about 25 cents per ton, and finished iron sold more freely at an appreciation of fully 5 per cent. over former sales. Old rails have been selling at \$34.50 per ton, which returns the makers nearly \$7 profit. At this time last year there were 71 furnaces in blast against 121 now.

Loanable capital has been in good demand at firm rates of interest in the interior, while the request for funds at the Eastern centers has exceeded the supply. Cheap loans have been freely called in, and more money has been placed on time than for some time past. The stringency at New York has been aggravated by brokers borrowing large sums of money to carry them beyond Jan. 1, at least. The flow of funds Westward to move grain and to go into commercial and industrial employment has continued uninterrupted. Stocks and bonds were left to the mercies of a few room traders and were dull but rather steady. Foreign exchange gained some strength from the advance in the Bank of England discount rate to 3½ per cent. The exports of gold to this country from London and continent will probably approximate \$5,000,000 for the week. Abroad general trade is improving sympathetically with the natural, healthy progress noted here. —Chicago Inter Ocean.

Awful to Take.

Colonel Sackerly, a gentleman who is prominently identified with the temperance movement, remarked to his wife: "My dear, I bought a bottle of Bullfinch's Liver Cure. I thought that I'd try a quart bottle and then, if it helps me, will continue its use. Nice looking bottle," holding it up. "Name blown in the bottle, I'll keep it up here on the safe and take it just before meal time. It is said to be horrible to take, but I don't mind the taste if I am only benefited."

"I hope that it will help you, for you have not been well during the summer," the colonel's wife replied. "I haven't much faith in patent medicines," the colonel said, "but this has been highly recommended. Believe I'll take a dose of it now." He turned up the bottle, took several swallows, made a very face and exclaimed: "Voo! Horrible stuff! Don't believe I can stand it."

"Oh, but you must."

"Well, I'll try."

He took several "pulls" at the medicine during the afternoon and his wife declared that it was surely helping him "for don't you see it has benefited you already," she remarked. "You haven't been in such good spirits before for a long time. You must keep it up."

"I'll try, Jane, but it's awful to take. By the way, a doctor told me to take it as often as I could stand it, but it's awful to take. Wish you'd squeeze me a lemon in a glass. Believe I'll take a good dose this time. I told you what the doctor said, didn't I?"

"Yes."

"Ah, lah. Best doctor I ever saw. There's something in patent medicines after all, but as a rule I haven't much faith in them. By the way, the doctor told me that a little lemon and sugar would be good to mix with the medicine. Takes away the bad taste. Believe I'll try it again. This hot weather makes me unsteady on my feet," he added, as he staggered against the table. "By the way, did I tell you what the doctor said?"

"Of course you did. You've told me three or four times."

He missed his chair and sat down on the floor. "This hot weather knocks a man around shameful."

"Let me taste that medicine," said his wife.

"Oh, no, honey; it's too bad for you. Horrible to take. Doctor said lemon and sugar—help cause."

She seized the bottle and tasted the medicine. A dark frown spread over her face, and as she threw the bottle into the street, she said:

"It's so hard to take, dear, that I'll relieve you of the infliction. Get up off the floor."

"Doctor said—"

"Get up, I tell you."

"Hot weather—"

She darted from the room. A few moments later she heard a hoarse and guttural voice singing:

"Nigger and the white man playing chuck-a-luck,
Nigger beat the white man, snatch the money up.
Nigger on the wood-pile couldn't count eleven,
Flung him in a feather bed thought he was in heaven."

—Arkansas Traveler.

Horses at the Bath.

"It was my habit," said a gentleman just returned from a visit to Cape May to a New York Times reporter, "to go to the beach daily at the hour for the horses to bathe, and a great pleasure I found to watch them. The noble fellows came down over the sand, tossing their heads and impatiently pawing, evidently full of eager anticipation. Once in the water they waded or swam about on the fine, smooth beach, ducking their heads in the breakers and tossing the spray like a pack of huge Newfoundland mastiffs. The grooms and it difficult to get them out and back to their quarters. One of the men in charge told me how well horses thrive during a seashore residence. The briny air is a bracing tonic to them and the salt water imparts a satin smoothness to their coats."

"At Saratoga too, equines improve on the waters as much as their masters, more, perhaps, for they do not have the counteracting influences of late hours and rich eating, not to mention the more serious dissipations of the spa. I have seen horses there led regularly to the springs every morning for three days, and a quantity of the medicinal liquid carried away for grooming purposes. A good rubbing down with spring water acts like a polishing brush and the horses sides fairly reflected their lustrous gloss after it."

A Good Definition.

One of our lawyers, in an argument before a jury last week, very aptly defined a bully as—

"A man who is brave where there is no danger and would insult a woman."

—Selma (Ala.) Times.