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INDIAN SUMMER.

What perfect days are those that sometimes come
When latest autumn still retains its prime;
The plenteous harvests all are gathered in;
A full succeeds the toil of summer time,
As if the year would linger ere it leaves,
To rest awhile amid its garnered sheaves.

A dreamy, brooding silence wraps the earth,
As wraps the purple haze the distant hills;
The joyous melody of birds has ceased,
But nature's undertone the silence thrills,
And still the blue of summer tints the sky,
Though wary birds take wing and southward fly.

How softly now the mellow sunlight falls,
As if in blessing on the waning year;
Not in the fervid heats of glowing June,
But with a chastened radiance far more dear;
As still we hold more precious than the rose
It's fragrant mem'ry when the blossom goes.

O rare, brief season, thou hast all the charm
Of summer's gladness blent with thine own peace.
How like thou art to beautiful old age—
The restful calm where active labors cease;
And, pausing on life's threshold ere he leaves,
One sees Heaven's sunlight smiling on his sheaves.

—*M. K. Buck, in Chicago Advance.*

SACRED FIRE.

A Former Interesting Custom of North American Indians.

Its Probable Origin—A Legend of the Natchez—The "Living Sacrifice of the Sacred Fire"—Kept Perpetually Burning.

One of the most peculiar and interesting customs of the North American Indians, which, with many others are now preserved only in tradition, was that of keeping alive the sacred eternal fire. All the rites and duties connected with it are probably remembered by some of the veterans of the Western tribes, but it is not known to have been observed after the arrival of the French upon the great lakes.

It is a favorite theme, however, among the few survivors of the once powerful nation of the Natchez. These Indians were of a higher type of intelligence, probably, than any other tribe.

The prevalence of a custom similar to this of our Indians among the natives of the East, from a very early period, is well known to all who have traced the history and progress of human superstitions. From them it found its way to Greece, and eventually to Rome.

It is not, perhaps, surprising that the element of fire should be selected as the object of worship by nations ignorant of the true religion, and seeking safety in that system of polytheism which declared the manners and the morals of the most polished people of antiquity. The affections and instinct seemed to require something tangible and visible for their support, and this mysterious agent was sufficiently powerful in its effect and striking in its operation to appear as a direct emanation from the Deity. But there was a uniformity of the mode of worship and in the principles of its observance which leaves no doubt of the common origin of this belief.

The sacred flame was not only regarded as the object of veneration, but its preservation was indissolubly connected with the existence of the State. It was the visible emblem of public safety, guarded by chosen ministers, secured by dreadful imprecations and punishments and made holy by a solemn and imposing ritual. The coincidences which will be found between these observances and opinions and the ceremonies and belief of the Indians indicate with sufficient certainty that their notions upon this subject were brought from the Eastern hemisphere, and were derived from the fruitful Persian stock. It is not known positively that this custom existed among any other tribes than the Iroquois, the Chippewas, the Natchez and the Shawnees. It is certain that the Natchez were fire-worshipers, and without giving full credit to all the marvelous tales related of this tribe by the early French settlers and travelers, we may yet be satisfied from the many concurring accounts that they were believers in the efficacy of an eternal fire. According to one of the legends, this tribe should have been of Asiatic origin, for they were unanimous and sincere in following the most poetical of all the idolatries of the East. Another curious fact is that they held woman in the highest respect, and with a gallantry quite uncommon to the Aborigines, they ascribed the salvation of their race to one of the sex usually degraded and despised by them. The tradition in substance is as follows: Many thousands of winters ago all the inhabitants of the earth, with the exception of a single family, were destroyed by floods and darkness for want of food. This one family managed to keep up a large fire of wood and so survived for a time. But in consequence of the continued darkness even this last remnant of human existence was about to perish. In this emergency, a young girl of the family, suddenly inspired by the idea that she might save her race by an act of self-sacrifice, threw herself upon the fire which served the despairing sufferers for light and heat. Her body was speedily reduced to ashes, but the next moment, she arose perfect and apparently unharmed, in the eastern sky, surrounded with halos of surpassing glory. The darkness began to disappear before this new sun, and the family of the Natchez was saved. This wonderful girl became the chief of the tribe, and it was decreed that her nearest female relation should be her successor.

The worship of the sun which she had rivaled at her resurrection was established at once, and in addition to this, a perpetual fire was kept, called the "Living Sacrifice of the Sacred Fire," and it was the belief of the survivors that so long as this fire blazed upon their altars the tribe of the Natchez should be peaceful and happy. On the spot where the sacrificed maiden was reincarnated when the fire from heaven descended and surrounded her body with glory they built their mound to indicate that their wanderings were at an end. It was only on this mound at the Festival of the Fruits that the Priestess of the Sun showed herself to the people arrayed in robes of white with a girdle about her waist adorned with sparkling gems. She assisted in the early greeting of her ancestor (the sun) and as the god of day ascended into the east his first rays fell upon the figure of the sacred priestess, which circumstance was hailed by the worshipers as a recognition of sympathy and acknowledged relationship between the real sun and his queenly representative. The Chippewa tribe formerly inhabited the regions around Lake Superior, and its council house and the seat of the eternal fire were west of the Keewenaw Point. Here lived the principal Chief, called the Mutchakewis, who exercised more authority and assumed more state than would be compatible with the present feelings of the Indians. The designation was official, not individual, and the office was hereditary in the direct male line. He was supported by voluntary contributions, his muskinews or "provider" making known his necessities from time to time by public proclamation. Whatever was required on these occasions, either of food or clothing, was immediately forthcoming. He appears to have been the chief priest, and could not engage in war or hunting. In the village where he resided, and near his cabin, the eternal fire was kept burning. The altar was a kind of rude oven, over which no building was erected. Guardians were selected by the Mutchekewis to take charge of the fire; two of these were men and two women. They were all married, but the wives of these men employed in this service were required to cook and do the necessary domestic service, while the husbands of the women engaged in the sacred duties were always engaged in hunting, and providing whatever else was wanted. The persons devoted to the altar were thus left without any secular cares to divert their attention from the holy trust committed to them. A perpetual succession was kept up in the priesthood by a prerogative of the Mutchekewis and the principal head women, the former selecting a husband and the latter a wife for the services whenever either of these eight persons died. The chain was thus always unbroken and traditionary rights transmitted unimpaired. Death was the penalty for any neglect of duty, and was inflicted without delay and without mercy. The council fires were lighted at the great fire and carried wherever the council was held. After the termination of the business a portion was carefully returned and the remainder extinguished. Whenever a person became dangerously ill, if not too far distant, he was taken to the house of the Mutchekewis, where his fire was extinguished and a brand taken from the altar, the fire rekindled, at which a feast was prepared. A great dance was held and the viands consumed. It is stated as a fact that a patient seldom failed to recover. Once in eight years the whole Chippewa tribe assembled at their principal village "about the season of the buds." Early in the morning the great pipe was lighted at the sacred fire, and delivered to the Mutchekewis. He took one puff and then delivered it to the women, and by them to the men, who each in turn smoked it in the same brief but solemn manner. It was then passed to the children. This ceremony occupied the greater part of the day. Early on the following morning a feast was held, at which the men, women and children silently ate in separate groups, and in the evening of the second day they departed for their different villages. The fire was called Kangagerskoote, or the everlasting fire. The legends told in connection with this curious custom are not a few, many of them being of a highly romantic and poetic nature. What led to the discontinuance of this custom, which had such a firm hold upon the religious or superstitious feelings of the wild tribes, is one of the mysteries that has never yet been explained. But there is not known on the North American continent to-day any people or tribe who practice in any form this custom of the orientals.—*J. M. Bulkley, in Interior.*

IN PARIS.

Giddy Bill Nye's Observations on the Gay French Capital.

There may be more beautiful sights, perhaps, than the quiet beauty of the French capital sleeping in the moonlight on the Seine, but I do not remember at this moment what they are. Looking down from the mighty fortifications to where nearly two million warm-hearted, hot-headed, loyal and yet rebellious, peaceful and still belligerent people are slumbering, what memories of blood and riot and ruin come trooping up in the brain of the beholder. Again the air seems filled with the wild roar and rush of the riotous canaille, the beautiful boulevards run red with French blood, and the glorious architecture of forgotten centuries crumbles and yields to the mad tide of revolution and revenge. From the early days of infant Paris, known then as Lutetia Parisorum, when the French capital was simply an outfitting point, down to the days when she dictated to the world in the matter of National debts and overskirts, we trace the wonderful career of the great city. Again we see Cæsar rebuilding the city. In fancy we see him being about with his coat off and his red suspenders flashing in the warm southern sun. His noble head is thrown back proudly and across the horizon of his pantaloons there is a dash of pale light that shows where he sat down in the mortar-bed near where the Pavillion de Saltpeter now stands. Rapidly the eye sweeps down the Seine from the Louvre, along the Tuileries, the Rue Rivoli and the Rue Folderol, to where the glistening mass of the Vendome de Charlotte Russe raises its pale facades. In the foreground stands the Hotel des Invalides, an imposing pile, crowned with a gilded dome one-hundred and five meters high. Immediately under it stands the sarcophagus of Napoleon I. This sarcophagus was first used by Napoleon. He was proud and exclusive about his sarcophagi, refusing to use a second-hand sarcophagus, no matter how cheaply he could procure it.

Moving toward the background, we come suddenly upon the Bourse, the imposing coup d'etat, the Palais des Beaux-Arts, the Bon-Bon, and the Champs de Dofunny. Farther on rests the Grand Boulevard de Parleyvoo, silent and abandoned, while down the river farther, and still beyond the Palais de Livery Stable, stands the historic Rue de Crazy Woman's Fork.

How fresh in my memory still rests the picture of Paree, and what a pleasure it is, again and again to bring back its tender outlines. Imperfect though this pen picture may be, I know it will be read with much pleasure by those who see it and if there should, at first blush, appear to be a vagueness, and, as it were, an incompleteness in the description, I hope the gentle reader will bear in mind that Tie Siding, Wyoming, is about the nearest I ever got to Paree, and with a broken leg and the long, damp walk that stretches out between myself and France, I am afraid that I may be delayed in reaching there this fall.

My next letter will be from Rome.

For a cripple I intend to see as much of Europe this fall as possible.—*Denver Opinion.*

—There are about 100,000 colored Roman Catholics in the country.

PLUMBOTTLE'S ADVENTURE.

He Relates It to an Appreciative Audience in Austin.

Tom Plumbottle had just returned to Austin from a brief visit to New York, and was relating his experience and adventures to a few select friends in the back room of a saloon.

"Those gangs of roughs must be pretty bad in New York," remarked Gilhooly.

"Bad! Well, I should snicker to insinuate. Talk of Texas rowdies! They are mere babes and sucklings compared with the thugs and burglars of New York. They think nothing of burglarizing a house in broad daylight, and murdering any of the inmates who may be in their way."

"I had no idea they were that dangerous," observed Gus De Smith.

"They have got the police so badly scared that they are afraid to make arrests. That's what makes the brigands so bold. I had a narrow escape from being murdered by them myself, while I was in New York," said Plumbottle, shaking his head, and looking as serious as a candidate of whom a ten dollar bill had been solicited by an impecunious suffragan.

"You don't say so. Tell us all about it," said Kosciusko Murphy.

"I occupied a small hall-room in one of the most aristocratic streets of New York, and thought I was perfectly secure from the murderous assaults of the house-breakers, but I was mistaken. I did not get up as early as usual one morning, as I was not feeling well. I had been out to supper with Swindells, of Austin, Tom Ochiltree, Bob Lowe, of the Galveston *News*, and a few more distinguished Texans, and consequently I was suffering from a severe attack of bilious headache, to which I am subject," continued Plumbottle.

"Ahem!" remarked Gilhooly.

"While I was trying to recall some of the incidents of the previous evening, and more particularly a conversation I had with Colonel Ochiltree about a supper he once gave to the Prince of Wales and the Prince Imperial of France, I heard a strange noise in the hall, as if some heavy body was being dragged across the floor. I listened with bated breath."

"I can guess what you had baited your breath with if you were out with Tom Ochiltree," remarked Gilhooly.

"Please don't interrupt him," said Gus De Smith. "It's his own breath, and he has a perfect right to bait it with what he pleases. Go on, Plumbottle; we want to hear about your narrow escape."

"It was no joking matter, I assure you," continued Plumbottle, "for as I listened with bated breath, I heard a man say: 'She is too heavy entoirely. It's sorry I am that I had anything to do wid her,' and pretty soon another voice replied: 'Turn her over on her side, and may be we can lift her thin.'"

"This is getting interesting," remarked Gus De Smith, leaning over. "Did you have your pistol?"

"I never travel without my arms," resumed Plumbottle; "so without taking time to make my toilet, I took my pistol and listened again, attired as I was in my short-stop clothes. The burglars were still there, for I could hear them trying to lift the body, for one of them said: 'Turn her up on her back, Pat, and lift her up at the other end, for she is squazing the loife out of me.' I knew that the stout German lady, who lived on the floor above, had been murdered for her money, and the burglars were removing the body to the cellar to conceal it."

The hearers had become interested in Plumbottle's narrative. They leaned over towards him with protruding eyes and open mouths. Even their drinks remained untouched.

"I silently cocked my revolver and unlocked the door. I heard a voice say: 'Turn her over on her back and take off her legs.' I knew that the moment had arrived for action. The assassins, in order to more easily dispose of her body, were going to dismember the fat woman. Gentlemen, I tell you it was a trying moment," and Plumbottle paused.

"Did you shoot?"

"Was the woman dead?"

"Gentlemen," resumed Plumbottle, "I did not shoot. The woman was not dead, for when I stepped out into the hall, she was standing on the landing above, watching the Irishmen bring up one of those square pianos. One of the Irishmen, who was unscrewing the legs of the piano, offered me a dime if I would help them carry her, the piano, up the stairs. If it had been the fat woman instead of a piano they were carrying off, I expect I would have been murdered in cold blood, and never have been heard of afterwards," said Plumbottle.

"I wish, then, it had been the woman," said Gilhooly, with a disgusted look.

"You are a fraud, and no gentleman," said Gus De Smith, draining his glasss and going off.

"I believe the whole thing is one of Colonel Ochiltree's yarns," said Murphy.

"I would not have been deceived if the Irishman carrying the piano had not referred to it as a female, but that's not my fault. How could I suppose it was a piano when they talked about turning her over on her side and lifting her up at the other end?"

"Charge these drinks up to Mr. Plumbottle," said the crowd as they passed out.—*Texas Siftings.*

THE WONDERFUL MOTHER.

A Large Brown Bear Which Took Care of a Little Savoyard Boy.

The winter of the year 1709 was one of extreme cold. Never was a colder winter known in Europe. In France many people froze to death in their beds, not only among the mountains, but even in the villages and cities. The hottest fire was not sufficient to keep a room warm. While the stoves were red hot, the water would freeze but a few feet from them. The trees in the forest and by the roadside became so frozen that some of them burst, and made a noise as if a small mine had exploded.

Sparrows and crows and jackdaws sometimes fell down dead while flying in the air. Large flocks of sheep and cattle froze in the barn yards. The bats, which usually sleep during the winter, were awakened out of their torpid slumbers, fluttered around a little while, and fell dead on the ground. The deer in the forest could no more run swiftly, but crept slowly out of the woods and came near the dwellings of men. Finally spring came, and a multitude of them were found dead in the woods. The little lakes and brooks and rivers, after they had been thawed by the sun, emitted a very unpleasant odor, because nearly all the fish in them had been frozen to death. The people suffered from extreme poverty, for the cold had destroyed many of their means of support. The wheat that had been sown in the autumn, their sheep, fowls, fish and vegetables that had been buried in the ground, were completely destroyed by the frost.

During this winter a poor little Savoyard boy was wandering in the streets of Luneville, in Lothringia. He was a pitiable orphan. His older brother, who had taken care of him, had now gone on a message to the city of Nancy to earn a few francs. But he suffered the fate of many travelers, and was frozen to death. Many of the passengers on the stage and on horseback were frozen to death, though covered with furs and cloaks. The drivers lost their lives, and still held the reins in their stiff hands.

The little Savoyard boy wandered about from house to house to get a little employment or a piece of bread. He was glad to blacken boots or shoes, dust clothes, clean dishes in the kitchen or do anything that would give him a sou. But when night came on his suffering became intense. He had slept with his brother in a carpenter shop, where the two had covered themselves with an old foot cloth, on which they piled shavings very high. They lay very close together, and by this means managed to be protected from the severity of the cold. But now he was alone, and he would certainly freeze if he should attempt to sleep in the carpenter shop. The wife of the hostler took compassion on him. She showed him a little sleeping place in one of the stalls in the stable where the horses of a certain Prince were kept. In this stall there stood an iron cage in which a large brown bear was confined; for the beast was very wild and angry. The little Savoyard boy, who had come in the darkness of the night into the stable, neither knew nor cared for any wild beast that might be near by. He lay down upon some straw and stretched out his hand to pull more. As he stretched out his hand he put it between the wires of the cage in which the beast was, and found that a large pile was there. Thinking it better to get in where the straw was, he crawled up to the cage and squeezed in through the iron bars. The bear grumbled a little, but did no violence. She took the little stranger between her paws and pressed him near her warm breast and against her thick skin so softly and comfortably that he who had not slept for many nights with any comfort now forgot all fear and soon fell into a sweet, deep sleep.

In the morning the boy waked up with renewed strength and crept out of the cage and went forth to the city to attend to his business and seek his daily bread. At night he returned to his strange mother. Beside the bear there lay a great many pieces of bread which had been brought from the table of the Prince; but the bear had eaten all she wanted, and these were left. So the Savoyard helped himself to all he needed. He then lay quietly down between the paws of his thick-clad mother, who pressed him to her as she had done before; and he slept there as if in the warmest feather bed.

In this way he spent five nights without anybody knowing it. On the morning of the sixth night he overslept himself, so that when the hostlers went around with lanterns in the early morning to attend to the many horses in the stable, they saw the boy lying between the paws of the great bear. The old bear grunted a little as if she was very much offended at any one seeing her taking care of her little favorite. The boy sprang up, and squeezed through the cage, to the great astonishment of the bystanders.

The strange affair became widely known, and created much wonder throughout the city.—*Good Words.*

THE CHINESE CABINET-MAKER.

A Simple-Minded Fellow Who Was Easily Flattered by a Russian.

I noticed a door and a window in a courtyard with a very original lattice. I had succeeded in getting a few similar ones, and when time failed me I rubbed black all over a sheet of paper and then applied it to the lattice, thus obtaining a faithful life-size copy. The Chinese paper being strong, although fine, was eminently suitable to this sort of drawing, and also copying inscriptions on stones or walls. Not having any such paper about me I begged a Chinese to go and fetch some for me, which he did with alacrity, and when I explained what I was going to do, he ran and got me a stool that I might reach the window with greater facility. Some of them held it all the time for me, and when they inquired why I was doing this, I told them that the design was very beautiful, and that I desired to have a window like it in my own house. This pleased and flattered them greatly, and to enhance the merits of their town they told me the artist was a native cabinet-maker; some of them even ran to fetch him. I complimented him on his work, but he was very modest about it. I then tore a sheet of paper out of my note-book, and, to leave him a remembrance, sketched my own likeness and offered it for his acceptance. The onlookers recognized the drawing and uttered exclamations of approval. The cabinet-maker ran off with it greatly delighted, accompanied by a crowd of admirers. I only mention this fact to prove how easy it is to disarm the distrust and hostility of a Chinese crowd.—*A Russian through China.*

Elk-Hunting in Ceylon.

The finest sport in Ceylon is elk-hunting on the hills, which are five thousand to seven thousand feet above the sea level. The hounds are a mixed pack, comprising four or five couple of English fox-hounds, three couple of mixed breed, and some "seizers"—viz: a thoroughbred Scotch deerhound, a strong greyhound, perhaps a kangaroo hound, and crosses of these breeds with mastiff and bloodhound. After an elk has been found the run is very fast, and it is generally impossible to keep near up with the hounds. Occasionally one of these is snapped up by a leopard lurking on the hillside. When at last the elk comes to bay, it is generally in a strong-flowing water course, and the seizers then rush in, aided by the hunting men, whose only weapon appears to be the knife, with which the quarry is stabbed as he faces his four-legged foes. The elk weighs sometimes as much as four hundred pounds clear, and it is a pleasant reward for a run which lasts usually two hours or more.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—A Tennessee man had to be hanged before he could be convinced that there was any law in this country to punish a man for killing his wife's poor relations

—There are 546 lady missionaries in India.

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RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

—Education is on the increase. There are twenty-two public schools in Alturas County, Idaho.

—Over 10,000 copies of the Bible have been printed every day for the last thirty-four years.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—The real object of education is to give children resources that will endure as long as life endures.—*Sydney Smith.*

—At Bowling Green, Ky., it is necessary for the churches to take out boarding-house licenses before they can give charitable suppers.

—A frame school-house in the Catskill Mountains, which is used for church purposes, is papered with pictures from illustrated papers published during the rebellion.—*Troy Times.*

—Since he has attained his majority, in 1868, the Duke of Norfolk has, in one way or another, given more than $2,500,000 to the Roman Catholic Church, besides princely sums devoted to private charities.

—The Superintendent of the Philadelphia Public Schools declares that 96,000 children of that city are growing up without schooling. At least 20,000 of them, he thinks, do not go to school because there is no room for them.

—The schoolmaster who sat down on a large disk of shoemaker's wax, which the boys had placed in his chair, stuck to business very closely. In fact, he stuck there until about eight o'clock in the evening.—*Burlington Free Press.*

—A good old Congregational pastor used to say that there is a town officer mentioned in the New Testament to whom he had been more indebted than to almost any other man: "the town clerk of Ephesus, who [Acts xix. 35] advised to do nothing rashly.'"

—At the recent examination of Rev M. C. Stebbins for the pastorate of the church at Cornwall, President Hamlin inquired if we have the right to fix the Bible over to suit ourselves; to which the candidate replied: "I am accustomed to look upon the Bible as intended to fix us over."—*Rochester Express.*

—The New York *Freeman's Journal* does not believe that convent schools should be fashionable resorts merely for the young ladies of rich parents. It says: "There is no necessity for convent schools unless they send out into the world Christian gentlewomen. If they become servile to wealth, they should close their doors to pupils and take in the poor and the sick."

—Many of the country school-houses in Europe have gardens attached to them, says Prof. Lanz. This is especially true of Germany, Switzerland, Belgium, Holland and Denmark. These gardens are used not only for ornament and to grow vegetables for the use of the teacher and his family, but they also serve a purpose in the work of instruction. Children in these schools are generally taught the elements of agriculture and horticulture, and these gardens are used to illustrate lessons and to try experiments.

WIT AND WISDOM.

—An ounce of keep-your-mouth-shut is better than a pound of explanation after you have said it.

—"Oh, for the wings of a dove," she sang as she was puzzling her brains as to what new ornament she should put upon her bonnet.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

—A more glorious victory can not be gained over another man than this, that when the injury began on his part, for the kindness to begin on ours.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

—A little boy whose sprained wrist had been relieved by bathing in whisky surprised his mother by asking: "Did papa sprain his throat when he was a boy?"—*Troy Times.*

—"It's proof of the singular operation of the human mind," says a mental philosopher, "that when two men accidentally exchange hats the one who gets the worst tile is always the first to discover the mistake."

—They have a man named Pyle out in St. Louis who drives a horse-car. A horse-car under the guidance of a pile-driver is certainly an innovation, and there is probably plenty of punching done on the car—and possibly some log-rolling.—*Boston Times.*

—A father-in-law at a wedding attempted to chaff the groom: "I hope now, sir, that you will not get into any more scrapes." "No," said the new son-in-law, "I shall not have a chance; I shall never get out of this one."—*Providence News.*

—The Crazy Quilt!

Oh, can you see by the dawn's early light,
What you failed to perceive at the twilight's last gleaming;
A cranky concern that through the long night,
O'er the bed where you slept was so saucily streaming?
The silk patches so fair,
Round, three-cornered and square,
Give proof that the lunatic bed-quilt is there,
Oh, the crazy-quilt mania triumphantly raves,
And maid, wife and widow are bound as its slaves.

—*D. T. Highmore.*

—I was told a good story the other day about a Griswold street lawyer. In the dead of one dreadful hot August night he was awakened by a noise in his bedroom. Hastily sitting up in bed to find out who the intruder could possibly be, he was confronted with a revolver in the hands of a burly burglar. "I'm looking for money, I am," hissed the burglar, "so you'd better keep still." "Oh! say, hold on," said the lawyer, "lemmo get my pants on and I'll help you hunt for it."—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Mrs. Jarply to husband: How could you stay out at the club until after one o'clock in the morning and leave your wife all alone?—Mr. Jarply: You must be mistaken, my dear; it was only half-past eleven o'clock, or so.—Mrs. Jarply: You can't deceive me; I was awake, and looked at the clock.—Mr. Jarply, in a deeply injured tone: Well, Amandy, I've nothing more to say, if you will believe a ninety-five cent nickle-plated nutmeg clock, instead of your own married husband.—*N. Y. Independent.*

The Word "Woman."

Men often misuse not only women, says a contemporary, but the word "woman." The husband who speaks of his wife as his "woman" is a hog. The man who goes out with his wife and registers her as his "lady" is abusive, though he may not know it. The man who goes out with several women should not say that he is with a lot of women, but that he accompanies ladies. This includes his wife and all others in the company. It is proper to say good morning, good evening, or good night, "ladies," but it would be boorish to say good-night "women." Treat your wife as your wife, with love, respect and manly attention. Treat all women as ladies, as refined, lovable women, as by so doing you prove yourself to be the possessor of gentlemanly qualities.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*