

The Dewey Arch.

The public value of the naval arch temporarily erected in Fifth Avenue last year, is pointed out in the July Century by its designer, Charles R. Lamb. On one aspect of the subject he writes:

"The Dewey Arch in New York, which, as it neared completion, attracted almost as much public interest as the stately procession which followed, marked, as never before, the value of the artist in the designing of public festivals; and the measure of its success was so great that it seems impossible to believe that that value will ever be doubted again. It was not the first instance of the kind, but it was the first in which artistic cooperation was carried out on a large scale, and for which there was provided a fairly liberal amount of public money.

Instinct in a Bird.

A traveler relates that while passing through a small forest in Brazil he was attracted by the rapidly-uttered cries of alarm of a bird, and, wishing to learn the cause, he made his way to the tree whence he thought the sounds proceeded, and, looking up, saw that a serpent was slowly winding itself up toward a nest of unfledged little ones. While watching its movements the male parent bird arrived, who, circling twice or thrice over the top of the tree, swiftly darted further away into the forest, and in a few seconds returned with a large leaf in its little mouth, which it instantly placed over the nest, and then flew up higher. Meantime the serpent wound itself slowly up the tree and reached the nest, but, on putting its head over the side, quickly started back, descended the tree, and was lost in the under-wood. The traveler, being deeply interested in the singular incident, afterwards learned from some of the natives that the leaf of a certain tree is a deadly poison to the serpent. How had the bird acquired a knowledge of this? What mortal can say? What philosopher can explain?

Tommy (whispering)—Say, Chimmy, why don't yer show de teacher yer mumps, so she will let yer go home?

Chimmy (hoarsely)—Sb, yer idyut, I want ter have de whole school ketch de disease so't I kin have some of de fellers to play wid.—Judge.

After Supper, at a Ball. He—Without joking, Elsie, I do really adore you. When I look at you there is such a commotion in my breast—

She—And in mine, too, Henry. It must be the lobster salad.

She—You hesitated when I asked you if I were the only girl you had ever loved.

He—Yes; I couldn't tell from your expression whether you wanted me to say "no" or "yes."

"My sympathy," he said, "is always with the under dog."

"Yes," she replied, "but did you ever try to choke the upper dog loose?"—Chicago Times-Herald.

"What building is that?" asked a stranger of a boy, pointing to the school. "That?" said the boy, "why, that's the tannery." And he feelingly rubbed his back as he passed on.

"Don't you think Binkles has a very breezy manner?"

"If you refer to the delight he takes in airing his opinions, I do."

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REMAINS OF A LOST RACE.

Superior People Driven to the Swamp of What Is Now Louisiana.

Prof. George E. Beyer, of Tulane university, New Orleans, has just returned from his explorations of the so-called Indian mounds along the Red river, and between that stream and the Mississippi, in Franklin, Natchitoches, and other neighboring parishes, which he investigated for Tulane university and the Louisiana Historical society. He was able to distinguish the several layers of earth, shell and clay deposited at different times, and to demonstrate a greater antiquity for the mounds than had been supposed—an antiquity of at least 1,000 years. The skeletons and implements discovered proved further that the inhabitants of these mounds were not of the race of the ordinary red Indians who were found there by the French and Spanish explorers, but a race akin to the Aztecs or Toletics, of a more peaceful disposition than the neighboring Indians, and originally more civilized. They had apparently been forced into the great swamps by the surrounding Indian tribes, and their civilization had deteriorated under the unfavorable conditions in which they lived.

Prof. Beyer's later explorations confirmed his former ones, or rather showed that there were two varieties of mounds in the country he explored, one variety on the higher land, apparently erected by Indians, and used mainly for burial purposes; the other built by a more ancient race, and containing skulls of the same kind as those found in Catahoula. The Indian mounds contained a large number of skeletons with heads distinctively Indian, arrows, tomahawks, etc. The other mounds were in the swamps or lakes, like those of Mexico. Such lakes were once abundant along the Red river, but nearly all have been drained dry to-day by the removal of the Red river raft. The number of these mounds fairly staggered Prof. Beyer. He found no fewer than fifty clustered together and extending a distance of two miles from Brown's bayou to Little Deer creek. They were so close together—only fifty feet apart—as to make what must have been in old days a settlement or town.

"What if I were one of those husbands, my dear, who get up cross in the morning and bang things about and kick everything over just because the coffee is cold?"

"John," responded his wife, "I would make it hot for him."

As her words admitted of more than one interpretation, John said nothing about the coffee.

Teddy—I wish I hadn't licked Jimmy Brown this morning.

Mamma—You see how wrong it was, don't you, dear?

Teddy—Yes, 'cause I didn't know til noon that his mother was going to give a party.

Elliot—You very seldom hear of a fat criminal, do you?

Dangerfield—Of course not. Don't you know that it is difficult for a stout person to stoop to anything low?

A Difference in Tastes.—"I saw you kissing my daughter. I don't like it, sir."

"Then you don't know what's good, sir."

"To err is human, to forgive divine," is a good old adage, but we notice it is never quoted to us when we make a mistake. We have to do the quoting for ourselves.

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