PATHWAY OF GOLD.

In the light of the moon, by the side of the As I sit on the sand and she on my knees

We watch the bright billows, do I and my daughter.

My sweet little daughter Louise.

We wonder what city the pathway of glory, That broadens away to the limitless west, Leads up to—she minds her of some pretty story And says: "To the city that mortals love

Then I = y: "It must lead to the fara way city,
The beautiful city of rest."

In the light of the moon, by the side of the water, Stand two in the shadow of whispering

irees, And one loves my daughter, my beautiful My womaniy daughter Louise.

She steps to the boat with the touch of his fin-

gers.
And out on the diamond pathway they move;
The shallop is hot in the distance, it lingers,
It waits, but I know that its coming will prove
That it went to the walls of the wonderful

The magical City of Love.

In the light of the moon, by the side of the

I wait for her coming from over the seas; I wait but to welcome the dust of my daughter. To weep for my daughter Louise.

The path, as of old, reaching out in its splendor,

Gleams bright like a way that an angel has tred;
I kiss the cold burden its billows surrender. Sweet clay to lie under the pitiful sod:
But she rests at the end of the path, in the city
Whose "builder and maker is God."

CHUMMING WITH AN APACHE

Never go chumming with an Apache, says the San Francisco Argonaut. You smile at such strange advice? Well, I might have smiled at it once myself. But we are all creatures of circumstance, and I was a tend rfoot then, anyway. This is how I chummed in with my little Indian:

I was swinging my red and blue clubs under the pepper tree at the back of the railroad station. This I did because I had a theory that exercise was good for a man living on a desert. The lazy Mexicans and most of the Americans thereabouts had no ruddy glow on their faces. They were all sallow. What I wanted was a ruddy glow.

My red and blue clubs circled about very prettily that day, and the ruddy came; also a dripping epidermis and a big desire to sit down in the shade of the pepper tree and blow tobacco smoke. The tree was a small one. When the station tank ran over, which was not often, its roots received a little moisture. So it grew, slowly.

As soon as I dropped my clubs a squeal of disgust went up from somewhere, and as I turned about I saw a small brown head dart behind a cactus lined rock.

I said nothing, but leaned back on my seat, pulled my sombrero down over my tace, and shammed sleep, with one half closed eye on the rock and the big cactus shrubs. No use. You can not get an Apache out of his hole that way.

Next day, with my beautiful exercise theory still bristling in my brain, I turned quickly, while in the midst of my olub swinging, and saw the wide open eyes and gasping mouth of the cunningest little savage I had ever beheld. He sprang about and fled behind the rock, but not too quickly for me to read "XXX Family Flour" in large red letters on his back. His one short garment was a cotton sack, with holes out through it for his head and arms.

"Come, Tads," I cried, christening him in that fleeting second with a name that stuck to him all his life, "out of that!" And I jumped behind the rock, swinging an open hand that did not grasp the flour sack as I had intended it should

Where was the wee savage! Like a lizard he had darted from sight somewhere in that little patch of rocks and cactus, though there did not appear to be cover enough there to conceal a jack rabbit.

"The spines must scratch him," 1 thought as I looked at the prickly cactus; but I did not know then how Apaches put up with such small irritations. Not wanting to give the boy unnecessary torture I went back to my clubs. Throwing my eyes about again I caught another fleeting glimpse of the brown head as it dodged behind the rock.

Tads must have been disappointed next day, for there was no club swinging under the pepper tree. The duties of telegraph agent lay too heavily upon me, and the sun lay too heavily upon the desert. I saw Tad steal away from his lair about two hours after my usual exercise time and walk down the sand drifts with a dejected air, his one garment flapping in the hot wind.

A wild nature like his was proof against such snares as the toothsome confection, the golden orange, or the mealy peanut. I found that out by trial in the course of the next week. But an old jackknife won him over. That was something his Apache mind could grasp. It was a greater delight to him than the red and blue clubs. Sworn friends from that day were Tads and I. His talk was a ridieulous mixture of English, Spanish, and Apache, and his voice was very throaty. But I understood him.

Indian like, he said little. It was, therefore, easy to get along with him, He would sit for hours on a high stool, listening to the "tunk-tunk-tunk" of my sounder. The telegraph was an awful mystery to him at first, and it squelched his imagination; but he solved the problem at last. A man away off over the mountain spoke with his finger to me and I spoke back to him. That was his idea of it, and it was not such a bad one, either. The hummings of the wires overhead were the voices of people with ponderous fingers, but they were not of this

How the cowboys laughed when they saw Tads and me in the station! "That tenderfoot's a queer one," they

sa d of me. The despised Apache could not crawl into their hearts-no, not even if he were a 6 year old.

"He'll steal everything the tenderfoot got," they pleasantly averred. But he

When Tads left the station of an evening his little brown feet pattered straight over the road to the wickiups, a half mile

away. In time he wore a parrow trail

over to the huts.
"Pitty veil," was what Tads would grunt to me every day when he came shyly into the office and I greeted him with a friendly "How-de-do?" Then he would shrug his shoulders in a way that wrinkled the three Xs into such bewildering folds that you could not have read them unless you had known what

they were beforehand. One day while he was meandering about the place, granting quietly to himself, he upset one of n y battery j. cs.
"Tads," I cried an_rily, for the desert's

breath was hot upon me and was irritating enough, let alone spilled vitriol. you're a little beast! Skip out of here. or I'll take a stick to you!"

Then arose a great howl from Tads. and he kept on howling until an Apache woman came over the sands from wick iups and gathered him up in her arms. She was his mother. She eyed me sus-piciously and walked away with her highly demonstrative burden.

Of course I regretted my hot language and wanted the little beggar back again. It was so lonely there on the desert. The wires wailed so heart brokenly, while the sun beat down so fiercely in the daytime, and the coyotes yelled so dolefully at night. How he had crept into my heart, to be sure!

It was several days before we were on satisfactory terms again. Tads wanted to be a white man. He wanted to make "talk marks" on "pupper" with a feather -I sometimes used a quill pen, be it remarked-and he wanted to speak with his finger. Well, I did manage to teach him a few letters from a railroad poster, and he learned to drawl out "T-a-d-s" in a droll way. With perseverance that was really startling, I afterward took him in an uncertain way through a page or two of "Can You See the Fat Ox," and so on, wherefore his heart was glad.

"I'll be white mans, heap sure," he declared in his bullfrog voice, after he had

accomplished this wonderful feat. Great distress reached Tad's soul on the fatal day when the wickiups were taken down and the tribe mounted their mustangs to go over the hills. Apaches had to search all over the station to find Tads. At last they hauled him forth from under my bunk, screaming like mad. Of no avail were his screams; of no avail were his cry, "Me yanter to stay wid him; me vanter be w'ite ma....!"

Apache papas are unbending and Apache mammas are inexorable. Away they whisked Tads, leaving behind him a tenderfoot with a queer feeling in his throat.

"Well, the boy has the instincts of white man," I said, for I was proud of what I fancied I had made of him, "and he'll be a shining light among those devilish people of his. If we had a few more like him to put among them, the Apache question would settle itself, and

we could set our soldiers to hoeing corn. Then I took up the restless life of a city man, and a big and busy railroad office claimed a good share of my attention for the next 10 years. Yes, it was fully that long before I again set foot upon the desert. Our train stopped at the old station. How the pepper tree had grown. to be sure! In its shade sat a cavalry sergeant with a half dozen of his men about him, and in their midst were three Indian prisoners who were being taken to the fort to be shot.

They were flerce looking fellows, those three savages. There was one, the young est, who was a perfect demon, the soldier said.

"Killed three women and two babies down at Mustang Wash last Tuesday. said the sergeant to me, "just after onof them had given him his breakfast, too He is a young one, not more than 17, 1 should say, but he's the worst red devil ever saw.

Gazing at the boy captive, a strange feeling stole over me. The stolid facwas oddly familiar.

"His name? Blessed if I know," said the sergeant; "what do you call yourself young one?" he asked, giving him a no too delicate poke with the toe of his boot "Me? Why my name's Tads!" grunted

"Talks pretty good English for a wile devil who has been over the Mexicar border so long, doesn't he?" asked the sergeant, turning to me. But I said nothing.

Might Make a Small Beginning.

He was a big, blustering fellow, and when he stepped into the store the proprietor hurried to wait on him. His pur chases amounted to about two dollar and a half, and when they were all wrapped up he said:

"Charge it to me. I'll drop in to-morrow and settle it."

"No." said the little proprietor. "What!" cried the big man. "Don't you know who I am? I'm-"I know that," said the the proprietor.
"But that is all I know about you. I

can't charge it. You can't? Why, I can but your blamed store." Yes," acquieso of the little man

"Including the building and lot."

"And you won't charge it then to me?"

The big man seemed to well up with

"Look here," he cried. "Pll buy your whole outfit. I'll show you whether I am good for two dolla s and a hijf or not. Just you begin to figure on the price and I'll come in to-morrow and take the shop. I'll show you what I am wo'th.

"You might begin now," said the little man.

What?" "You might begin to-day. You might buy that package now and you won't have so much on your mind for to-morrow. I'm willing to knock off the interest on the two dollars and a half for

Then the people had to come in from the street to prevent a disturbance.

A MORE ACCOMPLISHED KNITTER. Ere woman was emancipate
She kuit with care his socks, but now,
Exalted to her higher state,
She kuits with care his manly brow.
—Detroit Free Press.

THE SOLEMN PASSENGER.

He Approves of the Pleasant Passenger and Makes the Gruff One Stare.

"Well," said the solemn looking passenger in the front seat to the pleasant young man just behind him, "the harvest is past, but the summer is still with

"Sure!" replied the young man. "But it's on the wing, though, continued the solemn man. "It's flying!" "Right along!" said the pleasant pas

"Time is fleeting!" remarked the other. "Well," said the pleasant youth, shak-ing his head, "that depends on how much

time you get. ' "Sirt" exclaimed the passenger in

front. "I say three months 'Il fleet quicker than three years," replied the pleasant passenger, smiling. "Won't it?" said he to the gruff passenger who sat beside

him. "They say so that's tried it?" said the gruff passenger.

The solemn passenger was silent awhile, and then opened up again.

"These are the days," said he, "that the frivolous and unthinking spend in idling where the sea roars, or the mountain breezes whisper, or the streams of the valley murmur. You are not bound on idle vacation. I trust, my dear young

"Well, not exactly!" replied the pleasant young man, with a shake of his

"You bet your life he ain't!" said the gruff passenger.

"I am pleased to know it!" said the solemn passenger. "But I grieve to hear you suggest my wagering anything upon it, even so worthless and poor a thing as life. So you are not one of the trivial throng who are just now flocking to idle vacations?"

"No, sir! I am not!" replied the pleasant young man.

"You rejoice me!" said the solemn passenger, lifting his eyes, while the gruff passenger chuckled.

"I'm going on a vacation, though," said the pleasant young man, "but it won't be an idle one!" And he smiled at the gruff passenger, who chuckled again and said :

"Right you are! And the next station to ours! "Ah," said the solemn man, "and its

name?" "Sing Sing!" replied the gruff passen-

ger. "This young gent stays three years with us for having three wives, and none of them dead!" The gruff passenger, from his manner, apparently thought this revelation would

shock the solemn man into speechless horror, and he was knocked dumb himself when the solemn passenger grabbed the pleasant young man by the hand.

"My poor young friend!" he exclaimed. "Another martyr to righteousness and faithfulness to the law! May the spirit of Brigham sustain you!"

When the train stopped and the gruff man and the pleasant passenger got up to leave the car the solemn man pressed a card in the young man's hand. The gruff passenger took it and read it. This was its inscription:

ARED GRIMBLETOF, Kider Mormon Church of Latter Day Saints, Utab.

`...**..**

The Males Falling Behind. Statistics show that the male population of the civilized world is falling far-

ther and farther behind the female. According to the last British census, the excess of women and girls over men and boys in Great Britain is about 900,000, an increase in 10 years of nearly 200,000. The German census of last December places the number of females about 600, 000 above that of the males in the kingdom of Prussia, or nearly three times the excess of 20 years ago. There are 1,000,-000 more females than males in the German empire. In Sweden and Norway the "weaker sex" are in the majority by 250,000, in Austria-Hungary by 600,000, in Denmark by 60,000, and in all European countries they outnumber the males. In the United States, Canada, and Australia the males are in the majority, though not largely so, the estimated excess of males in this country being only 1,100,000 or 1,200,000. It is plain that but for immigration, which furnishes a much greater number of men than women, the latter would soon be in the majority here. There is a large preponderance now of females in New England and in some other sections of the United States, and if immigration were to materially decrease undoubtedly the surplus of males would soon disappear in the whole country. In less civlized countries, where women are lightly esteemed, it is otherwise, India having about 6,000,000 more men than women, while the males largely preponderate in China. The obvious deduction is that the higher civilization is most favorable to the increase of the female sex, and this somrests the interesting question whether civilization is doing the best thing for the world in producing this result. A fact of hardly less interest brought out by the British census is the marked decline in the marriage rate, which has been almost steadily tending downward for nearly two decades. Meantime there has been an even more decided decline in the birth rate, so that not only is marriage decreasing, but marriages are becoming less prolific on the average. There is the same tendency in this country, prevailing chiefly among the better classes. An excess of females in a country is certain to have an unfavorable influence on the marriage rate, and the moral consequences of such a state of affairs can easily be conceived .-

City Man (patronizingly)-Aw! You conduct this farm yourself, eh? No help at all? Farmer-Only at harvest time, when I hire some. I've got one son, but he ain't here. I sent him t' th' city t' earn his livin'. "Sent him to the city, ch?" "Yes. He ain't got brains enough fer a farmer."—Good News.

Omnha Bee.

A WHALE STORY.

REMARKABLE PET OF A SOUTH PA-CIFIC PLANTER.

The Big Fish Trapped in a Lagoon Its Sportive Cambols - The Story of the Proprietor of a Live Sperm Whale.

On a small island in the South Pacific there lives a planter who has for a pet a whale 67 feet long. A correspondent, who went out in a boat with the planter, gives this account of his interview with his whaleship:

"Shut your eyes," said the planter, "if

you wish to enjoy a surprise. I closed my eyes, and the boys soon ceased their drumming, and some one blew long blasts upon a horn. Then that, too, ceased, and the boat lay motionless, and nothing disturbed the stillness. All at once I heard a huge sigh, and felt a hot and sickish breath. There was no need for the planter to bid me open my eyes, for the lids would not stay shut. Not more than six feet away I saw a huge monster floating on the surface and looking at us with the most expressionless eve that I ever saw in a living beast.

"That's my pet," cried the planter. "I raised him almost from the time he was a baby of 20 feet long, and now he measures 67 feet, and lots more growth to

come yet." The pet was a sperm whale. He seemed enormous when compared with us men. Behind the great head there stretched a long body, covered in great patches with barnacles as large as a teacup, and the sleek flukes of the tail, lying flat upon the water, seemed ever so far away, yet ever so much too near when I recalled whalers' accounts of the behavior of this animal when it is angry.

The great head rose from the sea so high above the water that it becalmed the boat. The eye was about the size of an ox eye, and had almost the same deep violet shade. The ear was not far distant from the eye, a simple opening in the skin. The color of the skin was a dusty black, which became lighter and more yellow underneath. Except for the barnacles, the skin was quite smooth.

The great animal lay motionless, just out of arm's reach, until the planter called to him and dabbled his fingers in the water much as one attracts a kitten by scratching on the carpet.

The distant flukes made a half turn in the water, and the whale moved easily toward us and ranged up alongside, just touching the boat. The planter reached over the gunwale and gave the whale a slap between the ear and eye, and bade him turn on the other side.

Immediately the great head sank, passed under the boat, and came up dripping on the other side. Then the sea monst r sculled ahead until it was 600 or 700 feet away from the boat. Then it began a series of antics, and displayed an agility scarcely to be expected from so large an animal. It darted straight ahead, it-suddenly backed water, it swam in a circle, it gamboled like a dolphin, it threw itself clear from the water, making a great splash and dangerous waves when it fell back; last of all it put its head down and flukes up, throwing nearly half its length into the air, and rose quietly beside the boat. Then the chopped meat was thrown overboard, and we rowed back to shore while this odd pet

was feeding.
"How did I get him?" said the planter. in answer to my flood of questions. "It night be more accurate to say he got me first. One day, some years ago, I was sailing up the lagoon with a barrel full of chopped meat to bait a pool in the reef beyond. All at once I felt the boat lifted up and overturned; and when I had righted her and clambered aboard there was the whale feeding on the meat which had been scattered all about. He was only 20 feet long then, but that was quite long enough to give me a good scare, in addition to my ducking. Somehow or other he never seemed able to find the hass back into the sea, and now he is so big that he could not get out if he wished to. From being afraid of him I grew reconciled to his presence in the lagoon, and at last I began to feed him.

"From that time he attached himself to me, and I found that he relished being petted. Once, when I was ill, I left him untended for several weeks. He came down the lagoon much further than usual, and at last ran himself aground just below my house, and had to wait several hours for the tide to float him off. That shows that he missed me. Here is another example of his intelligence. When the boys drum upon the bottom of the boat, he hears the sound a long distance under the water, and at once comes to the surface. Then, if I blow the horn, he knows that I have come out to feed him, and comes quickly to the boat. But if I do not blow the horn he never comes close, but frolics around us at long range. It is not easy to say how much intelligence a whale has, but this ought to convince any one that my big pet is possessed of considerable."

When the Salvation Army Was Storted. The Salvation Army has been in existence just 13 years. It had its origin in a sensational way in fhe English town of Whitby, in the rough coal mining district of Yorkshire, where General Booth, at that time Rev. William Booth, was doing humble missionary work. England was then in arms, expecting to jump into the Russo-Turkish war. It occurred to Booth that he might attract a crowd by issuing a declaration of war himself, so be prepared one forthwith, sprinkled it plentifully with hallelujahs, and posted 2,000 copies of it about town. The device tickled the British sense of humor, there was a "red hot, rousing meeting," to quote General Booth, "the penitent fell down in heaps," and the Salvation Army sprang into life full

A Short Sermon .- When a man becomes so good that he spends all his time reproving his neighbors, the devil smiles and commences to lay up coals for future

Ceremonies are different in every country; but true politeness is everywhere



When the wise and witty Sir Thomas More was beheaded, his head was stuck on a pole on London Bridge, where it was exposed for 14 days, much to the grief of his daughter, Margaret Roper, who resolved to secure it. "One day," says Aubrey, "as she was passing under the bridge, looking at her father's head she exclaimed: 'That head has lain many a time in my lap; would to God it would fall into my lap as I pass under!' She had her wish, and it did fall into her lap." Probably she had bribed one of the keepers of the bridge to throw it over just as the boat approached, and the exclamation was intended to avert the suspicion of the boatmen. At all events, she got possession of it, and preserved it with great care in a leaden casket until her death, and it is now inclosed in a niche in the wall of her tomb in St. Dustan's church, Canterbury.

Sir Walter Raleigh's head, in a red bag, was carried to his wife, who caused it to be embalmed and kept it with her all her life, permitting favored friends, like Bishop Goodman, to see and even to kiss it. His son, Carew Raleigh, afterward preserved it with similar piety. It is supposed now to rest in the Church of West Horsley, Surrey.

Between Two Pires.

There is such a thing as being too obliging. When Commodore Billings and Mr. Main were on the river Kahima they had for attendant a young man from Kanoga, an island between Kamschatka and North America. One day Mr. Main asked him, "What will the myages do to me if I fall into their power?" "Sir." said the youth, "you will never fall into their power if I remain with you. I always carry a sharp knife, and if I see you pursued and unable to escape I will plunge my knife into your heart; then the savages can do nothing to you."
This recalls the words of the French knight reported by Joinville: "Swear to me," said Queen Margaret, "that if the Saracens become masters of Damietta you will cut off my head before th take me. " "Willingly," returned the knight; "I had already thought of doing so if the contingency arrived."

There have during the past 17 years been a series of fashionable crazes in Japan. The year 1878 was the rabbit The Japanese went wild over these little quadrupeds. As much as \$1,000 was paid for a single specimen, and speculations in \$400 and \$500 ral bits were of daily occurrence. Cock fighting, printing dictionaries by subscription, boating, whist, waltzing, gigantic funerals, and table turning are among other recent crazes.

In London there is a man who follows the business of tattooing. The majority of his patients are men who have designs of a naval character pricked into their skin, but there are also a great many women who employ his art, if it may be termed such. With women the decoration is usually a bee, a butterfly, a spray of flowers, or a monogram. These ornaments are worn inside the wrist, so that they can be hidden by the glove, if necessary.

Call a girl a spring chicken and she will laugh; call a woman a ben and she gets mad. Call a young lady a witch and she will enjoy it; call an old woman a witch and your life is in danger. Call a girl a kitten and she won't take it unkindly; call a woman a cat and she will hate you. -St. Louis Republic.

AS A OCHOME BYTCHING TO DEPOSTED families who reside in hotels and boarding houses, a San Francisco man has fitted up a large and handsome mourning saloon, where funerals may be held. All the employees are attired in black and waar black silk hats

OLD TIME "SAND CLASS."

Sand Took the Place of Slate in the School of Long Ago. "Sixty years ago I taught the sand class in the schools of this city in the Grand Jusy recen of the old Court House, "said a gentleman to Gossip last evening. "The sand class!" exclaimed Gossip; "What in the name of Socrates was a sand class?" And then the ancient pedagogue proceeded tosay : "Sixty years ago the schools of the town occupied the old Court House, and I was one of the scholars. In the Grand Jury room there was a long table about 18 inches high with a strip of board fastened on the top all around the sides, thus making the center lower than the sides. This center was filled with fine sand an inch deep.

"At the end of the table was a wheel on which the letters of the alphabet were printed so that but one letter would appear at a time; around the table the smallest children of the school were gathered, and each fur, ished with a stick. I, as the pedagogue appointed by the head teacher, would take my stand at the end of the table and alongside of the wheel, and as I moved it would announce the letter that was brought to view, which the children would proceed to make in the sand with their sticks. When all had made that letter I would level the sand with a comb and the wheel would be moved on to another letter. And these little ones were called the 'sand class.' It was an interesting sight, the system was somewhat like the kindergarten of the present day, and it was certainly an economical mode of supplying writing material." This was the sand class of 60 years ago. - Harrisburg Telegraph.

Identifying Ancient Cities in Egypt. Dr. Naville, the well known Egyptian explorer, the discoverer of Bubastis and the treasure city of Pithon, has recently identified other cities in Egypt, more especially some connected with the exodus of the Israelites. At the close of June last he presented the results of his disstitute, in London, presided over by Sig Gabriel Stokes, ex president of the Royal Society. Dr. Naville found that the Succoth, spoken of in the Bible, was not a city, as some have supposed, but a district, and from a valuable inscription found at Pithon that the latter became known to the Greeks as Heroopolis, and that although now many miles inland is was once a seaport, the waters of the Red Sea extending up to its walls, and merchants' ships are described by Strabe and Pliny as sailing thence to the Arabian Sea. Through some recently discovered papyri M. Naville found that Baalhon was neither a village or a town, but a shrine of Baal and a noted place of pilgrimage. The sites of other places discovered were those of Mignole, which in after days was probably the Serapcum of the Greeks, and also Pi Hahiroth. In the identification of the two last places M. Naville was greatly helped by a papyrus. The bearing of his identifications is of no small interest to the students of history, both sacred and pro-Cane.

The Detroit Free Press says: "If a boy 15 years of age should be left 10 acres of land in Michigan, and his guardian should cover it with hickory trees, the income of the boy when he came to be 80 years old would be from \$9,000 to \$11,-000 clean cash off his little farm."

In France the mayries on the rai ways work under umbrellas in wet weather, Nearly 60,000 tons of cork are used for bottled beer and mineral waters consumed annually in England.

A medical authority in France says the gradual depopulation of that country is largely due to the immoderate uso



The Road to Opulence Lies Knee-Deep Through Printer's Ink.