

Alligator Steak.

A recent letter from Jacksonville, Fla., contains the following: Dropping in to a store where Florida curiosities are sold, I asked the proprietor about alligators. He had about 100 little fellows from ten to twenty inches long, active and vicious as one might desire, which he was willing to dispose of at a good round price to those who cared to take them, with a positive certainty that they will live but a very short time after being carried away. He said that alligators were already becoming scarce, and that their extinction now was only a question of time.

It was not so much the adults which were killed by tourists and home people, as it was the destruction of the eggs and the capture of the young. The eggs are taken in large numbers before maturity blown out and then sold for curiosities. Formerly, he said, you could get all the alligators you wanted in the immediate vicinity of Jacksonville, but every year they had to be looked for further and further in the interior. He said there was a great deal of lying about alligators, and he then went on to tell some alligator stories himself. It was all humbug about the hide of the alligator being so tough; he had frequently blown the whole top of an alligator's head off with a shotgun.

He warned up with the recital, pulled out of a drawer a pistol little longer than his finger, of the most ancient construction, and apparently incapable of sending a ball through pasteboard, and said: "Why, I have killed a twenty-foot alligator with this." He said he was devoted to alligator steaks cut from the tail; that they were whiter and more tender than chickens; that whenever he and his wife wished to particularly honor a guest they served up alligator steaks, and he believed in a very short time the hotels would all have alligator steak regularly on their bill of fare. When aroused or angry alligators give out a musk-like smell and sink in the water of the marshes, where you could not see them.

In wading around you were apt to tread on them as he had done often, but he had no trouble in jumping off. Once he fell astride of an old patriarch, who commenced snapping with his jaws and beating with his tail, but he gave one leap, and landed at a safe distance. He said it was a great mistake to suppose that alligators had so much strength in their jaws or that their teeth were so terrible. They grow new teeth every year, and did not bite very hard. Altogether, according to this Floridian, the alligator is rather a good fellow to meet in a dark night, and it is a pity they are going out of existence.

For the Young.

The Fox and the Cat.

It happened one day that a cat met a fox in a wood, and as she thought he was smart and experienced, and had a good position in the world, she was inclined to be very polite and attentive to him, and said: "Good morning, good Mr. Fox, how are you? how are you getting on? I hope these hard times do not affect you?" The haughty fox looked at the cat from head to foot, and for a long time hesitated whether he should answer at all; but at last he replied: "You miserable lick-whisker! you simpleton! you mouse-hunter! what are you thinking of? Do you know what you are doing when you venture to question me? What do you understand? What can you pretend to do?" "I can only do one thing; I understand but one art," answered the cat modestly. "And, pray, what is that?" inquired the fox. "When the dogs are after me, I can run up a tree and save myself." "Is that all?" replied the fox, contemptuously. "I am master of a thousand arts; and besides these, I have a whole sack full of cunning tricks. I pity you! Come with me and I'll show you how to deceive the dogs." At this moment a hunter with four dogs came by; the cat sprang nimbly up a tree, and concealed herself effectually among the leaves and branches, from whence she called down to her companion. "Open your sack, friend fox, open your sack!" but the dogs had already seized him, and held him fast. "Oh!" said the cat, "with all your arts, I see you're caught; had you only known how to climb a tree, you would have saved your life." Dear children, never boast.—*Youth's Comp.*

The Wolf and the Lamb.

One hot day in June, a wolf and a lamb came just at the same time to quench their thirst in the stream of a clear brook that ran down the side of a high hill. The wolf stood on the high ground; the lamb was on low ground a good way off from where the wolf stood. But the wolf did not wish to be at peace with the lamb, so he said to him: "Why do you spoil the nice drink? You make it thick and black with the mud that you stir up!"

The poor lamb was in a great fright,

and said in a mild tone of voice, "Sir, how can I spoil the drink? It flows from your part to mine, not from mine to yours; but I would not spoil your drink if I could."

"Be all that as it may," said the wolf, "you are no friend of mine; I have been told that you spoke ill of me six months since—let me think, yes, just half a year since."

"Then you were not told the truth, sir," said the meek lamb, "for at the time you name I was not born."

"Then if it was not you, it was your dam, and that is all one—all sheep, rams, ewes and lambs are bad—you shall die! I will seize you and kill you at once."

The wolf then made a meal of the poor lamb.

Scraps.

"Why do you carry your pocketbook in your hand?" asked a Philadelphia husband of his young wife. "Oh," was the quiet reply, "it is so light I am afraid it might jump out of my pocket."

Little Arthur has been to church. "How did you like the sermon?" asked his sister. "Pretty well," responded the youthful critic. "The beginning was very good, and so was the end, but it had too much middle."

"I hope, sir, you will assist a poor man whose house and everything that was in it, including me family, sor, was burned up two months ago last Thursday, sir." The merchant to whom this appeal was addressed, while very philanthropic, is also very cautious, so he asked: "Have you any papers or certificate to show that you lost anything by the fire?" "I did have a certificate, sir, signed by a notary public, to that effect, but it was burned up, sir, in the house with me family and the rest of me effects."

AN ACCUSING CONSCIENCE.—Shakespeare's words: "Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind: The thief doth fear each bush an officer." Were vividly illustrated at a Freedmen's Mission school:

Two little boys, after quarreling on the playground, each brought a complaint to the teacher.

"He struck me," said one.

"He said I stole his knife," said the other.

"I said somebody stole it," said the first.

"You meant me," replied the other.

"Why, Charlie," said the teacher, "if Willie had told me that somebody had stolen his knife, it would not have made me angry, I should not have thought he meant me."

"Well, but you don't steal," was the ready answer, greeted with a laugh from the other boys, as they saw how he had given evidence against himself.

A person with a sense of guilt, and an unquiet conscience is always over-sensitive and suspicious.

Culls.

A clean record—The laundry bill.

The best fire-escape—Not be around when the fire occurs.

Some men who claim to be self-made men are not very well done.

Just so long as a woman retains her maiden name, her maiden aim is to change it.

Diamonds should be washed regularly; but it is not necessary to hang them out on a line in the back yard.

It is said that fashionable ladies won't go fishing this summer unless they can get silk worms for bait.

Two things go off in a hurry—An arrow dismissed from a bow, and a beau dismissed by a belle.

The electric light is so much superior to gas that it is a wonder politicians don't dispense with the latter.

It rather annoys a woman after she has had a child christened some romantic Indian name to learn that the name translated means "old boots."

A Detroit barber has the lockjaw. None of his customers are willing that he should find the combination.

A little bright-eyed boy, upon hearing his father read the story of Joan of Arc was greatly moved by her sad trials; but when the part was reached where she was about to be burned to death at the stake, the poor little fellow could not contain himself any longer, but sobbingly clutched his parent's arm, and, with big tears running down his plump little cheeks, cried, "But, pa—papa, wh-e-re were the police?"

A father may turn his back on his child, brothers and sisters may become inveterate enemies, husbands may desert their wives, wives their husbands, but a mother's love endures through all.

—In 1882 the salt used in the U. S. was 8,000,000 bbls.; three-fourths of which was manufactured in Michigan.

Traveling in Morocco.

A writer in the London Athenaeum says that the difficulties of Moroccan travel though sufficiently great, have been exaggerated or of the travellers' own making. The nest of envoys at Tangier, engrossed with their petty rivalries and squabbles about nothing rarely see the Sultan, and they are unknown to his advisers, unless we accept the Minister of Foreign Affairs, whom they keep on the coast for their private baiting. Tangier is, indeed an Oriental Pumpernickel. If, for example, the German Minister cannot eat the hay, he takes good care that his French colleague shall not enjoy the banquet. The Italian Envoy may have no taste for antiquities, but he is not on that account inclined to look with complacency on his Spanish neighbors yearning after Roman cities and Phœnician tombs.

Moreover, knowing well that the popular ambassador is he who gives least trouble, the diplomatists are invariably inclined to throw cold water on any enterprise which might embroil the country they represent with that of the marauders who have maltreated some over-zealous investigator, and to travel without an escort and a firman is in most parts of Morocco considered to be simply courting the martyr's fate, while to travel with one is almost as bad. Every village hates the sight of the "basha-dor's"; cavalcade; for the "mona," or gratuitous supply of provisions which the wretched people must bestow on all government travellers, is a tax which is not only frequently abused, but is so repugnant to every sense of justice that right-minded men will often elect to dispense with the favor, and as a consequence of running tilt against the customs of the country, incur the enmity of their escort, and be unconscionably swindled in paying for what a minute before they were offered as a gift.

There are, of course, also religious and local prejudices of a fanatical, ignorant, semi-barbarous people to overcome. "Saint houses" are so numerous that one is never sure when sacred soil is being defiled and "assonies," or dervishes, are not the kind of people for whose good behavior any one would care to become bail. The governors and village sheiks have no desire to see strangers. Hospitality in Morocco means prodigious "feeds," and even in that cheap country food costs money. Nor are they anxious for the Sultan to hear of their wealth, since rich men in Morocco are short-lived, and if "sent for" are apt not to return. Finally, the tribesmen are apt to consider every escort of white-robed soldiers as only the abhorred taxgatherers in disguise, and to act after their truculent instincts. The Sultan occupies his time in marching about the empire collecting his dues, with the aid of a plundering army of ruffianly spearmen; for Morocco is still an unconquered country.

The Maori of the Romans are the Berbers of our day, and though they have adopted, after a rough fashion, the faith of their Arab invaders, the Shereefan sovereigns have in many parts of the range of their guns. But Mr. Watson, armed with an introduction from the mulatto Shereef, had no trouble whatever in reaching and residing in the holy city of Wazan, hitherto supposed to be indescribably Islamic; and were some prudent individual, equally well provided with recommendations and able to speak Arabic, to visit Mulai Edris, doubtless he also would return in safety. We are convinced, after some personal acquaintance with the supposed difficulties of Moroccan travel, that if a good-natured, easy-minded scholar, a physician by preference, could settle down in Mogador or still better in Morocco city, under of course, diplomatic protection—learn the ways of the people and a little of their language, and gain the friendship of some of the more powerful Berber sheiks of the Atlas, he might add immensely to our present vague acquaintance with the geography of the Moorish empire.

Religious Sentiment.

Supplicator.

Traveling, footsore, weary, lone
To Thy Cross I cling;
Sob, and sigh, and dreary moan,
All to Thee I bring.

Can I come?

Once I tracked the desert sand;
Fainting, famishing, burned;
My staff was broken in my hand,
Then to Thee I turned.

Thou wert near.

When my heart was in the flood
Surged with waves of woe,
Through Thy Body, through Thy Blood,
Asked I faith's reflow

In Thy name.

When the shades of death fall low
O'er my earthly strife,
Will Thy Crown immortal glow
On my fading life,

Saviour mine?

Be a lamp in the chamber if you cannot be a star in the sky.

Keep your promise to the letter, be prompt and exact, and it will save you much trouble and care through life and win you the respect and trust of your friends.

When thou wishest to delight thyself,

think of the virtues of those who live with thee; for instance, the activity of one and the modesty of another, the liberality of a third and some other good quality of the fourth.

NEGLECT.—In all the great towns and cities how many hundreds and thousands are dying of neglect? Grant that the church of to-day, with its chapels and tract distributions, and its christian charities, and its mission schools is doing more than the church of yesterday; is it doing anything like its duty? We call ourselves followers of Christ. He went out into the highways and hedges; preached in the streets and lanes, and on the hillsides, mingled with publicans and sinners; brought the harlots and drunkards about him; left the ninety and nine in the fold to go in to the wilderness after the one that had strayed away; passed by all the homes of priests of Jericho to be a guest of the half-heathen Zaccheus. When we gather in our aesthetic churches, pay \$100 to \$1,000 a year for fifty sacred concerts, accompanying as many sacred orations, and delectate ourselves with the dim religious light of an exquisitely decorated and luxuriously warmed and carpeted and cushioned church, and are thrilled by the eloquence of a popular preacher, or exhilarated by the music of a skillfully trained choir, give a cordial invitation to respectable sinners, who belong to our set, and are able to pay our price for admission to our christian church, and keep all others out, are we following Him who came to seek and to save that which was lost?—*Christian Un.*

Domestic Economy Extraordinary.

A highly comic case, exciting much interest in the south of France, has just been tried by the Carcassonne Correctional Tribunal. Madame de Pointies, a widow of forty-seven, with a large landed property, inhabits a chateau, with an only child, Mlle. Olga, a beautiful girl only twenty-one. This lady had for steward one Poncignon, who, with his wife, possessed her entire confidence. It occurred to the Poncignons that it would be a pity if all the wealth of Madame de Pointies and her daughter should accumulate in a prosy fashion for themselves alone. They, therefore, conceived the idea of finding husbands for both of them, and obtaining a handsome commission on the achievement. They began with the widow, and found for her a genuine but penniless marquis, M. de Lostanges, of Toulouse. They negotiated so cleverly that Madame de Pointies accepted him, and he signed bills for 60,000 francs in favor of Poncignon, payable after the marriage. Unfortunately for himself and the result of the combination, the Marquis, intoxicated with success, got literally intoxicated at a *déjeuner* at the lady's house, and so conducted himself that he was turned out, with orders not to show his face there again.

The 60,000 francs bills became valueless, but, nothing daunted, the Poncignons found another nobleman, Baron Armandier d'Arberat, for Mlle. Olga, and so cajoled her mother that she strained her parental authority to the utmost to force the young lady to take him. But Olga had her own views. She did not like the Baron, and ran away to Marseilles with a cooper named Signourel. Then Poncignon and the Baron, with the full authority of the mother, who urged the Baron to take a virile resolution and show himself worthy of her daughter, organized a capturing party such as was frequent in old times in Ireland, to take possession of Mlle. Olga, and carry her bodily away from the seductive Signourel. Five bravos were enlisted for this service; but Signourel and his faithful lady got wind of the project, and when they got to his house at Marseilles, Olga was out of the way. Madame de Pointies herself, hearing of the failure, came to Marseilles and fired a revolver at Bonafous, the landlord of Signourel and Olga. Olga has married Signourel, but the marriage will probably be disputed for want of maternal consent. Meanwhile, Baron d'Arberat and Poncignon are sentenced to a month's imprisonment for their attempt to carry off Mlle. Olga, and their two principal auxiliaries to twenty and fifteen days respectively. Five minor accomplices are fined sixteen francs each. The revolver shot fired by Mme. de Pointies, which we must suppose the court did not consider serious, was only punished five francs fine.

An Irishman once received a doctor's bill. He looked it carefully over, and said he had no objections to pay for the medicines, but the visits he would return.

The Minneapolis *Tribune* says that goats are the best land cleaners known. It mentions that a herd of 1000 entirely cleared a piece of brush land, consisting of 600 acres, in three years. So complete was the work that not a vestige of undergrowth was left.

UNUTTERED.

Waiting for words—as on the broad expanse,
Of Heaven the formless vapors of night
Expectant wait the prophecy of light,
Interpreting their dumb significance;
Or like a star that in the morning glance
Shrinks, as a fading blossom from the
sight,
Nor wakens till, upon the Western height,
The shadows to their evening towers advance—
So, in my soul, a dream ineffable,
Expectant of the sunshine or the shade,
Doth oft upon the brink of twilight chill,
Or at the dawn's pale opening portal
stayed,
In tears, that all the quivering eyelids fill,
And on the lips of silence fide.

Fashion Chat.

Sunshades are the gayest possible affairs this Spring. They are large, have big, eccentric-looking handles, mostly carved into some variety of the crook shape, and are covered with every sort of color, and every sort of silk and satin, brocaded, dotted, sprinkled with crescents etc. When made of some of these latter fabrics they are frequently quite plain, having merely a large bow of the same material fastened to the handland, as the design of the material may be a red moon on a blue ground, or a blue moon on a red ground, or something equally conspicuous, no further adornment in the way of lace or embroidery is certainly needed. These parasols, we will remark, generally match some costume, and ladies in buying materials for visiting and carriage dresses, frequently get an extra quantity and have the parasol made up to order. Almost all the parasols covered with plain ottoman, mervellux, or pongee have lace or embroidery trimmings, generally the latter, Irish point being extremely fashionable for the purpose. It is put in as a flat turned-up border, not as a flounce. The border is six inches wide on an average. Light check summer silks or flowered foulards are often used to cover parasols that are to correspond with certain dresses, and Irish point generally constitute the trimming in these cases, too. The result is a pretty and eminently summer-like parasol, which will do nicely with a variety of light, thin dresses, satteens, foulards, or anything of that sort. One of the newest shapes in parasols is square and flat, more or less Japanese in effect, and has been dubbed the "Boulevard." But it is not a shape that prevails extensively by any means. The high, boldly curved shape still holds its own. The black, dark blue and dark red ottoman parasols, with Irish point embroidery or lace, being at once handsome, simple and suitable to carry with any dress, are those chosen chiefly by women who cannot afford a variety of sunshades. A large white satin or brocade parasol, or one of white foulard, if something less expensive is desired, is another excellent choice for watering-places and summer resort generally. This style of sunshade also does to wear with all kinds of pretty summer dresses, and it is always most becoming, the white reflection thrown over the face being very flattering to the complexion. A border of Irish point, or of guipure, can be turned upon the border of a white satin parasol, or a row of Spanish lace set upon the edge in a flounce. This last arrangement is softer about the face, and so would be chosen in preference, probably, by ladies, young or youthful, who study what is becoming, above all things. Among the more elaborate parasols, little affairs that may cost twenty, thirty or forty dollars, the choice is unlimited, and there are all sorts of beautiful things; for instance, a peacock feather parasol, lined with blue satin; a crushed strawberry satin parasol, covered with white Spanish lace flounces, and thickly beaded with seed pearls; a parasol of rich white ottoman with large satin designs, having a broad puff of the brocade on the edge, and a deep flounce of Spanish guipure below it, and so on, and so on.

The "latest thing" in hosiery is a particularly ugly thing, but at the same time such a totally new departure, and so utterly different from all styles hitherto brought out in stockings, that it commands attention. The hose are parti-colored, ecru and pale blue, pale shrimp and bright scarlet, etc., and the division is made, in harlequin fashion, right down the centre of the stocking from top to toe. One side of the foot, as exhibited by a low slipper, is therefore one color, the other side another. These stockings have embroidered clocks which are generally white. Far less conspicuous are stockings with very fine perpendicular pin stripes. These are now considered quite the "creme de la creme," and besides being quiet and lady-like in appearance, give a very slim, clean look to large feet or stout limbs. Even lisle thread stockings are again shown with colored embroidered medallions on the instep. They are chiefly pretty with satteens, wash dresses, etc. The popularity with black stockings, a fashion which has come to us from England, as so many fashions do now-a-days, continues as great as ever. And this, despite the fact that the black always cracks off, and that in hot weather it is a fashion that becomes positively uncleanly, soiling the under-clothing and the bottom of white dresses. However, with a shoe an Ox-

ford tie, a fine black lisle thread or a black silk stocking is the very handsomest that can be worn. Nothing is so stylish nor so becoming to the foot. As a rule, a high shoe is very ugly worn over a colored stocking. The ankles look thick and unwieldy at once. But with a slipper we should accord the preference to thin colored stockings by all means, except when certain dark toilets are worn.

A number of new Louis XIV shoes, we may here notice, are made of black cloth with patent leather foxings. And there are also some that are made of black satin mervellux, the foxings being again of patent leather. These, of course, are to be worn with richer costumes. The toes of the new boots and shoes are a trifle broader than they have been, though very much could still be done in this direction advantageously. Fierce war has been waged for years against high pointed heels, and much ink and paper consumed to prove how ruinous they were to the shape of the foot and to the whole constitution; how they brought on weakness of the eyes, near-sightedness, spinal troubles, etc. If some of this laudable energy were expended to induce women to reject narrow-toed and narrow-soled boots and shoes and to insist upon having their chausseurs made wide enough for the toes to retain somewhat their normal position, no one could say that it was misdirected.

The present style of making boots and shoes is contrary to all common sense, extremely injurious to the foot, unbecoming and simply odious from every point of view. Two sorts of persons in the community alone are benefited by it; the shoemakers—because when half of the foot, more or less, has no sole under it at all and nothing between it and the ground but some thin kid, a pair of boots cannot be expected to wear very long—and the chiropodists, because when five toes are cramped into a space that could accommodate barely one toe properly, enlargement of the joints, corns, hard and soft, ingrowing nails, bunions, and a variety of other such poetic afflictions are the inevitable and the never-failing result. High heels will not deform the foot, provided the foot is the proper shape across the sole and has a good, broad sole.

They may or may not be injurious to the general health; but with that phase of the question we have nothing to do here. A proof of what we maintain is that French women wear high heels much more than American women do, and yet never have half so much trouble with their feet. French shoemakers can make broad toes and soles to their boots, and do so. To get an American shoemaker to do the same may be set down as one of the hopeless things. They can't, or they won't; at any rate, they don't. The only way to bring them to reason would be for sensible women to insist, in a body, upon having their boots made the proper width, and to decline to accept anything else. This or bunions, sooner or later; there is no alternative.

The profusion of flowers on bonnets grows every day larger, and will have attained most abundant proportions by the time watering-places begin to fill up and large broad trimmed straws are in order. At present, for a small bonnet to be worn during the spring in town, or for a poke intended for the same purpose, not so many flowers are needed. The bonnets have in some instances a big flower pompon, instead of a bunch of blossoms. These pompons are made of a short full spray of some fine small flower, white lilacs for example, which spray has the two ends turned under, forming a sort of ball of the delicate blossoms. This is rather novel, but it has no "raison d'être," and is consequently not artistic.—*Phila. Post.*

Hay is King.

The statistics of the United States prove that it is among the foremost crops raised in this country, if not the very first. At the present time there are estimated to be, in the United States, 40,000,000 sheep, 40,000,000 cattle, and 20,000,000 horses. In two-thirds of the country these animals require to be fed from three to five months, and they will consume an aggregate of 90,000,000 tons, which, at \$5 per ton, represents the enormous sum of \$450,000,000. Is not hay, therefore, king?—*Wesley Red-head.*

A curious prescription: A young physician who had long worshipped at a distance was one day suddenly called to attend her. He found her suffering from no particular dangerous malady, but she wanted him to prescribe for her nevertheless; so he took her hand and said impressively: "Well, I should—prescribe—I should prescribe—that—you—get—married." "Oh, goodness!" said the interesting invalid, "who would marry me, I wonder?" "I would," snapped the doctor, with all the voracity of a six-foot pickere. "You!" exclaimed the maiden. "Yes," "Well, doctor, if that is the fearful alternative, you can go away and let me die in peace."