

AFTER THE PRIZE.

The Horse Reporter and the Author of a Bundle of Competing MSS.

"In the literary editor in?" The horse reporter looked up and discovered a very pretty young lady standing in the doorway. "No," he replied, "he is not. The literary editor is a very affable will-o-the-wisp in rather tight pants, and the extent per week to which he is not in would surprise you if you only knew about it. He flits with airy grace through the building once or twice a week, and then like a beautiful vision with box-toed shoes, is gone."

"I would like to see the literary editor," said the young lady. "I want to compete for The Tribune's \$10 prize for the best story. Do you think I would have any chance to win it?"

"A pair of soft brown eyes looked wistfully into those of one who would soon be taking another bite of hard tobacco. "I can't exactly tell," said the horse reporter. "It is more or less difficult, by simply looking at a person, to judge of her power of weaving from her surging brain the style of romance for which this paper is at present casting \$10 worth of bread per week on the waters. The possession of a sea-brown dress, a hat with a long feather on it, and a pair of high-heeled shoes might indicate literary ability of a high order, and then again it might not. I should hate to try and pick out a budding Tennyson by the cut of his pants, or fish up from the realms of obscurity a mate to Harriet Beecher Stowe with only a collection of seal-skin saques and \$4 bangs to guide me."

"Oh, I forgot," said the young lady, blushing violently. "You want to see the story I have written, don't you, and then you can tell me whether I could win the prize or not."

"Yes," replied the admirer of St. Julien. "I should not only like to see the story, but I should also like to read some of it. The best judges agree that when a person is about to give a cold, critical judgment on a piece of literary work it is always best to previously read it. It has been found that the perusal frequently aids the critic materially in ascertaining the general drift of the effusion."

"Here is my story, sir," said the young lady, handing over a roll of manuscript. "Could you read it now?"

"Oh, yes," was the reply, in a cheerful tone. "I can dive through that in about three minutes."

For a few minutes there was silence. Then the horse reporter looked up from the manuscript to the maiden. "Does this duck finally marry the girl?" he asked. "Tommy Fresh, or whatever his name is?"

"Do you mean Vivian Dare?"

"Yes, that's him. Does Viv finally corral Lurline Looehair?—I mean the one that is always talking about the ideal of the ideal. I'll bet she's a daisy for ice cream; that kind always are."

"You probably refer to Natalie Montessor, the heroine," said the young lady in a somewhat irigid tone. "Yes, they are united by the indissoluble tie of matrimony."

"By the way?"

"By the indissoluble tie of matrimony—they are wedded."

"Oh, that's it," said the horse reporter. "I thought they had fallen off the shot-hook together, or something like that. But you're driving a little too far from the pole, sis, when you talk about marriage being an indissoluble tie. As long as \$10 will start a divorce suit the indissolubility of the matrimonial tie will have to take a back seat in one of the top rows."

"Do you think my story will answer?" said the young lady.

"I don't exactly like the ending of it," replied the horse reporter. "Just read that last sentence to me."

The young lady took the manuscript and read as follows:

"Not a breath of wind, not the faintest suggestion of a zephyr even, stirred the leaves of the linden trees—made crimson, and purple, and gold by the magic of an early frost—under which Vivian and Natalie were standing. The golden haze of an October morning was tinting the hills with its glory, and as Vivian bent his head and pressed on the beautiful face that was upraised to his the betrothal kiss, he said to her, 'I will never leave you again.'"

"Vivian said that, did he?" asked the horse reporter.

"Yes, sir."

"Send in October, right after a frost had knocked the leaves endways, that he would never leave her again?"

"Yes, sir."

"That's not good. No young man with a head like that gets into our cha- columns. Why, he ought to have left her be-fore noon that day."

"Why?" asked the young lady. "I really do not understand you."

salient objection to the industry. Of this the great owners need know nothing; they can live where they like. But for the small shepherds, the shepherds and above all, the herders, it is a terrible life—how terrible is shown by the frequency of insanity among herders. Sometimes, after a few months of the life, a herder goes suddenly mad. After learning this fact, it is no longer possible to see the picturesque side of the effective groups one so often comes on suddenly in the wilderness; sheep peacefully grazing, and the shepherd lying on the ground watching them, or the whole flock racing in a solid, fleecy, billowy scamper up or down a steep hill-side, with the dogs leaping and barking on all sides at once. One scans the shepherd's face alone, with pitying fear lest he may be losing his wits.

Looking Up the Tower of London.

The American Register has been looking up the history of the tower of London, and finds that some curious ceremonies are still kept up in that grim old pile. That of looking up the tower of nights is the most ancient and certainly the most stately one. A few minutes before the clock strikes 11 the porter with an attendant appears before the main guard-house, carrying a lantern, and calls out "Escort keys." The guard, supplied always from the queen's household troops, then turns out and escorts "keys" to the outer gate called the "spur," each sentry challenging as they pass his post "Who goes there?" "Keys." After the gates are securely locked and barred the procession returns, the sentries exacting the same explanation as before. When they come in front of the main guard-house the sentry stationed there gives a loud stamp on the ground with his foot and demands, "Who goes there?" "Keys." "Whose keys?" "Queen Victoria's keys." "Pass, Queen Victoria's keys, and all's well." The porter then calls out, "God bless Queen Victoria!" to which the main guard responds "Amen." The guard then presents the officer with the key of the tower, and the keys are deposited in the lieutenant's lodging. After this all ingress or egress is impossible. It sometimes happens that strangers visiting the pile do not get out before the time comes for locking up. In that event they may have to sleep—or keep awake—on benches in the guard-room.

Imagination and Pain.

It is a fact that strong mental emotion may cause physical pain to disappear. A gentleman had five of his ribs broken by a railroad accident. Yet he disentangled himself from the crushed car and lifted out his wife, a heavy woman. Not until he had laid her on the side of the road did he feel the pain which caused him to realize that he had been injured.

A little boy, whose leg was badly broken by the same accident, crept through a broken window. Not until he tried to walk, did he find that he could not stand, for his leg was "limp like a doll's."

It is also true that a mental emotion may cause physical pain. The following incident illustrates this fact:

One morning a butcher was brought into a druggist's, pale from pain. While trying to hook up a heavy piece of meat above his head, he slipped, and the sharp hook penetrated his arm, so that he himself was wounded.

The druggist examined him. He was almost pulseless, and his arm could not be moved without causing acute agony. While the sleeve of his jacket was being cut off, he frequently cried out.

When the arm was exposed, it was found unmarked by even a scratch. The hook had only entered the sleeve of the jacket!

Yet the man's sensation of pain was as real as if the hook had ripped up the flesh of his arm. The brain had received a false but a real impression, and the nerves responded to it by producing pain.

Patents of Nobility.

It is as easy to buy a patent of nobility as an old master—the peerage if anything, being cheaper than the O. M., and most likely much more genuine. The pope has countships and dukedoms galore for good Catholics willing to pay for them; and there is no power on earth to prevent a potentate who arrogates the presidency of the European royal family and has never recognized any other lord in Rome than himself, to refrain from creating dukes of Disaccia in the persons of aspiring diplomatists, or counts of Conlonces out of Parisian linen-drappers. There is a Yankee dentist in a certain city who is marquis and knight, until the heads of the common people grow giddy at the sight of his signature in full. It requires, however, small protection for the sovereigns who decreed Stalitz, the tailor, a baron, and another London artist of the same description a Portuguese viscount, to exercise their recognized functions, especially if the wheels within the wheels are properly greased. There is, indeed, a book published, entitled "L'Art de se Décorer," in which the mystery is frankly explained and the secret of gaining all the cheaper orders and titles taught for the sum of \$5.

Searching for Silver.

A young English gentleman at Newport tells me that when a child he was taken by his father to hear Coleridge, "the silver-tongued orator." His oratory had no effect upon the child, who heard not a word he said, so eager was he to get a glimpse of his tongue, which he believed to be silver, and he returned greatly disappointed, having failed to discover the metallic member. This reminds me of my own very literal childhood, one example of which I give you: Overhearing that a playmate of mine was born with a silver spoon in her mouth, I made a hunt for it, which resulted in a serious quarrel between us, the other child resenting the search, and I returned home indignant at the imposition upon me, declaring vehemently that she had nothing but a tongue and horrid teeth that his when I looked for the silver spoon, which was not there.

PERFECTLY CONTENT TO DIE.

A Brooklyn Man is Shown Some Real Country Butter. Recalling Happy Days.

"I would like to look at some butter," said a smooth-voiced man, as he sank upon an inverted tub in a Vesey street provision store. The cheery-faced proprietor inserted a knife into an open firkin and handed it to the customer, remarking: "Orange county, sir; fine grade."

"Delicious!" said the smooth-voiced man. "Orange county! I seem to smell the sweet clover and see the waving grass gently kissed by the summer zephyrs, while the loving kine call to the rosy-cheeked maid to draw their milk. Ah, there's poetry in the thought of Orange county butter."

"Yes, and money, too; 38 cents a pound and rising. Could I sell you half a dozen tubs to-day, sir?"

"Oh, I would like to look at some other variety. You have other brands, I suppose?" said the smooth-voiced man.

"Oh, yes," said the man of butter, as he uncovered several grades: "creamery, western, Philadelphia roll—"

"Excuse me," said the smooth-voiced man; "did I understand Philadelphia? Ah, how that thrills me! I see the pretty young Quakers in her modest garb, as she deftly wields the dasher, her sleeves rolled above the dimpled elbow, as she stands at the window where the fragrance of apple blossoms is borne on the air and the sunlight falls on her smiles a benison upon her as she resolves the yielding fluid into the productive substance. Sweet, sweet thoughts!"

"Yes, and sweet, sweet price, too," said the butter man, somewhat severely. "Sixty cents, when it ought to be 30. And there's Echo farm, Jersey—"

"I beg your pardon, Jersey. Oh—h!" said the smooth-voiced man, as a look of long-lost happiness dawned within his eyes; "let me look upon Jersey butter once again. Visions of boyhood's happy home, of hot luscious cakes and golden syrup, of cream-flaked biscuits with the little pot of butter melting into its warm folds, of wind-tossed chestnuts and the golden-haired girl companion of that autumn day. The low-roofed farm house, the honest farmer, the equally honest but somewhat reckless watch dog—and the smooth-voiced man absently extended a hand beneath his coat tails, "Happy, happy days!"

"Say," said the butter man, whose face had somewhat lost its cheery look, "is there anything in this store that you want to buy?"

"Not to-day," said the smooth-voiced man, hesitatingly; "you see I board in Brooklyn."

"Well, what has that got to do with my Jersey butter?"

"I have boarded in Brooklyn for nineteen years," said the smooth-voiced man, "and I thought I would like to look at some butter—real butter—again before I died. You have kindly gratified an old man's wish. I have had a good look at all your butter, and I will go now," and he slipped softly over the oleomargarine floor into the passing procession of the street, leaving a look of pain upon the face of the man of butter.

Old Methods of Lighting.

Young and even middle-aged people, accustomed to the convenience of the modern lucifer match, can hardly imagine the time when the tinder-box, with its clumsy flint and steel and broad brimstone matches, was the only means of procuring a light. Some people were more skillful than others in striking a light, and blowing the spark and match to a flame; but often on a wintry morning it was weary work with the servant who had to kindle the first fire if the tinder happened to be damp or worn out, or the flint and steel "in a temper."

In some houses a rushlight was in many bed-room or other ways burnt, so that in case of sudden illness, or any disaster, there might be light ready. The rushlight having, as its name implies, a rush wick, was about fifteen inches long, and was burnt in a huge perforated shade; it was the "farthing rushlight" which very poor people were said to use for other purposes than a night-light. The picture of a half-starved seamstress in her garret window, in those days, have been very incomplete without the thin rush candle; but its flame was so feeble that I can hardly fancy any eyes could have served to thread a needle by it.

The Romance of Gas-Tar.

Prof. Fischer, of Munich, has succeeded in obtaining from distilled coal a white crystalline powder, which, as far as regards its action on the human stomach, can not be distinguished from quinine except that it assimilates more readily with the stomach. Its efficacy in reducing fever heat is said to be remarkable, even rendering the use of ice unnecessary. The importance of such a discovery as this consists not so much in the actual fact achieved as in the stimulus given to scientific research by the opening up of a new channel of investigation. The romance of gas-tar is evidently far from being exhausted. In addition to the sweetest scents, the most brilliant dyes, the most powerful disinfectants, and even prussic acid, are some of the numerous and wonderful products of its decomposition.

Goldsmith's Neglected Tomb.

There is a lonely court close to Fleet street where the body of another poet lies forgotten and forgotten. No railing protects Goldsmith's tombstone—no barrier keeps it sacred from the indifferent clerks and busy lawyers who hurry over the mouldering graves around it. Dr. Ingleby would be doing right good service now if he would agitate for the disinterment of "poor Noll's" bones. They have lain where they are too long already for the credit of the millions whom his works have delighted. It is time they were better sheltered from the weather, and that their shelter could be there for them than the roof of Westminster Abbey?

Chinese Medical Treatment.

(Shanghai Cor. Globe-Democrat.)

The most absurd superstitions are held in regard to sickness and disease. It is always attributed to the evil spirits floating in the air, and when a member of a family is attacked with illness they send for the priests. These sacred individuals come attended by a full band of music, that is to say, a huge gong, several drums, and an instrument like a Scotch bagpipe. No more hideous or unearthly noise can be imagined. The priest kneels before a square table holding lighted candles and burning incense, and reads innumerable prayers placed on a sort of case, in large red characters. At the end of each one he prostrates himself to the earth, and the instruments break out into a most discordant clamor while he remains there.

A woman in a village just outside the gates of our compound has never been well since her removal into a new house. Of course, the only reason she can think of is that the evil spirits took possession before they did. Last week the priests were sent for, and they have been keeping it up ever since, night and day. The wonder to us is when they eat or sleep, for there has been not the slightest cessation of hostilities.

When all they pinch them elves around the neck till it has the appearance of being burned or scalded at regular intervals. Another habit is to take a copper cash, a rough coin about the value of 1-10 of a cent, and scratch a cross on the back till the blood flows. Even the most learned have not the slightest idea of the mechanism of the human body, for it is against the law and punishable by death to dissect a corpse. It is amusing to see their cuts representing the internal system, for they resemble that of a sheep or goat quite as much as our own beautifully formed and regulated bodies. No wonder that the marvelous cures effected by the foreign physician seem little less than miracles.

A Strange Interruption.

(Chicago Herald.)

The Primitive Baptist camp-meeting at Silver Creek, Ga., had a strange interruption. A matronly woman began to scream and cry in a violent manner during prayer time. The preacher thought it was a case of spiritual anxiety, and put on more religious fervor, which had a magnetic effect on the prayerful worshippers and caused them to do likewise. This stimulated the matronly woman to renewed exertions and increased noise. Presently she declared that she was not praying, but that she was mad about her daughter. A young man had been paying attention to her daughter, and the mother had told the girl to have nothing to do with him. In order to make sure of this the old lady had held the girl by the arm while engaged in prayer. Very silently and slyly the young man came and knelt by the girl. The old lady, who was devoutly praying, did not see him, nor did she see the other man that knelt with him. Nor did she at first know that the whispered words which fell from the lips of the three, constituted the marriage service. It was when she found out that her daughter had thus been married on the sly that she began to scream. For awhile she was uncontrollable. But at last she yielded to wise counsel, and decided to make the best of what she considered a bad bargain. The brethren present thought the wedding one of the most extraordinary ever known in camp-meeting history.

A Wicked Joke.

(New York Dispatch.)

Charley Willard was a practical joker; he was what the many victimized darkeys called "a be-ard man." One day Charley hired a darkey to let him nail him up in a packing case, and he instructed the thus imprisoned African that at a certain time he should groan dimly. Then the joker called a dray and said to the driver:

"Here, Jack, take this box to the depot. I don't like the looks of that box around here. I wonder who left it here."

The box was placed upon the dray, and the careless driver mounted upon it and started for the station. He had driven about half the length of Bay street when a hollow groan of deep agony came up from the box beneath him. The driver was not quite certain that he rightly caught the direction of the noise, but he lightened up on the box, the perspiration oozed out upon his forehead, and the furze upon his hands rose up in creeping horror at the sound.

"What dat?" he softly asked himself, and his voice squeaked and sabbled as he spoke.

"Umh-h-h-oh-ee-umh-h-h" came from the box, and the captive floundered in his cage.

There was a yell of awful terror—a big negro man leaped high in the air from the dray and landed full fifteen feet away, and with a huge white, dazed, tormented eye over each shoulder he fled down the street praying and shouting:

"Oh, Lordy! O, my Heavenly Father! Be with me, I pray! O, w-h-ah-ah! De debil like to catch me! My Lord in glory! save your sufferin' child!"

He stopped at last, but it took half an hour to get the thing explained, and the coon in the box inquired very particularly as to whether the darkeyman was near at hand before he would consent to be released.

Muslin Funerals.

(Cincinnati Enquirer.)

As soon as the grave is filled up each friend plants a sprig of cypress, one on the right and another on the left of the deceased. If those on the right grow tall, it is a sign that the deceased will live forever, enjoy the delights of bliss promised to all true followers of Mohammed. If those on the left, he will forever be excluded from enjoying bliss in the arms of the ravishing Houris, whose eyes are big as the tea saucers, and forms as of Parian marble. If both grew he would be greatly favored in the next world; if neither, he would be haunted by black angels until Mohammed interfered.

Inter Ocean: Fashionable young ladies should not forget that Gollish died from the effect of a bang on his forehead.

THE COLORADO SAND DUNES.

The True Story of Their Origin Sixty-seven Years Ago—The Herd-ers' Horrible Fate.

(M. D. Mix in Buffalo Courier.)

How and when the dunes had been formed was the subject of our conversation; but presently the conversation slackened until we were each occupied with our own thoughts and silently admiring the beautiful sight of the Sangre de Christo range which lay before us, with the snow-tipped Mount Blanca, the noblest and highest peak of the Rockies, as the central figure. The sun had sunk behind the San Juan mountains in the west, and the grand and imposing picture that lay before us was gradually fading from our view. We were getting a fresh breeze from the snow-covered mountains, the evening had become cool and I got up to place some logs on our fire, which was getting low. Scarcely had I done so when I heard light footsteps and the snapping of dry twigs. From out of a dense growth of willows toward the river came a man, a Spaniard. I welcomed him in Spanish, and invited him to draw near our fire and be seated. He introduced himself as Francis Gonzalez. I told him that our curiosity had been greatly excited at the magnitude of the sand hills in the San Luis. He remained silent for a moment, gazing into the fire, but looking up suddenly, he said: "Senior, if it would please you, I can relate to you how the famous sand dunes of the San Luis valley really came into existence. There are undoubtedly many who can tell you this tale, but there is no one living who would be more apt to know the truth in regard to it than myself, for it was my grandfather who started the foundation of the largest one in the range with part of his herd of sheep and several of his herders." I assured him we were never too tired to listen, and begged him to proceed.

"It is now ten years if not more," he said, "since I last repeated what I am to tell you to-night, and although it may seem almost incredible to you, it is nevertheless true. What I am to repeat to you was told to me by my father, and has been told by me to my children. It was in the year 1816 that my grandfather, El Senior Don Louis Gonzalez, returned to his home in Mexico, where he had enormous herds of cattle and sheep, from an exploring tour north. He had penetrated into this part of Colorado, and had traveled over the San Luis valley. Feed was here in such abundance that my grandfather returned to his home fully determined to brave the Indians, and send a small portion of his herders to this valley. He therefore selected 2,500 sheep from his herd, picked out five of his most trusty herders and sent them out upon their journey. It was in the spring time that they arrived at their destination. They immediately set to work building cabins to live in and corals for the sheep. A month had passed away and the sheep were thriving wonderfully and nothing occurred to give warning of their approaching doom. On June 25 one herder, Martinez by name, proposed to see what kind of country lay on the other side of the mountains. After three days spent in wandering he started to return to his companions. He pursued his way, with no foreboding of the horrible fate that had overtaken those left behind, and at last arrived at the mouth of the pass.

"He looked, and where he should have seen the newly-erected cabins and the herd peacefully grazing, he saw only an immense mountain of sand. He was dumfounded, and could not believe at first but that it was some hideous nightmare, or else that he had lost his way, and that his companions, with the sheep, were off in some other direction. After going a short distance further and seeing many familiar landmarks, he at last came to realize what had happened, and that where now stood only a large hill of sand was where his home had been for the past year. He started immediately to find his brother herders, but after searching for them for two days he gave them up at last. A storm had risen during his absence and buried the 3,500 sheep, his four companions and their houses and corals beneath fifty feet of sand. That was the beginning of the famous sand dunes of Colorado. The herder who had escaped the fate of his companions then set out to carry the news to my grandfather, and after encountering many hardships he at last arrived at the hacienda and related to his master all that he knew. Search was made of the bodies of the Mexicans who perished there, but before the laborers could succeed in getting ten feet below the surface the excavation made would completely fill with the loose sand, and the undertaking was abandoned." After Senior Gonzalez finished his tale we all rolled ourselves up in our blankets and passed off into dreamland. The next morning after breakfast our guest got up his horse and, after extending a very cordial invitation to make him a visit, departed for his own camp.

Give the Fair Sex a Chance.

(Laramie Boomerang.)

Jackson, Jefferson, Franklin and all the other old worthies will be retained on stamps of different denominations. It is curious that the post-office officials have never conceived the idea of utilizing the likeness of some of the fair citizens of the republic in this way. Why, for instance, should not a certain proportion of the 2-cent stamps be given to Martha Washington? Why exclude Mrs. Franklin from all participation in the postal honors of her illustrious husband? Then, there is Miss Susan B. Anthony, who has raised the banner of woman suffrage in every State in the Union. Why not put her charming countenance on one of the postage stamps?

Of Uncertain Meaning.

(Peck's Sun.)

A New York paper speaks of the drowning of "the head" varnisher in a piano factory. We are willing to wear our head band, because it is the style, but if it has become fashionable to have heads varnished, that settles it. Not any head varnish on the old man's.

They Knew the Cards.

(Louisville Courier-Journal.)

"About the sharpest bit of gambling that I have seen for some time occurred up at our town a short while ago," said a Lexington sport last night to a little crowd of congenial companions.

"You all know Ernest Fouché. I guess every sport in Kentucky knows Ernest. He is the last man in the world to be picked up for a sucker. Well, a short time ago Ernest went to Chicago to lay in an supply of cards and chips for his poker-room. He went to one of the big card houses and bought his goods. He gave directions where to send them and left. That evening he steered straight for home. He had hardly left the card-store when two men came in and asked if Mr. Fouché's package had been sent. The clerk replied that it had not, and they said that Mr. Fouché had changed his mind about sending it, and as they were going to Lexington they would take charge of the cards. They asked what the bill was and paid it. Of course the clerk had no idea of any job, and as the men paid for the cards he let them off. The two men took the cards around to their rooms and marked them, or put marked cards in their places. They then took the package down to the express office and left word there to have the goods sent to Lexington. They then got on board the first train and started for the bluegrass capital. The sports of Lexington were surprised and dazzled by the way the strangers spent their money. None of the poker-players made their bets half so recklessly, and none of the faro-players piled their chips up so carelessly. In two days they got rid of about \$1,000. One Friday night the Chicago cards came, and Fouché gathered a little party in his room to try the new stock. Luck was toward the strangers, and as the night began to wane the piles of money in front of them grew steadily. At length at 10 o'clock Saturday morning Ernest rose from the table. He had lost every thing, and as the strangers counted over their winnings they found themselves \$6,000 ahead. Fouché doesn't keep a poker-room now."

The Midget Sheep.

(St. Nicholas.)

The very smallest of all the kinds of sheep is the tiny Breton sheep. It is too small to be very profitable to raise; of course, it can not have much wool, and for eating, why, a hungry man could almost eat a whole one at a meal. It is so small when full-grown that it can hide behind a good-sized bucket. It takes its name from the particular part of France where it is most raised.

But if not a profitable sheep, it is a dear little creature for a pet, for it is very gentle and loving, and because it is so small, is not such a nuisance about the house as was the celebrated lamb which belonged to a little girl named Mary. It would need to be a very large little girl—a giant girl indeed—who could take an ordinary sheep in her lap and cuddle it there; but any little girl could find room in her lap for a Breton sheep quite as easily as for one of those very ugly little dogs called by the ugly name of pug.

One of this little creature's peculiarities is its extreme sympathy with the feeling of its human friends, when it has been brought up as a pet in the house, and has learned to distinguish between happiness and unhappiness. If any person whom it likes a great deal is very much pleased about anything, and shows it by laughing, the little sheep will frisk about with every sign of joy; but if, on the contrary, the person sheds tears, the sympathetic friend will evince its sorrow in an equally unmistakable way. A kind word and a loving caress will also fill it with happiness, while a cross word or a harsh gesture will cause it evident distress.

Snuff of the Amazonian Mandrills.

(Cincinnati Enquirer.)

The Mandrills make their snuff from a kind of pop-like plant called niopo. They pick the pods when ripe, and crush them into small pieces, sing them into a pot of water until they are macerated and the pulp turn black. They are then picked off and pounded fine, then rolled into little cakes and mixed with juice of the abuta, some manioc flour, and lime made from a burnt shell. The cakes are then dried over a slow fire. The operation of taking the snuff is as strange as the manufacture of it.

When the Mandrills feel like taking a pinch of snuff he scrapes off a spoonful from his cake and spreads it all over a saucer with the bristles of the great ant-eater. He goes deliberately to work, hurrying about nothing. When he has got the powder soft enough he brings out a couple of quills of the happy eagle or the slank-bones of a bird like the plover, which are tied together, and, inhaling in each nostril, gets a good snuff. The effect is like a shock from a galvanic battery; his body is all of a tremble, his eyeballs start out as if they would burst from their sockets, his knees sink outward, and he falls to the ground as if in a fit of intoxication. It lasts, however, only for a moment, then he feels tipsy, and jumps about and cavorts like a madman. He is brave, and wants to fight, and is full of exhilarating feelings and savage joy.

A New Growing City.

(Inter Ocean.)

New Tacoma, the western terminus of the Northern Pacific railroad, has a population of 4,000. Situated on an arm of Puget sound, it possesses a magnificent harbor four miles in width, which is too deep, however, for vessels to anchor in. Town lots sell at fabulous prices, ranging from \$40,000 downward. Mount Ranier, plainly discernible sixty-five miles to the south-east, towers to the height of 14,400 feet, and is crowned by perpetual snows, which the foot of man has never trod.

But His Neighbor.

Mr. Spurgeon, being asked whether a man could be a Christian and belong to a brass band, replied: "Yes, I think he might; but it would be a very difficult matter for his next-door neighbor to be a Christian."