THE FIRE OF HOME.

I hear them tell of far-off climes,
And treasures grand they hold—
Of Minster walls where stained light falls
On canvas, rare and old.
My hands fall down, my breath comes fast,
But ah, how can I roam?
My task I know; to spin and sew,
And light the fire of home.

Sometimes I hear of noble deeds;
Of words that move mankind;
Of willing hands that to other lands
Bring light to the poor and blind.
I dare not preach, I cannot write.
I fear to cross the foam;
Who, if I go, will spin and sew
And light the fire of home?

My husband comes, as the shadows fall,
From the fields with my girl and boy;
His loving kiss brings with it bliss
That hath no base alloy.
From the new-plowed meadows, fresh and brown,
I catch the scent of the loam;
"Heart, do not fret, 'tis something yet
To light the fire of home."

A GOOD STORY.

"The gentleman on the left, Kate—do you know him? He has looked frequently toward you."

"Has he?"

"Who is it?"

"I can't tell. I have not seen him."

"Suppose you look?"

"I prefer not. I came to see the play. Is not Helen Faucet superb?"

"So, so. I wish you would tell me who that gentleman on the left is. I am sure he knows you, and he is strikingly handsome."

"At present the stage interests me. Besides, if men are rude enough to stare at strangers there is no occasion for us to imitate them."

"Your ladyship has no curiosity?"

"Not any, I exhausted it some time ago."

Her ladyship was not telling the truth; she was intensely curious, but it pleased her at that time to pique the honorable Selina Dorset. That strange sympathy that makes us instantly conscious of a familiar glance, even in a crowded building, had solicited her regard just as Selina had advised her of it. If she had not been asked to look toward her left, she would probably have done so; as it was, she resolutely avoided any movement in that direction.

The play finished in a tumult of applause. Lady Kate Talbot forgot everything in her excitement, and as she stook up, flushed and trembling, she inadvertently turned toward the left. Instantly she recognized a presence with which she ought to have been familiar enough.

The gentleman bowed with an extreme respect. Lady Kate acknowledgad the courtesy in a manner too full of astonishment to be altogether gracious, and the elaborate politeness of the recognition was not softened by any glance implying a more tender intimacy than that of a mere acquaintance.

My lady was silent all the way home, and for some reason Selina was not disposed to interrupt her reverie. It did not seem to be an unpleasant one. Kate's face had a bright flush on it, and her eyes held in them a light—a light that resembled what Selina would have called hope and love, if my lady had not been already married, and her destiny apparently settled.

"Selina, when you have got rid of all that lace and satin, come up to my room; I have something to say to you."

Selina nodded pleasantly. She was sure it concerned the gentleman on the left. She had no love affairs of her own on hand or heart at present, and being neither literary or charitable, her time went heavily onward. A little bit of romance—nothing wrong, of course, but just a little bit of romance, especially if connected with the cold and proper Lady Talbot—would be of all things the most interesting.

She was speedily unrobed, and with her long black hair hanging loosely over her pretty dressing gown, she sought my lady's room. Lady Talbot sat in a dream-like stillness, looking into the bright blaze on the hearth. She scarcely stirred as Selina took a large chair beside her, and scarcely smiled when she lifted one of her loosened curls, and said, "What exquisite hair you have, Kate! True golden."

"Yes, it is beautiful. I know that, of course."

"Of what are you thinking so intently?"

"Of the gentleman on our left to-night."

"Ah, who is he? He seemed to know you."

"He ought to know me much better than he does. He is my husband, Lord Richard Talbot."

"Kate!"

"It is true."

"I thought he was in Africa, or Asia, or Europe, or somewhere at the end of the world."

"He is now in England, it seems. I suppose he has just arrived. I have not seen him before."

"Where is he staying then?"

"I presume in the left wing of this mansion. I notice there are more lights than usual in it to-night. His apartments are there."

"Now, Kate, do tell me all, dear. You know I love a romantic love affair, and I am sure this is one."

"You were never more mistaken, Selina. There is no love at all in the affair. That is the secret of the whole position. I thought as you were staying here this week, and might probably see or meet my lord, it was better to make all clear to you. People are so apt to associate wrong with things they do not understand."

"To be sure, dear. I suppose Lord Richard and you have had a little disagreement. Now, if I could only do anything toward a reconciliation, I should be so happy, you know."

"No, Selina, there has been no quarrel, and you can do nothing at all between us. I don't want you to try. Just be kind enough to ignore the whole circumstances. Lord Richard and I understood each other nearly four years ago."

"But it is not four years since you married?"

"Just four years—yesterday."

"And my lord has been away—"

"Three years, eight months and eighteen days, so far as I know."

"Well, this is a most extraordinary thing, and very, very sad, I must say."

"It might easily have been sadder. I am going to tell you the exact truth, and I rely upon your honor and discretion to keep the secret inviolable."

"My dear Kate, I would not name it for the world."

"Listen, then. One night, when I was scarcely 17 years old, my father sent for me to his study. I had known for months that he was dying. He was the only creature that I had to love, and I loved him very tenderly. I must mention this also, for it partly explains my conduct that the idea of disobeying him in anything had never presented itself to me as a possibility. This night I found with him his life long friend the late Lord Talbot, and the present lord, my husband. I was a shy, shrinking girl, without any knowledge of dress or society, and very timid and embarrassed in my manners. Then my father told me that it was necessary for the good of both houses that Richard and I should marry, that Richard had consented, and that I must meet a few friends in our private chapel at 7 o'clock in the morning a week later. Of course these things were told me in a very gentle manner, and my dear father, with many loving kisses, begged me as a last favor to him to make no objection."

"And what did Lord Richard say?"

"I glanced up at him. He stood near a window looking over our fine old park, and when he felt my glance he colored deeply and bowed. Lord Talbot said, rather angrily, 'Richard, Miss Esher waits for you to speak.' Then Lord Richard turned toward me and said something, but in such a low voice that I did not catch its meaning. 'My son says you do him a great honor—and pleasure,' exclaimed Lord Talbot, and he kissed me and led me toward the unwilling bridegroom.

"Of course I ought to have hated him, Selina, but I did not. On the contrary, I fell desperately in love with him. Perhaps it would have been better for me if I had not. Richard read my heart in my face, and despised his easy conquest. As for me, I suffered in that weak and torturing suspense of a timid school girl in love. I dressed myself in the best of my plain, unbecoming, childish toilets, and watched wearily every day for a visit from my promised husband; but I saw no more of him until our wedding morning. By this time some very rich clothing had arrived for me and also a London maid, and I think, even then, my appearance was fair enough to have somewhat conciliated Richard Talbot. But he scarcely looked at me. The ceremony was scrupulously and coldly performed, my father, aunt and governess being present on my side, and on Richard's his father and three maiden sisters.

"I never saw my father alive again; he died the following week, and the mockery of our wedding festivities at Talbot Castle was suspended at once in deference to my grief. Then we came to London, and my lord selected for his own use the left wing of this house, and politely placed at my disposal all the remaining apartments. I considered this an intimation that I was not expected to intrude upon his quarters, and I scrupulously avoided every approach to them. I knew from the first that all attempts to win him would be useless, and indeed I felt too sorrowful and humiliated to try. During the few weeks that we remained under the same roof we seldom met, and I am afraid I did not make these rare interviews at all pleasant. I felt wronged and miserable, and my wan face and heavy eyes were only a reproach to him."

"Oh, what a monster, Kate!"

"Not quite that, Selina. There were many excuses for him. One day I saw a paragraph in the Times, saying that Lord Richard Talbot intended to accompany a scientific exploring party whose destination was Central Asia. I instantly sent and asked my husband for an interview. I had intended dressing myself with care for the meeting, and making one last effort to win the kindly regard, at least, of one whom I could not help loving. But some unfortunate fatality always attended our meeting and I could not do myself justice in his presence. He answered my request at once; I suppose he did so out of respect and kindness; but the consequence was he found me in unbecoming dishabille, and with my face and eyes red and swollen with weeping.

"I felt mortified at a prompt attention so malapropos, and my manner, instead of being winning and conciliating, was cold and unprepossessing. I did not rise from the sofa on which I had been sobbing, and he made no attempt to sit down beside me or to comfort me.

"I pointed to the paragraph and asked if it was true.

" 'Yes, Lady Talbot,' he said, a little sadly and proudly; 'I shall relieve you of my presence in a few days. I intended Writwell to call on you to-day with a draft of the provisions I had made for your comfort.'

"I could make no answer. I had thought of many things to say, but now in his presence I was almost fretful and dumb. He looked at me almost in pity, and said in a low voice, 'Kate, we have both been sacrificed to a necessity involving many besides ourselves. I am trying to make what reparation is possible. I shall leave you unrestricted use of three-fourths of my income, I desire you to make your life as gay and pleasant as you can. I have no fear for the honor of our name in your hands, and I trust that and all else to you without a doubt. If you would try and learn to make some excuse for my position, I shall be grateful; perhaps when you are not in constant fear of meeting me, this lesson may not be so hard.'

"And I could not say a word in reply. I just lay sobbing like a child among the cushions. Then he lifted my hand and kissed it, and I knew he was gone."

"And now, Kate, that you have become the most brilliant woman in England, what do you intend to do?"

"Who knows? I have such a contrary streak in my nature. I always do the thing I do not want to do."

Certainly it seemed like it; in spite of her confession, when Lord Talbot sent the next morning to request an interview, Kate regretted that she had a prior engagement, but hoped to meet Lord Talbot at the Duchess of Clifford's that night.

My lord bit his lips angrily, but nevertheless he had been so struck with his wife's brilliant beauty that he determined to keep the engagement.

She did not meet him with sobs this time. The centre of an admiring throng, she spoke to him with an ease and nonchalance that would have indicated to a stranger the most usual and commonplace of acquaintanceships. He tried to draw her into a confidential mood, but she said, smilingly, "My lord, the world supposes us to have already congratulated each other; we need not undeceive it."

He was dreadfully piqued and the pique kept the cause of it continually in his mind. Indeed, unless he left London, he could hardly avoid constant meetings which were constant aggravations. My lady went everywhere. Her beauty, her wit, her splendid toilets, her fine manners, were the universal theme. He had to endure extravagant comments on them. Friends told him that Lady Talbot had never been so brilliant and so bewitching as since his return. He was congratulated on his influence over her.

In the meantime she kept strictly at the distance he himself had arranged four years ago. It was evident that if he approached any nearer his beautiful but long-neglected wife, he must humble himself to do so. Why should he not? In Lord Talbot's mind the reasons against it had dwindled down to one; but this was a formidable one. It was his valet. This man had known all his master's matrimonial troubles, and in his own way sympathized with them. He was bitterly averse to Lord Talbot's making any concessions to my lady. One night, however, he received a profound shock.

"Simmons," said Lord Talbot, very decidedly, "go and ask Lady Talbot if she will do me the honor to receive a visit from me?"

My lady would be delighted. She was in an exquisite costume, and condescended to exhibit for his pleasure all her most bewildering moods. It was with great reluctance he left her after a two hours' visit. The next night he stayed still longer. My lady had no other engagement, and he quite forgot the one he made to be present at the Marquis of Stairs' wine party.

The following week my lady received every morning a basket of wonderful flowers, and a little note with them containing a hope that she was in good health.

One morning she was compelled to say she was not very well, and Lord Talbot was so concerned that he sent Simmons to ask if he might be permitted to eat breakfast with her. My lady was graciously willing, and Lord Richard was quite excited by the permission. He changed his morning cravat several times, quite regardless of Simmons' peculiar face, and with many misgivings as to his appearance, sat down opposite the lovely lady in pale blue satin and cashmere and white lace.

It was a charming breakfast, and during it the infatuated husband could not help saying a great many sweet and flattering things. Kate parried them very prettily. "It is well," she said, "that no one hears us. If we were not married they would think we were making love."

"And if we are married, Kate, why not make love, dear?" We had no opportunity before we were married."

"Ah, Richard, in fashionable life we should make ourselves ridiculous. Every one now says our behavior is irreproachable. I should have dearly liked it when only a shy, awkward, country girl; but now, my lord we should be laughed at."

"Then, Kate, let us be laughed at. I for one am longing for it. If time shall run back and fetch the age of gold, why not love? Let us go back, four whole years and a half. Will you, Kate?—dearest, sweetest Kate?"

"We should have to run away to the country, Richard, and now I think of it I have not been to Esher since we—were—married, love."

When such a conversation as this was prolonged for five hours, it was little wonder that my lord's valet and my lady's maid received orders to pack valises and trunks, or that next day Esher Hall was in a happy tumult of preparation.

Love comes better late than never, and Lady Kate always told herself that she never could have been so happy in those sweet old gardens with her lover as she was with her husband. Probably they were both as perfectly satisfied as it is possible for human love to be; for, greatly to the amazement of the fashionable world, they not only spent the whole summer alone in their country home, but actually, when they came back to London, had the courage to appear in the very height of the season in the same box at the opera.

"Really, Kate," says Miss Selina, "I never was so astonished. The gentleman on your left—"

"Is always at my right now, dear. He will never be in the opposition again."

"How delightful!"

"For us? Oh, yes. Charming."

The great proportion of catches for window blinds used by house-builders are utterly worthless. The builders are too mean to purchase a useful and effective article. Therefore, on a windy day or night there is a constant slamming of blinds, the makers of which profit by the wear and tear.

IN a street car: "Mamma, is that man near sighted?" I guess not, Gertie." "But why does he hold that newspaper so close to his face?" "Because he is very bashful and is afraid that some lady might ask him to occupy more than one seat."

A STREAK of lightning: "And what is this animal called?" asked the teacher of the class in natural history, as he pointed to a picture of a sloth. And the class all shouted at once: "A messenger boy!"

The Railroad Newsboy.

There is some talk on some of the railroads of abolishing the newsboys, and an esteemed contemporary recently charged upon him in double column. But although he is not always agreeable to the American traveler, it is doubtful if the traveling public will take kindly to the European fashion of depending for all they want to buy en route upon news and notion stands at the railroad stations. Conservative as the Englishman is in all his habits, the newsboy, so far from being a nuisance to him, is generally pronounced one of the decided advantages of American travel. Even when the Englishman is disgusted with our long, open cars and their promiscuous company, looks askant even at a "Pullman," doubts the efficacy of the bell-cord which communicates with the engineer, and sees very little in the baggage check, he will admit the usefulness of the newsboy. One of these travelers, Mr. Adams, of Newcastle, England, in a recent book of impressions about this country, says that "Next to the conductor the most useful person on an American train is the newsboy. This young gentleman is most incessant in his attentions. The first time he pays the passengers a visit he brings around a stock of newspapers. Soon afterwards he makes his appearance with an armful of books, magazines and views. Leaving each passenger a specimen of his wares he retires for a short time to the corner of the train which serves him for a store. When he returns he collects such of the articles as the passengers are indisposed to purchase, asking all in turn whether they would like to look at anything else. The next visit of the newsboy is in the character of a vender of sweetmeats, figs, peanuts, bananas and so forth. Nor are these the only temptations the newsboy offers his customers. Cigars can be bought of him, also fans in the hot weather, sometimes also what are called 'notions.' Then on certain picturesque routes it is partly his business to call the attention of the passengers to the points of interest, the trains stopping for a few minutes at the spot from which the best view can be obtained. Altogether the newsboy is an exceedingly useful institution on the American railway." Despised as he is; jibed at and sworn at, often deservedly, as he is, he would probably be called back in hot haste, were he once "put off" the train by the railroad companies. Like the unhappy woman's husband, we "can't get along with him, but, what is worse," we "can't get along without him."

Captive Squaws.

There they come," said a little fellow, as he raised a yell that fairly made my throat ache to hear.

"And what are 'they?' " I asked, still ignorant of the cause of all the uproar.

"Why, the ranchers and the Indians," he said. "Come to the tower, senor, and see the grand sight," he continued, darting away toward the cathedral. But heedless of the invitation, though still excited, I pushed my way along to the wall in front of the church, and crawling to the place made for me, looked as directed and caught sight of a slow-moving body of men, horses, flags, and women coming down the street. A band, leading the procession, was performing some sort of a wild, soul-stirring march, but the music was hardly audible above the incessant cheering by the people lining the streets. Marching steadily toward me, I soon saw the composition of the strange army. Directly behind the band came some thirty horsemen, each man carrying the gun he had used, while his pistols hung from his well-worn saddle. Of all the swarthy, heavy-bearded and tan-browned faces which looked upon the cheering masses, not one wore an expression other than stolid indifference. The furious welcome manifested in a hundred different ways never drew even a smile from the set lips of the brave-hearted fellows who had risked their lives for the people's safety. Calmly looking upon the upturned faces, they rode slowly along, as immovable and undisturbed as the white walls of the houses they passed. Behind the ranchmen, who rode two abreast, came eight men on foot, who held long poles, which they continually moved up and down, and fastened to them were eight long-haired dark, blood-stained scalps, the proofs of the death of so many hated Apaches. When these hideous trophies were seen the people grew frantic with joy. Bravos resounded on all sides; men shouted until hoarse; women waved their shawls, and the excited gazers applauded the valiant men until exhausted.

But the scalp-bearers had hardly passed before there came the squaws who had been taken. The minute these bare-headed, dirty, homely, hard-faced women were seen the cheering and excitement increased, while the boys in the street pressed hard against the guards and tried to strike at the wives of those who had killed and tortured their parents, brothers and sisters. Some of the prisoners held their nursing babies in their arms, and heeded only them. The big-eyed nurslings, held as lovingly by their wild mothers as ever the women of civilization held their young in time of danger, cried with fear, and even the food their mothers offered them so piteously did not serve to comfort them. It was enough to make the heart ache to see the ignorant mothers, hated and struck at because born in a wilderness and the wives of savages, caress their children to their breasts and hold them away from the cruel hands out-stretched to strike. And yet so hated is an Apache that every wail was hailed with joy by the friends of the victors. I saw not one face among all the mothers there that had pity written upon it. Women held their children up to see the ragged squaws and laughed at the unhappy wives and cursed them. Chihuahua forgot its Sunday and the people forgot their religion. The spectacle was as barbarous as that which must have been the accompaniment of Cæsar's entry into Rome, with the bleeding captives from Gaul following his victorious chariot. Did any of these who looked upon these poor women, who were doomed to live hereafter in dreary prisons far away and who marched now within hearing of the bells which only a few hours ago had called the people to mass, stop to think what their religion taught, or did the clamor of the Spanish brass up there in the graceful towers only serve to drown their reason and inflame their hate? The Cathedral stood near by, the air was soft and beautiful, and still not one mother's heart apparently pitied or prayed for the unfortunates who marched to a living death with the scalps of their husbands swinging before them.

The spectacle was barbarous and inhuman, and taught once more that victory knows no pity and unchecked hatred rules the day in time of war. Later on, when the procession had reached the plaza, the Mayor meets the ranchmen and welcomes them to the city and congratulates them on their victory. At the end of his speech the band plays a march again; the bells are rung louder than ever; the bust is raised in perfect clouds, and, after encircling once around the square, the pageant passed out of sight up the street. An hour later, when the city was enjoying its Sunday evening quiet, I met the Consul of the United States and asked him what had become of the captured women.

"They are confined in the fort at Vera Cruz for life."

"And the children?"

"They are given to whoever wants them and are brought up as servants."

"Slaves, then, you mean?" I said.

"Hardly that. They will be paid wages when they earn them, and such lives will be better for them, far better, than if they had not been captured."

"The scalps—what is done with them?" I asked.

"The scalps? Why, the Government buys them. Every one brings $200. The Apaches have long been the scourge of Northern Mexico."

Later still I heard the bells calling for prayers. Entering the dimly-lighted church, where patches of yellow light fell upon the bare floor of the place, I saw the bended forms of those who were lisping their prayers, and I wondered if they, so quiet now and so devout, could be the same whom I had seen so short a time ago shouting with delight at the sight of a few bloody scalps and a dozen foot-sore women, who had never seen a church nor been allowed to worship anything but a crying baby. Truly, Chihuahua has much to learn, and forgiveness first of all.

Style in Newspapers.

Matthew Arnold does not like the "fragmentary" appearance of the American newspaper. He has been accustomed to ponderous essays of the London Times and the Standard, and is taken by surprise at the concise and pithy way of the American newspapers in treating current topics.

It would not be difficult to fill a newspaper with editorial essays after the manner of the London press, but not one in a hundred subscribers would read them, however ably witten. The London method of editing a newspaper would oon kill the best established newspaper in the United States.

The American looks to the paper to contain the news of the day from all parts of the world; and the greater the variety the better. He wants it, also, served up in brief, so that before going to his business he can scan the columns quickly and post himself as to the daily happenings of the political, religious, business and social world.

He feels entirely competent to draw his own calculations. What he wants is the facts, and his intelligence supplies the rest. Occasionally complications may arise where editorial explainations are of value to him, but he prefers them to be brief and pointed, and the less rhetorical display there is, the better pleased and satisfied he is.

Even the London newspapers are approaching the American style. It is now possible to find brief editorials in the London News and Telegraph, and even a touch of personality in them. The columns are gradually growing livelier, though they are yet a good ways from the American style of treating current events.

It is highly probable that the newspaper of the near future will be made up almost, if not quite, exclusively of telegraph, local news and brief editorials. Those who want further treatment of subjects will seek for it in magazines and periodicals specially devoted to them. First and last, a paper to suit American tastes must be a vehicle of news, and as comprehensive in its grasp as society is diversified in its interests.

Odd Horse Names.

There were many odd names for horses in early English racing history. A horse in 1757 was called Elephant; one foaled in 1737 was christened Crab; Snake was another; a Fleece-em was foaled in 1731. Among other names which are odd are Jennie-come-try-me, Jack-come-tickle-me, Whynot, Slow-em Dainty-Davy, Huncamunca, Nobody, Slow-and-easy and Who-would-have-thought-it. In more modern times just as peculiar names may be found. For instance, Big Soap, Billy-Bad-Eye, Gurgle, Little Brown Jug, Nigger Baby, Thistle-Digger, U-be-dam, Up and up, Guess-not, Slow Go, So-So, Heel-and-toe Fannie and Stolen Kisses.

Ludicrous and suggestive as these names are, they will hardly compare with titles given some of the running dogs at the present time. Let-Me-Go, an imported English dog, was for a long time unapproachable on the cinder path by any dog in the country, but an unlucky and accidental kick from the foot of a part owner ended his career. Dear-at-a-gift, one of his pups, is quite fast and promises to improve. Let-Her-Come is now the fastest dog on this side of the water. Others with odd names and more or less valuable in themselves are Toodles, Robert-the-devil, Try-Me-Once, At-It-again, All-Is-Over, Fruit-Boy and Puffer.

Running Down a Deer.

They prohibit hunting deer with hounds, I see, in the hunting regions of the East," said Wagner Ketchum, of Astoria, who has returned home after a twenty years' absence in the far West. "I suppose that is because the perisistence of the dogs in following the game to the death tends to the more rapid depleting of our woods. But suppose a pack of Apache Indians should be turned loose in any of your hunting fields. A dozen of them would hound more deer to distruction in one month than all the dogs in the State could in five years.

"When an Apache hunter goes out for a hunt he despenses with even the scant attire he assumes in his ordinary daily walk in life. He needs no dog, for his quick eye detects the trail of a deer as readily as the hound's does, no matter how keen its scent. On the trail, he follows it as silently as a shadow, for he knows that he will soon come in sight of the game, either feeding or lying at rest among the bushes. When he sights the deer he steals in within safe gunshot. If the deer's head is turned away from the hunter, the latter, first taking aim, shuffels his foot on the ground. If the deer is lying down it springs to its feet at the sound, and wheels around facing the direction from which the sound came. If it is standing, it turns quickly. The Apache hunter is always desirous of killing a deer by shooting it as nearly in the centre of the forehead as he can. So, when the deer turns toward him, he fires at that spot. His aim is rarely at fault, but sometimes the deer is quicker to discover the cause of its alarm than the hunter is to fire, and turns for safety in flight. An Apache's gun, also, not infrequently misses fire, and the deer flees on the wings of the wind. To permit a deer to escape after it is once discovered is something that no Apache hunter is expected to do, and it is against their code to fire a second time. The hunter, failing to kill his game at the first attempt, must run it down, and it is very rare that he fails in this chase. As the deer starts away in its flight, leaping from 20 to 30 feet at a time, the Indian drops his gun, and with hideous yells, starts in pursuit. The deer at first leaves the hunter far behind, putting forth its greatest effort to that end. But its trail is as plain to the Indian as a turnpike road is to a white man, and he follows it. As is its nature, as soon as the deer is out of sight and sound of threatening danger, it stops and waits for developements. The sight of the pursuing hunter starts it on its way again. Every halt of this kind tells against the deer, for it is not of sufficient length to give it any beneficial rest, and at every new start it is stiffer and less active. The Indian never halts. There are runners among the Apaches who can run for 24 hours without a stop, and can make their five miles every hour of the time. After the deer has run for two or three hours, its thirst prompts it to make for the nearest water. This the relentless hunter knows to be inevitable, and when the deer reaches that stage of the chase, the Indian considers the victory won. There is no hope for the deer after it stops to drink, for it takes into its parched stomach all it can. Having laden itself with its weight of water, the deer is no longer able to take long leaps and cannot extend its run between the halts more than half the former distance. The Indian's tongue may hang swollen and white from his mouth, and his mouth be as dry as dust and his stomach burning with heat, but he never stops to drink. He scoops a handful of water from the stream as he dashes across it, and carries it in his mouth, where he holds it a moment and then ejects it without taking a swallow. If he is obliged to swim he lets the water run in his mouth, but keeps it from his stomach.

"After running an hour or so, after the deer has quenched its thirst, the Indian knows it is time to find some evidence of the animal's weakening. These he is sure to find along the trail, in the shape of blood spots on some rocks where the deer has stumbled on its knees, or a patch of hair clinging to some sharp projection, showing that the deer's strength has failed so that it cannot turn quickly out of the way of obstacles. Now the Indian increases his speed. He knows that the deer's race is run. In time he overtakes the deer, which is now loping feebly along. A yell startles it into a momentary burst of speed. Then, as if appreciating the fact that it were useless to prolong the race, it stops and turns with all the defiance its exhausted nature can assume, and awaits the approach of the hunter. Sometimes, however, the deer runs until it drops dead or dying in its tracks. If it turns upon the Indian, the latter keeps right on at full speed. He knows that the deer can do him no harm, its inclination to the contrary notwithstanding. He seizes it boldly, throws it to the ground with ease and cuts its throat. Without a moment's delay, whether the deer is dead or dying, the Indian cuts from behind the fore shoulder a large piece of meat. He sucks the warm blood from it and devours the morsel, keeping constantly on the move. If the carcass of the deer is not too heavy, he throws it across his shoulder and starts immediately for home. He does not rest a moment, for fear of becoming too stiff to make the return trip. If the deer is too heavy for him to carry, he cuts out the choicest parts, hides the remainder in a secure place, and brings in the former. In this case another member of the tribe is selected to take his back track on the arrival of the hunter in camp, and bring in the venison left behind.

Germany has 500 mills for the manufacture of wood pulp, and such a degree of perfection has been reached in its manufacture that even for the better qualities of paper it is a complete substitute for rags. Wood pulp constitutes seventy-five per cent. of the paper stock used in that country.

The weakest spot of any man is where he thinks himself the strongest.