FADING DAYS.

Filled with a quiet sadness nigh to tears, When tears come fresh from no ungentle spring,

Beside this stream, whose tongue runfaltering,

I watch this graceful fading of the year's A breeze shakes "11 the host of grassy spears. Rustling their faded pennants where they

eling; A brown rust widens round the fairies' ring,

Pale on each bough a dying grace appears.

The air is tremulous with hovering fears, Each moment some loved charm is taking

wing, For every pearl that falls from summer's string

Dies in my breast some song her love endears.

O Autumn ! haste ; blow fresh through heart and brain

The riper notes of thy reviving strain !

THE THIRD BOWL.

"Draw your chair close up. Put your feet on those skins. You will find them soft and warm. Light another pipe, and fill your glass, Philip. It is a bitter night. My old bones shudder when I hear the wind wail over the house and through the oak-tree. Capital punch, that John has a knack at the article that I have rarely seen equaled -never surpassed. He is a prince of servants, is John, if he is black. I have had him with me now-let me see. It must be thirty years, at least-it is thirty two years next Christmas week, and I have never quarreled with him, and he has never quarreled with me. A rare history for master and man. I thinl. it is because we love each other's weakness, and here he comes.

"John, another bowl of bunch, if you please. What not another! Certainly, man, I must have it. This is only the second, and Philip. yonder, has drank half, of course. Not drank any! You don't mean to say that he has been drinking nothing but that vile claret all the blessed evening? Philip you dog, I thought you knew my house-rules better than that. But you always would have your own way.

"One more bowl, John-but one. It shall be the last; and, John, get the old Maraschino, one of the thick black bot tles with the small necks, and open it gently. But you know how, old fellow, and just do your best to make us comfortable.

"How the wind howls! Philip, my boy, I am seventy-three years old, and week ago to-day.

An old bachelor! Yea, verily. One of the oldest kind. But what is age? What is the paltry sum of seventy each other. years? Do you think I am any older in slower, that my mind thinks more slow- other half?" ly, my feelings are less buoyant, less cheerful, if they look forward only sweep of memory; and once young for- | want.' ever young, is the motto of an immor-

like an ancient parchment, and my lips it square.' earthly ceases and the unearthly and she doesn't care a copper for you.' eternal begins. "I have not grown one day older than I was at thirty-two. I have never advanced a day since then. All my life long since that has been one day-one short day; no night, no rest, no succession of hours, events, or thoughts has marked my advance.

me splendidly beautiful in all the holiness of her young glad life, and I could bow down on my knees and worship her now again.

"Why did I say again? For forty years I have not ceased to worship her. repress a smile that grew into a broad If I kneel to pray in the morning, she | laugh passes between me and God. 1f I would read the prayers at evening twilight woods ring with our merriment. she looks up at me from the page. If I worship on a Sabbath morning in the church, she looks down on me from some

unfathomable distance, some unap-proachable height, and I pray to her as proachable height, and I pluy to here in the winter nights I she, quickly, turning to me. "'You," said I, bluntly.

fingers are feeling about my heart, as if grasp and still it. I he calmly, to

quietly, and I think my hour is at hand and through the gloom, and through the mists and films that gather over my vision, I see her afar off still the same angel in the distant heaven, and I reach out my arms to her, and I cry alond on God to let me go find her, and on her to to come to me, and then darkness settles on me.

"The doctor calls this apoplexy, and "Sarah, could you says I shall some day die in a fit of it. enough to marry him?" What do doctors know of the tremendous influences that are working on our souls? He, in his scientific stupidity, calls it a disease, and warns me against wine and high living; as if I did not understand what it is, and why my think he has any such idea, do you?' vision at such times reaches so very lar into the deep unknown.

"I have spoken of Tom Lewis, her cousin. Rumor said he was the old man's heir in equal proportion with the thus. But dil she love me? Would daughter; for he had been brought up in the family, and had always been the idea in just the same way? treated as a son. He was a good fellow if he was rough, for he had the goodness that all who came within her influence must have.

"I have seen her look the devil out that was up in my throat and spoke out: of him often. I remember once when the horses had behaved in a way not to suit him, and he had let an oath or two escape his lips preparatory to putting those holy eyes-and blessed me with on the whip. We were riding together their unutterably glorious gaze. To down the avenue, and he raised the my dying hour I shall not forget that lash. At the moment he caught her eye. She was walking up from the my soul. She looked at me one look; lodge, where she had been to see a sick child. She saw the raised cane and her eye caught his. He did not strike. The horses escaped for that time. He drove them quietly through the gate, for but, Philip, it was the last light of those three miles and back without a word of eyes I ever saw-the last, the last. anger.

"Did I tell you I was her cousin also? on her mother's side. Not on the Genseven days over. My birth-day was a eral's. We lived not far off, and I lived much of my time at his house. Tom ed, and I will not keep you much long-and myself had been inseparable, and er. we did not conceal our rivalry from-

"'Tom,' said I, one morning, 'why my soul than I was half a century age? | can't you be content with half the Gen-Do you think, because my heart beats eral's fortune, and let me have the

"'Bah! Jerry,' said he, 'as if that would be any more even, when you weeks instead of years? I tell you, boy, want Sarah with it. in Heaven's name, that seventy years are a day in the take half of the money, if that's all you

"Can't we fix it so as to make an tal soul. I know I am what men call even division, Tom? Take all the forold, I know my cheeks are wrinkled tune, and let me have her, and I'll call

image of that young girl stands before not give for Tom's awkwardness now! The scoundrel is winning his way by it. "Jerry is Tom in love?"

"The naivete of the question, the correctness of it, the very simplicity of thing was irresistible, and I could not

"Tom joined in it, and we made the

"'I say, Tom isn't that your whip lying back yonder in the road?'

"'Confound it, yes; the cord has broken from my wrist;' and he rode "Jerry, whom does Tom love?' said

"Why, of course; but who is he in love with, I mean?'

"It was a curious way to get at it. Could I be justified? It was not asking what I had intended, but it was getting at it in another way, and just as well, perhaps. It was, at all events, asking Tom s question for him, and it saved record will remain a me the embarra sment of putting it as life after her burial. my own, I determined this in an instant.

"Sarah, could you love Tom well "'I! Jerry; what do you mean?

"Suppose Tom wants you to be his wife, will you marry him?'

"'I don't know-I can't tell-I never thought of such a thing. You don't

"That was my answer. It was don't enough as far as it went, but I was no yet." better off than before. She did not love Tom, or she would never have answered she marry me? Wouldn't she receive

"I looked back. Tom was on the ground, had picked up his whip, and had one foot in the stirrup, ready to mount again. I gulped down my heart "Sarah, wili you marry me?'

"Philip, she turned her eyes again toward me-those large brown eyes, their unutterably glorious gaze. gaze; to all eternity it will remain in and whether it was pity, sorrow, sur-prise, or love, I cannot tell you. that filled them and overflowed toward me from out their immeasurable depths;

"Is there anything left in that bowl? Thank you. Just a glassful. You will not take any? Then, by your leave, I will finish it. My story is nearly end-

"We had noticed, so absorbed had we been in our pleasant talk, that a black cloud had risen in the west and obscured | ble on the third. By Jove! he is a trump the sun, and covered the entire sky; and at a story, though." even the sultry air had not called our attention to the coming thunder-storm.

"As she looked at me, even as she fixed her eyes on mine, a flash, blinding and fierce, fell on the top of a pine-tree by the roadside not fifty yards from us, and the crash of the thunder shook the foundation of the hills.

"For a moment all was dazzling, burning, blazing light; then sight was gone, and a momentary darkness settled you he has seen a horse fly in the air, The horn n our eyes. the ground in terror, and Sarah bowed her head as if in the presence of God. "All this was the work of an instant, and the next Tom's horse sprang by us on a furious gallop, dragging Tom by the stirrup. He had been in the act of mounting when the flash came, and his horse swerved and jumped so that his foot caught, and he was dragged with his head on the ground.

"I found her at last. "Yes, she was dead!

"Restore her? No. A glance at her face showed how vain all such hope was. Never was human face so angelic. She was already one of the saintly-one of the immortals-and the beauty and flory of her new life had left some faint and face.

"Philip, I said I had never grown a day older since that. You know now why. I have never ceased to think of her as on that day. I have n ver lost the blessing of those eves as they looked road. I have never left her, nover gone away from her, If, in the resucrection, we are to resume the bodies most exact-

ly fitted to represent our whole live; if, man. "Here come the Iroquois!" as I sometimes thought, we shall rise in the forms we wore when some great dians near at hand. She ran for the event stamped our souls forever, then I fort, and the Indians, seeing they could am certain that I shall awake in form not catch her, fired at her. The bullets and feature as I was that day, and no whistled round her, and 'made the time record will remain of an hour of my seem very long,' as she afterwards said:

"We buried her in the old vault close "My voice is broken. I can not say two soldiers were so frightened that more, Philip. You have the story. That is the whole of it. God bless you, "When Madeleine reached the Phil, my boy. You have listened-patiently-to my talk

"Good-night, boy. Go to bed. I'll stay here in the old chair awhile. I don't-exactly-feel-like-sleeping-

I left him sitting there; his head bow-ed on his breast; his eyes closed, his breathing short and heavy, as if with suppressed grief. My own eyes were misty.

In the hall I found John, sitting bolt upright in a large chair.

"Why, John, I thought the Major sent you to bed long ago?" "Yes, sir; the Major always send me

always doesn't go. He's been telling you the old story, now hasn't he, Mr. Philip?"

"What old story, John?" "Why, all about Miss Lewis, and Mister Tom, and the General?" "Yes."

John laid his long black finger know-ingly up by the side of his nose, and looked at me. "Why, John-you don't mean to say

-eh?" "All the punch, Sir."

"What! Sarah and the black horse, and_"

"All punch, Sir."

"John, my man, go in and take care of him. He is either asleep or drunk. Curious that! Why didn't I think that a man was hardly to be believed after the second bowl, and perfectly incredi-

It would be difficult to describe all that I dreamed about that night.

The Colors of Horses.

The Arabs of Sahara are very particular as to the color of their horses. White is the color for Princes, but does not stand heat. The black brings forShe Held the Fort.

There were brave girls among the early French colonists of Canada. One striking instance is related of a mere child defending a fort for seven days against as saulting savages. In Edward Eggleston's recent historic series the breathing lightly.

likeness of itself on her dear form story is told as follows; "One October and face." morning in 1692, the inhabitants of Vercheres, a settlement twenty miles below Montreal, were in the field at work. There were but two soldiers within the fort. The commander and hi- wife were ab ent. Their daughter on me in the forest on the mountain Madeleine, a girl of fourteen, stood on the landing with a hired man, when she heard firing.

" 'Run, mademoiselle run!" cried the

"As soon as she neared the fort, she by the house, among the solid orks. Beautiful, angel-like, to the very last. cried out, "To arms! to arms!' hoping that she would get assistance. But the

> "When Madeleine reached the gate of the fort, she found two women there crying for their husbands, who were in the fields and had just been killed. Madeleine forced ther in, and shut the gate. She instantly went to examine the defences of the fort, and found that some of the palisadeshad fallen down,

leaving holes through which the enemy could easily enter. "She got what help she could and set them up. Then the little commander repaired to the block-bouse, where she found the brave garrison of two, one man hiding in the corner, and the other

with a lighted match in his hand. "Yes, sir; the Major always send me to bed at the third bowl, Sir, and I that match?' said Madeleine.

"*Light the powder and blow us all up,' answered the soldier,

the girl. 'Go out of this place!'

"People are always likely to obey, in time of panic, the one person who shows resolution and coolness. The soldier did as Madeleine bade him. She then flung aside her bonnet, put on a hat and took a gun.

Her whole 'force' consisted of the above mentioned soldiers, her two brothers, aged ten and twelve, and an old man of eighty-and some women and children, who did nothing but set up a ard. "We have a sailing master and continual screaming, as soon as the commander,"

tiring commenced. "Let us fight to the death,' said brave Madeleine to her litlle brothers, who seem to have possessed no small share of her own courage. 'We are fighting for our country and our reli-

gion. Remember our father has taught you that gallemen are born to shed their blood for the service of God and the king.'

"You see, if I don't prove she is dead " 'Madeleine now placed her brothers I won't get the insurance. It is neces-sary for me to get the certificate of the and the soldiers at the loop-holes, where they fired at the Indians lurking and doctor who tended her." dodging about outside. The savages Thus spoke a plainly-dressed old lady did not know how large the garrison who called at the health office. She was was, and therefore hesitated to attack the proprietor of a baby boarding-house tune, but fears rocky ground. The the fort; and numbers of them fell bechestnut is the most active. If one tells fore the well-directed shots of the soland was in search of the certificate of the death of an infant that had been "The girl commander succeeded, after a while, in stopping the screambat against a chestnut, you must have | ing of the women and children, for she was determined the enemy should perand the most sober. If one tells you a ceive no sign of fear or weakness; she flew from bastion to bastion to see that every defender was doing his duty; she caused a cannon to be fired from time to time, partly to intimidate the sava-ges, and partly in hope that the noise might convey intelligence of the situa-

orden Bennett's Vacht Jam

Some advantances of mine-a dozen of them-says a writer-took a trip up the river awhile ago on a little steam yacht. Coming down, they discovered the Namina lying in the harbor.

"Hellol" exclaimed one, "here's Bennet's racht; he's in Europe; let's see if we can't get abourd !"

So they steamed alongside, saluted an officer on size deck and asked if they could be allowed to inspect the vessel. After a little parleying they were allowed on board, and the officer, apparently the head steward, showed them around,

They were in a picnic mood and they laughingly criticised everything they saw. "B' George! he doesn't show such bad taste!" exclaimed the leader, as they went through his private cabin. "Wouldd't object to dwelling right here myself," said a little gypsy with her hat tipped down to her nose and her nose tipped vise versa, "Here's where he gets himself up! See! Here's the pomatum he puts on his moustache to make it stick out! And here's some powderha? ha? hel hel-oh, my!"

"O, here's a little mite of a pair of slippers lined with pink!" shouted another girl, at which they all pulled down their mouths and looked sober. "You mustn't mind what the girls say, stewart-we're on a lark," said one of the gentlemen, slipping into the steward's hand a half dollar.

"Oh, all right, sir," said the steward respectfully.

"What do they pad the walls so for?" asked a bright-eyed lady; "they're up-holstered just like a sofa."

"To make 'em soft when Bennett occupies 'em!'' exclaimed a youth in explanation, and they all greeted the remark with a laugh. "Oh, girls!" cried another, gleefully,

"Hark! Here's a nargillah; I'll take a smoke. I s'pose he has had his mouth on it-never mind;" and she put the stem to her lips and coughed violently "You are a miserable chward!' said thereafter. She wiped it off demurely and said: "I'm afraid he'll track me."

"Oh! Here's his closet," cried another; "dressing gowns-three, four, and more slippers, a whole row of 'em; why. he must be a centipedel-but they are full-grown," and they laughed and ran.

"Steward, who is the captain of the Namouna now?" asked the leader, wishing to show his interest in so fine a vessel

"There is no captain," said the stew-

"Ob, yes; who is the commander?" ".I am."

"Oh! Ah! Indeed! What name, please?"

"James Gordon Bennett-but don't you tell!"

Baby Insurance.

"Phihp, I have been living forty years by the light of one memory-by the side of one grave.

"John, set the bowl down on the hearth. You may go. You need not sit up for me. Philip and I will see each other to our rooms to-night, John, Go, old fellow, and sleep soundly.

"Phil, she was the purest angel that flesh ever imprisoned, the most beautiful child of Eve. I can see her now. Her eyes raying the light of heavenher brow white, calm, and holy-her lips wreathed with the blessing of her smile. She was as graceful as a form seen in dreams, and she moved through the scenes around her as you have seen the angelic visitors of your slumber, move through crowded assemblies, without effort, apparently with some superhuman aid.

"The child of wealh, she was fitted to adorn the splendid house in which she was born and grew to womanhood. It was a grand old place, built in the nidst of a growth of oaks that might have been there when Columbus discovered America, and seemed likely to stand a century longer. They are standing yet, and the wind to-night makes a wild lament through their branches that sounds mournfully above her grave.

the old familiar spot. There was a the men of Murad Bey. All my notions stream of water dashed down the rocks were military, I remember, and all my a hundred yards from the house, and ideas were of war and death on the which kept always full and fresh, an field. acre of pond over which hung willows, and maples, and other trees, while on the surface the white blossoms of the lotus nodded lazily on the ripples with Egyptian sleepiness and languor. "The old house was built of dark-

penetrated to the ground in the summer old place. And if sunshine loved it, myself, not to her. why should not I.

"General Lewis was one of the pleas- ry?" said she at length. ant, old-fashioned men, now quite gone out of memory, as well as out of existence. He loved his horses, his dogs, spot. his place, and his punch. He loved his pephew Tom, wild, ancouth, rough cub turned her large brown eyes toward me. as he was; but above horses, dogs, or

"Yes, you may look at me as you will, Phil Philips, I loved Sarah Lewis, "The eyest I loved her then, and as I shall love her others by himself. if I meet her again where she has gone.

childhood, I care not by what name you forced laugh.

'Just what I was going to propose silver. But in my soul I feel that I am to you. Be reasonable now, Jerry, and young, and I shall be young till the get out of the way. You must see that

"I twirled a rosebud in my fingers that she had given me that morning. and replied:

"Poor devil! I did not think you could be so infatuated. Why, Tom, there is no chance for you under the sun. But go ahead; find it out as you I'm sorry for you.' will.

"A hundred such pleasant talks we used to have, and she never gave either of us one particle more of encouragement than the other. She was a sister to us both, and neither dared break the spell of our perfect happiness

by asking her to be more.

"And so time passed on.

"One summer afternoon we were off together on horseback, all three of us, over the mountain and down the valley. We were returning toward sunset, sauntering along the road, down the side of the hill.

"Philip, stir the fire a little. That bowl of punch is getting cold, it seems to me, and I am a little chilly myself. Perhaps it is the recollection of that day that chills me.

"I had made up my mind if opportunity occurred, to tell her that day all that I had thought for years. I had determined to know, once for all, if she would love me or no.

"If not, I would go I cared not where the world was broad enough, and it should be to some place I should never see her face again, never hear her voice again, never bow down and worship her magnificent beauty again. I would go to Russia and offer myself to the Czar, or to Syria and fight with "I must pause to recall the scenery of Napoleon, or to Egypt and serve with

"I rode by her side, and looked up at her occasionally, and thought she was looking spiendidly. I had never seen her more so. Every attitude was grace, every look was life and spirit.

"Tom clung close to her. One would stone, and had a massive appearance. have thought he was watching the very not relieved by the sombre shade in opportunity I was after myself. Now which it stood. The sunshine seldom he rode a few paces forward, and as I was catching my breath to say 'Sarah,' months, except one spot, just in front of he would rein up and fall back to his the library windows, where it used to lie place, and I would make some flat reand sleep in the grass, as if it loved the mark that made me seem like a fool to

"What's the matter with you, Jer-

"'Jerry's in love,' said Tom. "I could have thrashed him on the

"'In love! Jerry in love!' and she

"In vain I sought to fat nom them, house, or all together he loved his and arrive at some conclusion whether then. daughter Sarah, and I loved her too. or no the subject interested her with myself swimming around in a circle, 1 oil, tallow and colouthar are boiled.

"The eyes remained fixed, till I blunand, by all the gods, I love her now as dered out the oid saw, 'Tom judges

"Then the eyes turned to Tom, and 'Call it folly, call it boyish, call it an | he plead d guilty by his awkward looks, old man's whim, an old man's second and half blushes, and averted eyes, and

call it, it is enough that to-night the "B, Heaven thought I, what would I and Tom was gone also.

"There was a point on the road, about fifty yards ahead, where it divided in two. The one was a carriagetrack, which wound down the mountain by easy descents; the other was a footpath, which was a short precipitous cut to a point on the carriage-road nearly a quarter of a mile below.

"Calling to Sarah to keep back and wait, I drove the spurs into my horse and went down the steep path. Look ing back, I saw her following, her horse making tremendous speed. She kept the carriage road following on after Tom, and I pressed on, thinking to intercept his horse below.

"My pace was terrible. I could hear them thundering down the track above. I looked down, and saw a gully before me full eighteen feet wide, and as many

'A great horse was that black horse Caesar, and he took the gully at a flying leap that landed us far over it. and a moment later I was at the point where the two roads met, but only in time to see the other two horses go by at a furious pace, Sarah's abreast of the gray. and she reaching her hand bravely trying to grasp the flying rein, as her horse went leap for le up with him.

To ride close behind them was worse than useless in such a case. It would but serve to increase their speed; so I fell back a dozen rods and followed, watching the end.

"At the foot of the mountain the river ran broad and deep, spanned by the bridge at the narrowest point. To reach the bridge, the road took a short turn up stream, directly on the bank. "On swept the gray and the black horse, side by side, down by the hillside, not fifty leaps along the level ground, and then came the turn.

"She was on the off-side. At the sharp turn she pressed ahead a half length and reined her horse across the gray's shoulder, if possible, to turn him up toward the bridge.

"It was all over in an instant. The gray was the beavier horse. He pressed her close; the black horse yielded, gave way toward the fence, a light rail, broke with a crash, and they went over, alltogether into the deep black stream. "Still, still the sound of that crash

and plunge is in my ears. Still I can ee thein go headlong down that bank together into the black water!

diving occasionally to find them but in | with another mixture of barinm sulphate vain. The gray horse swam ashore and and calciam carbonate ground with linstood on the bank by my black, with seed oil and common turpentine. The distended nostrils and trembling limbs plates to be covered with the composishaking from gead to foot with terror. tion, which must be applied hot, receive The other black horse was floating arst a sufficient number of coats of zinc. down the surface of the stream, drown or white-lead punt. The invention ed. His mistress was nowhere visible, may be carried out with the different

ask of what color it was; if he replies "Chestnut," believe him. In a coma chestnut. The bay is the hardiest horse has leaped to the bottom of a precipice without hurting himself, ask of what color he was, and if he replies, 'Bay," believe him. Ben Dyab, a renowned chief of the

desert, happening one day to be pursued by Saad-el-Zenaty, turned to his son and asked: "What horses are in the front of the

enemv?" "White horses," replied the son.

"It is well; let us make for the sunny side, and they will melt away like butter."

turned to his son and said: "What horses are in the front of the

nemy?" 'Black horses," cried his son.

"It is well; let us make for the stony ground, and we shall have nothing to

fear; they are the negroes of the Soudan. who cannot walk with bear feet upon the flints."

He changed his course, and the black horses were speedily distanced. A Indian wigwam. It doesn't contain the third time Ben Dyab askad. "And now luxuries of the bank-president's home. what horses are in the front of the enemy?"

"Dark chestnuts and dark bays." out, my children, strike out, and give There is not a shadow to dim the pure your horses the heel, for these might per chance overtake us, had we not sees the smoke curl softly upward from given barley to ours all the summer through."

Burdette on Protanity.

Yes, we think you might class "goshdum' and 'dad-bing' as profane swearing. 'Gaul-ding' may also be consider-ed a swear word. 'Dumsswizzled' is same relation to thoroughbred, sky blue profanity that the pale pink lemonade of the Sunday school picnic does to the raw whiskey of the target company's excursion. They are the outgrowth of a terrible struggle of a theological compromise arranged by our Puritan ancestors, who recognized with a faultless spiritual vision and worldly acumen the necessity of a pure life and sinless vocabulary, and at the same time, the

utter impossibility of plowing a New England stone patch without a class or words designed to relieve the over-Think what a happy home the Indian burdened mind and astonished feelings, every time the plow handles broke a wife doesn't wear silk dresses, or twenman's ribs and extorted every last drop ty dollar bonnets, or care anything of vital breath from his panting body.

A new auti-fouling composition for the summerged portions of iron or steel "I never knew exactly what I did sea-going vessels has recently been in-When I was conscious I found vented Venice turpentine, Palma Caris-

ingredients in v rious proportions.

tion, and bring them help. "Thus the fight went on, day after day, and night and after night, the heroic girl keeping up her vigilant exertions so constantly that it was fortyeight hours before she caught a wink of

"For a whole week Madeleine held Some time after Ben Dyad again the fort, with no favoring circumstances but the stormy weather, which prevented the Indians from setting fire to her wooden defences. At the end of that time reinforcements came down the river and 'raised the siege.'"

Puck's Indian Home.

It is not always the costliest home that is the happiest. Now, take the Indian wigwam. It doesn't contain the All the carpet is an odd rope or two: the luxurious arm-chair is the ground,

and there is no bric-a-brac except a "In that case," said Ben Dyab, "strike | scalp or two. Yet the Indian is happy. old-gold sunshine of his wild life. He under the kettle that contains his meal, and float away through the rustling needles of the pine.

This picture makes his happiness complete, as he lies on the ground calmly smoking and watching his wife do all the work. It is no wonder the Indian likes home, because that is the place ed a swear word. 'Dumsswizzled' is where he never has anything to do but another. All these words bear the sit around and sleep. When he comes in from the hunt he is never sent off to the village to have some cretonne matched, or told to sit and hold three or four hanks of yarn that are to be wound; he doesn't have to take care of the pappeose while his squaw gees out shopping; he doesn't have to stand on a barrel and build up the obstinate stovepipe section by section, with the soot pouring lown in his eyes. He isn't asked what every woman he met had

> Think what a happy home the Indian has, when you come to consider that his about the opera, or horses and carria-

ges. Why, the squaw is perfectly happy in a blouse and a pair of army trousers. The noble woman makes every sacrifice to render her husband He never knews what it is to арру. be kept awake half the night to be talked into making some frivolous and unnecessary purchase, or to learn that the quaw in the next wigwam pos something that he does not. These ar some of the things that tend to make the Indian's home happy.

Hot, dry flaunels applied as hot a

under her charge.

"The child's mother brought it to me," she said, "and I kept it a long time. The woman failed to pay the board until she had got into my debt about \$19. One day I went to the store after a loaf of bread, and while I was gone the mother came and took the child away. It has since died, and she is trying to keep me from knowing where its death occurred in order to keep me out of the insurance. If I would get that, however, it would nearly pay me for the child's board."

As she finished speaking the woman took on her lap a neatly-dressed child which accompanied her, saying:

"This is one of my boarders."

"How much do you charge a week to care for the babies?" was asked of her. "Two dollars," was the reply, "and

I do all their washing." "Are they mostly the children of

working women?" "No, not at all. The little one that died was the daughter of a woman who never married, and she brought it to me to board."

"You spoke about insurance. Why do you insure them?"

"So that when they die on my hands I can give them a decent burial. Now, the little one taken away was about a year and a half old, and the insurance on it amouted to over \$18. It costs only 5 cents a week to insure a baby, and the amount to be realized on its death varies with the age of the child."

Further investigation showed that there is an agency in Cleveland at which baby insurance is one of the branches of business. Circulars are issued by the agent showing the immense profits made on a small investment. Lists are published of the children insured in Cincinnati, Cleveland, Dayton, and other cities. There can be no doubt that the insurance business combined with the boarding-house is a most profitable enterprise.

The LaGies' Legion.

There are at present seventeen wo-men in France who have received the distinction of the Legion of Honor. The order is mostly conferred for devo-tion to the sick and wounded. Two French ladies, however, gained the distinction in other ways-one for "resist-ing the mob," another for defending er husband's (the Mayor's) house against armed men. It was last bestowed on Mme. St. Julien, Superior of a isterhood, after thirty years' service at he Marseilles Military Hospital.

Railroad Trains

English practical science demontrates that reversing an engine on a ilmad train has scarcely a perceptible flect in checking it, the main relance ust be upon the brakes. In one case here the engine was reversed a quarter of a mile from the station, the' train ed the station at the rate of twenty illes an hour.

There are men who love only them-selves; and these are men of hatred, for to love one's self alone is to hate others,