

Memories.

I sat me by the fire and watched its glow.
The flames curled upward and passed
away—
And as I gazed on its placid ray,
I mused on olden times gone long ago—
Youth's Summer day—
With backward step my memory led me
on
Along the path of my childhood's
hours—
Amid its sunshine and April showers—
With all its hopes and dreams that youth
adorn.
Life's faded flowers!
For there had come a letter to reveal
What was going on over the sea—
And it told the saddest tale to me—
How she died, at whose feet I used to kneel
In childish glee.
And so I thought of bygone scenes and
days—
Ere I left my home in the old land
To seek my fortune on a new strand—
And ere I trod the world's rough, ragged
ways
Of rock and sand.
And then I saw myself at home once
more
In the old gabled house by the lane,
And I felt my mother's kiss again—
That mother dear, who now has reached
the shore
Most seek in vain.
She bade me be good, and stinless and true,
And pure as the waters running nigh,
And free as the winds a-rushing by,
And happy as the gayest birds that woo
The cloudless sky.
How have I been? To this what can I say?
Sins committed while my conscience
slept,
And promises made but never kept.
But I will mend, and then forget the day
The angels wept.

A TWIST OF ROSES.

"You are really in earnest, Miss Barbara?" said Hugh Greator, with marked surprise in his tone.
"I am."
Never answered prompter, more decided; notwithstanding, Hugh Greator stared above his papers with an incredulous bewildered air.
"I am to understand then, that you disdain young Bonfield's offer; that you will not avail yourself of any part of your rightful property; that you sacrifice all—"
A flash of her black eyes, an impatient foot-tap, interrupted him.
"All," she said.
But the brisk little lawyer was not to be thus fooled.
"My dear Miss Barbara," he continued suavely, "this is a delicate matter; a very delicate matter indeed, but I beg you to reflect; if not on this proper offer, at least upon the—primary condition of the will. You understand your grandfather of course, he presumed you would not find this hard, and as far as Hubert—"
The black eyes flashed more vividly; again the crisp voice spoke:
"Mr. Greator spare your pains; I will not marry Hubert Bonfield; I will not take from him these estates. For both, this is my last will and testament, so please let the subject drop."
She finished with her hand on the door-knob, and swept from the apartment down the hall and into the charming little boudoir which, until this evening, had seemed to her a paradise; into which, heretofore, she had brought scarce a disturbing thought. Her face softened, a burst of tears would have been the speedy sequel to her indignation, but for an object that met her eyes.

A fair object to look upon; a twist of twin roses, gracing the bracket whither, by carried; where this same Barbara had bent over them with blushing countenance, and touched them with her lips. Poor flowers! now beholding them, her brows bent; pitilessly she seized them and flung them far out on the lawn. The action was a relief; with it resentment temporarily faded, and she seemed lost in self amaze.
"Who would have believed I would do that this morning!" she murmured.
"But truly since morning life has changed. Then I was near to loving Hubert Bonfield; now I think I am as near hating him as ever I'd like to be. And he—"
She did not finish; she stood staring wistfully down the roadway, as if seeking the sequel there—down where the flowers had fallen, where they lay waiting revengeful agents, though Barbara dreamed it not.

It was a surprising denouement, that which had occurred this day. Old Colonel Holden had been three months dead; the search for his will, vain though vigilant, was about being abandoned and an administrator appointed, when accidentally, the hunted document came to light. And a startling document it proved, conferring the Colonel's rich estates, untrammelled, upon his grand-daughter, on condition that she married Hubert Bonfield's possession. Either of which conditions, Hugh Greator, executor, was charged to see speedily fulfilled.

On the face, a most arbitrary will; but to those acquainted with Colonel Holden the matter was very plain. He had been through life an inveterate jester; his humor must needs tinge his will. Noticing with a favorable eye young Bonfield's attentions to Barbara—as yet in their first bud—and priding himself on his sagacity, he had in a fit of jolly revoked all former testaments and indited this; chuckling to think that, should he die ere things were settled, how delightfully under these arbitrary conditions, he had arranged for the "dear young folks." And he had died suddenly, leaving that surprise.

Barbara understood it; unfortunately Hubert Bonfield demurred. His delicacy was to be his first stumbling-block. There was no joy in his countenance when he heard the startling news, he appeared to fathom but one point.

"It seems very ridiculous, Mr. Greator," he said, "that I should offer to forego all claim to Miss Barbara Holden's estates, but this, in my view, the proper course. Please manage it as informally as possible, else we may make a matter of importance out of a farce." Mr. Greator was not surprised.
"A fine young fellow, Hubert Bonfield," he mused privately, "but Holden did not know him as well as I. The case stands thus: He can have pretty

Miss Barbara to-morrow for the asking, but ask her he never will, without some advance on her part—something to satisfy his nice soul. Undoubtedly she will misunderstand him; and so the chances are that we shall see a genuine love match nipped in the bud. But perhaps after settlement, in time—stranger things have chanced."

And Hugh Greator bustled off to Barbara with the news.
Not an over-pleasant mission for the little lawyer, who knew this case so well. For, as Hubert Bonfield had ignored the will's first condition, she must necessarily do the same; he must smother suggestions, at least till the open point was ruled. But he was ill prepared for the decision, which was to rule this out.

To Barbara under the most delicate statings, Hubert Bonfield's action would have caused offense; in bare, legal representation, it grew a mighty thing. Believing that he had loved her, she had anticipated but one course; all the day she had been awaiting him, wondering why he did not come.
For her lighter nature the delicacy of his motives was hid, bewildered, indignant, beset by varied emotions she took refuge in the defiance which so amazed Hugh Greator, and which culminated as we have seen.

But, as we have seen, resentment faded; wistfully down the roadway Barbara stood gazing where the flowers had fallen, where they lay waiting, revengeful agents, though she dreaded it not.
Little thought Barbara whose hand would find his roses; fateful would their feeling be. Through the twilight into night, she sat waiting; turning away at last, but with the hopeful murmur:
"He will surely come to-morrow—surely as to-morrow comes."

To-morrow, but not Hubert Bonfield; a week of to-morrows, and still he did not come. A week; and then on the passenger list of a European steamer she read his name.

It had been all a mistake; he had never loved her, he was only too glad to yield up the estates that he might be freed from her. So reasoned Barbara as she read. Not strange, perhaps, since she lacked the hint that Hugh Greator should have given her; ignored her last words; suspected not the flowers that lay in wait that night.

Amid her pain the realization of her late caprice flashed upon her. And that it should be a comfort; but so it proved to Barbara, and she clung to it persistently; over and over she repeated:
"I will never have the estates! Hubert Bonfield shall take them, or the will will be forever void."

In vain Hugh Greator pleaded; Barbara was firm. The homestead was vacant, and with an old faithful servant she went to reside a few miles from thence.

A year passed, and still the late comfortable homestead stood empty and ghostlike, and so did its broad lands, Barbara persistent; Hubert Bonfield as one dead. Till one evening Hugh Greator appeared in her cottage, with a letter in his hand.

"Read!" he said, excitedly, pointing to its concluding clause.
She read as follows:
"I expect soon to be in W—with my wife. And, in conclusion, if Miss Barbara has not then assumed her inheritance, if she then declines it, surely I may not be censured if I lay claim to it myself."

A moment's silence, then she handed the letter to him.
"I understand, Mr. Greator," she said, quietly, "surely he should not be blamed."

"My dear Miss Barbara," he pleaded, "you will not pursue this whim? You will not reject your inheritance, now that the crisis has come?"

In vain. Life had gone hard with Barbara; she had but recently recovered from an illness nearly fatal in effect. But the old will was active. Determined she replied:

"My decision remains unaltered. I decline the estates."

Surely he should not be blamed! And yet there was something in that final sentence worse than the belief that he did not love her, than the fact that he was forever lost to her. Better that she look back than one ideal fallen so low.

So mused Barbara, sitting a few evenings later in her little parlor—mused so absorbedly that she heard not her servant's announcement, realized naught till turning she saw Hubert Bonfield at her side.

Surprise, the charm of the old presence, despite her efforts, did their work. Barbara knew that her heart was bare.
"I have been very ill," she stammered confusedly, and my nerves are still weak."

He did not spare her; he gazed steadily down into her telltale face. She would have withdrawn the hand she had extended, but he clasped it tightly, as if he would never let it go.

"Barbara," he said, "will you forgive me when I say that I rejoice that you have been very ill? For I do rejoice; otherwise I might have remained forever ignorant of what makes my joy tonight—of this, that I was not mistaken when I thought you loved me; that when you discarded my poor flowers it was not as I bitterly fancied but because you mistook my motive, and were offended at my course. I acted on my first impulse, Barbara. It seemed to me indekate to act otherwise, and I hoped that you would understand. But you did not, you indignantly declared that you would not marry me. Still I was incredulous, and was hastening to you, determined to read your heart, when suddenly I found my flowers. I heard some children telling their story; my pride was now touched into belief, and—you know the rest, Barbara—I was foolish and went away."

He had spoken tenderly, with a wealth of quiet love; but his next words were passionate, with his face bent close to hers.
"Barbara, darling, fate has been very kind. You were delicious and revealed all; all was heard by that faithful servant whose letter has brought me home. Will you deny that you still love me?"

She could not answer. His kisses sealed her lips. But though so sudden, so barely comprehended, there seemed no greater happiness on earth than hers, till there came a remembrance, and she exclaimed:

"Your letter to Mr. Greator—your wife, Hubert? I do not understand."
"I have not got my wife yet, Barbara," he replied, roughly; "but she will be with me very soon."
And so it proved. Two weeks later Hugh Greator sat starting over a wedding card which read:
"Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Bonfield—Barbara Holden."

THE PRACTICE OF BLOOD-DINKING.

Said to Be a Cure for Pulmonary and Other Diseases.—The Patients.

Comparatively few people are aware of the extent to which the drinking of warm blood as it flows fresh from the dying animal is carried as a cure for pulmonary and other diseases.

The increasing number of those who have recourse to this remedy induced your correspondent to pay a visit to an abattoir in one of our great cities, at present a favorite resort of invalids of various sorts.

It was 10 o'clock in the morning when I arrived and the men of beeves were preparing to slaughter twenty head of cattle for an outgoing steamer.

A gentleman of about fifty years, whose once spare figure bore incipient traces of fleshiness, alighted, and with an elastic step entered the room.

"Do you find the blood distasteful to you?" I asked, after a formal introduction.

"Not now; but at first it was disagreeable to me. Then I was not able to get out of my carriage, and the blood was brought to me. In a short time I could waddle in here rather feebly, and now after four months I feel pretty strong. I shall not need to come more than two months longer."

"How does it taste to you?" I asked.

"Like salted milk, and some put salt in the blood, but I do not feel that it makes it more palatable."

A second carriage appeared on the scene, in which was reclining an elegantly dressed but very feeble young lady to whom one of the young men approaching the carriage handed a small glass with a tube attached, from which she attempted to imbibe some of the blood.

The effort was vain, as her aversion was too pronounced to be overcome.

"I am afraid I can never do it," she remarked with a sigh, "but I must keep trying, as it is my only hope."

A puny youth of pale complexion and not yet of age, here entered. He was a nervous weakling of dwarfish stature, whose growth had been stunted by chronic disease.

"Do you expect that the blood will help you?" I asked.

"Oh, yes. Last summer a friend, whose case was just like mine, grew robust and strong and became considerably taller after drinking blood for eight months. I am sure it will do me as much good as it did him. It is only a month since I began drinking the blood, and I am much better already. I never found the taste disagreeable."

A low cry just then announced the arrival of a stylish carriage from which a careworn lady descended, bearing in her arms a little girl of three years. The glass tube mode of taking the blood was resorted to and the child received the liquid with a curiously passive and indifferent air.

"My child did not have vitality enough to keep her alive," explained the mother, in response to my inquiring look. "Her stomach would retain hardly anything, not even milk, but she is getting over this, and I think in two or three months the child will be able to eat as well as other children."

With a hopeful smile she turned to her carriage and waved the signal of home to the brass-buttoned coachman.

"I suppose the blood makes great changes in the personal appearance," I said, turning to my friend B.

"Oh, yes, very great changes. One of the many people who have come here to drink blood was a sickly girl, who continued to do so for about six months."

"The first time she saw a steer killed she fainted away, and when she revived a spoonful of blood was all she could take. In a few days she could bear two or three spoonfuls, and finally a glassful. She was very pale and consumptive."

A few weeks after she stopped coming, I met her on the street, when she spoke to me, but I did not recognize her; she was so changed. "Don't you know me," she said, "I used to come to your slaughter-house to drink blood." She was a stout, healthy woman, and I have heard that she is to be married before long.

"Our visitors never give up while there is hope. I have known some to come for eighteen months or two years. One young man drove here every day in a coach for over a year. He came here the last time on a Friday and died the next day."

"We have cups of blue glass with covers to hide the color of the blood from patients who are nervous or sensitive," said Mr. B., as a delicate young lady retired.

"Of course we charge nothing for blood unless the visitor chooses to give the man bringing the cup 5 cents for catching its contents. Our patients are mostly women and young people, who have not much blood in their veins, or whose blood is impure and whose system consequently needs toning up."

"A steer's blood is just what they want, being perfectly pure and abounding in iron. A cow's blood is never drunk, as it is unfit for the purpose, being liable to be diseased."

Not Much Profit in Books.

There is not much profit left in the book business. The cheap libraries have cut the business down to almost nothing, until now it pays better to handle old books than new ones. Any foreign work of value that in the olden days might sell for \$2 or \$3 is now recklessly pirated and is reproduced in 10, 15 and 20-cent editions on this side by a half dozen publishers. American copyrights are equally at the mercy of the pirates. If I want 20-cent editions of certain popular stories all I need do is send to Canada. There are publishers in Canada doing the same service to American literature by cheapening it that American publishers do to English publishers.

Turning the Tables.

"Now, what a pleasant evening we can have alone here!" said little Mrs. Grey, dropping the curtain of the cosy, sitting room and turning to her husband. "But I would like to go to the opera," she added, her dimpled face lengthening a little. "You have promised, you know, Fred, but I suppose you are tired."

"Yes," yawned her drowsy spouse from his post on the sofa, where, with heels erect after the fashion of the masculine world in general, intent on physical and mental comforts, he lay smoking.

"But never mind," finished Rosa, consolingly, "we can go another time, and I will read to you." And she drew near the shaded light on the centre table and picked up a book. "Hark! there goes the door bell," and she rose to her feet.

"Stay, I will answer it," said Fred, suddenly forgetting his weariness and, springing up, he went into the hall.

"Rosa he said, presently appearing at the door, 'it's Davis. I promised to go with him to B—street to see a sick friend of his. You won't be lonely, pet, with so much to entertain you, and with a kiss he was gone, with her 'don't stay too long' ringing after him."

Rosa sat listening till the sound of their footsteps had died away.

"Now, I shall have to spend the evening all alone. Oh, dear," she said, disconsolately.

At that moment she spied a bit of paper lying on the carpet and, stooping, picked it up. It ran as follows:

"Opera at 8:30. Will call. Davis."

"Ah!" said Rosa, her brows contracting as she spoke. "That's it!" That detestable Davis—and Fred, too," she finished, the tears springing quickly to her eyes. "Why didn't he say so, if he didn't want me to go? Oh! if I could only go to-night!" And with a little sigh she sat down by the table and looked into the fire.

In a few minutes the door-bell rang again.

"Gentleman to see you, mem," announced Katie in rich Irish brogue.

"Show him in," was her reply. "I wonder who it is? Why, George, when did you come?" was her delighted exclamation an instant later.

Further exclamations were lost in the fond kisses showered upon her from the lips of the tall, bearded young man.

"My darling little sister! So you are glad to see the wanderer?"

"Indeed, I'm delighted," warmly responded Rosa. "How handsome you've grown, George."

"Fatterer," smiled her brother. "But where is Fred? I am anxious to make the acquaintance of that happy brother whom I have never seen. How much I wanted to come to your wedding, dear, you cannot know. I was in Brazil when your message reached me. But what's the matter?" he asked, as he paused, and quickly glanced at Rosa's griefed face.

"There, tell me all about it," he said, seeing the tears in her eyes.

Rosa poured the tale into his sympathizing ears, and ended with—

"Oh, George, if we could only go!"

"And we will. How soon can you be ready?" he asked, rising and looking at his watch.

"In fifteen minutes," and Rosa ran blithely away to dress.

There was a slight stir in the house as a couple entered; very late they were, and all eyes were centered upon them—the lady slender and graceful, with great azure billows of silk falling about her in shimmering folds, pearls braided low in her brown hair, and a snowy opera cloak drawn carelessly about her shoulders—the gentleman stately, nonchalant, wearing the air of polish attained by foreign travel, and devoted to his companion whom he seated with careful tenderness.

"Grey," said Davis, giving his companion a nudge, "who is that last party that is making such a sensation?"

Grey turned carelessly and looked, the look opened to a stare, and he gazed blankly at the lady who fluttered her spangled white fan with the faintest suggestion of a smile, as she turned to her companion with a remark, which he bent his handsome head low to her.

Fred turned scarlet, then pale, and clutched Davis fiercely by the arm.

"Why," he gasped, "it's Rosa! And who has she with her?"

"I don't know," returned Davis, indifferently. "Some friend, probably. Sit down, Grey, don't make a fool of yourself!"

"I will not sit down!" retorted Fred, irascibly. "Friend! My wife here with another man!" And with an imprecation, he strode from the house. "I'll go home," he muttered angrily, "and see what it all means. Serves me right for leaving her! How lovely she was! I didn't know she was half so beautiful. But my proud darling at the opera with another! I cannot understand it!"

A few minutes rapid walking brought him to his home.

"Kate," he inquired, summoning that worthy, "where is your mistress?"

"She's out," said the old woman, explained the girl, with a "foine gentleman that came soon after yez left, and was that glad to see her, I thought he'd never stop kissing her."

"That will do; you can go," sternly commanded Mr. Grey, and he slowly made his way into the little room he had left an hour before, with different feelings.

The light was burning brightly, the papers scattered about the open book, even the lace trimmed handkerchief, that in her haste she had dropped upon the floor, all spoke eloquently of the dear little wife, and Fred groaned as he picked up with nervous fingers, a card from the table on which was written, "Gone with a handsome man," and on the other side, "George Curtis."

Fred laid it down as quickly as though the innocent pasteboard had scorched his fingers, not noticing in his haste that the name was the maiden name of Rosa, and falling upon the sofa buried his face in the pillow and moaned:

"My little love—given to another—lost to me!"

Soon the sound of carriage wheels reached him. There was a soft rustle across the carpet, and two hands touched him, while a sweet, familiar voice whispered:

"Poor Fred! Are you sick? Brother George has come," she completed

breathlessly, and he sat up, looking very pale and haggard. "He took me to the opera; I was so lonely."

Seeing the outstretched hands and twinkling eyes, Fred extended his own, crying:

"Welcome home, brother Geo! I must thank you for your care over Rosa in my absence."

"Not at all! Not at all!" responded George, as they heartily shook hands. "I am delighted to see the happy fellow who won my pet sister," and no further allusion was made to the affair.

"Fred," said Rosa, demurely, "is that friend of Davis' better? And, very gravely—"how came you to attend the opera?"

"Rosa!" cried Fred, impulsively, and catching her in his arms, "don't tease me! How could you frighten me so, darling?"

"Did you care so much," whispered Rosa, nestling closer. "But you deceived me, and I felt so badly! If you had only told me! But we will be good now, won't we? And she put up her mouth for the kiss of peace.

"Of course we will," said Fred, penitently, looking over the tender reproach. "I never will again, if you will forgive me this once. I was punished, I think. I thought I had lost my wife. But," he added quickly, "we did call to see the friend first." And he had the grace to blush a little.

"Smart woman, that little wife of mine," he remarked to Davis, as he told him about it the next morning. "Turned tables neatly."

"Humph!" muttered Davis. "Told you so."

A Frightened Hunter.

The island of Formosa off the coast of China, is divided, east and west, by a ridge of mountains, like a backbone. The western portion is inhabited by quiet, industrious agriculturists, while the other side of the mountains is peopled by a race of savages, who have the reputation of being cannibals. A short time ago a United States expeditionary steamer visited the island, and a party of officers went ashore on the west coast. The beach was crowded with people—men, women and children—the males of almost every age being armed, as they exist in a state of perpetual warfare with their savage neighbors on the east coast. One of the party, in describing the visit, says:

"Whenever we evinced a disposition to ascend the bushy sides of the neighboring hills; they became greatly alarmed, caught hold of our clothes, threw themselves in our paths and made signs to us that our throats would be certainly cut and we roasted by bad men who were very strong and fierce, and who wore large rings in their ears. We did not know what to make of this at first, but Hartman, one of our party, who had wandered off by himself in search of snipe, rejoined us shortly before dark, and opened our eyes. Having unconsciously wandered over the low land and ascended a neighboring elevation, he had seated himself upon a fragment of rock, and was admiring the view which opened before him, when his ears suddenly caught a sound as some animal making its way cautiously through the bushes. He turned quickly, and saw a party of three, whom he had no difficulty in recognizing as 'had men, who wore large rings in their ears.' Here was a fix for our innocent sportsmen. He must either retire ignominiously, or face boldly the unlooked for danger. Fortunately, he was a man of nerve, and was, moreover, armed with a shotgun, bowie knife and revolver. Choosing, therefore, the latter alternative, he arose with a great air of non-she-lancey, and advanced to the nearest, a tall fine-looking fellow, and fixed his gaze curiously upon him. Hartman says that he whistled with considerable success portions of a popular air as he thus went, as it were, into the lion's mouth, but never before felt such a longing to be safely on board his ship. He soon joined the princely-looking savage, and as the others drew near, he made a careful but hurried survey of their personal appearance, exchanged a Mexican dollar for a bow and arrow of one of them, and then leisurely retraced his way, until he had a tervening clump of trees enabled him to call upon his legs to do their duty. He ran for a mile or more before evincing the slightest curiosity to know if he was followed."

The Dairy.

There is much said on the subject of ripening cream. Many writers contend that this ripening process cannot go on without plenty of air. Others think a certain amount of sourness must take place before the proper change has occurred. It is our firm belief, based upon very large experience, that all that is required to thoroughly ripen cream is age. The time lies somewhere between twelve and twenty-four hours after the cream is taken from milk set sweet thirty-six hours. If the milk is set in shallow pans in warm weather it will need more than twelve hours to ripen. Fresh cream mixed with cream that already has age does not need more than six or eight hours to ripen. Perfectly sweet cream will not give up much more than half its butter by even the most violent churning. Cream kept perfectly sweet until it reaches the churn, and allowed no air, will give up all its butter if it has age enough. Souring assists and hastens ripening, but it is not necessary. A single churning will not settle this question, for the reason that there is such variation in results. There should be fifty or more churnings, and an average taken of the results. This can be done with sufficient exactness by doing all the churning for several months one way, and then changing for the same length of time.

"There now!" exclaimed Mrs. Bascom; "the paper says that Professor Henry Clum, a noted scientist, has been instantly killed by the explosion of a retort. What a warning to married men not to quarrel with their wives."

Mrs. De Stael once said: "The more I know of men the better I like dogs." Now let some bachelor retort by saying the more he knows of women the better he likes cats.

Too Good For This World.

"I would like to have an advertisement inserted."

This is a slogan that would resurrect a dead man from behind a newspaper counter, and the clerk turned as if by an electric current, and ejaculated:

"Yes sir; want the top of the column, I suppose?"

"No, I'm not particular," said the advertiser.

"Want it inside, next to the leading editorial?"

"Either page will answer," replied the other.

"Want a cut of a death's head and marrowbones, or a sore leg, to make it attractive, or a portrait of the advertiser, with long hair and a turn-down shirt collar?"

"Clear type, black ink and white paper are good enough for me," was the response.

"All right; want head line in type an inch longer than Jenkins' ad, in next column, or will you have it put in upside down, or your name in crooked letters like forked lightning all over it?"

"No; a plain, straightforward advertisement, in space of four inches, will answer my purpose."

"Good enough." Want about ten inches of notice free, don't you? Family history; how your grandfather blacked Washburn's boot once; mention of yourself as a member of a circulating library, church, fire company, co-operative store, base ball club and other important public positions?"

The customer said he did not care for any notice.

"Of course," said the clerk, "you want a free paper sent to each member of the firm, one for yourself, and the privilege of taking half a dozen copies off the counter every week because you advertise?"

The gentleman expected to pay for his paper, and asked the price of the advertisement. The delighted clerk figured it up, and then asked:

"If I send your bill around in about a year, you can tell the boy when to call again, can't you?"

"No, I will pay you now," said the other, taking out a roll of bills.

The newspaper man's eyes bulged as he said:

"Ah! you want to ask for 75 per cent. discount and 25 per cent. off for cash."

"I am ready to pay a fair price for value received. Tell me your regular rates, and here is the money."

A beatific expression spread over the wan face of the worn clerk, and he murmured:

"Stranger when did you come down, and when do you expect the Apostles along?"

A Medicine Man Shot for Failing to Cure a Sick Chief.

I was talking the other day with Captain Frank Cloud, now living in Arizona, about the Indians out in that Territory. Said he:

"We have a race of Indians in Arizona called the Papagos. Time out of mind they have lived in peace with the whites, but in their battles with the other Indians are fully the equal in pluck and courage of the dreaded Apaches. Some months ago, I became rarely residing among them, I became witness to one of their customs, which, if practiced among the whites, would have the effect of decreasing a certain portion of our population quite materially. One of their great chiefs was stricken down with a fever. The medicine man dosed him with herbs and applied all the healing remedies within his knowledge. Notwithstanding his efforts the old man gradually grew worse and finally died."

"The day following his burial I noticed an unusual commotion about the camp, all the men, women and children were gathered together as if to perform some great religious ceremony. There was an air of solemnity about the scene that justified this impression. The mystery was explained when I saw the medicine man, escorted by two young bucks, march from his tent and take a position about fifty feet distant. At a given signal one of the young men raised his rifle, and before I could comprehend what was taking place, fired a bullet into the medicine man's heart, killing him instantly. I then learned that it was the custom of these Indians where a medicine man failed to cure one of the sachems who died from causes other than wounds received in battle that he must suffer of death as a consequence of his lack of skill."

I asked Captain Cloud how, under these circumstances they succeeded in finding a person willing to accept a position. He replied that the office carried with it a great many perquisites and privileges that made it a very desirable one. "Moreover," he added, "every Indian expects to die 'with his boots on,' as they say out there, and as the post of medicine man relieves them from the necessity of bearing arms, the chances of death are no greater on the one hand than the other. They bear their fate philosophically, and I have never heard of an instance where an attempt was made to evade it by seeking safety in flight."

A Fraud in Photographs.

The Berlin police tribunal has recently been engaged in the examination of a very peculiar fraud. Loyal Germany buys eagerly all the photographs gettable of Emperor William. Like most human beings, William detests to be photographed, and he sat but a very few times. In spite of this fact Germany has been flooded with photographs depicting the emperor in all possible poses. You can buy photographs of him sitting, standing and riding, in groups and alone—any way one pleases—in a word. The supply of pictures has kept up to the demand, until the emperor discovered a photograph of himself with a baby on his knee, the latter purporting to be one of his grandchildren. He was sure that he did not set for the plate, and he had