Love Hiding.

Love was playing hide and seek, And we deemed that he was gone, Tears were on my withered cheek For the setting of our sun; Dark it was around, above, But he came again, my love!

Chill and drear in warm November We recall the happy spring, While, bewildered, we remember When the woods began to sing, All alive with leaf and wing, Leafless lay the silent grove; But he came again my love!

And our melancholy frost Woke to radiance in his rays. Who were the look of one we lost, In the far-away dim days: No prayer, we sighed, the dead may move Yet he came again, my love!

Love went to sleep, but not forever, And we deemed that he was dead; Nay, shall aught avail to sever Hearts who once indeed were wed? Garlands for his grave we wove, But he came again, my love;

### FAITH'S ADVENTURES

"I wish I had not come through the park! I wish I had gone around, even if the wind and dust were so trying! The sight of all these grand turnouts and happy people only makes my own poverty and loneliness seem more unbeara-" little Faith Merival sighed, as she settled her tired self further within the shelter of the thickly-leaved tree branch which swayed to and fro over the bench where she had a moment before seated herself.

She looked like a fair Puritan blossom -this weary, sad girl-with her straight figure, her serious gray eyes, her flax-gold hair primly banded away from her innocent, pale face, with her plain and almost severely neat black gown and

She was a lonely little stranger in the great city, and she lived in a big and glaringly new tenement in a treeless and half populated street intersecting the broad drives opening from the park.

Only a year before her home had been one of homely ease and simple content in a green, far-off country town. But in a luckless moment her artisan father had set his footsteps cityward, hopeing for less laborious employment and more liberal remuneration, and to realize instead only loss and disappointment, and to be finally beset by illness, want

and penury. He had only his motherless little Faith to suffer with him, and she was but a tender flower to be subjected to the blasts of adversity. But, nevertheless, she had shouldered her burdens right bravely-diligent housewife, untiring nurse, sweetest comforter-she had been all. And beside, it was her never-idle needle-the occasional compensation for her exquisite bits of decokept the low hearth fires from being ex-

tinguished altogether. But there was no work for the willing needle just now, no purchaser for the artistic trifles in floss and velvet, and the hearth fire was burning low indeed on that dusty afternoon in late he whispered the last good-bye. September as she sat resting on the ing trudge through various fancy emporiums in the unseasonably hot city

below. "How happy they are-these grand people!" she thought as she pensively regarded an approaching equipage-a glittering carriage of cream and wine color-drawn by high-stepping mahogany bays with gilded trapping!

There were two occupants-a showily arrayed young woman carrying a marvelous lace parasol and fawn-and-black pug, and a nattily dressed young man who languidly held the reins. They were driving leisurely, the young man somewhat unostentatiously dallying with his gold-handled whip and his tingly on the flagging before the Silvercompanion chatting with consequential sort of animation beneath the marvelous parasol.

Oh, there is the spring, Charley, and Fidget-the precious dear-is just dying for a drink! Do see how splendidly he is begging for what he wants! Do stop," Faith heard her say, as the carriage wheels revolved against the ribbon of turf between the bench and the drive.

"Just as you say, Annie," the young man replied, as he checked the bays, stepped to the ground and assisted his companion to alight.

But Fidget who had begged so splen-didly for what he wanted—like some of We are to have a little party to-night his superiors, perhaps—waxed independ- and I want the lace transferred from the ently uppish the instant he got it.

the cool, mossy rock, lapped a very few trickling drops, and then, with a seditious bark, bounded from the arms ming cost \$2,000 in Paree! Young Mr. away to a fastness of the shrubbery.

But his rebellion was promptly subdued, his silken coflar became somewhat entangled in a tuft of thorny eactus, and he was held a whimpering captive, punished and penitent, until parasol released him and took him back immeasurably. to her arms and confidence.

But in her hurried pursuit of the pug, she had dropped her porte monnaie almost at the feet of the unheeded girl, who sat crying softly on the shadowy bench; and as she again neared the carriage, Faith picked it up, arose, and extended it timidly towards her.

'Dear me! what a nice honest girl you are," she said effusively and with a dently meant to be irresistably impresssort of haughtily pitying stare at the ive, he went his way. girl's exceedingly neat but woefully worn gown and bonnet. "And you have been crying too!-you are in trouble about something, now, arn't you?" tap of one profusedly ringed hand upon she added with what would have been the bowed head of the surprised girl, impertinence had not her pitying inter- and then they left the room.

est been so obviously cenuine. Neither her showy attire, her effusive speech or her extremely haughty air, seemed exactly harmonious with the transferring the costly lace. "Charley, strictly elegant equipage; but there was sincere kindliness in her air and accents self, and Annie must be the sister, but for all that. And the bit of human rich people often do have little pecu-

sick, hopeless little Faith. "My trouble is that of thousands, I suppose-I am only out of work," she said with quaint dignity and with two pathetic tears starting afresh.

that. "Oh, isn't that too bad," exclaimed the young woman of the amiably refined manners and the very elegant turnout. "You were honest enough not to keep my purse, and I really must do somemy purse, and I really must do somemy purse, and I really must do somewing for you. Don't you think we look at the end of the dark-red pauch, big as a currant and as to-night," Annie said at the end of the dark-red pauch, big as a currant and as to-night," Annie said at the end of the dark-red pauch, big as a currant and as to-night, while, and last, but not least, a round, with legs of little moment and to commemorate the victory. After a half digested silk hat. It is presumed an insignificant head, the most noble function of which is to provide plentiful daws upon the average mind of the with some gay fellow sharks the night "I am afraid I cannot really," said supplies to the stomach. Dung for you. Don't you think we

the house Charley?" "Surely! Why not? We have things pretty much our own way these days, I should say," the natty young man an-I swered readily and with a glance of a basket of wine and jellies for your unqualified admiration at the Puritan blossom face of the wistful, wondering

"You can come down to the house in the morning," said the young woman, ensconcing herself and the dog Fidget luxuriously among the carriage cushions "and we'll see what we can do for you. Everybody knows the Silvernale mansion, with the name in gilt upon the door," she concluded rather loftily after several more minute directions.

Then she bowed in a patronizing but kindly fashion; Charley pera somewhat unostentatious formed flourish of his golden-handled whip, and the next instant the sleek mahogany bays were trotting sedately down the drive, and Faith was once more alone.

"Will there be any harm in going, papa?" she doubtfully asked her father, when she was once more in their apartments of the big glaring tenemet.

"I do not think there can be," Mr. Merivale answered. "A wealthy and philanthropic family of that name reside at the number mentioned, and everybody knows that particular turnout—the stylish carriage in cream and wine color! If Mr. Willis were here he might tell you all about them.'

Faith averted her fair face and a soft sweet blush wavered over her cheeks. Although Mr. Willis was far away, though he and she might never meet again, though he might never care for her as she sometimes fancied he did, he held her heart forevermore in his keeping. He was her ideal of all which is noble and kingly in man.

Some months before—it seemed ages ago, she had known so many unending days of hardship and desolation since-Mr. Willis had snatched her enfeebled father from beneath the very wheels of a runaway truck which had dashed down upon him as he stood blinded by sleet and dazed by the thunder of hoofs, upon an icy crossing in a winter dusk. The brave young fellow had borne him -stunned, bruised and bleeding-into the house and placed him upon his bed; and afterward had befriended him in

various kindly ways. Day after day he came and went, now bringing some trifle of comfort for the disabled man, and again a gift of flowers or books for lovely Faith, and | and it was not for her to judge them. always leaving behind him the sunshine of his beautiful, kindly smiles and the encouragement of his own strong and

sanguine young spirit. Just as he went away on one last bright day, Faith could see him always -a muscular young figure in a none too fresh business suit, a cheery, dark face beneath a carelessly adjusted derby hat, rative embroidery-which had latterly his dark eyes looking into hers with a look of unspoken yearning, his warm hands holding her own with a clasp which had power to stir her pulses vet.

"It is hard to leave you, little Faith," she could still hear him say in his gentle thrilling voice, just as he had said when

"Mr. Willis ought to be back by this sheltered park bench after an unavail-ing trudge through various fancy empo-noting the soft blushes of the pale, sweet ringly regarding her. face; "though a man engaged in the backwoods logging business can't get away just when he likes; and a young fellow who has to earn his living has to make hay while the sun shines.

"And when one must work to live, one must accept the best chances offered! So I think I shall try the Silvernale plain sewing papa," Faith said, with a

dubious smile She was conscious of some vague misgivings concerning the particular chance | sion, which had been offered her just then! And she felt not a little trepidation the next morning as she paused hesita-

nale mansion, and wondering whether she ought to ring the front door gong or the lower bell instead.

Her indecision was terminated by the opening of the front door and by the appearance of the effusive young woman of the port-monnaie episode.

"How nice of you to come early,"

that showy personage began volubly as she ushered Faith into an imposing hall, up a magnificently carpeted staircase, and into an elegant second-floor room. "And how glad I am we run across you ust as we did. And I have something beside the plain sewing for you, too! ruby velvet dress to this salmon pink-He put his black muzzle gingerly to satin; red isn't my color at all, and be-the jetting waser, sniffed fastidiously side, the pink happens to just fit me. But I am as fond of lace as the best of which encompassed him and scampered | Silvernale brought it over himself; and he says he paid the duty on it, too, but

between you and me, I guess he didn't." Faith was conscious of an odd sensation which she could scarcely define. Something in the language, the airy flippancy, the superflous confidences of the young woman of the marvelous voluble young woman astonished her

"You are wanted down stairs, Annie," was the announcement made at the moment, and Faith involuntarily turned to behold the natty young man, whose admiringly glances had so em-

barrassed her in the park. He vouchsafed her a jauntily familiar bow, ltngered an instant on the threshold, and then with another glance evi-

"Charley is just wild about you; he talked of nothing but you all the way home;" Annie said, with a playful little

"What strange people they are, Faith thought, as she proceeded circumspectly with the rather delicate task of sympathy quite unnerved poor heart- liarities, and, if their manners are rather startling, they intend to be kind to me,

I know. And they did intend to be kind-there could not be an lota of doubt about

"We want you to stay to our party

could let her have some sewing to do at Faith, pausing for a sec nd in her hur- FUNERAL OF A FIRE-WORSHIPER | ceeded in playing his cards well. The ried walk through the imposing hall, and looking almost painfully embarrass-

"Oh, yes, you can, and you shall have poor dear papa, and Charley will take you home in the carriage himself," said the astonished young woman, abruptly thrusting open a door and pushing the girl with gay persistence into a richlyfurnished back parlor, where the merriment had already begun.

"But papa will be alarmed if I stay," Faith expostulated.

"You must kdow you are safe while you are in the Silvernale house," interpolated a pompous elderly personage, who-by priority of age, excess of dazzling ornaments, and authority of de-Silvernale.

seem very thankless after all your kindness; but really I do beg you to excuse friends will have no avail in the next me," she began simply and earnestly, to be checked, shecked, stupefied, by the eternal paradise must spend their days who have never taken upon themselves reasonous and resounding laugh of the

"She takes you for the boss, Charley and me for the missus! Sure, she takes us for the rare thing-and me only the cook, and Annie, me lady's maid, only airing me lady's fine dresses!" laughed the pompous queen of ceremonies, lapsing into her characteristic brogue. "But never would have taken you for a gentleman like young master Silvernale!"

don't know why a man can't be a gentleman as well as the master. "And I am sure a maid can be a lady as well as the mistress," said Annie, who resented some intangible expression upon Faith's puritan-blossom face. They leave us hereito take care of the are having their grand doings in the enjoy ourselves all we can. If we eat, and drink, and wear the best the house contains, they never know the difference! what the eyes don't see the heart

straight enough when they come home." Faith said never a word. They had meant only kindness to her-she knew that—they believed they were doing no reverently bow, after which the mournwrong, according to their own lights, But there was something in her looks which hindered them from detaining her as she again moved toward the

don't trouble, and we have things

But she was crying softly with mortification as she went down the stakes and what with her fears and her haste she scarcely noticed a gentleman standing quietly on the flagging watching her with inquiring eyes. But as she chanced to lift her droop-

ng head and so perceive him, she uttered a soft little exclamation of surprise and infinite gladness. "Mr. Willis," said he impulsively,

tretching both her hands toward him, 'did papa send you?-were you waiting He shook his head; he was still inqui-

"Tell me how you happened here?" he said gently. And without reserve, with little interludes of sweetly rippling laughter at her own grotesque mistakes. Faith rehear-

sed the whole ridiculous comedy. "And they think they are doing no wrong masquerading as master and mistress while the family are out of town," she concluded with charmingly commingled indignation and compas-

"So you wouldn't have them punishlove me, darling, you are henceforth to services. be mistress here.

She glanced at the imposing facade of the Silvernale mansion looming black in the starlight, and then looked with shy incredulity into the impassioned face of her lover. Had the master, then, as well as the servants, been indulging in a little masquerade? she asked herself. He seemed to understand her unspo-

ken thoughts, and again he smiled. "I told you no untruth about myself, sweetheart," he said. "I am interested in the backwoods logging business, because a portion of my money is invested in timbered land, and I usually take a summering of business and pleasure name is really Willis-Willis Silver-

A half later Faith was driving homeward in the starlight behind the mahogany bays. Her fair face was radiant with unutterable content as she sat beside her handsome happy lover. Her hardships and desolation had ended with the day's adventures—which, after all, were (incidental rather than essential to the denouement of the blissful marriage which occured shortly afterward.

## The Woodtick of Honduras.

who have a personal acquaintance with them, wanting in that fresh and lively interest which follows a first introduction, and it might be cruelty to anticipate the joys of a first experience by describing the way in which the little brown villains light upon the traveler from every bush against which he brushes, crawl into his clothing from every log upon which he incautiously seats himself, and from every grassy bank upon which he thoughtlessly reclines; how they excite his sensibilities, by traveling industriously over his unaccustomed and ticklish skin, prospecting for a tender and juicy spot wherein to sink their heads deeply, and thus establish claims from which not death even, nor dismemberment, shall separate

Once comfortably settled in a pleasing spot, the woodtick gives up his roving habits and devotes himself to the business of sucking up the blood of the gringo, until in time he waxes fat with rich feeding, becomes puffed up with much consequence, and develops into a rich,

At the Bedside of the Dying--The Tower of the Dead---Last Services.

When the medical attendant decides that a Parsee can not recover, a priest is sent for, who approaches the bed and repeats various texts from the Zend-Avesta calculated to afford consolation to the dying man. Prayers are also said for the forgiveness of his sins. When he dies, a funeral procession is they may meet him in paradise. They are reminded that they must one day be called from this world to the presence of God to give a full account of their deeds here, and as they do not meanor-Feith deemed the maternal know how soon that may be, they are urged to be prepared for death and to ness. Riches, wealth, influence and world. Those who desire to reach the here in holiness and prayer, and in doing good to their fellow-creatures.

The sermon lasts about an hour, and concludes with the words, "May God

have mercy on the dead!" The body is brought down to the ground floor (where it was born), washed, perfumed, wrapped in a white sheet, and placed upon an iron bier. A dog indade, Charley, if you had stuck to is brought to gaze at the dead face of Several priests attend, and repeat prayers for the repose of the soul of the de-"I am not the only coachy who drops | parted, and that it may safely reach its latives and friends all bow low in token of respect, and the Nasasalar, clad in the bier and bear the body from the kerchief between them.

When the bearers reach the path leading to the door of the tower, they | ful and amiable. place the bier upon the ground and unfriends may take a last look, and all ers turn back, and enter one of the Sagri. and pray for the departed spirit. The bearers proceed to the tower and unlocking the door, carry their burden within, and quickly lay it uncovered in one of the stone receptacles. In two minutes they appear with the empty bier and white sheet, and the door is no sooner closed behind them than numerous vultures, that have been sitting almost motionless in a circle on the edge of the parapet, swoop down upon the body, and in a few minutes return and lazily settle themselves again, having left nothing behind but a skeleton. The bearers, on leaving the tower, proceed to a building shaped like a huge barrel, where they bathe and change their clothes, bringing out their polluted funeral garb and casting it aside upon a receptacle of stone prepared for the purse. None of these garments can leave the garden, lest they carry contamina-

tion with them. The skeleton is left to be bleached and washed by sun and rain, and when three or four weeks have passed, the same bearers return, and with gloved hands and instruments like tongs drop the bones into their last resting-place,

the central well. The peculiar duties of the Nasasalar are considered so inseparable from defilement that, forming a distinct class, they are compelled to live quite apart ed?" said be, smiling tenderly down into the innecent sweet face. "It is for you to decide, little Faith, for if you the time are liberally paid for their

# IN THE DIAMOND FIELDS.

#### How Wealth Hunters Are Periodically Beguiled.

The daily scenes in this South African El Dorado were very similar to those I experienced in the gold mines of California. One day the news was, east of us they are finding diamonds by the handful; plenty of open ground, a sure fortune; and away went the diggers, while the speculative canteen-keeper followed. When one of the Americans from New York and I, after a threecombined in my little forrest. And my miles tramp under a scalding sun, approached the reputed mine, we found a dozen saloons in full blast, while several carts were coming on the ground loaded with divers suspicious looking casks. It loooked to us as if somebody was intent on starting a new town or was anxious to sell his stock of liquid refreshments at a single swoop, as it were. I saw through the trick at once, and was mad with myself that I had been so simple minded as to have been one of its victims. Near by was a hole, and packed close around were almost a thousand diggers, while in a cavity a black man was grubbing the lime. few were marking out claims, but the Any description of the business-like majority having seen no diamonds, deways of the garapatos would be, to those clared indignantly. "This is a fool's who have a personal acquaintance with rush. Suddenly a bloated old fellow appears upon the scene, nick-named Mahogany Nose, from the vermilion colored appearance of that organ, jumps up and down over his table and shouts: "Diamond! diamond!"

A rush is made for him. "Let's see it?" all exclaim. "Oh, it's only half a carat, but indicates," and Mahogony Nose resumes

The bait takes. All seize their picks and pick until the ground is occupied. More people arrive. Claims are marked seize several claims; the pretended original owners get wrathful and that the matter of dispute be settled by the winner is borne on his friends'

canteen where so much fermented refreshment was swallowed belonged to Mahogany Nose, and he "planted" the diamonds he pretended to find. For reasons unnecessary to state, Mahogany found it prudent to abandon his claim, enter his canteen, and give a free treat to all that came. That settled it, and all was forgiven, except on the part of some glum old diggers who had come many miles to the new El Dorado, They demanded brandy any of the towns. The settlement that preached, exhorting the friends of the deceased to live pure and holy lives that 'ead of that old weasel."

#### Our Unmarried Daughters.

Thomas Hughes says there is a peculiar charm about the words "one's own" which it takes a man or boy long to find out, but I doubt, says a writer, if "I am sorry, Mrs. Silvernale; I must | meet it with resignation and willing- | there is a woman who from babyhood has not recognized that charm. Let us then think with more consideration than has been our wonder those women the pleasures and cares of wedded life, but whose lives have been given up to others far more than have those of the majority of their wedded sisters.

One such woman has charge of a household whose inmates are an invalid mother, a feeble grandmother, and a bachelor brother. She makes the home happy for them, and with what return for this sacrifice of her girlhood? What your livery like an honest lad, sure she his master to drive away evil spirits. are her privileges? She can not order a blocks. Some of the residences are built dinner exactly to suit herself or have it served according to her own ideas, and to change the hour of a meal or ask a the livery when the family is out of destination, which it is supposed to do friend in without first holding a family town," Charley said sulkily. "And I on the fourth day after death. The reconsultation would be considered high point, and ladders reach from roof to

It is possibla that even mothers are a pure, white garments (which are always little too selfish and exacting toward find, after gazing at the dull-hued extefurnished new for ever funeral), raise their unmarried daughters. There is a riors. They are dimly lighted, to be widow with three unmarried daughters house, while the mourners utter loud of "uncertain age." It would be a decries and lamentations. Priests in full cided convenience to the musician of house and horses and things, while they dress lead the procession, in which are the family if the piano could be moved only the male relatives and friends of to another part of the room. She speaks roof of the abode. The floor is of adobe, country, and we are perfectly right to the deceased. They, too, are dressed to her mother about it. The reply is: in white, and walk two by two, each "I see no reason, Emy, why it should couple joined by holding a white hand- be moved. The has no trials and difficulties to overcome, and of them it is required that they shall be always cheer-

There is another family with one uncover the face of the dead, that the married daughter still at home. She does much of the housekeeping and the eventful lives, and cling tenaciously to family sewing, but her recreation, that the customs of centuries ago. Meal is which she loves above all else, is her palette and brush; and yet even her heavy stones, and bread is cooked by time is not her own. She has not one burying the dough in hot askes. The uninterrupted hour during the day. Patiently day after day she puts aside her canvas to fit on mother's dress or fully developed figures, large, lustrous sew on father's buttons or see that the eyes, and complexions that give evidence spare room is made ready for mother's of perfect health. They dress in gowns friends, and day after day and week made of calico, that reach just below after week the work she longed to do | the knee and cover the upper portion of

whose burdens are heavy because made | about the village in absolute nakedness. up of numberless trifles. Can we not Taken as a whole, the Moquis are a picby a little more thought for her who thinks so often for others add something to her pleasures,

### The Eaters of Olives.

The extent to which the olive is used varies greatly in different countries. In northern countries it is used chiefly as a relish eaten by itself, or as a sauce, seasoning or stuffing for meats, fowls or game, It is on the tables of the rich what the French call a hors d'œuvrethat is, a side dish or table superfluity. But it is far otherwise with the poor in the south of Europe, to whom it is an important article of diet. In ancient times the poor made an entire meal of bread and olives. It is still the same in some parts of Europe, where a peasant thinks himself prepared for a journey with a piece of bread under his arm and a handful of olives in his pocket. In southern Italy no meal is made without olives. The olive merchants pass regularly at supper time through the poorer

quarters of the city. It is the Spanish habit to eat olives at the end of a meal but not too many. Three or four are usually thought emough, or if they are very good one may eat a dozen. An Italian author recommends the preserving of Spanish olives-that is, of those grown on Italian soil-but prefer those called St. Francis, which is common at Ascoli, where it attains the size of a walnut. It is, how-ever, generally agreed among gourmets that the smaller olives are best for eating. The manner of treatment has nevertheless, perhaps something to do with the coarse quality of the Spanish olive when found in the peninsula. Olives are preserved in Italy, as elsewhere, in weak lye or brine. They are also bruised, stuffed in the Bordeaux

manner or dried. In eastern countries, whence the olive came, the fruit forms still an important article of diet. A traveler relates that he found delicious a meal of eggs, olives and grapes offered him by the monks of the monastery of Mount Libanus. It is traditional in the Catholic church that the monks living in the desert fed principally on olives. Throughout Turkey, Asia Minor, Greece and other countries about the Mediterranean the olive has remained, as in the most ancient times, a substantial article of food and a necessary means of existence to the toiling millions.

## What a Shark Eats.

The shark has the reputation of a rapacious appetite and a good, strong stomach. He is not satisfied with trfles, nor can the keen edge of his appetite be turned by a "diet of worms." He requires a substantial bill of fare and like the black country operative who asked out. New-comers are astonished at the industrious scene, and conclude that would bend," he is fond of solids. The this is the spot—the place they have stomach of a shark, which was recently been so long looking for. No more captured in Watson's Bay, was opened room for claims, but those in the secret and an examination of its contents made. According to the papers, among other things discovered were a number threaten, and a riot is in prospect, when of human bones, the leg of a pair of it is suggested by one of the "friends" gray tweed trousers, a pocket containgray tweed trousers, a pocket containing a penny, the buckles of a pair of the rules of the ring. Agreed to; and braces, the blade of an oar, an empty beerbottle, the seat of a child's rocking shoulders to a canteen, where ale and chair, two tin meat cans, a gum pot, an beer is consumed in immense quantities old gridiron, and last, but not least, a

VILLAGES OF THE MOQUIS,

Perched on the Very Tops of High Mesas .- The Huts --- Picturesque People.

Of all the Indian villages of the southwest, those of the Moquis are by far the most picturesque. There are seven of them, all together, and all are perched on the very tops of high mesas, which are separated by a few miles of open country, but which are all in sight of is best known, and that is more often visited, consists of three villages, built in close proximity to one another, and appearing in the distance like groups of swallow-nests settled upon the top of an abruptly rising cliff. The second mesa also contains three distinct villages; while the third has only one town, in which, however, there is the largest population and greatest primitiveness of habits among the people. The tribe numbers about 2,500 souls, as nearly as can be estimated, and is comparatively wealthy. The property of the people consists of large herds of sheep and flocks of goats, which feed upon the nutritious grasses of the reservation. The villages are composed of small

square huts, built of stone, and covered with heavy beams, which support a layer of earth; and the houses are piled together, one on top of the other, with exactly the same irregularity with which a child would make a pile of directly on the edge of the cliff, while others face an inner plaza or court. There are usually three tiers of houses, rising with many angles almost to a roof. The interior of the homes is far more comfortable than one expects to sure, and low studded, but are scrupulously neat and delightfully cool. What light there is comes through the doorway, which may be in the side or in the carefully swept and the walls of the same material are painted white. The rule of one room to a house is rarely broken, and an entire family lives in an apartment that seems to a stranger, hardly large enough for a single person.

Still practising their ancient forms of religion, the people live quiet and unmade by grinding the corn between women are the hardest workers. They are often exceeding handsome, having has had to be put off till some future the body, and they are apparently mod-time, which never comes. This young woman is a type of a class they are 7 or 8 years of age, but play turesque people. They are supposed to be able to read the hieroglyphics on their ancient pottery. Self-supporting, and having a form of government that is strictly their own, that has not changed for centuries, they have so far adopted but few of the custo ization, and continue to live their primitive and interesting life.

## The Model Husband.

The model husband never interteres with his wife's plans in any way, shape, or manner, but is in all things and at all times, her most willing and devoted

If he happens home occasionally, and finds the morning's gwork undone and the wife of his bosom in morning dress and slippers, hair uncombed, and with feet on the hearth deep in the mysteries of a new love story, or absorbed in the perusal of an account of the last Wo-man's Right Convention, while dinner is still a thing of the far distant future, he never grumbles or growls, nor turns on his heels and goes off down town to get a feast. Oh, no! nothing of the kind. He first kisses his wife, then replenishes the fire which he finds in the very "last stages of consumption," puts the hou e "to rights" generally, and prepares-to the best of his manly ability-a sumptuous lunch for two of which he invites her to partake in his

blandest society tone. He never bothers his wife with sewing on his buttons; he "didn't marry her for that." He quietly gets a needle and thread, adjusts his thimble, and sews his buttons on himself.

When there is a Woman's Rights meeting in town, the Model Husband always attends his wife thither, or stays home and takes care of the children-as she may see fit. And, as he does not bring the aforesaid children in the world himself, it is for "her" to say whether a dozen olive branches shall cluster around their loving knees, or whether they shall be forever free from baby cares.

He never groans at the extravagance of woman, nor preaches economy at home, nor indulges in oysters and champagne suppers away from home, but makes his pocketbook a family concern, or deals out money to his wife with a lavish hand.

He never chews, smokes or drinks in the house under any circumstances; never ventures out unaccompanied by his better-half after nightfall; and above all things, never, never brings a friend home unexpectedly to dinner or supper. The Model Husband has no flames," nor new ones either; he shuns

secret societies as he would the plague and he has never been known to look in the direction of a bonnet on the head of any woman but his wife. He endures the Caudle Lectures delivered by his better-half with a touching meekness un-excelled by the original Caudle himself, and regards with supreme pity not unmixed with contempt, that most miserable specimen of the masculine gen-

der: a hen-pecked husband! In fact, the Model Husband is very, very nearly-a real, genuine saint.

MRS. SLIMDIET (serving out the tough beefsteak-"And so you have been to Florida. Are there many crocodiles down there?"

Thin Boarder-"Pienty of them." "And how do they live?"
"Well, they don't board, but they might do it very comfortably."

\*\* Eh 21 "A crocodile can bring its jaws together with a force of 300 pounds.