

FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

PLAYING STEAM CARS.

All aboard, toot, toot, ding, dong, Jump on quick, the way is long; Off we go, gee off the track, Look out there for Mary Mack.

Tchoo, tchoo, tchoo, tchoo, Boston town, All get off and walk around; Time for lunch, then off again, Hide your money from robber men.

Why, Missis Jones, how do you do, And your dear little baby, too, How she has grown, looks like her ma, No, she has eyes just like her pa.

Oh, my child! she is off the cars; Do stop the train quick, Mister Klaus; She aint hurt a bit, little dear, Scared me through, that's quite clear.

There is mamma with a bag of cakes, Take care, engineer, turn off the brakes; Unhitch the chains and put 'em away, Till we play steam cars another day. —[New Orleans Picayune.

AN INTELLIGENT HORSE.

A gentleman in New York owns a horse that his children drive to school mornings, and upon arriving at the school house they all go in, leaving the horse to go home alone, which he does without accident or loss of time. At night he harnesses him to the wagon and the intelligent animal goes after the children. If he arrives before school is closed he waits patiently at the door until it is out and his charges are all aboard and then conveys them home. The distance that the sagacious brute thus travels alone is more than a mile. Such an instance of intelligence and sagacity in an animal is rare, and can hardly be accounted for on the theory of instinct alone. —[Atlanta Constitution.

VIOLET AND PANSY.

Violet and Pansy were great friends, and they lived side by side in a pretty garden. Nearby lived a rose, who was so beautiful that she became proud. She held her head high and would not look at the modest little violet and pansy. They had to stretch their heads up to see her at all, for she grew taller and thinner day by day.

One morning a lady came into the garden. She admired the rose, but never saw the two little friends so near the ground.

She stopped and touched the rose, and exclaimed: "Oh! What a rich color this rose has! I will wear it to-morrow." The rose was delighted at the prospect of being worn by her, and sneered at the violet and pansy, whose dewdrops fell in place of tears.

But during the night a heavy shower fell and the rose's petals, which had blown full with happiness, dropped, petal by petal, on the ground.

The next day when the lady came in search of the rose only a stem remained, while the violets and pansies had only been freshened by the rain. So she took them instead. —[New York Recorder.

FLORIDA CISTERN IN TREE-TOPS.

A writer tells of a surveying party who were resting at noon in a forest in Florida, when one of the men exclaimed: "I would give fifty cents a swallow for all the water I could drink."

He expressed the sentiment of the others; all were very thirsty, and there was not a spring or stream anywhere in the vicinity.

While the men were thus talking, the surveyor saw a crow put his bill into a cluster of broad, long leaves growing on the side of a cypress. The leaves were those of a peculiar air plant. They were green and bulged out at the bottom, forming an inverted bell. The smaller end was held to the tree by roots grasping the bark. Feeding on the air and water that it catches and holds, the air plant becomes a sort of cistern. The surveyor sprang to his feet with a laugh.

"Boys," he said, "that old crow is wiser than every one of us."

"How so?" they asked.

"Why, he knows that there are a hundred thousand water tanks in this forest."

"Where?" they cried, in amazement.

The surveyor cut an air plant in two and drained nearly a pint of pure water from it. The men did not suffer for water after that, for every tree in the forest had at least one air plant, and almost every air-plant contained a drink of water.

DOLLS OF SAVAGERY.

The dolls of savagery have a purpose very different from those of civilization. They are not merely playthings, but are the means by which mothers teach their children domestic arts. The little girl has many important duties to perform when she shall become a woman. She must learn to be a butcher, a tanner, a furrier, a clothier, a hat maker, a shoe maker, a tent maker, a net maker and a harness maker for dogs. All of these things the Eskimo wife must know how to do. In that Arctic latitude the night lasts six months and during that long period of darkness the people spend much of their time in making dolls. While the fierce storms howl without the stone lamp swings in the underground hut. The father of the family whittles and carves out implements of the chase. Perchance he has a piece of walrus tooth that is too small for a harpoon head. So he turns it into a doll, which he hands over to the mother to be dressed.

The Eskimos are very fond of children and spend a good deal of time

in providing amusements for them. With her little girl at her knee, the mother takes bits of fur of the fox, the marten and the seal, cutting them out with a keen edged flint and sewing them together with a bone needle and thread of sinew. It is a domestic school of household industry. Mamma uses her front teeth for cutting threads and for many other purposes which scissors would be appropriate for, and so, by the time she is middle aged, the incisors are worn down nearly to the gums. By and by the child will be able to help in making garments for her parents.

During the long winter night, in the intervals of doll and implement manufacture, the head of the household busies himself in turning out works of art, for the most part ivory. From the teeth of the walrus he carves all of the animals with which he is familiar—the whale, the bear, the seal and the walrus itself. Birds and fishes are not neglected by his facile knife. Whole hunting scenes he represents in the same material with many pieces. Men in those frail skin barks called "kyaks" are shown in pursuit of whales and seals, or reindeer may be the object of the chase. Some of these articles are intended for ornaments and some to be used as charms, but most of them are designed for barter with whaling and other vessels.

The Haida Indians of Alaska are famous for the excellence of their art works. They make beautiful dolls and their children amuse themselves by sending them out to sea in tiny dugout canoes. The dolls of the Zunis of Arizona are utilized for the purpose of teaching the children religion. They are dressed to represent priests and priestesses. Incidentally to playing with them the children acquire a knowledge of the ceremonials of the tribe. Rain making is at first a game with the small boy, who may grow up some day to be a magician and rain maker. —[Washington Star.

THE BICYCLE DOG.

Remarkable Records Made with the Aid of a Canine.

One of my patients owns a dog with which he easily makes from thirty to thirty-five miles a day. I requested him to train for me two animals for drawing a small dog cart. I must confess that at this time, when I did not know how to ride a bicycle, I had no confidence in the possibility of remaining upon the machine while a dog was drawing it.

I thought I would confine myself to making him draw my vehicle while I myself walked; that is to say, on



steep hills. But what was my pleasure in finding my faithful Caesar, from the first days of the experiment, drawing me rapidly. After a few days I started in the presence of a fine assemblage of spectators, and, with my dogs on a gallop, went from Bourbois to Mont-Dore. Without a kick of the pedal I was enabled to gain twenty minutes over ordinary carriages.

Dogs have a considerable force of resistance. One day I made twenty miles of ascent on a gallop, with a few minutes rest at every three or four miles, and with very little pedaling. Those who make use of dogs easily make from thirty-five to sixty miles out of them, with a very poor vehicle. I know one who makes ninety miles with four dogs. In descent three dogs stand in the vehicle; on level surfaces only two are harnessed, and on steep hills the entire pack pushes or draws the wagon.

I know an amateur who has trained a dog to push his bicycle at the side, and who, in return, generally offers him a seat on level surfaces and during descents. —[Atlanta Constitution.

Insuring Watches.

The wisacre who declared that "there is nothing new under the sun" gets another set-back. Here is the idea: For \$2 paid annually, a watch—gentleman's or lady's—is guaranteed against trouble. That is to say, \$2 will keep it in repair for one year, no matter how often it may get out of order or what may be the cause. It may be dropped on a brick sidewalk, or you may fall overboard with it in your pocket; no questions are asked and no limit put upon repairs to the movement up to a total of \$25, at the rates usually charged. All styles of watches are included in the new offer, except a few special movements. It is a fact that not one man in a hundred remembers the number of his watch. The register secured by this guarantee is therefore a complete reference in case of loss or theft. A label bearing the register number is also inserted in the cases of the watch, requesting any stranger, in case of personal accident or sudden illness, to telegraph this number to the jeweler, who agree to promptly notify family or friends. —[New York Dispatch.

It is said that those who do not wish of be stout should eschew the yellow to egg

AFTER 300 YEARS.

Rediscovery of Old Mines in New Mexico Known to the Spaniards.

All New Mexico and Southern Colorado are excited over the rediscovery near Santa Fe, of rich gold mines that were worked by the Spaniards more than three centuries ago and were lost during the Pueblo insurrection in 1680, when the Indians, oppressed beyond endurance, suddenly arose, massacred the priests, destroyed churches, and drove the last Spaniard out of the country. The Spanish masters had compelled the Indians to work in the mines, and that labor was so hateful to them and its results seemingly so useless—they attached no value to gold—that when they had expelled the Spaniards they filled up the shafts and tunnels, removed the debris and utterly obliterated all traces of mining.

All the white men who knew the exact location of the mines were killed during the insurrection, and when De Vargas reconquered New Mexico in 1692 none of his men could find the mines. Men have spent their money and their lives in searching for them, and so futile has been the search that the history of them has come to be regarded as mere legend and fable. But the old Spanish people of New Mexico have always stoutly asserted that the Pueblo Indians have preserved in their traditions the secrets of the mines, and that they know to this day the locations of the old workings.

So jealous of this knowledge are the Indians that they punish with death any one of their number who so much as hints at the location of a mine to an American or Mexican. The richest of the ancient mines were known to be in the vicinity of the Cochiti and Sandia pueblos, and the present inhabitants of these villages are supposed to know the exact location of the old works. The Sandia Indians have a deeply worn trail in the mountains that is supposed to lead toward the mines, but they guard it very carefully, and Mexican neighbors who have attempted to follow them secretly have always found the Indians on the alert and have been baffled every time.

The mines of Cochiti have been rediscovered, not with the assistance of Indians nor through traditional information, but by plain American prospecting. The Indians could fill up the old shafts, but they could not conceal the croppings of mineral veins. Two men of Jemez, named Eagle and Dorsey, have been knocking about in the mountains near the Cochiti pueblo for about four years, and last fall they stumbled upon some croppings that assayed high. Other prospectors heard of the find and went into the district and now they have found a mineral belt that has set the country wild with excitement.

The veins are true fissures in porphyry, running north and south along the slope of the Jemez mountains, parallel with the trend of the range. The rock gives high assays in gold and silver, and runs on average lots from eight-foot veins have returned \$150 a ton. The lead has been traced in an unbroken line for eight miles, and claims are staked out for five miles. There are several parallel veins, all of them assaying high. Old miners who have been in the Cochiti camp declare that the strike is the biggest that has been made in fifteen years.

Of course the usual comparison with the Comstock is made, sometimes to the disparagement of the latter. The Cochiti Indians view with wonder and bewilderment the procession of prospectors through their ancient plaza and have not yet quite got it through their heads that their precautions to conceal the old Spanish mines have been in vain. —[San Francisco Examiner.

CONTINUOUS LIGHTNING.

Places Where Thunder and Lightning Are Incessant.

The phenomenon known as lightning, followed by a rolling, reverberating report, recognized as thunder, is common to a wide zone of the earth, but it is not generally known there are localities where the vivid flashes and the deafening peals are incessant. The most notable of these continuous lightning districts is on the eastern coast of the island of San Domingo, a leading member of the group of the West Indies. It is not meant that the lightning is here continuous the year round, but that, with the commencement of the rainy season comes this zig-zag feature of electric illumination, which is then, continuous day and night for weeks.

The storm, centre is not continuously local, but shifts over a considerable area, and, as thunder is seldom heard over a greater distance than eight miles, and the lightning in the night will illuminate so as to be seen thirty miles, there may be days in some localities where the twinkle on the sky is in continuous succession while the rolling reports are absent. Then again come days and nights when the electric artillery is piercing in its detonations, and especially is this the case when two separate local cloud centres join, as it were, in an electrical duel, and, as sometimes occurs, a third participant appears to add to the elemental warfare. Then there is a blazing sky with blinding vividness, and stunning peals that seem to pin the listener to the earth. Long before the echoes can die away come others, until the auricular mechanism seems hammered into chaos. Just how and why it is that there is here generated so immense an amount of electricity as to keep up such an incessant ignition is one of those problems that can only be

solved when sufficient data are at hand to work upon. It is probable that with the commencement of the rainy season this region is the border of opposing air and ocean currents whose friction has something to do in the case. This would tend to bring into contact opposing clouds, variously charged, and as lightning is the passing of electricity from one cloud to another, seeking equilibrium, or the passing of the fluid from a cloud to the earth, it is probable that, in this continued friction of currents, may be found a starting point to unravel the mystery. It is in swirling and opposing cloud strata, especially where these get into gyratory motion, that electrical phenomena are most abundant, just as in an even, uniform flow of clouds, such disturbance is rarer and often entirely absent.

It would not seem, from the meagre information bearing on this matter, that the electrical interchange is between the clouds and the earth, as there is no reference made to what are termed lightning strokes—when the descending current strikes a tree, building, or other object, or strikes the ground directly. But it would certainly be a trying ordeal on any fairly balanced nervous organization to behold a blazing sky for days and nights together and listen to the incessant rolling of the thunder until the very senses seem stupefied to further recognition. Happily such localities have been rarely bestowed by nature, and this one is shunned by the dusky natives, and the more advanced fauna, when the wet season approaches, leave it by instinct. —[Pittsburgh Dispatch.

LIKE MARK TWAIN'S NAG.

Servia's Chief Poet Tells of a Horse That Could Outrace a Rain-Storm.

Nikola Tesla is known to Americans as one of the greatest scientists this age of electricity has produced. But he has stopped long enough in his marvelous investigations of alternating currents to write a sympathetic study of the chief Servian poet of this generation, Zmaj Ivan Ivanovich, for the Century. This writer, so strongly entrenched in the affections of all Servians, was born in Novi Sad (Neusatz), a city at the southern border of Hungary, on November 24, 1838. He comes from an old and noble family, which is related to the Servian royal house. In his earliest childhood he showed a great desire to learn by heart the Servian national songs which were recited to him, and even as a child he began to compose poems. His father, who was a highly cultivated and wealthy gentleman, gave him his first education in his native city. After this he went to Budapest, Prague, and Vienna, and in these cities he finished his studies in law. This was the wish of his father, but his own inclinations prompted him to take up the study of medicine. He then returned to his native city, where a prominent official position was offered him, which he accepted, but so strong were his poetical instincts that a year later he abandoned the post to devote himself entirely to literary work.

Zmaj has founded several journals which have attained a great national prestige and popularity. Since 1870 he has pursued his profession as a physician, and now lives, honored and beloved, in Belgrade.

Tesla has given a literal translation of some of Zmaj's shorter poems, and Mr. Robert Underwood Johnson has put them into metrical form in English. One of these will remind all readers of Mark Twain's story of the fast horse, as told to him by Uddinot, of the Sandwich Islands, and recorded in The Galaxy for April, 1871. In that veracious narrative it is related that, during a terrible storm, the horse kept in advance of the rain so that not a single drop fell on the driver, but the dog was swimming behind the wagon all the way.

As told by Zmaj and verified by Mr. Johnson, a gipsy is praising his horse:

And now about speed. "Is he fast?" I should say! Just listen—I'll tell you.

One equinox day, Coming home from Erdout in the usual way, A terrible storm overtook us. 'Twas plain

There was nothing to do but to run for it. Rain, Like the blackness of night, gave us chase. But that nag, Though he'd had a hard day, didn't tremble or sag.

Then the lightning would flash, And the thunder would crash, With a terrible din. They were eager to catch him; but he would just neigh.

Squint back to make sure, and then gallop away. Well, this made the storm the more furious yet, And we raced and we raced, but he wasn't upset.

And he wouldn't give in! At last when we got to the foot of the hill At the end of the trail, By the stream where our white gipsy castle was set,

And the boys from the camp came a wailing their caps, At a word he stood still. To be hugged by the girls and be praised by the chaps.

We had beaten the gale, And Selim was dry as a bone—well, perhaps, Just a little bit damp on the tip of his tail.

What Makes the Sky Blue.

If there was no dust haze above us the sky would be black. That is, we would be looking into the blackness of a limitless space. When in fine, clear weather we have a deep, rich blue above us it is caused by a haze. The particles in the haze of the heavens correspond with those of the tube in the koinoscope, and the blue color is caused by the light shining through a depth of fine haze. —[Science.

THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Wanted Willie's Respect—His Favorite Animals—In Desperate Straits—No Use For Fire-Light, Etc., Etc.

WANTED WILLIE'S RESPECT.

Father—Bobby, I thought I told you to divide that apple with your little sister.

Bobby—Well, I wasn't going to have Willie Bryan think we had only one apple in the house.

HIS FAVORITE ANIMALS.

Sunday-School Teacher—Do you love animals?

Boy—Yes'm.

That's right; I'm glad you do. What animals do you like best?

"Snakes."

"Godness! Why do you like snakes?"

"Cause it ain't wicked to kill 'em." —[Good News.

IN DESPERATE STRAITS.

Lawyer—What are your assets?

Client—About \$15,000.

Lawyer—What are your liabilities?

Client—Only \$5,000 and a dress-maker's bill that hasn't come in yet.

Lawyer—Better assign. —[Halo.

NO USE FOR FIRE-LIGHT.

Mrs. Percushing—Henry, I smell fire, I tell you!

Mr. Percushing—Well, I can't find any fire, and I've been all over the house.

Mrs. Percushing—Well, light the candle and take another look. How could you find it in the dark, you idiot? —[Judge.

SIZED UP.

Miss Breezy—Oh, what delicious dreams of bonnets they are going to wear this summer! And I know just what I want! I have it all in my mind now!

Miss Curtly—My! Are they so awfully small, then?

THE CIRCUS SEASON IS ON.

Tommy—Mamma, my teacher says that we should give everybody a show. Should we?

Mamma—Why, certainly, Tommy!

Tommy—Well—can't you give me mine this afternoon.

Mamma—What do you mean, Tommy?

Tommy—Why, the circus is here!

A SURE THING.

Hotel Proprietor—We don't allow any games of chance here.

Gambler—This is not a game of chance. My friend here has no chance. —[Brooklyn Life.

DIFFERENT NOW.

Barlow—Before you were married you were full of theories about managing a wife. How did they turn out, McBride?

McBride—It is a condition and not a theory which confronts me now. —[Judge.

A SERIOUS SMASHUP.

Spencer—What is the cause of Ponderly's illness? I hear he is laid up with nervous prostration.

Ferguson—Yes, the result of a mental accident.

Spencer—A mental accident!

Ferguson—Yes. A collision between two trains of thought.

A FUTURE FINANCIER.

Mrs. DeBroker—Well, my son, how did you and the boys come out on your peanut speculation?

Small Son—When we got through I owed the other boys fifty cents.

Mrs. DeBroker—Hum!

Small Son—Oh, it's all right now. We organized.

Mrs. DeBroker—Eh?

Small Son—Yes. I capitalized at \$1, gave the other boys half the stock for their debt, and then sold the other half. So now they owe me fifty cents. —[Good News.

AN OBJECTION.

"Are there any more jurymen who have a prejudice against you?" inquired the lawyer.

"No sah, de jury am all right, but I want to challenge de Judge." —[Green Bag.

THE TENDER HEARTED GIRLS.

Miss Passe—It is my conviction that marriage is a delusion and a failure.

Miss Caustique—How comforting it must be to have that conviction, dear. —[Chicago Record.

A PROVERB ILLUSTRATED.

"You should see Cholly in his new suit. He is out of sight."

"Then he illustrates a proverb."

"What proverb?"

"Out of sight, out of mind." —[New York Press.

THERE TO STAY.

"Is anybody waiting on you, madam?" inquired the floor walker.

"Yes, sir," retorted the middle-aged matron, fiercely. "I reckon they're waitin' to see if I won't go away without stayin' for the 17 cents in change that's a-comin' to me!" —[Chicago Tribune.

WHERE TERROR MAY BE SEEN.

"I've passed through frightful experiences," said Jagers, proudly, "and seen the most thrilling exhibitions of human terror. Once in Africa I saw a couple of tourists overtaken by two enormous and ferocious lions, and once—

"That's nothing," interrupted Stagers. "Were you ever on an elevator with a couple of women when it stopped between floors?" —[Chicago Record.

PIANO.

"Bobby is attending to his piano lessons very faithfully of late," said the youth's uncle. "Yes," replied his mother. "I don't have any trouble with him about that now." "How did you manage it?" "Some of the neighbors complained of the noise his exercises made and I told him about it. Now he thinks it fun to practise." —[Boston Gazette.

CONSOLATION.

The young lady at the piano was playing a difficult selection from Wagner. In the midst of it all she suddenly stopped in confusion.

"What's the matter?" inquired one of the company.

"I struck a false note," she replied.

"Well, what of it?" said another.

"Nobody but Wagner would ever know it, and he's dead. Go ahead with the music."

And she went ahead. —[Chicago Tribune.

A CONVERSATIONAL DIFFICULTY.

"Don't you like Professor Thinkings?" asked one girl.

"Oh, dear, no!" replied the other girl. "He's so fatiguing."

"He has the reputation of being very brainy."

"That's just the trouble. When he talks you have to listen to what he is saying, or you can't reply to his remarks." —[Washington Star.

WAS APT TO EXAGGERATE.

Smith—Hopkins told me that his wife had been run over by a coach and seriously injured.

Jones—You can't believe what Hopkins says, he is such a braggart. I'll bet it was only a delivery wagon.

—[Texas Siftings.

A QUEER EXCUSE.

"See here, Postman, my name, Hoffman, has two f's, and yet you are continually bringing me letters addressed to some Hoffman with only one f."

"That only happens on Saturday nights, sir. You see, I and a few friends have a little party every Saturday evening, and, of course, when I deliver the last mail I'm apt to see double." —[Fliegende Blatter.

MAKES A DIFFERENCE.

Harry—And, dearest, do you think of me all day long?

Dearest—I did; Harry; but the days are getting longer now, and of course—well, you know that must make some difference. —[Pearson's Weekly.

A MISUNDERSTANDING.

Servant—Mr. Greatman is at home, gentlemen. I am to show you up.

Mr. Tim McDoolan, (one of the rising politicians of the ward)—Ye are, hey? By jarge, if that's his game, we'll take a hand! We can show him up a thunderin' sight worse'n you can show us up!

[Exit, slamming the door.] —[Chicago Tribune.

EVERY CLUBWOMAN WANTS AN OFFICE.

Mr. Sarcas (reading the prospectus of the Ladies' Mental Improvement Club, to which his wife belongs)—Twenty Vice-Presidents? Why, you've only got a membership of twenty-three!

Mrs. Sarcas—Yes; but, you see, there weren't enough of the other offices to go around. —[Chicago Record.

DOING HER DUTY.

I saw her at the village pump, Beside the broken wall;

I heard the handle creak and thump, I saw the water fall.

She placed the pail upon her head, And as she passed me by,

"I've just been milking, sir," she said, And winked the other eye.

—[Pick-Me-Up.

HER FAVORITE FLOWER.

He asked her fav'rite flower;

Her tastes he quite forgot, And thought in that sweet hour

She'd say: "Forget-me-not."

He asked her fav'rite flower—

Ah! said the story told;

A maid without a dower, She answered: "Mari-gold."

—[Puck.

RISKING A GUESS.

Teacher—In which of his battles was Gen. Custer killed?