

FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

NAMING BABY'S TOES.

Little No-No, fond of play,
Comes to me at break of day,
In a sweet and gentle way
Awakens me from my repose;
Holding up, quite cunningly,
His little foot, that I may see,
Thus mutely he entreats of me
To name for him his toes.

This little pig went to market;
This little pig stayed at home;
This little pig had bread and butter;
This little pig had none—
And then how he greets with noisy
glee
The last little pig who cries.
"Wee, wee, wee!"

I thank God for this little one
Who, just as the day's begun,
Brings the brightness of the sun
And the sweetness of the rose
Thus enabling me to start
The day with glad and cheerful heart.
Willingly I play my part
In the naming of the toes.
—[William West.

ONE OF NAPOLEON'S PAGES.

There are some natures that distrust makes all the more loyal. Such was Philip Desnouettes. He redoubled his efforts to please his Emperor whom some deemed more than mortal and some called less than man. He became so zealous in the doing of his duty that even Napoleon noticed his tireless energy, and, playfully pinching his ear, said to him one day in the Tuileries: "Don't hurry so, you boy. Time enough to overdo when occasion calls. I must keep young France healthy for France's needs. Help to make the palace bright and gay. Are you happy here, young Desnouettes?"

"I am happy to be near you, sire," the boy replied.
"Good boy," and again came the favorite ear-pinching that every one about this singular man had experienced, from Empress and marshal down to page and post-boy. "And could you sing 'Zigzag,' think you, as you did when you were our 'dirty boy' for Uncle Bibiche and little Napoleon? Poor little Napoleon!"
For the little Prince Napoleon, the son of King Louis of Holland, the probable heir of his uncle the Emperor, had died suddenly in the days when Philip was at the school of St. Cyr. And no one had yet taken the bright little fellow's place in the Emperor's affections, for Napoleon had dearly loved his baby nephew and namesake.

HERO OF A HUNDRED SCARS.

At the Russell Indian agency one may see at the trader's store of Charles Percival Jordan a man now approaching middle age and who made his record as a hero when a boy. He is a full blooded Sioux of the Minneconjou tribe, squat of figure and homely of face. A great scar traverses his forehead from the coal black hair on the left side down to where there should be an eyebrow over the right eye. In place of that natural appendage there flares another scar. Notice him as he displays gaudy calicoes or brilliant silk handkerchiefs to the men and women of his own race who throng before the counter on what is known as "issue day," and you cannot fail to observe the absence of two fingers from one hand and a thumb from the other. The "manhood name" of this humble clerk in a frontier store is "The Swimmer." Before he received his adult title, which is only granted to braves of the Sioux nation after they have undergone a most hideous test of endurance, he was known as "The Boy of a Hundred Scars."

It was when but fifteen years of age that "The Swimmer" performed a deed of heroism as notable as that of Horatius who kept the bridge of Rome "in the brave days of old." In the early '60s this immature lad formed one of a hunting party of his tribe. The band was composed chiefly of old men, women and children, for the braves of the nation had made a rendezvous preparatory to going on the warpath against their hereditary enemies, the Crows. In their chase after buffalo the hunting party ventured south of the Platte river and encountered a war band of their foes. They fled northward and reached the ford a little in advance of their pursuers. The Platte is a wide and shallow stream, filled with quicksands, and the ford at which the fugitives assayed to cross was a passage so narrow that at one point they could progress only at single file. Hot on the trail came the painted and whooping Crows. At the center of the watery way the lad now known as the Swimmer paused and cried to his companions: "Hurry northward to the warriors' camp, I will hold the ford until they come." He was naked to his waist and knee-deep in water. He had two old-fashioned Colt revolvers and a bowie knife. Thus equipped, the bold lad faced the onrushing enemy, while his friends urged their way toward safety and assistance. The Crows plunged into the water and greeted their single foe with derisive yells, expecting that he would flee upon their advance. But there he stood, stern, immobile and impassive, until the narrowness of the ford forced his hunters into single column. Then the revolver in his right hand flashed out a tongue of flame. An unseen bullet sped straight to the heart of the leader who fell into the swift and treacherous current, and was followed by his frightened pony, which sprang from the ribbonlike pathway, only to be swallowed up by the terrible quicksands. Then came a battle royal. Over each other's shoulders and from beneath the necks of their horses the furious

Crows sent volley after volley at the heroic lad. Several bullets took effect and the hurrying waters soon became tinged with his blood. After his first shot he had eleven leaden answers with which to reply to the deadly message of his enemies. When, years later, he told me the details of this wonderful combat, he said he was sure he missed his aim but thrice. The revolvers emptied, he threw them into the stream, drew his bowie knife, and chanting the death song of his race, dared his foes to close combat. On they came, one by one, for the narrowness of the way would allow of no concerted rush. And as they came the lad gave blow for blow. In what he thought to be his first and final fight he displayed the coolness of absolute desperation. Knife wounds covered him from head to waist. An arrow had pinned his left arm to his body, but this he tore loose. And still he fought and still he chanted his death song.

Just as a terrific blow had laid open his forehead he heard an inspiring cry. It was the wild, shrill war whoop of the Sioux. Racing down to the bank at the height of their ponies' speed came a hundred braves to the rescue. They reached the exhausted lad, and the foremost brave, springing from his steed, took his place, while another bore the young hero to the shore. After that the struggle was short and decisive. The Crows were pressed back to the south bank, and when they made a stand, suffered practical annihilation.

Previous to this the boy who kept the ford had been known by his first name, given to him when he was a baby—that of the Moon Gazer. Three months subsequent to the fight, when he had recovered from his almost countless injuries, the Minneconjous gave him his second name—Wah-tigis-ah-sin—the boy of a hundred scars. Later on he became known as the Swimmer. Now that his fighting days are over he earns a modest living as a clerk in Jordan's store, and the whites with whom he deals call him John Davis.

But neither the lapse of time nor change of condition can efface those glorious scars received by the lad who stood ready to die fighting for his people.

JAPANESE TEA-HOUSE.

How a Road-Side Inn is Conducted in Japan.

At Yoshino I found a little suite of rooms built in the garden away from the rest of the house, and at once engaged them, in happy anticipation of quiet nights. These isolated rooms have some disadvantages, such as having to get to the bath and back on wet nights, but a very short acquaintance with life in a tea-house makes the traveler disregard such trifling inconveniences for the certainty of peaceful sleep. The Japanese wanderers usually finish their day's journey about five in the afternoon, and after the preliminary cup of tea, discard their traveling clothes for the clean kimono which every well-regulated tea-house supplies to its guests, then bathe in water as near the boiling point as possible, eat their dinner, sit talking and smoking till midnight, snore till five o'clock in the morning, and then begin the clatter of taking down shutters and the elaborate business of tooth-cleaning and tongue-scraping, with an accompaniment of complex noises suggesting sea-sickness in its worst stages, so that it is not till they have departed at six or seven o'clock that a light sleeper gets much chance. In the daytime the tea-house is deserted, except by the proprietor, who sits in the front room and does his accounts, and by the little servant girls, who, with their heads tied up in towels, kimono tucked into their obi, and sleeves fastened back, busily sweep and dust the rooms in preparation for the new set of visitors who will arrive in the evening. The thin sliding partitions would be little bar to sound even if they reach to the top of the room, and above them there is generally a foot or so of open wood work, which allows free ventilation and conversation between the different apartments. Privacy, as we understand it, is no part of the scheme of a Japanese tea house. Real fresh air from outside is very difficult to get at night. During the hot weather I was always careful to examine the fastenings of the wooden shutters with which, after dark, every house is inclosed like a box, so that I could surreptitiously open a crack opposite my room, although by so doing I was disobeying the police regulations. These shutters do not keep out the noise of the watchman, who all night long wanders round and knocks two blocks of wood together, just to let burglars know that he is on the lookout.

The Duke and the Toad.

Napoleon was worshipped and feared, but men loved and adored the Iron Duke. Of the former, how few are the kindly human traits recorded! While of the other, to this day fresh proofs keep coming to the light of simple sweetness dwelling long in the minds of men. The following anecdote concerning a letter lately exhumed may serve as one instance out of a thousand illustrating the sympathetic nature of the great commander. The letter, so far as my memory serves, was in some such terms as these:

"Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington begs to inform William Harris that his toad is alive and well." It seems that the Duke, in the course of a country stroll, had come upon a little boy weeping bitterly over a toad. A strange trio they

must have been—the lean, keen-eyed old soldier, the flushed, sobbing boy, and, between them, the wrinkled reptile squatting, with tearless eyes and throbbing sides. The boy wept because he was going to school next day; he had come daily to feed his toad; the little heart was racked with grief because he feared his darling would be neglected when he was gone and might starve. The Duke's heart was as soft as the boy's, for he undertook to see that the toad was looked after, and the letter above quoted is one of the subsequent bulletins.

NEW OIL DISTRICT.

Many Wells Discovered in Southern California.

It is somewhat surprising for people who have known the city of Los Angeles, California, merely as a health resort, or as the flourishing supply centre of a rich horticultural section, to hear that this much-advertised place now bids fair to become a successful oil district, and already has a forest of derricks among the residences on its hills.

For years past, however, indications of oil have been observed in various places within the city limits and beyond its boundary to the west. On one of the great ranches which would form almost a principality in some countries, extensive deposits of brea or asphaltum were found prior to the occupation of California by Americans, and the floors of the rude adobe houses of that period were made from this substance. Brea is the residuum left after the volatile portion of oil has evaporated, and is found in connection with oil springs. It makes a good fuel, and large quantities of it have been taken from this ranch and marketed with profit. Years ago a well was sunk near the deposit, which yielded oil in abundance and is still flowing; but, as the property is tied up in probate court until the youngest heir becomes of age, nothing can be done to develop the product.

Since 1875 several oil districts have been opened in California, notably those at Puento, Santa Paula and Newhall, in all of which the business is a paying one. Hardly more than six months ago some one who had observed the flowing oil springs here and there among the hills of the western part of the city of Los Angeles put down a well which gave a good yield of oil by pumping. It was close beside a park and in the midst of cottages, the district being divided into small residence lots. As soon as the success of the well became known the owners of these lots, or persons who could obtain leases to them, hastened to sink more wells, and soon the territory was covered with derricks. Over eighty wells have been bored upon a hillside which does not comprise more than twenty acres of land, and none of them are dry. The yield ranges from five to twenty barrels a day each, and one or two "gushers" spout forth forty barrels of oil a day. The wells are shallow, as oil wells go, being from 200 to 1,000 feet in depth. It is believed that much greater results will be obtained from deeper levels.

Scattered wells are being bored elsewhere on the hills with fair success. Everything has been done so far by individuals, who have risked the expenditure of from one thousand to two thousand dollars on each well, but companies are now being formed to secure tracts of land outside the city where traces of oil are found, to develop the industry on a larger basis.

Secret of Ventriloquism.

The ventriloquist's art has furnished amusement for curious and credulous people ever since the Witch of Endor invoked the spirit of Samuel before King Saul. There are few persons who have not listened to this peculiar use of the human voice, and the majority of these have taken in good faith the statement that the ventriloquist has the power to throw his voice to some designated point from which the sound appeared to proceed. Of late there has been some attention given to this subject, and a number of conclusions have been reached. In the first place, the audience has been taught to believe in ventriloquism, and is on the alert for something out of the common, and the air of mystery assumed by the performer keeps up this idea. His expression and the direction of his steady and interested gaze directed to the point whence the voice is expected to proceed, are likely to divert the thoughts of the lookers on from anything like investigation or skepticism. The fact is that we are accustomed to hearing a much louder and more forceful voice than that used to produce this illusion. The quality of tone employed in these exhibitions is very much thinner and weaker than that used for ordinary speech, and by this means the ear is deprived of its power to judge of the voice as it is heard under such circumstances. The very smallest amount of air possible to produce sounds is thrown out, consequently the vibration of the vocal chords is not what we are prepared to expect. The conclusion is therefore arrived at that the ear is deceived by ventriloquism in the same way as the eye is deceived by what are known as sleight-of-hand performances.

Carpet Weaving.

It was in France that the first serious effort was made to establish the manufacture of carpets in the region of the Orient. This was in the reign of Louis XIV., and under the direction of his Minister Colbert. The royal manufactures were designed to furnish all manner of

furniture, and in the Gobelins and Beauvais factories 250 master weavers wove rich tapestries. During the revolution of 1789, these factories were almost suppressed, but Napoleon I. revived the manufactures and furnished his palaces with their loom work. The national workshops of France still continue, and the woven stuffs of Gobelins, Beauvais and the Savonnerie are accounted among the finest in Europe.

The knowledge of carpet weaving was presumably introduced into England from France. During the persecution of the Huguenots the carpet weavers, with other artistic craftsmen, fled for refuge to England, and established themselves in various towns. Axminster, in Devonshire, was one of these, and also the town of Wilton. These places retained their supremacy for a long time, but with the introduction of the Jacquard loom and various improved processes of manufacture, the industry was successfully developed in Kidderminster, Durham, Kilmarnock and Glasgow.

Sir Henry Morgan, Pirate.

After running away to Bristol, where he bound himself as a servant for four years, he was duly transported to Barbados and there sold. Having faithfully served his term, he shipped himself to Jamaica, determined to follow his natural bent in the direction of piracy, and at once found a satisfactory engagement.

His resolution and courage in several prosperous expeditions on the Spanish coasts were much admired, and having noted the ill effects of the extravagance and debauchery popular among his associates, he practiced a thoughtful economy. "I lived moderate, having vast designs in view," and soon invested his honest savings in a vessel of his own. Prize after prize did he bring into Port Royal, by rapid steps ascending the ladder of piratical success. His renown next attracted the attention of the veteran Mansvelt, who engaged Morgan as his Vice Admiral.

With fifteen ships and 500 men they swept down upon the little island of St. Katharine, on the "rich coast" of Central America, and made themselves masters of it, leaving a garrison in the place, which they intended to keep for their own use. The adjoining island they also pillaged, and a further attack upon the territory of Costa Rica itself was only cut short by the vigorous efforts of the Governor of Panama.

The island of St. Katharine's—which the Governor of Jamaica refused to occupy, not daring to give such open support to the pirates—was, shortly after Mansvelt had "ended his wicked life," retaken by the Spaniards.

Morgan, now an independent pirate king, soon found himself at the head of twelve ships and 700 fighting men. He first thought of attacking Havana, but decided to begin with a smaller enterprise upon the "fine inland town" of Puerto del Principe. Owing to the escape of a prisoner, the place got the alarm, and the Governor set ambushes, blocked up the roads, and encamped with an armed force in front of the town.

Turning Waste to Wealth.

Give to a small Paris manufacturer a few tools and some refuse tin clippings, and it is astonishing what he will produce. In the first place he can make scales that sell at twenty-five centimes a dozen; also, little trumpets, dishes, teapots and coffee pots. There are factories for little military equipments and the fashioning of uniforms. Paris possesses about forty establishments for the manufacture of elastic balloons. The largest house turns out 120,000 dozen a year, without counting the gutta percha dolls, punchinello and animals.

In Parisian mechanical toys great progress has been made, and they can be purchased at very reasonable prices. As a general thing, they are not made in the great manufactories, but find their origin in the homes of the skilled workmen. The excellence of the workmanship and superiority in design have almost entirely driven from French soil the German toys which once predominated. Since 1867 French toys have been rapidly making their way, and during that year 1,500,000 francs worth of toys were sent abroad.

In 1878 the value of the exported toys reached nearly \$4,000,000, while for 1889 the total reached the immense sum of \$12,000,000. England is the best customer, she taking over a seventh of the whole toy production of Paris, and Spain comes next. Other nations come in the following order in their relative importance as buyers of French playthings: the Argentine Republic, Belgium, the United States (where dolls, dressed or undressed pay no duty), Italy, Germany, Switzerland, Uruguay, New Granada, Turkey and Russia.

The doll furniture and the boxes of tools are made in the Faubourg St. Antoine. Everybody has seen the animals mounted upon bellows, which utter a cry under pressure. They are also made in the same quarter, are manufactured by hundreds of thousands and sold very cheaply.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

In the neighborhood of Hammond, Ind., on the outskirts of Chicago, there are three places where horses are slaughtered for food as well as for fertilizing purposes. The proprietors say that the meat is shipped to Belgium and France, but a strong suspicion prevails that some of it is consumed in Chicago. The animals killed are the bait, the blind and the decrepit, mere wrecks of beasts that are bought for a song. From three to ten horses are killed every day at each of the "establishments." A visitor to one of them found the carcasses, less the hide and hoofs, hanging from butchers' hooks. The hearts, livers and tongues had been removed, and, carefully cleansed and dried, were being packed in boxes to be sent away. "We salt the meat," said the manager, "but the bones go to the reducing mills at the stock yards." Another kind of mill, a sausage mill, the visitor found in full operation. The stock used was part horse meat and part pork. Everything about the place was clean and orderly. A local justice of peace scouted the story that all the horse meat goes to Belgium. "My wagons," he said, "have carried a good deal of the product up to Archer avenue, Chicago. The sausage meat goes up in pails and tubs, and there is a place up there on Archer avenue where they mix it or make it up into sausages. These little Frankfurter sausages—look out for 'em—they're hoss meat." The live horses cost from \$3 to \$5, and the meat from 6 to 8 cents a pound.

REVELATIONS of unclean methods in the bakeries of Chicago have led its civic federation to form an ordinance for their regulation. It provides for the payment by bakers of an annual license fee, the object of which is to compel the Health Department to make regular inspections of the bakeries. If they are being conducted injuriously to the public health, no license shall issue. The ordinance will require semi-annual visits by the Health Department. In this reform the Bakers' Union is with the federation, but would go much further. It asks that the baking of breadstuff in a cellar or basement be prohibited, and also that the night hours of the employees be reduced. In addition, the union urges that a bread bureau which shall pass on the quality of bread and look after the condition of the workmen, be established. That bakeries be coated with whitewash every six months is also recommended, and such a provision will be embodied in the ordinance. The bakers are vitally interested in the question of reform. The mortality among them is very heavy. Fatalities from pneumonia, diphtheria, and other infectious maladies are known to have been induced by confinement in the damp, musty cellars, which have not had the slightest attention from the authorities.

The special war correspondent of the Overland China Mail has been inspecting the principal military hospitals at Hiroshima, and has sent home an account of the arrangements made for the sick and wounded, which are rather in startling contrast with rumors that have been published of Japanese inhumanity and indifference to suffering. When the Government of Japan declared its adherence to the Geneva Convention in 1885, the Hakuaisha, or Japanese Red Cross Society, numbered only some forty members; in 1883 its list of members numbered nearly 80,000. They include a large number of Japanese ladies, some of whom are members of the royal family and nobility, who have become qualified nurses of the order. The correspondent gives many details of the organization of the society, and of the care taken of the sick and wounded of both sides, in the numerous institutions under the society's control. In Corea, it is stated, there are two hospitals managed by the Red Cross Society in conjunction with the Japanese army medical staff. One is at Yui-in-chan, near Chemulpo, and the other at Pingyang, where it got to work immediately after the great battle.

The Secretary of the Interior has determined to extend the "outing system," under which a certain number of pupils at the Carlisle Indian School, both boys and girls, have been employed by farmers in the neighborhood to learn from actual experience how to work, to Government Indian schools. Inducements will be offered to get adult Indians also to seek employment in the homes of farmers.

NEW YORK is not the only overcrowded city in the world. In a recent address at Queen's Hall, London, Mr. Asquith said: "The overcrowding in London is terrible. There are about 400,000 persons living in homes of one room, and 800,000 living two or more in a single room." In Clerkenwell and Whitechapel over one-third of the population live more than two in a room."

The Treasury Department has lately decided that, in the case of a child born in an American customs port, he is not a native born citizen of the United States when the mother is an emigrant not yet admitted to the freedom of the country. The case in point is that of a pauper lately held for return to her own country by the emigration commissioners.

It is estimated that about \$10,000,000 has been invested in coffee houses as an antidote of the saloon in England. It is said there are about 7,000 of them, employing 50,000, and they are a paying investment.

There are 7,747 miles of rivers and canals open to navigation in France.

THE JOKERS' BUDGE

JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

In the Poetry Business--Precise--Time is Money--Easily Satisfied--Etc., Etc.

IN THE POETRY BUSINESS.
"Well," said the poet's friend, as he entered the poet's study, shaking the snow from his shoulders and buttoning his shaggy ulster, "how's work getting on?"
"Great Scott!" cried the poet; "shut that door, will you? You're letting the whole storm in. Oh, I've done first-rate to-day. Here are five poems I've done this afternoon. See? 'A Midsummer Idyl,' 'Under the Beech Trees,' 'In the Clover Bloom,' 'When Skies are Blue,' and 'August Sunshine.'"
"Why didn't you make it the even half-dozen?" inquired his friend; "I see you've got a heading put down here for another one—'Among the Buttercups.'"
"Well, I just hadn't time!" replied the poet; "you see, the fire went out and I had to make it again. But I don't care; I've got all my spring and summer stock ready for the market, and I'll begin to manufacture the patterns for next autumn in a week or two."

PRECISE.
"Shall I clean the snow off, madam?" asked the little boy of the Boston lady.
"No," she replied, severely.
"You'd far better go to school and learn that it is the pavement and not the snow that is to be cleaned off."

TIME IS MONEY.
It was nearly five o'clock, and the man was on his way home from work when he met a wanderer who had no home.
"Excuse me," said the wanderer; "do you think time is money?"
"That's what they say," responded the man.
"And what time is it now?"
"About five o'clock."
"Well, give me about five cents and be thankful I didn't strike you at 10 o'clock." He got the nickel.

EASILY SATISFIED.
"Your room is preferable to your company," observed the landlord, severely.
"Yes," lightly rejoined the guest, who hadn't paid his board in two weeks; "but I didn't expect to find either very good, you know; and I don't mind a bit."

THE WEATHER MAN.
"Many visitors come up here!" asked the sightseer.
"It all depends," said the weather man. "When I hit it in my predictions there doesn't a soul come around."

CONCEDED.
"My papa knows more than your papa," said Jack.
"I know he does," said Tom.
"My papa says your papa knows it all."

"CALL ME BENNIE," SAID MR. CABLE.
Hon. Ben T. Cable was on the floor of the House. A gay and breezy page met him, and with that sweet familiarity which is proof that he is kin, addressed the National Democratic Committeeman in this wise:
"Hallo, Ben!"

Mr. Cable looked at the youth for a moment, and then, removing his cigar from his mouth, placed his hand on the page's shoulder and replied:
"Don't call me Ben; call me Bennie."

REASONABLE FROM HER POINT OF VIEW.
"Henry," she said, thoughtfully.
"What is it?" responded the worried business man, rather shortly.
"I wish you could rearrange your business a little bit."
"How?"

"So as to be a bear on the Stock Exchange instead of at home."

NOT CREDIBLE.
Fenderson—The fact is, it always makes me stupid to drink liquor.
Bass—Oh, you do yourself discredit. Really, you cannot make me believe you are such an inveterate guzzler.

HE KNEW.
"Madam," said Weary Walker to Mrs. Dumsquizzle, "I'm looking for work."

"Fool!" replied that good woman. "You wouldn't know work if you were to find it."
"Jibber your pardon, madam, for contradicting you, but let me ask how I should be able to lodge work if I did not know it when I saw it?"

HE WAS MOVED.
Missionary (out West)—Did you ever forgive an enemy?
Bad Man—Wunst.
"I am glad to hear that. What moved your inner soul to prefer peace to strife?"
"I didn't have no gun."

OUT OF FELLOWSHIP.
Tired Phelan—I've lost my love for cider, Busted.
Busted Soles—No!
Tired Phelan—Yes. I went and asked that farmer for some apple ago, and he said it was workin'!

HASN'T HAD TO THROW ANY.
Hobbs—Jugg's wife says that in all the ten years of her married life she hasn't broken a single plate, cup or saucer.
Bobbe—Either she or Juggs must have an angelic temper.