

ARBUTUS.

Where the woodland shadows dim
Are stretching far and wide,
Under leaves of rusty brown
The dainty Mayflowers hide
Maples, in a rosy flush
Are waking from their dreams,
Silver bright beyond the hill
The winding river gleams;
But shyly hidden from the sight
Beneath the moss and leaves,
The loveliest blossom of the woods
Her fairy magic weaves.

Downy catkins touched with gold
Each willow tree uplifts,
Through the air like shining dust
The amber pollen drifts.
Gaily down their pebbly paths
The little streamlets run;
But hidden from the careless eye,
As love alone can tell,
The faintest blossom of the spring
Has wrought her magic spell.

Pinker than the pink wild rose
In summer's golden light;
Rosy as a sunset cloud
Before the fall of night;
As holy as a poet's thought,
For words too pure and high;
As fair as dreams of days to come,
As dear as days gone by;
As fragrant as a wandering breath
From heavenly worlds above—
The loveliest blossom God has made
In breathing out his love.
—Angelina W. Wray in Independent.

AH SING'S SUBJUGATION.

A woman may be mistress of herself though china fall, up to a certain limit, beyond which no conception of heroism reaches. The model woman screams at a spider, and discusses the merits of wired sleeves serenely while a priceless vase goes crashing to the floor. Such is the standard of feminine courage, the foot-rule by which a woman may be measured. Yet, when not one piece of china, but two pieces, and three, and four, fall, the standard becomes useless. A woman is not expected to bear more.

Yet more came. There was a fifth crash in the kitchen. Mrs. Melville stopped in the midst of telling Ritchie of the Sixth—that anchovy paste was to be struck off the commissary list; she stopped and looked appealingly at Melville.

"Austin, can't you do something?" Austin gathered up his napkin, put his hand on the table, and started to push back his chair; then he sank down again and restored his napkin to his place on his knee.

"If I go in there and he gets impertinent, I'll break his head—which would be bad for his head, and, incidentally, for my official neck."

"But it's head or china." "Well, there is plenty more china—and when that gives out, the quartermaster has a new invoice of tinware."

"But, seriously, Austin, there won't be a thing left for the General to eat off of. What are we going to do about it?"

"I think it's too bad, a first lieutenant has not been a dish broken that I know of in five minutes. You must be reasonable, and make due allowances for him, Matty. It's hot out there. It's hot here, too. It's hotter than blazes everywhere."

"I think, my dear, that you are bordering on profanity. Of course it's hot. Within the memory of the oldest inhabitant, it has never been even cool in Arizona in July. You really can't expect the Inspector-General to bring ice. Mr. Ritchie, don't you think he ought to do something?"

"I must respectfully decline to enter into a family difference. You and Melville must settle the question between yourselves. Only let me suggest that if it comes to the actual breaking of heads, I'd take it out on Sing, and not on another."

"There! Austin," fairly screamed Mrs. Melville, jumping up; "there goes another; and yet you sit and laugh. Oh, how horrid you can be!"

"Sit down, Matty, and talk sense. Suppose I should go out there and attempt to reason with Sing. In the natural sequence of events it would come to pass that in his present humor he would be so ugly that I should feel obliged, as I said, to break his head. Apart from the distant consequences of that act, you can see that the near ones would be pretty bad. You'd have to wash the breakfast dishes, and do the housework, and also cook, and serve the General's dinner. Therefore, the inadvisability of my reducing Sing's head to splinters is obvious, isn't it?"

"I suppose so; but I do wish to goodness Mrs. Lawrence's cook hadn't got married."

"So does she—the cook, I mean—since O'Halleran came home drunk two nights ago, and thrashed her. He has been in the guard-house ever since and I'm out a good man. Shows what marriage does. Before he was married he didn't beat his wife. However, it wouldn't have made the slightest difference whether she had committed matrimony or not; the Lawrences would never have had the General nor even a single member of the staff to the dinner. I knew he had to be pound-master, you know."

"I think, my dear, that you are borant's wife has to do it, and all the rest of the entertaining for the post."

"You are also the adjutant's wife, remember."

"Yes, of course, I wonder what's the matter with Sing, anyway?"

"That's obvious—approaching guests" observed Ritchie, stroking and curling his unduly military mustachios, the mustachios that have entwined and ensnared so many hearts in their silken meshes since then, in the whirl of Washington society. Ritchie was Melville's second lieutenant at that time, and as he was not married, and didn't

like the bachelor mess, he messed with his senior and that young officer's wife."

"Why didn't his cousin die, then?" "Perhaps he realizes that the dead cousin's funeral is a little worn as a method of obtaining a leave."

"I should think so; one died when the paymaster was coming to dinner the time before last, and another when the Indian agent was here, and he polished off two in anticipation of the paymaster's last trip."

"That's not all, Austin," pursued Mrs. Melville. "Generally he only slams when he has lost at faro the night before."

In pursuance of his method of warfare, Sing precipitated a chopping-bowl and knife to the floor, with a resulting noise that only the falling of those two homely utensils could possibly accomplish. Melville bit his upper lip and clenched his fist.

"I wonder if it would do any good for me to go out and speak to him quietly?" suggested his wife.

"Suppose you try it. If he takes a carving knife to you, call out and we'll come to your rescue; but unless it's an actual carving knife, don't get us mixed up in any domestic brawl."

Mrs. Melville patted her lace-and-ribbon breakfast cap down securely, took a long breath, arose, walked resolutely to the kitchen door, opened it, passed through and closed it behind her.

Melville and Ritchie listened. Melville leaned back in his pine Q. M. chair, with his ear bent toward the kitchen; Ritchie scraped salt into little ridges on the cloth with his knife. They could hear the droning of Mrs. Melville's voice, then a pause. She commenced and paused again, and yet a third time, her voice rising a little higher at the last. But Sing was worshipping the god of silence.

After the third venture, Mrs. Melville came reluctantly out and resumed her seat.

"Well?" "Well, I told him."

"Yes, we heard you. But what did he do?"

"He didn't do anything—much. He just didn't answer."

"Did he turn his back on you?" "Well—yes."

"In short, he didn't pay any attention to you."

"I suppose he didn't." Melville took a biscuit, and passed the plate on to Ritchie.

"What the dickens is one going to do about it?" he asked of the opposite wall.

"If we were only nearer some town or the railroad, we might get some one else. But if we let Sing go, it may be months before we can get anybody else. I wouldn't mind cooking for you and Mr. Ritchie so much, though it's pretty hard work, but I actually can't get up a dinner for the Inspector-General and his staff, and serve the dinner, too."

A pan went clashing and clattering along the kitchen floor. Mrs. Melville sighed, Melville grew fiercer, and Ritchie devoted himself to the mackerel. The shattering of a china dish broke the stillness.

"That's six," breathed Mrs. Melville. This time Melville bit his under lip as he put his napkin on the table beside his plate and pushed away his chair.

"Oh, Austin, you'd better not go," ventured his wife, mildly.

He made no answer but strode to the door and passed through. Ritchie resumed the salt scraping, and Mrs. Melville grasped both arms of her chair and held her breath.

At first there was only the rolling of Melville's deep voice, then the sound of a sudden scuffle. Mrs. Melville gave a smothered scream and started up. "Sit down," commanded Ritchie, pushing back his own chair, but keeping his seat. Mrs. Melville sat down. There was only a momentary scraping of boots and Chinese slippers in the kitchen, then a series of thumps down the back steps and the scratching of gravel, also a low, broken murmur from the yard.

"I guess," remarked Ritchie, calmly, "that I'll go and see who's underneath."

Mrs. Melville did not attempt to move again, but she watched the second lieutenant anxiously. He strolled to the window and stood there, one hand in his trousers pocket, the other stroking his mustachios.

"Well?" ventured the young woman, finally.

Ritchie turned around and came back to his chair.

"I guess Melville's doing about what he said he would—breaking Sing's head."

Weak cries like those of a little child came up from the backyard.

"Is that Sing?" asked the lady of the house.

"It doesn't sound much like Melville's."

At the end of a couple of minutes Melville went past the window and in at the side door, and a little later he came into the dining-room by the front entrance and resumed his seat. The shuffle of Sing's slippers could be heard in the kitchen. The adjutant, despite his smoothed hair and newly brushed coat, looked so ruffled as to temper that his wife wisely refrained from speech. Ritchie was bolder.

"Has the police party got to come around and pick up the pieces?"

"No; I guess he's whole."

"Is he a little more reasonable?" "Oh, he's doing the lamb act now."

"Tell us about it, Austin," begged Mrs. Melville.

"I just told him he'd got to stop his nonsense and behave himself. Of course I didn't want to say anything ugly to make him madder. He muttered that he'd go, or something like that, and he flung the dish-towel in my face. I was a little riled at that, but I don't think I'd have done anything except kick him out, if I hadn't remembered

dinner. She's never dined the pay-off into staying; so I pounded. That's all."

Mrs. Melville flew into the sitting-room a few hours later.

"Austin, he's vamoosed."

Melville stood up, put down his newspaper, and knocked the ashes from his cigar.

"I'll get him back," he said.

"How?" "Send a detachment after him and bring him back."

So Mrs. Melville watched and waited for half an hour, and at the end of that time heard the shuffle of feet, and the tramping of boots on the porch. Sing glided into the room, followed by his master. There was a guard at the door.

"Here is. Try the force of gentle persuasion, Matty."

Mrs. Melville was a coaxing little body; she could have moved any one but a Chinaman. Sing remained obdurate.

"No," he grunted, "me no come back."

"Just to get dinner, Sing; you can go afterward."

"No."

"Guard, take this man and put him to chopping wood in the sun."

It was rather a stretch of official and military authority, but even the commanding officer, who was to dine with the General, realized the urgency of the case.

An hour of wood-chopping under guard, under all the untamed glory of an Arizona sun brought Sing into subjection. He appeared downcast, perspiring, gasping and penitent, at the door of Melville's quarters.

"Missa Melville. Me wantee also Miss Melville."

"No; you can't see her; she's lying down."

"Yes; me wantee see Miss Melville. Me telle Miss Melville me come back."

"She no want you back, Sing."

"Oh! you go tell."

"All right. I go tell her. She no come, I think."

Melville disappeared and brought back his wife. Her face was contorted into an unrelenting frown.

"Well, Sing?" she demanded, severely.

"Miss Melville, me come back."

"No. I no want you come back."

"Me cookee good dinner. Allee samee heap good. Sun heap hot, makee me head hurt," moaned the child of the Orient. "No brakee plates no more."

"All right," she consented, reluctantly. "I keep you to-day, maybe."

"Really, Mrs. Melville," said the grizzled Inspector-General, as he sat beside his brilliant little hostess at the table, and looked its length at the goodly array of yet unbroken dishes, "I can't see what you all make such a fuss about these Western stations for. Of course they're a little far from the railroad, but you have pretty good society, you dress—well, exactly as they do in Washington, so far as my masculine eyes can tell; you live on the fat of the land, to judge from what I see before me; and you certainly have excellent domestic service."

Mrs. Melville blessed the happy thought which had made her place the General so that he could not see the guard standing over the Celestial cook out in the kitchen, as the door swung to and fro.

"Yes," she assented, "still there are some inconveniences."

"You seem to have overcome them."

"We have—temporarily," she answered.—San Francisco Argonaut.

The Hat Trick.

A large, good-looking and evidently good-natured man walked into the exchange-room in the Board of Trade building the other day and was an interested, not to say, anxious spectator of what is known on "Change as "the hat trick."

The large man wore a glossy new Derby hat.

A member of the exchange walked up to him, neatly lifted his hat off his head, and in a moment the newcomer saw what he supposed was his hat flying across the room.

It had been propelled by a kick. Several others made a rush for it, and it was sent hither and thither like a football.

OUR FIRE WORSHIPPERS.

NAVAJO INDIANS STILL HAVE REMARKABLE RELIGIOUS RITES.

Practices of Zunis and Onondagas in Which the Fire God Was Appeased—Wild Dance Amid Flaming Brands.

The National Museum has just secured a remarkable collection illustrating the practice of fire worship on this continent. It appears that most of the American aboriginal tribes have had more or less of this sort of religion in the past, and to the present day they have ceremonials associated with the making of new fire at stated intervals. For this purpose they always employ the most primitive method—that is to say, the rubbing of two sticks together.

For example, the Zunis use an agave stick with sand to help the friction. The sand is wet because this renders the fire-making more difficult, and therefore more meritorious in the sight of the gods. One of the objects in the collection referred to is a so-called fire-pump, utilized by the Onondagas at the feast of the White Dog, at which a white dog is sacrificed. This tool utilizes the mechanism of the pump-drill for making the point of a stick revolve rapidly in another piece of wood, thus finally obtaining ignition. The Hindus, by the way, have a similar sacred fire-drill, by means of which they make fire nine times each day for nine days at a periodical festival.

The Hupa Indians of California are remarkably expert fire-makers. With a couple of simple sticks of soft mesquite wood, which they keep very dry, they can produce fire in ten seconds. This method of fire-making requires such expert manipulation that few civilized men have ever been able to acquire the art. Mr. Walter Hough, one of the ethnologists of the National Museum, knows how to do it. The writer has seen him make fire in a couple of minutes by revolving between the palms of his hands a stick, the point of which was inserted in a hole in another piece of wood. Presently smoke would begin to come from the hole, and soon a spark would catch some tinder of which a pinch was supplied for the purpose. For such tender American savages use some very odd things. The Eskimos of Point Barrow employ for that purpose willow catkins some parts of Alaska shredded cedar bark is made to serve. The aborigines of Ecuador employ for tinder the linings from the nests of a certain species of ants, while in Mexico a substitute is found in a kind of fungus which is soaked in salt-peter, dried, cut in sheets and sold in small packets. In Japan the flowers of a species of artemisia are dried for tinder.

The most remarkable ceremonial of fire worship that survives in this country is practiced by the Navajos. They believe in purification by fire, and to this end they literally wash themselves in it. The feats they perform with it far exceed the most wonderful acts of fire-eating and fire-handling accomplished by civilized jugglers. In preparation for the festival a gigantic heap of dry wood is gathered from the desert. At the appointed moment the whole of it is one blaze. A storm of sparks fly 100 feet or more into the air, and ashes fall about like a light shower of snow. The ceremony always takes place at night, and the effect of it is both weird and impressive.

Just when the fire is raging at its hottest a whistle is heard from the outer darkness, and a dozen warriors, lithe and lean, dressed in narrow white breech-cloths and moccasins and daubed with white earth so as to look like so many living statues, come bounding through the entrance of the corral that encloses the flaming heap. Yelping like wolves, they move slowly toward the fire, bearing aloft slender wands tipped with balls of eagle down, running around the fire, always to the left, they begin thrusting their wands toward the fire, trying to burn off the down from heat, this is difficult to accomplish. One warrior dashes wildly toward the fire and retreats; another lies as close to the ground as a frightened lizard, endeavoring to wiggle himself up to the fire; others seek to catch on their wands the sparks that fly in the air. At last one by one they all succeed in burning the downy balls from the wands.

The test of endurance is very severe, the heat of the fire being so great. Having burned off the balls of down, the warriors next set about restoring them again. On the end of each wand, one after another, appears presently a fresh ball of eagle down. It is supposed to be the one that was burned, recreated, but in fact, this is only a juggling trick. Each man holds in his hand a ring that is covered with down. When the proper time arrives he permits this ring to slide along the wand to its extremity. The performers in this ceremony sometimes wear immense false mustaches and high spectacles, in imitation of the white men.

This remarkable feat, however, are performed in connection with another dance that follows. This is heralded by a tremendous blowing of horns. The noise grows louder and louder, until suddenly ten or more men run into the corral, each of them carrying two thick bundles of shredded cedar bark. Four times they run around the fire waving the bundles, which are then lit. Now begins a wild race around the fire, the rapid running causing the flames to throw out more streamers of brands over the hands and arms of the dancers. The latter applies the brands to their own nude bodies and to the bodies of their comrades in front. A warrior will seize the flaming mass as if it were a sponge and keeping close to the man he is pursuing, will rub his back with it as if bathing him. The sufferer in his turn catches up with the man in front of him and bathes him in flame. From time to time the dancers sponge their own backs with the flaming brands. When a brand is so far

consumed that it can be no longer held it is dropped and the dancer disappears from the corral. The spectators pick up the flaming bunches thus dropped and bathe their own hands in the fire.

No satisfactory explanation seems to be obtainable as to the means by which the dancers in this extraordinary performance are able to escape injury. Apparently they do not suffer from any burns. Doubtless some protection is afforded by the earth that is applied to their bodies. It has been suggested, also, that cedar bark ignites at a comparatively low temperature, and thus the flames in which the warriors bathe themselves and their comrades may not be so very hot. Anybody who considers this a plausible idea is welcome to make his own experiments.

A SLIDE FOR LIFE.

The Badi of India and His Peculiar Office

Some curious customs are to be found among the inhabitants of the northwest provinces of India. The following, for instance, is related of a ceremony performed by badis or rope-dancers, to bring prosperity to the villages to which they belong. The rite is commonly performed in the Garhwali villages, dedicated to Mahadeva, at propitiatory festivals which are annually held in his honor.

A rope is stretched from the summit of a cliff to the valley beneath, the ends being made fast to stakes driven into the ground. The Badi seated astride on a wooden saddle, well greased to make it run freely, rides from the top to the bottom of the rope. The pace, of course, varies according to the degree of inclination given to the rope, but as may be expected, it is always very rapid and sometimes terrific.

Precautions are taken to prevent accidents. The saddle is fastened, for instance, so that it cannot slip round the rope, and the Badi's feet are ballasted by sandbags to maintain his perpendicular; and the only danger is from a possible breaking of the rope. This is usually made of bhabar grass, and naturally the Badi takes great care to see that it is equal to the strain.

The remuneration paid to the Badi for this novel form of Blondinism is one rupee for every hundred cubits of rope traversed, and the longest journey of the kind on record is one for which twenty-one rupees were paid, and which accordingly measured 2,100 cubits.

The practice is not so dangerous nowadays as it was in the time of native rule, when to the risk of a fall was added the certainty that such a mishap would entail death, because it was the custom whenever a Badi fell, for the surrounding spectators to promptly dispatch him with swords. That part of the excitement has been eliminated, and it is on record that no fatal accident has resulted from the performance since 1815, though it is probably still celebrated at upwards of fifty Indian villages every year.

The rope or bast used for the ceremony is supposed to be endowed with remarkable properties by the successful accomplishment of the feat and it is cut up and distributed among the people of the village, who hang the pieces to the eaves of their houses in order that they may serve as charms. The Badi's hair is believed to have similar properties, and is cut off and preserved, and he himself is supported by contributions of grain from the villagers, in addition to the monetary reward for his feat, the theory being that his share in propitiating the gods to secure fertility to the lands of others makes his own land unlucky, and that any seed he might sow would be certain not to germinate.

Saved By His Kite.

James Grimes, aged twelve years, of 326 Bergen street, Brooklyn, went on the roof to fly his kite. He swung the kite over the rear of the house and started on a run toward the front to give the kite a raise. The kite soared gracefully upward, but James, in his excitement, forgot about the open-air shaft and stepped into it. He shot downward through space, a distance of almost fifty feet, splitting the board at the bottom where he fell.

When the tenants and James' mother reached the cellar they found the boy unconscious. His head was bleeding from a severe scalp wound. The kite was tugging at the string, grasped in the boy's tightly-shut hand. Some one cut the string and James was carried to his mother's rooms. Dr. Kinzie declared that beyond the scalp wound and the great shock he was uninjured. He revived and soon was walking around the room.

Dr. Kinzie expressed surprise at the boy's remarkable escape from instant death, and accounted for it on the theory that the kite broke the fall. The kite was afterwards recovered by boy friends of young Grimes, and will be preserved in the family as a memento of the boy's escape from a terrible death.—New York News.

Great Power for High Speed

The large amount of fuel required for very high-speed racing boats has been the subject of thorough investigation by experts, in order, if possible, to reduce the quantity of coal necessary for this purpose. Some of the British torpedo boat chasers are thought to be the most perfect vessels of their class in existence, but in order to attain a thirty-knot speed, they must carry sixty tons of coal. This is fully one-quarter of their entire sea-going displacement. Under high speed they consume between three and a half and four tons of coal an hour. To propel a vessel with a speed of even twenty knots an hour, the consumption of fuel is tremendous. Twenty-seven knots an hour is the best speed of the ordinary torpedo boat. In order to reach the thirty-knot line fully 50 per cent. more fuel is required.—New York Ledger.

THE FLYING DUTCHMAN.

The Mirage Probably the Origin of the Sea Story.

The atmosphere in the vicinity of the Cape of Good Hope has the peculiar power of unequal refraction which produces the spectral mirages so well known to the early settlers on the great plains and to all travelers and explorers in desert regions. This unequal blending of the rays of the light gives rise to what are known as "spectral loomings," by which is meant the apparent suspension of ships and other objects in mid-air. The peculiar properties of the atmosphere over that portion of the ocean mentioned have been known since men first "rounded the cape" in their voyages from Western Europe to the Indies, and the regular appearance of the mirage at that point is responsible for the legend of the "Flying Dutchman," otherwise known as the "Flying Dutchman."

According to the story, a Dutch captain, homeward bound from the East Indies, met with long-continued bad weather while trying to "round the cape." This series of squalls was coupled with other circumstances which made "turning the cape" next to impossible. The wind was "dead ahead" and the weather was dark and foggy. At the time when the brave little Dutch captain was making a final effort to get off in a northwesterly direction, and was about to make a failure of it, the mate and the sailors advised him to turn back and seek shelter in a neighboring harbor until the gale was over. But this he refused to do, swearing that he intended to "turn the cape" if he had to beat back and forth along the shore until the day of judgment. For this burst of profanity, so the tradition says, he was doomed to steer against the blustery winds forever. The sails of his ship, so those who believe in the legend say, have become bleached with age, and its sides and bottom worm-eaten and decayed in the long struggle which has ever since been kept up between the cursed vessel and the elements. The little Dutch captain and his crew, like all persons living under a spell, continue to exist, knowing their condition, but unable to help themselves. Ship captains who have sighted the doomed vessel time and again during the past century and a half report that the crew of the cursed Dutch vessel appear to be living skeletons. Yet they continue to live under the blighting effects of what was brought on by their master's rashness. They cannot lower a boat they are so weak. Yet they occasionally haul passing vessels, imploring to be rescued from their awful fate.

Such is the story of the "Flying Dutchman," who, no doubt, originated through ignorant, superstitious sailors viewing the mirage in awe-stricken terror.—St. Louis Republic.

Pigeon Cotes on Ships.

The United States navy is establishing pigeon cotes at various ports along the Atlantic and gulf coasts for the purpose of training pigeons to carry messages in time of war. Every ship that goes to sea these days carries a cote of pigeons from some one of our ports, and they are released from time to time with messages for shore. The great majority reach their destination safely, but many have disappeared. The experiments, however, are growing more and more successful every year as the pigeons are educated and bred up to the business. A farmer near the Soldiers' home in the suburbs of Washington breeds birds for the navy, and they are sent to their destination very young. The longest flight yet attempted successfully was 900 miles, and it is not often in these days of cables and quick mails that it would be necessary to send one a greater distance. It would be perfectly easy for ships of war on the coast of Cuba to communicate with Tampa or Key West at any time by means of the birds.—Chicago Record.

Are Animals Left-Handed?

There seems to be evidence that some animals at least are left-handed. Parrots grasp and hold food with the left claw. Livingstone stated that lions struck with the left paw; he taught that all animals are left-handed.

David S. Jordan, who has been shaking hands with parrots to verify this observation, finds that the left-handed habit may be induced in parrots from the fact that in offering one's finger for the parrot to grasp it is usually that of the right-hand. The parrot therefore puts his left claw forward. If the left finger be offered the parrot will put forward the right foot.

He says, however, that there is apparently a small preference for the left foot, but this he accounts for on the ground that left-footedness is most always induced in parrots from the fact that those who offer the finger or food to the parrot usually do so with the right hand.

Repetition of this process it would seem tends to make the parrot more or less left-footed.—New York Mercury.

Potentates Who Never Move.

There are but two European potentates who manage to get along without change of residence. These are the Pope of Rome and the Sultan of Turkey. The Sultan has never left Constantinople since he ascended the throne in such tragic circumstances nineteen years ago, and His Holiness has remained within the precincts of the Vatican since the triple tiara was placed upon his head.—New York Telegram.

Anarchist Papers in Europe.

According to careful research there are fifty-one anarchist papers published in Europe and America. One is in Dutch, ten German, eleven French, eight Italian, nine Spanish, two Spanish and Italian, two Portuguese, two Czechish and six English.