

## A REMARKABLE CEREMONY.

### The Sun-Dance as Performed by the Sioux Indians—Young Indians Passing Through a Hostile Desert.

The Philadelphia Times publishes a letter dated at Pine Ridge, Indian Agency, Dakota Territory, giving details of the sun-dance, an annual sacred festival of the Sioux Indians. About 50,000 Indians of all ages and both sexes were present. The warriors only were allowed to take part in the ceremony, and on the first day they chanted and danced around the sacred staff or sun-dance pole, gave away their property to one another, and pierced the ears of infants for the purpose of inserting heavy leaden rings. The dancers rested at night, and resumed the dance at sunrise next morning; and, as the sun approached its meridian height, the preparations for the more interesting ceremonies were made. As the sun reached its highest point, one of the ashen-hued dancers advanced to the pole, and, with hands and eyes toward the burning sun, uttered a fervent and impressive prayer. This prayer was interpreted to me by Mr. Charley Provost, the gentlemanly and obliging agency interpreter, and was perhaps the first prayer of like purport ever delivered by a young warrior. He asked that the Great Spirit would give him strength and courage to bear the ordeal through which he was about to pass; and that the Indians might be free of plague and bad luck; that they might increase in wisdom and in numbers; that they might live in peace with their pale-faced brethren, and might learn their ways; that the buffalo might return and the pony-herd grow larger until they would hide the green grass and beautiful flowers by their great numbers. And thus, through it all, was breathed a loving, tender spirit, widely at variance with the usual inclinations of the young men. The solemn, utter silence with which this invocation was received; the fervent earnestness of the supplicant; the extended arms; the parched, cracked lips, past which food or water had not been during six days; the evident suffering—all made a scene of the very deepest solemnity, and instinctively I removed my hat and bowed; and I can readily imagine how one might have been affected to tears.

The prayer ended, he gently and calmly laid down upon his back, and two of the medicine men advanced, and before his burning eyes slowly whetted a glistening butcher-knife, and, after repeated trials, finding the edge satisfactory, bent over the prostrate form and cut for a moment of the flesh upon the breast; then, elevating the knife an instant toward the sun, it was slowly thrust through the quivering flesh. I stepped close up, saw the bright blade withdrawn crimsoned, saw the form of the dancer writhe and quiver, the toes and fingers drawn up convulsively and than relax, but no hand was needed to stay him, for he did not raise a finger or shrink a hair's breadth, and no moan escaped his lips. The cutting was then repeated upon the other side of the breast—the two punctures being about eight inches apart, through which skewers were thrust, when the two ends of a lariat suspended from high up on the pole were tied to the skewers, and, thus literally lariat by his own flesh, he was left. Slowly he raised himself to a sitting posture, looked sadly at the mangled breast, rose to his feet, staggered a moment and inserted the feathered whistle between his lips. The arms were raised again; the head was thrown back between the shoulders that the sun might reach straight into the eye and he again began dancing, slowly tightening the lariat by pulling back until the skin and flesh upon the breast was drawn outward six or eight inches. Thus he danced around the pole, winding and unwinding the lariat, and then violently drew himself back in the endeavor to tear loose from this fish-fastening; but the human skin is tough, and it refused to tear, and he was thrown violently forward upon his face. He arose slowly again, danced a moment, and stepping quickly back, threw himself with such force that the flesh was torn out with a plainly-audible snap, and he again fell headlong. He lay thus unheeded a moment, and then rejoined his companions and proceeded with the dance. Had he failed to break loose himself, others would have jerked him back until the flesh was torn.

This was repeated with the others, with little variation—all passing the ordeal bravely, however, being upward of a half hour breaking loose, and repeatedly falling and fainting. But although he had been sixty-five hours without food or drink, no drop was allowed him—the nearest approach to this being the blowing of a spray of saliva over the blistered face from the mouth of the attendant and rubbing it off with a bunch of some nourishing weed.

One, not content with the common mode of worship, had cut from his body one hundred and eighty distinct pieces of flesh. He was a brown small fellow of about thirty-five years. He advanced and encircled the sacred pole with his arms, laying his cheek close up against it, and, while standing thus, one approached him upon either side, and simultaneously cut from the point of his shoulder a piece of skin and flesh about the size of one's thumb-nail; then a similar piece was taken from the leg, near the ankle; so, alternately above and below the cruel knife did its work. To suspend for a moment this steady cut-out, he once wheeled and stepped quickly across to a position close beside where I stood, and knelt against a pole there stand up, when the knives were again at work until the cuts approached each other and joined at the waist. And yet the work was not complete. Then down and up each arm until the requisite number were severed, when he rejoined the dancers, under the still blazing sun.

When it is remembered that these men had been without food or drink for thirty-six hours prior to the commencement of the dance, and, through its forty-eight hours' continuance, did not touch either; that all these two days the sun shone down upon their bare bodies and heads with an intense heat; that during most of the time their eyes were fixed upon the sun, and at one time I saw a fellow with a mirror throwing the reflected rays into their eyes; that the cutting and tearing of their bodies was borne without wail—it will be realized of what stern stuff the Ogalallas are made, and will cause many a wish that this almost heroic material may be preserved in some civilized and harmless manner.

But what is the significance of all this? The popular belief has been that the young men are thus proving themselves worthy of being led on the war-path; and there is no doubt that to acquire one's self bravely in the dance gives him somewhat of prominence; but the ceremony is one of worship mainly.

Also, the torture is undergone as a thank-offering to the Great Spirit for favors received.

### Selling a Mine in Wall Street.

Not many months ago a man pretty well known on the Comstock went East to sell a mine lying in the Pyramid District. He had a map of the claim and its underground workings, all done up nicely in pink and blue ink, and on it was a fine piece of draughting as one would wish to see. He took his maps, traps and samples of ore to New York and began to "lay" for a customer.

Presently he fell in with a wealthy Wall Street manipulator, who got him on a string and wanted to get him a customer on commission. "Now look here, old man," said the Wall Street, "you are from Nevada, and probably a little green in the ways of the street. You will meet some awful sharp men here, and you must manage to be a trifle sharper or you can't do anything. Let me manage this thing, and give me all I can get over \$10,000 for the mine."

The Nevada agreed, and the New Yorker took him into a room and began to give him some confidential advice. "Now, here's the way to manage this thing. Of course, if you have a really good mine, it won't be at all out of the way to make it look big. Now, take this map—it is a good map, but it ain't big enough. We must show up some ore. I'll get an artist to put in some extra ore bodies—just scatter 'em through like plums in a pudding—and that'll half sell it. The buyers will be sure to discover these ore bodies, afterward, all the same."

"This don't look to me to be hardly square," said the Nevada, with a frank expression. "I want to sell my mine on its merits. I never sold a thing in my life on false representations, and I'm too old to begin."

"Now, don't get riled, old fellow. You are not supposed to know what I do. Give me maps and the ore and let me attend to the business. You can't be too tricky when you sell a mine."

After considerable persuasion, the mine owner turned over his maps and ore samples to the Wall Street, and the astute operator went on his way. His first step was to get an assay of the samples, and they showed up \$1,500 to the ton. This set the New York chap thinking, and he went back to his Nevada friend and asked him how high the samples would run to the ton.

"Well, I hardly want to say," replied the Nevada innocent. "I guess them samples you've got now are good for \$35 or \$40 a ton. Of course, I just took an average from different parts of the mine. I don't believe in picking samples. Such frauds are bound to come out sooner or later, and as I've got more mines to sell, I concluded to act pretty square and get a good reputation for business on the street."

The New Yorker drew his conclusions, and thought it would be a sharp thing to take that mine in himself. "I've found a customer, old fellow," he said, and eagerly drew a check for \$10,000, professing to have found a customer and made a neat turn on commission. "Bring along some more mines and let me sell 'em for you," he added. "You see I have facilities which you have not. We'll go round and fix up the deeds."

The Nevada took the check, folded it up and remarked: "Now, I hope you've sold that mine on the square and not got too much for it. It's worth \$10,000 as a fair speculation."

The two men parted for good a couple of days afterward, and the New Yorker came out last week with a couple of experts to visit the rich property he had so shrewdly acquired. Arriving at Pyramid he asked for the Gold Run Consolidated.

"No such mine," was the reply he got everywhere.

"Great Caesar! I've bought the claim and paid \$10,000 for it."

"Got bit, sure."

"A man showed me a map. Here it is," and the New Yorker pulled out the map which he had received from the seller. A crowd of Pyramids gathered round and laughed uproariously.

"That's old Sawyer's work. Oh, he's a smart one."

Just then, old Sawyer, the foremost citizen of the district, and as innocent an old mine-owner as the coast ever produced, came up and looked over the map.

"It ain't correct, old hoss," he said, addressing the New Yorker. "Too many ore bodies put in."

"But there's no shaft, no machinery, no mine!" roared the man from Wall Street.

"Well," replied old Sawyer, reflectively. "I don't see how you can secure. The fellows who bought it are the ones to kick. You got a handsome commission, you know."

"But the samples run up to 1,500!"

"Salted."

"I'm swindled!"

"Don't you know you said a man couldn't be too tricky in selling a mine on Wall Street?" inquired old Sawyer, and smiled blandly at the gentleman from Wall Street, accompanied by his experts, drove furiously off for Reno, blasting the blossoming sagebrush along the route with their fiery language.—*Virginia City (Nev.) Chronicle.*

### A Pet Turtle.

Mrs. Z. Taylor Lacy, of Reading, Pa., has a number of pets, among which are ringdoves, canary birds, white rabbits, fancy stock of fowls, a dog and a land tortoise. She said to a reporter that she "hardly knew which she thought the most of, excepting it might be the land tortoise, which she would not sell for any money." She was stroking the head of the tortoise with her finger, and, as she spoke to it, calling it "my pet," the shelled animal looked up into her face and turned its head to one side, and then to the other, as if listening to and understanding what she said. When the reporter came close it quickly drew back out of sight into its shell, and she remarked, "The little pet is afraid of strangers."

"What do you feed to the little pet?" "Bread and milk in a bucket."

"How long have you had it?" "About two years. I received it from a friend in Philadelphia. A cousin of mine residing in that city has one that makes a peculiar noise when it wants something to eat, and it follows members of the family all around the yard. They keep it in the yard in summer, and at the approach of winter it goes to the cellar door, when some one opens it and it goes down and creeps into the ground, where it stays until spring."

## FOR THE FAIR SEX.

### Wives of the Presidents.

What wives of any of the former Presidents of the United States are now living? and where?

Mrs. General Grant is living, having accompanied her husband on a tour around the world, now nearly completed. Mrs. Lincoln, according to the Springfield (Ill.) Journal, is residing in the rustic little city of Pau, near the base of the Pyrenees, in Southern France. It may be added that her mental condition is now considered normal, and her frequent correspondence with her friends at home indicate a cheerful and happy frame of mind.

Mrs. Sarah Polk, widow of the tenth President, James K. Polk, resides in a beautiful home in the heart of the city of Nashville, Tenn. She is a charmingly dignified woman, well advanced in years, and distinguished for her kindness and beauty of character. The home she occupies is beautifully located, and it was here that the ex-President died, six weeks after his retirement from the White House, thirty years ago.

Of those not living, Mrs. Franklin Pierce died December 2d, 1863, at her home in New Hampshire. Mr. Pierce died in 1870. Mrs. Pierce never fully recovered from the shock occasioned by the sad death of her youthful son in the calamity on the Boston & Maine railroad, January 5th preceding the inauguration, on which occasion the President-elect himself narrowly escaped death. Mrs. Fillmore, who was a schoolteacher in her earlier life, having pursued her studies in Massachusetts, in part, died suddenly at Willard's Hotel in Washington, in March, 1853. Mrs. Taylor—whose dislike for public life is proverbial, demonstrated as it was by the declination on her part, while mistress of the White House, to "receive"—died at her home in Louisiana in 1852.

Mrs. Andrew Johnson, though for years an invalid, survived her husband only a few months. Mr. Johnson died in Nashville, Tenn., July 31, 1875.

President Tyler's first wife died during the second year of his administration. He, later, married a daughter of Mr. Gardiner, of Gardiner's Island. A sad incident is related in this connection. Mr. Gardiner and his daughter, with President Tyler, were guests on board a government vessel, enjoying a sail on the Potomac, in 1844. On this occasion it was that the "Peacemaker," a heavy ordnance gun, exploded, killing nearly all who were near it at the time, among whom were many of the presidential party. Mr. Gardiner was among the victims, and he was buried in the White House. Mr. Tyler died in Richmond, Va., in 1862. His widow died about two years ago. President Harrison's administration lasted only one month, during which period his widowed daughter-in-law performed the duties requisite at the White House. Mrs. Harrison remained at North Bend. Mrs. Van Buren's decease occurred as recent as December, 1877. The wife of President Jackson lived to see her husband elected President of the United States, but died before his inauguration, in December, 1828. Mrs. John Quincy Adams was the last of the women of the Revolution who held the position of mistress of the White House. Mrs. Monroe died at "Montpelier," Mrs. Monroe's Virginia estate, in 1830. Mrs. Madison died in 1849, while in Washington, where she attended the White House receptions as late as Mr. Polk's administration.—*Boston Transcript.*

**Fashion Notes.**  
Muslin jackets are still worn. Necklaces encircle the throat closely. Percales are trimmed with coarse lace. Some sunshades have hand-painted stripes. Short dresses become more and more fashionable. Thread stockings with silk stripes are fashionable. Underskirts are trimmed with colored embroidery. All muslin gowns are made with elbow sleeves. Sprays of wheat in dull gold make the prettiest of lace pins. Dogs' and owls' heads are still in favor for parasol handles. Veils of white dotted tulle are thought to be very becoming. Pink and silver is one of the newest combinations in gauze. Necklaces are now made up of repetitions of small designs. Wreaths of artificial flowers are placed around the tops of parasols. Valenciennes lace is used to border sunshades lined with light silk. Pearl embroidery is used on both white and black evening dresses. Sashes for lawn and muslin dresses are very wide and of the richest colors. French lace is used less and less, black Breton having replaced it for many purposes. Lockets are the favorite gifts for a bridegroom to bestow on the bridesmaids. Innumerable ribbons are worn on all the draped overskirts and princess dresses. Small scarfs have the ends quite straight on the edge and hanging below the waist. Gray and buff foulard linens are trimmed with colored embroideries, pipings and laces. Ruchings and trimmings of Breton lace appear on all dresses of washable materials. Some of the new dress skirts have no less than a dozen little flounces on the front of the skirt. Handkerchiefs to match lawn and muslin suits have bands of dress goods stitched around a white center. Pretty overdresses for children are composed entirely of white Italian lace. They are very beautiful when worn with pink or blue slips. All silk grenadines are as pretty as ever, if they be cheap, and are sure to come into fashion again when the rage for stripes is over. The last freak is for every young lady to choose a color and wear it, either by itself or in combination with black, white or neutral tints, for the rest of her life. Lawn gowns are much worn this year. They are simply made, but not so simply that they wash easily. Fortunately they are very cheap, and one can afford to lay them aside when soiled.

**News and Notes for Women.**  
At Bolton, England, an Episcopal church has a woman for church warden. Thirty-eight ladies have received degrees in France as doctors and bachelors of art.

Society ladies have exact portraits of their favorite dogs sketched and painted for their fans.

Selling introductions to beauties is the last method of moneymaking introduced at the English fairs.

Two female physicians residing in Chicago realize from their practice \$12,000 and \$15,000 respectively.

"A farmer's wife" writes that a cradle in a nursery is a nuisance. "I don't wonder children cry when their brains are muddled by continual rocking."

An Association for the Advancement of Women has been organized in Poughkeepsie, N. Y. It gives a course of free lectures on science, and all the lecturers are women.

Two of the best journalistic positions in New York city are filled by women, the editorship of a weekly and monthly publication; each is said to receive \$5,000 a year.

The English factories act requires that no woman shall be employed continuously for more than four hours and a half. After working that length of time she must have a rest.

A well-patronized and novel company has been organized in New York, which furnishes, on application by ladies, temporary escorts to places of amusement, or wherever an escort is needed.

The Neapolitan women have the most perfect hands and feet in the world, but the atmosphere of Naples is said to deprive them of every other personal charm by the time they reach thirty.

A writer on archery says: "A lady walking through the fields or on unfrequented roads is well protected if she is an expert archer, for a good bow will put an arrow through the stoutest tramp."

On the last promenade day in New York's fashionable park, when the *élite* of the city were taking an airing, there were 213 dogs sitting in the different carriages, and but eighty-three little children.

Gerome, the painter, is credited with the remark that young American women have the loveliest faces he has ever seen. He often walks along the boulevards of Paris and drives in the Bois purposely to admire them.

The Chicago Exchange for Women's Work, which was organized four months ago, recently gave its first reception. The exchange has about four hundred members, and is a very successful organization.

Nancy Wa-pa-co-ta, the Miami Indian maid of Wabash, who gave notice that she would settle a farm upon any respectable white man who would marry her, has received two foreign applications, one from a "count."

**The Fashions.**  
NOVELTIES IN DRESSES.—Many of the fresh looking and inexpensive striped fabrics introduced this season have their colors matched in the half-transparent wool goods, which are a class similar to the most delicate old-fashioned delaine. Such a combination as white gauze, delaine and striped pale blue and white satin rays is exceedingly effective. A charming dress of pink batiste, trimmed with bands of the same, embroidered in the gayest colors, has a short train, and a wide, plaited flounce, trimmed before with a three-inch band of the gay embroidery. The familiar reversed or "Lavuisi" overskirt has the upturned piece finished on the edge with embroidery also, and the back, corresponding, is arranged in puffed drapery. Ribbons comprising the colors of the needlework are used for looping. A stylish dress of pink and blue plaid gingham has a short walking skirt, trimmed with a deep side plaiting, fastened half way down and again near the top with two small pipings of bias blue linen. The overskirt, cut bias of the material, is raised high at one side by rows of shirring, the opposite side drooping toward the foot of the dress. Several puffs dispose of the drapery of the back breadth, and the overskirt is trimmed with wide lace, with a piping of blue linen for a heading. The double basque has a vest and under basque of blue linen, the upper one having a garniture to match that upon the overskirt. Coat sleeves and a standing collar finish this graceful dress, to which is added a parasol matching the material and trimmed in correspondence with the toilet generally.

**LACE AND EMBROIDERY.**—A striking picture of the summer fashions is the enormous amount of hand-made lace and embroidery used in decoration. The Breton lace has become more popular within a few months than even its predecessor, tulle, although a great mistake is made in using Breton for many purposes to which tulle can be applied. Breton lace is pre-eminently adapted to such garments as do not require washing, but for underwear and whatever involves hard usage or real service tulle is infinitely better and more appropriate.

Needlework seems to have advanced a step and taken a place which it never previously held as a trimming for dresses and outside garments. No other trimming has been used so much this season for chintzes, cambrics, ginghams and all the superior class of washing materials as white needlework edgings and machine-embroidered bands. The facility with which these are now made and the great reduction in prices have doubtless contributed to this end. The yard of needlework which formerly cost fifty cents can now be obtained for \$2 the dozen yards, and of course a dozen are purchased where one was formerly.

**SEASONABLE FABRICS.**—Silks have never been more beautiful and have rarely been so cheap, and the variety—multiplying every day, it seems—almost perplexes instead of deciding the preference. The most attractive materials in the market at the present time are the American foulard silks. They are somewhat heavier than the French silks, more lustrous, are said to be more durable and have the merit of washing as handsomely as a piece of linen. The favorite patterns are the striped, in the color of a light ground; the polka dotted and the pekin. Very beautiful effects are shown in grounds of pearl color, cream white, pale gold and lavender, with fringes in navy, gendarme and peacock blues, seal brown, garnet, ruby and Bordeaux reds; cream white and yellow. Entirely new designs for summer wearing have been introduced among striped silks recently. In those the combinations of color are wheat color, blending in alternate stripes with chocolate brown, and dark blue stripes shading to a light blue. These silks are for summer, and, therefore, are light, and the stripes are a scant inch in width. Merchants have introduced for summer dresses many fine qualities of woolsens, which pass under different names in different places, and therefore confuse readers at a distance. Zephyrs, Panama mixtures and tweeds and Zulu checks are all light, fine and soft and much employed for summer dresses. French and

American bunnings, chuddah cloths and wool grenadines are especially intended for the seashore.

**TRIMS.**—Small capes are fashionably worn, made of black brussels net, mounted with rows of lace and edged with a deeper row, which forms a scant ruffle. Ribbons, which are so extensively used for trimming nowadays, require a little forethought in selection, and are never more out of place than when they are too petty in width or do not harmonize with the color of the dress on which they appear. Married ladies beyond the thirties choose ribbons Nos. 12, 16 and even as wide as No. 22 for decorating costumes. Quite a fancy exists for trimming the full front of the overskirt with two rows of lace or embroidered bordering across the front. Ladies use passementeries on grenadine costumes this season, and buttons are often displaced by small passementerie ornaments studded with jets and having brilliant little pendants attached to the centers. Small lace shaws, black or white, are brought up on the shoulder in folds, and the corners belted in on the front, the point hanging loose only just below the line of the waist. Broad sashes are again in vogue—plain, striped, in natural colors, and may be stylishly arranged in black drapery; and the superb new waistcoats, in delicate blue, cream and rose colored satin, embroidered in a design of flowers in bright flosses, with cuffs to match, wonderfully enhance a black costume. Lace and flowers are the greatest auxiliaries to beauty and the most fitting and natural adornments for summer. It is the little things, the finishing touches, which freshen and brighten a lady's toilet and add so much to its grace and elegance, and this season there is no limit to these charming little accessories to make the fair sex still fairer.—*New York Herald.*

**How Australians Capture Wild Ducks.**  
Those who have perused that adventurous and fascinating novel of Charles Reade, entitled "Fox Play" will doubtless remember that when Robert Penfold was racking his brains for the means of sending out intelligence that two persons were cast away on one of the islands of the Pacific, he hit upon the expedient of making wild ducks the bearers of messages describing the locality of the island and the nature of the assistance needed.

The novelist describes at some length the method by which Penfold captured his ducks for this purpose. He fastened a number of common reeds to a hoop, and going into the water in the morning before the day broke, up to his neck, placed the hoop with reeds over his head. The unsuspecting ducks, seeing nothing but a bunch of reeds, where other reeds were, swam within his reach unconscious of danger. Seizing a duck he drew it under the water and stealthily glided to the shore. The duck being suddenly drawn under water uttered no outcry, and hence Penfold managed in a short time to capture all the ducks he required.

Now the novelist evidently borrowed his idea from the native Australians. These people used precisely the same method for capturing wild fowl, with this difference, that they used sage-brush instead of reeds, and drowned their ducks on capturing them, that is to say, they kept them under water until they were drowned.

A native would thus operate in a flock until he had secured as many as his hands could grasp the legs of, after which he would silently paddle to the shore, place his prizes on land, and return to the flock to go through the same process again. By this mode of capture the flocks were never alarmed, for a duck drawn suddenly under water makes no noise.

Carrying a peacock on your head does not make you a nobleman.

**A Trick of the Clairvoyants.**  
In drawing out the facts of personal or family history, clairvoyants do not always ask direct questions, but rather make statements with an implied interrogation, to which the victim, oftentimes entirely unconsciously, responds by word or look or gesture, or perhaps by all three; and, at a later stage of the interview, these secret facts are artfully given back to the victim, who has no recollection of having previously indicated them, and will not believe he has done so, but prefers to believe that he is in the presence of divinity.

It is not only possible but easy for a practical adept to draw out in this way minute and elaborate details of secret family history. A few years ago, while connected with one of the public institutions of this city, I made a number of experiments in this line. I told the patients afflicted with various forms of nervous and allied disorders not to tell me about their symptoms, nor give me any facts in their cases, but to let me tell them; and then I would proceed to indicate, after the manner of a clairvoyant, the locality of their troubles. In the majority of cases I was successful, and made out the diagnosis to the satisfaction of those who sought my advice, and with good reason, for nothing that I could do prevented them from telling me, although I asked them no questions; unintentionally and unconsciously, they would guide me at every stage of the interview. By a little practice any one could easily acquire this art; and long study, such as professional clairvoyants bestow upon this subject, develops great skill in thus managing and deluding the unwary and non-expert.—*Scribner.*

**Loose Telegraph Wires.**  
In Wareham, Mass., the telegraph wire fell from one pole and hung dangling across the road. A traveler in a horse and wagon came along, saw the wire, but after getting out and examining, concluded that it hung so low he could safely drive over it, and tried to do so, very carefully. However, the wire caught the hind wheel, threw the wagon over and the driver out, the horse ran away, and a good deal of damage was caused. In a Colorado case, the company's superintendent was hanging a wire along a new route. He allowed it to hang low for a short time across the road while the work was going on. Meantime a man on horseback passed, the wire tripped up the horse, horse and man were thrown down, and the man badly hurt. In an Indiana case, the Western Union posts grew gradually rotten, and, at length, one evening posts, wires and all fell down in the highway; the telegraph company knowing nothing about the cause. An hour or so later a traveler in a carriage ran in the wreck, in the dark, and sustained an upset. In all these instances the courts considered that the companies were liable to pay all damages which their wires had caused. Their right to build their lines did not give them any exemption from making good injuries which the lines occasioned.

## No One Said Weather to Him.

It was hot yesterday morning. It was hotter at noon. It was so hot that passengers in the street-cars took off their hats, mopped their brows, and fiercely declared that they knew all the time we'd catch it about this time. A Woodward avenue car had just one seat left when it taken by a red-whiskered man, and this was whose cheeks the perspiration fairly ran. His clothing stuck to the small of his back, his big, red hands were wet to the finger-nails, and it was evident that the sun had been trying to corner him. Seven or eight men were making ready to tell him that it was a hot day, when the stranger drew out a big revolver, laid it on his knee, and looking up and down the aisle, slowly remarked:

"Gentlemen, I am a stranger here, but have bought a house and lot up the street and shall ride on these cars six times a day. This is my day for opening the season."

Every man looked at him in a wondering way, and gently crossing the weapon of death, the stranger added:

"It is hot weather. Even a fool knows that. It's going to be hotter. Two weeks hence it will be regular old frying-pan weather. Now, then, while I shall realize it as forcibly as any one, I am going to shoot the first man who says weather to me. I won't have a word about it, baked, or roasted, or broiled, or broiled, or roasted, but I don't want to talk about it. Now let some one remark that it's a hot day—good for corn—looks like showers—too much rain—splendid for clover—awful dusty, or beautiful breezes, and I'll begin shooting."

Not a lip was heard. If any one imagined there might be a frost at night in the lower lake regions he kept his thoughts to himself, and the car rolled its peaceful way along.—*Detroit Free Press.*

**How to See a Seed Grow.**  
Many little folks wonder how a seed grows. Some boys and girls have taken up the seed after planting it in the ground, and thereby prevented it from taking root.

We may, however, see the roots shooting out from the hyacinths and other bulbs that we grow in glasses in our windows. And in this way we may see other seeds sprout and shoot.

A gentleman, to gratify his little sons, took a glass tumbler, round which he tied a bit of common lace, allowing the lace to hang or droop down in the center of the glass. He then put enough water in the glass to cover the lower part of the lace, and in this he dropped two sweet-peas. The little boys were told to look at them every day, and they would learn what was going on under ground with similar seeds.

Next morning the boys hurried from the breakfast-room to look at the glass with the peas in the south window. They found that while they were fast asleep the little brown skins had burst, and a tiny white sprout was seen on the side of each pea. The little sprouts soon grew long enough to reach through the holes in the lace, and on the top of the peas two little green leaves were seen.

In time the boys saw the white thread-like roots reach almost to the bottom of the glass, while the green leaves grew large and gave way to a stalk or stem.

In this way most seeds may be seen to grow.—*New York Observer.*

**A Spendthrift's Luck.**  
The gambling hell at Monaco returns within a trifle of \$2,500,000 to its proprietor. The princely revenue will be short this year to the income of a grand duke of Pumpernickel. One of the most remarkable instances of lucky gambling ever recorded has just set the crowd at the little free city afire with envy. Early in the spring there was rumor of disaster impending over an ancient British baronetcy, which has given heroes, poets and lawyers to the country. The heir had inherited \$1,000,000 debts, added to a round sum he had raised at Accommodation Bank interest. When the usurers found their security a shadow, and the mortgages discovered that the successor to the title and estates had begun by dipping the property further, it was resolved to force payment. A noble duke, whose name was much mentioned in connection with the Glasgow Bank, generously lent as much as deferred the evil day. But the smash would have come all the same, but for the wonderful stroke of luck which befel the spendthrift patrician at Monaco. He broke the bank three nights running. His last coup made a round \$300,000, in addition to the \$400,000 captured by him the two nights previous.

**Learning to Swim.**  
When the air is out of a body its owner sinks; when the air is in the body its owner floats. Let any one slowly draw in his breath as he draws back his legs and pushes forward his arms, retain it whilst he is preparing for the stroke which is to propel him, and slowly allow it to go through his lips as his arms are passed back from before his head to his sides and his legs are stretched out. The action of the stroke should not be quite horizontal, but should be made on a slight incline downwards. The real reason why people take weeks to learn how to swim is because swimming professors either do not know, or do not choose to teach, the philosophy of breathing, so as to render the body buoyant. In order to acquire confidence, the learner should first try to float. Let him lie on his back, hold his head well back, stretch out his arms and draw in his breath. So long as he retains it he will float on the water like a cork. As he expels it from his body he will find himself gradually sinking unless he keeps his arms well in the water—makes a slow downward stroke. This will bring home to him the principle on which a swimmer, generally without knowing it, acts.

**The Way to Know People.**  
The only way by which people can be thoroughly known is by living with them in the same house or traveling with them in the same carriage. The smooth surface which we can maintain with so much success for a short time gets broken up then by the thousand petty details of daily life, and tempers are tried and characters revealed to an extent which years of an ordinary drawing-room intercourse would not have allowed. Then the real man or woman comes out, and the human nature which has been suppressed asserts itself, sometimes with startling similarity, and almost always in unexpected places; for no one is what his casual acquaintance and superficial friends believe him to be, and the depths reveals secrets never so much outlined in the shallow.—*Merriden Recorder.*