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B. F. SCHWEIER. THE CONSTITUTION—THE UNION—AND THE ENFORCEMENT OF THE LAWS. Editor and Proprietor.

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That Boy.

Through the house with laugh and shout,
Knees threadbare and elbow out,
Mamma hears, with anxious doubt,
That boy.

Vain are all the lessons taught,
In one short hour they are forgot;
Gentle manners learneth not
That boy.

Thus she muses while she tries
To soothe the wakened baby's cries;
While to other mischief hies
That boy.

With aching head this mother mild
Looks to the future for her child;
Still heedless yells, in accents wild,
That boy.

She hears the dead, unearthly tone,
And stifles something like a groan,
To some bad end will surely come
That boy.

Patient mother, wait awhile,
Summon back thy loving smile,
Soon will graver cares beguile
That boy.

Soon the boy "with cheek of tan"
Will be the brawny, bearded man,
If thou wouldst trust and honor then
That boy.

Trust him now, and let they care
Shield his soul from every snare
That waits to capture, unaware,
That boy.

RHODORA.

One of the lake steamers had just come in at Sault Saint Marie and there was bustle and confusion on the wharf, save at the farther end, where stood three gentlemen leisurely talking. They had been watching the boat as it came up the river and were among the first to announce that the smoke of the steamer had been seen. Two of them wore the uniform of the United States army; the third, a tall, handsome fellow with a tawny mustache, was dressed in a suit of gray tweed and wore a dark cloth hat, which he drew down over his eyes every now and then, as if to shade them more effectually. The least break in the dull monotomy of garrison life was welcomed as a godsend, and the three men had come down here purely for amusement.

"Look, Halstead," said one of the officers, plucking the sleeve of the man in gray, "there's a pretty girl."

The man addressed and the other officer, Capt. Greene, looked upward and saw a tall, finely formed girl standing by the steamer's railing. Her brown hair fell in soft rings over a low forehead, her mouth was large but beautifully shaped, and a row of pearly white teeth was disclosed by her parted lips, her nose was a trifle saucy, but her eyes—her eyes were a mystery.

"She is a stylish girl," said Capt. Greene, "but so much depends upon the eyes. "Can't give an opinion until I see the eyes, you know."

"O bother!" said Lieut. Rodney. "You couldn't see her eyes from this distance, even if she didn't have that thing up."

"I think she is a Detroit girl," said the man they called Halstead.

All three laughed at this, and Lieut. Rodney said,

"You think it highly improper for a young lady to be gazing around in that manner through a pair of opera glasses, hence you immediately set her down as a Detroit girl—your bete noire!"

"Exactly," replied Halstead slowly. The laughter evidently attracted the attention of the young lady, for she turned her glasses in that direction, but as her eyes fell upon the group the expression of her face instantly changed to a look of disgust, and turning abruptly she entered the cabin.

Each of the men noticed it. Not one of them mentioned it. Each knew that he could not be the cause of this disgust.

"I can't see why you should have such a strong aversion to Detroit girls," said Capt. Greene, turning to Halstead. They are supposed to be remarkably pretty and bewitching—"

"Don't, I beg of you," said Halstead, holding up his hands deprecatingly. "Ever since we 'came in' I have heard of nothing but Detroit girls, Detroit girls—I suppose we'll get a stack of them in our regiment. They always marry in the army. Detroit is the mother-in-law of the army. You can't tell me anything about them that I don't know. I wouldn't care to meet a Detroit girl."

A pair of large gray eyes with dark, curling lashes were turned in wide astonishment upon Lieut. Halstead as a tall girl in brown swept past him, accompanied by a handsome elderly lady, but none of the group noticed the young girl to whom they had given so much attention a few moments since, and Halstead went on: "Perhaps there are some exceptions to the rule, but I doubt it."

"Ah," laughed Lieut. Rodney. "Halstead is preparing to slip in on an exception."

"Nothing of the kind," said Lieut. Halstead, "and to prove it we'll take a wager that I won't be introduced to a Detroit girl this season."

"Taken!" they cried, and prepared to settle the amount of the wager.

Meantime Mrs. Black and her daughter had arrived at the Hotel de Ville and been taken to their apartments, where Blanche Rosenfelt burst in upon them and, after embracing them superlatively, seated herself, out of breath, saying: "O Rhodora, I'm so delighted you came! We have been here just two weeks, and it's distractingly lovely this year. We'll have no end of fun."

To which Miss Rhodora replied; "It is nice to see you, Blanche, but I am not one bit glad we came. We've been here every summer since I was born. I couldn't bear to get off the boat."

"But you'll like it immensely this year. The hotel is quite full and the people at the fort are perfectly lovely; you'll be charmed with them, and——"

"I won't. I fairly hate every one of them!"

"Why, they are all delightful people," said Miss Rosenfelt, with an air of suprise. "They only came in from those horrid plains about two months ago."

"I don't care. They are a miserable lot. If it hadn't been for them I might have had a lovely time this summer—I needn't have come here—but they have just spoiled everything. I wish they'd go back where they came from."

During this conversation Mrs. Black had gone to her room and Miss Rhodora had divested herself of a large halo hat and a pair of long tan gloves; then she had opened the closet door and counted the hooks, had opened the bureau drawers, and finding things satisfactory and her trunks not yet come she seated herself in a chair by the window and explained: "You see, I was to have visited Bessie at Fort Porter this summer, and we had made endless plans, when suddenly their regiment was ordered to exchange places with this old thing, and all our lovely times vanished. I begged mother not to come to this poky place, but father is devoted to fishing—he never caught anything yet—and it isn't too far for him to run up here from Detroit; so here we are. I know I shall have a miserable time."

"No, you won't," said her friend reassuringly. "It's just bewitching out on the river in the moonlight, and here's a Lieut. Rodney at the fort that's just too handsome, and—"

"O there! Excuse me, Blanche, but I think that's the man with our trunks," and Miss Black hastened to look after the baggage.

A little later, as Mrs. Black and her daughter were about to enter the dining room, the former waited for some one to come up to them and then said: "Rhodora, let me introduce you to Capt. Greene. He and your Uncle Will were old comrades."

"How do you do," said Miss Black, trying to call up a smile for the sake of her Uncle Will. They found themselves seated at Capt. Greene's table, and in a few moments the waiter drew out the chair opposite for a tall gentleman with a tawny mustache and dark brown eyes; his uniform denoted the rank of first lieutenant. Rhodora had seen him before and had admired him, but she saw now, with a little start, that it was the gentleman in gray, who had changed his tweed for the objectionable blue. He was introduced to her mother, but Capt. Green did not present him to Miss Rhodora, which sent a rush of blood to her neck and cheeks; it also broke her silence, and she launched forth into a brilliant conversation, so occupying her mother and Capt. Greene that Lieut. Halstead seemed to have been utterly forgotten by them.

"Mother," said Rhodora, when they had gone to their rooms, her cheeks flushed and her eyes brilliant, "never let me be introduced to that Lieut. Halstead. He has asked not to meet me."

"Why, my dear, didn't you meet him? I did not notice. I must have turned to speak to George."

"No; and it was very decided."

"You must have imagined it, my dear."

"Now, mother!"

"Well, well, as you like, but it is a foolish freak."

Rhodora was half inclined to tell her mother of the remark she had heard as she passed the group of officers on the wharf that morning, but she decided not to speak of it.

Rhodora often detained her mother that they might be late to dinner or lunch, but go when they would Lieut. Halstead always seemed to be there.

He ate slowly, and Rhodora declared that he took everything in courses from olives to cheese, and that his digestive apparatus was certainly in excellent trim, for he ate with fifteen minutes' interval between each mouthful.

When she was invited to join a large party the next day she adroitly had the hostess run over the list of her guests, and when she found that Lieut. Halstead's name was not among them she gladly consented to go.

It was after 7 in the evening when she returned, tired and hungry, but sighing with satisfaction to think that she could eat a comfortable meal without a pair of staring brown eyes opposite.

She had finished her soup when the hall door opened. Alas! she knew this firm, decided step too well. George smilingly pulled out the chair opposite and Lieut. Halstead seated himself demurely.

It was just too bad. Tears of vexation gathered in those large gray eyes. He came on purpose to annoy her. He was the rudest man she had ever seen. Her first impulse was to leave the table, but she would not give him the satisfaction of knowing she was angry; besides, she was hungry. She would eat very slowly. She did not care how miserable she felt if only she could make him uncomfortable, so with a studied air of composure she reached for the crackers and upset her glass of water. She didn't care, but it was rather embarrassing. She was sure he was smiling. She ate slower than ever, and looked quite serene gazing off into space. The room was oppressively quiet. He was taking an endless time for his dinner, so she hurried and almost choked herself, but he seemed to be hurrying too, now that she tried to get through first.

She had just decided that she could not endure this a moment longer, yet determined that he should not have the satisfaction of having spoiled her dinner when she heard in sonorous tones: "Miss Black, may I trouble you for the pepper?"

She started, but said, in a frozen manner "Certainly," handing him the catsup.

"The pepper, please," he said, smiling, at the same time half withdrawing his hand from the bottle, while she, supposing he would take it from her, let it slip from her fingers.

"I beg your pardon," he said, but not before the brown liquor had deluged the table.

"It is of no consequence," said Miss Rhodora, quite confused, then pointing toward his elbow she said in tragic tones: "There's the pepper!"

"So it is," he said, his brown eyes smiling at her. "It's too bad to have troubled you."

It would have been natural for Rhodora to make some polite response, but she bit her lip and remained silent.

"I presume you had a pleasant barge party?" he said, agreeably.

"Quite pleasant," was the frigid answer.

"I was out hunting, and could not go. I only came in half an hour since."

He had evidently only had time to change his hunting suit and come down to dinner. Rhodora repented a little; possibly he had not come in late for the purpose of annoying her; still she remembered his remark about Detroit girls and ceased to relent toward him.

She had finished her dinner and risen from the table. Lieut. Halstead arose also and held the dining room door open for her to pass.

"May I come into the parlor with you?" he asked.

There was nothing for her to do but to acquiesce. Now that he was her guest she was obliged to show just the least air of cordiality, but she tried to make her mother bear the burden of the conversation.

Mrs. Black liked Lieut. Halstead, and Rhodora found herself listening with interest to their conversation, for Mrs. Black had the rare faculty of bringing out the best that was in one, while Lieut. Halstead was utterly unconscious that he was making this conversation a monologue.

All three started in surprise as the bugle call for "tattoo" sounded through the open windows. Lieut. Halstead arose in haste, and Mrs. Black refrained from asking him to return because she remembered her daughter's aversion to the thirty-first regiment.

Rhodora, repenting of her coolness, accompanied the lieutenant to the door.

"Thank you for a delightful evening," he said heartily.

Rhodora considered this a reflection upon her manner, but when he said eagerly; "Are you busy, will you be engaged after tattoo?" she answered with charming candor: "I have some letters to write." But she never touched pen to paper that night; she sat by her window in the moonlight star gazing, and when she fell asleep she had romantic dreams of a cabbage with gold shoulder straps dancing attendance to a sick mouse covered with mustard poultices dipped in catsup.

The next morning, as Miss Rhodora came down the hotel steps attired for her usual morning walk, she nearly ran into Lieut. Halstead.

"Good morning," he said; "I was coming up to ask if you would not go out for a walk with me, it is such a beautiful day."

Poor Rhodora! something always seemed to interfere with her dignity and make it impossible for her to effectually snub this fascinating man, for she confessed to herself that he was fascinating, and his air just now was a little determined, as though he had a perfect right to say she should walk with him. This manner in any one else would have annoyed her, but she was proud of the interest that this usually indifferent man manifested in her, and it was more than ever pleasing when she remembered that as first he had not desired an introduction. She became generous enough to think he had some good reason for not wishing to meet a Detroit girl; yet what could it be? But she had heard that recently he had promised willingly to pay the wager if one of the officers would introduce him, but they, enjoying the joke, had each declined, and when he thought of asking one of his friends at the hotel he had chanced to hear Miss Black's remark to Mrs. Mason.

Rhodora meant, now that she knew him, to be frigid in her manner. She wished to be severe and punish him if she could. At present he had taken her unawares, and she allowed him to accompany her, but they did not take the walk along the locks that she had intended; he led her to the shade of the woods, and they came back laden with mosses and wild flowers. People are apt to drop drawing room conventionalities in the freedom of open air intercourse, and before they returned the lieutenant had told her that his aversion to Detroit girls was an altogether sympathetic affair, caused by his particular friend having been jilted by one of these fair girls, and he had then and there declared he knew them to be heartless. He admitted that it was an unpardonably hasty and possibly unjust conclusion. He told her when he had first seen her on the steamer deck with her opera glass up, and she explained that being nearsighted and not wearing glasses she always carried an opera glass when traveling. "If you had noticed," she said, "you would have seen my glasses were turned wrong side to that time. I wanted the Sault to look as small and far away as possible," and then she explained why she did not wish to visit the Sault this year.

He regretted her disappointment, but could not say he was sorry the regiment changed places.

When the dinner hour came Rhodora insisted upon her mother proceeding immediately to the table. It was ridiculously unromantic, but after this the lieutenant and Rhodora were always on time to their meals.

Several weeks had passed when one bright afternoon Miss Black received a bunch of passionate purple rhodoras, and in their midst there lay this little note:

"Aloha!

"Will you wear these for my sake? I found them in the woods. Perhaps you know this little poem," and below he had written these few lines from Emerson's "Rhodora":

Rhodora! if the sages ask thee why
This charm is wasted on the earth and sky,
Tell them, dear, that if eyes were made for seeing,
Then beauty is its own excuse for being.
Why thou wert there, O rival of the rose!
I never thought to ask, I never know;
But, in my simple ignorance, suppose
The self same power that brought me there brought you.

He had underscored two words—me and you. She reread the lines, and then, strange woman, she passionately kissed the flowers but tore the note into little shreds and threw it away.

At the dinner table that night she wore a bunch of purple rhodoras in her white gown, but Lieut. Halstead could not get a glimpse of those wonderful gray eyes, the eyes that lightened, that smiled, that grew sad, that were unfathomable, that to-night were continually veiled by the dark curling lashes.

It was unusually warm in Detroit this summer, and Mr. Black was anxious to speedily arrange his business affairs that he might join his wife and daughter soon after their arrival at the Sault, but it was quite nine weeks before he was able to do so.

They came down to the boat to meet him, and he was mystified by the anxious manner of the one and the serious air of the other.

The morning after Mr. Black's arrival Lieut. Halstead might be seen impatiently pacing to and fro in the cozy room that served as the Black's sitting room. The door was gently opened and Miss Rhodora came in fresh and smiling, her eyes twinkling with suppressed laughter.

"At last," exclaimed the lieutenant, his face radiant, as he held out both hands to meet her.

Miss Rhodora Black was one of the prettiest brides Detroit ever saw. She wore a soft tulle gown and carried a bunch of purple rhodoras.

The Parsees' Sacred Fire.

Lighting the Parsees' sacred fire is an expensive and elaborate process on the institution of a new temple. Sixteen different kinds of wood in 1,001 pieces of fuel are required to obtain the sacred flame, which is afterwards fed with sandal wood, and the cost of the process averages 2,500 pounds sterling. There are still three large and thirty-three small fire-temples at Bombay.

—"Arc" is the French name for bow, and "Kansas" the Indian for smoking water, the combination of which is applicable to the leading stream of Arkansas.

TRAVEL IN BOLIVIA.

An Adventurous Ride Through a Thinly-Populated Country.

After a busy day I started down hill for Macha, bound for Oruro. I reached there shortly after noon. Here even my government order did not hurry me off. They had mules, but no postillion; they were all out. At last I bethought myself of the corregidor of the village. I found him, but he told me that the Indians were all off in the valley farming. I invited him to take something with me. Then I began talking about my business and against Chile, and showed him my papers. That woke him up. He sent out a couple youngsters for one of the alcades at Quichoa. Half an hour later I was on my way rejoicing. I wanted to reach Aconcahua the same evening. All went well until I came to a place where two trails separated. My servant, with the baggage, was far behind, and I was alone. I took out my map, but only one road was marked down. Looking at the sun I went on. At 6.30 o'clock I reached a large village. I congratulated myself on my fast riding. Entering the main street I asked for the posthouse, but was told that there was none. Then it occurred to me to ask the name of the place. They gave me some outlandish name. "Then this is not Aconcahua?" I asked. "Oh, no, sir: that place is thirteen leagues from here." After some diligent inquiry—for it took much trouble to find any one speaking Spanish—I was told of a short cut, an Indian trail, which reduced the distance to eight leagues. Something had to be done. Here I was, in an Indian village, alone; my baggage with an Indian I did not know, at the place I was seeking. Using a little boy as interpreter I at last hired an Indian to act as guide.

We started out at sunset, he afoot and leading. I pushed on as fast as my tired mule would go. Such a road I had never dreamed of. Down we would go into some canyon dark as night, across a stream, then up again. We kept on until near midnight, when we reached a place of more level but broken ground. My guide, whom I ever kept in front, stopped. I told him to go ahead. Three or four times he stopped. Each time I urged him on. I confess I felt uneasy, but there was only one thing to do—to go ahead. At last we saw an Indian hut with outhouses. My Indian started for it, and I concluded he wanted to stop here, and urging my mule on headed him off. At the same time I pulled out my revolver and ordered him forward. He raised both hands, saying in the most piteous manner: "No, no." I felt sorry for the poor fellow, and thought to myself: "go if you want to." He slipped by and disappeared. I turned my mule, expecting to pick my way alone. I went some five hundred yards, to find there was no trail. The moon was nearly down and it was getting dark. I returned to the inclosure I had just left, found an opening in the wall, and led my tired-out animal in. I began to prospect. First I discovered a little door. I pushed it open and found myself among a lot of goats. "This will not do," I thought. After hunting around I saw a bundle of hay. I took off the mule's bridle, and, removing my poncho, prepared to spend the night on the ground. Of a sudden I heard a shout. Looking in the direction whence the sound came, I saw it was my Indian. Forgetting that he could not understand me I shouted back: "All right, old man; come here." He did not move, but kept yelling and pointing to the west. I fixed my mule up on the double-quick, mounted, dug the spurs into her, and rode up to him. He started off and I followed behind him.

Suddenly I saw two figures approach me from behind. "An ambush," I thought. I quickly made a half-circle with my mule, so as to bring the three Indians—for such they were—in front of me. At the same time I brought my revolver to a "ready" under my poncho. As the two Indians came nearer I recognized a woman and a girl, who, as I soon learned, had got out of bed to show me the way. My revolver went back into the holster, and I looked around to see if they had noticed it. As a token of repentance on my part I gave them each a chirola. At 1 A. M. we reached Aconcahua, tired but happy. I gave my Indian an extra dollar, so all ended well. I then made myself a cup of tea and went to sleep. I made a lazy morning of it, getting off at 9 o'clock. From here to Livichuea was mostly down-hill. Some two miles from that place I came to a stream. My mule wanted water. I got down and took off the bridle. After drinking I pulled on the rein to bring the brute nearer. It turned, reared, and kicked, catching me on the left heel. I tried to hold on, but the mule pulled back. She went one way, I fell into the stream, and the saddle flew in another direction. The ungrateful beast galloped off toward the station. I picked up my saddle and straggled in, my foot swelling already and paining me much. I was glad afterward I had put my revolver away, for I would have taken a shot at that mule.

Early the next morning I had fresh animals prepared, had a man to lift me into the saddle, and made that day fifty-one miles to Peizna. I reached there tired, but my foot was much better. I had now reached the celebrated pampa, which extends from here to near La Paz. I had imagined this to be a long stretch of very level ground, but soon found my mistake. I started early in the morning. A light mist lay over the plain. On the left there appeared a large lake. At first I took this to be Lake Poopo, but it was only a mirage. At first I saw hillocks apparently hanging in the air. The next point reached was Poopo. A silver mine is worked there, giving good returns. They have also reduction-works driven by water power. The mine is a short distance east of the road, in a chain of hills running due north and south. The croppings can be plainly traced a long distance. From this point north we meet another tribe of Indians, the Aymaras. They are distinct from the Quichoas, and I consider them inferior to them, morose, and said to be treacherous. In former times the Quichoas, or, as they were then called, Incas, governed Peru, middle and south Bolivia, and the north of the Argentine. One after another different tribes submitted to the Incas, some of their own account, others by conquest. Long wars were carried on against the Aymaras, who for a long time proved a disturbing element. The conquest by the Spaniards ended these wars. To this day the Aymaras form a separate nation and do not associate much with the Quichoas. Both tribes, however, are entirely controlled and kept under by the whites.

North of Poopoo what little vegetation existed disappeared. As far as the eye could reach all was sand and rocks. In many places the wind had formed hills of shifting sand. Luckily it rained heavily a day or two before, hardening the ground somewhat. Without being informed, anyone could tell that he was among a different class of Indians. The Quichoas, without exception, when meeting strangers lift their hat and salute you. The Aymaras pass you without notice, looking at you sideways, as if they were either afraid of being attacked or preparing to attack you. Their women are badly treated. They carry the loads, while the men carry the dignity. They are more like the North American tribes. I can only explain the great difference by the change of climate, which, although in a lower latitude, is much colder, owing to the high latitude, and in the barren soil, which makes the gaining of a livelihood more difficult. Still, I was informed that the Aymaras can not be trusted when properly treated. You have to deal with them justly, but with severity. Many of them engage in raising llamas and freighting. They are usually in debt. A leading firm of Bolivia employs hundreds of them and has never made a loss with them. As they can not read or write, all contracts are made verbally. Often when a man is on his death bed he calls his children together. The eldest son takes the father's place, as the debt owned by the father becomes a family lien. Some houses attempted to overreach the Indians, and the result was that they lost their investments. The Indians once in their debt ran off and moved to another part of the country, taking their mortgaged flocks with them.

THE WORLD'S CENTER.

An Interesting Tale Told by the Brahmins of the City of Delhi.

About seven hundred miles northeast of Bombay, and about the same distance northwest of Calcutta, stands the ancient and very important city of Delhi, the former metropolis of the Great Mogul. Its walls, gates, palaces, tombs and other great works, are wonderful for size and for beauty of architecture, and would require a large book thoroughly to describe them, while the history of the great city, which once contained two millions of inhabitants would almost form a library. Not many miles from Delhi stands an enormous tall tower, but by whom that tower was built, and for what purpose, no one can tell. The Brahmins say, however, that it marks the center of the world, and the story they tell about it is this:

Once upon a time a certain King of Delhi, being anxious to reign long and to leave his throne to his family, and being disturbed by doubts about it, called a council of pious Brahmins, who informed him that just under where they were in consultation, and just where the great tower, called Kootub, now stands, was the head of the great serpent which supported the world. "Now," they said, "if the King will drive down a great iron into the earth, at that spot, in such a way as to transfix the head of the great serpent, he may be sure that he would reign long, and his children after him." The King made the great iron and the tower, and drove down into the earth and transfixed the serpent's head—or at least the Brahmins told him that he had: but doubting the word of these holy men, and wishing to see for himself that such was the case, he had the iron pillar pulled up again. Lo, and behold, it was covered with blood; showing that the holy men had been right; but, unfortunately, when he wanted to drive it down again, the animal very sensibly got out of the way, and very shortly afterwards the King was beset by enemies and lost not only his throne but his head. This signal confirmation of the Brahmin's story cause the natives to believe that the head of the great serpent is still there, supporting the world, although, as they say, it may not be *exactly* under the tower since the attempt of the King to transfix it a second time.

Not far from this wonderful tower is a wonderful well. It is about thirty feet square and one hundred and twenty deep, and generally contains about forty feet of water. In addition to its use for drinking purposes, the natives make another use of this huge well whenever there are visitors attracted by the fame of the tower which is the center of the world. To jump from the top into the darkness of the pool, eighty feet below, would be like leaping from a six-story house, and would appear to be certain death. Yet the Hindoos of the village close by will make the jump for a very few pence. A dozen men and boys, with nothing on but the very smallest waist-cloth, will stand upon the curbstone, ready to jump.

An old gray-headed fellow will balance himself, and then leap. For the first fifty feet or so he extends his arms and legs widely, then he brings his feet close together, puts his hands close to his side, and strikes the water with a crash which echoes up the stony sides as his head disappears in the inky-looking pool. You think he is gone! But no in an instant his gray head appears, he swims to the wall, climbs up the side to a square hole which leads to a reservoir, and is at the top again in a moment, to claim his half rupee.

Next, perhaps, jumps his grandson, a naked imp of nine or ten. You shudder because the little fellow appears to have jumped too far, and to be in danger of striking the stone-work. But no! He misses the rocky side by less than a yard, arranges his feet and hands just as his grandsire did, and falls like a stone in the water. You wait a long time—one minute, two minutes—but the little round, bare pate does not appear. Will they make no effort to save him? Is the boy drowned? Not a bit of it! In another moment, the grinning imp, dripping with water, is by your side. It turns out there is in the well another communication with the reservoir, under the water, and to this the boy has dived, and thus come out; the silence and pretended alarm of those at the top being only another trick to excite sympathy and extract more money. Then, as fast as possible, the whole lot will begin to jump, pell-mell, on the top of each other almost, through the openings, —up again, and down again—as long as there is a chance of extracting any coin from the strangers.

The village people do not seem to think the water at all spoiled for drink-purposes by being thus turned into a bathing-pool.

—The name of Colorado is derived from the Spanish, and denoted a muddy or florid appearance, characteristic of the Colorado valley.

A GROCER'S PATENT EGGS.

How a Boston Man Supplies Thirsty Neighborhoods with Refreshments.

There is a little back office on Congress street, near Franklin that looks very much like a small grocery store, kept by a neat old maid. On the counter is a pair of scales, a show-case, brown paper, thread, and all the fixings of a country store. On the shelves against the wall are red tin boxes full of tea, and jars and bottles innumerable. In front of the counter on the floor is a large wooden egg-case, capable of holding forty-nine dozens when full, while near by is a small pasteboard box, partitioned off into twelve compartments, in every one of which lies a big egg, white and clean as chalk. In fact, they are so very white that a man well acquainted with "hen fruit" would at once suspect them of being nest eggs, such as unskilled pullets use for patterns when they begin to lay. Such at least, was the impression of a artist, who entered the place last week in search of fresh eggs.

"There are some there," said the proprietor, pointing to the box, "that are as fresh as any in the city. I'll warrant them every time."

"How much are they a dozen?"

"One dollar. Don't be in a hurry," continued the proprietor, with a smile. "Just take one of these and try it, and if you say you ever saw such eggs before I'll buy you a dozen at any market in Boston." Saying this he took up an egg, loosened the wax that adhered to the small end, drew out a wooden plug, inserted a straw, pushed it over the counter and said:

"Now she's all ready. Suck away."

The artist complied, and instead of tasting egg, he found his tongue assailed by first-class sherry. The egg was no egg at all, but just a glass shell filled with wine and stopped up. A reliable hen or a twenty horse-power incubator might sit on one of these eggs for all eternity and not get a chicken.

"It is one of my ideas," remarked the grocer. "I got it up to sell in Maine and other places where such stuff is forbidden. The eggs hold two-thirds of a gill, or two-thirds of a common whisky glass; so, you see, one will furnish a good square drink to any man who isn't a hog.

"The eggs are made of common glass. At first I put on cemented cloth, but that leaked, and I had to plug the hole with wood and cover it with white wax. That works first-rate.

"As yet I have filled them with but three kinds of liquor—whisky, sherry, and claret; but I am going to make some brandy eggs soon. I sell my eggs for $1 a dozen, and they retail for 15 cents each, though I shall have to ask a little more for those that have brandy. I studied up the idea about a month ago, and have applied for a patent on it, which I think I shall get."

"How many have you sold?"

"Oh, I haven't pushed them much on account of not getting glass eggs fast enough. I have sold 200 or 300 dozens in Maine, and have about as many more ready to ship. As for Rhode Island, I haven't tried that market any to speak of. I find my eggs sell very well right here. People want them as curiosities. If a man is on a train he can just reach into his gripsack, take out an egg in his handkerchief, put in it his straw, and pull away without attracting notice. Drummers and others who have used my eggs say it is much better than to drink out of a bottle. It doesn't draw any attention.

"When the glass factory with which I have a contract starts up again I shall push my business for all that it is worth. It is not illegal. The fact that I sell them for $1 a dozen is enough to show they are not eggs. So far I have not sold them as eggs to any one. A man orders so many dozens of me and tells me to ship them in egg cases. I send them as he directs his address, and that is all there is to it. So long as I have got a license to sell liquors at wholesale I don't see what they are going to do about it. If an officer in Maine or Rhode Island finds they are not eggs, but liquor, he can seize the property just the same as if it were in barrels or bottles. But that doesn't trouble me any. I sell my liquor in Boston, where I have a license. If they can find anything wrong about it I have yet to learn where it is."

Order and Neatness.

Mothers, if you have any commiseration for the future mothers of your blessed grand-children, if you would have those unborn darlings grow up in an atmosphere of purity and domestic tranquility, take your boys in hand at once and train them to such habits of neatness and order, that those habits will become as second nature to them, as they do to your girls. In your laws of order, make no distinction on the score of sex.

Teach your boys to love neatness for neatness' sake; teach them that it is not beneath their manly dignity to know the place for each article, and put it there when done with it. Teach them that when making a change of toilet, they must not leave the wash basin in the middle of the room, the towel flung over a chair, combs, brushes, soap and blacking scattered indiscriminately, and each discarded article of apparel occupying as many different places. Teach them the use of a door mat; and, if they must indulge the manly vices of chewing and smoking, insist that they shall practice these vices with all the delicacy that the nature of the case will admit. Offensive habits become doubly disgusting when indulged in a coarse and offensive manner.

Teach your boys all this, and future daughter-in-laws will rise and call you blessed; for it is likely that what a man learns to be in his mother's house, he will continue to be in the house of his wife.

Of coarse some of the above applies to girls also, but girls with neat mothers are apt to grow up the same, through the mediums of example and imitation.

The "Devil's Leaf" of Java.

At Timor, near the island of Java, there is a plant called the devil's leaf, whose petals, being of a thorny nature, possess a fatal sting when penetrating the flesh. I once met a gentleman in Honolulu who had been stung by this plant and barely escaped death, and who had a great raw sore—like that sometimes made by the stingray of southern Pacific waters—on his left arm. He alluded to it facetiously as his strawberry mark, and said he thought he should pose as the long lost brother a term often thrown at us with other "chestnuts" from the minstrel show.

PENINSULA SUPERSTITION.

Prevalent in Lower Delaware and in Parts of Maryland.

A Washington D. C., dispatch says: "A belief in the supernatural and in the forecasting of events by and signification of signs and omens is not, and is generally supposed, restricted entirely to the negro race of the Maryland and Delaware peninsula. Superstition is prevalent to a considerable degree among the whites, and it is a curious fact that in many families where wealth and intelligence predominate and implicit belief is placed in signs and tokens and what they portend. They are sincere in this belief, and will cite numerous instances where a mysterious knock upon the door, the startling rattling of a window-sash when the air was calm and serene, or the dismal howling of a dog have been followed by 'bad luck,' to give apparent strength to it.

Among the white laboring classes superstition holds their minds with a wonderful power. Any strange phenomena in the heavens, any abnormal condition of the weather or any unusual commotion on land or on sea, each have their own special significance, and while they all exercise an undue influence upon the minds of these people, each one formulates his or her own opinion and draw his or her own personal conclusions as to the probable sequence of these signs. A lady, venerable in years, prominent in society, living in affluence and residing in a Maryland town, once dismissed a most dear and intimate acquaintance with a severe reprimand for trenching on her ideas with regard to this belief. The subject of superstition was under discussion and a large circle of friends were present. This lady friend was ridiculing such belief as preposterous and ignorant, and it was commented upon adversely by several other members of the company. But the hostess was invulnerable to their attacks and humorous puns, and good-naturedly rebutted them by several incidents which occurred which were in fresh recollection by all present and incidentally mentioned her horror of a person looking over her shoulder while she was standing before a looking-glass. The evening wore on, and when the company was about to disperse the hostess arose to arrange her hair before a small toilet looking-glass. Her friend came up behind her suddenly and peered over her shoulder. A remarkable tableau ensued. With blanched features, the hostess threw up her hands, and, with a wild shriek, fell swooning to the floor. The proper restoratives were resorted to, and when she recovered consciousness she arose to her feet, nervous and timorous. Pointing her finger at her heretofore bosom friend, she said, in a firm, determined voice:

"We are friends no more. Go!"

Expostulation was utterly useless; she would listen to no explanation, and with a wounded heart and her face bathed in tears, the lady took her departure. This occurred twenty years ago. They have never exchanged words since. By a strange coincidence of circumstances a month or so afterward intelligence of the death of the only brother of the hostess, who was in India, was received.

On the first day of the new year the negro is debarred the privilege of entering a white person's house, as their presence is regarded as an omen of bad luck throughout the entire year. Woe be to any person with a black skin who crosses the threshold of a white man's house on the first day of the new year. A negro man came near paying the penalty of his forgetfulness in this respect with his life. He started in the gate of a house and was advancing toward the door, when he was confronted by the resolute and angry occupant, who stood ready to receive him with a wood-ax. The frightened negro suddenly collected his senses, and remembering the day, turned to flee. As he did so the ax was hurled after him and went whizzing over his head, the heave knocking off his hat.

There is to-day living in Lower Delaware an old gentleman, once conspicuous in public life, who constantly keeps his gun charged with the old-fashioned three-cent pieces, who has an ex licit belief in their virtue to destroy the power of negro conjurers when fired at them. There are several more who keep their revolvers loaded with the same metal for the same purpose. Why the annihilating qualities of silver are more superior to lead or gold, they are unable to explain. Yet they are profoundly sincere in their belief that a volley of the jingling metal fired at, not into, the body of a conjurer, will dissolve his mysterious power, and prevent him from committing harm.

Superstition in the negro is proverbial. We can easily understand that the root from which springs his absurd ideas is ignorance. But why it should hold men and women of brilliant minds and of high social distinction in its grasp is a psychological question we cannot answer.

In some parts of Maryland the people will not have the house leek, a small green plant bearing a pink flower, upon their premises. This plant blooms, according to their theory, but once in seven years, and should one of them be in or near the house at the time of blooming, when the tiny bud begins to develop some one will be taken sick, and as it continues to expand they will grow worse, and when it has bloomed into the perfect flower they will die.

Another superstition characteristic of this ostracised plant is that so long as any one carries a leaf about with them adversity will be at their heels.

There are countless numbers of signs and omens of ill-luck, sickness, death, disappointment, etc., that makes a curious and interesting category. The howling of a dog is a sure sign of death, and when throwing your shoes on the floor, should they turn upside down the grim specter will claim some member of the family ere the year has passed. The dropping of the dish-rag foretells the coming of a stranger; to meet a funeral on the street is an ill omen, and many will go squares out of their way to avoid meeting an approaching cortege; to go out of the house and, forgetting some simple article, have to return for it presages disappointment, and you must sit down and cross your legs if you would dissolve the spell and be successful in your errand. These and many other equally absurd notions are prevalent among the people of the lower peninsula, and it seems as though the advancing element of enlightened civilization and intelligence will never be able to destroy them.

—A woman of Jefferson county, Georgia, who confesses to a murder, has had a disagreeing jury, and it is thought impossible to convict her. It is believed that she assumes the crime to shield the true murderer.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

—Gothamites are said to consume six million barrels of beer every year.

—The heads of 17 Apaches are preserved in a museum in an Arizona town.

—One Australian farmer has shot, trapped and poisoned 18,000 rabbits in the last year.

—The people of Greenfield, Ind., have made up a purse of $1,800 with which to drill for gas.

—Women are now employed as ticket agents at the stations on the Staten Island railroad.

—A farmer at Batavia, N. Y., is said to have devoured thirteen dozen of clams during one day.

—Ex-President Arthur was a member of the Thirteen Club of New York, and was the first to die.

—The largest library in the world is the Imperial at Paris, which contains over 2,000,000 volumes.

—In the library at the British Museum there are over thirty-two miles of shelves filled with books.

—A party of southern capitalists are talking of establishing a beef-canning factory at New Orleans, La.

—Brick Pomeroy writes from London that English capitalists are spoiling to tunnel the Rocky mountains.

—At Somerville, Mass., a woman has contributed $20,000 dollars for establishing a home for aged women.

—Rhode Island owes its name to Isle of Rhodes (Roses) in the Mediterranean sea, which it is said to resemble.

—The number of daily newspapers in the United States is over 1300, with an aggregate circulation of 4,800,000.

—Sig. Camini, a Venetian, is credited with the ability to speak and write ninety six languages and dialects.

—H. Peter Jenkins, of Buffalo, recently made ten wills. After his death all of them were offered for probate.

—Louisville's colored fair is said to be a great success, being visited by the white people as much as the Ethiopians.

—One of Cincinnati's chief industries is the manufacturing of lead, fifteen million pounds of which are made every year.

—All the curiosities in the Chateau of Langeais, in Touraine, France, have been sold. A single statuette brought $3200.

—Harvard College has 1,077 students this winter, against 1,068 last year, while the university has 1,688 students, against 1,662.

—A new coloring in nature is the "toboggan complexion," consisting of deep red on the cheeks and carmine on the ears and nose.

—Out of the twenty-six Barons who signed the Magna Charta, only three could write their names. The remainder made their mark.

—The 50,000 tons of soot which are taken out of London chimneys each year are used for fertilizing purposes, and are valued at $200,000.

—The river from which Connecticut is named was known to the Indians as "Quinnticut," which interpeted means "at the long river."

—A Bartlett, (N. H.) man crawled under his house to make repairs, but got wedged in so that the neighbors had to cut a hole in the floor to release him.

—The number of divorces per 1,000 marriages, is 4 in London, 10 in Berlin, 15 in Munich, 23 in Vienna, 25 in Paris, 73 in Boston, and 223 in San Francisco.

—A visit to the sewers of Paris, was a feature of a press festival recently held in that city. Five hundred persons availed themselves of the singular programme.

—Two women in Connecticut—Lucy Luther, at Hadlyme, and Elizabeth Buck, at Wethersfield—celebrated their 103 birthday anniversaries within a few days past.

—Isaac Murphy, the colored American jockey, is the nearest approach we have to Fred Archer, his annual earnings being placed at from $10,000 to $15,000.

—The Plonk family in Lincolnton, N. C., is long-lived. Joseph is now 98 years old; his sister, Mrs. Tethrow, is 100 years, and Mrs. Weaver, another sister, is 102 years of age.

—The first recorded coal