

### BABY'S BEDTIME SONG.

Sway to and fro in the twilight gray,  
This is the ferry for Shadowtown;  
It always sails at the end of day,  
Just as the darkness is closing down.

Rest, little head, on my shoulder, so,  
A sleepy kiss is the only fare;  
Drifting away from the world we go,  
Baby and I, in a rocking chair.

See, where the fire logs glow and spark,  
Glitter the lights of Shadowland;  
The pelting rains on the window, hark!  
Are rippling lapping up its strand.

There where the mirror is glancing dim,  
A lake with its shimmering cool and still;  
Blossoms are waving above its brim,  
Those over there on the window sill.

Rock slow, more slow, in the dusky light,  
Slightly lower the anchor down;  
Dear little passenger, say good night,  
We've reached the harbor of Shadowtown.

—Frederick News.

### MY JOURNEY TO TEXAS.

FORT LINCOLN, SANTANA, Vegas county, Tex., April 2, 1879.—Dear Elsie: I ventured to suggest a year ago to our respected sister, Lavinia, that it would do you no harm, and some others a great deal of good, if you spent a summer with me. You remember the answer? You were delicate, Texas was the land of chills, and I was not a fit person to be guardian of so irreplaceable a subject as my small but obstreperous sister. What you wished did not appear until it was too late, so my plans were ruthlessly crushed and Lavinia triumphed. This time I write to you, not Lavinia. You are 19, my dear, and if an American woman is ever going to have her own way she begins at 19. Will you come this year? And will you come at once? The wife wants you, I want you, and as for the boy, to see "Aunt Elsie" is the dearest wish of his heart. I do not expect a favorable reply. I have too much respect for the power of Lavinia's will and authority. Yet this letter shall go. Your loving brother, August Wynne.

E. S.—If you can defy the powers that be, write at once, so that I may meet you at Santana. The cars will carry you there. I will come as far as Hobart Junction if I can. Are you afraid of the journey? A. W.

Would I go? Of course I would. Did the foolish boy think there was only one will in the family? The dear old fellow, if he really wanted his useless, frivolous, meddling little sister, he should certainly have her. Lavinia was shocked at the idea, of course, but it was of no use. I said I must go, and went.

I sent word, as I was told, the next day, and two weeks later I was rolling out of Chicago in a sleeper of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy railway, speeding westwards, fairly embarked upon a journey of five days and five nights on the cars and a thirty mile drive after that.

How I was watched and cared for and waited upon by the railway officials. Conductors of trains have faults, I suppose, but they were very good to me. They got my tickets; they told me where to change; they brought me coffee; and until I got to Hobart Junction, where I hoped to find Addison, I might have been—I really was—surrounded by an army of protectors and friends. I looked anxiously up and down the platform at Hobart, but, alas! no Addison was to be seen.

Well, I had come more than 1,000 miles alone. Assuredly I was capable of conveying myself fifty, and he would not fail to be at Santana. So there was nothing to worry about. Nevertheless, when I found that there was only one day car going on from Hobart, that I was to be the only woman on board, and that the pace at which we were to travel would be more than ten miles an hour, because the track was unsafe, my heart sank a little, I confess, for it was 2 o'clock in the morning, and I was very, very tired. There was a change of conductors, too—a change for the worse. The "boss" of this train was a large, roughly dressed person, with a hairy face, who stared at me as he arranged my bags and wraps upon a seat in front in a way that was scarcely polite and not at all reassuring. When he had finished his work he growled out in a gruff voice: "Going to Fort Lincoln this trip, I believe?" I replied with dignity that the commandant of the fort was my brother, and then, leaning back in my seat, closed my eyes and pretended to slumber. This hint was sufficient, and to my great joy, after another prolonged stare, the man went about his business. When I was quite sure of this I opened my eyes and looked about me. It was a very shabby car; badly furnished, badly lighted and badly ventilated; a smell of stale tobacco smoke about it, which made me feel quite sick. I became very cross and gloomy. Addison ought to have met me before this. He knew I was alone, and must be aware what an emigrant car was like. Perhaps this was a practical joke—he always liked practical jokes—and he hoped to frighten me. Well, he had not done that, at any rate. There was nothing to be frightened about.

The men in the car scarcely noticed me at all, and though my conductor was gruff, his face was not forbidding—and he knew Addison. Soothed by these thoughts I closed my eyes in good earnest and tried to sleep. I was accustomed to traveling now, and soon dropped into an uneasy doze and began to dream. I dreamed of a face I had not seen for a long, long while—the face of an old schoolfellow, Eric Proctor by name, who had gone out west some time ago, and was often mentioned by Addison in his letters. Eric was a nice boy before he went west, a clumsy, overgrown youth, but very amiable and good natured, with a great head of yellow hair, and simple, honest, blue eyes. I don't know why I dreamed of Eric now; perhaps it was because he was the only person I knew in Texas besides the family; but I did dream of him very vividly. I thought I had arrived at Santana, and found him on the platform instead of Addison. He looked very much older than he used to do, his face haggard and worn.

He did not speak to me, but, taking my hand, led me away until we were out of sight of the station, and then lifted me onto a horse, which had appeared from I don't know where, and we were galloping away at a tremendous pace. I begged him to let me go, but he shook his head and spurred on faster. I began to feel cold and queer, as if he were made of ice and were freezing me. All at once he stopped with a sharp jerk, and with a cry flung me away, and I felt myself falling, falling as

if from some great height—and awoke. The train was still. We had pulled up at a waxy station to water the engine, and I was shivering with the chill air. The dawn was at hand, and I slipped out of the train and walked briskly up and down to warm myself, and by the time the wants of the engine were satisfied the sun was rising, and I began to recover my spirits.

At last a short, bluff whistle from the engine, like the bark of some giant dog, a movement among the passengers, and a jarring sensation beneath my feet. The goal of my desire was not far off. Now the door of the car was opened wide, and the conductor, who had kept away from me all the journey, came in from the baggage van to take tickets. Mine was the last. He examined it with unnecessary deliberation, and then delivered himself of the following ominous remark:

"Now, say, why didn't ye write the colonel that yew were comin'?" The familiarity of this address would have disgusted me at any ordinary time, but now I began to feel miserably anxious.

"I did write," I replied breathlessly. "He will be at the station to meet me."

"He ain't!"

The rejoinder came as sharply as the ping of an arrow. I jumped up with a lump in my throat, and looked out of the window.

The train had stopped and most of the passengers were leaving it. There was no station or depot here, only a rough platform on one side of the line, with "Santana" painted in tippy black letters on the rail, and a solitary log house a few yards away with "Post-office" in white letters on the door. Yet this was undoubtedly my destination, and the conductor was right—Addison had not come. There were several rough, red faced creatures lounging on the platform, wearing broad brimmed hats, great riding boots and prominent spurs; there were our passengers disappearing one by one into the log house in search of breakfast, but there was no Col. Wynne. What could have happened? I turned from the window with a gasp, and met the eyes of the conductor looking down upon me with the grimmest expression I had ever seen.

"Well!" he said, with an exasperating interrogatory inflection on that expressive word.

"He cannot have received my letter," I observed, hurriedly, trying to keep my voice clear and steady, while the lump in my throat grew and grew, and I wanted to cry very badly indeed. To avert this catastrophe, I suggested that my belongings should be removed from the train. The conductor instantly became brisk and helpful, and we were soon passing by the red faced men, who drew back to give us room, and stared with great round, stupid eyes, as if they had never seen a girl in a gray ulster before. We went straight to the postoffice, and were met by the postmaster before we reached the door. He was a tall, dark man, with only one eye; a dreadful ugly man, with a very dirty face and still dirtier hands—a wicked looking man, I thought. The conductor greeted him as if they were old acquaintances.

"Seen Col. Wynne lately, Hank?" "A week ago—came for his mail."

"This is his sister."

Mr. Hank nodded as if he were aware of the fact, and stared very hard at me with his one eye.

"Is—is my brother here?" I ventured to ask, just for something to say.

"He's at the fort, miss."

"And how far off is that?"

"Thirty mile—bee line."

My heart began to beat at a very uncomfortable rate. A horrible state of things!

"Would you kindly advise me what to do?"

"Breakfast," struck in the conductor decidedly. "You've eat nothing for ten hours."

"Thank you," I answered politely. "I am hungry; but I want to know how I am to get to Fort Lincoln."

This question was not to be answered at once. Neither of the men seemed to hear it, and without further ceremony ushered me into the house, through one long room full of men with a stove in the middle of it, a liquor bar, and several small tables, to a small room behind, where there were heaps of blankets scattered about a rough bedstead, one chair and a table.

"Sit down," said the postmaster, pointing to the chair. I obeyed, feeling very forlorn and helpless. It was a dreadful position to be in. There did not seem to be a woman anywhere. I was thirty miles from my brother, with no visible means of reaching him; and this dreadful one-eyed man was master of the situation. A whispered colloquy, lasting several minutes, now took place between the postmaster and the conductor, after which the former, whose name I subsequently discovered to be Mr. Hank Wynne, turned to me and cleared his throat as though he were about to address a camp meeting.

"There's but two things to be done, miss, as far as we kin see, and you must fix on which road suits ye best. Kunnel Wynne don't expect you, I reckon, so you'll have to hunt him, or send and git him to come for yew. I can't poke up much accommodation here, and there ain't a woman nearer than the fort just now; but if you 'lect to stay I'll fix what I may to-night and send a boy to the kunnel. If this ain't good enough I'll see if any one is bound Fort Lincoln way with a wagon to take ye there. Think it out, will ye? while I dish breakfast, and let me know your mind in an hour."

This was very fairly said. I thanked Mr. Wynne for his offers and was able to bid farewell to the conductor, who had another ten miles to travel, with a stout heart.

It did not take me long to make up my mind. I thought that I relished the idea of a thirty mile drive with a stranger, but while breakfast was in course of preparation a little incident happened that made this difficulty seem a very small one. The room I was in was lighted by one square window not far from the ground, and after the postmaster had left the room I saw three pairs of eyes,

belonging to the rough faces of some of the men I had seen on the platform, staring fixedly at me. They disappeared with great quickness when they saw that I was aware of their scrutiny; but the feeling of being watched was very unpleasant, and I felt that I would not pass a night at Santana on any account.

Mr. Wynrow appeared relieved when I told him this, and when he brought up breakfast introduced a man who owned a wagon, and guaranteed to arrive at Fort Lincoln before sundown.

I can see the fellow now, though it is ten years since that day. A very thin man, of middle height, dressed in neat, brown canvas clothes. His hair was very smooth, parted in the middle and carried back behind his ears as tightly as if it were bound with rope. He had a small, round head, a flat nose, brown eyes, rather dull and expressionless, very high cheek bones and thick lips. An ugly man, yet quiet and modest in manner and speech, with a soft, well modulated voice. He was inclined to be bald, stooped in his gait, and seemed a rather stupid and altogether insignificant kind of a person. A "doctor of medicine," he called himself, and added with some dignity, that he was a "friend of Col. Wynne's."

I trusted him. His quiet voice was a relief after the harsh speech of Mr. Wynrow, and my one object in life just then was to get away from those horrible staring eyes. In less than an hour I was by his side jolting along the Fort Lincoln road behind a stout team of mules.

I cannot remember now how far we went before I began to feel nervous and uncomfortable. I know that it was a long way, for I remember congratulating myself upon having left Santana, because my companion told me that the safe postmaster had been murdered by cowboys a week or two ago—and this was doubtless how my letter miscarried—and that the station was known to be one of the worst haunts for rowdies in the county. But the time came at length when he fell quite silent, and I then found that whenever I turned my head to view the prairie about his eyes rested upon my face. Oh, how terrible it was! I edged away from him to the farthest corner of the seat, and felt more and more helpless and unnerved every moment. The suspense did not last long.

When he perceived my fears he boldly raised his eyes and looked at me with a smile of the most horrible kind. Then he laughed softly a dry, hard laugh. I tried to speak now, but my throat was dry and parched, and my tongue seemed paralyzed. He laughed again, louder, and, stopping quickly, pulled up the mules with a jerk. I knew what was coming now, and, before he could touch me, sprang from the wagon. He followed me with the swift, silent movement of a snake, and as I turned to meet him, for I could not run, he laughed for the third time. The sound roused me. I tried to seize his throat with both hands. I felt that I could kill him for that laugh. But, oh! the weakness of a woman! Why are we not as strong as men? He caught my wrists in his hard, brown fingers. My arms were forced back, powerless and helpless, as if held in iron bands. I screamed now in good earnest and struggled against him with all my strength and soul, and all the time I felt his grip grow tighter and tighter. His muscles were of steel.

Suddenly he relaxed his hold and stood still, and his flushed face became colorless and livid, as if I had accomplished my desire and he was dying. Then he let me go, starting from me as if I wore some poisonous thing; and, dropping on his knees, he bent his head to the ground and listened. When he rose to his feet a moment later he reeled and staggered like a drunken man, looking at me wildly with the expression of some hunted beast of prey. I stared at him dumfounded for a moment, feeling very giddy and sick, and then I knew what he had heard. We were in a hollow between two rolls of prairie, and could not see far on either side, but sound carries a long way in this country, and even my unaccustomed ears now caught a low, rumbling thunder, becoming louder every instant—the flying hoofs of galloping horses. It came from behind; some one had followed us. Whoever it might be, the wretched man who had betrayed his trust was likely to get short strayed. He knew it well, and now threw himself on his knees at my feet, muttering in a hoarse whisper:

"Come back to the wagon. They'll murder me in cold blood else, before your eyes. I swear I was only fooling. I had not a wrong thought in my heart. Save me, save me!"

I was willing to do that, much as I loathed the creature, for he had not hurt me; but I could not go back to the wagon. I began to feel very faint and queer; the sensation of safety, after the horrible tension a minute ago, was a severe reaction, and almost too much for me. The poor wretch saw this, and his muttered supplication rose to a bitter cry.

"They are cowboys; they've heard your call. They'll tear me in pieces if you drop. Don't! Oh, my God! my God!"

I set my teeth hard. I would not yield to my weakness. Bad as his intentions were, I could not let him be killed. With a great effort I managed somehow to keep my head steady, and then my rescuers swept over the hill, and the danger was over.

Twelve mounted men were there, riding at a tearing gallop, with free bridle rein. They gave a tremendous shout when they saw us, and there was a great flash of steel and silver, as twelve revolvers sprang from sheath and were cocked and made ready for use. The poor wretch at my feet buried his face in his hands and crouched in terror, and I felt very nervous indeed, for these cowboys looked dreadfully fierce. On they came, silent now; many of them with bare knives between their teeth. No wonder this guilty creature was in despair. I went forward to meet them, and was about to speak, when a hat waved wildly, a hearty voice greeted me and I saw a face that I knew. It was Eric's, pale and stern, as I had seen it in my dream, but handsomer, very much handsomer;

and in another instant he was off his horse and shaking both my hands until my fingers positively ached. I was in safe keeping now indeed!

I have a little more to tell. It took all Eric's influence and my entreaties to save the wretched man. But it was done in the end, and we were soon out that the fort. There I found out that the very cowboys I had dreaded so much at Santana were instrumental in causing the timely arrival of the rescue party. They had their suspicions, and when Eric—who rode into Santana half an hour after I left it—said he should follow me, they volunteered to a man.

I may pass over Addison's astonishment when we arrived at the fort. He had never received my letter. We had a most joyful time that day; but I think what interested me most were some words I overheard Addison say to Eric Proctor: "You must stay at least a month with us. We don't often see you, and now that Elsie is here!"

Eric did stay; and I am bound to admit that he made the most of his time. Before I went back to Chicago we were engaged to be married.—English Illustrated Magazine.

### Chinese Conception of Hell.

In this department of the Saturday Republic we gave a description of hell as seen in the mind's eye of the Japanese. Below will be found the Chinaman's idea of the same torrid city:

The sixth court of hell is situated at the bottom of the great ocean north of Wuchio rock. It is a vast, noisy gehenna, many leagues in extent, and around it are sixteen wards, or ante-hells. In the first ward the sinful soul is made to kneel for long periods on hot iron spots; in the second they are placed up to their necks in filth; in the third they are pounded till the blood runs out; in the fourth their mouths are opened with red hot pinchers and filled with needles; in the fifth they are inclosed in a net of thorns and nipped by poisonous locusts; in the seventh the flesh and bones are crushed to a jelly, all except the head; in the eighth the head is denuded of skin, and the flesh beaten on the raw; in the ninth the mouth is filled with fire; in the tenth the pounded flesh off of the body is licked and roasted by sulphurous flames; in the eleventh the nostrils are subjected to all loathsome smells known to their tormentors; in the twelfth they are to be lusted by rams, oxen and buffaloes, and at last subject to crushing pressure by being trampled by horses; in the thirteenth the heart will be taken out and skinned; in the fourteenth the skull will be rubbed with sandstone until it has been entirely worn from the jellylike mass which was once the body; in the fifteenth the body will be separated in the middle and carried with the bare, bleeding ends sitting on red hot plates, to the sixteenth ward, where the skin will be removed, dried and rolled up, after having written upon it all the sinful deeds done by the soul while an inhabitant of the fleshy body; after that the body will be consigned to the flames.—St. Louis Republic.

### The Westerner Abroad.

He was a tall, lanky westerner, and he stood yesterday afternoon in the Tremont house talking with several new acquaintances. He was a good talker, and they enjoyed listening to him. One of the party had just told a tale of a wonderful perfect mirage he had once witnessed, and the westerner thought it was his next lead, so he said: "Talking of illusions, I want to tell you of one in my own experience. I think it beats them all. An old partner of mine was with me at the time, and we were riding over the Rockies on broncos. Suddenly we reached a high elevation, and below us, in a sort of a basin, we saw the most beautiful and fertile valley imaginable. The grass was green, the trees full of rich foliage and singing birds, and through the valley ran a clear and limpid stream.

"We needed water and we made the descent. I tried to slake my thirst from the stream, but to my astonishment I found the stream petrified. It was clear, and we could see petrified fish below the surface. Turning around I saw that our broncos were stamping furiously. The grass that they had attempted to eat was also petrified, and investigation proved that the trees and foliage were petrified. Even the birds were petrified on the limbs." The listeners had been exchanging significant glances during this wonderful lie recital. "How about the birds singing which you spoke of?" asked one of the party. "They were singing petrified songs," answered the westerner, and he strolled away, leaving the party to wonder whether he meant "White Wings," or "Down Went McGinty."—Chicago Herald.

### Solidification of Natural Gas.

A new process for condensing natural gas is well spoken of. The process itself, as well as the machinery needed to carry it out, is very simple. Gas when transformed into solid matter is not dangerous to handle. Its expansive force is very great, and when the substance becomes heated above a certain degree it will become very volatile and will burst an ordinary cask or can, but the effect is gradual and it does not explode. The inventor claims that with a 10-horse power engine he can reduce enough gas in one day to supply a city of 50,000 inhabitants with fuel for twenty-four hours.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

### Didn't Want Any Gush.

Many years ago a youthful man of letters arrived at Etretat with a letter of introduction to Alphonse Karr. He had been particularly told of Karr's passionate love of the sea, and, finding the author of "Genevieve" seated on the beach, mending a net, he immediately began an enthusiastic outburst of compliments about the grandeur of the ocean.

"Monsieur," interrupted Karr, "I love the sea; we have lived together a long time. But if you have come all the way from Paris to disgust me with it, I can only say it is a wicked thing to do."—San Francisco Argonaut.

### ALL ABOUT THE TOBOGGAN.

#### A STYLE OF COASTING WHICH IS GROWING IN POPULARITY.

Enjoyed in the Sandwich Islands Before the Bob Sled Was Heard Of—The Natives Played a Sort of Game on Which They Frequently Bet Heavily.

The toboggan may now be fairly ranked as a representative American amusement. It has been claimed by several notable writers on sports that it is essentially of Indian origin and therefore may be classed as a purely American phase of sport. It is a representative sport among the best known nations, although no other civilized nation than our own makes a leading feature of it, or carries it to such perfection.

#### THE FIRST TOBOGGAN.

The earliest mention of the primitive toboggan is found in the history of the inhabitants of the Sandwich Islands, in the Pacific ocean. The game as practiced by them was called "holua," and was undoubtedly the forerunner of the coaster and the toboggan slide. It was participated in by several players, each of whom was furnished with a kind of sleigh called a papa. This was composed of a couple of rather narrow runners, varying from seven to eighteen feet in length, according to the skill and caprice of the player—the runners being made of hard, sound, seasoned wood, about three inches in thickness, and curved up at one end so as not to catch in the ground and to better enable the sleigh to rise over small obstacles encountered in the "run," or slide. A curious point of construction, however, was that these runners were not placed in a parallel position like those on a sleigh, but diverged slightly at the rear end, being about seven inches apart, and converged at the front where they turned up, until they were within two inches of each other. The idea was to render the sleigh more easy of guidance. These runners were bridged across with pieces of board to render them rigid, and the bridges were covered with a mat of native fiber.

To form a slide the side of a steep mountain was chosen and a narrow trench cut extending from the summit to the base, and frequently a mile or more on the flat, the distance varying according to the nature of the surrounding country. This trench was always kept clear of vegetation when not in use, and could be plainly seen from a considerable distance. When the season came for the game the trench was lined with dry grasses so as to make the sleighs run faster. The players assembled at the top of the mountain and one of them, drawing back some little distance from the trench, raised his sleigh in his hands, and running at full speed threw himself bodily into the trench with his sleigh underneath him. Falling upon the slippery, dry grass, it shot forward down the incline at a terrific pace. As the angle was frequently as high as forty to forty-five degrees, it is a matter of wonder that scores of riders were not killed in that headlong flight.

The winner was the man who traveled the farthest. So excited did the players become that they frequently wagered their huts, their lands—everything they possessed, even to their wives and children—on the result of the sport. Cases are recorded where, sixty years ago, men who had lost everything also staked their own bones, to be made into fish hooks and arrow heads after their death.

#### THE CANADIAN OTOBOGGAN.

The pastime has existed for centuries among these people, and the history of its eventual introduction into America and its subsequent development is very interesting. The first use of the toboggan in this country is said to have been as a hand sleigh used by the Indians when on snow shoes on which to pack their pelts. These sleighs were used extensively in the early years between the French, English and Indians, and were found invaluable in transporting camp baggage through the northern wilds.

French writers call them the train sauvage, but the Indian name was odoboggan. The sleigh was turned up at both ends, while the modern one turns up at one end only. Sixty years ago the British officers at Montreal emulated the Pacific islanders by sliding on these odoboggans down the slopes of Mount Royal, and the pastime, becoming popular, spread until it finally crossed the Canadian line and located at Saratoga, N. Y., which may aptly be termed the "home of the toboggan." Here was erected the first artificial slide, which still ranks as one of the finest in the country, although many others have been erected at greater expense by clubs and private individuals.

So popular has this sport become in winter that a modification of it will be adopted for the summer at Fort Hamilton and Ocean Grove, N. J. At both of these places a long, solid slide will be built, extending from the land over into the water, the end of it being slightly above the water line, so as to insure the toboggan clearing the slide in its run. Not having the smooth surface of the snow or ice to produce speed and easy transit, the flooring of the slide is to be fitted with a number of small iron wheels four feet apart, and each row about two feet apart over the entire length of the slide. The toboggan is intended to be of the usual shape, and will run rapidly over these rollers to the water, turning over as it reaches it and upsetting the riders in all directions. A trial of this idea proved so successful that a leading feature will be made of it at these two resorts.—Brooklyn Eagle.

#### Remarkable Somnambulism.

Two remarkable cases of somnambulism are reported from Berlin. A boy and girl, aged about 11, suddenly developed somnolency. While playing in school they suddenly fell asleep; also while walking, standing or speaking, so that they do not finish their sentences. If they are put to bed and afterwards awake, they try to continue the conversation which was broken off by sleep, and answer questions which were then asked them.—Montreal Star.

#### The Box on the Platform.

At the dinner station, where we stopped one day on a certain Tennessee railroad, almost the first sight which greeted the eyes of those who got off was a rough burial box on the platform, and seated near it was an old black woman with a handkerchief to her eyes. When kindly asked the cause of her sorrow she pointed to the box and replied:

"De ole man's in dar."  
"Your husband?"  
"Yes; died two days ago back yere in the kentry."

"And what are you doing with the body here?"

"I wants to bury it up at Charlestown, but I hain't got money 'nuff to take it or de railroad."

"What nonsense!" exclaimed a man, as he came forward. "What's the difference where a nigger is buried? They want her to bury it here, but she won't. She's determined to take it to Charlestown."

"For what reason?" asked the passenger who had put all the previous questions.

"Kase, sah, all de fo' chill'n is buried up dar, an' his mudder an' sister, an' de poo' ole man will be lonesome down yere."

"What trash!" growled the kicker.

"Look here!" whispered the other, as he went over to him. "I'd rather be a nigger with your soul than to be a white man with yours! She's right. Let the family dead sleep together."

He entered the express office, paid for the shipment of the body, bought the widow a ticket to Charlestown, and then dropped a \$10 gold piece in her hand and said:

"Give him a decent funeral, mammy, and this will put up a headboard to mark the grave."

"May the good Lawd bless you for!" — But he hurried in to snatch a bite to eat. While he was gone I made inquiries as to his identity, and finally found a man who replied:

"Why, that's Col. Blank, of Alabama. He owned over three hundred niggers when the war broke out."—New York Sun

#### Our Native Tree Fruits.

Take our cherries to begin with. We have, first, the shrubby choke cherry, which unquestionably might become the parent of an improved dwarf ironclad fruit, either directly developed from the best among the wildings, or aided by crossings with foreign species. The dwarf Black Hills cherry, probably the largest of our natives, would, perhaps, cross well with the choke cherry. Among the innumerable wild "bird cherries," even in the wild state, selections could easily be made of trees producing very large and good fruit, with which to make an advantageous start, while the black cherry might be made the foundation for another race similar to the foreign heart cherries.

When we come to the plums it is seen at once that nature has laid a broad foundation for us to build upon in our variant native species—east, west and south—selections from which are already widely cultivated. It is easy to believe that from these can be induced fruit far superior to and widely different from anything yet known. It would not be surprising to see plums from this stock reaching eventually the size and quality of the apricot, with a vigor of tree far beyond that of any foreign stone fruit. With this abundant material, and all the acquired skill of modern science, and with these natives and all their relatives from other continents to work with, our skilled horticulturists ought to produce remarkable results within a comparatively brief time.—Vick's Magazine.

#### Uses of Ants.

Ants are terrible fighters. They have very powerful jaws, considering the size of their bodies, and therefore their method of fighting is by biting. They will bite one another and hold on with a wonderful grip of the jaws, even after their legs have been bitten off by other ants. Sometimes six or eight ants will be clinging with a death grip to one another, making a peculiar spectacle, some with a leg gone, and some with half the body gone. One singular fact is that the grip of an ant's jaw is retained even after the body has been bitten off and nothing but the head remains. This knowledge is possessed by a certain tribe of Indians in Brazil, South America, who put the ants to a very peculiar use. When an Indian gets a gash cut in his hand, instead of having his hand sewed together as the physicians do in this country, he procures five or six large black ants, and, holding their heads near the gash, they bring their jaws together in biting the flesh, and thus pull the two sides of the gash together. Then the Indian pinches off the bodies of the ants, and leaves their heads clinging to the flesh, which is held together until the gash is perfectly healed.—Interview in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

#### A Woman's Club.

You men have numerous clubs to which you can go and spend your leisure hours, while we—poor creatures—are supposed to spend our spare time at home. I have been long thinking of forming some sort of organization for ladies where they may go in the afternoon and have a good time just like the sterner sex. In the evening we could have receptions for our gentlemen friends. Of course, we would have no bar or smoking room, but would have tea and coffee rooms instead. A club of that sort would be heartily indorsed by numerous well known society leaders.—Society Belle in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

#### Always on Time.

The rigid punctuality of Washington was illustrated by an incident during his visit to Boston just a hundred years ago. Having appointed 8 o'clock in the morning as the hour at which he should set out for Salem, he mounted his horse just as the Old South clock was striking that hour. The company of cavalry which was to escort him did not arrive till after his departure, and did not overtake him till he had reached Charles river bridge.—San Francisco Argonaut.