

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

"Is—is my brother here?" I ventured to ask, just for something to say. "He's at the fort, miss."

"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."

"Sit down," said the postmaster, pointing to the chair. I obeyed, feeling very forlorn and helpless.

"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 ye.

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.

He 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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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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.

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.

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.

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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.

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.

The sixth court of hell is situated at the bottom of the great ocean north of Wuehio 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 flesh 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.

The 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 ODOBLOGGAN.

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 odobloogan. 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 odoblooggans 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 abreast, 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 educed 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.