

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

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Subscribers are requested to observe the date following the name on the labels of their papers. By referring to this they can tell at a glance how they stand on the books in this office.

Sufficient time has now elapsed since the scandalous disclosures of the dishonesty connected with the Panama canal project for the world at large to give to M. de Lesseps the credit that is due to him as a great engineer and a man of genius. It is not to be doubted that if the enormous funds which were raised for this great work had been honestly administered the isthmus would long ago have been pierced and the two oceans joined.

THE LITTLE VALENTINE.

Though 'tis faded now and yellow With the dust of many years, And its verses float before me, In the mists of unshut tears, 'Tis not all the tender treasures, 'Tis not all my heart entwined, 'Tis not all I love so fondly As this little valentine.

For around it cling and cluster Memories of the long ago; Of the sunny days of childhood, And the joys I used to know; Cherished dreams and youthful fancies, That in those old days were mine (Over, like the breath of roses, Round this little valentine.

A VALENTINE ROMANCE.

BY J. L. HARBOUR.

"I just like to know who in the land of the living ever sent me that thing! I just would like to know!" Lucinda Dyke sat in her big wooden rocking-chair, with her bonnet and shawl still on, although she was one of the most methodical of spinners and made it a rule to put her gloves, bonnet and shawl away, neatly and carefully, the moment she entered her house.

"Dear me! I thought that silly and ridiculous custom of sending valentines had about died out. Such nonsense as it is! But I guess only children and fools do it." Five minutes later, Mr. Moses Moss, the village postmaster, handed Miss Dyke a square, highly embossed white envelope through the little postoffice window.

"I guess somebody's sent you a valentine, Miss 'Cindy,'" he said. "I don't think anybody's been so silly," she replied, a little tartly. "She was rarely given to joking, and she always resented jokes having even remote reference to affairs of the heart. She acknowledged herself to be 'touchy' on this point, and she felt offended when she knew that it was really a valentine that she held in her hands.

She dropped it quickly into the black-cloth hand-bag she carried, her face flushing crimson with indignation. She was so disconcerted by receiving the valentine that she forgot to ask for the postage stamps and envelopes she had come to the office for, but marched out very primly and stiffly, giving the door of the post-office a sharp little bang behind her. She felt quite sure that Moses Moss was watching her through the one little front window of the postoffice, and she held her head very high and swung her black alpaca skirts scornfully as she walked away.

"I wish to the land I'd torn the thing into a thousand pieces right before him!" she said, as she turned the corner. "He likely knows who sent it, as he's the postmaster and familiar with everybody's writin'." An' Moses is such an old gossip he'd be sure to tell the person who sent it if he'd seen me tear it up. Wish I had."

Her brown eyes were none the less beautiful because of the angry sparkle in them, and the flush of crimson on either cheek was very becoming to Miss Lucinda. She found her scissors, the moment she entered her house, and cut off an end of the envelope with a snap. Then she drew out a dainty little creation in pink and blue and gold on a foundation of white, satin paper, with an edge of paper lace. She held it out at arms' length, in her gloved hands. Her eyes fairly glittered now, and the crimson flush on her cheeks deepened.

"Whoever sent me that thing is a fool!" she said. Then she held the valentine a little nearer, and said, scornfully: "Humph! Hearts with errors run through 'em, an' nasty little Cupids an' weddin'-bells—the idea of it! It's a perfect insult! When a woman gets to be forty-three years old, as I am, the less she thinks of Cupids an' weddin'-bells an' such nonsense, the better off she is. I've a good mind to put the thing into the fire, and—what's this? Poetry, as I'm a singer!"

The valentine had suddenly opened in her hands, and, in gilt letters, with a gold heart above and below it, was this verse:

"Oh, lonely, lonely is my heart, So lonely, love, for thee, I'm happiest when I'm where thou art, Oh, wilt thou come to me? Oh, wilt thou come to me for aye, And be forever mine, To gladden all the future years? Say, 'Yes!' say, 'Yes!' My valentine." "Mercies!" cried Miss Dyke, as she let the valentine fall into her lap, while her arms fell limply to her sides and she almost gasped for breath. Presently she said slowly, nodding her bonneted head to and fro: "I—just—wonder—who—did—send—me—that—silly—thing? Some mischievous school-boy, likely. But, no; he'd sent me one o' them nasty comes with a picture of an old maid on it with a nose a yard long and a saucy verse printed on it. I never saw that writing before, that I know of."

She took up the envelope and scrutinized the address carefully. "No," she said, "I never saw that writing before. Now, if I knew who sent me that thing, I'd send it right back with a note, telling 'em just what I thought of 'em. I vow I would!" She put the valentine back into the envelope and gave it a spiteful little toss over to a small stand near her. Then she rose briskly, took off her bonnet and shawl, exchanged her black alpaca for a gray mohair house-dress and a crisp white apron with wide-crocheted lace on it, and sat down by the little stand with a piece of half-finished sewing in her hands.

The valentine fell to the floor at her feet, when she took up her sewing. She let it lay where it had fallen for several minutes, while she stitched away in silence, drawing the thread through the cloth with quick, short jerks. Suddenly she stooped and picked up the valentine. "How did that silly verse go?" she said, as she drew the valentine from its envelope. "Such stuff as it is anyhow!" She read it again and again, heedless of the fact that the cat was snarling and growling at the contents of her workbasket.

"I know what I'm going to do," she said, suddenly. "I'm going back to the postoffice and make Moses Moss tell me whose handwritin' that is on the envelope. He'll know, and he'll tell me, too. Moses always was a good-natured fellow, and he'll tell me if he knows. I've just the faintest suspicion that old Jasper Hoyt may have sent me this. They say he's half cracked to marry again, and his first wife not six months in 'er grave. La! I want it flying back to him with as sassy a letter as ever he got, if I find Jasper Hoyt did send it."

Or it may be that it came from Silas Lawson. Some think he wants to marry 'cause he's painted and fixed up his place so, and got himself some decent duds. He'll never marry me. It may have come from Judson Sparks, and there ain't no one I'd sooner send it flying back to than him. He worried his first wife into her grave, and he'd never get the chance to worry me there, not if he'd get down on his bended knees and begged me to have him. John Gleason may have sent it for—but I'll just go and find out of the postmaster who did send it. I'm just curious to know."

But there was something more than mere curiosity in Miss Lucinda's lonely heart as she walked back to the post-office. Not for the world would she have admitted it even to herself, but there was a feeling of pleasure as well as of curiosity in her breast now. She could not dismiss the doggerel lines of that verse from her mind!

"Say, 'Yes!' say, 'Yes!' My valentine," she repeated, reproaching and scolding herself for her weakness in doing so, and saying stoutly to herself: "The man don't live that I'd say; 'Yes' to; no, he don't. What a big goose I am anyhow."

She reached the postoffice. The postmaster was alone in the neatly kept little room.

He was a short, stout, kindly-looking man of almost fifty years. He had child-like blue eyes and a round, honest face, a little inclined toward effeminacy in some of its outlines. The softness and sweetness of his voice were surprising when one looked at his swelling chest and broad shoulders. Everybody knew and everybody liked Moses Moss.

Lucinda Dyke had known him all her life, and she had never called him anything but "Moses" or "Mose." Now she said quickly, eager to do her errand before any one came in: "See here, Moses, I want to ask a favor of you."

"All right, 'Cindy. Ask away." "You know that some great goose had no more sense than to send me a valentine?" Moses's smooth, round cheeks crimsoned. "I knew you got one a while ago," he said. "Think of it! The idea! Well, now Moses, I want you to tell me whose handwritin' that is." She laid the envelope before him. He looked at it and then at her, the womanish blush deepening in his cheeks. "You know, don't you?" asked Miss Lucinda. "I felt sure you would, you being postmaster and seeing every-body's handwritin' so much. You know that, don't you?" "What you want to know for, 'Cindy?" "Well, because I do," she said, quite sharply. "If it come from the person I s'pect it come from, he'll get it back in short order."

"Who do you suspect, 'Cindy?" "I ain't goin' to say." "It may be ag'in the Government Postoffice laws for me to tell without a written order from the Postoffice Gen'l." "Stuff, Moses! Moses, how's he going to know anything about it? And, do you s'pose the Postoffice Gen'l and the President and his Cabinet is going to hang you if you should happen to tell an old maid who sent her a silly valentine? You know better than that! Did Jas Hoyt send it?" "No, he didn't."

"It ain't Silas Lawson's handwritin'?" "No." "Nor Judson Sparks'?" "No, 'Cindy." "Did John Gleason send it?" "It ain't his writin'." "Well, who in creation did send it?" "You'll get mad if I tell you." "Well, I won't get mad at you, anyhow, Moses." "Sure not, 'Cindy?" He was leaning over a little counter, now looking up into her face with an eager, pleading, searching look. "You sure not, 'Cindy?" he asked again.

"No, of course not," she said. "Why should I? I—I—why, Moses Moss!" She stepped back with a wild, frightened look. Something in his face and manner startled her. "'Cindy,' he said. "Why, I—well?" "I sent it, 'Cindy."

"Good Lor! Mose Moss!" "I did, 'Cindy. I—wait a moment, 'Cindy!" She would have fled from the post-office, but he reached across the counter and caught both her hands in his, saying eagerly: "I did, 'Cindy! I did! I sent it."

"Let me go, Moses Moss!" "You won't send it back, 'Cindy?" "I—I—why, Moses Moss!" "You won't—dear?" "Oh, mercy!" "Say you won't."

"Well, I—I—won't—there." "Oh, 'Cindy, I've wanted for months and months to say what that poetry verse said, but I ain't dared to say it myself. I am lonely, and you must be, too, 'Cindy. You'll say 'yes' to that verse, won't you, 'Cindy?"

"I—I—let me think. Oh, there comes old Mrs. Duke into the office. Let go my hands. She'll tell it all over town before sunset, if she saw you holding my hands. I must go. I must go." She jerked her hands away; and Moses called out after her: "If it's 'yes,' 'Cindy, when I go by to supper, you be settin' by your front window, with that red ribbon bow in your hair, that you had on to the church social last night. Please, 'Cindy."

She made no reply, but hurried out with fison cheeks and shining eyes. At five o'clock that evening Miss Dyke's nearest neighbor, Mrs. Pledge, came home from a walk to the village store and said to her daughter, Martha: "'Cindy Dyke seems mighty happy to-night. She was scribblin' out a silly love song when I came by her house a minute ago, and she came to the door as I passed, and she had on her brown silk dress and best white apron and a red ribbon bow in her hair."

"Maybe somebody sent her a valentine," said Martha, with a little tittering laugh, never dreaming that she had guessed aright.—New York Ledger.

A Crew of Deaf Mutes.

The schooner Mary and Belle is probably the only vessel in the world that is manned by a crew that is deaf and dumb. The schooner is not a large vessel by any means, being about seventy feet long, but she is a neat-looking craft and her decks, spar and rigging look in much better condition than those of many other vessels whose crews can speak the language of the Queen's taste, says the Providence (R. I.) Journal. The captain of this craft, George Bennett, is a most intelligent-looking man, apparently fifty years old. He is alive to all that is going on around him and seems to enjoy his silent and speechless life.

The crew, Charlie Malone, is also deaf and dumb. These two deaf and dumb men manage the stanch schooner Mary and Belle admirably. They are always on the lookout and sleep with one eye open, as good sailors always should. When they are caught in heavy squalls the Captain cannot shriek out his commands, but simply attracts his men's attention by a whistle and then tells him what he wants by signs, while he sticks to the wheel.

THE BLOODTHIRSTY SERI.

THE MOST INTERESTING TRIBE ON THE CONTINENT.

They Kill a White Man on Sight—So Fleet-Footed That They Outrun Deer and Rabbits.

THE killing of two Americans by the Seri Indians of Sonora last spring has given occasion for recent diplomatic correspondence between the United States and Mexico. It will be remembered that the victims belonged to an exploring expedition headed by a newspaper man named Robinson. The latter and one of his three companions were murdered. The deed had no other motive than pure ferocity. Small as is the tribe of the Seris—they number only about 250 souls—these savages are the most bloodthirsty in North America. For a long time they have terrorized Sonora, but the Mexican Government seems powerless to control them.

The tribe was visited recently by an expedition from the Bureau of Ethnology, which has just returned to Washington with some very interesting information. Professor W. J. McGee, who led the party, said: "It is understood that the Seris are cannibals—at all events, that they eat every white man they can lay. They are cruel and treacherous beyond description. Toward the white man their attitude is exactly the same as that of the white man toward a rattlesnake—they kill him as a matter of course, unless restrained by fear. Never do they fight in open warfare, but always lie in ambush. They are copper-colored humanites. It is their custom to murder everybody, white, red or Mexican (I employ the terms commonly used in that country) who ventures to enter the territory they call their own."

In many respects the Seris are the most interesting tribe of savages in North America. They are decidedly more primitive in their ways than other Indians, having scarcely any arts worth mentioning. In fact, they have not yet advanced as far as the stone age. The only stone implement in common use among them is a rude hammer of that material, which they employ for beating clay to make a fragile and peculiar kind of pottery. When one of the squaws wishes to make a meal of mesquite beans she has no utensils for the purpose. She looks about until she finds a rock with an upper surface conveniently hollow, and on this she places the beans, pounding them with an ordinary stone.

The Seris live on the Island of Tiburon, in the Gulf of California. They also claim 5000 square miles of the mainland in Sonora. Their dwellings are the rudest imaginable. A chance rock commonly serves as one wall of the habitation; stones are piled up so as to make a small inclosure, and the shell of a single great turtle does for a roof. The house is always open on one side and is not intended as a shelter from storms, but chiefly to keep off the sun. The men and women wear a single garment, like a petticoat, made of pelican skin. Not far from Tiburon, which is about thirty miles long by fifteen miles wide, there is a smaller island where pelicans roost in vast numbers. The Seris go at night, and with sticks knock over as many of the birds as they require.

Physically speaking, the Seris are most remarkable. They are of great stature, the men averaging nearly six feet in height, with splendid chests. But the most noticeable point about them is their legs, which are very slender and sinewy, resembling the legs of the deer. Since the first coming of the Spaniards they have been known to other tribes as the runners. It is said that they can run from 150 to 200 miles a day, not pausing for rest. I suppose you are aware that the jack rabbit is considered a very fleet animal. Yet these Indians are accustomed to catch jack rabbits by outrunning them.

For this purpose three men or boys go together. If the rabbit ran straight away from its pursuer, it could not be taken; but its instinct is to make its flight by zig-zags. The hunters arrange themselves at short distances apart. As quickly as one of them starts a rabbit, a second Indian runs as fast as he can along a line parallel with the course taken by the animal. Presently the rabbit sees the second Indian and dashes off at a tangent. By this time the third hunter has come up and gives the quarry another turn. After the third or fourth zigzag the rabbit is surrounded, and the hunters quickly close in upon him and grab him.

It is an odd fact that this method of catching jack-rabbits is precisely the same as that adopted by coyotes, which work similarly by threes. By this strategy these wild dogs capture the rabbits, though the latter are more fleet by far. I believe that no other human beings approach the Seris in celerity of movement. A favorite sport of the boys is lassoing dogs. Mongrel curs are the only animals domesticated by these wild people. For amusement's sake the boys take their dogs to a clear place and drive them in all directions. Then they capture the frightened animals by running and throwing lassos, which are made out of human hair. They have no difficulty in overtaking the dogs.

No other people in North America have so few conceptions of civilization as the Seris. They have absolutely no agriculture. As well as I could ascertain, they never put a seed into the ground or cultivate a plant. They live almost wholly on fish, water fowl and such game as they kill on the mainland. The game includes large deer, like our blacktails, an exquisitely graceful species of dwarf deer,

about the size of a three-months' fawn, peccaries, wild turkeys, prairie dogs, rabbits and quail. They take very large green turtles in the Gulf of California. Mesquite beans they eat both cooked and raw. The mesquite is a small, spreading tree, that bears seeds in pods.

"These Indians are fond of carnion. It makes no difference to them whether a horse has died a natural death a week or a month ago, they devour the flesh greedily. The feet of the animal they boil until those parts are tender enough to bite. The Seris are among the very dirtiest of savages. Their habits in all respects are filthy. They seem to have almost no amusements, though the children play with very rude dolls. Before the whites came they used pieces of shell for cutting instruments. I ought not to forget to say that they are accustomed to catch deer by running and surrounding the animals. No traditions worth mentioning appear to exist among them. The most interesting ornament I saw worn by any of them was a necklace of human hair, adorned with the rattles of rattlesnakes.—Washington Star.

WISE WORDS.

Nine out of ten people you talk with have some sort of a tale of woe to tell. The best sweets, like the greatest joys, should be sipped, not gulped down. Fame is cheap in a small town; it is so easy to get your name in the newspaper.

If you have a good thing stick to it until you are certain of something superior. The public will always suspect any institution that is a particle averse to investigation.

There are few speeches and few books that would not be improved by judicious pruning. So many wicked spiders down town are regarded as innocent flies by their women folks at home.

No woman should ever worry over the loss of a man who hadn't the courage to ask for her. A woman's idea of a perfectly awful thing is to have a visitor call while she is washing her hair.

A lie is often told without saying a word, by putting the rotten apples in the bottom of the basket. If you don't want to subsist upon bitter husks of retrospection, don't buck up against a put-up job.

Men who imagine that they are thoroughbreds, discover finally that they are only plain work animals. Some women talk of owing other women a call in the same way that men say they owe some one else a grudge.

A great many people do not learn until they are forty-five or fifty that it is dangerous to become confidential with people. It must be very discouraging to a man to be very gallant to his wife in public, and have her look as if she wasn't used to it. Never undertake to satisfy all of the whims of your neighborhood, rather satisfy yourself that you are doing right by not meddling; then you will have more friends.—The Great West.

A Wise Dog.

Coming downtown on a Lincoln avenue grip car the other morning was a man who had taught something like wisdom to a dog. The animal is a fine specimen of the greyhound breed and he knows when he is tired. He always accompanies his master to the store, in the region of Division street, and he rides most of the way on the grip car. He gallops alongside for a while, looking up occasionally at his master, and making remarks with his eyes about the scenery and passing teams and whatever else may occur to amuse him. And when he gets tired he runs a little closer to the grip car and leaps up on the foot-board where the conductor runs along when he blows the whistle in your ear.

He stands there steadily on his four feet—the dog; not the conductor, panting slightly, and exposing a portion of a moist red tongue. And, when he thinks he has ridden as far as his weariness renders necessary, he leaps to the ground, not waiting for the car to stop, catches his feet all right, and goes on with the merriest possible lope.

He is a familiar figure, and his preference for riding above walking has won him many admirers.—Chicago Herald.

To See Your Own Eye.

"Did you ever see your own eye?" asked an unscientific person. "It is a very simple matter. The most satisfactory view is obtained by shutting, say, the left eye, and pressing gently upon the right side of the right eye. You will then see, apparently at the right side of the nose, a round dark object about the size of the apple of the eye. That is what I take it to be, and I suppose the retina is made in some way to reflect the outer portion of the eye, though the phenomena may be only an optical illusion."—New York Sun.

A Long-Delayed Letter.

I. J. Rolfe received a letter a few days ago which was dated January 14th, 1878. It was written at San Juan and was of importance, and requested an immediate answer. In some manner it was mislaid, and it has lain all these years hidden in some recess of the furniture in the post-office. In moving the furniture Monday it dropped out and was delivered to Mr. Rolfe. The letter was written by O. B. Swan, who was at the time postmaster at San Juan.—Nevada City (Nev.) Herald.

HEART-COIN.

One day I gave my heart's best dower To one whose tears were flowing, My sympathy in that dark hour Her poor, grieved heart was knowing.

To me she gave a rose, to-day, From out her love and sorrow; 'Tis ever thus along life's way, We lend, or else we borrow.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A man who is crooked usually follows his own bent. You can usually tell an ass by his lack of horse-sense.—Puck. Miss Elderly—"I fainted last night." Maude—"Who proposed?"—Life.

A man would be surprised if he were what a woman thinks he is.—Detroit Free Press. She—"And what would you be now if it weren't for my money?" He—"A bachelor."—Pall Mall Budget.

Elsie—"She says she is twenty-two." Ethel—"Then she must have deducted her time allowance."—Puck. Let a play house be built Which no others may use Than the girls with big hats And the men with big shoes.—Washington Star.

He—"Darling, will you love me when I'm gone?" She—"Yes, if you are not too far gone."—London Tid-Bits. Miss Olds—"Yes; he said yesterday that to him my face was like a book." Miss Friend—"As plain as that?"—Puck.

The first setback in many a man's life occurred at school when he was set back among the girls.—Rockland (Me.) Tribune. "But what earthly use is it to discover the North Pole? I can't see." "It will save future expeditions."—Harper's Bazar.

"How can there be such a thing as a whole day, you know," mused Fwedly, "when it breaks every mawning?"—Chicago Tribune. "You'll please look over this small bill." Exclaimed the dum. The doctor took it, And then said he, with weary smile, "I'd rather overlook it."—Philadelphia Record.

Pertly—"There is one thing I have to say in favor of the wind when it whistles." Dulleh—"What's that?" Pertly—"It never whistles popular airs."—Harper's Bazar. No matter how good the deacon is, he will always look wise and pleased if anybody suggests that he was a pretty lively young fellow when he was a boy.—Somerville Journal.

"I thought you told me that Miss Brown had spent a great deal of money on her voice?" "Well, so I did." "But she can't sing." "Well, I didn't say that she could, did I?"—Truth. Little Rich Girl—"Don't you wish you had a pair of lovely red gloves like me?" Little Poor Girl—"Don't you wish you had a pair of lovely red hands, like me?"—South Boston News.

Bronson—"Have the detectives found out anything about that burglary yet?" Johnson—"Yes; they've come to the conclusion that the motive for the crime was money."—Boston Herald. There is a woman in Georgia weighing 600 pounds who makes moonshine whisky. Hasn't a woman who weighs 600 pounds got trouble enough of her own without making it for other people?—Rockland (Me.) Tribune.

She (at the dinner)—"I think our hostess is the most perfect lady I ever saw." He—"Yes, but I notice that she made one break early in the evening." She—"She always does that. It puts her guests more at their ease."—New York Herald. Rambling Raggy—"Will you please give me a dime, sir, to get sunthin' to eat?" Citizen—"What can you get for a dime?" R. R.—"I kin get a plate of hash for a nickel, sir." C.—"What do you want with the other five cents?" R. R.—"That, sir, is for a tip for the waiter."—New York Press.

Sir George—"Look here, John! My lady complains that when you see her in the street you never salute her. What do you mean by it?" John—"Beggin' your pardon, Sir George, but in a book on etymology which I possess it is set down that the lady ought to bow first."—Household Words.

The neighbor who borrows your wheelbarrow and rake and sprinkling hose and lawn-mower and one thing and another in the summer never comes to borrow your snow shovel in the winter. And when he shovels off his own walk it is touching to note with what exactness he works up to the line where your lobs divide, without infringing the smallest fraction of an inch upon the snow that lies on your part of the sidewalk.—Rockland (Me.) Tribune.

The Toad's Queer Way.

Paternal affection is not perhaps the precise emotion that we should be disposed to look for in the cold-blooded frog. But the Surinam toad—of which no fewer than ten specimens have just arrived at the Zoo—appear to exhibit this praiseworthy attitude of mind toward his numerous progeny. When his mate lays her eggs the solicitor father places them carefully upon her back, where in due time their presence causes an irritation that produces numerous small holes, into which the eggs forthwith drop. In these cells, which from mutual pressure, gets to be hexagonal, like honey-comb, the young frogs are finally hatched, and for a bit scramble about their mother's back, hiding in their nurseries when danger threatens.—London News.