

Porto Rico means door to riches. The Spaniards have kept it shut and locked so long that it may prove a misnomer.

The formation and title of the Ignorance club of Rochester, N. Y., was suggested by a magazine article which related the experience of a man who had a habit of jotting down in his notebook such topics as he found himself ignorant of, the desired information being sought at the earliest opportunity.

The officers of the Philadelphia Museum have received a letter from New South Wales, in which it is said: "When the federation of the Australian colonies shall have been accomplished English and American dealers will commence to build large factories in and near Sydney. Several large firms have already arranged for them."

Many an American boy, as he reads of the delicious feminine effusions on Hobson—kisser, dancer and best man—and the extravagant masculine panegyrics on Hobson—man of courage, good habits and brains—looks at himself in a glass and wonders if he possesses any of the attributes of embryonic greatness, if he ever will have a chance to sink a Mermaid, if he will be the idol of all the people. Without such ideals as Hobson to look up to our youth would degenerate into a very leprosy of effeminacy.

The Baltimore American says: "The effort to introduce foreign quail into this country has apparently proved a complete failure. Several years ago sportsmen through this country were deeply interested in the attempt made in this state to propagate quail from other countries. Many birds were imported into this city, and then liberated throughout the state. These have apparently all disappeared. The most conspicuous attempts were transporting here of birds from the Seilly Islands and from China. The money spent in this direction was a loss. The last attempt on an elaborate scale to stock Maryland with exotic birds was by Frank T. Redwood, the stock broker and member of the Baltimore Yacht club, and a hunt for his birds reveals the fact that none of them are to be found."

The Berlin (Germany) Reichsanzeiger has published an official statement of the finances of the kingdom of Prussia which is of great interest in many ways. It shows Prussia to be the most prosperous industrial state in the world, and explains how it is able to meet the heavy charges imposed by the political and military situation of Germany. With a population of about 32,000,000, the public debt of Prussia is rather more than \$50 per capita, or about \$1,625,000,000. It has been increased by \$450,000,000 in the last six years, but of this amount only about \$25,000,000 was expended on unproductive work. The cost to the state of the whole debt is only \$55,000,000 a year, while the net revenue received from the public works and state properties is over \$135,000,000. The net revenue of the railways belonging to the state, which in 1880-81 was only \$23,000,000 during past years has averaged close on \$75,000,000, and for 1898-99 is estimated at \$109,500,000. The state domains and forests yield an average of \$12,500,000.

A new and a widening feature in library work has been introduced in the public library of Cleveland and in the Cambridge (Mass.) public library. It is that of looking up references needed by members of various literary societies or clubs, and systematizing the same by cards. In Cleveland clubs deposit their programs for the year's work with the woman in charge of this department, whose assistants look up the subject-matter in advance thus greatly facilitating the preparation of club papers. The board has also set apart an alcove to be known as Club Corner for the special convenience of club members, men and women. It is filled with cases of books most called for by clubs—histories, travels, etc. The same line of work has been carried on in Cambridge in connection with the Economy club, a society of about seventy-five young men, who meet once a fortnight to discuss economic and political questions. The club issues a prospectus at the beginning of each of its two terms, giving the subject to be considered at each meeting, the subjects of one or more essays, and the resolutions upon which there will be a debate. The librarian and his assistants follow this list, and for the two weeks preceding each meeting keep a selected list of books and back numbers of periodicals designed to furnish the information needed on the subject specially reserved for the members of the club.

THUS THE INDIANS LIVED.

Incidents of a Trader's Visit to a Camp on the Plains.



ALL was a month away, and the days passed slowly and with unvaried monotony at Kipp, Montana, our trading post on the upper Missouri. The Indians were far out on the prairie, camping with the buffalo and securing the thin, light summer skins with which to make new lodges, moccasins, and various other things. It was hot in the river valley; not a breath of wind stirred the foliage of the cotton-woods, and we wandered from one place to another trying to find the coolest nook. There was nothing to do to pass the time except sleep and eat and count the days that must pass ere the cold weather would drive the Indians back to the river and trade would begin again. I was not a little pleased, then, when one day a runner from the Blood Indian camp brought word that the chief desired a wagonload of trade goods sent out to them, and the head trader ordered me to go, selecting as my assistant a French half-breed employe named Archie, a trusty man and a cheerful companion. Long before noon we loaded a heavy wagon with sugar, coffee, tobacco and cartridges, hitched on four good horses and began to pull up the long, steep hill which wound up through the pines to the prairies, several miles from the river. At last we reached the level of the rolling table land, and how pleasant it was to feel the cool prairie breeze in our faces and to gaze upon the endless expanse of plains and mountains about us! Southward the snowy mountains loomed up as distinct and clear cut as if they were but a mile or two away, yet they were nearly fifty. Off to the east and south-east numberless flat-topped and pine-clad buttes rose from the plain as far as we could see, and everywhere was the bright sunlit prairies, the clear blue sky, and the cooling wind.

Our horses were fresh and we made good time under Archie's skilful driving, reaching big Crooked Creek, twenty miles or more from the river, long before dark. While Archie cared for the horses I went up the creek a little way with my rifle and secured a fat antelope from a bunch which was coming in to the water. We soon built a fire of buffalo chips and had a hearty meal of liver, hard bread and tea.

The country we were in was infested by war parties of hostile Indians, especially the Sioux, and we knew we were running a good chance of losing our scalps by camping there. So as soon as supper was over we put out the fire, and carrying our bedding some distance away, lay down for the night, not omitting to coil a hair rope around the horses which might come along. Some time in the night a small herd of buffalo came along and got quite close to us before they had our wind; then they ran off, snorting and pounding the prairie like thunder with their heavy hoofs; but our horses were used to them and did not stampede, as we feared they might.

About 10 o'clock the next day we came in sight of the Blood camp, which was strung up and down a little stream whose head is in the Snowy Mountains. Almost every family had a new lodge, and very white and neat they looked in the clear sunlight. Game of all kinds was evidently very plenty in the vicinity, for about every lodge hung long lines of drying meat, and the ground was covered with the skins of buffalo, elk, antelope and deer, pegged out to dry. We drove at once to the chief's lodge, and he greeted us very kindly, ordered his wives—he had five—to unload our wagon and to stow the goods inside the lodge, and made us sit with him and smoke and eat and exchange the news. But we were not to rest very long; the camp was short of cartridges and tobacco, and soon we had the lodge surrounded with men anxious to trade. Antelope and deer skins were quoted at forty cents a pound that season, or about a dollar each, and elk hides were worth as much again. For the former we paid eight cartridges, and for the latter twelve, at a cost of sixteen or twenty-four cents; and tobacco, tea, sugar and other things we disposed of at a like ratio. But the Indians were well satisfied, and returned to their lodges with their little purchases rejoicing.

Our host, Chief Pe-nuk-wi-in, was one of the jolliest old Indians I ever knew. He was very portly, and had long since given up the chase, but he could well afford to do so, for he had several hundred head of horses, which he had no difficulty in lending to poor young men for half the spoils of the chase, and one or two young orphan boys lived with him and cared for them for their board and clothes. His five wives toiled unceasingly to tan and dry the robes and hides which were constantly being brought in. Yet they had a comparatively easy time, for they did not work very long hours, they rested when they pleased, and they were contented, for they knew that the lot of women was to toil and to serve their lord and master. While there was no open jealousy among them, they vied with one another in their attentions to the chief, and he in turn seemed to regard them all with equal favor. The head, or oldest, wife was in a measure the overseer of the others and directed their work, and her place in the lodge was always by the side of her husband

at his right hand. Yet this apparently gave her no advantage over them in any respect.

As the sun went down all work ceased. The hunters returned from the chase, feasts were called out here and there, and the camp was filled with song and laughter. Among the younger people dances and games of chance were in order, while the older ones smoked and told stories of war, the chase, or recounted the wonderful doings of the gods. Every evening the head men of the tribe, the noted warriors, medicine men and sages gathered in Pe-nuk-wi-in's lodge, and I was always interested in listening to their tales, and so was Archie, so long as the story was of the chase or war. But when they talked of religion, of the power and greatness of their gods, Archie would become impatient, for, like all the half-breeds of French descent, he was a strict Catholic, and had no faith in their heathen ways. It was amusing to hear him argue with them as to the relative strength of their gods and his, and I cannot say that he ever got the better of the argument. One evening Archie, with great pains and detail told about Daniel in the lion's den, and when he had finished a tall, brawny warrior remarked that the beasts had probably just eaten a hearty meal and were too lazy to move.

"I myself," he said, "single handed and with only a knife, once crawled into a bear's den I found. I prayed to the Sun to aid me, and when I saw the bears I stabbed with all my might. There were three in the den, and I killed them all. That's more than your man did, for by your own account it would seem he was afraid to fight."

Very early one morning it was reported that a large herd of buffalo were feeding on a high table land three or four miles east of the camp. The camp erier was soon abroad, shouting out the news, and the warriors, aroused from their sleep, came tumbling out of the lodges in haste for their horses. One of the strictest rules for the government of the people was that regarding the buffalo hunting. Thinking life was dependent on a supply of these animals, which were their food, clothing and shelter, a hunter might go by himself to hunt deer, elk or other small game, but when buffalo was discovered no one was allowed to hunt them alone, under penalty of confiscation and destruction of his property, and even death. Sharp lookouts were always watching for a herd, and when one was seen the camp erier spread the news. The hunters assembled at the chief's lodge, and when all were ready they started out together, under the leadership of some chief, and thus had an equal chance.

It was not half an hour after the alarm had been given before the warriors, mounted on their fleet ponies, were assembled about us. Saddles had been discarded, and even clothing, many of the men wearing only the breechcloth and moccasins. Most of them were armed with rifles, but some carried bows and arrows, which at close quarters were almost as rapid and effective as guns. It was a grand sight to see these lithe and sinewy men move off at the signal of their leader. The impatient horses strained at their bits and curvetted from side to side, and their riders, erect and graceful, sat them as if horses and riders were one. No sooner were the men gone than the women began to string out after them, mounted on their gentler ponies, and boys went with them driving strings of pack animals which were to bring back the meat and hides. By this time the chief's wives had prepared our morning meal, and after eating I borrowed a horse from the old chief and rode out toward the scene of the hunt. It was much too late to join in the chase. By the time I reached the plateau on which the buffalo had been discovered, the herd had been run and the survivors were gone, but the sagebrush plain was thickly dotted with the huge forms of the slain to the number of several hundred, and now the hunters, the women and the boys were busy skinning them and cutting up the meat. Here and there a couple of men were quarreling over the ownership of a fat cow, which both claimed to have shot. But these disputes were seldom serious, and generally ended in a division of the meat. In the old days, when the bow and arrow was the only weapon used these quarrels seldom occurred, for each Indian had a mark on his shafts.

Many of the hunters, having pointed out to their women the animals they had killed, now began to ride slowly toward home. They had done their share of the work. They were very happy over their success, and nearly every one who passed called out that he would send a tongue over to the chief's lodge for me. Not a little interested in watching the women unloading the buffalo, although I had seen them at such work many times, I rode out along the line of chase, which extended several miles. The women were in very good humor, too, that morning, and laughed and joked with each other while they worked. There is nothing so conducive to contentment as a goodly store of provisions. As I rode among them they turned their witticisms on me, and I cannot say that I got the better of these encounters.

While I was joking with them we were startled by hearing heavy firing beyond, and looking toward the end

of the line of the chase, we saw a large party of yelling horsemen swooping down on the scattered groups of women and men. They were firing their guns rapidly, and already had killed several of our people. By this time very few of our men remained on the grounds, most of them having returned to camp; but what few were left instantly mounted their horses and rode swiftly toward the enemy, and I went with them. When the enemy had first been discovered, as they rode up over the edge of the plateau, the women had instinctively rushed to the men for protection, but some had already been cut off and were killed and scalped. The survivors now formed five different groups, each one protected by from three to seven or eight men, who were firing rapidly at the circling enemy. And as for the enemy, they seemed to be everywhere, at once, wheeling, circling on their fleet horses, never bunching, and presenting a difficult mark. They were Sioux, and decked out in the full war costume peculiar to them. There were a dozen of us hastening to the defence of those beyond, and as we drew near the Sioux circled out and made for the women we had left behind, who were shrieking and chattering with fear. We turned then and headed them off, killing two of their number, and they shot a man who was riding by my side. The poor fellow threw up his hands and tumbled off his horse stone dead. All this time we were being reinforced by men from the different groups, and soon there were twenty-three of us, charging and checking every move of the Sioux, who numbered forty-one, including the two we had killed. They were good fighters, but our people were better, for they were fighting with desperation for their women and children. As they drew away from our pursuit we determined to let them go, and turned back toward the women, thinking the fight was over. In the meantime the Sioux had stopped and evidently held a council, for suddenly they started toward us again, spreading out like a fan, so as to attack the whole length of our line. We scattered, too, and with three others I hastened toward the women at the point from which I had at first started. And now all along began a general fusillade. Our men had all dismounted here and there among the women, and their shots began to tell, for every minute or two a Sioux, and sometimes both horse and rider, would fall among the sage brush. Their shooting even from the backs of their flying horses was not without effect, for they killed two more women and wounded a man. But now reinforcements began to come in sight, for some of our hunters, who were riding leisurely home, had heard the shooting and returned to see what was up. As soon as the enemy saw them coming they ceased firing at us and started off to the south as fast as they could go, pursued by some of the men who had been protecting the women, and all of the newcomers, fifty-four all told.

We now had time to count up our losses, which we found to be two men, seven women and one boy killed, and three men, eight women and four boys and girls wounded. Of the enemy we had killed seven and seriously wounded one, who was quickly despatched. Three of our party who were killed lost their scalps, and we, of course, took eight. It did not take us long to hasten back to camp and tell what had befallen us, and then what excitement there was! Men excitedly pushed for their arms and horses and hastened away. Women cried and wailed and surrounded me, begging to know who had been killed. I could not, of course, give the names of the women, but when I told who the men were, their relatives in the crowd hastened away, sobbing out their names, to prepare for their burial. In an hour or two the dead and wounded were brought in, and the sound of mourning was heard on every hand, and mingled with it one could hear the relatives of those who had killed an enemy calling out their names and praising their courage and success. About sundown the pursuing party returned, having had a running fight with the Sioux for miles. They had killed two more of them, but had finally given up the chase, as the enemy had better horses.

Archie and I put in a sleepless night, for the mourning was kept up without intermission. Even in our lodge there was sorrow and gloom, for one of the chief's wives had lost a brother. We both were depressed by the calamity which had befallen the people. Early in the morning the dead, carefully wrapped and bound in blankets and robes, were carried on travois to a grove of cottonwoods up the stream, and then placed on platforms raised to the branches, for their eternal sleep. Beneath the aerial graves of the men horses were killed that they might not go afoot to the sandhills, and by their sides or wrapped up with them were their weapons and war clothes. Missionaries and others have made such an outcry against this practice that the Government long ago forbade it. The next afternoon the scalp dance took place. Those who had lost relatives painted their faces black, the women cutting off their hair and scattering their arms and ankles. They carried the scalps of the enemy suspended from sticks, and went about through the camp, stopping here and there to dance and sing the plaintive scalp song. Few white persons have any taste for Indian music, yet some of our greatest musicians have pronounced it purely classical in construction. One could clearly perceive in this scalp song the dominant theme of sorrow for the dead kindred, and a minor one of joy that they had been avenged. Afterward these scalps were handed over to the warriors, and they in turn danced with them; but this song was one of exultant victory.—New York Sun.

GOOD ROADS NOTES.

Weight of Road Rollers.

There are sections of the country which pride themselves on their macadam roads, but which fail to construct them in a scientific manner, and do not get the results that should follow such heavy expenditures as they make. One serious fault is the lack of proper rolling, light rollers drawn by two or four horses being employed. They cannot compact the stone by such methods, and, consequently, resort to a free use of clay for "binding" purposes. A smooth surface is secured at the outset, but it soon wears and ruts, and gets muddy with every storm.

In considering the best weight for a roller the Municipal World states the case fairly, as follows: "A heavy road roller is without question an indispensable implement in the construction of macadam streets. Macadam roads were, of course, built before steam rollers were invented, but crops were harvested before self-binders were invented. The effect of a roller in road making is as great an advance on the old results as is the use of the self-binder on the work of the cradle.

There are different kinds and classes of rollers. The horse roller, weighing six or eight tons, will do fairly well if a steam roller cannot be afforded, but the horse roller is not sufficiently heavy, and has to be used much longer on a given section than a heavy steam roller to produce the best results. The feet of the horses, in exerting sufficient strength to move the roller, sink into and disturb the road metal, and thereby injure the shape and quality of the roadway. There is a danger, on the other hand, of having a steam roller which is too heavy. A very heavy roller will sometimes sink into loose soil and create a mound over which it cannot pass. The same result will sometimes occur with an excessively heavy roller on a layer of loose stone. The heavy roller is more liable, too, to injure underground pipes, catch-basins, culverts, bridges or disturb sidewalks.

For these reasons, a roller exceeding ten or twelve tons in weight is frequently not desirable. In districts where the natural soil is gravelly, or of a stiff clay, a heavy roller may generally be operated successfully, but some municipalities have made the mistake of purchasing a too heavy roller and have found it necessary to use a light-horse roller in consolidating the sub-soil and first layers. Nor if the stone used in the construction of macadam streets is of a soft nature, is a heavy roller, say of twenty tons, desirable even in the finishing courses, as the crushing effect has been found in some cases to crumble and pulverize the stone, rather than merely consolidate it.

For new work, in which the dirt foundation must be rolled, a weight of twelve tons is generally the most serviceable; but for picking up an old roadway and reconsolidating it or for finishing a new work, fifteen tons is better. Where a town owns only one roller it is generally advisable to consider very carefully the work to be done before purchasing a roller of over twelve tons' weight."

Live Up to the Specifications.

Specifications and contract for a road may be all right, but the work of construction needs to be constantly watched in order to insure the literal carrying out of their provisions. Contractors, as a rule, do not appreciate the necessity for being precise in following out details. They are neither engineers nor scientific road-builders, and a little variation in the size of the stone, the effect of light rollers and insufficient rolling, or the use of clay for binding purposes, does not seem to them to be of much moment. They know that they can finish up a job with a horse-roller and plenty of clay for binding and make the surface appear as fine as can be desired. Their concern ends. The mud that works out with every rain and the rapidity with which large stones show through the surface do not trouble them.

Macadam is not perhaps an ideal road, but there is a vast difference between different sorts of road built under that name. If rightly constructed and judiciously maintained, thoroughly satisfactory results are assured; but if more or less rudely built, and then indifferently maintained or neglected, as is apt to be the case, it is an expensive luxury likely to cause disappointment. It is folly to suppose that anyone can build a road. It requires special knowledge and experience to construct one properly and a rigid adherence to the terms of properly-drawn specifications.—L. A. W. Bulletin.

Wide Tire Experience.

I have used a set of steel wheels two years, writes J. E. Hollar, and they proved a success, as they never roll the mud as the narrow tire with Missouri fellos and spokes, and I think southern mud will roll if it will anywhere. I used them anywhere and everywhere, had roads, dusty roads, in deep mud, and in soft. Deep mud in where I found their advantage over narrow tires, the greatest, and in handling and loading anything and everything they are better by a great deal than narrow tires.

The Warfare Against Ruts.

If every man will see that the road in his vicinity is fixed the rest will be easily cared for.

There is no greater mistake than to suppose that a macadam road once laid needs no care. The most economical method of maintenance is to give it constant attention.

Any one who can devise a method to make drivers, especially with heavy teams, keep out of the ruts, which are the ruin of all roads, will be a benefactor to all who use the highways.

Some of the newspapers of the City of Mexico are beginning to point out the importance to their republic of having ample means of communication besides those furnished by the railroads. At present their highway facilities are very meagre.

The roadsides of this country are the most neglected of any of the civilized globe. They are, as a rule, merely seed beds for all the pestiferous weeds that grow in the country. Every farmer should keep his own share of the roads free from weeds as a matter of policy.

The Woodchuck as Food.

The flesh of the woodchuck is not of a quality or flavor that commends it to the palate of the average man, and if it is not carefully and properly prepared for cooking it becomes positively offensive. In the Pennsylvania Dutch counties, especially Lancaster and Berks, the cooking and serving of woodchuck has been reduced to a culinary science, and "groundhog lunches" are among the favorite dishes of the epicure there. Under the manipulation of the thrifty housewife and careful restaurateur thereabouts the woodchuck becomes a morsel that the most fastidious gourmet cannot treat with contempt. The tenderest and sweetest broiled chicken is not superior to the "groundhog, Lancaster style."

Another use to which the woodchuck is put in that part of Pennsylvania cannot be recommended as highly as the cooking of it. The animal is taken alive by patient and expert trappers and is kept for a sport similar to the once favorite English sport of badger-bating. Dogs are trained purposely for this. They are either unbroken bird dogs, or dogs that are a cross between a foxhound and a beaglehound. These baiting matches are said to rival the fiercest encounters between blooded bulldogs, for the woodchuck, when cornered, is a terrible antagonist. If once it thrusts its long, rodent teeth into a dog they pass clear through and lock into the flesh, and the hold can be broken only by tearing the flesh away. It takes a good dog to master a woodchuck in these matches, and more than one good one has been known to have been killed by a woodchuck before it itself met its fate.—New York Sun.

When Sampson Heard the News.

It may not be generally known, but Admiral Sampson is an inventive genius as well as a naval fighter. In the early days of his career in the service this genius received a severe shock, from which the admiral never fully recovered. Or at least that is what a number of his associates in the navy declare. It was also in the early days of the navy when the incident about to be related occurred. The admiral was at the time a lieutenant, and was in command of a small sailing vessel. For many years he had worked on a kind of anemometer, or wind gauge. It was his hobby, and he was nearer and dearer to him than all else in the world. Finally it was complete, and one day it stood on the roof of the cabin, that protruded for some distance above the deck. The little boat was rocking idly to and fro in a calm. Lieutenant Sampson was below enjoying a siesta. Suddenly a gust of wind ripped the water, the mainsail boom swung violently across the deck. Smash! and over into the fathomless deep went that precious anemometer.

"Orderly," called the officer of the deck.

"Yes, sir?" replied a bluejacket, saluting.

"Inform the commander of the ship that his anemometer has gone overboard."

"Yes, sir." The orderly made for the cabin companionway.

"And, orderly—"

"Yes, sir?"

"Break it to him gently."—Washington Star.

What Should Be Taxed.

Some years since (1873) a citizen of Tennessee, Mr. Enoch Ensley, making no pretense of scholastic learning or private interests, but earnestly desiring the material development of his section of the country (Tennessee), and that it should not be retarded by the adoption of an unsound system of State or municipal taxation, published in the form of a letter addressed to the Governor of the State a little pamphlet entitled "What Should Be Taxed," which sets forth certain fundamental propositions in respect to local taxation, and supported them with such homely and clear illustrations as to entitle the essay to a permanent place in economic and legal literature.

Mr. Ensley commences by proposing the following rule of maxim as the basis for a State (Tennessee), city, or county system of taxation: "Never tax anything that would be of value to your State, that could and would run away, or that could or would come to you."—Appleton's Popular Science Monthly.

A Plant Sacred to the Druids.

The plant known as the vervain, common name of plants of the genus verbenum, which is not distinguished for its beauty, and which grows nowadays utterly disregarded, was sacred to the Druids that they only gathered it for their divinations when the great dog star arose, in order that neither sun or moon should see the deed.

RELIGION AMONG OUR FIGHTERS.

Requests For Prayers Received at Camp Meetings For Soldiers and Sailors.

Features of camp meetings in Pennsylvania this year are prayers for soldiers at the front and letters from soldiers on religious matters. At Joana Heights one elderly woman said she had a letter from her son at Siboney, Cuba, saying that he was so tired in the trenches just before the surrender of Santiago that he forgot to pray. He asked for the prayers of those at home, and suggested that during the present season people all over the United States worshipping in church or in woods, should pray for the boys, as during the stormy war scenes the lads were too apt to forget their religious duty.

In the Mennonite camp meeting in the Schuylkill Valley one woman said: "I have a letter from my nephew in Santiago. He says his thoughts are frequently on camp meetings now, where he knows we are now." Another woman had a letter from her grandson with Sampson's fleet. He said his comrades were all religious, and had services on the battleship Massachusetts. "We have service," he said, "but it is not the dear old camp meeting hymns, praise, sermons, prayers, conversions, revivals and happy conversations that made us all so joyful last year. This season I shall miss our camp meetings very much." At the Landisville camp meeting several letters were shown privately to friends from absent soldiers, who deeply regretted they were not home at camp meeting. All prized the Christian services on shipboard, but anything like Methodist revival services could not be expected among the fighters of the battleships, they said. However, they added, the service kept men in line to think of their religion and church at home.

One soldier on the heights of El Caney wrote to his mother at the Adamstown camp meeting to the effect that quite a squad of regulars after the surrender got together at night and sang "Nearer My God to Thee." "Praise God From Whom All Blessings Flow," and other hymns after the bands had ceased playing patriotic airs. Some soldiers could sing only one stanza, but this was repeated over and over again. All along the lines could be heard some such singing. Very many soldiers, it was reported in the camp meetings, attributed all the American victories on sea and land to the Lord. One letter shown by a soldier's sister read: "Of course, we say the Lord's prayer, especially where it says, 'Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.'"

Some Marriage Ceremonies.

Marriage by capture, says the London Spectator, is symbolized more or less in ceremonies all the world over, except in such places where it is still the habit to secure a wife by knocking her down first, as the Australian does with his "waddy" or his "nulanula." The Chinaman, if the parents of his intended are obstinate, carries her off; the Abyssinian carries his wife round her own house or to his own; and the Kabyle carries his bride across the threshold, as do also the Chinese, and the Swiss in some parts. The Druses have a regular sham-fight in which the bride's party drive the bridegroom into his own village; and in some Arab tribes, the Aenezes, for instance, the bride runs from tent to tent before she is caught. Crossing the threshold was and is the most critical period of the wedding day with all races, not even excepting the Anglo-Saxon.

The superstitious fears of the many, always particularly alert on the occasion of a marriage, culminate in this final act of the drama. The lifting of the bride over the threshold or her stepping across it is the signal in Persia, Arabia, and among the Kopts of Egypt for the sacrifice of a goat or a sheep. Among the Aenezes, according to Burekhardt, the bridegroom simply kills a lamb in front of his father-in-law's tent, and the ceremony, but for the running of the bride from one tent to another, is complete. Perhaps the purest symbolic act is that of the Transylvanian Saxon bridal pair, who step over the threshold with their hands tied together. Some of these Transylvanian customs are remarkable, and must be survivals from a very ancient period. The bridegroom never wears the shirt made for him by the bride, except on his wedding day and at his burial, just as the veil of the Japanese bride becomes one day her shroud.

All Else Forgiven.

One of our lively citizens, Mr. Summit Parker, returned recently from the Adirondacks. No sooner had he arrived than he discovered that he had brought away the key of his room in the hotel. He despatched it at once to the proprietor of the hotel, saying that apologies would follow later in a larger envelope. This morning he received the following acknowledgment from his host:

DEAR PARKER: Key returned in good condition. Never mind the spoons and napkins. NILES.

Mr. Summit Parker is devoting all his spare minutes to reading and re-reading this brief letter.—Utica Observer.

The Esquiman Carver's Art.

The Esquiman carver possessed of the most notable skill and showing the most distinct artistic spirit is the Esquiman of Western and Southwestern Alaska. In Eastern Alaska it is notable that the few examples of carving to be found are limited to a crude ornamentation of lines and perforations. The Esquiman of the east and the Esquiman of the extreme north rarely or never attempt graphic representations. The most skillful carvers are found among the Kaniaks.—San Francisco Chronicle.