

THE SALTING.

The sun sinks slowly down the west,
The mountains shade to deeper blue,
Day swiftly glides into the breast,
Of evening, fresh with summer dew,
"Whoa! Whoa! Whoa!"

The glad young voice rings out so free;
If you raise your eyes you will surely see
How the cattle hasten at the refrain,
In glad response to the welcome strain
That ever sounds with the salting.

That call brings back the long ago;
The evening bird sings sweet and low,
She walks again with girlish pride
Her handsome lover at her side,
"Whoa! Whoa! Whoa!"

"Over the hills it comes to me,
My eyes are dim, but I surely see
The form so loved, when the glad refrain,
Calls again in the welcome strain,
That ever sounds with the salting."
—Mary A. Kirkup, in the Des Moines Register and Leader.

The Feat of an Amateur.

By F. W. Crissman.

MY sister Florence has won considerable success as an amateur photographer. Last year, with a mountain scene showing a herd of deer grazing at the timber-line, she took a prize given by an association of amateur photographers.

She ruined a walking suit in climbing, crawling over sticks and stones and through dirty wash-outs, but the prize was twenty-five dollars and a second-best diploma, and the glory—well, I must say that Florence was a little hard to live with for a few days. She is naturally modest and good-natured enough, though, and was reduced to the ranks in due season.

Black Rock Ranch, our home, with lots of children, is a pure democracy, at least in principle. Of late, however, Florence has really performed a feat so notable that we cannot ignore her claim to distinction. The worst of it is, she has never once bragged of her performance, and when the subject is mentioned by any one, she turns it aside with an air of being bored, and says it was nothing but what any amateur with a camera would have done. Such a thing is not to be believed of every one, though, and it is just this air of calm superiority to praise that Ferd, Fanny and I find hard to get along with.

We have read and heard that people who have performed heroic actions or notable achievements become very humble and modest at home when their deeds have received public recognition. So it is with some hope of reducing Florence to her normal status that I undertake to tell of her adventure exactly as it happened.

Last August Florence, Ferd, Fanny and I went as usual to Shoshone Peaks for the raspberry picking. In these excursions we drive a stout spring wagon, and carry a tent and a canning outfit.

High up among the juniper bush and shrub pine of the Shoshone grow fields of red raspberries—berries half as big as a man's thumb, juicy as strawberries and luscious to the taste. This fruit is so abundant that birds and beasts do not visibly diminish the supply.

Our berry camp of an evening, with its glowing pine-wood fire, its big heating kettle giving out the odor of simmering fruit, and two berry-stained girls moving about among pots and jars and packing crates, is a pleasant place for Ferd and me; and the girls enjoy it as much as we do.

Florence and Fanny help in picking berries, although Florence always carries a camera under her arm. She has thus secured excellent photographs, at close range, of pine-hens, sage-grouse, whistling hares and other mountain birds and animals. One day she got a fine snap shot of an elk which trotted by within a few yards of her.

There are a good many bears in these mountains, but as they never attack people unless directly provoked, we do not fear them; and as landmarks are perfectly defined all about our camp, we take no pains to keep together. Each one of us, in fact, can do better work alone.

Thus it happened that Florence was alone when she encountered a big grizzly at close quarters. She was a half-mile or so from camp and sitting at rest with two buckets filled with berries, when she heard a great splashing of water in the channel of a small brook near at hand.

The sounds came from some rocks below, and she jumped at the conclusion that an elk had come down to drink, as the day was very warm. So she took her camera from its case, and slipped down into the crooked, ditch-like channel.

As she could see no animal there, she stole softly down-stream, stepping upon boulders which were thickly strewn in the shallow little ruisel. The crooked ditch deepened as she advanced, and the sun's rays beat hot upon the stones at the bottom.

After several turns of the brook, she came suddenly upon the object of her search—not an elk, but an enormous grizzly bear, wallowing in a pool of water held by a dam of boulders. The water came to its mid-sides, and the animal floundered about, cooling its parched hide in this refreshing bath.

On catching sight of Florence, the grizzly gave a grunt of surprise, and reared itself upon the boulders to stare at her; and there the animal stood, after a shake of its loose skin, uneasy at the presence of an intruder, yet apparently neither angered nor afraid.

Naturally Florence feared danger at such close quarters, but she knew that running would avail her nothing if the bear chose to attack. Pluckily, therefore, she stood her ground, at less

than fifteen steps, and took two or three snap shots in quick succession, or at least as quickly as she could roll the camera's film into position.

Then, as the grizzly refused to retire and still showed no disposition to attack, Florence began leisurely to back away. She had made but a careful step or two when she heard a racket in the bushes almost above her head, and an instant later, just behind her, another bear descended the precipitous bank of the channel. He slid down backward, and alighted with a splash in the brook!

This bear or big cub was not more than half as large as the other, but it was very near Florence, and very much startled at the apparition of a girl in a blue dress. It crowded against the creek bank and showed its teeth, evidently expecting immediate attack, and growled and whimpered, as much in alarm as in anger.

This stirred the old bear to wrath, and poor Florence, standing in a narrow channel between the angry mother and the formidable cub, dared not move a foot in either direction. She might have dared to try passing the small bear, but she knew the old one would leap at her instantly.

She stood upon two big boulders, slightly elevated above the bears, and astride a little channel of the brook. She kept her position, and although her heart beat so loudly that it sounded in her ears like the tattoo of a drum, she controlled her agitation, and turned her camera first upon one and then the other of the threatening grizzlies, until she had exhausted all the exposures upon the film.

While she was doing this she noted that the grizzlies were growing more and more angry, and that the smaller one, hugging an earth bank within five or six steps of her, had its nose and jaws stained red with the juice of berries, which seemed to heighten the ferocity of its expression.

The photographing, which occupied but a few moments, seemed to clear her brain, and she looked swiftly about, seeking in vain for some line of ascent up the steep banks. The bears increased their threats and yaggers until the little canyon roared with the horrid noise.

Florence felt sure the old dam was about to pounce upon her, and as a last resort, she stooped, laid her camera behind one of the boulders upon which she stood, and then suddenly dropped at full length into the narrow crevice between them.

The water in this small runway was a foot or more in depth, and Florence sank upon the bottom with only her head and floating skirt at the surface.

She was completely hidden from the bears, and to her great relief their threatenings quickly ceased, and presently the cub leaped fairly over her body on its way to join its dam.

Two or three minutes later Florence dared to peep over the rocks, and finding the coast clear, crawled out and made her way to camp, where, after telling her story, she became a heroine indeed.

Six photographs enlarged to real picture size and handsomely framed now hang in the dining-room at Black Rock Ranch. Three of these pictures show a great grizzly standing at gaze upon some rocks, and two others show the same bear in different attitudes of fierce threat. The remaining one displays, in shadow, a bear crowding against an earth bank and showing its teeth like an animal at bay. It is certainly a notable collection of photographs.

Recently, at a social gathering, my mother related the story of "The Lady or the Tiger?" and some one proposed the conundrum, "What would Florence Crissman do in such a case?" With one voice all the company shouted, "Photograph the tiger!" I think such things are enough to spoil any girl.—Youth's Companion.

An Engineer's Experience.
"The superstition about owls is a wonderful thing," said an old railroad engineer, "and if I had not been inclined to be superstitious about the birds the engine I was riding one night would have been knocked into smithereens and the passengers in the coaches might have fared very badly. I am not always superstitious, but I am particularly so about owls. But I like the creatures, for one certainly saved my life. The incident occurred on a very dark night. The train was running at full speed, and there was nothing for the fireman and myself to do but to look directly ahead and let her run. I had been looking intently for an hour, when something flew into the cab. It struck the coal pile and fell back dead. It was a great gray owl. Within less time than it takes to tell it I began to think that the owl was a bad omen, and I stopped the train immediately. I cannot say what made me feel so, but I was sure that death was ahead. I descended and walked to a switch that was a short distance ahead of us. It was open and a long train of empty freight cars was on it. I had the owl stuffed, and since that time he has had a place in the cab of my engine. I owe my life to the superstition about owls, and if another one strikes my engine I will close the throttle at once."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Byzantine London.
Are we to have a Byzantine period in London, asks the Westminster Gazette. The big Byzantine cathedral at Westminster is approaching completion; and now the redecoration of St. James's Hall, which has just been completed, has transformed it from Moorish—more or less—to Byzantine, with deep red wall-panels, subdued green and gold tints predominating in the color scheme, ceiling panels of Byzantine design in green, yellow and cream, modeled plaster balustrades in place of the old iron ones, and windows of mosaic glass.

FILIAL PIETY IN CHINA.

A Land in Which the Fifth Commandment is Observed.

China has many faults and failings. But lack of reverence for age, and especially of respect for parents, is not one of them, says the Shanghai Mercury. The conscience of the people is so sensitive on the point that the un-filial son is considered a monster even in the lowest ranks of life.

From the earliest youth the Chinese child is taught respect for his elders and reverence for his parents. This does not prevent him from being quite as willful in his way as his Western contemporary, and sometimes more so, inasmuch as his value as a means of continuing not only the family name, but the family ancestral worship, give him an exaggerated value in his parents' eyes of which he is not slow to avail himself. He then acts as a spoiled boy acts elsewhere, and makes himself the world-wide nuisance of his kind. And this, of course, in spite of the teaching of all the sages, and notwithstanding the twenty-four stories of filial piety with which he is regaled as soon as he can read the character. He knows of Wu Meng, for example, the son of poor parents who could not afford to buy mosquito curtains, and he reads, with his tongue in his cheek, how this model youth acquired a lasting name by going to lie down in his parents' bed sometime before their hour for retiring, in order that the mosquitoes might gorge themselves on his blood and leave his parents alone. It is to be feared that there is few Wu Mengs in these days.

The more amenable child, however, would even now imitate the example of Huang Ting-ken, who did with his own hands menial service for his father and mother, though he had attained the highest offices in the State, and there are many Chinese women to-day who would not hesitate to keep alive an aged mother-in-law with milk from their own breasts, even as Ts'ai Shi did ages ago.

Philadelphia's Old Clothes.

Philadelphia is said to do a bigger business in old clothes, says the New York Commercial—that is, of course, in cast-off or second and third hand clothes of men—than any other city on the American Continent. It is the centre of the trade in the East, and the buyers of New York—men with their bags from Canal, Hester and Baxter streets—and from all over the Middle States "work" the City of Brotherly Love for old clothes every business day of the year. The outsiders number nearly 600 on an average. The capital invested in the old clothes trade of Philadelphia aggregates \$3,500,000. There are about 1000 flourishing retail stores, and the average value of their stocks is set by experts in the trade at \$3000. Each of a half dozen stores carries goods valued at \$15,000 or \$20,000. Each store gives employment to three persons on an average—the proprietor, his wife and the "busheeler," or mender. In all there are fully 3000 in the retail shops.

The German-English Tongue.

Here is an example of that study of foreign languages which is asserted to be among the foundations of German commercial progress: A gentleman, by whose courtesy we are able to publish it, says the London Daily News, received it in reply to a question about the manufacture of surgical bandages addressed to a German firm: "Sirs—With attendet we regret us to inform you, that we to build already twelve years a Bandage-Cutting and Rolling Machine as specialtydet. The greats preferreds to the same, quick and neat work, to have these machine maked worthfully for all Manufactories of Bandages, Hospitals and Sickness-houses thus that we till this day already over 500 pieces to sell can.

It shall us to be agreeable, when too you should have interest for this machine and we are fond willing to informed you further.—Jours faithfully.

Deceitful Sheep.

Out at the abattoir the "pets" among the sheep may be distinguished by their superior height and shapeliness and by the intelligence of their expression. The pets are murderers. In the other pens sheep come and go by thousands to the slaughter, but the pets remain. They are trained to lead their fellows to death, and they do this work well, for they have, by reason of their strength, intelligence and beauty, a great influence. When the butchers of the abattoir wish to slaughter a flock of sheep word is passed to the pets, and they indifferently, calmly saunter in among the flock, gain their confidence and esteem, and then lead their places at their head, and lead them to the slaughter house. The blood-stained and murderous pets have more than one unsheeplike quality. They eat pretzels and pie and drink beer.—Philadelphia Record.

A New-Found Apollo.

Travelers passing through Paris, says the Westminster Gazette, should not fail to inspect the casts of recent architectural finds at Delphi. Among the most curious of these is an Apollo, date 6000 years B. C., with long, Egyptian-like curls. There is also a very curious bronze statue of the winner in a chariot race, same date, besides many torsos and fragments of remarkable strength, showing much anatomical truth. A small native temple has been excavated in almost a perfect condition.

Imitation Sea Water.

Experiments made last year seemed to indicate that sea water could not be imitated, but in a later trial pure water mixed in correct proportion with the six chief salts of the ocean supported sensitive marine animals, and appeared to have the physiological effects of natural sea water.

OUR BUDGET OF HUMOR.

A Fair Juggler.
Viola is a juggler fair,
As you can plainly see,
She always keeps us in the air,
And we're not one, two three,
And when she drops a chap or two,
It surely is no joke
To find she gets a man that's new,
Because the old one's broke!
—Sam Stinson, in The Era.

Passive.
"Did he get married?"
"Not 'get,' 'was,' she and her mother arranged it."—Detroit Free Press.

Real Cautious.
"Is she pretty?"
"Why, man alive, her father's worth forty millions; of course she's pretty!"
—New Yorker.

The College Yell and the Conductor.
Do Style—"Where did the boys acquire that beautiful college yell?"
Gumbusta—"They merely repeat the stations as heard from the conductor on the local train."—New York Sun.

Pleasant Occasions.
Ethel—"What do you talk about at the Browning Club meetings, anyway?"
Maude—"Oh, almost everything but Browning."—Somerville (Mass.) Journal.

Preference.
"You say that young woman complained my singing," he exclaimed anxiously.
"In a way," the young woman replied; "she said she would rather hear you try to sing than try to converse."

Proof Positive.



Lady—"You say you were a soldier and a hero in the late war?"
Tramp—"Yes'm."

Lady—"How can you prove your bravery?"
Tramp—"Give me a match and I'll light your gasoline stove for you."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Geraldine's Preference.
Mother—"If you are a good girl, Geraldine, I will consent that you shall have another piece of cake."
Geraldine—"I would prefer, maw, that you should make that indulgence dependent on the cake's being good."—Richmond Dispatch.

Significance.
"When a man writes poetry to a girl it's a pretty good sign that he truly loves her, isn't it?"
"Not necessarily," answered Miss Cayenne. "It may be that he merely happened to think of a lot of words that rhyme with her name."—Washington Star.

Deficient.
"Possibly that boy of yours will attain wealth as a pugilist," said the neighbor in a comforting tone.
"I don't think so," answered the parent. "He's wonderfully handy with his fists, but he doesn't amount to anything whatever in the debating society."—Washington Star.

Not Used to It.
"So, Mr. Borden, you dined out yesterday," said Mrs. Starvum, sneering at the chronic kicker across the breakfast table. "I hope you got enough to eat."
"Gracious! No," replied he. "I didn't dare take enough for fear it would make me sick."—Philadelphia Press.

Where They Fall Down.
Smith—"Women are rapidly assuming all the positions formerly occupied by men."
Jones—"Yes, but there is one vacancy in which they fail to score."
Smith—"What is that?"
Jones—"Soliciting life insurance. They invariably talk a man to death before getting him insured."—Chicago News.

A Cool Gamester.
"Lady," said Meandering Mike, "de greatest pleasure dat I could find in life would be to chop some wood for you."
"I don't want any wood chopped."
"Or carry some water from de spring."
"I've got a well right at the kitchen door."
"Or shoo de cows from de pasture."
"I haven't any cows. We buy our milk."
"Well, lady, I've made these guesses about what I could do to help you along. Now it's your turn. An' I don't mind givin' you a small hint dat victuals an' clothes 'll be purty near de answer. It's a nice game, lady, an' I tink you're goin' to be lucky."—Washington Star.

A NATURAL RETRIEVER.

This Dog, After Practising on Boots, Stole a Baby.

My present hunting companion is a fifteen-months-old English setter of good breeding and much sense. The man from whom I bought him said he was a "natural retriever," and I guess he knew. At first he ran to old boots. It was part of my "morning's devotion" to gather up the accumulation of old boots from the lawn. After getting together quite a pile of boots, he turned his attention to collecting old hats. Where to throw the hats was a problem, so I cut off a small sapling about six feet from the ground, sharpened the end and jammed the hats down on it. This was to prevent his ringing in the same hat twice on me. Blessed if I didn't go out there one morning and find Dash on his hind legs trying to put a derby on the pole. His next efforts were given to tin cans, all shapes and sizes. This got to be such a nuisance that I was constrained to interview him with a switch whenever a new (old) can appeared on the premises.

One day I noticed him coming home with something in his mouth, as usual, His lips were skinned up and he wore a most disgusted expression of countenance, all caused by the fumes of a nearly new and recently smoked briar-wood pipe, which he had "swiped" somewhere. Then he brought home a muskrat, a big mud turtle whose legs were sprawling around as turtle's legs will, children's dolls, big rubber balls—in fact, everything portable that came to his notice.

One day last spring I saw him coming across the snow bringing something that looked peculiar, which proved to be a large fur cape. It seems that a neighbor in calling at a nearby house had taken off her cape and left it in the baby carriage on the piazza. Dash happened along and took a fancy to it.

Last Sunday afternoon while on my piazza lazily dreaming the time away there came to my vision a woman trundling a rosy-cheeked baby. "The Ghost" (for so we call Dash for short, as he is almost all white) was dancing around the outfit, first looking at the woman, then at the baby in the carriage. The thought flitted through my mind that the old lady had better watch out or she would lose the baby. And sure enough, in about five minutes, back came Dash totting the baby in his mouth. He had her balanced just right, carrying her by the loose folds of her dress, and without hurting her a bit. He was proud as a peacock, head and tail up and stepping high. The stork had always skipped our house, although good to our neighbors, and I suppose the dog noticed the deficiency and did his best to remedy it. My, but didn't that old lady kick!—Forest and Stream.

Grass Houses of Indians.

Among the most interesting features of Southern Oklahoma, says the Chicago Chronicle, are the remains of the grass houses formerly built by the Wichita Indians, who to a certain extent keep up their novel mode of architecture to the present day. The grass is gathered early in the spring, when it is yet fresh. The sod cutting usually takes place immediately after a rain, the sod being removed to the thickness of about eight inches. Buffalo grass sod is the only kind that will answer the purpose of the builder. He commences to lay the foundation as does the stone mason, digging away the earth to a depth of about a foot.

The grass portion of the hunks of sod is laid to the outside and the house is built to a height of twelve to fifteen feet in the form of a pointed dome. There is no hole in the top for smoke to pass out, the latter being carried away through a pipe outside of the hut. The door is usually in the south and there are no windows. Through each tuft of sod is run a willow reed string, and these strings are bound clear around the structure. The grass remains green and will grow if there is plenty of rain. It is not at all uncommon to see the sides of these grass houses turn green as spring approaches, just as do the pastures near them. The houses are very warm in winter and cool in summer. They never leak.

Tunnel Jumping in Chicago Navigation.

Chicago tugmen view mournfully the passing of one of their favorite diversions through removal of the top of the old cofferdam of the Washington street tunnel. For years "tunnel jumping" has been a feature of river towing. In "jumping" the Washington street tunnel tugs, with a free river before them, have shot over the tunnel, dragging a 400-foot vessel with 150,000 bushels of grain or 4000 tons of coal behind them. To get over the cofferdam the big ships have been forced fifteen or eighteen inches out of water, their keels resting on the dam while the propellers and tugs forced them across and into deep water. Seventeen feet below the surface two divers worked all day to cut away the timbers of the cofferdam. The flow of the river was stopped for a time while they worked.—Chicago Tribune.

The Balmoral Estate.

Very few people are aware, says the Dundee News, that when Queen Victoria purchased the Balmoral estate she was not the first of her race who owned it. The earliest appearance of Balmoral, as it was originally called, on record shows it to have been the property of James II. of Scotland, which was when Master Richard de Forbes, a Canon of Aberdeen, delivered his accounts on 11th July, 1451. For over a hundred years Balmoral belonged to members of the royal family and came again to the sovereign fifty years ago by purchase from the Duke of Fife's father. It comprises about 11,000 acres, extends from the Dee to the summit of Lochnagar. Balmoral is a compound Gaelic word, signifying the house by the big cliff or rock.

THE REAL THING.

There are only 400 real iron pots that float in the stream of style, and some of these pots, they are pretty tough lots, though they float with a satisfied smile.

And woe to the pot that is made out of clay,
Who dares to join in with the throng,
If the look that is blue
Doesn't recognize you,
You will float—I don't think—very long.

In fact, I can't think the old saps, if they could,
Would care to mix up with these pots,
Brass, China and Delf,
On the old kitchen shelf,
Have a happier time of it—lots.

And the 400 pots, in the social swim,
Many thanks to paint, powder and pride,
May look like a dream,
As they float down the stream,
But they're horribly battered, inside.
—James Clarence Harvey, in Life.

FLASHES OF FUN.

"A speculator!" "Yes; same thing. He's getting married on nothing at all."—Detroit Free Press.

Fudge—"Poor fellow, he owes his death to deadly gasoline." Judge—"Gasoline, auto or stove?"—Baltimore Herald.

Of all sweet words of tongue or pen That woman can bestow The sweetest words to her are when She says: "I told you so!" —Philadelphia Record.

"What kind of a stove did the prehistoric man use?" asked little Ostend, "Probably he used a mountain range." —Philadelphia Record.

Archibald—"Penelope Griggs is going to be married." Arthur—"Gracious! Who's going to marry her?" Archibald—"I am."—Detroit Free Press.

She could have carried him with ease— Two hundred pounds she'd weigh. His given name was Hercules. Her given name was Fay. —Philadelphia Press.

Madge—"What method of courtship does he use?" Prue—"Oh, he affects to have found the only girl in the world who understands him."—Detroit Free Press.

His Lordship—"But you might change your mind. Women do, sometimes, change their minds." Miss Phanny T. Phayre—"Yes. I might if I had said yes!"—Puck.

"Papa, what is the difference between the smart set and the four hundred?" "Why, my son, the four hundred is limited to 2000, but everybody is in the smart set."—Life.

"My fingers seem to be all thumbs to-day," apologetically remarked the clumsy butcher. "Ah!" said the customer, significantly; "that accounts for their getting in the weigh."—Philadelphia Record.

Kittle—"Well, there's one thing about the auto. It has enabled a good many to make a noise in the world who never were heard of before." Kattie—"But it has brought them into worse odor than before, if that were possible."—Boston Evening Transcript.

"Charlotte," said the first, who was of her sex and a friend, "strives to be strictly up to the minute with her horseless carriage and other things." "Yes," responded the other, who was also feminine and an even closer friend, "she even affects a birthday-less age."—Indianapolis News.

"Wasn't it a terrifying experience," asked his friend, "when you lost your foothold and went sliding down the mountain-side?" "It was exciting, but extremely interesting," said the college professor. "I could not hold nothing all the way down with what absolute accuracy I was following along the line of least resistance."—Chicago Tribune.

The Scottish Mother.

Mr. Carnegie, after visiting the Ladies' College in Queen street, Edinburgh, the oldest educational institution in connection with the Merchants' Company, made the following entry in the visitors' book:

"Surprised, delighted, impressed, Ruskin says there is nothing in the world that equals the Scottish mother in the tried perfectness of her old age. This institution does the important part of starting the future mother well—a greater service it is impossible to render.—Andrew Carnegie.

Mr. Carnegie himself, of course, had a Scottish mother, and no mother, as is well known, had ever a more devoted son.

The Perpetual Failure.

If you lack character, downright, genuine honesty and squareness, your college education, your superior advantages only emphasize or extenuate your real failure, for no man has ever succeeded, no matter how many millions of dollars he may have accumulated, who has lost his character in the process. If he has left his manhood behind him, if his integrity has escaped in his long-headed methods, his shrewd, sharp dealings, in his under-handed schemes, his life is a failure. It does not matter what position he has reached or how much money he has made. He is a miserable failure if he has lost the pearl of his life.—Success.

The Bear and the Child.

The London Graphic obtains from a correspondent at Sebastopol an interesting bear story. A huge bear approached near to the village and carried off a young child. The inhabitants formed a cordon around the tract of forest where the bear had taken refuge, and on the third day after the child was carried off they closed in on the bear. The child, unharmed, was reclining on a deep mossy couch made for her by the bear. She had subsisted on the nuts and forest fruit brought her by the bear. One almost regrets to learn that the bear was summarily killed.