

YOUNG FOLKS.

Get Up and Scratch.

Said one little chick, with a funny little squirm,
"I wish I could find a nice, fat worm."
Said another little chicken, with a queer little
"I wish I could find a nice, fat bug."

Said a third little chick, with a strange little
"I wish I could find some nice, yellow meal."

"Now, look here," said the mother, from the
green garden patch,
"If you want any breakfast you must get up
and scratch."

Jack's Bear Hunt.

"Where are you going, Caleb?"
Jack had come into the warm farm kitchen
to find Caleb tinkering with a gun.
"Goin' on a bit of a hunt."
"Oh, I wish I could go."
"Why couldn't you?"

"Oh! Will you let me? Say, mother,"
as he entered the room, "Caleb says I may
go hunting with him. May I?"

"Where to, Caleb?" asked mother, "and
hunting what for?"

"Why," said Caleb, "I heard tell of a
deer or two been seen 'round up in Plum-
mer's Holler, so I thought I'd go and try
for 'em. Like enough I'll only bring home
some squirrels. Squirrels is good, though."

"Deer!" exclaimed Jack, in great excite-
ment. "Oh mother—I could go back and
tell the boys I'd been deer hunting."

Mother smiled at the eager face, willing
to allow him the pleasure, yet anxious for
his safety. She had brought the boy into
the Minnesota woods in quest of health for
him, and had remained late in the season to
give him a taste of invigorating frost. His
round cheeks and beaming eyes attested
the wisdom of her resort to Mother Nature's
kindly aids.

"If I was sure there could be no danger,"
she began.

"I'll take the best kind of care of him,"
said Caleb. "And if you're feared o' tirin'
him with too much walkin' I can just as
well hitch up the spring wagon and drive
to the holler. Have an errand out that
way anyhow, where I can leave the
wagon."

Mother smiled her consent. Twenty
minutes later she was driving away in
the sharp, crisp, morning air. Jack,
a bright boy of twelve, did not feel that the
hunt had begun until the wagon had been
left behind and the two were making their
way among the bare brush, logs and bould-
ers of Plummer's Holler.

"You'll let me take a shot at squirrel
sometime to-day, won't you?" he asked
of Caleb, and after receiving the desired
promise was well content to lapse into
hunters' silence. As they penetrated
deeper both became more careful in keeping
their movements quiet, Caleb occasionally
motioning to Jack his convictions, based on
small signs familiar to a sportsman, that
deer could not be far off.

At length he paused, lifting his hand in
warning. Something was near, beyond
doubt, for the sound is just ahead of them.
They had been gradually working their
way upward until now very near the head
of the hollow. Just here it was filled with
a dense growth of brush mingled with the
remains of fallen trees. In the midst of
all this arose two or three rocks.

"Hah!—if there ain't a deer behind them!
I won't be nipped by Caleb," said Caleb,
in the lowest possible whisper. "You
keep back whilst I peep 'round here."

But Jack could not keep back. Close at
Caleb's heels he followed as with an un-
avoidable crackling of the brittle brush he
skirted the rocks. And then Caleb gave a
cry of dismay. But it was not for himself.

"Back, back," he shouted, as directly
before him, angry and threatening, with
flashing eyes, snorts and growls, arose a
large black bear. Caleb was a good shot,
and had been by himself would not have
been disconcerted by the sudden surprise.
But the heavy responsibility resting upon
him upset him. With a nervous grasp he
levelled his gun and fired—to wound the
bear which, now doubly enraged, made a
mad rush toward its toes.

"Up there," shrieked Caleb, "Up that
tree—quick!"

"How can I? I can't reach those bare
branches," said Jack, reaching helplessly
above his head.

"Here!" Dropping his gun, with one
toss Caleb raised the boy to his shoulder.
Jack seized the limbs above his head and
swung himself up. Caleb tried to regain
his gun but the bear was upon him.

"Get up farther," he cried to Jack.
Jack did so and Caleb was soon beside
him.

"Can't bears climb trees?" whispered
Jack.

"They can when they're feelin' good.
But she can't—poor creeter. Don't it
make a fellow feel guilty to see that?"

Mad with the pain of its wound the bear
was pawing the ground, tearing at trees
and branches, biting whatever was nearest.
"I must get down and get that gun—
now I've got my breath, and my wits,"
said Caleb.

"Caleb, you can't," said Jack, in terror
at the violent movements of the great
brute. "It will be as good as your life's
worth to go down there."

Caleb looked in the boy's face, recalling
with the clearness of strongly suppressed
excitement, his mother's face as she decided
to trust this one son of hers to his promised
good care, on his assurance that no harm
could possibly come to him.

"You hold on tight," he said, gruffly.
"And," he added, with an attempt at a
light tone, "if that old lady down there
should get one of them heavy paws o'
hern on me,—you'll understand our best
hold is to wait right here. They know
where we was comin'." You hold on good."

"Stop, Caleb," cried the boy, in terror
at the possibilities suggested in the words.
"Don't go down. Perhaps she'll go
away—"

Whether the move made half voluntarily
by Jack caused him to lose his balance can
never be told, but the next moment Caleb,
carefully turning on the almost bare branch
with view to making his way to the side
of the tree farthest from the enemy, lost
his hold and went down—to alight exactly
on the bear's back.

A situation to bring out all the nerve of a
true hunter. Jack could never afterwards

recall without a shudder that fight for dear
life, in which Caleb, with only his jackknife
and sturdy fist dealt blow after blow until
the poor animal, blinded by the flow of
blood staggered and fell over, giving Caleb
opportunity to reach his gun.
"She's done," he said quietly, after the
echo of the shot had died away among the
hills.

"Luckily I brought the spring wagon,"
said Caleb, when hours later having called
upon neighbors for help in securing his
prize, he placed in it the bear skin and a
supply of the meat. "And now, boy," he
said to Jack, in a voice which betrayed a
good deal of feeling under the light words,
"I'm takin' you back to your mother safe
and sound, thanks be to the Lord, and I'm
ready to say the next time I go bear huntin'
I'll go alone."

"I haven't so much as a squirrel," said
Jack to his mother. "Haven't even had a
shot. But I've been in a bear hunt."

NEW COIFFURES.

Three Styles of Hairdressing That Come
From London.

The present fashion in hair dressing, is
particularly graceful, and our artist has
sketched three pretty styles, which show



the correct way of waving and dressing the
hair. Very light fringes are worn, and the
hair is artistically waved at the side, and
held in place very often with dainty little
tortoise shell combs. It is, however, ad-
visable to retain the services of a hair-
dresser to obtain these waves, if Nature



has endowed you with naturally straight
hair, for if they are not properly arranged
the whole effect is spoiled, and it would
have been better not to attempt them at
all.

It will be observed from our sketch that
in some cases the curls of hair come nearer
to the face than in others. One lady



wears the puff quite near the coil of back
hair, and the other two have it near the
ears.

TROPICAL DOWNPOURS.

Remarkable Rainfalls in South America.

The intensity of genuine tropical rain-
falls is extraordinary. The rain appears
to come down, not in separate drops, but
in great sheets. In Darwin's "Voyage of
the Beagle," writing of a heavy shower,
amounting to 1-6 inches in six hours, which
occurred during his stay in the neighbour-
hood of Rio de Janeiro, the author de-
scribes the sound produced by the drops
falling on the innumerable leaves of the
forest as very remarkable, and says the
noise was like the rushing of a great body
of water, and could be heard at a distance
of a quarter of a mile. Dampier gives a
lively picture of the rain at Georgina, off
the coast of Panama, where, he says when
he and his men were drinking chocolate in
the open air, it rained so heavily that some
of them declared they could not empty
their calabashes, for they could not drink
up the water as fast as it fell into them.

In many parts of the tropics rain is a
remarkably regular phenomenon. At Rio
de Janeiro it is said that it used to be the
fashion in invitations for the afternoon to
state whether the guests were to assemble
before or after the thunderstorm, which
came on regularly every day at a particular
hour.

At the Government cinchona planta-
tions in Jamaica, on Dec. 21, 1885, 11.80
inches of rain fell in twenty-four hours
but this measurement does not indicate
the total fall, as a gauge, when read at the
usual hour of 7 a. m., was found full and
overflowing. It is probable that unless
care is taken to prevent this occurring,
many very heavy falls are not fully
measured. On the crest of the blue Moun-
tains, on the same plantations 31.50 inches
fell in one week of which three days were
fine.

MR. AND MRS. BOWSER.

An Unusual State of Affairs in the Family.

An observing wife can tell the time o'
day by her husband's countenance. She
has only to look into his face as he comes
down to breakfast to decide whether the
day is to be pleasant or disagreeable for
her. Every husband makes his start for
the day as he gets out of bed. If he gets
beyond the hole in the toe of his right
sock, the collar-button rolled under the
dresser the night before, the ravelings
which suddenly show up on his cuffs and
the absence of his favorite hair-brush from
its usual location, he will be quite likely to
decide that his wife has an excuse for
living, and when asked to order a barrel of
flour or some more coal he may possibly
repress his desire to observe that waste and
extravagance seem to be the ruling spirit
of that house.

When Mr. Bowser came down to break-
fast the other morning Mrs. Bowser looked
sharply at him to get her cue. She was
puzzled. He was in Mr. Bowser's chair,
he wore Mr. Bowser's clothes, but was he
Mr. Bowser? He had dressed himself
without once yelling over the banister to
ask if that house was run on a system or
just slipped along Hottentot fashion, and
though she had listened sharply she had
not heard any chairs upset or any doors
banged about. He might be in for a wrest-
ling match with the grip, and her heart
fluttered as she queried:

"Mr. Bowser, aren't you—you feeling
well this morning?"

"Tip-top, my dear—tip-top," he kindly
replied as he looked up with a smile.

"But has—has anything unusual happen-
ed?" she persisted as she poured the cof-
fee.

"Nothing, dear. Everything is all right
and going along as slick as grease. How
are you feeling this morning? I do hope
you won't get down again. You don't
know how I miss you when you're ill;
seems as if we were all packed up to move.
Please be very careful of yourself!"

Mrs. Bowser got the coffee poured out,
but it was all she could do, and she dared
not trust her voice to reply.

"Elegant coffee, this," perfectly ele-
gant," said Mr. Bowser as he sipped it.
"By the way, I was speaking to you about
my shirts the other day. I find they are
all right—fit me to a T, and collars never
set so well. I've had less trouble with
shirts, collars and socks in the last three
months than any other man in this town,
and you deserve credit for it."

Mrs. Bowser stared at him in open-
mouthed amazement, and said to herself
that he couldn't possibly live the day
through.

"Didn't you say something to me the
other day about wanting some money?"
asked Mr. Bowser as he got away with a
couple of flannel cakes, without any wool
in them.

"Y—yes," she stammered. "I told
you I needed a new dress."

"Yes, I have no doubt about it, and
how about a hat?"

"I really need one, but I was thinking
I might possibly make the old one do."

"You won't have to," he said as he felt
for his wallet. "Here's \$50, and if that
doesn't fit you out to keep, we'll see."

Mrs. Bowser wanted to weep, but she
didn't dare to. There was a blur before
her eyes as she looked around the room,
and the sideboard and buffet seemed to be
taking a waltz together. She even dodged
a little, as if expecting the ceiling to fall
upon her head.

"Well," said Mr. Bowser as he finally
snatched back from the table, "that's the
best breakfast I've had in a year. If every
husband in this world had as good a wife
to oversee his home as I have life would be
one long, happy day. I see you have cut
the gas-bill down a dollar over last month,
and I never saw coal last as it has of late.
I want you to know that I appreciate
these things. What's the matter, dear?"

"I—I've got a wretched headache!"
she whispered in reply. It was a fib, but
the recording angel never even dipped her
pen in the ink.

"Too bad, puss—too bad!" he soothingly
said as he chuckled her under the chin and
gave her a kiss. "Well, tra-la until lunch
time. Hope you'll feel better then."

The minute the front door closed on him
Mrs. Bowser tumbled on the lounge and
gave way to her feelings. The cook heard
her and came in and gazed down upon her
and exclaimed:

"Well, if I had a husband who'd give me
a blast before leaving the house I'd have a
divorce in six weeks! Why don't you get
up and assert your rights and make him
knuckle!"

"Mr. Bow-wow-wowser is the best husband
on earth—the very best!" sobbed Mrs.
Bowser.

"Rats! I'd break every bone in his body
if he belonged to me; I've heard him take on
and scold and jaw and kick over chairs and
throw towels around because one of his
suspenders busted on him, or he fell down
a mile from home and knocked a heel off
his shoe. Some folks think the cook has
her ears in the oven all the time, but don't
you believe it. Take my advice and spunk
right up."

Mrs. Bowser didn't try to explain any
farther. She just continued the weeping
business until she got ready to stop, and
then she got up and went around feeling
so good that a tramp who came to the door
was given Mr. Bowser's second-best shoes
and a quarter in cash.

At noon, when Mr. Bowser came up to
lunch, the "fib" was still on. He actually
kicked up his heels and acted giddy as he
entered the hall. Mrs. Bowser met him
with a sweet smile, though having an eye
open for squalls, and he put his arm around
her and tried to waltz. During lunch he
got off half a dozen good jokes, praised the
etables and the way the table was spread,
and capped the climax by saying:

"I have tickets for the theater to-night,
and you be all ready, and we'll have a gay
old time. What is it, sis?"

It was that same fib again, and the re-
cording angel passed it by as before and
never heaved a sigh. Mr. Bowser was good
at supper time. His "streak" lasted all the
evening. He never made a kick at the
theater nor about having his feet walked
on in the crowded car. He smiled all the

way home and laughed after he got there,
and Mrs. Bowser went to bed utterly con-
science stricken to think that she had held
Mr. Bowser up to the public for these long
years in a false light. Even his snores had
a beautiful cadence as they floated out over
the foot-board and knocked the splinters
off the darkness. She was dreaming of
pansies, lilies, angels and all that when
sleep overtook her. When she awoke it
was daylight, and Mr. Bowser sat on the
rail of the bed with a sock in one hand and
his shirt in the other and was saying:

"Look-a-here, Mrs. Bowser, if there's a
worse-run house in this town, or a wife who
seems to care less for her husband's comfort,
I'll give a bar'l of gum to find 'em! Look
at that sock! Look at that shirt! If things
don't change pretty soon I'm going to know
the reason why!"

Poor Mrs. Bowser! The "fib" had come
and the "fib" had gone.

BIG DIAMOND DEAL.

A London Syndicate Secures the Pro-
duct of the South African Fields.

A \$20,000,000 diamond deal has just
been consummated in London. The rich
London diamond syndicate, composed of
Charles Abrahams, Werner, Bert & Co.,
Joseph Brothers and J. Baranato, has
made a contract with the De Beers-Kim-
berley syndicate, of South Africa, by
which the latter agrees to deliver to the
London syndicate its entire output of rough
diamonds until July, 1897. For this con-
cession the London syndicate pays to the
De Beers-Kimberley syndicate an advance
of ten per cent. over the price now existing.
This means that as the annual output of
the mines controlled by the South African
corporation amounts to \$20,000,000, the
De Beers-Kimberley syndicate will make
\$2,000,000 clear profit over the profit it
would make under present conditions.
Just what the ordinary revenue of this
colossal syndicate is, not to speak of this
extra \$2,000,000, will be made plain by
figures given below.

DIAMONDS WILL COME HIGH.

The immediate result of this deal will be,
to send the cost of diamonds upward
gradually, but with certainty. With the
exception of a few independent mines in
South Africa, the De Beers-Kimberley
syndicate controls the world's supply of
diamonds. Its former contract with the
London syndicate still has a year to run,
so that the contract just made covers the
time from July, 1896, to July, 1897.

Here is the showing made by the diamond
monarchs who own the De Beers company.
The report is for the last fiscal year up to
the present month.

The revenue of the De Beers company
alone for that period has been \$16,020,000.
The expenditures were \$6,265,000, leaving
a gross profit of \$9,755,000.

DIAMONDS IN GOLD QUARTZ.

To the utter surprise of old and experi-
enced miners, diamonds have been discover-
ed among the gold quartz in several of the
Transvaal gold mines. This circumstance
is regarded as peculiar. Seldom have this
gem and precious metal been found in such
close proximity. When the miners at Kler-
dorp discovered that their heavy stamps
were pulverizing large diamonds with the
gold quartz conglomeration ensued and an
instant order was issued all along the line
to be on the sharp watch for diamonds.
Some that were found proved to be of the
very first water and were styled by experts
as peculiarly unique. At Johannesburg
some fine diamonds have been found mixed
with the gold quartz.

NANA SAHIB'S FATE.

Capt. Brown Says He Killed and Buried
the Indian Mutineer.

All historians leave in doubt the fate of
Nana Sahib, the leader of the Indian
mutiny, who was never seen after the bat-
tle of Jungeepoor. Now Capt. William
Brown, an ex-British officer in the Indian
service, and a resident of San Francisco, has
given what he says are the missing facts.
His story is as follows:—

Brown had an adventurous youth, coming
from England to California in pioneer days,
and then going to India, where he learned
the language. He was an able navigator
and had training in the British navy, so
when the mutiny broke out he received
command of a gunboat, and soon afterward
was made Commodore of the Ganges fleet,
with the gunboat Benares as his ship.
While in this vessel he had an offer of a
large sum from Nana Sahib to desert the
mutineers. The offer was brought by an
Indian princess, with whom he fell in love.

He refused to desert, but he promised
Nana Sahib to burn his body and bury the
ashes in case the mutineers should be killed.
Soon after the Benares was attacked at
night by a large force of Sepoys, led by a
man of great courage. They almost captured
the vessel, but finally were beaten off.
Brown shot their leader, whom he could
not recognize. Going to his cabin he was
astonished to find there Nana Sahib, dying
in the arms of Soma, his favorite wife.
Nana told him he was the leader, and re-
minded him of his promise to give him
funeral honors. In an hour Nana died.

The gunboat steamed out into the river,
and when night fell the body of Nana was
taken in a small boat to the shore. With
Brown as stake were driven deep into the
ground, and the wood was piled high.
The body was laid on the pile and was
attached to the stakes by a strong wire.
Then the match was applied. Brown and
his servant had turned away from the pyre
when they heard a scream. They turned
and saw Soma disappear in the flames.

A little before dawn Brown carefully
gathered the ashes in a box and returned to
his ship.

The next afternoon about sunset the Ben-
ares anchored in eleven fathoms at the
junction of the Ganges and Gogra rivers.
The exact spot was carefully noted by the
cross bearings of three temples. As soon as
it became dark Brown lowered the box with
the ashes into the river.

Brown has documents which, he says,
substantiate this story in every particular.

HEALTH.

Effects of Exposure.

It has often been remarked how differ-
ently the same amount of exposure affects
different persons. If, for example, half-a-
dozen men are shipwrecked, one of them
may be seized afterward with an attack of
rheumatism, another may suffer from
pneumonia, another from simple "catarrh,"
and so on; while one, perhaps, will escape
with no inconvenience.

The explanation is to be found in the
tendency of each individual to suffer from a
special class of diseases, and on inquiry it
will be found that the persons in question
have suffered from previous attacks of a
similar nature.

Weakness of special organs or parts of
the body may have its origin in direct
exposure of such organs to attacks of
disease, to occupation or habits of life, or
it may be hereditary.

Exposure may thus bring to the surface a
trouble already existing, or it may be
provocative of some disorder in one whose
previous existence has never been interrupted
by illness of any sort.

The effects of exposure to the elements
may be minimized, if not averted altogether,
by accustoming one's self to exercise in all
conditions of weather, by which means the
organs themselves are strengthened. This
good result is not to be accomplished by any
system of "hardening" which includes an
insufficient amount of suitable clothing.
It is rather gained by habitual and system-
atic habits of exercise performed daily in the
open air.

The organs of excretion, for example,
may be habitually overtaxed until, on the
occasion of a prolonged chilling of the
bodily surface, which prevents activity of
the skin, the functions of the kidneys may
be so severely taxed that congestion or
inflammation ensues. A weakness may
then become established, and so each
succeeding exposure or provocation will
meet with less resistance on the part of the
organ originally affected.

Heredity plays an important part in the
tendency of the individual to suffer from
certain diseases.

Milk as a Diet.

A medical man expresses the belief that
a person could live for any length of time
and take heavy exercise all the while on no
other food than sweet milk. His conviction
is the result of personal experiment. He
wanted to establish the fact that persons con-
valescing from sickness may grow strong-
er with no other nutriment than sweet
milk, and that they are obliged to take
"something solid" to eat, as so many people
imagine. He holds that many a convales-
cent has gone into his grave as a result of
overtaxing his weak stomach by putting
"solid" food into it; and he maintains that
the old belief as to bread being the first es-
sential of human life is shown by his experi-
ments to be erroneous. His test was to
live for thirty days with only sweet milk
as a nourishment. In the whole time he
lost five and a half pounds in weight, but
no strength. He even attributes the loss
of weight to the warmth of the weather
and to excessive exercise on the bicycle and
the daily manipulation of 16-pound dumb
bells and other heavy weights. He took
more exercise than usual in order to test
the thing fairly. On the seventh day of
the experiment he ran several foot races
with a skillful runner and was beaten in
each race. On the thirtieth day he again
pitted himself against the same runner and
did the best of the racing, which certainly
would tend to confirm his statement that
he lost no strength during the thirty days'
test. He drank four pints of milk daily
should take about five pints of milk daily
when no other food is being taken. His
practice was to drink milk at intervals of
two hours during the day, commencing at
7 o'clock in the morning and continuing
until 10 at night. After that he would
take no more until next morning.

How Disease is Carried.

A physician in a country village has
lately given to his medical brethren some
additional instances of the ways in which
contagions are spread that should make
us all thoughtful. The only case of scarlet
fever ever lost by this doctor was one in
which the disease was communicated by a
letter written by a mother (in whose family
there were two cases of the fever) to a friend
a hundred miles away. The envelope of the
letter was given to a child as a plaything.
Another severe case of the fever was con-
tracted by a little girl from two playmates
who had what the doctor called "scarlet
rash," and still another was carried to a
family by a carpenter, who lived eight
miles away, whose little children were
sailing with scarlatina, a disease that the
attending physician informed the father
was not nearly as catching as scarlet
fever.

The Precious Baby.

Do not keep your children too closely
housed; the baby should be taken out for
an airing every pleasant day in summer,
from the time he is a month old, and be
sure also that his eyes are protected from a
bright light.

If a baby is perfectly healthy, he will
sleep from 16 to 21 hours out of the 24,
awaking only for his meals, which should
be given at regular intervals say two hours
apart. Do not give the baby sweet mix-
tures that help to produce stomach irrita-
tion and indigestion; his chances for good
health will be much better if he doesn't
make their acquaintance.

A Small Demand.

Lady—If I were a big healthy man like
you, I'd be ashamed to beg! Why don't
you go to work?

Weary Waggle—I would work, lady,
but I can't get anything to do at my
trade.

Lady—Well, that is hard, poor fellow!
What is your trade?
Weary Waggle—I'm a bank president,
lady.