

HIS ESTHETIC WIFE.

BY ANNA CERES FRITSCH.

SHR.
"Hush thee, love! Aurora's fingers
Paint in rosy hues the sky;
Luna's disk, reluctant, lingers;
Hear the robin's morning lay!"

HE.
"Can't ye let 'im yawp, I wonder?
Yesterday I washed them sheep;
I'm dog-tired! Why in thunder
Can't ye let a feller sleep?"

SHR.
"Come, my precious, let us wander
Where upon the lakelet's breast
Silvery stars their sweet light squander,
Now the day king's gone to rest.
Through the hushed air hear that moaning,
Weird, uncanny melody!
Is it lovesick Undine's groaning,
Or the banshee's wailing cry?"

HE.
"Soon's the light o' day is dawning,
I must ship a load o' hay;
What's the use ter stand here yawning,
Listnin' to owls an' frogs?"

On her cheeks the bright tears glitter,
Kissed away before they fall;
"Why, you silly little critter!
I declar', she's going to squall!
Sally, don't ye put nor spatter,
Ef our notions don't jist meet;
I must arn the bread an' butter
You an' them six young ones eat!"

THE PANGS OF HUNGER.

Perhaps the most remarkable instance of imprisonment in the snow of a descending avalanche occurred in the hamlet of Bergolletto, in the valley of the upper Stura, at the foot of the Alps, near the fortress of Demonte, in Piedmont. Three persons survived an incarceration of five weeks. It was in the winter of 1755, when the fall of snow had been so heavy that there was danger that its weight would break through the roofs of the houses. On the 19th of March, therefore, some of the people tried to avoid the danger by removing the snow from their house-tops. Among those so engaged was a man named Roccia, and his son, a lad of 15. The village clergyman was at this time leaving his house for his church, when he saw two avalanches descending. Calling to Roccia and his son, he returned speedily to his own dwelling. Father and son instantly fled toward the church. They had not run more than forty yards when the lad fell close behind his father, who, turning around to assist his son, was seized with horror on seeing that his own house and the houses of his neighbors were buried beneath an enormous pile of snow. His earthly all was swallowed up—his wife, sister, children, gone! The shock overcame him, and he fainted. His son soon recovered, and helped his father to the house of a friend; but he was five days before he was sufficiently restored to make any exertions in seeking his lost ones.

When, after five weeks of incessant labor, they were delivered, the imprisoned women were too weak to move, and were shrunk almost to skeletons. With great tenderness they were removed to the house of a friend, where they were put to bed and nursed with care and affection. The daughter recovered soonest, and the unmarried woman was able to walk in a week or two; but Roccia's wife, who had been in a more cramped position than the rest, was the last to regain the use of her limbs; and her eyes were ever affected with dimness, from being suddenly brought out of her prison into the light of day.

We give a description of their imprisonment from the lips of Roccia's wife. When the dire calamity befell them, she was in the stable with her sister. They had gone there with some rye-flour gruel for one of the goats. Roccia's daughter and a younger son were with the women, standing in a corner among the animals, waiting for the sound of the bell to go to church. In the stable were a donkey, six goats and half a dozen fowls. Roccia's wife was about to leave the stable to go to her own house. Scarcely had she reached the stable door, when she heard the warning voice of the minister. Looking up, she saw the descending avalanche, and heard a sound as of another at some little distance. She hurried back into the stable and told her sister and the children.

In a few minutes the snow descended upon the building, crushing in the roof and part of the ceiling. To save themselves they got into the rack and manger, the latter being under the main posts of the building, and therefore able to bear the immense pressure. They occupied, however, a very uncomfortable posture, crouching against the wall in a space only a little more than a yard in breadth. They had escaped instant death, but the more painful and lingering death by famine seemed certainly to await them. They were oppressed with the thought of how they could subsist under such circumstances. The children did not lose heart; they said they had had breakfast, and could do very well until the next morning. The aunt had a few chestnuts in her pocket, and two each of these served for their supper, with snow water as a beverage.

In the bake-house near the stable was the whole product of yesterday's baking. They made repeated attempts to force their way through the snow to the bake-house, but all in vain. There was only one recourse left, and that was the goat. This supply seemed invaluable. On the second day they felt the pangs of hunger; they divided the remaining chestnuts among them, and also a quart of goat's milk. The third day they made another attempt to get to the bake-house; but the weight of the snow was too much for them, so they gave up all hopes of help from that direction. They were therefore shut up to the milk of the one goat.

To feed the goats was now one great object. Over the manger where they lay was a hole into the hayloft; through

this hole they pulled down the fodder into the rack; and when they could no longer reach it, the sagacious creatures climbed upon their shoulders and helped themselves.

At the end of the first week, the boy began to sink. He had complained of great pain in his stomach. His mother nursed him in her lap for a whole week, when he desired to lie his length in the manger. His hands and lips were cold, and his respiration feeble. His mother put a little milk to his lips, but he could not take it; then, with one tender cry, "Oh, my father in the snow! Oh, father, father!" he expired.

Through the whole of their imprisonment they were in total darkness. For nearly three weeks the crowing of the cock enabled them to distinguish night from day; but at the end of this term chanticleer died, and his companions followed him one by one. Then they literally took "no note of time." The donkey and the goats were restless for some time, but at length they fell a prey to hunger and exhaustion. The milk of the first goat gradually diminished, but the kidding of the second increased the supply, and as they killed the kid, though with great reluctance, the supply held out until the day of their deliverance. The poor goat became a great solace to them, as it was so tame as to lick their hands and face. The poor creature was ever afterward an object of great affection in the family.

We need only add one or two interesting facts. During their five weeks' imprisonment they suffered very little uneasiness from hunger after the first week. The effluvia from the dead animals was far more disagreeable, as also the vermin which infested the place, and the great coldness of the snow water which trickled over them. The constrained position was also a source of great misery. During the whole of the time, Mrs. Roccia had no sleep, but her daughter and sister had intervals of repose equal to their nightly rest. Their deliverance was a matter of great thankfulness to all concerned; and many a winter's evening was spent in relating around their humble hearth the sufferings, the mercies, and deliverance of that eventful time.

The Englishman Was Silenced.

An Englishman was being entertained in a Beacon street parlor one evening, when the conversation turned upon the difference between English and American cities.

"One thing is very shocking to us," the Englishman observed, "and that is in the many cases of violence in the streets here. That, you know, is so different in the English city."

"Different!" exclaimed one of the young ladies who was entertaining the guest; "I never saw half the violence in the streets here that I have in England. Why, when we were Liverpool last summer we started out one day to take a walk, and we had only got across the street from the hotel when a horrible great drunken fishwife came up to me without any provocation and offered to fight me for sixpence. I never was so frightened in all my life."

"What did you do? Call the police?" she was asked.

"Call the police?" she echoed, "there were no police in sight to call. I don't know what I should have done if a coal-heaver hadn't come along and volunteered to take the quarrel off my hands by fighting the horrible creature for nothing."

"And you got away without harm?" "Yes; but I never had anything like that happen to me on the streets of an American city."

"No," the visitor responded dryly, "it couldn't, you know. An American coal-heaver would have charged you at least double for taking the affair off your hands."

"Very likely," coolly put in a young lady who had not yet spoken, "for the truth is that only in England are even coal-heavers fond of fighting with women."

The conversation was found to be taking a turn that would on the whole not prove conducive to social harmony, and the subject was therefore dropped. —*Boston Courier.*

Cook's Awful Vengeance.

An original method of wreaking vengeance on an unfaithful lover has been adopted by a deceived damsel. The man was a tailor and the woman a cook, who, when she heard that the gay deceiver had given her up for a spruce dressmaker, armed herself with a pair of big scissors and a bottle of vitriol and proceeded to the lodging of the false-hearted swain. What she would have done had she met the tailor in the flesh can only be conjectured in a vague and speculative manner, but it happened that he was out, so she set to work on his Sunday clothes. These she pulled out of the wardrobe wherein they lay, strewn them on a table and cut them into ribbons with her scissors. She next sprinkled vitriol over the lot and treated the tailor's socks, shirts, and pocket-handkerchiefs to vicious touches of the same corrosive substance. Then she went away satisfied, but was arrested the next morning, according to a legal phrase rather appropriate to the circumstances, "at the suit" of the tailor. —*London Telegraph.*

FENDERSON—I don't like your friend Brown. He is positively rude. He went so far last evening as to tell me I was a jackass. It was entirely uncalled for. Fogg—I agree with you, my boy. It was entirely superfluous. —*Boston Traveller.*

▲ BASH intruder—Measles.

TARAHMUARI INDIANS.

AN INTERESTING TRIBE OF SAVAGES IN MEXICO.

They Are Probably Descendants of the Historic Cliff Dwellers—Lieut. Schwatka's Account of His Visit Among These Curious People.



PROPOSE to devote most of this article to a consideration of the Tarahumari Indians of Western and Southwestern Chihuahua, a tribe of aborigines that I have occasionally seen mentioned in works and articles on Mexico, and especially the northern part, but of whom I can find no detailed account anywhere in the literature I have of this region, writes Lieutenant Frederick Schwatka from Chihuahua, Mexico, to the Chicago Inter Ocean.

Although the Tarahumari tribe of Indians are not at all well known—for I doubt if one reader in a thousand of this article has ever heard of them—they are, nevertheless, a very numerous people, and were they in the United States or Canada, where statistics of even the savages are very much better kept than in this country, they would have an almost world-wide knowledge of themselves spread before the people.

They are now seldom seen in Chihuahua City, or even on the diligence lines radiating out to the many Western points drawing many of their supplies from this railroad town, and it is only after the mule trails to the deeply hidden mountain mines are taken that they are seen at all.

If a person cuts loose from these, too, he will be most likely to see them in all their rugged primitiveness, for most of them, seen by the usual white traveler to these parts, are called civilized, living in log huts, tilling a little bit of the mountain slope, and living generally not unlike the lower classes of Mexico, which they have evidently



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taken as a guide in their new departure from established habits. It is no wonder, therefore, that little has been said about them more than to mention occasionally where they once lived in a country now held by a higher civilization.

Though a peaceful tribe of Indians as far as their relations with Mexico have always been, they nevertheless were not wanting at all in all the elements that made them good defenders of their land; and the Apaches, so dreaded by all others, gave the mountainous country of the Tarahumari a wide berth when on their raids in this direction. The Tarahumaris, equally armed, which they seldom were, were more than a match for those Bedonins of the boundary line between our own country and Mexico.

One who had ever seen a group of the wild Tarahumaris would never credit them with anything warlike or aggressive, or even with much of the defensive combativeness that is necessary to fight for one's country. They are shy and bashful to a point of childishness that I have never seen before among Indians or other savages.

In appearance the Tarahumari Indian is, I think, a little above the average height of the North American Indians. They are well-built, with clean-cut muscles, while their skin is of the darkest hue of any Indian I have ever seen, being almost a mixture of the darkest Guinea negro with the average copper-colored aborigine that we are so accustomed to see in the Western parts of the United States.

In their faces they generally have pleasing expressions, and their women are not bad looking for Indians, although the older women break rapidly in appearance after passing 30 to 35 years, as near as I could judge their ages. The savage branch of the Tarahumaris are, of course, the more interesting, as the most nearly representing our own Indians of ten, twenty and thirty years ago, while the civilized are not unlike those we have cultivating the soil around the agencies; although those of Mexico have no Government aid, I believe, such as we so often and so lavishly pour into the laps of our copper-colored brethren of the North.

The savage Tarahumari lives generally off all lines of communication, shunning even the mountain mule trails if they can. His abode is a cave in the mountain side or under the curving

interior of some huge boulder on the ground.

The Sierra Madres are extremely picturesque in their rock formations, giving thousands of shapes I have never seen elsewhere; battlements, towers, turrets, bastions, buttresses, and flying buttresses, great arches and architraves, while everything from a camel to a saddle can be made out in the many projecting forms.

It is natural that in such formations, a curious blending of limestone formations pierced by more recent upheavals of eruption rock, that many caves should be found, and also that the huge, irregular granitic and gneissoid boulders left on the ground by the dissolving away of the softer limestone should often lie so that their cavities could be taken advantage of by these burrowing savages. I give a picture of both by Mr. Landeau.

The cliff-dwellers on the Bacachio



TARAHUMARI CAVE-DWELLERS.

River had taken a huge cave in the limestone rock, almost overhanging the picturesque stream, and had walled up its outward face almost to the top, leaving the latter for ventilation probably, as rain could not beat in over the crest of the butting cliff. It had but one door, closed by an old filthy goat-hide, into which the inhabitant had to crawl, like the Eskimo into their igloos, or snow-huts, rather than any other form of entrance I can liken it to. The only person we saw was a "wild man of the woods," who, with bow and arrow in his hand, was skulking along the big boulders near the foot of the cliff. A dozen determined men inside ought to have kept away an army corps not furnished with artillery, although I doubt if the occupants hold these caves on account of their defensive qualities, but rather for their convenience as places of habitation, needing but little work to make them subserve their rude and simple wants. My guide said they would only fly if we visited them, leaving a little parched corn, a rough netate or stone for grinding it, an unburned olla to hold their water, and some skins, and, perchance, worn-out blankets for bedding; so I desisted from such a useless step as getting over to their eyrie to inspect it. Late last year or early in this I saw a notice going the rounds of the press that living cliff-dwellers had been seen in the San Mateo mountains of New Mexico, and that as soon as the snow melted a mounted party would be organized to pursue and capture them; but I have heard nothing from it, beyond the little stir it created at the time, and which the finding of any living cliff-dwellers anywhere would be likely to create.

Yet here are people of that description, of which the world seems to have heard nothing. How many there are



TARAHUMARI CLIFF-DWELLERS.

of them it seems hard to say. We saw at least two to three hundred scattered around in the fastnesses of this grand old mountain chain, and could probably have tripled this if we had been looking for cliff and cave dwellers alone along our line of travel. A Mexican gentleman who had spent all his life in this part of Chihuahua, looking for and developing its almost fabulous mineral wealth, estimates the number of living cave and cliff dwellers at not far from 12,000; and he had no reason or incentive to exaggerate numbers, and in a long contact with him I found all his other estimates correct where I could verify them. Let us place them at 3,000 in strength, and we would have enough to write a huge book upon, giving as startling developments as one could probably make from the interior of some wholly unknown continent; in fact, more curious, for

the public is somewhat prepared for such a story by the large number of old deserted cliff-dwellings found in Arizona and New Mexico, which have often been assigned to a people older than the ruins of the Toltec or Aztec races. That there is some relation between these old cliff-dwellers and the new ones, I think more than likely; and I believe most writers who have seen both, as I have, would agree with me in this view.

ANNALS OF TANGLETON.

JUNIPER PLACE, June 20, 1889.



O the public! Besides the Methodists an Baptists an sum independent, scaterin outsiders, we hed a good menny Catholic peepul, an among em was quite a number of old folks. By far away, the most pious old woman in the town was Mrs. Mackelhan. She went to church to say her prairs evry day—rane or shine. After tha got thare new church on the South side she found it much easier to pray, fer she didnt hev that hill to clime.

Old Jerry Smith hed lost sevril childun, an fer eech one he hed put a butyful stanced-glass windo into the new church. "Memorial windos" tha cald em.

Every boddly liked the priest, Father Dickson. He was so good-natured that no man in town was afraide to talk to him, or to ask him fer munny. But Father Dickson was a regler Jehu; had no mercy on a horse, an as he hed a church out south of town, he had to drive a good deal.

We hed a man, pretty near like him in that. Dr. Culver allus drove, as if he ment to get there, in a hurry. The Dr. was a man that knew his bizness, an was well liked. An his wife, tho she was stilish an dressy, was awful clever an kind.

If the Dr. hed bin sum sort of a poor nobody, with his Unyversalist idees, folks woodent a bin a bit concerned about him. As it was, tha did try hard to convert him. But laws! when you find a man like him, you find one that dozent giv up his oan noshens till he is offered better ones.

Sum times Dr. Culver wood get a Mr. Long to cum an preach, an once when he was expected Uncle Timmy sed: "Sum sort of an infidel, Unyversalist, I gess, is cumin to lectyer tonite." The Dr. herd of it after, an how he did laff!

Rite neer naburs to the Culvers was the Danels family, an awful nice folks, too. Tha was Baptists, but tha offen went to the other church. Mr. Danels was pritty well up in yeers, an gray as a rat, but he was a grate worker, and hed quite a property.

I mustent forget to speak of the Pattersons. Tha lived down on Main St. tored the river, an hed a luvly place, with lots of fruit on it. An sech a lot of flowers, too, fer Mrs. Patterson allus hed luck with em. I gess tha hed bin Presbyterians, but after awhile tha cum into the Methodist Church. We thawt a good deel of all the family, an when there was a soshable at thare house—a nice big house it was—evrybody went an hed a good time.

Then there was the Waverses, a youngish cupple, Baptists, or ruther, I mite say, tha was till sumthin riled em an then tha turned to the Methodist Church.

Cale Wavers wasent a bad sort of a man, but he was allus tryin to set things rite fer sumbuddy, an gettin into trouble hisself. His wife was a pretty woman, an a good housekeeper, but she was too much like Cale. More anun. JUNIPER BERRY.

Hills and Dales on the Ocean.

We have all been taught to believe that the ocean, after allowing for tide waves and wind waves, has a level surface; that there are no hills or valleys on the waters. M. Bouquet de la Grye has disputed this; has, in fact, demonstrated its fallacy. If we take a U-shaped tube with distilled water of equal temperature on both sides, the two surfaces will be perfectly level; but if one side contains a liquid that is denser than on the other, more of the lighter liquid is required to balance the heavier, and therefore the lighter will stand at a higher level. If fresh water is on one side and salt on the other, equilibrium can only be established by the fresh water standing a little higher than the salt. The like must happen if we have a uniform liquid, as regards composition, but of unequal temperature. Such variations occur in the oceans. Where rivers are pouring large quantities of fresh water into the sea, and where icebergs are rapidly melting, the salinity is proportionately lower than the other parts. The temperature also varies, and, therefore, an equilibrium can only be attained by variations of level; the lighter water must stand higher than the denser, whether the difference be due to temperature or salinity. Thus in crossing the warm Gulf Stream, a ship sails up-hill on entering, proceeds thus to somewhere about the middle, and then descends. In this respect it resembles a flowing river, which is similarly crested toward the middle of the stream; it is also like a river in being higher at its source than at its embouchure, as its temperature gradually declines in the course of its northward progress.

"We had a cane presentation down at school to-day," said William, after an unusually long silence at the supper table. "Ah, indeed. And who got the cane?" "I did."