THE SOUL'S RIDE.

"Forward, springing from the Arabic Wilderness, flying wind and river,
Ever onward! Who shall say what Force
Or what Spirit shall be Your guide?"

"From the dark into the light,
Thence the much more the prize,
From the Force we know not whence
Of the Life to conquer Death!"

"Take me with thee, Immortal Mind
Let me ever ride with thee!"
As he turned I saw his face—
My eyes were dazzled! I saw, I saw!
—Ella Cotton Perry in Atlantic.

BY HASSAR POST.

It was on a tributary of the Amazon, far up in the mysterious country, so broad, interlaced and entangled by the indelible lines that few men had the security or desire to penetrate it. The stream wound away, now in deep channels, now gliding over treacherous quicksands or hidden rocks, now by a broad expanse of lily pads and luxuriant vegetation that fell over the edges and hung pendent in the stream, felting up the soft until veritable floating islands were formed, affording rest for turtles and also small animals. At rare intervals there was a bank where the sand had been thrown up in an eddy, presenting a sparkling and brilliant contrast to the green.

On such a bank lived Manuel Salvados, famous as a hunter and fisherman. He was he who killed a jaguar single handed with his knife. It was Salvados who swung across the roaring Matos over a vine and saved seven or eight of his people from the flood, and it was he who, when held up as a hero, scoured the river and asked, "Is it not a woman's duty to do right?" So it will be such that this Indian was unique in his way, and his comrades or the people of his tribe looked upon him with something akin to reverence.

To center Salvados's services was a guarantee of game or fish, yet for a fisherman he entertained some peculiar ideas. He objected to baking fish for dinner, and had been known to lift a cayenne and hurl him into the water for killing a fish known as the lamas. He seemed to be self constituted champion of the lower tribe. Why? Let him tell his own story:

"I protect the fishes, senor, because they cared for me when I was helpless. If an animal does you a service, you can be certain it. I did not always think so, I also thought the lower tribe. Two years ago I lived on the upper branches of the Qualaba, the little stream which we fishes rise far away in the up country, where the water poles made forward the harvest. In the middle the river was low, and there were many turtle, lamas, and the green spots which you love. I used to catch some about where grass grows, and one day, without saying a word I let the canoe and paddled down the river, and leaving the canoe had a long way by my side. Yes, senor, that the lamas is always washing away the bankers and breaking the trees. Well, so it was on the little river. When I reached it I found it low down even, so low that we saw lamas in places, and pools were left every where after with fish.

"As I paddled my basket and not I heard a loud crash, and turning to see the cause saw a large mass tree falling upon me. It was too late to escape, so I threw myself upon the canoe. The next I knew was a deep sleep. I knew nothing, and when I awoke it was dark. I was lying partly in the water and over my leg was a branch of the tree. I was powerless and could not move, and I knew a rain would produce a freshet that would cover me ten feet deep in as many minutes. All this, senor, came over me—a sudden dream. It was useless to shout, as I was miles away and had taken good care to tell no one where I had gone. Morning came, and I then saw my condition fully. I was held by my legs and right arm; my left arm was free, but I could not reach the sand at my feet to dig it away. I was bound as fast as they say our kinsmen in the north country bind their victims for sacrifices. At the end of the day I was very weak and ate the leaves.

"The next day I ate the sand and water and some worms which I found. The stream was growing lower, the water about me evaporating in the hot sun, and the insects made fair to destroy me. At night the jaguar's cry fell upon my ear, and every rustle of the leaves, the sighing of the wind, aroused me. Did you ever hear the leaves talk, senor? They do, though it is only at certain times that we can interpret them, our nerves must be turned to a higher tension, as Father Mornessy says then we are pitched to "theme." I seemed to have heard voices I heard before. The leaves made music, the wind sighed among the lianas, and soft notes rose everywhere, and I imagined they were talking to me.

"Five days had passed, the water was gone and I was so weak that I wished for death. As the sun rose, and I was thinking how hard it was to give up life, I felt something touch my hand. At first I thought it imagination, then by an effort I turned my head—Santa Maria! to see a miracle. On my only stretched hand was a fish we call the lamas. It had crawled into it, and by panting, opening and shutting its gills and looking at me with its dark eyes, I thought I must be dreaming, but I clinched the fish, which slipped away, but I caught it again and ate it. It came to me a sacrifice, gave itself to save me, and when I looked round again to listen to a new rustling sound, and I saw that the ground was covered with fishes, all moving slowly down the dry bed of the stream, standing erect upon their fins to search of water. They came by hundreds, climbed over me, falling upon my face, and I caught them, ate them and piled them up about me.

"Hope was raised again; yet I could not move, and my only chance was that some one would find me. Days passed, and I lingered on. I had dug a hole with my free hand, and enough water came through to moisten me, while the fishes that still crawled to me revived me with food. How long it was I know not; but one day I saw my brother the tiger's smile, and I knew that my people were near. I was too weak to cry aloud, so I lay and watched. The fishes still went on and I passed the hours in counting them and watching their curious ways. They had the two fins like arms or legs, sometimes hopping over upon their sides now entering the little pools to refresh themselves, but soon leaving the water to crawl along again.

"While I watched them it came to me that they were going to the mouth of the river to avail the Spirits, and could I not send a message to my people. It was an easy matter to lace my shirt, and with my teeth I chaped bits of white cloth until I had a hundred or more. Then I began to catch the fish. Every one that passed got felt with a bit of white cloth pinned upon the sides of its gills. The next day I did the same, and for three days I sent these messengers to my people. The fish were black, sooty, and the white cloth could be seen quite a distance.

"The days went by, how many I know not, when one night I dreamed I saw my friends. I awoke to see a great fleet and to the cabin the one I loved best. Then I woke from a dream of joy. But I lived, senor," and here the tall Indian threw his arm about a young and comely girl, who shrunk with terror at the manner, exclaimed, "this, my wife, heard my cry, the message was carried to her by the hundred. So, senor, the fish saved my life, brought me my wife. What would you have me do? Forget them? I think not."

Such was the romance and almost tragedy of Salvados. He had been entitled to have been twenty two weeks. His people had searched far and near without success, and when the canoe was found it was supposed he had fallen overboard and was lost. But there was one who did not give up. She ventured further down the stream than the others, and on day passed her canoe up a little stream, rapidly growing dry, to catch a turtle. Here she was attracted by the lamas that were coming down over high and dry spots into the main water. While she watched them she noticed one with a white spot upon its fin, then another. Catching the fish, she saw that it was no accident, but an intelligent direction. Following up she came slowly, and was rewarded by the fact that it was a message from some one—possibly the lost one.

Up the stream she went, sinking to the soft mud over which the fishes had safely passed, and quickening, leaving from trunk to trunk until she finally found his lower apparently dead—so near it that it was another fishes he walked. With her knife she dug the sand and mud away, and then lean to extract the fish, thus making a passage through the lamas to the camp. No wonder he looked at her with loving eyes, and no wonder he promised the lamas.

Salvados's story might seem a fiction of the Amazon, but the habit of the lamas and other cathedrals of leaving the water and crawling overland is a common one, and is equally well known in India to the coasting people. The fish do not carry water in their gills, but they contrived some way to keep moist, as is generally supposed, but breathe air and for the time are true amphibians.—Charles Frederick Holder in New York Evening Post.

An Independent Art Critic.

Quite the great of the Renaissance to the patron of a pretty apartment up hoop is a lovely standing of Cupid standing on a pedestal, but when he wanted to have a little crimson cloth as an effective background. The peculiar tint of the material attracted a visitor, who inquired concerning it, whereupon the mistress confessed.

"I was in great fear lest that to bench a plaster cast with orange dyeing diluted with alcohol would impart this peculiar cream tint, like old ivory, and staining upon this excellent reproduction in plaster. I thought it for experiment. You see how successful I have been. Every one admires the color of my boy so much. And I'll tell you a bit more. That rich crimson drapery is last year's dress, which faded in streaks. I had it dyed, and enjoyed the rest of my art course."—The Point of View in New York Times.

The "Gold Snake."

A Mexican superstition, very common among miners in that country, relates to the "gold snake." This species of serpent is perfectly harmless and very handsome, being green in color and with a golden iridescence in its scales. Faith is entertained that wherever a gold snake makes its nest there is a lodge containing the precious metal, and there are many miners who will locate a claim at once if they find a gold snake.—Interview in Washington Star.

Once Removed.

Once before being placed in his tomb every Parisian may be the recipient of homage as profound as would be given to a potentate. It is when going to his own funeral. Men uncover their heads and women decently cross themselves while the hearse is passing. This is true even of the dregs of that city, "hops and drabs, and of the mobs in white caps."—New York Sun.

Took the Prescription.

Poor Patient (after an examination)—Doctor, is there much the matter with me?

Doctor—Nothing but the effects of care and worry. You must reduce your expenses so as to live within your income.

Patient—I'll begin now. How's ten cents. Good day.—Exchange.

French and the German Language.

Some one in view of the feeling of the French toward the Germans when, in the hope of getting around a concentrated blockade, he addresses them in German. However polite he is bound to speak in that tongue, it is accompanied by a perceptible air of resentment.—Exchange.

A CLUB FOR WORKERS

A NEW YORK CLUB THAT IS LIKE LONDON'S TOYNBEE HALL.

An Enthusiastic and Willing Lawyer Has Started a Work That is Already Producing Good Results—Workingmen Have Advantageous Real Club Life.

The nearest approach to a Toynbee Hall in America is the East Side club. The movement originated in the Church club, an organization consisting of about 400 representative Episcopalians.

Instead of an idle-handed tutor, a New York lawyer, Ronald P. Wheeler, now owned the idea of a hospitable home, with liberal minded men in residence, where the workingmen of the east side might meet. Mr. Wheeler had just returned from London where he read his paper to the Church club, showing the magnitude and magnificence of the work accomplished in Whitechapel by university students.

The laymen were so very favorably impressed by the strength of the appeal and the earnestness of their associate that as individuals they agreed to give any project he might formulate their support. That was in March, 1891. In June Mr. Wheeler had leased an old frame dwelling house at the foot of East Seventy-ninth street, near the country residence of a prominent New York physician, to which he gave the name of The East Side club. His family had gone abroad, and when it was learned that Mr. Wheeler had charge he found the number of Seventy-first street and Park avenue, and began up his residence in the club for the summer, his friends in the Lawyers' club, the Church club and society generally were amused. From chance acquaintances he made friends, and the few who were welcomed to the freedom of the roof and the cool stoop above the house welcomed others in their own responsibility. In this simple and modest way the men were drawn to the East Side club every evening, and on Sundays they brought their children and their luncheons and newspapers and preached on the grass.

Mr. Wheeler talked to the people. He had every newcomer introduced to him, and he sat on the grass with them, he smoked and read with them, and he not only put their ideas on political, social and industrial questions, but frankly gave his own opinions. These friendly discussions lasted a week, and some of them drew new visitors. When one evening "the club gentleman" as he was called, invited two men to dine with him, the novelty of surprise was established, and since then the work has proved.

Associated with Mr. Wheeler were the Rev. Mr. Theodore F. Bayes and Mr. L. D. Hughes, graduate and student of Oxford. Notwithstanding the religious tendency of these gentlemen and the support of the Church club, the work was supported on purely nonsectarian lines. Not a religious questions was seen on the walls, and neither hymnal nor book of devotion, prayer or worship.

The old fashioned dining room was converted into a billiard hall, and here the men, coatless and chat, play billiards, chess and checkers whenever they like. At a small charge the dining room was converted into a gymnasium. On the same floor is the lavatory and bath.

Every day in the week from 9 a. m. until 9 p. m. the clubhouse is open and the attendance in the billiard room and gymnasium is greater sometimes than at any other time. When exception was taken to the personal plan of operation Mr. Wheeler said the ground that a gentleman might play a game of billiards in his private club without being accused of gambling among the members. Granting this privilege to a merchant, banker or professional man, why should it be denied his tradesman and clerks? It also occurred to him that a game of cards in a private club was not only less harmful, but less expensive than in a saloon or beer garden.

Another innovation is a monthly dance to which all the members are invited to bring their wives, sisters and friends. Good music is provided, simply printed dancing cards are distributed and in the middle of the programme hot chocolate and cake or coffee and sandwiches are served. The young ebogymen is always present, and no group, however small, is unattended in the club, and in consequence noisy harangues, profanity and discord are unknown.

Now there are five club rooms—Mr. W. B. Bruh, also a lawyer; Mr. Paul Reynolds, editor of a religious paper; Mr. Willis B. Holmes, Mrs. Virginia Gockin, the kindergarten, and her little son.

The janitor and his wife take care of the house and John Cudot, aged sixteen, is custodian of the playgrounds. During the day Mrs. Gockin teaches all the children who come to the kindergarten. Last October an epidemic broke out and the school had to be closed. Several deaths resulted from measles and fever. The work was resumed recently with a membership of fifty. At the start these toddlers had to be washed and scrubbed; now they present themselves clean and tidy.

Any self respecting man may become a member of the club by paying fifty cents a month. This fee entitles the member to all the privileges and advantages of a social and friendly organization. It gives his children the freedom of the playgrounds seven days in the week and provides kindergarten training for them. It welcomes his wife to the mothers' meetings and the general entertainments, and it gives him the use of a gymnasium, library and reading room, and a cozy and beautiful place to spend his holidays. It brings him in contact with at least three upright and influential men on whom he can depend for many courteous validates to free him the monotony and relieve the struggles for existence.

Among the Egyptians the bed often was made in the form of an elongated mummy, with coverings of fine linen and tapestry of silk or wool.

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"German Syrup"

Here is something from Mr. Frank A. Hale, proprietor of the De Witt House, Lewiston, and the Tontine Hotel, Bonsworick, Me. Hotel men meet the world as it comes and goes, and are not slow in sizing people and things up for what they are worth. He says that he has lost a father and several brothers and sisters from Pulmonary Consumption, and is himself frequently troubled with colds, and he often coughs enough to make him sick at his stomach. Whenever he takes a cold of this kind he uses Boschee's German Syrup, and it cures him every time. Here is a man who knows the full danger of lung troubles, and would therefore be most particular as to the medicine he used. What is his opinion? Listen! "I use nothing but Boschee's German Syrup, and have advised, I presume, more than a hundred different persons to take it. They agree with me that it is the best cough syrup in the market."

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