OUR YOUTHS' DEPARTMENT.

EDITED BY FRANCIS HODGSON BURNETT.

AMONG THE STARS.

By Harriet Prescott Spofford.

In summer, when the woods are green,
With meadow spaces in between,
With boughs that in the breezes toss,
With grass and leaves and vines and moss—
If, up in Venus, or in Mars,
Some little child looks at the stars,
And one great Lamp swings out on high,
Like a live emerald, in the sky,
I wonder if she thinks, "How clear
The sweet Earth shines to-night, and near!"

In winter, when the snows have come,
And far and wide the ice fields bloom,
And cloudless depths of perfect hue
Bathe all the world in blazing blue,
When gazing on her evening skies
That little child with happy eyes
Sees one great planet, bluer far
Than Lyra, a great sapphire star,
I wonder if, in such new birth,
She knows that Lamp is still the Earth!

THE PRIZE SERIAL.

THE ABANDONED CLAIM.

By Flora Haines Loughead, Author of "Was He Guilty," Etc.

CHAPTER XXVII.—THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW

WHERE is he? Take me to him!'' She was mounting the stairs, and there was mingled entreaty and command in her voice.

Ned turned silently back to the doctor's room. Past the landing, through the narrow passage way, to the sunshiny room where a noble life was nearing its close.

She gave one low cry as she saw the still, white face. Then she sped noiselessly to the bedside and bent over the dying man.

''Oh, my husband! Speak to me. Look at me.''

Not so much as the flicker of an eyelid answered her passionate call.

''My darling. Tell me that you hear me. I have come to you. Make some sign, one word to tell me that you know me.''

Hewn stone could not have been more motionless, iron more irresponsive than the inanimate figure.

Then Ned and the younger lady, standing near the door, not daring to move lest they should disturb the grief-stricken woman, witnessed a heart-breaking scene.

Despairingly she chafed the hands of the dying man, placed her lips to them again and again. She stroked the thick brown hair back from the forehead where the death damp was gathering. She pressed her cheek against his with a wife's supreme love, but tenderly as a mother caresses her child. And all the while she poured into the deaf ears broken protestations of the pent-up affection and grief of years.

''Oh, my darling! My poor boy. Hear me. Awake and listen to me, if only for a moment. I loved you then. I love you now. More than life. Even then—that cruel night when you went away—my poor, unfortunate husband—I was sick—sick when the colonel told me. I came as soon as I could travel. I loved you always, my brave, noble, unselfish hero. Come back—come back to me, that I may make up to you for the lonely years we have spent apart. My God, help me. Give him back. Tell him how I have waited and prayed and looked for him. Eighteen years! And then to find him only for this. Oh, my God!''

SHE GAVE A LOW CRY AND SPED NOISELESSLY TO THE BEDSIDE.

Ned and the younger lady were crying helplessly by the door, when they heard the old physician's step in the hall. They tried to keep him back a little and to give the older lady warning of his approach, but there was no need. At the sound of the opening door she arose, controlling herself by a strong effort. Bowing with dignified recognition of the physician's entrance, she awaited his verdict with sad and hopeless eyes.

Dr. Thompson was a cadaverous old gentleman, with a sombre countenance, suggestive of undertakers and funerals. There had never been much sympathy between him and Dr. John. Too many patients whom the old doctor had given over to die had been saved by the younger man.

Dr. Thompson was an old fogy, it is true, but even old fogies do not relish being superseded by younger men with better schooling and more progressive ideas. Therefore it was with a pardonable feeling of triumph that the old doctor had answered the call to his young colleague's bedside. He had taken pains to inform everybody he met that Dr. John was worse and had sent for him.

He drew back with a start at the bedside. What was this?

Instead of the petulant sufferer he had expected to see, chafing under his enforced confinement, here was a man already marked by death, silently passing into the great unknown; one to whom earthly rivalries and differences were no longer a matter of moment.

''How long has he been so?''

The old physician was startled out of his customary composure. He put the question to Ned.

''Since 4 o'clock this morning, sir. I sent immediately for you.''

Dr. Thompson stooped and placed his ear to Dr. John's chest, laying his finger on his pulse. Then he drew from his pocket a slender rubber case, and took from it a small glass tube, which he slipped within the parted lips.

This thermometer was Dr. Thompson's one concession to modern science. He used it on all occasions, and, it is said, diagnosed disease by means of it. This time he took it out and looked at it, and then around at the others with an air of owlish importance.

''Will he live?'' asked Ned, and the ladies' eyes repeated the question.

Now, Dr. Thompson knew enough of the signs of approaching dissolution to be sure there was no mortal hope for Dr. John. But he had his own professional dignity to maintain, and knew that it would never answer to come so many miles to declare his inability to be of use.

''Hm!'' he said, straightening himself and fastening his thumbs in the buttonholes of his coat. ''Hm! A bad case, a serious case, madam. If I had been called in sooner. But, ahem, as I was not''—

They awaited his next words in breathless silence.

''There is just one thing that may possibly save him,'' said the old doctor in a deep voice. ''He must have an emulsion.''

Dr. Thompson's emulsions were the terror of every household in the valley. Dr. John had once been known to say that more people had died from Dr. Thompson's emulsions than he had ever saved. The old doctor had heard of this speech, and there had been bad blood between the two physicians ever since.

Now, whether they are right or wrong, the people of the valley always have it that Dr. John's professional spirit was stronger than death itself. Be this as it may, what patient care and tender nursing had failed to effect, what love itself had been powerless to accomplish, was brought about by this projected outrage upon his own code of practice.

For the sick man's hand, which an instant before had lain white and nerveless on his breast, trembled, moved then lifted, with a slight repellant gesture, waved and fell back.

The little group was startled. Even the old doctor, accustomed as he was to dying men, was shocked at this unexpected manifestation; but he repeated his decision in an oracular tone:

''He must have an emulsion.''

This time the pallid lips quivered, the head moved slightly; and a faint whisper broke the silence:

''I'll die first.''

Be it dead or dying man who spoke, the assertion was a direct challenge of the old gentleman's medical skill. He took it up instantly, with a snort of indignation.

''You'll die without it, sir.''

Dr. John was so weak that he could not lift his head from the pillow, but his eyes, wide open now, blazed with indignant fire. A world of stern resolve made itself felt in his halting utterance.

''I'll—get—well—without—it, sir.''

''Very well, sir. A fine example of professional courtesy, sir. I bid you good day, sir.''

A smile, sudden and fleeting, played about the lips of Dr. John; then a look of exalted happiness swept over his face. He stretched out his hand:

''Mary, my wife.''

She fell on her knees beside him without a word or cry. Great joy, like great sorrow, is often speechless.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—THE MIRACLE A BLUNDER WROUGHT.

Ned fled to the hall outside. The doctor was better. The doctor would get well. The doctor's wife and daughter had come to him.

He saw Mike McCrary coming and shouted the glad news to him, then ran off to carry the happy tidings to the anxious watchers at Home Ranch.

He had crossed the bridge and was turning into the garden path when he saw Hope, bareheaded, and with her long work apron tied about her waist, running towards him.

''Oh, Ned! Father, father, father!'' she cried, and caught him by the lapels of his coat, sobbing as though her heart would break.

Not dead, but standing on the porch unassisted.

An awful fear came over Ned, rebuking his glad sense of thanksgiving at Dr. John's convalescence.

''Dead!'' he exclaimed, in a tragical voice.

''Come—come quick!'' she cried, catching his hand excitedly and hurrying him towards the house.

Not dead, thank heaven, but living! Upon the threshhold of a new life, with a renewed lease of health and strength. Standing on the porch, unassisted but feeble and uncertain as a babe when it first begins to totter through the world. On his feet for the first time in five years; looking at Ned with the old cheerful smile, and a proud flush on his face.

''It was when you hung out the signal,'' cried Hope. ''We had all been watching for it since daybreak. We could hardly coax him to eat his breakfast, and when he was through we wheeled him to the window and left him there. He thought he saw something bright, but the branches of the pepper tree hung between. He was sure it was the red handkerchief, and he couldn't wait for us to come to make certain.''

''The red handkerchief,'' repeated Ned in surprise.

''Yes, the red handkerchief, of course, see it waving now.''

And there, true enough, was the red handkerchief flapping against the perfumed branches of the honeysuckle at the doctor's window, scaring the humming birds from their field of sweets.

Ned knew then that a miracle had been wrought. In the dim light of early dawn he had mistaken the red for the black, and it had restored his father.

''And he talks as well as ever,'' rejoiced Hope. ''But he has been standing there ever since, Ned. We can't get him to sit down.''

''Oh, children,'' began Mr. Austin; and then he stopped and choked back something, ruling himself, as a strong man must. ''You don't know what it is to have the use of my body again. It's been a hard trial; to feel that I was no good in the world; to know I was only a burden to you.''

''A burden!'' repeated Hope, indignantly, and the boys re-echoed the cry.

''Well, I suppose I must give up now,'' said the father, for his legs were weak, and he felt them failing beneath him. ''But I warn you it won't be for long. I'm going to take a hand in the fruit-picking next season, and there's a patch of ground back of the house—that vegetable garden of yours, that you don't half take care of. I've been aching to hoe it for a year.''

CHAPTER XXIX.—PROVING UP.

Several weeks later a pleasant party assembled under the shade of the trees in the door yard of Home ranch.

HOPE READS HER LETTER.

The doctor was in the invalid chair this time, his face still thin and colorless from the effects of his illness, but wearing a look of happiness that gladdened the hearts of all. Mr. Austin, arrogant in the consciousness of his new-found health, as long-time invalids are wont to be, kept an officious watch over him, waiting upon him in an ostentatious manner that amused the young people and brought a gleam of fun to the doctor's eyes.

Mrs. Sherwood was at her husband's side, and their daughter Bessie sat at his feet, on the upper step of the little porch, in the shadow of the vines, where she could watch the others and escape observation herself.

Hope had been somewhat afraid of this accomplished and talented girl. Bessie Sherwood had been accustomed to the best society all her life. She had received a thorough education in all that it befits a young lady to know. She had been under the constant tutelage of a mother who was not only a true lady, but a wise and sensible woman. In her own circle she had been noted for her gifts of mind and graces of person; she had even written for the papers, and had written very well; yet she was shyer still of the child-woman at Home ranch than ever Hope could have been of her.

''She embarrasses me, with her odd, direct ways and her simple dignity,'' Bessie explained to her parents. ''It doesn't matter if she does wear plain gowns, she has the air of an archduchess. Where did she learn such manners, papa dear?''

''From the hills and fields and streams. Dame Nature is a noble teacher. Hope Austin has no other way, my little girl,'' replied the doctor fondly.

There was something very touching in the intercourse between this father and daughter. Each seemed to be perpetually striving to get back to the precious years they had lost, the years of dearest companionship between parent and child.

''Ned, I hear you have a report from Washington. What do the authorities say at last?'' inquired the doctor.

''I don't think you will want to hear it all,'' replied Ned, drawing a cumbrous document from his breast pocket. ''The sum and substance of it is, that our application is denied, and we now have to wait three years longer, to perfect the contingent entry made in our father's name.''

''Who stands here a living testimonial to the wisdom of the decision,'' supplied the doctor, smiling upon his whilom nurse.

''Never mind. We can afford to wait,'' said Ned, cheerfully. ''This season has put us well ahead. We can make the house more comfortable now, and add a room or two. We have been figuring it out, Martin and I, and we think that next year we can count upon a clear income of more than $1000.''

''And an increase every year—'' began Martin.

''Not too fast, my boy,'' warned the doctor. ''Phylloxera may lay hold of the vines, hot northers strike the fruit, new pests develop. Recollect, too, that the state is settling up fast; the day for fancy prices has gone by.''

''At any rate, we are sure of a comfortable home and an independent living,'' said Hope.

''One of these days you may sell off a few acres,'' resumed the doctor, with a kind look at Hope. ''It will not be many years before your level land will be worth $1000 an acre. You will be rich.''

''I don't believe I could possibly feel any richer than I do now. I feel like a millionaire twice over,'' said Hope, drawing a letter from her pocket, which she read aloud:

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. —, 188-.

MY DEAR MISS HOPE—After due consideration with my gardener, who is also an enthusiast over our 'black rose,' we have decided to offer you $500 and a royalty of 20 per cent on all our sales, for the exclusive control of the plant. I am so sure that you have sufficient confidence in me to accept my offer that I take the liberty to enclose my check for the first-named sum. I should like to have the plants, young plants, shipped at once, that I may get them safely housed for winter growth.

Please convey my warmest regards to Dr. Sherwood and his estimable wife, whom I have known from her childhood; also to their charming daughter, whose companionship I know you will prize.

Present my respects to your father and your brothers and accept for yourself the assurance of an old soldier's stoutest devotion. Your obedient servant. ROBERT L. MARSHALL.

''And what are you going to do with your check, Hope? Bank it, or invest in a gold mine, or buy a piano, book, pictures, new clothes, jewelry—what?'' quizzed the doctor.

''A buggy,'' replied Hope seriously. ''The most comfortable that can be found, so that father can drive about every day. Oh, he thinks he is as strong as anyone, but he isn't, doctor, and he needs to be watched and scolded like a child.''

Cheerily as Hope spoke, Bessie Sherwood, who was watching her narrowly, saw a troubled shadow on her sweet young face.

There was one clause in Col. Marshall's letter that Hope had suppressed, but that she could not put from her mind. It weighed upon her all the time like a prophecy of coming trouble.

Tucked away in a postscript, at the end of the page, there had been a few words addressed to her alone:

''My nephew insists on repeating his visit to California this coming year. He is a noble fellow. Be good to him, my dear.''

That was what made it so hard. If he were less worthy, she would not care so much. But to inflict such pain upon him; to possibly be the means of ruining his whole life.

Suddenly Bessie Sherwood, still absently watching Hope's face, saw it brighten, and followed the direction of her eyes.

Tom Bateman was coming up the path.

Yet Tom had less to say to Hope than to any of the rest. When he had exchanged greetings with them all he turned to Ned.

''What news from Washington? Is your claim established?''

''It will be three more years before we can 'prove up,' '' was the reply.

''You are lucky to get through so soon, Ned. There seems to be no limit to the time an ordinary man requires to 'prove up'—to his own satisfaction, to say nothing of anybody else,'' observed Tom, seriously, and his eyes for an instant sought Hope's, which were at once shyly averted, while his mute question remained unanswered.

''It isn't a question of years. It is a question of a lifetime, Tom,'' said the doctor, earnestly, but the quick touch of his wife's hand upon his own, and her look of loving confidence, seemed to deny the assertion.

[THE END.]

AQUATIC SPORTS.

Water Polo—Obstacle Races—The Water Toboggan—The Aquatic Derby.

By Capt. Charles E. Clay.

IT has always been a matter of some surprise to me that there are not more of systematic sports in the water during bathing season, especially at the populous and more frequented seaside resorts, where hundreds of boys and girls go in swimming every day and beyond a little splashing and a short desultory swim get no further amusement out of their morning dip. There are a number of very diverting and clever evolutions that can occupy a boy's attention when in the water, which, besides exercising his ingenuity and calling into play his inventive faculties, are a very beneficial addition to the development of muscles and sinews and teach him a great many ways of handling himself when suddenly and unexpectedly immersed in the water.

MUSSUK RIDING.

The most curious exhibition of skillful pilotage on water I witnessed on one of the large rivers of India. The native fishermen in that district do not use the usual round skin-covered basket boat known as tokra for their piscatorial excursions, but astraddle of a large mussuk skin, with hook and line they work out into the stream to try their luck. Now a mussuk skin is nothing more nor less than a large goat skin stuffed as tight as a drum with hay and straw and sewn up at neck, legs and along the stomach so as to render them perfectly water tight. These water hobby-horses were arranged along the river bank floating on the stream, and the adrot fisherman to mount his water steed simply leapt peggy-back fashion on to his mussuk and sat astride of his charger like a very paladin of old balancing himself on the round porpoise-like, bobbing, rolling, black slippery object with his legs and feet, which were immersed below the surface half way up to the thighs. He held his grip by knee and thigh just as our modern horsemen do, and steered and propelled himself along by working the portion of his legs and feet that were under water. He had his bait and tackle slung around his neck in a basket, and seated as gracefully as dragoon on parade, he glided unconcernedly down stream handling his line. He often got a bite too. If the fish was small our centauriform angler yanked him in, and pouched him nimbly, but a big mahseer, a species of Indian salmon, would run him all about stream, while he held on to his line like a cowboy on his bronco holds to a steer he has roped. Often meinheer mahseer sulks neath a big rock, and piscator is anchored patiently above him. Then he makes a mad run up stream, and our Hindoo Isaac has a glorious barge procession, paying out his line cautiously to ease the strain on the fish's mouth, and legging it for all he is worth. They are so patient, these natives, that they rarely loose a fish, and sooner or later Mr. Mahseer is tired out, and the mussuk rider paddles his steed ashore, and captures his prize.

It was ludicrous in the extreme to see our festive Tommy Atkins, of the European regiments, attempt to emulate the mild-eyed Hindoo and mount the mussuk. The goatskin would be floating about a yard from the bank. Tommy, after carefully judging the distance, makes the fatal leap to straddle and lands plump on its back. The restive steed gives a wild plunge, and Tommy would be sent headlong into the water, to rise spluttering and choking, while the spectators, convulsed with laughter, would chaff him into trying again. The mussuk was an endless source of fun and amusement to Tommy in his leisure time, and in India he has plenty of it.

WATER POLO AND TOURNAMENTS.

The English counterpart of the mussuk is an empty kerosene barrel coopered water tight. From its shape and buoyancy, however, you could never ride it if it were not weighted by a leaden keel. Besides this you should fix to each side of the lead keel a strip of board about six or eight inches deep. This will prevent the barrel from rolling round and round in the water. Cut a slot out on each side where your legs drop to the water when astride. Take an inch deal board and carve out a horse's head and neck and fix it to one end of the barrel. Cock a small hand flag staff up at the other and on it you carry your riding colors. You can't paddle the barrel along with your legs, so get a light double-bladed paddle. Now you have your mount and your mallet and are equipped for water polo. The game is played just like hockey or shinney on the ice, the ball being a large bung cork or inflated rubber ball. Buoy out your ground, or rather your course

DIVING FOR SAUCERS.

on the water, length about 200 feet, width from fifty to sixty. A very good kind of buoys will be found in old nail kegs, but be sure they are coopered water tight. Make a hole right through the bung and continue it out through the opposite bilge of the keg; through these two holes reeve a stout rope and wedge up the holes so that no water can get inside the keg. Your ground moorings can be large cobble stones or rocks, which can be found on most beaches. The depth of water should range from six to ten feet, and the ground must be chosen outside of the breaker line if you intend to play where there is much surf. The goal, or rather the buoys, should be anchored eight feet apart and designated by flags stuck into the upper portion of the bilge of the kegs. It is not necessary to buoy out the side lines of your polo grounds. The umpire and referee should follow the game in a handy little dingy, and when the ball goes out of proscribed limits he should pick it up from the boat and toss it within limits. In starting the game it is generally customary for two of the opposing teams to face for the ball as is done in lacrosse. This is done in the center of the grounds. The object is for the riders of each team to hit the ball with their paddles and drive it through the kegs representing the goals at either end of the course. In a game of water polo everything goes for fair. That is to say, players are allowed to jostle and bump one another in their attempt to gain possession of the ball, and if you are unlucky enough to unhorse an opponent it adds materially to the fun and excitement of the game. Under these circumstances I need hardly say that all that intend to play polo on the water should be expert swimmers. As these games last from half an hour to a full hour I recommend players to wear thick woolen jerseys. The ordinary woolen bathing suits, if thick enough, are just what you will require. A team that is in the habit of playing together generally have a certain rush, a right and left field, and a goal keeper. The art of rushing the ball along is by passing the ball from the left to the right field player, and vice versa, and so taking it along in a zig-zag line. The center rush chiefly employs himself by getting in the way of the rushers of the opposing line.

A WATER TOURNAMENT.

This aquatic amusement is played also on hobby-horses. But both ends of the paddle must be stuffed with a large amount of cotton batting, horse hair, or any other material that will make a soft knob on the end of the paddle about two feet in circumference. Two riders

WATER TOURNAMENT.

place themselves fifty feet apart and paddle toward each other, and when they get in range attempt to push each other off the barrels by means of the paddles; no blow should be struck during this mimic encounter, but you should simply thrust with each end of your paddle, holding it in the middle just as you would a quarter-staff. I have known boys to become so expert in riding their kerosene-barrel horses, and have their steeds so nicely weighted and balanced by their side keels, that they could stand on their horses and paddle at a considerable rate. Of course you will readily see that such an expert has a great advantage over one who is sitting astride his barrel.

OBSTACLE AND TUB RACES.

Some very interesting diversions can be inserted into a programme of swimming and diving races by having an obstacle and tub race. A good course for an obstacle race is about a quarter of a mile. The contestants all have a twenty-five yards' run on the sand and then take to the water, wading out, passing the breakers until they come to the first obstacle which can be two or three long, heavy spars anchored at right angles to the course, and at equal distances you can place other obstacles in the shape of six or eight barrels lashed together with both heads knocked out. They are anchored in position and the swimmers are required to crawl through them. The next obstacle can be arranged in the shape of a raft composed of stout planks lashed together. The swimmers should be instructed to dive under these. If you have two or three polo teams organized a capital obstacle is formed by anchoring four or five of these barrels in a line and requiring the swimmers to scramble over them. The turning buoy should be anchored 200 yards from the shore, and the competitors take the obstacles in the order they come after turning the buoy, the finish of course to take place on the sand from the starting line. Another very amusing incident is the tub race. Each competitor supplies himself with an ordinary wash-tub. These are arranged alongside of a bathing float, on which all the competitors stand. At the given signal each competitor steps into his tub, sits down in it, and the only means of propulsion is his hands. With these he paddles himself to the winning post. If you have never practiced this amusement you will find it almost impossible to sit in your tub and make any progress, and the ludicruous attempts to get into the tub after once you have fallen out of it will cause endless amusement to the spectators.

DIVING FOR EGGS AND SAUCERS.

This amusement should be practiced in six to ten feet of water where there is a good, clear sandy bottom. Common white saucers and the ordinary china eggs are thrown into the water within a given circumference, and from the float each diver attempts to secure and bring to the surface as many of the saucers or eggs as he can succeed in picking up. In order to arrive at any success at this amusement it is necessary to know how to regulate your breathing. Just before you intend to plunge make three or four rapid exhalations and follow by a deep drawn inspiration, taking into your lungs as much air as you possibly can hold. Plunge in head first and get to the bottom as soon as possible. Do not enter the water with your eyes open, but open them immediately you are immersed. While under the water let the air out of your lungs as slowly as you possibly can. Pick up the saucers with your right and hold them underneath the arm of the left; when you have got as many as your breath will allow, in order to shoot rapidly up to the surface give a sharp kick with both feet on the bottom; as soon as you arrive with your head above the surface throw yourself in a floating position on your back and accumulate your saucers in a pile on your chest. You will find this the easiest way to carry them safely to the float, I have often known boys who have just picked up ten or a dozen saucers to lose half of them while carrying them to the float, because they could not hold them while swimming on the chest. No boy should be allowed more than three attempts at one time of bathing. It is a good plan to stuff your ears with a little cotton before practicing diving. In a circumference of fifty feet at a depth of eight, the best record I have seen made was a collection of fifteen out of twenty saucers thrown down, but the man was so exhausted when he came to the surface that he could not hold his head above the water, and had to be dragged to the float by his friends, firmly clutching his saucers with both hands to his breast. It is hardly necessary to say that one requires a bright day and very smooth water for the thorough enjoyment of this exercise.

LEAP FROG

can be played just as well in the water as on land, but the manner of practicing it is a little different. You require good deep water, in the first place. Six or seven of you stand treading water ten paces behind each other. The last man swims to the one in front of him and places his hands on his shoulders, forcing him beneath the water and jumping over his head. This he continues to do until he has sent them all in turn under him, when he himself takes his position and is sent under by all of those behind him. The fun and amusement is in not only pushing the ones that give you the back under the water with your hands, but as you send him beneath the surface quickly raise your own feet, putting one on each of his shoulders, and give him a smart push downward, jumping yourself as high out of the water as you can. I have seen lots of boys very expert at this, and would send their companions to the bottom at a depth of twenty feet. Remember that if you don't want to get your head and nose full of water, directly you feel the jumper seize your shoulders, seize your own nose with your left hand and let yourself go easily when he pushes you, rather than attempt to resist his shove.

THE WATER TOBOGGAN.

This amusement of course entails the construction of a regular slide built after the same pattern as the snow slides for winter tobogganing. The toboggans in which you take your seat are made very much after the pattern of the boats hung on circular swings, only they are flatter bottomed and longer amidships. When started the toboggan charges swiftly down the smooth, wet planks of the slide, and striking the water at an angle, the impetus given the boat causes it to skip several large bounds along the surface of the water before it finally stops. The fun consists in holding yourself into the toboggan while it is taking these giant skips. Care should be taken that all the occupants are expert swimmers, for nine times out of ten your ride ends in a capsize. When you are pitched into the water seize the boat if you like, but under no considerations catch hold of a companion.

SEA SERPENT.

The swimming serpent is formed by any number of boys standing one behind the other, each holding the hips of the one in front of him. In this manner they strike out simultaneously with the legs only, the leader swimming in a tortuous, serpent-like line. With a little practice a dozen lads can keep time perfectly, and the exhibition is one that looks very attractive from the beach, especially if a regular uniform of bright colors is worn by them all.

In order to take part in a series of aquatic exercises such as I have detailed above, a regular swimming club should be formed by friends stopping at the same watering place, and the captain of the club should appoint a regular swimming hour, when as many of the club members as possible should attend. To enjoy a course of water amusements, embracing the different exercises I have mentioned, one thing is absolutely necessary, and that is, you must be an excellent swimmer, and then the practice of these various sports will but add to your general proficiency in the water.

CURIOUS HABITS OF THE WOODCOCK.

By Maurice Thompson.

The woodcock on account of its solitary life during most of the year, is a hard bird to study. Some of its most peculiar and interesting habits seem to have escaped the observation of the naturalists, who have had little opportunity to watch them in their native haunts. In the Northern states their feeding grounds are, as a rule, in low, wet lands that are covered with a thick growth of bushes and swamp grasses, rendering it almost impossible to see them when they are on the ground. In the South, however, especially in the mountainous parts, I have found them feeding in the comparatively open woods, where I had little trouble in seeing them and making note of their movements.

Early in March the woodcocks arrive in the mountains of North Georgia, Alabama, Tennessee and the Carolinas and scatter themselves widely in pairs, to spend the nesting season. The male bird has the habit of rising spirally in the early morning light, sometimes higher than the tree tops, and balancing himself in the air, uttering a low, droning sound, which may be heard to a considerable distance. This is his call to his mate, and when he falls the female is sure to be near the spot. The birds play in a very droll fashion, running round and round each other in a small circle on the ground, their feathers ruffled, their wings delicately lifted and their long bills pointing directly upward, their heads resting upon their backs.

THE WOODCOCK.

Sometimes they hop on one foot, holding the other at an odd angle as if it were broken, which gives a very comical appearance, the male in the meantime uttering a low murmuring sound. The female bird often carries her young between her feet when flying, and I have seen the male bird do this. One singular habit of woodcocks, which I have never seen noted by ornithologists, is that both male and female sit upon the nest at the same time while incubating, if the weather is cold and wet. In doing this they draw very close together, looking in opposite directions, their heads thrown back and their bills elevated at an angle of forty-five degrees.

The woodcock's bill is covered with a membranous sheath that has a fine network of nerves; this enables the bird to find its food by boring in soft earth. Its feeding-time is at night or on dark days, when it may be seen moving about in a quick, nervous manner, touching the ground with the tip of its bill and using its wings and tail as if there were danger of tumbling over. The nervous covering of the bill is so sensitive that the bird can distinguish with it the slightest movement of a slug or worm several inches below the surface by simply touching the ground. Sometimes in boggy places, where the mud will shake, the woodcock drums the surface lightly with the forepart of its wings to make the worms stir, so that it can detect where they are and probe for them.

Another curious habit of this bird is that of moving its eggs to an extemporized nest when it is disturbed while incubating. I was told of this habit by an old negro, and afterward verified it by experiment. Finding a nest near a spot where I was camping I disturbed the sitting bird two or three times each day, and on the third day she moved her eggs to a new nest about fifty feet away from the original one. The second nest appeared to be very rudly and hastily constructed, and was in a place much more difficult to reach than the first. The whip-poor-will also has this singular nest-moving habit.

HURLED FROM A TRAIN.

The Terrible Experience of a Well Known Abilene Stockman.

He Lost His Balance—A Badly Disfigured Form—A Case for the Hospital. The Full Particulars.

From Daily Gazette, Aug. 22.

B. F. Daugherty, a well-known stockman of West Texas, whose home is at Abilene, is now in the city hospital in a precarious condition, as the result of falling from a rapidly moving train last evening.

Daugherty was coming east on the Texas and Pacific train due in Fort Worth at 6:05 o'clock. When at Aledo he went forward to the baggage car to get his satchel preparatory to alighting at Fort Worth. Either by accident or intentionally he remained in the baggage car when the train again got in motion.

When rounding a short curve about a mile east of Iona, about fourteen miles from Fort Worth, he was standing in the door of the car. Suddenly he lost his balance and fell forward with fearful momentum.

He struck on his head and shoulders. When Conductor McLead stopped the train and returned he found Daugherty in a bad condition, indeed. His face, head and hands were badly bruised and lacerated.

As well as possible the injuries were dressed, and the almost lifeless body placed on the train and brought into Fort Worth, arriving here twenty minutes later than the train's schedule time. He was taken to the city hospital, where he was given the best medical attention, and where he now lies in a critical condition.

A Cook Book Free.

To every subscriber of the Weekly GAZETTE who sends us $1.25 in cash we will send the Weekly GAZETTE one year and the Household Cook Book, 315 pages, bound in cloth. In ordering paper please mention this offer. Send $1.25 and address THE GAZETTE, Fort Worth, Tex.

Central and South American Railroads.

In the report of the United States senate of the International American conference relative to an intercontinental railway line the railroad mileage of the different American states is given as follows:

	Miles.
Argentine Republic	4,000
Bolivia	100
Brazil	4,96[illegible]
Chili	1,752
Colombia	225
Costa Rica	111
Ecuador	49
Guatemala	106
Honduras	69
Peru	1,000
Salvador	32
Uruguay	400
Venezuela	196
British Guiana	20

UNPRECEDENTED ATTRACTION!
OVER A MILLION DISTRIBUTED

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Louisiana State Lottery Company.

Incorporated by the Legislature for Educational and Charitable purposes, its franchise made a part of the present State Constitution in 1879 by an overwhelming popular vote, and

To Continue Until January 1, 1895.

Its MAMMOTH DRAWINGS take place Semi-Annually, (June and December) and its GRAND SINGLE NUMBER DRAWINGS take place in each of the other ten months of the year, and are all drawn in public at the Academy of Music New Orleans, La.

FAMED FOR TWENTY YEARS,
For Integrity of its Drawings, and Prompt Payment of Prizes,

Attested as follows:

"We do hereby certify that we supervise the arrangements for all the Monthly and Semi-Annual Drawings of the Louisiana State Lottery Company, and in person manage and control the Drawings themselves, and that the same are conducted with honesty, fairness, and in good faith toward all parties, and we authorize the Company to use this certificate, with facsimiles of our signatures attached, in its advertisements."

G. T. Beauregard
J. A. Early

Commissioners.

We the undersigned Banks and Bankers will pay all Prizes drawn in the Louisiana State Lotteries which may be presented at our counters:
R. M. WALMSLEY, Pres. Louisiana Nat. Bk.
PIERRE LANAUX, Pres. State Nat'l Bk.
A. BALDWIN, Pres. New Orleans Nat'l Bk.
CARL KOHN, Pres. Union National Bank.

GRAND MONTHLY DRAWING
At the Academy of Music, New Orleans, Tuesday, September 9, 1890.

Capital Prize, $300,000.
100,000 Tickets at $20 each: Halves, $10; Quarters, $5; Tenths, $2; Twentieths, $1.

LIST OF PRIZES.

1 PRIZE OF $300,000 is	[illegible]
1 PRIZE OF 100,000 is	[illegible]
1 PRIZE OF 50,000 is	[illegible]
1 PRIZE OF 25,000 is	[illegible]
2 PRIZES OF 10,000 are	[illegible]
5 PRIZES OF 5,000 are	[illegible]
25 PRIZES OF 1,000 are	[illegible]
100 PRIZES OF [illegible] are	[illegible]
200 PRIZES OF [illegible] are	[illegible]
500 PRIZES OF 200 are	[illegible]
APPROXIMATION PRIZES.	
100 PRIZES OF [illegible] are	[illegible]
100 PRIZES OF [illegible] are	[illegible]
100 PRIZES OF 200 are	[illegible]
TERMINAL PRIZES.	
999 PRIZES OF $100 are	[illegible]
999 PRIZES OF 100 are	[illegible]
3,134 Prizes amounting to	$1,[illegible]

NOTE—Tickets drawing Capital Prizes are not entitled to terminal Prizes.

AGENTS WANTED

For CLUB RATES or any further information desired write legibly to the undersigned, clearly stating your residence, with State, County, Street and Number. More rapid return mail delivery will be assured by your enclosing an envelope bearing your full address.

IMPORTANT.

Address M. A. DAUPHIN, New Orleans, La.
or M. A. DAUPHIN, Washington, D. C.

By ordinary letter, containing Money Order issued by all Express Companies, New York Exchange, Draft or Postal Note.

Address Registered Letters Containing Currency to
NEW ORLEANS NATIONAL BANK,
New Orleans, La.

"REMEMBER, that the payment of Prizes is GUARANTEED BY FOUR NATIONAL BANKS of New Orleans, and the Tickets are signed by the President of an institution whose chartered rights are recognized in the highest courts; therefore, beware of all imitations or anonymous schemes."

Remember that the present charter of The Louisiana State Lottery Company, which the Supreme court of the U. S. has decided to be a contract with the state of Louisiana and part of the constitution of the State, DOES not expire UNTIL THE FIRST OF JANUARY, 1895.

The legislature of Louisiana, which adjourned on the 10th of July of this year, has ordered an amendment to the constitution of the State to be submitted to the people at an election in 1892, which will carry the charter of THE LOUISIANA STATE LOTTERY COMPANY up to the year NINETEEN HUNDRED AND NINETEEN.

CHILLS

WINTERSMITH'S
Tonic Syrup or Improved
CHILL CURE.

The most successful Remedy for Fever and Ague ever known. Prevents "Malaria" in its various forms. Contains no Quinine, Arsenic nor any deleterious substance whatever.

Reasons of the superiority of Wintersmith's Tonic over Quinine and other Remedies.

The remedies usually given have reference only to preventing the paroxysm or breaking the chill, without regard to the condition the system may be left in after the chills have been removed; whereas the mere breaking of the chills is but a small part of what is required to effect a radical cure. The various organs of the body, more especially the liver and the stomach, must be brought into a healthy condition, otherwise a return of the chills will be probable. A proper use of Wintersmith's Tonic never fails to remove the cause and cure the most obstinate case of fever and ague.

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NEVER CHOKES or BREAKS THE ROLL.

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