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mouth on purpose to fool people into coming up here in expectation of finding a spring. Whew! the place is as dry as a limekiln!

On coming quite up to the horse and making a close examination, we found that he was supported in position by two strong mesquit stakes firmly planted between his fore and hind legs as he stood broadside across the ravine. We hardly made this discovery before one of our party cried: "Great God! Look here!"

Turning quickly to where the man pointed our hair almost stood on end as we saw seated but ten feet away under a mesquit bush a grinning human mummy. The mummy was dressed in dark woolen clothes and wore jauntily a tattered black wool hat. The skin of the face was so drawn and puckered as to expose the teeth, giving to the visage an expression of devilish glee and cunning. The mummy seemed grinning at us as if gratified at having succeeded in fooling us up the ravine.

The back of the mummy rested against the rocky wall of the gulch and it was seated on an old, weather-beaten Mexican saddle; by its side was a roll of old moly blankets, and leaning against the rock stood an old musket, the barrel of which seemed ready to pull out of the bleached and broken stock. The bony left hand rested on the knees and held a hair rope, or lariat, which was fastened about the neck of the skeleton horse. It was a grim and terrible tableau, illustrative of the perils of the surrounding waterless wastes. Tortured with thirst as we were at the moment, the skeleton man and horse seemed to hint for us a similar fate. The dead and desiccated mortal seemed, as if in a voice from the tombs, to say:

As I am now so you must be; Prepare for death and follow me.

We hastened from the spot, leaving the man and the horse at the fountain as we found them, a trap for the next party of thirsty explorers passing that way. The trail up the little gulch seemed as much travelled as that down the "wash," telling that all who had passed the place had, like ourselves, been lured from the main path by the mummy horse and the equally deceptive greenness of the little clump of mesquit. It was probable, we thought, that the mummy man had himself been deceived by the mesquit bushes, and that the last struggle he and his horse made was to reach them.

A mile farther down the "wash" we found a small supply of brackish water in a hole that some party had dug in the bed of the dead river at a clayey spot. Still, before reaching Resting Springs, which we did about midnight, we were again suffering terribly from thirst.

At Resting Springs some men from San Bernardino were then preparing for borax mining. From them we learned that for many years the mummified man and horse had been seen just as we had found them. No one knew who the dead man was, but it was thought he was some Mexican miner who had perished there many years before.—Dan De Quille in Chicago.

Two Ends.

When a small boy, I was carrying a not very large ladder, when there was a crash. An unlucky movement had brought the rear end of my ladder against a window. Instead of scolding me, my father made me stop, and said very quietly, "Look here, my son, there is one thing I wish you to remember; that is, every ladder has two ends." I never have forgotten it, though many years have gone.

Do not we carry things besides ladders that have two ends? When I see a young man getting "fast" habits, I think he sees only one end of the ladder, the one pointed toward pleasure, and that he does not know the other is wounding his parents' hearts. Ah, yes! every ladder has two ends; and it is a thing to be remembered in more ways than one.—St. Louis Christian Advocate.

To clean bottles, put into them some kernels of corn and a tablespoonful of ashes, half fill them with water, and after a vigorous shaking and rinsing you will find the bottles as good as new.

Give American Boys a Chance.

The question is often asked why do so few American boys learn trades. There seem to be two chief reasons for this unfortunate condition of things. The first is that somehow the notion prevails that a mechanic is not as respectable as a salesman, a book-keeper, a clerk or a telegraph operator. Although a good mechanic may easily earn from \$20 a week upwards, while thousands of would-be clerks and salesmen are out of employment because no places can be found for them at half that sum, the false notion that a half-starved clerk is more respectable than a well-paid mechanic serves to keep the ranks of the semi-respectable class full to overflowing. A Chicago merchant recently advertised for one book-keeper at \$15 a week, and by noon the next day had received four hundred and thirty-seven applications for the position. The other reason why American boys are tradeless is that the trade unions, dominated often by foreign mechanics, have put up the bars against apprentices. The American boy, who is willing to fly in the face of the social dictum that a trade is not respectable, can scarcely find a master who is willing or who dares to take him and teach him the rudiments of a skilled handicraft.

The first named reason appears to have taken firmer hold in the United States than anywhere else, notwithstanding that no titled or other aristocracy exists here. This strikes one as inconsistent to the last degree in a country the chief cornerstone of the government of which is the declaration that all men are created equal. In imperial Germany it is considered the proper thing for even the sons of royalty and nobility to have a trade. The present Emperor, Frederick III, is a skillful jeweler; the Crown Prince William is a glazier, and Prince Henry, the future Admiral of the German navy is a watchmaker. If men born to rule empires and control the destinies of nations find it no disgrace to be able to earn their living by a handicraft in case of need, how worse than foolish it is for those who must earn their living somehow to confine themselves to a choice between a half-paid clerkship and the lowest form of unskilled labor. It seems that a republic, after all, develops the most silly as well as the most universal form of snobbery known to the civilized world. Starvation is the only sure remedy for this false notion, and the sooner a little sound common sense is starved into the great army of semigeared Americans the better it will be for them and their children.

The hostility of the all-powerful trade unions to any apprentice system that would give an American boy a chance to earn good wages by the skillful use of his hands is an obstacle to his best interests that is practical rather than sentimental. For this reason it is much more easy of removal. When the American people find a real obstacle in the way of their own prosperity they generally find a way of getting rid of it. It is not probable that the apprentice system will ever be restored. The trades unions, which are a law unto themselves, can prevent that. But in the place of the over-developed high schools and other unneeded for apprentices of our public school system should arise a system of manual training or trade schools which will be quite as effective. The few experiments that are being made in this direction give promise of unlimited and successful development in the future if Americans once get into their heads the idea that a good trade is better for a boy than a poor profession or a life of genteel idleness.

If the American boy is to have the chance he is entitled to, the way must be cleared for him, first by teaching him that all honest work is honorable and that the life of a skillful mechanic is to be preferred to that of a half-starved dude or a doctor or lawyer without practice. To the shame of many American mechanics and others it must be said that this is not always done. On the contrary, they too often teach their children to despise the calling by which they have provided for themselves and families. Such a course is disgraceful and unworthy of any American citizen. Where ever it has been followed it should be abandoned. This is one of the many directions in which Americans must learn to rule America. They must cultivate a manly and truthful American sentiment on this subject.

This first and most necessary step being taken, the American people should see to it that a way is provided by which their boys can be taught the use of their hands. The future of the American boy is at stake in this matter, and if the American people are true to themselves they will not allow a restrictive policy to be persisted in which must result in leaving the United States in the next generation entirely dependent on foreign countries for its skilled labor, while an army of worse than useless native-born citizens are living a hand-to-mouth life for the want of the skilled training which they should have received in youth.—Philadelphia Press.

Humorous.

POLITICAL candy dates are full of taffy.

Why is your hat like an advance agent? Because it goes on a head, of course.

A POET wants to know "where the fleecy clouds are woven." In the air-loom, of course.

OLD LADY (in drug store)—D'ye know, young man, I've stood here like a monument for over ten minutes for some one to wait on me? If ye can't here clerks enough, I'll go somewhere else.

Young man (humbly)—Sorry, ma'am, but we're very busy. I am at your disposal now; what can I do for you?

Old Lady—You kin give me a two-cent stamp, and be quick about it.

The grandmamma of two little boys was once obliged to reprove the younger brother. "My dear," said she solemnly, "if you tell lies, God will not love you, and when you die, your soul will not go to heaven."

"What it's my thou?" inquired Johnny pleasantly.

"Your soul?" grandmamma was overheard to exclaim, "your soul, my child, is—I am surprised that a child of your age does not know what his soul is. It is—is it possible that you do not know? Well, then—ahem! Pick up grandmamma's specks, Johnny. There, now, you may run out and play, my dear."

A MAN who had just moved to Nebraska with his family was called on before breakfast the other morning by a tall stranger.

"Mornin', stranger," said the Nebraska man, "jes, movin' in, I see."

"I understand one of your sons was mysteriously killed a few months ago?"

"No, sir; you are mistaken."

"Am? Well, that's curious. But your wife tried to drown herself last spring?"

"No, sir; she didn't."

"But one of the girls took pizen and died 'bout that time?"

"No."

"Ah, wrong again? I understood she did. Your whole family is subject to fittin' sickness and such, I'm told?"

"You've been wrongfully informed, my family is perfectly healthy."

"Gosh, that's funny! But say, ain't there been a good many violent and unexpected deaths in the family somewhere?"

"Never one."

"Well, you shot a man a year ago—I got that straight?"

"No, sir, I never did."

"Well, well, I must have struck the wrong 'house' somehow—there's such a family jes moved in 'round here somewhere. You see I'm county coroner, an' I'm very anxious to make their acquaintance and tell 'em that they're welcome, an' if they care to indulge in their specialties I'll see that they have just as slick an' inquest as was ever held in Newbrasky. Good-bye, stranger."—Chicago Tribune.

"How much yer charge ter go er mile?" an old negro asked of a street car conductor.

"Five cents."

"Jes fer er mile? I tell yer that de man ain't more sho nuff ben brudder jes. Brudder in de faith."

"Jes fer er mile? Brudder in de faith."

"How much is it fer two miles?"

"Just the same."

"Look yer, how fur you take me fur fer cents?"

"What's de name o' de place?"

"City limits."

"Take me all de way out fur fer cents?"

"Yes."

"An' you take me no'n er mile wa' Brudder Smif libs fur no less?"

"No."

"I ain't got no bizness out darst your limits, but yer may take me out dar an' I'll walk back ter wa' Brudder Smif libs. Yer's yer money sah; I's one o' dese pitiful 'conomists and blebs in gettin' de full worth o' mer money. It would be er mighty fool man that would pay er dollar fur er pair o' britches wen he kin git er whol set o' cless fur de same price. Take me on ter your limits, sah."—Arkansas Traveler.

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