YOUNG FOLKS.

AN ADVENTURE IN CENTRAL ASIA.

BY DAVID KER.

There are many deserts in Tartary, but none more grim and dreary than the great waste of "Kara Koum" (Black Sand), which stretches across the whole northwest of Central Asia. Day after day you go wearily on over the endless level, with your head aching and your skin dry and feverish, seeing nething but the burning sky above and the burning sand below, where the only thing to show that you have not wandered from the right track is a stray mound of earth here and there, out of which poer the whitened bones of horses and camels, and sometimes even of men, who have died here befere you.

But if you do happen to meet a man, you must be on your guard, for in these wild regions the old joke about "catching a Tartar" often comes true in grim earnest. When one of these flat-faced, bullet-headed fellows comes trotting up to you on his wiry little horse, looking cunning at you from under the high cap of black sheep-skin that is slouched over his small, narrow, rat-like eyes, you had better keep your hand on your revolver and your eye upon him until he has answered your challenge of, "Amaun ust?" (is it peace?) with, "Insh' Allah, amaun ust" (please God it is peace).

Why this pleasant place should be called "Black Sand" it is hard to say, for both it and its two great brothers, the "Ak Keum" (White Sand), to the east, and the "Kizil Keum" (Red Sand), to the south, are all of one color, and that color a pale yellow. But it can look "black" enough sometimes in another way, as I knew to my cost. In the driest and loneliest part of it, just as the water is beginning to run low in your skin bag, you come upon a deep, winding furrow in the parched earth, which was a rushing river ages ago, and you think of the cool, clear water that the thirsty sands have drunk up, until you yourself grow thirstier and more dismal than ever,

We were just midway across the desert, and the red sun was sinking over the great waste of lifeless sand, when there suddenly arose between us and it what seemed at first sight like a cloud of withered leaves. But a second glance showed it to be a host of wide-winged living things, moving swift and unswerving, in ranked order, like an army arrayed for battle. But for their amazing numbers one might have taken them for an ordinary flight of grasshoppers; but I had seen such a sight too eften not to recognize the destroying march of the locust.

Onward they went to lay waste the rich lands of the sorth, their vast shadow darkening half the sky, and the whir of their countless wings sounding amid the ghostly silence like the hissing and grinding of some mighty engine. Although theusands passed before the last of the host had gone by.

Then my Tartar servant pointed his brown, bony hand after the shadowy mass, and said, selemnly, "Master we shall have a storm.

"Why do you think so?" asked I, somewhat surprised, for the sky was clear and cleudless as ever,

"The lecusts have gone by in their armies, even such as those that the Prophet Moussa Ben Amrahm" (Moses the son of Amram) "brought up against Egypt; and where they come, the blast of the desert is never far behind. Destruction always fellows the destroyer."

The terrible emphasis of the man's tone and manner showed that he was thoroughly in earnest; and if he speke truly, the thought of encountering a desert whirlwind in this perilous spot, where there was enough loose sand to bury a whole army, was anything but pleasant. But what could we do? To go back was as dangerous as to go forward, and to stand still was worse than either; se on we went.

Two hours passed, however, without any sign of danger, and I was just beginning to hope that the Tartar might have been mistaken after all, when the camels, which were harnessed three abreast to my light covered wagon, suddenly stopped short, and began to snuff the air uneasily.

I saw a look of anxiety cloud the Tartar's stern face, instantly reflecting upon that of our Kirghiz driver, whose sharp white teeth, hocked nose, and great black hollow eyes leoked quite unearthly in the fitful moenlight.

The camels snuffed again, more quickly and restlessly than before, and then crouched down side by side, with their long necks laid flat on the ground.

"Tebbad!" (sand-storm) shouted the cloak.

The words were hardly spoken, when a gray dimness rushed down suddenly over the whole sky, and my Tartar and I had barely time to fling ourselves down into bottom of the wagon, when there came a rush and a roar, and all around was one whirl of flying sand and charging storm, which, closely as our shawls were pulled over our faces, seemed to deafen, blind, and

strangle us all in one moment, It seemed many hours to us (though in reality it was less than one) while we lay there, half stifled, but not daring to put forth our heads, listening to the howl of the storm and the sharp "pirr, pirr" of the whirling sand against the sides of our rocking wagon. But at last the hideous uproar died away, and we ventured to peep forth.

A strange sight awaited us. Far as the eye could reach, the smooth sand was billowed like the waves of a stormy sea. Our wagon looked as if steeped in lime, and the lower half of it was hidden altogether. Of the camels nothing could be seen but their humps; and as the Kirghiz started up, throwing off a whirlwind of dust on every side, he seemed to have risen bodily through the earth.

We ourselves had fared little better. In spite of all my wrappings, my skin was as gritty as a match-box from head to foot, and the Tartar's sallow visage looked like a half-washed petato. The warm genial air had suddenly become chilly as a grave, for the Siberian hurricane had brought with it cold memories of frozen seas, and leagues of snowy moorland, and half-seen loebergs drifting wearily through the polar night; and the pale grayish-yellow sand of the Kara Koum, which by its very nature cannot abserb heat, is one of the coldest surfaces in the world,

How we escaped being buried alive outright I was at first quite at a loss to imagine, but the explanation was simple enough. Most fertunately for ourselves, we had halted on the brow of a ridge where the sand lay thin and light, and where the sweep of the wind was too furious to let the drifts gather thickly round us. Had we met the aterm in the hollows below, we should all have been dead men, and I still count that night's work one of the narrowest of my many escapes from death,"

THE REMNANT OF A ONCE POWER-FUL NATION.

BY ANNIE L. JACK.

If any readers have been to Montreal they would most likely see on the right hand shore opposite Lachine the straggling village of Caugnawaga, where live the remnant of the once powerfu Iroquois, who were in the early days of the settlement of this country a terror to the white inhabitants, as you can read in the history of those times. So fierce they were, so cruel and teracherous, one scarcely believe them the same peo ple. You could hardly fail to see some of them, for the men live by rafting, or act as pilots to the steamers that go down the rapids at Lachine. The chief among the pilots is Aientonni—better known as "Big John,"-who is quite vain in staid Indian fashion of his notoriety, and would introduce himself to you as "Me Big John, all folk know me ;" which words he used to me ene day when he came to my home, which is only five miles away. The village of Caugnawaga is within sight of the beautiful Mount Royal, after which the city at its feet was named, and no where else can be seen to such advantage the extremes of civilization, and the difference which cultivation makes in the human race. The reservation or land set apart by government as their own is poorly cultivated; there is river frontage of seven miles, and the seil though rough and stony would bear good crops if properly cared for. In the village a stranger visiting the country misses the whitewash and appearance of thrift that is so attractive in the poorest hut of the French Canadian habitant. The houses have a quaint and ancient appearance, while in the open doorway during fine weather the women are seen at their beadwork, very rarely at domestic work of any other sort. The village is one long street, and the church, which aims at a Grecian architecture, is built on the bank of the river and contains some articles of historic interest. The bell that calls together the worshippers was presented by George Third, and over the altar is a fine picture of St. Louis of France, given to this church by Charles Tenth. There is also a gilt chalice, the gift of the ex-Empress Eugenie in her palmy days, and in the sacristy is a cape of coth of gold, presented by Napelevery moment, it was fully fifteen minutes | eon. The church service is held in the ircqueis language, and the singing is a wild, weird chant that cannot be described. Taking a party of American friends there once, the priest was found busy with a class of little girls preparing for first communion by teaching them the catechism in this very strange tongue, and their quick answers, and his profound devotion to duty, impressed the visitors very much. It is interesting to know that these dusky aborigines have a saint whose picture hangs on the walls of the church dressed in the gay trappings so becoming to her race. Her name is given to us as Tehgakwita, and she was baptized as a Christian on Easter day, 1670. The vilage schoolhouse is said to be the oldest building in the Dominion of Canada. It was once the residence of the military commander, and the Conte De Frontenac, whem you know well by the history, came here sometimes during his eventful career. Of course, you remember, teo, the historian Pere Charlevoix, and it is interesting to see the room he used, still undisturbed, the pictures, desk and becks still there, as when he wrote those famous letters to the Dachesse De Lesqureres in 1730.

For the last three years the Indians have attempted to improve their condition by holding a fair on the common below the village. The little white tents gleamed in the autumn spnshine as I went on to the grounds, and the faces of the natives shone with delight, while I could only think of that verse the beloved Whittier wrote:

" Wild as the fruits he scorned to till These vales the idle Indian trod. Nor knew the glad creative skill-The joy of him who toils with God."

The vegetables were good, and I heard an old farmer, whose accent told that he was Scotch, remark-" No a had show e' grain," as he passed the barley and cats and Kirghiz, throwing himself down behind | beans in the sgricultural tent. A pathetic them, and muffling his head in his sheep-skin | display of apples and grapes made me wish that horticulture was more fully developed, but the wild apples are so plentiful they have not yet felt the need of improved varieties. In one tent was beautiful beadwork, and moccasins so finely stitched as to appear a work of art, snow shees and lacrosse sticks, and the fancy Indian baskets, with mats of corn husks, and other wares gave evidence of industry in their own peculiar workmanship; while the preserves and butter, fancy dressmaking, and good white bread showed creditable efforts in the art of civilized housekeeping. There were prizes for the handsomest papoese, and it was a funny sight to see the room of babies of all ages strapped on boards, which is the Indian cradle. Some et them were tastefully arranged at the head piece that projects over the tep, and in the front of which is a curtain of lace with a valance of blue or pink silk. The board can stand sgainst the wall or hang up in a tree as in the rhyme:

"When the wind blows The [cradle shall rcck."

And really the round-eyed, and chubby, dusky-faced babies seemed the most contented in the world. Any one who went to look at the cattle soon found a source of amusement, and I followed the crowd to investigate the cause of Evidently the schoolmaster was absent, for an immense pig had a ticket attached to his head denoting that he was a " first prize sp:ing lamb," and a particularly old and ferocious bull tossed on his herns a ticket stating that he was a " yearling calf," while a pretty speckled calf that looked out wistfully at the green grass beyend its pen, mentioned on its ticket that it was a " spring pig." These mistakes were due to the fact that the exhibiters had not a Too, THERE IS SOMETHING SO very passee ABOUT HEE!

ing to the lookers-on. The prime for the best dressed little girl was won by a of ten in a garment of pale bine silk and velvet that contracted inharmoniously with her dusky complexion, the judges ignoring a neatly dressed girl in brown merino, more my taste, with a faint dash of scarlet, that was quite pretty. In the afternoon there were races on foot and on ponies, the latter being very exciting, as ten boys mounted on shaggy nage raced around the ring, and were to shoot an arrow at a target as they rode. Then came the "tug of war." White us. Irequois, and it was a long pull at a rope that became very exciting, but finally ended in the Indians' victory as they brought over the white strugglers against their will. After that the little girls had a race, and five small figures entered the ring, dressed in very picturesque costumes with gay trappings; at the word "go"-they shut their hands, visibly clenched their teeth, and pitched along head first. The referee evidently did not knew them apart, for as the first panting figure reached the " First ?" winning post, he inquired. " Me-White Eagle's girl," was answered. "Second?" "Big Crow's girl" said bright-eyed child of twelve, and the three unsuccessful competitors shrank back while the prizes were presented, but rejeined their companions as they walked away. There were some fair attempts with brush and pencil, and some ingenious carpenter work, while a little girl of fourteen took the prize for plain sewing by hand.

An American lady, Mrs. Erminnie Smith, has taken great interest in these people, learning their language and enjoying | we feel it only our duty to praise it. When their hospitality. Her influence is felt for the praise which is given may lead to the good, for these children of the forest need | general benefit of mankind, then it should some direct help in counsel and example | be more quickly given. There is one man from the world beyond them. Their young | whom we feel free to recommend. This genpoet died last year, a youth who could im- tleman is Mr. M. V. Luban, the proprietor provise sonnets to the moon that if translated would be found as sweet and poetic as | ness, opium, morphine, chloral and kindred the rhapsodies of his white brother. He habits. There can be no mistake but that wore his hair long, not " lank," but curled, Lubon's Specific Medicines effect a permain thick waves around his neck, and his nent cure. We have seen letters from men dark eyes had the dreamy look that was and women, upon whom the dread curse of once attributed to true poets before "Pan" drink and morphine had fixed itself, who are found his way to Wall street, and became to-day thoroughly cured. The medicine is se practical. This is only a beginning of no humbug, or it would not have atood the what this remnant of a nation mean to do, test so long. But apart from this, we and the next time you sail down the St. would have confidence in the medi-Lawrence and begin to feel the thrill of awe | cine that strikes one at the near approach to the | man, Lachine Rapids, I hope you will cast your ing habit, is a curse so insidious in its eyes to the right, and see well cultivated approach and so blasting in its results fields and pleasant homesteads, as the re- as to appal wherever seen. The morphine sult of the ambition that has stirred the hearts of the ence powerful Irequois of Caugnawaga.

> A Dream of the Past-BY MAUDE L. RADFORD.

I am sitting in the firelight, Thinking sadly of the past, Of the friends so long departed, All are gine save me,-the last.

First I see my little sisters. As they played about our door: Now that bappy home is broken-All, yes all, are gone before.

Years passed on, and all was peaceful-I had tasted of sweet joys-I was then a happy mother. Merry with my girls and boys.

Next a saider scene awaits me: Soft, the angel death is near, Oh, my husband he is dying -All the world seems dark and drear.

But my cup was overflowing: My darlings left me, one by one, And my human heart strived vainly To say "Goa's own will be done"

Then I turned my sad heart upw sid, Asking God to give me peace; Give me courage to live this life, Till my weary heart should cease.

And I got the strength I needed, Over my sad heart He shed Divine peace and consolation And my hungry heart He fed. Now I pat'ently am waiting

Till my trouble 1 life is o'er. 'Till I m called unto my Father, Resting peaceful evermore.

A New Way to Raise Chickens. "Pompey, has yo' hearn 'bout de new way o' raisin' chickens ?' "No, Jube. W'at's dat ?"

Raisin' chickens 'dout a mudder ? Lor' sakes ! dat boy 'Zakal o' mine knows all bout dat." " He do ?"

"Yaas! He'm been raisin' chickens off he ebber took his mudder wid 'im once."

Went Down With the Ship.

Capt. Todd, of the British a "Sarah Ann," which sailed from Baltimore in February, and reached Galway, Ireland, in the latter part of March, reports that crossing the ocean, and while in 28° north and lon, 65° 30', he fell in with a lot of wreckage, and Capt Todd scanned is a positive cure for communities in a positive cure for communities in a stages. It is the best alterative at the stages and the stages and the stages are stages. the horizon with his glass and two or three miles to the south he sighted a brigantine tossed about by the mountanous seas. The Hops is the ruddy morning nydian collection is its golden tinge; but his is wont to sink amid the days and the limit to sink amid the limit to s national co'ors of France and a flag of distress were flying from her masthead. Captain Todd steamed to the westward of the distressed vessel and attempted to rescue the sailers, but a small boat would not live in such a sea. By sprinkling oil on the sea he was enabled to secure comparatively smooth water, and a life boat from the steamship rescued four of the sailors. The captain, the mate and the cabin boy of the ship were deaf to the entreaties to abandon her, and they bade a last farewell to their comrades as they sailed away. As soon as they saw the rescued sailors were safe on board the steamship, they hauled down the signals of distress, went below, and an hour later the vessel sank with all on beard. well knows is sapping her street Her name was the "Dix Freres," and she effected by purchasing D was bound from Martinique, France, to Boston. Mass.

Man Who Has Saved Many From Death.

(From Toronto Truth.)

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President Cleveland denies that he has the marvelous memory his flatterers have ascribed to him. He says his memory is very capricious, often retaining trifling de-"Why, I b'lebs dey calls it artyfishus tails regarding some cross-roads postoffice mefod, or raisin' chickens without a mud- while letting slip matters of the first importance.

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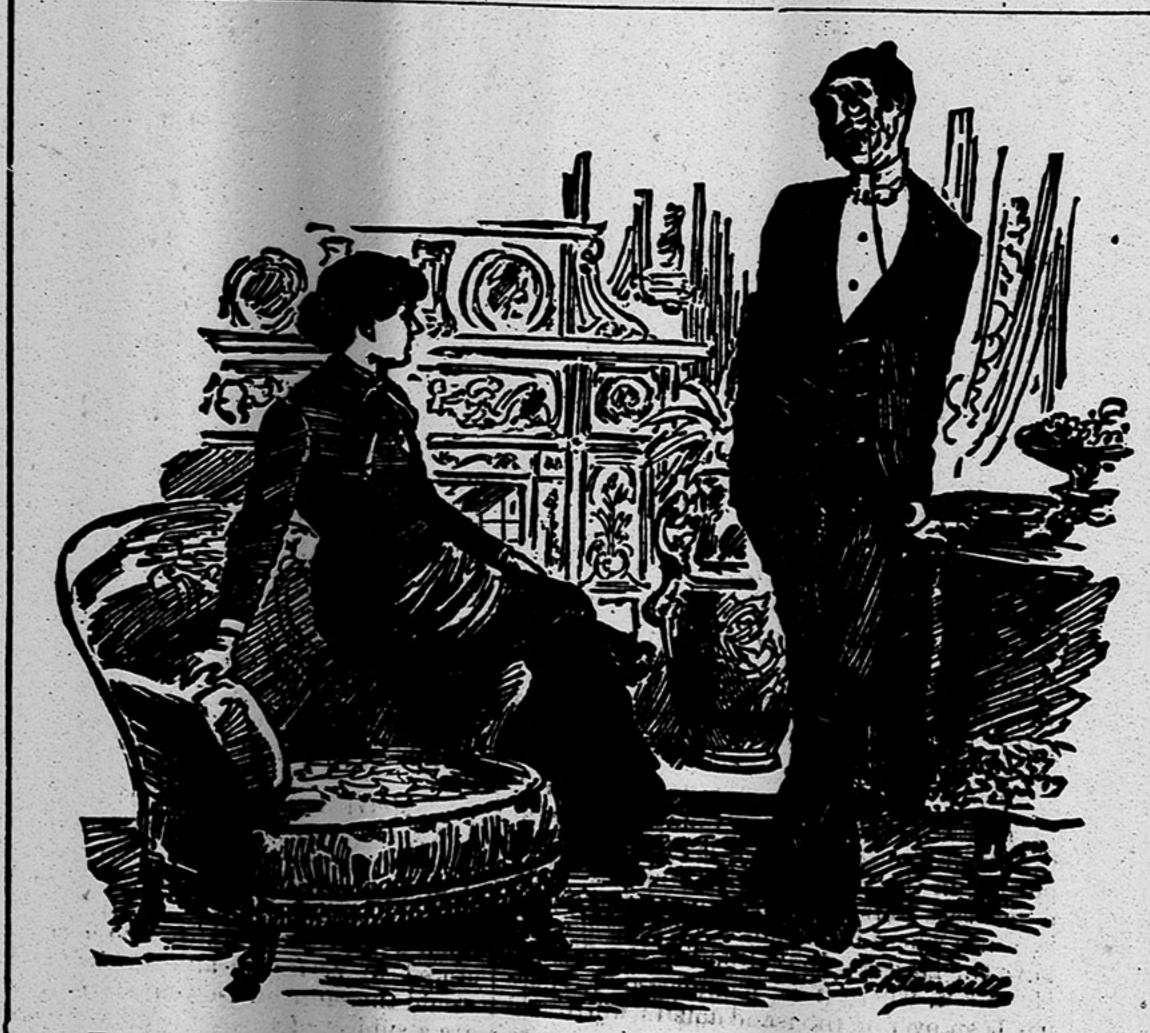
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