

Democratic Watchman

Belleville, Pa., Nov. 18, 1892.

THE DAY THAT NEVER CAME.

I'm tired of waiting for "some day,"
Oh, when will it ever be here?
I'm sure I have waited and waited
A good deal more than a year.

Saturday, Sunday and Monday,
And all the rest of the week,
Keep coming, and coming, and coming;
But at "some day" I don't get a peck.

I've looked all the almanac over,
And showed every page to my doll;
And were sure (how I hope we're mistaken)
"Some day" is not in it at all.

The things I'm to have on "some day"
I couldn't tell in an age;
A trixie, pony, a parrot,
A birdie that sings in a cage.

A cute little smutty-nosed pug dog,
The prettiest tortoise-shell cat;
And papa says maybe the measles—
I'm sure I don't care about that.

And mother is going to take me
To see lots of beautiful things;
And big brother Jack and Kitty
Will give me two lovely gold rings.

And "some day" I'll find out the reason
Of things I can't now understand;
And "some day" I'll have a big doll,
That can walk and hold on my hand.

Oh, I'm tired of waiting for "some day!"
It makes me just cross, I declare,
I'm afraid, when it really does get here,
I'll be a big girl and won't care.

THE KAFFIR'S REQUEST.

By HARRY W. FRENCH.

We were encamped for the night on the rugged hills above Dongola, looking down upon the distant Nile.

Some time before, while I was in South Africa, the largest diamond taken from the mines for years was stolen right before the open eyes of the officials.

Who took it? Some one who was in Africa at the time. Where did he go with it? To Europe, Asia or America, perhaps, or he may have remained in Africa. It was astonishing, but that was the sum and substance of the information which the officials possessed.

The gem was of fabulous value, and every possible effort was made to find it. Agents were sent to every point where it might be offered for sale, and large rewards were set upon its recovery.

Chancing to be at the mines at the time of the robbery, I imbibed, temporarily, a little of the intense excitement. It soon wore away, however, on a journey through the wilderness, where I was out of the way of hearing anything whatever concerning it; and before we encamped upon the rocks above Dongola, looking down upon the Nile, the whole event was so far forgotten that it would have required something decided to call it to mind at all.

So glorious was the night that it seemed a pity to sleep under a goat's hair tent, but we were to start again early in the morning, and after watching the sun sink into the distant desert, and the moon rise out of the nearer Nile, I reluctantly drew the curtain and closed my eyes.

Surely I had not been sleeping long. The moon was still over the Nile; but I woke with a start, wide awake in an instant, positive that something serious was in the wind, and thoroughly on the alert to find out what.

My shelter was only a small desert tent, and my bed—a mat upon the ground—was directly in the centre as a matter of precaution; for many a robbery, and sometimes a murder, is committed on the desert and the Nile, by hands that are simply thrust under the tent-cloth from the outside.

A narrow line of moonlight, coming through a crack in the tent, gave me the position of the moon and light enough to be positive that no one was with me in the tent. Some one was somewhere close at hand, however, and intent upon mischief. I was sure of it as though my eyes were resting upon him at that moment.

I lay intently listening, but all was still, except for the invariable noises of a night upon the Nile, and in proximity to a sleeping caravan. Here and there a scavenger was barking. An Arab was snoring not far away, and now and then a camel sighed.

I tried to convince myself that some dream had roused me, and against my best judgment, was forcing myself asleep again when a faint grating in the sand outside the tent attracted my attention.

In an instant my ears and eyes were fixed upon the spot, and slowly, very slowly, I saw the tent-cloth move. It rose a little from the sand, and a darker object appeared in the narrow space below. It was not light enough to distinguish more, but I knew very well that a man was lying on the ground outside, peering under the cover to discover my whereabouts.

"Ah, my dear fellow," I said to myself, "you see I know your tricks. I'm sorry to trouble you, but you'll have to come inside before you get at me," and I breathed heavily and regularly to assure him that I was asleep.

The tent-cloth fell again and I heard the sand grating once more as he rose to his feet. He was disappointed, poor fellow, and if he was only one of the host of cowardly sneak thieves of the Nile he would doubtless give it up and go away after disturbing my sleep all for nothing. If he was more than that and thoroughly in earnest for any cause whatever, he would presently come creeping under the cover at the door.

He proved to be very decidedly in earnest, and less of a coward than I supposed was to be found on the Nile. In no more time than it took him to walk to the entrance the curtain was cautiously drawn back for an instant. A stalwart figure stepped noiselessly into the tent and the curtain fell again.

One glimpse was all that I obtained, but that one was full of suggestion. He was no coward. He stood as erect as it was possible in my tent door; but he was a giant. He was forced to stoop to enter, and his huge black outline stood out, for an instant against the sky. There were broad and heavy

shoulders, a massive neck, and the arm which lifted the curtain was seamed and bulging with the muscles of Hercules.

One instant the moonlight had disclosed this much. The next he was in the tent with me, and all was dark. In that instant, however, two other incidents caught my eye. In his hand he held a gleaming South-African dirk, and as the light crossed his cheek I noticed a peculiarly savage curve to the lower jaw, ending abruptly under an ear where the large silver earring was further in front than usual, owing to the fact that a former ring had been torn away at some time, taking the lobe of the ear with it.

It is always astonishing, when brought to notice, what an amount of thinking the mind can do in an emergency. Before the fellow had time to take a single step from the curtain I knew that he was a Kaffir; that he had no more to do with the region of the Nile than I; that he had come a long way for a purpose; that the purpose was to kill me—unless he was making a mistake in identity—and that we had met before. I could not think how or where, but plainly as memory ever reproduced anything, it reproduced that savage jaw and lobeless ear somewhere in the bright sunshine. I also realized that he was much more than a match for me in strength; that I had no weapon which could be made to serve before he reached me; that I was on my back while he was on his feet; that my only chance was to do something unexpected that would take him off his guard, and that he had but five feet of space to cross before he reached me.

I almost closed my eyes lest he should be able to see that I was awake, breathed deep and loud, inviting him to be at ease and take his time, and narrowly watched the dim shadow stealthily moving toward me.

He stood beside me, paused for a moment, muttering a native prayer, then slowly bent over me. That was the last ceremony. I knew the end was near, but fought myself in vain for some suggestion of self-defense.

He sank upon one knee, and his broad shoulders came between fall and the narrow line of moonlight. I heard him breathe with that hard, guttural rasp which with the half-civilized is always indicative of desperate earnestness. I even felt his breath against my face as he bent lower over it, piercing the shadows with eyes that glistened even in the darkness, to assure himself that there was no mistake.

Life may be short enough at some times, but a moment like that seems like eternity. There was light enough in the tent to see the shimmer of the polished blade he held, and I fixed my eyes upon it and watched it as I never watched anything before or since.

Slowly it went up, up, up, into the darkness. It could not go very high, for he was kneeling. It went fall like lightning when it turned, and he was planning carefully to accomplish his work without rousing a soul in the sleeping caravan.

The blade seemed to glow with a pale, electric light as it rose over me. There were faithful servants sleeping not fifteen feet away. Even at that moment, I heard one of them muttering in his dreams; but a cry for help would only cause that blade to fall the quicker.

Inch by inch I saw the blue sheen rising, and in imagination saw, too, the sullen set of that savage jaw with its lobeless ear, and the tightened muscles on the arm that held the knife.

He was moving slowly, for he proposed to be accurate and let that one blow do it all; another instant and it would be too late. I saw the blade give a little shiver in the air as though he were changing his grip. I knew that every faculty he possessed was centered in that arm and upon my throat, and quick as thought drew up my feet, caught him in the abdomen and gave one kick, for life or death, at the same instant throwing my head away from him.

With a savage yell the knife came down. I found it afterward buried to the hilt in my sleeping-mat, just below my pillow. His aim was excellent, only that I did not chance to be there when it fell. At that moment, however, I was much more interested in the result of my life-saving experiment; for before the yell had died away a bright light flashed in my face. For an instant it dazzled me. The next I saw the blue-black sky, the flashing stars and the clear, white moon, and realized that with the strength of a last extremity I had thrown the huge Kaffir off with such violence that he had taken the tent and all with him.

I sprang to my feet to take advantage of what I had gained. The tent lay in a pile a few feet away. Several sleepy Arabs were thrusting their heads out of their blankets; a camel opened his drowsy eyes and looked over his shoulder, wondering what had occurred to disturb his sleep, but the Kaffir was nowhere to be seen.

He could not possibly have gone far, but there was not a sign of him anywhere.

It would not do to try to sleep again while he was in the neighborhood, but while I revolved the curious situation in my mind, wondering who he was, where I had seen him, and what possible motive he could have for killing me, I directed an Arab who had gained his feet to help me straighten out my tent.

We took up the loose ropes that were dragged from the sand and began to pull.

Was it caught upon something? I stooped to investigate and started back. The unconscious body of the giant Kaffir was still rolled in the tent-cloth.

He was too powerful a man to allow us to run any risks, and before I investigated to see how badly he was hurt we bound him hand and foot.

He revived during the operation, but with the dogged resignation to the inexorable which is always so well developed in the barbarian, he realized

that he was trapped and offered no resistance.

When he was well secured I sat down on the ground beside him and tried to talk, but he was sullen. Indeed, I was not sure that he understood what I said, for I spoke in Arabic, knowing very little of any South-African language.

At sunrise, however, when I placed a cup of coffee to his lips he looked up sullenly, and in excellent Arabic asked: "Is it poisoned?"

I laughed, drank a little, and he drank the rest.

"You had better kill me," he muttered. "It is all you will ever get from me."

"I'm not sure that I care to take the trouble," I replied, "till I know why you tried to kill me. You do not know me, do you?"

A savage fire gleamed in his eyes for a moment, as he answered: "You are Abd el Ardavan. Oh, yes, I know you."

"You evidently know my name," I replied, "but what do you know that should tempt you to kill me? Why there are not Kaffirs enough in all Africa to injure a hair on the head of Abd el Ardavan. If you know me you must have known that, too."

Such a sentence does not bristle with conceit when spoken in Arabic as it does when put into English. It is an Oriental custom to blow one's own horn in that fashion, and there was a look of real honest admiration in the African's eye as he replied: "I heard it long ago, but I did not believe. Now I know that it is true."

I had a mind to cut the ropes and set him free for that compliment; but curiosity prevailed and I said again: "Listen to me. If you will simply tell me why you wanted to kill me I will set you free and give you another chance."

"I have had my chance and failed," he muttered. "I shall never have another. Go on, and put an end to Gungerkak!"

"Gungerkak! Gungerkak!" I repeated, looking at that jaw and lobeless ear. Then suddenly it all came back to me; the face I had seen and all its surroundings. No wonder it had puzzled me, for I had only seen it once, and that for a moment. He was chief of a savage tribe of Kaffirs working in the diamond mines when I visited them.

"Well, you are a good way from home, Gungerkak," I added. "If you mean to say that you came all this distance to murder me I don't wonder you are disappointed. I have not so much energy. It is more trouble than it is worth to try to punish you, and I am going to set you free. But before we part"—I was unbending him—"you might at least have the generosity to tell me why you wanted to kill me."

He did not move, even when his limbs were free, but lay looking into my face.

"When they suspected that Gungerkak stole the great diamond," he said, "and when they paid one-half its value to Abd el Ardavan as the only man who dared to follow him and bring him back, should Gungerkak not find cause to use the dirk?"

I laughed outright, and throwing myself upon the grass, exclaimed: "Gungerkak, you are a fool! Somebody has been cheating you. I neither know nor care who stole the great diamond. I do not know that anyone is suspected. There is not wealth enough in all Africa to hire me to follow a thief a mile, unless he has stolen something from me. So get up now, and go about your business; but mind you never disturb my sleep again, for it makes me ugly and I am apt to kick."

"By the head of your dearest child, is this what you say?" the savage chief asked, solemnly.

I was too curious to see what was coming to pass with him, and in true Oriental solemnity I took the Kaffir's most sacred oath, and swore that what I had told him was the truth.

"Then listen," he said placing his powerful hand upon his abdomen, a little to the left. "The great diamond is here. For months I have carried it in my mouth." The Kaffir's invariable safety deposit is a curious vault which he forms almost at the root of his tongue. "Last night I swallowed it. I shall die, but the great diamond is here. Take it when I am dead. It is my last punishment and your just reward."

I tried hard to save the man, but there were no ready means at hand, and he was so sure that he should die that I think he would have accomplished it at all events. I became very fond of him in the few days that he lived, and learned from him many an interesting secret.

It was a difficult task to bring myself to recover the diamond after he was dead, but I did it at last, and returned it to the officials of the mine.

It was many years ago, and to day I fancy that some queen of wealth and beauty, adorning some grand palace of the Occident, when decked in her gorgeous array, outshines her rivals and dazzles her admirers with the lustre of that brilliant gem; the last bequest of the dying Kaffir, on the hillside above Dongola, looking down upon the distant Nile.—Frank Leslie's.

A Judicial Joke.
From the Indianapolis News.

Judge Fox, of the Appellate Court, is a dry joker, and generally makes himself the subject of his gibes.

"The Appellate Court is going to be abolished," he said solemnly to a newspaper friend the other day.

"Never heard of it," exclaimed the friend.

"It is a fact, though. I am going to be elected, and that means the abolishment of the court. I was appointed criminal judge over at Richmond, and the Legislature abolished the office. Then I was appointed Judge of the Superior Court of Wayne county and that office was done away with. The Appellate Court comes next."

The Latest Dodge.
From the Chicago Tribune.

A man who has just finished a comical meal at a State street restaurant last evening suddenly rose from his chair, grabbed his hat and an umbrella that stood against the wall and rushed out of the building.

"Stop him!" exclaimed the cashier. "That fellow went away without paying!"

"I'll stop him!" said a determined-looking man who rose up hastily from a table near where the other had sat. "He took my gold handled umbrella! I'll stop him and I'll bring him back in charge of an officer! The second!"

Without a moment's pause he dashed out of the house in hot pursuit of the conscienceless villain.

And the cashier, a cold hard, unempathetic kind of man, has begun to suspect that neither of them will ever come back.

Patti Sang for the Parrot.
In her castle at Craig-y-Nos Mrs. Patti has a \$6,000 parrot which she cherishes and pets as if it were a child. One day there went to interview Patti a young man who had traveled long and far to view the beautiful Craig-y-Nos palace. "Mrs. Patti will be here in a moment," said the door attendant.

Just then there was a rustle of skirts and Mrs. Patti swept into a room adjoining. In a minute the most beautiful, birdlike notes rose upon the air, unmistakably from Patti's throat.

"She is singing to me," said the delighted listener to himself, "and she is too modest to come in and sing directly before me. She wants me to hear her as she sings at home. Oh, what joy to have this privilege!"

At this moment the heavy draperies were pulled aside and the attendant said: "You may wait upon Mrs. Patti now. She has been giving a short lesson to her parrot. She teaches him every day. This way, sir, if you please."—Chicago Post.

Sheriff by One Vote.
Remarkably Close Contest Where 27,302 Ballots Were Cast.

NORRISTOWN, Pa., Nov. 12.—The official count of Montgomery County was finished to-day and changed the result as published about the County Treasurer. Mr. Edig, democrat, was elected by a plurality of seven over his Republican competitor, Mr. Godshall, both of Lansdale. Simpson, Republican, was elected Sheriff by a plurality of one vote. Cleveland's plurality was 20. Together Cleveland and Harrison got 27,202 votes.

Curious Instruments of Torture.

In an old tower in Nuremberg there is a room set apart especially for the preservation of the curious instruments of torture used during the uncertain period historically referred to as the Middle Ages. In that room you can see thumb screws of the most approved pattern closely arranged along shelves filled with "hair helmets" and "bridles" for gossipping women. One horrid relic, called the "spike wheel," is a heavy cylinder, on one side of which stand out two or more score of sharp iron spikes. In days of old, when an offender had been sentenced to undergo a "rolling," he was stripped naked and firmly bound on a plank, face down. In this position the "spike wheel" was slowly dragged up and down his back, the number of times depending upon the gravity of the crime and the wording of the sentence.

In several instances the poor victims were prodded so full of holes that they died before they could be removed from the plank. When death was intended the number of "rolls" was not specified, but double length spikes, heated red hot, were put in the surface of the cylinder. This mode of carrying out capital punishment was hardly as expeditious as the guillotine, but it was equally as certain.—St. Louis Republic.

Humane Treatment of Stock.

With all the wonderful progress of the Humane Society interested in America, we are asked what our stock breeders and farmers are doing to develop the more humane treatment of the farm stock. There are many things that greatly improved, but as yet no organized effort of humane societies in the country says the Western Agriculturist. We are glad to see the check rein coming down in the country, as it has almost entire in the cities; we are glad to see horse blankets in general use in cold weather when horses are hitched out in the cold, and the farmer who is almost as thoughtful as his city neighbor to hitch his horse in the shade, and to provide some shade in the pasture for the comfort of the stock. Water is provided now for all classes of stock as freely as feed; warm, comfortable shelter is rapidly increasing, and in many ways the general humane interest is progressing, and while it pays to be humane there is no more ennobling characteristic in any farmer than the kind humane treatment of all his stock, and we all admire and respect the humane man whether in city or country.

One of Joe Jefferson's Hits.

At the close of the first season a number of the citizens proposed a benefit to the proprietors. The postmaster of the day, Mr. Able, H. O. Stone, Mark Skinner and Julius Wadsworth were among the active promoters. A fine bill was prepared—the play was "The Lady of Lyons"—and there was an afterpiece, "The Two Friends." The second Joseph Jefferson and Mrs. Jefferson were in the cast. It was on this occasion that the Joseph Jefferson whom we know so well made his initial appearance in Chicago. He was, as before noted, 9 years of age, and partly because of his singing voice, he created a sensation in the comic song of "Lord Lovel and Lady Nancy." In a letter written a few years since by Mr. Jefferson, in which this old song is alluded to he says: "The new theatre was quite the pride of the city and the idol of the manager; for it had one tier of boxes and a gallery at the back. I don't think the seats of the dress circle were stuffed, but they were planed."—Chicago Herald.

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Chicago and the World's Fair.

By the Philadelphia Ledger.

It is quite improbable, and it should be deemed impossible, that there was a single citizen of this great republic who permitted to participate, either actively or passively, in the dedication of the Columbian Fair at Chicago last week who was not only impressed by the exhibition there of all those things which tend to make a nation truly great as intelligence, energy, enterprise, capital and labor employed in the development of agriculture, industry and commerce, but by the extraordinary achievements of Chicago itself, as they were shown in the imposing preparations made by its citizens for the adequate and fit display of the products of the arts and sciences of the world.

If, when congress decided that Chicago, not New York, afforded the most appropriate site for the Columbian Fair any one who doubted the decision, his doubts must have been removed as he beheld last week the stupendous work that Chicago has accomplished under conditions unfavorable and despite of difficulties of more than ordinary gravity.

It was not longer ago than June of last year that the first ploughshare was struck into the sandy, marshy waste lands lying, a dreary wilderness, on the borders of the beautiful lake, stretching inland in monotonous flatness beyond the sky line. To redeem this wilderness, make it bloom, in parts, literary like the rose, to make this and that part of it solid stable ground; to make its marshes an apparently natural aquarium; to make its stagnant ponds and pools picturesque canals and lagoons, which flow under arches and bridges in prolonged graceful lines and serpentine courses, between banks and by islands, upon which grow, in more than natural luxuriance and beauty, ferns, grasses, shrubs and flowers native to the soil, and in consequent harmony with their surroundings, was a stupendous task to accomplish which would seem to require years of thought and effort. But it has all been done within a few months and sweeping down to the stream, which curves through a large part of the 500 acres within the inclosure, are noble lawns and stately terraces which form parts of the frame in which the magnificent buildings of the fair are set.

That Chicago would build hugely upon her grandeur, it has been the boast of that city that whatever it does it does upon a large scale. It built the tallest and widest and deepest structures and, though they are unsightly, they were big. Everything in Chicago was big, and big was the justification for all shapes of ugliness. But in planning and constructing the fair buildings as grand in its proportions, as noble in its simplicity, as lovely in its classic form and decoration as almost anything the old world can show to-day, has gone hand in hand with bigness. The exhibition buildings proper were designed and have been chiefly constructed upon a comprehensive, and harmonious plan. Each has its own fine individual character. But together they form a group which each is a fitting part. In color they are as artistically classically beautiful as in form and decoration. They have the appearance of marble which already time and weather have softened with exquisite tints of brown and yellows grateful and pleasing to the eye.

At no time, from no point of view, does the vastness of the buildings impress the beholder so much as their rare beauty and loveliness. Architecture has nowhere in modern times, shown in a great aggregation of spacious edifices a group more artistic, more sentient with the spirit and substance of graceful design and exquisite decoration. The grandeur of this group of temples dedicated to the arts and sciences, the calm, rare beauty of it, the nobility and harmony of it, all which are enhanced by statues, fountains, columns, bridges, has no equal anywhere, although it is to serve but a temporary purpose, and although all this grandeur and beauty and loveliness has been wrought by the architect and craftsman largely out of the most perishable plastic materials.

The only architectural effects which offend the eye within the wide sweep of the fair grounds are the State buildings, which are not in harmony with the general plan, except that of New York, which, in color and partly in form, is. Even that of Pennsylvania, which would be inoffensive enough if set down among its surroundings, is all out of keeping with the comprehensive design of the fair, and that of Illinois is so vile in its bigness, pretentiousness, crudeness of form and color, and its vulgar obtrusiveness, as to render it absolutely necessary that with respect for good taste it should be torn down and carted away before the exhibition opens.

Chicago has more than fulfilled the promise it made to the country with regard to the fair. That city has spent \$10,000,000 in providing a home for it, and it has spent them not only with characteristic liberality, but with such good taste, with such respect, reverence, even, for art, as to command universal admiration and commendation. The promise Chicago made was to erect the buildings by the first of May, 1893. They are already erected and they surpass in their grandeur and beauty all possible expectation. The city having done so much, the country should not do less proportionately. First of all it should cordially and gratefully recognize the magnitude and the value of the great work Chicago has done, and it should then resolve, the preparations for the fair being so adequate, the completion of it should be equally so; that it should be in deed and fact a complete exposition of all the products and productions of the world's arts and sciences, and especially of those of this hemisphere.

Modern Realism.

Mr. Potts.—Is that a realistic novel you are reading?

Mrs. Dobbs.—Indeed it is. It contains a perfect description of bacillus of yellow fever, and tells how to make apple dumplings.

—Popularly called the king of medicines—Hood's Sarsaparilla. It conquers scrofula, salt rheum and all other blood diseases.

He Saved Two Crews.

Martin Kanutzen, Lighthouse Keeper Deserves a Medal. A Rescued Captain's Experience Both Vessels Were Stranded.

CHICAGO, November 8.—If Martin Kanutzen, keeper of the light-house on Pilot Island, at Death's Door, the entrance to Green Bay, does not get a gold medal it will not be because he does not deserve one, for he saved two entire crews of vessels which stranded on Pilot Island during the recent gale. The first was the schooner J. E. Gilmore and the second the schooner A. P. Nichols. When Captain D. D. Clow, together with the crew of the Nichols, reached here he told the following story:

"We were bound from Chicago to Escanaba, light, and were driven on Pilot Island. We had both anchors out, but they failed to hold us and the schooner went on the rocks. As soon as she struck the seas went over her from stem to stern, and it seemed as if none of us could escape. The boat was lying on a reef of rock, with deep and shoal spots all around. Kanutzen came down from the light-house, and although it was 8 o'clock at night and intensely dark he picked his way through the surf along the rocks, which came nearly to the surface, and got quite near to us. He made himself heard above the storm and told me to jump overboard. I did so and went in over my head.

"As I came up he reached out for me from the shelf of rock where he stood, and pulled me up near him. Then other members of the crew jumped in one by one, Kanutzen seizing each one as they came to the surface, and pulling them safely to the spot where he stood. My aged father and the female cook jumped overboard in the same way. He carried these two ashore picking his way along the ledge, which was crooked and uncertain. The rest of us followed him and all got ashore in safety. A single misstep would have carried us into deep water.

"All this time the sea was running and it was with the utmost difficulty that we could stay on our feet. When we reached the lighthouse we found that the crew of the Gilmore had been there a week and were told that they had been saved in the same way. The two crews made big inroads on the provisions of the lighthouse keeper, and had not the sea gone down so we could get the provisions from our boats we might have all starved."

No Game in the West Indies.

The West Indian archipelago, with its four islands and numberless inlets, is called the gameless country, because in a region of more than 100,000 square miles there are no monkeys, no bears, raccoons, wild hogs, jaguars, panthers, lynx, wild cats, foxes, wolves or jackals. There is not even a woodchuck to be dug out of the many caves. On the highlands there are no lions, deer, antelope or rabbits. Dogs and cats, too, are unknown, and this lack of household pets seems to have driven the aborigines to expedients, for in a book called "Oglivly's Voyages" there is a story told of a San Domingo native who kept a tame manatee that made its headquarters in an artificial pond and was so well trained that when called by its name it would come out of the water, go to the manatee's house, and after receiving its food it returned to the pond, accompanied by singing, and often it carried two children on its back.

Its instinct was wonderful. It was once struck by a pike in the hands of a Spaniard and after that always refused to come out of the water when there was a clothed man near. Manatees are often seen northwest of Cuba, in shoals sporting about the reefs like sea lions. They are cunning creatures and can dodge the harpoon with more success than any other aquatic animal. When the harpoon is thrown at them they plunge with a defiant snort beneath the waves and presently come to the surface at some unexpected point, waving their flippers mockingly at their hunters. The largest land animal in this strange territory is a huge rat, measuring eighteen inches in length without the tail. With this exception Cuba, San Domingo, Jamaica and Costa Rica have no land animals.—Chicago Herald.

How Greeley Helped Lincoln.

"In McClure's 'Lincoln and Men of War Times,' I see," said aged Charles Wister, of Germantown, yesterday, "that the colonel gives Andrew Curtin a great deal of credit for Lincoln's nomination at Chicago in 1860. I sat in a chair beside Colonel McClure in that convention, and I think Curtin and all others were totally overshadowed by Horace Greeley. Greeley bore Seward a bitter grudge. He said he had made Seward governor, and he thought him ungrateful. On Seward's refusal to act as he wished, Greeley declared, 'My time will come at last.' When the convention time arrived we all saw what seemed to be a band of soldiers marching up the street. What was it but old Horace Greeley in his famous plaid hat and white coat stalking along after a brass band at the head of the New York delegation. They were the pick and flower of the state too. They were given a rousing reception in the convention hall.

"Greeley had corresponded with the ablest Republicans throughout the Union and for two years had been planning against Seward's ambition. When the battle was fought and Lincoln was nominated Greeley came down stairs from his room in the hotel with his carpetbag in his hand. As he bade goodby his words were, 'My mission is accomplished.'

—Clara.—Did you have anything extraordinary happen at the seashore last Summer?

Maude.—Oh, yes; one man kept me waiting three days for an engagement ring.

Clara.—Oh, yes; What was the cause of the delay?

Maude.—He ran out of them before he knew it, and had to send to New York for another instalment.—Clook Review.