

His Revenge on the Africans For Attacking His Forces.

In the following language Sir Henry M. Stanley describes an attack of natives upon his party during one of his African expeditions: "The leviantan bears down on us with racing speed, its consorts on either flank spurring the water into foam and shooting up jets with their sharp prows. A thrilling chant from 2,000 throats rises louder and louder on our hearing. Presently the poised spears are launched, and a second later my rifles respond with a rippling, crackling explosion, and the dark bodies of the canoes and paddlers rush past us. "For a short time the savages are paralyzed, but they soon recover. They find there is death in those flaming tubes in the hands of the strangers, and with possibly greater energy than they advanced they retreat, the pursued becoming the pursuers in hot chase. My blood is up. It is a murderous world, and I have begun to hate the filthy, vulturous shoals who inhabit it. "I pursue them upstream, up to their villages. I skimish in their streets, drive them pellmell into the woods beyond and level their ivory temples. With frantic haste I fire their huts and end the scene by towing their canoes into midstream and setting them adrift."

Literally So.

Owing to a change for the worse in the character of the neighborhood a family which for many years had lived in the same house was compelled to sell it and move elsewhere. Their old house became a home for aged colored women. One day a member of the family happened to visit it. Things were indeed different within. Being one of those who harbor a sense of humor, the former occupant in describing his impressions while among the aged colored women, with whom his old abode was filled, remarked: "I may truthfully say the whole complexion of the place has changed."—New York Times.

Making the Choir Sing.

Many conscientious ministers have had trouble with wayward choirs, but not all have had Dr. Samuel West's witty address or management. There had been difficulty with the singers, and they had given out that they should not sing on the next Sunday. This was told to Dr. West. "Well, well, we will see," he said and on Sunday morning gave out his hymn. After reading it he said very emphatically, "You will begin with the second verse: "Let those refuse to sing Who never knew our God." The hymn was sung.

Hamlin's Soliloquy.

Hamlin (standing before the tattooed man in the museum)—Heavens, how that fellow must suffer if he ever gets the Jimjams!—Smart Set.

A Lesson For Nellie.

Mrs. Washington was a strict disciplinarian about certain matters and among other things always required the members of the household to follow the example of her husband and dress for dinner, which was at 3 o'clock. On one occasion Nellie Custis and her cousin, Martha Dandridge, appeared at the table in their morning gowns, but no comment was made upon it until a coach was seen approaching and the visitors, some French officers of high rank and Charles Carroll, Jr., of Carrollton, one of Miss Custis' ardent suitors, were announced. Instantly the girls, in a flutter of excitement, begged to be excused in order to change their gowns, but Mrs. Washington shook her head. "No," she said. "Remain as you are. A costume good enough for President Washington is good enough for any guest of his." Needless to say, Miss Nellie never overlooked her proper garb for dinner again.—National Monthly.

Sensible Sandy.

While passing by an old fashioned inn in Scotland the tourists were attracted by an ancient bagpiper, who was tooting atrocious sounds through an instrument that was both dilapidated and squeaky. "Great Jericho, Sandy!" exclaimed one in desperation. "Why don't you have your bagpipes repaired?" And the old man ceased playing and looked up in astonishment. "Havers, mon, ye dinna understand! If ma bagpipes wor in good tune the inn mon winna give me 2 shillings to move on."

Wind Velocity.

The majority of people are unable to determine the wind's velocity. When the smoke from a chimney moves in a straight, vertical column, it means that a one to two miles an hour breeze is blowing. A three miles an hour wind will just stir the leaves on the trees. Twenty-five miles an hour will sway the trunks; at forty the small branches will break, and it takes a mile a minute gale to snap the trunks of big trees.—London Answers.

Advice.

"Nobody listens to advice." "You're wrong. One fellow always does." "Who's that?" "The fellow who's giving it."—Cleveland Leader.

No Difference.

Jinks—Which women have the worst tempers, blonds or brunettes? Binks—My wife has been both, and I could not see any difference.—New York Times.

Gluttony of Soliman and the Appetite of Louis XIV.

Touching the matter of eating, the stories told by the old chroniclers and historians of the abnormal appetites of certain Roman and oriental men of note fairly stagger belief.

Gibbon tells of Soliman, a caliph in the eighth century, who died of acute indigestion in his camp near Chalcis, in Syria, just as he was about to lead an army of Arabs against Constantinople. He had emptied two baskets of eggs and figs, which he swallowed alternately, and the repast was finished with marrow and sugar. In a pilgrimage to Mecca the same caliph had eaten with impunity at a single meal seventy pomegranates, a kid, six fowls and a huge quantity of the grapes of Tayef.

Such a statement would defy belief were not others of a similar character well vouched. Louis XIV. could hardly boast of an appetite as ravenous as Soliman's, but he would eat at a sitting four platefuls of different soups, a whole pheasant, a partridge, a plateful of salad, mutton hashed with garlic, two good sized slices of ham, a dish of pastry and finish this ample repast with fruit and sweetmeats.—London Saturday Review.

Victorian Gods.

If Thackeray, with a brain weighing fifty-eight and one-half ounces, had the biggest head among Victorian writers who had the best features? The choice would seem to lie between Tennyson and Henry Taylor. "That man must be a poet," remarked one of his Cambridge contemporaries when he first saw Tennyson come into the hall at Trinity, and another friend describes him in his undergraduate days as six feet high, broad chested, strong limbed, his face Shakespearian, with deep eyelids; his forehead ample, crowned with dark wavy hair; his head finely poised, his hand the admiration of sculptors. But time dealt none too gently with Tennyson, whereas Henry Taylor, always a distinguished looking man, seems to have grown singularly majestic with years. Grant Duff, meeting him when he was over eighty, notes that "Taylor looks more like Jupiter than ever," and contemporary memoirs are full of references to his Jove-like appearance.—London Standard.

No Chance In History.

Mazzini said that he did not believe that chance existed in history. "A cause must necessarily underlie every event, although for the moment it may appear as the result of apparently accidental circumstances. An Alexander, a Caesar, a Napoleon, are not the results of accident, but the inevitable product of the time and nation from which they spring. It was not Caesar who destroyed the Roman republic. The republic was dead before Caesar came. Sulla, Marius, Catiline, preceded and foreshadowed Caesar, but he, gifted with keener insight and greater genius, snatched the power from them and concentrated it in his own hands. For there was no doubt that he was fitter to rule than all the others put together. At the same time, supposing he had appeared 150 years earlier, he would not have succeeded in destroying the republic. When he came the life had already gone out of it, and even Caesar's death could not restore that."

Nicely Graded.

It is still a tradition that the people of Manchester, England, should gibe at Liverpool with the proverb, "A Manchester man, a Liverpool gentleman;" but, it is said, classification is not so strongly marked in Lancashire as in the old days. When stagecoaches were running a guard was once asked, "Who has tha' gotten inside, Billy?" Billy consulted his list and replied, "A gentleman fra Liverpool, a mon fra Manchester, a chap fra Owdham and a fellow fra Wigan."

Words of Different Size.

"Did they exchange words?" "Yes, but it wasn't an even exchange. One spoke in English and the other in Russian."—New York Press.

I hardly know so true a work of a little mind as the servile imitation of another.—Greville.

Had to Do It.

Champ Clark was showing a constituent about the capitol one day when he invited attention to a solemn faced individual just entering a committee room.

"See that chap?" asked Clark. "He reads every one of the speeches delivered in the house."

"What?" gasped the constituent.

"Fact," said Clark. "Reads every word of 'em too!"

"Who is he?" queried the visitor, regarding the phenomenon closely.

"A proofreader at the government printing office," explained Champ.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

An Easy Numismatist.

Mrs. Goodart—You seem to have some education. Perhaps you were once a professional man. Howard Hasher—Lady, I'm a numismatist by profession. Mrs. Goodart—A numismatist? Howard Hasher—Yes, lady; a collector of rare coins. Any old coin is rare to me.—Philadelphia Press.

Advice and a Mule.

"Givin' some men advice," said Uncle Eben, "reminds me of tryin' to discipline my ol' mule wif a fence rail. It tires out de giver and hurts de receiver, but don't make no real difference."—Washington Star.

The Other Half.

Scott—Half the people in the world don't know what the other half are doing. Mott—No. That is because the other half are doing them.—Boston Transcript.

Things That Happen at the Bottom of the Sea.

Naturalists dispute as to the quantity of light at the bottom of the sea. Animals from below 700 fathoms either have no eyes or faint indications of them, or else their eyes are very large and protruding.

Another strange thing is that if the creatures in the lower depths have any color it is orange or red or reddish orange. Sea anemones, corals, shrimps and crabs have this brilliant color. Sometimes it is pure red or scarlet, and in many specimens it inclines toward purple. Not a green or blue fish is found.

The orange red is the fish's protection, for the bluish green light at the bottom of the ocean makes the orange or the red fish appear of a neutral tint and hides it from its enemies. Many animals are black, others neutral in color. Some fish are provided with boring tails, so that they can burrow in the mud.

The surface of the submarine mountain is covered with shells, like an ordinary seabeach, showing that it is the feeding place of vast shoals of carnivorous animals.

A codfish takes a whole oyster into its mouth, cracks the shell, digests the meat and ejects the shell. Crabs crack

the shells and suck out the meat. This accounts for whole mounds of shells that are often found.

Not a fishbone is ever found that is not honeycombed by the boring shellfish and falls to pieces at the touch of the hand. This shows what destruction is constantly going on in these depths.

If a ship sinks at sea with all on board it will be eaten by fish, with the exception of the metal, and that will corrode and disappear. Not a bone of a human body will remain after a few days.—Philadelphia North American.

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