

The Mate Let the Captain Down Easy About His Mistake.

The skipper was a man who had a good opinion of himself and his notions. He had pulled through shipwreck, mutiny and other perils of the deep, but he came a cropper once. For one of his voyages he had shipped a boatswain's mate who bore something of a reputation.

One day the skipper ordered him aloft to examine a sail on the royal yard.

"Tain't safe, cap'n," protested the boatswain's mate. "The foot ropes has got to be fixed first."

"Do as I tell you!" thundered the captain. "The foot ropes are all right. I know they are."

The man went up.

Five minutes later he came tumbling down through the rigging from the top of the mast, a distance of over 100 feet.

With a bang he landed on the belly of the mainsail and bounded into one of the canvas covered boats.

The sailors, thinking him dead, crowded about him in a circle.

To their amazement he sat up.

His eyes wandered vacantly about until they rested on the leathery face of the skipper, when they lighted up with intelligence.

"Cap'n," he said slowly, "you was mistaken about them foot ropes."—London Tit-Bits.

VALE OF THE WYE.

Glimpse of an Impending and Romantic Spot in Wales.

Those who travel through strange places with their eyes and their ears open are likely to make strange discoveries, but there are plenty of other finds which, simply as a delight to the senses and without any wonder or curiosity attending them, are well worth the trouble of trying to forget one's preoccupation in what he sees and hears.

Both these pleasures of travel come to those who will fare slowly and observingly through the Vale of the Wye in Wales. It seems almost like a chapter from some magnificent Apocalypse to travel on to Cader and Plynlimon and glimpse the imposing grandeur of the visions that await the appreciative eye. Half of Wales seems to lie before the traveler. The mountains of the Cader range loom loftily, and Snowdon, of the lakes, seems to beckon him on. The long headland of Carnarvon hugs half a sea in the crook of its arm. Pembroke's ragged capes gleam beyond the lovely mountainous heights. No sound breaks the vast silence. You are shut off from the bustling world. The hawk circles in a noiseless void above the slopes whitened with grazing sheep. For a moment there may be the feeble pipe of the wheatear, and for another brief space a lark may lift praise to heaven. But that is all.—Philadelphia North American.

Chinese Queer Ways.

Difficulties of census work among Chinese are amusingly illustrated by the British commissioner at Weihaiwei in his report. "A Chinese child at birth is said to be one year old," he writes, "and after it has passed one new year it is said to be two years old. Thus a child if born in the last month of the year may be said to be two years of age before it is thirty days old according to European reckoning. A child of eighteen months' time of life since birth is reckoned by Chinese to be either two years or three years old, this depending on whether it was born in the first or second half of the year. It is common for a Chinese mother to give a son the name of a girl, presumably to deceive the fates, it being considered easier to bring up a girl. There are many large undivided families in Weihaiwei. The largest is that of a widow named Meng Yu Shih, whose family consists of sixty-six, which, with one servant, makes sixty-seven mouths to the common meal."

Knowing the Great Man.

Mr. Browning himself once told me how important and interesting he thought it that the young should have, as it were, landmarks in their lives by at least seeing great men who belonged to an earlier generation.

"Once," he said, "I was walking in the streets of Paris with my son, who was then a little boy. We saw an old man approaching us in a long, loose, rather shabby coat and with a stooping, shuffling attitude and gait. Touch that man as you pass him," I whispered to my little son. "I will tell you why afterward." The child touched him as he passed, and I said to him, "Now, my boy, you will always be able to remember in later years that you once saw and touched the great Beranger."—Dean Farrar in "Men I Have Known."

An Even Thing.

The late Sydney Mudd of Maryland was on a train going from Washington to his home when a man who had had too much to drink sat down beside him. The passenger blinked at Mudd for a moment; then he lurched over and asked, "Shay, wash your name?"

"My name is Mudd," he replied.

Said the other: "You got nothin' on me. My name's Dennis."—Saturday Evening Post.

Thick.

"How did you find the weather in London?" asked the friend of the returned traveler.

"You don't have to find the weather in London," replied the traveler. "It bumps into you at every corner."—Life.

How a Wild Horse Bucks.

Rufus Steele, in "Mustangs, Busters and Outlaws of the Nevada Wild Horse Country," in the American Magazine, tells of the glorious sport of capturing and training wild horses. "Busting" is no sport for a novice. Real busters are trained to the game from childhood. He writes:

"A touch of the spur or a flick of the quirt signals the start. His knowledge of what to do must be a heritage from his ancestors, for all horses do it, and all American wild horses are sprung from horses that once carried men. He pops down his head and levitates straight heavenward. While he and you are high in the air he arches his back and stiffens his body to iron rigidity. Thus he comes back to earth. The sensation to the rider is as if his spinal column had been struck by a pile driver. The impression is not analyzed at the time, for the horse goes into the air again immediately. He swings to right or left, or he 'changes ends' completely while in the air, and you come down facing southward, whereas you were facing northward when you ascended."

Curious Way of Catching Fish.

Indians of Bolivia have a peculiar method of going fishing. A writer in the Geographical Journal says: "They use the milk of the 'manna' or 'soil-man' tree, the scientific name of which is, I think, Hura crepitans, of the euphorbia genus, for catching fish. I went with some of the Indians to a lagoon in the forest. Here, floating on the surface of the water, perfectly alive and yet absolutely unable to get away, were fish of all kinds, big and small, from which they selected the most palatable for food. The milk is merely poured into the water, and as it spreads every fish which comes in contact with it becomes paralyzed and yet is not affected as food. Moreover, the effect appears to last for several days without killing the fish. The milk is also used as a cure for toothache, as a emetic and for the purpose of suicide, for which a teaspoonful is employed. As a poison they say the results are painful."

A Famous Kitchen.

"It was our good fortune to see at least one thing in Paris which the tourist knows nothing about," writes an American woman from that city. "Every one knows about the Tuileries and sees what is left of the historic pile, but not many find their way to the kitchen from which the elect of the third empire were served, as we did. It lies under the Pavilion de Flora, its high arched ceiling resting on massive columns. It is divided into many sections, at the entrance to each of which there is a sign—gold on marble. Here we see 'Rotisserie,' 'Patisserie,' 'Section aux Sauces,' etc. The provisions for washing gold, silver and porcelain services, the tremendous roasting, boiling and broiling arrangements, the extra roast beef oven, six meters high and seven meters broad; a roaster with a capacity for six sheep and four dozen chickens all looked extra large and imposing to us, who manage to worry along in a flat kitchen, which has two things, however, which we could not find in Napoleon's dinner factory—electric light and a battery of washtubs."

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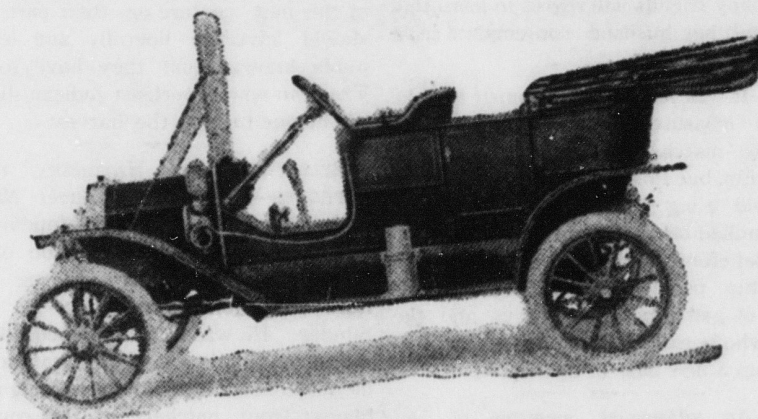
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