

COLUMBUS.
Behind him lay the gray Azores,
Behind the gates of Heraldes;
Before him not the ghost of shores,
Before him not the shoreless seas.
The good mate said: "Now must we pray,
For lo! the very stars are gone,
Speak, Admiral, what shall I say?"
"Why say, 'Sail on! sail on! and on!'"
"My men grow mutinous day by day;
My men grow ghastly wan and weak."
The stout mate thought of home; a spray
Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.
"What shall I say, brave Admiral, say,
If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"
"Why, you shall say at break of day:
'Sail on! sail on! and on! and on!'"
They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow,
Until at last the blanched mate said:
"Why, now, not even God would know
Should I and all my men fall dead.
These very winds forget their way,
For God from these dread seas is gone.
Now speak, brave Admiral, speak and say—
He said: "Sail on! sail on! and on!"
They sailed, they sailed, then spake his mate:
"This mad sea shows its teeth to-night,
He curls his lip, he lies in wait,
With lifted teeth, as if to bite!
Brave Admiral, say but one good word:
What shall we do when hope is gone?"
The words leaped as a leaping sword:
"Sail on! sail on! and on! and on!"
Then, pale and worn, he kept his deck,
And peered through darkness. Ah, that night,
Of all dark nights! And then a speck—
A light! A light! A light! A light!
It grew, a starlit flag unfurled!
It grew to be 'Tis burst of dawn,
He gained a world; he gave that world
Its grandest lesson: "On! and on!"
—Joaquin Miller in the Argonaut.

DO SHARKS BITE?
Assertions That They Will Not Attack a Swimmer.
On the question whether sharks will attack men when swimming, a correspondent of the New York Sun writes as follows:
I was on a Pacific mail steamer in the Bay of Champerico. The water was clear and we counted seven sharks, ranging from about seven to eleven feet in length. We got out a shark hook and line and baited it with pork.
Our principal assistant was a little chap who had just finished his time in the navy. While we were at luncheon a shark took a bite at the bait. The young seaman was too hasty, and as a result the big fish was badly hooked and dropped off when hauled about a foot out of the water.
However, our young friend seemed to know a lot about shark fishing and sharks, the result of his many cruises, and when stories were told of men bitten by sharks he scoffed and put it to the test of experiments. To the consternation of nearly everybody he dived from the gangway and swam around to the spot where the sharks were awaiting the kitchen refuse. In every instance where one of them happened to see him it acted as if scared, and moved rapidly in another direction. It was the same in the bay at St. Jose, Guatemala.
At that place there is a big spotted shark whom tourists easily recognize as an old friend, and call "Joe." The little sailor chap swam after him, and he swam in front of him and in front of others. Several sharks must have seen the boy, but none showed the slightest inclination to attack. He said the same thing had been tried before many a time, and that nobody in the navy now believed that there was any danger of attack from sharks when swimming, although it was possible that they might take a snap at a dead floating body.

GEOGRAPHICAL ODDITIES.
Some Little Wonders of the Western World.
On Lummi Island, State of Washington, there is a mountain slope of white sandstone, 100 feet wide and 1,300 feet long, called the Devil's Slide. The strange thing about it is, that every few minutes a scale of sandstone comes shooting down the slide and is hurled into the waters of the bay. The unsolved mystery is this: What causes the scales to detach themselves in this unique fashion?
Medical Lake is fifteen miles by rail from the city of Spokane Falls, State of Washington. The lake is two miles long, half a mile wide, and sixty feet deep. It is filled with a saline and alkaline water, having a slightly chalybeate admixture, and is a popular health resort for the people of the northwest.
Sour Lake is a small lake of acidulous mineral water, in Hardin county, Texas, forty-five miles by rail east of Houston. Its waters have a considerable local reputation in the treatment of various diseases.
There is said to be a canon on the slopes of Mount Baker (in the State of Washington), the walls of which are composed of a kind of volcanic glass.—Notes and Queries.

Indian Courage.
The annals of no country can show any savage foe so formidable for his number to trained regular troops of the white race as the American Indian. The tales of the Sepoy rebellion, repete as they are with heroic achievements of British soldiers, read like absurd fairy tales to Indian fighters of our army. The spectacle, repeated again and again, of a score or so of these Englishmen riding through as many thousands of opposing Sepoys, disciplined, a thoroughly supplied with the best of firearms would be a very novel one to those accustomed to the temper of the savage of our own continent. Had Captain Jack or Joseph or Geronimo, with such warriors as they led, been the sort of foes to attack the English power in India, the history of Delhi and Lucknow would have been written in far darker characters on the pages of English history. Self-reliant, intelligent, fierce in battle, inimitable horsemen, armed with the modern rifle, our own Indians have often waged successful battle with regular troops unsurpassed in quality and far outnumbering them. It is doubtful if even the Cassack or Arab can be compared with them in partisan warfare.

White Tea.
White tea is one of the latest inventions or discoveries. It will not become soft under the sun's rays in any climate, and is expected to be used largely in calking the seams of fine yachts.

THE JAPANESE WAITRESS.
A Vision of Perfection That Seems to Americans Improbable.
The Japanese waitress is evidently a creature full of kindness and winning graces. Sir Edwin Arnold met her at a dinner in Japan, where she contributed greatly by her tact and courtesy to the success of the occasion. To each guest there entered a pretty, bright, well-dressed Japanese waitress with hair decked "to the nines," stufed full of flowers and jeweled pins and shining like polished black marble.
She never speaks or settles to any serious duty of the entertainment without falling on her little knees, smoothing her skirt over them and knocking her nice little flat nose on the floor, and will either demurely watch you use your chopsticks in respectful silence, or prettily converse and even offer her advice as to the most succulent dishes, and the best order in which to do them justice.
It is not very difficult to use the chopsticks, those simple knives and forks of Eastern Asia, if once you learn the secret of the guiding finger between them. Otherwise you will drop the first mouthful from the soup bowl on your shirt front, to the gentle, but nevertheless satirical laughter of your waitress.
Amid the talk which buzzes around you you will have inquired of her already: "What is your honorable name?" and "How many are your honorable years?" and she will have told you that she is "Miss Starr," "Miss Camilla," or "Miss Antelope," and that she was 18 or otherwise on her last birthday.
She counts you to seize that tiny lump of yellow condiment with your chopsticks, to drop it in the soy, to stir up and flavor these with the pink flakes of salmon, and you get on famously, watched by her with the warmest personal interest.
Now and again she shuffles forward on her small knees to fill your cup or to rearrange the confusion into which your little bowls and platters have somehow fallen, always with a consummate grace, modesty and good breeding. With the condiments her little fingers have mixed, the uncooked trout is so good that you cease presently to feel like a voracious seal, and wonder if it be not wrong, after all to boil or fry anything.
Environed by all these tiny dishes, and lightly fluttered from one to another, you begin at last to be conscious of having dined extraordinarily well. So you say, "Mo yoroshi" (it is enough), and the service relapses a little for music and dancing.—Youth's Companion.

WHAT TO TEACH A DAUGHTER.
How to Make of Her a True and Noble Woman.
Teach her that not only must she love her father and mother, but honor them in word and deed.
That work is worthy always when it is well done.
That the value of money is just the good it will do in life, but that she ought to know and appreciate its value.
That the man who wishes to marry her is the one who tells her so and is willing to work for her, and not the one who whispers silly love speeches and forgets that men cease to be men when they have no object in life.
That her best confidant is always her mother, and that no one sympathizes with her in her pleasures and joys as you do.
Teach her to think well before she says no or yes, but to mean it when she does.
Teach her to avoid men who speak lightly of any of the great duties of life, who show in their appearance that their habits are bad.
Teach her that her own room is her nest, and that to make it sweet and attractive is a duty as well as a pleasure.
Teach her that if she can sing or read or draw, or give pleasure in any way by her accomplishments, she is selfish and unkind if she does not do this gladly.
Teach her to be a woman—self-respecting, honest, loving and kind, and then you will have a daughter who will be a pleasure to you always, and whose days will be long and joyous in the land which the Lord has given her.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Illusions of Great Men.
Goethe states that he one day saw the exact counterpart of himself coming toward him.
Pope saw an arm apparently coming through the wall, and made inquiries after its owner.
Byron often received visits from a spectre, but he knew it to be a creation of the imagination.
Dr. Johnson heard his mother call his name in a clear voice, though she was at the time in another city.
Baron Emmanuel Swedenborg believed that he had the privilege of interviewing persons in the spirit world.
Sir Joshua Reynolds, leaving his house, thought the lamps were trees, and the men and women bushes agitated by the breeze.
Ravallac, while chanting the "Miserere" and "De Profundis," believed that the sounds he emitted were of the nature and had the full effect of a trumpet.
Oliver Cromwell, lying sleepless on his couch, saw the curtains open and a gigantic woman appear, who told him that he would become the greatest man in England.
Ben Jonson spent the watches of the night an interested spectator of a crowd of Tartars, Turks, and Roman Catholics who rose up and fought round his armchair till sunrise.
Boston, the physiologist, saw figures and faces, and there was one human face constantly before him for 24 hours, the features and headgear as distinct as those of a living person.
Oats As a Brain Food.
The Paris School of Philosophy has recently conducted experiments as to the value of oats as a food, which seems to show that the kernel contains three medicinal principles, the first of which tends to calm, soothe and tone up the brain and general nerve tissues, the second yielding phosphates for the weakened and hungry nerves, and the third, residing in the husk of the oat acting as a laxative by its action on the digestive tract.

The Bird of Wisdom.
The owl took his hat and his gloves one night,
His sweetheart for to see;
When his daddy asked him where he went,
"On a definite object I'm intent,
"To wit, to woo," said he,
"To wit, to wit, to woo!"
But he scarce had stepped outside the door,
When he could not fall to see
That the sky with clouds was all overcast,
The rain was falling hard and fast.
"Too wet, too wet," said he,
"Too wet, too wet, to woo!"
—Harvard Lampoon.

A Horse With Feelings.
A lame and half starved old white horse, attached to a wagon partly loaded with ashes, stood on John R street, near Adams, and a schoolboy about 10 years old stood with his hands in his pockets looking at the horse, says the Detroit Journal.

The owner of the rig came out of the cellar with a basket of ashes on his shoulder, and after dumping them into the wagon, he turned to the boy and said: "Look yere, boy, what you doin' yere?" "Lookin'," was the reply.
"What you lookin' at?"
"Lookin' at the horse."
"Well, you run right 'long 'bout your business. Dat hoss has got feelin's. If you keep lookin' at him he'll bimbeby think he's got to get up and prance and snort around an' run away an' smash dis wagin' all to squash. Den de qeshun comes up who's gwine to pay de damages, an' your pore fadder will wish you had nebbber been bo'n."
"I guess I can look!" muttered the boy as he moved off.
"I dun t'ole ye, boy! I shan't bodder wid you no mo'! If your fadder is wurf a millyon dollars an' you want to take de chances den you go right ahead; but down' you dun swar befo' de judge dat I didn't t'ole you dat hoss had feelin's an' might kick up the awfulest amblushub erber heard on John R street."

Mr. Hank's Hat.
A well known citizen who resides in the northern part of town when he went out bareheaded this morning after the paper found a hat lying on the sidewalk in front of his gate, says the Stockton Mail. Some fellow while on a spree during the night must have lost it, he thought. The hat was a little the worse for mud, but the hat was a good one and he picked it up and took it in to show his wife.
"Mary," he said, "just look what I've found."
"Why, that's a real nice hat, John," she said.
"Well, I should smile."
"Where in the world did you find it?"
"Oh, out on the sidewalk."
"But how did it get there?"
"Get there?" he echoed, in surprise.
"Well, that's a nice question to ask. Get there? Great Scott! Do you think it grew like a mushroom—hey? Mebbe you imagine it walked there on its ear. Get there? Why, any fool would know that some chap lost it on a howling drunk."
"But he might claim it?" she interposed, mildly.
"Oh, no—I'll bet he was so full he can't remember now whether he slept in a barn or a bed. Say, that's a pretty good hat, Mary, and I'll get you to fix it up. By jingo, it's just my fit, too." And he tried it on.
She took the hat and examined it carefully. Then a dangerous look stole into her eyes and she snapped:
"John Blank, you're an old fool!"
"I am, hey?"
"Yes, you are!"
"Why?"
"This is your hat."
He snatched the tile up, looked at it critically and then dashed out of the house as he recalled to mind the fact that he himself had come home very late.

Pat's Device.
The following incident, told by the Utica Times, of the method employed by a clever son of Erin to induce his passenger to walk up hill, shows that a graceful, witty hint is pretty sure to prove irresistible.
Up one of the long hills of County Wicklow a mare was drawing a heavy load of travelers. The driver walked by her side, trying to encourage her as she toiled slowly and wearily along.
The six passengers were too busily engaged in conversation to notice how slowly the car progressed. Presently the driver opened the door at the rear of the car and slammed it to again. Those inside started, but thought that he was only assuring himself that the door was securely closed.
Again Pat opened and slammed the door. The travelers inquired angrily why he disturbed them in that manner.
"Whist," he whispered, "don't spake so loud—she'll overhear us."
"Who?"
"The mare. Spake low," he continued, putting his hand over his mouth and nose. "Sure, I'm deasin' the cryature! Every time she hears the door slammin' that way she thinks one of yez is gettin' down to walk up the hill, and that raises her spiritts."
The passengers took the hint.

A Needed Warning.
Oh, never converse with a dynamic fiend,
The harmless to you he may seem,
For he with his creed is so well magnased,
So brimmed to the lip with his scheme,
So utterly crammed with the same thro' and thro',
That if on the theme you'd embark,
A deadly explosion would likely ensue
If he'd happen to drop a remark.
—Boston Courier.

Henry was visiting a relative who had a large attic full of old things. One day when he had been playing up there, he came running down stairs and shouted:
"Cousin Anna, what do you think I found in the attic? I found a Bible with an apothecary in it!"

Mrs. Youngwife—I want a nice ham, please. Shopman—Yes, ma'am. I can strongly recommend this one; it's well cured. Mrs. Youngwife (in alarm)—Oh, don't give me one that has had anything the matter with it, even if it is cured now! Let me have a perfectly healthy one, please!—London Punch.

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