

The Hermit of the Bay.

On a reef jutting out into New York Bay from the Jersey shore there is a lighthouse—an oasis in the water. It is built on a rock foundation and the walls rise straight from the water. There is no garden, no promenade, no picturesque surroundings, as are found in paintings of lighthouses. The reef lighthouse was built for service, not for appearance.

Old Croft had lived so long on the bay that he was soured on humanity. He talked with himself so long that he cared for conversation with no one else. Once every two weeks he rowed to the shore—it was a good two-mile pull over choppy water—and brought back his supplies. He also brought a cask of oil, a jug of whiskey and a pound of tobacco.



This was the one interruption to the solitary life of the hermit of the bay. He was a hermit in truth—more so than the man who lives alone in the woods.

One day a "The photograph was boat scraped that of his lodger." against old Croft's front door. A man past thirty years of age, well dressed, and evidently a nervous person, entered the lighthouse. Old Croft stared at him in surprise. It was his first visitor in many years.

"Well?" said Croft, at last. "My name's Elkins," said the stranger. "I've come out to call on you." And he smiled in a peculiar manner.

"Well?" said old Croft, once more. "You see, it's like this," said the stranger, or Elkins, as he should now be called. "I want to stay with you for awhile. Oh, I'll pay you well," he added hastily, as he saw the frown gathering on Croft's face. "I think two or three weeks in the middle of the bay would do me good. I'm run down in health—too much confinement and work."

"Can't do it," said Croft. "Gains't the rules. Nobody but a real 'ud want to stay here anyhow." "That's all right," said Elkins. "I'll pay you well for your trouble and no one will be the wiser. You see I get funny notions sometimes. I saw this light as I was riding on a ferryboat and the idea of living in the middle of the bay has taken such a hold on me that I can't shake it off. I've just got to live here."

Old Croft shook his head. "See here," persisted Elkins. "I am prepared to fix you up all right. What would you say, now, to \$150 for two weeks' board in your house?"

Old Croft still shook his head, but the light of greed was beginning to show in his eyes. He was as much a miser as any recluse becomes while living alone.

"I'll make it double the amount," said Elkins. "You see I am determined. This may seem peculiar to you, but then I am a peculiar man."

"Well," said old Croft at last, "if you want to be a real fool I guess I might as well take advantage of your craziness. It's a risk, but I'll chance it."

Elkins brought in his suit case and made himself at home. For three days he did nothing but smoke and walk nervously from window to window in the lighthouse.

He made Croft nervous, but the old man was willing to put up with the inconvenience for the money. Elkins rarely slept. He just walked back and forth in the room and smoked incessantly.

At the end of a week he did not look well. He became feverish. The old man fixed him up in a bunk and gave him some simple remedies, but Elkins continued to grow worse. In another day he became delirious.

"He ought to have a doctor," so-iloquized Croft, "but that means that I'll be found out and get fired for having a boarder. I guess quinine's what he needs, the dampness was too much for him."

So old Croft made his patient comfortable, barred the windows, and after locking the door from the outside, rowed to shore.

While waiting his turn in a drug store, Croft picked up a newspaper and casually glanced over it. A photograph on the front page caught his attention. He looked at it closely, then hastily read the article accompanying it. It told of the robbery of a New York trust company. The teller walked out with \$75,000 in a suit case.

Old man Croft's heart began to beat fast. The photograph was that of his lodger—the sick man in the lighthouse. And there was ten thousand dollars reward for his capture.

Croft was fairly dazed. After awhile his excitement cooled. He took his quinine and going to his boat sat down in the stern and thought over the whole matter.

Ten thousand dollars! That was a whole lot of money. He did not mind giving up another man and seeing him go to prison. Not if the recompense was ten thousand dollars. Croft quickly made up his mind. He had a friend, a detective, who worked along the water front. He hunted him up and, first, in crafty manner, blinding him to a division of the promised reward, told his story. The detective went with Croft at once.

They were in the middle of the bay, tossing along on the rough water, pounding the reef, planning just how they would take Elkins when they were interrupted by a long drawn out yell.

Croft paused on his oars and looked toward the lighthouse. Then, leaping to his feet he pointed to the platform in the top of the tower. There, dancing about and waving his arms, clearly out of his mind, was the sick man.

"I never thought of him climbing to the light," said Croft, as he bent to his oars. "We'll have to hurry." Finally, when the boat was quite near, the sick man ceased his frenzied dancing and yelling, and regarded the man in the boat.

"Ho!" he shouted, laughing wildly. "You think you can catch me, eh? Well, you can't. See—there's the water and it's cool. My head is burning. The old man lit a fire in it as I slept. He wanted to use me as a torch in the tower. But I'll fool him."

"Crazy as a loon," muttered Croft, still rowing fiercely. "I'm going to put out the fire," yelled Elkins, and with another unearthly howl of laughter, he leaped into the bay. His body was caught in the swirl of the tide and quickly carried away.

Croft and the detective were astounded. They rowed to the place where he had gone down and hovered over spot for a half hour.

Then they entered the "With a howl, he leaped into the bay." The detective, purely professional, immediately began prowling through the effects left by Elkins. He forced open a suit case and bundles of green notes bulged out and fell upon the floor.

Both men were silent for a long time. They continued to stare at the wealth before their eyes. "It's frightful, isn't it!" finally whispered old Croft.

The detective did not answer. He was narrowly eyeing Croft as well as the money. "Croft," he said at last, in measured voice, "Croft, we're out in the middle of the bay."

"Yes?" said Croft. "No one but we two saw that poor, crazy fellow jump."

"No one," said Croft, his face flushing and his features straining as he comprehended. "There was another long silence. 'Croft,' finally said the detective, 'Croft, how would you like to quit tending lighthouse? Say—how would you?'"

And that's how it came that the hermit of the bay resigned his position two weeks later. That's why the trust company never located its missing teller or the stolen property.

Abyss of Ocean. More than half the surface of the globe is hidden beneath water two miles deep; 7,000,000 square miles lie at a depth of 18,000 feet or more. Many places have been found five miles and more in depth. The greatest depth yet sounded is 31,290 feet near the Island of Guam.

If Mount Everest, the world's highest mountain were plucked from its seat and dropped into this spot, the waves would still roll 2,000 feet above its crest.

Into this terrible abyss the waters press down with a force of more than 10,000 pounds to the square inch. The staunchest ship ever built would be crumpled under this awful pressure like an eggshell under a steam roller.

A pine beam fifteen feet long, which held open the mouth of a trawl used in making a cast at a depth of more than 18,000 feet, was crushed flat as if it had been pressed between rollers.

The body of a man who should attempt to venture to such depths would be compressed until the flesh was forced into the interstices of the bones and his trunk was no larger than a rolling pin. Still, the body would reach the bottom, for anything that will sink in a tub of water will sink to the uttermost depths of the ocean.

The Karite Tree Makes Butter. In the search for new plants of utility attention has been drawn to the Karite tree of French West Africa and the adjacent territory to the eastward. This is not a forest tree but grows in open spaces and in gardens. Its fruit is edible. The hard shell contains a fatty substance used by the natives as butter and it is suggested that this substance should be valuable for other purposes. The gum—not like rubber—into which the sap coagulates is another article of possible commercial value.

WHERE GUNDA FAILED.

A Lesson On Temperance Which the Pachyderm Did Not Relish.

Out of the kindness of its corporate heart a big brewing company sent a score of stout beer kegs to the New York Bronx Park Zoo recently, accompanied by an explanatory note to Director Hornaday that they were to be used for the humanitarian purpose of aiding the bears and a number of other of the larger animals to drive dull care away. Among those outside the immediate bruin family who were favored with the gifts were Gunda, the huge Indian elephant, and Pete, the youthful hippo.



GUNDA AND HIS TRUNK LINE.

It was one of the hottest days of a torrid spell when Keepers Thuman and Bayreuther rook Gunda's keg into him. The intelligent pachyderm hailed its advent with loud trumpeting of joy and with a mighty heave landed it high above his head on the shelf beside his big square savings bank.

Tugging impatiently at the bung Gunda had it out in a jiffy. Then, a beaming smile overspreading his expansive features, the ingenious elephant improvised a beer pipe by extending his trunk to the bung hole and expectantly awaited results. It took just about thirty seconds for the thirsty banker-pachyderm to realize that he had been hoaxed.

Then he angrily broke the cask to smithereens.

When the brewing company management heard of Gunda's disappointment they wanted to send the beast a full keg of their wares, but as intoxicants are not allowed on the Zoo reservation, this could not be done. Instead they presented the big fellow with another and a stouter empty, so strongly riveted and bound with cast iron hooks that all the elephant's attempts to wreck it have so far been defeated.

The Training of Dogs.

Nowadays there is a great craze for acting dogs—dogs which come on the stage and do things by themselves. In every case the trainer begins by leading the dog through the movements he has to make, and at each lesson the trainer does exactly the same thing in the same way and uses the same words in giving a command.

A dog is taught to beg by being first backed up into a corner where he has two walls to rest against. He is taught to walk on his hind legs by being led about in this position while the trainer supports his front legs. Jumping is a very easy trick to teach. The trainer begins by holding a stick so low down that the dog cannot walk under it. By degrees the stick is raised until the dog is compelled to jump in order to get over it, and directly he does so he is well rewarded. Performing dogs receive most of their food in the shape of rewards for good conduct.

Every now and then one hears of an outcry against the cruelty of teaching dogs to perform tricks. The outcry may be justified in the case of dogs that are taught to jump over very high obstacles, because that is about the only kind of a trick which can be taught with a whip. It is possible to "whip a dog" over a high jump. The audience does not see the whip because the dog starts his "run up" out of sight at one side of the stage. A whip is worse than useless to the trainer who is teaching a dog to do a trick in which the animal appears to think.

A dog is taught to apparently distinguish between colors by learning a secret signal given to him by his trainer when he gets to the desired color. Sometimes the signal is the snapping of the fingers done very softly, and in a way not noticed by the audience. Sometimes the signal is even less noisy than that, and consists in the clicking of the nails of the thumb and first finger. Once train a dog to pick a thing up when he hears the signal to do so, and you have taught him a variety of tricks such as adding up a sum, telling the time by looking at a watch and so on.

Elephant vs. Railroad.

Elephants are one of the perils of railroad life in Indo-China. The Bangkok Times says that when the morning train from Bangkok was near Ban Klap an elephant walked on to the track. The engineer sounded his whistle but the elephant trumpeted loudly, lowered its head and charged the oncoming train. So great was the impact that the elephant was killed on the spot and the engine derailed and badly damaged. The elephant's tusks were smashed off, but when a search was made for them they could not be found. Some one had walked off with them.

AN ART OF SMILING.

And a Lost Art at That to the Woman with a Smirk.

What charm there is in a smile, yet what a rarity these days! Many of us, especially women, have lost the art. We have smiled so much and so often to order, from a sense of duty, that now the charming spontaneity of the act has entirely disappeared.

A smile to be worth anything must not be a continuous performance. The habitual smile of society is totally devoid of charm from its unchanging and unbroken quality. It has no more meaning than a mask. Like a watch it may be removed at will.

What do society maids know, those who are called bright, animated, sparkling, of the genuine, the unconstrained smile? When the sun breaks out of a cloudy sky, then the heavens brighten. So the sudden light, eradicating a grave and tender face is the glow that counts, the flash that is irresistible.

Many a demure little mouse of a woman receives love where the brilliant society favorite must be satisfied with admiration, all because some man has been caught by the thrill of the soul-smile. It is a gift of the gods just as beauty is or pleasing voice.

There are features which do not lend themselves readily to smiles, yet a plain face at a momentary lighting up may become irresistible. Expression can change the countenance almost beyond recognition. Nothing is more difficult to pain than a smile. A grin may be photographed but rarely a smile; for instead there appears a smug expression which irritates while it amuses.

The rainbow smile belongs to poetry. "With a smile on her lip and a tear in her eye," says Scott. This brings to mind the sort of heroine he loved—brave, tender, sympathetic and exquisite. Sweeter than all is the smile of sympathy; a word is said, a meaning grasped, a shade of feeling understood, and instantly comes the answering glow. It may flash from the face of a stranger, yet is always welcome and fascinating. Often it sows the seeds of love.

How exquisite is the book that passes between mother and child, or between man and woman who live only for each other! The genuine smile is a sure passport. Coming from the heart it fascinates man and woman alike.

It coaxes the most unrelenting, it softens ill-temper and goes twice as far as servile tip or lordly command. This is the heaven-sent smile. It cannot be achieved by art; it is the outcome of a sweet, sunny nature.

A Directoire Gown.

So much has been written of the Directoire dresses that have scandalized even Paris that one shies at the name, but a dainty and highly approved type of the present French rage is typified in this dainty toilette. The skirt is divided, but after the lines of a tunic, there being an underskirt of soft mousseline de sole instead of the tight used in the French Directoire dress. It is smooth fitting about the hips and trimmed with graduated tucks at the front.

The bodice is made of mousseline de sole, matching the petticoat. It is trimmed with tucks and medals.



A DIRECTOIRE GOWN. Moving picture films are practically spoiled long before their usefulness should end because of the "rain" which blots out the clearness. This injury comes from the continuous winding and rewinding of the film through the machine at the rate of a foot a second, forming static electricity. The electricity attracts all the particles of dirt and just floating in the atmosphere to the films, and in pulling the film up tight these particles scratch, hence the "rain."

The Night of Blindness. The poets have taught us how full of wonders is the night; and the night of blindness has its wonders, too. The only lightless dark is the night of ignorance and insensibility. We differ, blind and seeing, one from another, not in our senses, but in the use we make of them, in the imagination and courage with which we seek wisdom beyond our senses.—Helen Keller, in Century.

Peculiarities of the Face. A biologist says that the two sides of a face are never alike; one eye is stronger than the other in seven cases out of ten; and the right ear is generally higher than the left.

CASTORIA

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Face Similar Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fitcher* NEW YORK.

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EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

BAN ON RICE AND OLD SHOES.

Western Railway Says They Must Not Be Thrown in Stations.

Young folks living along the line of the Chicago and Northwestern Railway are convinced that it is a mistake to accuse a corporation of having no soul. At any rate that is the opinion of the tender beings who are contemplating matrimony.

In the first place the railroad inaugurated a honeymoon special to California some time ago. That in itself was a great bid for popularity with the brides and bridegrooms to be. But it was nothing in general application to the latest move on the part of the road.

This is nothing more nor less than an order forbidding the throwing of rice, old shoes and other wedding accessories in or about Chicago and Northwestern trains.

"Something sniply had to be done," said an official of the road. "Enthusiastic friends of the bridal couples were carrying things to an extreme, and a check was necessary."

"Young couples would come down to the train with large satin bows tied on the rear of their carriages, and as they started for the train a terrific storm of rice and old shoes would break loose. Innocent and inoffensive people who were boarding the same train, but had not been guilty of anything, not even marriage, would get most of the missiles. Hence the new order, which will be enforced in the strictest fashion."

Old Miner's Proposal.

Annual proposals of marriage are made by Bohemia Sharpe, an old miner, to the stenographer of Oregon's Governor, whoever she may be.

Sharpe has just made his yearly visit to the State Capitol, and incidentally called at the Executive office and made a formal offer of his heart and hand to Gov. Chamberlain's stenographer. As has been the case many times in the past, the offer was refused, but it is expected the hardy old mountaineer will return next spring to renew his overtures.

Sharpe is now over 70 years of age, but is still an active prospector. It is said that he is quite wealthy, but his riches do not help to dispel the loneliness of his isolated home.—San Francisco Chronicle.

"Rain" in Moving Pictures.

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What Yale Men Eat.

Some statistics have been published by the Yale Dining Club to show what the 1,068 members of that organization who eat at the Yale commons manage to get away with in the line of food. In a week, for instance, 6,500 pounds of meat, 999 dozen of eggs and 9,100 rolls and loaves of bread disappear down the Yale throat.

The daily consumption is about like this: Nine hundred and twenty-nine pounds of meat, 193 loaves of bread, 1,200 rolls, 50 pounds of oatmeal, 1,200 quarts of milk, 120 quarts of cream, 120 pounds of table butter and a like amount for cooking purposes, as well as 20 bushels of potatoes. Two hundred gallons of soup is prepared daily for two meals.

Cornell's Yellow Slickers.

The distinctive wet weather dress at Cornell is a yellow slicker, and practically every student sports one when it looks rainy. The effect is bound to be a little odd, and it gives the person who sees it for the first time the idea that he is in a fishing town, or at least in a seacoast place. To be sure there's water a plenty all around Ithaca, but the slickers and the mountain make a contrast.

"It is the little rift within the lute which ever widening, makes the music mute." It is just a little rift in the health of a woman often, which gradually takes the spring from her step, the light from her eyes, the rose from her cheek and the music from her voice. Perhaps the bug-bear which has frightened the woman from the timely help needed at the beginning has been the dreaded questions, the obnoxious examination, the local treatments, of the home physician. There is no need for these. Nor is there need for continued suffering. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription can be relied on by every woman, suffering from what are called "female troubles," to renew the health and cure the disease. Women are astonished at the results of the use of this medicine. "It not only makes weak women robust and rosy cheeked," but it gives them back the vigor and vitality of youth. This is not a "patent medicine," but a prescription of known composition in which pure, triple-refined glycerine is used instead of alcohol. Each bottle-wraper bears a full list of ingredients upon it.

The people who want to get something for nothing can always accept advice.

THE SOOTHING SPRAY OF Ely's Liquid Cream Balm, used in an atomizer, is an unspeakable relief to sufferers from Catarrh. Some of them describe it as a Godsend, and no wonder. The thick, foul discharge is dislodged and the patient breathes freely, perhaps for the first time in weeks. Liquid Cream Balm contains all the healing, purifying elements of the solid form, and it never fails to satisfy. Sold by all druggists for 75c, including spraying tube, or mailed by Ely Bros., 56 Warren Street, New York.

Birth is sometimes an accident from which it takes a lifetime to recover.

A Reliable Remedy FOR CATARRH Ely's Cream Balm is quickly absorbed. Gives relief at once. It cleanses, soothes, heals and protects the diseased membrane resulting from Catarrh, and drives away a Cold in the head. It cures the Sore Throat, Laryngitis, Bronchitis, Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Eyes, and all the ailments of the Throat, Nose and Lungs. Liquid Cream Balm for use in atomizers 75c. Ely Brothers, 56 Warren Street, New York.

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