

THE PRIMAL STRAIN.

Not when the sunlight glows wide
The heaven, like an azure bowl,
But when steals down the twilight-tide,
The vagrant longing takes my soul.

Then doth desire, as doth the bark
That bounds the freshening wind before,
Sail out across the gathering dark
To many a dim and distant shore.

It is the old, unrestful strain—
The spirit with the flesh at war—
That leaped along the throbbing vein
Of some nomadic ancestor.

Hence, though when daylight holds the sky
I walk our formal ways within,
When dusk draws on, at heart am I
As vagrant as a Bedouin.

—Clinton Scollard, in Youth's Companion.

HIS FRIEND'S DEBIT.

There was a dejected look on Paul Gardner's face as he seated himself at his writing table, and, in spite of himself, a sigh escaped him. He had come to the parting of the ways in his existence—was now confronting the fact that the career of honor, ease and usefulness which, three or four years ago he had mentally mapped out for realization, was impossible of attainment. His hopes were dead. Only one thing remained for him to do now. But that was surely the hardest of them all! That was the primal cause of his dejection; and that was the source of his sigh. His lip quivered, and his fingers trembled as he stretched forth his hand and took up a pen. For a moment he toyed nervously with it, as if unable to trace the necessary words on the paper before him. Then he wrote:

"DEAR BRENDA—My heart fails me as I begin this task, but honor compels the conviction that it is a necessary one. By the time this reaches you, I shall be many miles upon my journey. It seems but yesterday since I settled here and opened my doors for the reception of patients. I had some \$10,000 then, and I believed that, by judicious management, it would suffice until I had made a start. In spite of energy, frugality, and I believe, skill, my practice has yet to be begun. My waiting has been in vein, and my brass plate insufficient to attract the practical attention of those requiring medical aid. Now I have come to the end of my resources, and I must leave you—you whom I love better than life. I have made up my mind to seek fortune in a foreign clime. I know you love me, and the recollection of the many happy hours we have spent together will, in the future as in the past, be a cheering incentive to me in my work. But I dare not ask you to await my return. I hope for success, but I had hoped for it at the outset, and the future may possibly be as unpropitious, and the hopes as visionary as those of the past. No; however powerful my inclinations, justice to myself compels me to relinquish the claim I have hitherto had upon you. Consider yourself, then, dear Brenda, under no obligations to your old love. Pray for me, and may God bless you. Ever yours in heart,

"PAUL."

It was written at last. He dare not breathe a word; dare not utter one of those terms of endearment he had been so accustomed to use. His heart was quickly sinking within him. To pause for a moment would be a fatal hesitation. He did not read the letter through, but placed it quickly in an envelope and hurriedly directing it and sealing it, deposited it on the mantelpiece, out of sight, as if he would fain forget its existence. At that moment the door opened, and Paul looked up as his friend, Mark Trevor, entered.

"Come in, Trevor, and don't mind the confusion," he said. "I'm glad to see you, as I was just going to look you up."

"By Jove! Then you really intend leaving us?" said Trevor, elevating his eyebrows and attempting a smile. "I thought when you mentioned it last week that it was the outcome of impulse and disgust. But, my dear fellow, why this haste? And Miss Heathcote—Brenda! You surely—"

"Trevor, don't. At times, as I think of her, my resolution wavers, and yet I know I am right in what I am about to do."

"But she is not aware of your departure?"

"No; neither can I tell her verbally. Her tears would make me weak and I want to spare her as well as myself the pain of saying farewell."

"Farewell! Nonsense. You'll get an appointment out there, on landing, and in a few months at most you'll be back again for your bride," and a cloud, evidently the outcome of contemplating such a possibility, obscured Trevor's face.

A silence of some moments followed. Then Trevor resumed his gait; his face lit up with hope and his eye scintillated with more than ordinary brilliancy.

"Well, well," he said, "you know your own affairs best. I suppose and after all you're only doing what an honorable man ought to. But if I can help you in any way don't be afraid of commanding me. I'm at your service, Gardner, although I don't suppose you have any commissions to give."

"Yes, I have. You can do me a great favor, old fellow. I—I—the fact is, I'm just a bit short of funds and if you could see your way to lend me, say, £50, I should be uncommonly grateful. One never knows what may happen, you know, and all going well I will return it in the course of a few months."

"Certainly! I'm glad you mentioned it, my boy. It would never do to

cripple yourself at the outset by being short of the ready. I'll lend it you with pleasure. When do you start?" he asked, eagerly.

"In the morning, early."

"Fact is, I haven't the money by me, but I can get it in an hour. D'Arcy owes me fifty, and I promised to let me have it this morning without fail. I'll just run round and get him to draw the check in your favor instead of mine, and—"

"Thanks, awfully. It's very good of you, Trevor."

"Tut, tut; don't mention it. Get your things put in order, and I'll be back in an hour," and Trevor, snatching up his hat, departed.

True to his word, Mark Trevor returned within an hour.

"Just caught him in, my boy," he said. "Here you are, the check's drawn in your favor, to save my indorsement."

"Thanks for all you have done for me," said Paul, taking up the check and putting it into his pocketbook. "I shall never forget your goodness," gratefully clasping Trevor's hand in his.

In a short time Paul was on his way to the East India Dock. As he was about to step on to the gangway, two men who had watched his egress from the vehicle approached and laid hands on him.

"Paul Gardner, I suppose?" said the foremost of them.

"That is my name."

"It is our duty to arrest you on a charge of forgery in connection with a check which you cashed yesterday, bearing the signature of Edmund D'Arcy, and to warn you that anything you may say may be used as evidence against you."

The shock staggered Paul for an instant.

"Arrest! Forgery!" he murmured, at length. "There is some mistake. I do not understand. I certainly cashed such a check, but it was not forged, it was drawn by D'Arcy himself. Good gracious!" he exclaimed.

"Can it be true? Can there be truth in those rumors after all? Can he love Brenda, and have concocted this villainous plot to ruin me?" and as a conviction of the truth flashed upon him, it required a superhuman effort to hold himself in check.

On arriving at the station he reiterated his innocence—but, of course, to no purpose.

"May I send a telegraphic message?" he inquired.

"The police will lend you any reasonable assistance, if you wish to communicate with your friends," was the reply.

"I have just a dozen words. Wire them to the person I name as soon as it is daylight. Beware of Trevor—he is at the bottom of my ruin. Am innocent. Paul to Miss Heathcote," and Paul gave him her address. "You have the words? You will not forget them?"

"I can remember. They'll do no harm anyway, they won't," muttered the man. "As soon as it's daylight. Depend upon me, sir."

There could be no question as to the outcome of the well-contrived plot against him. Paul Gardner saw that. Unless Trevor made a clean breast of his duplicity, nothing but imprisonment awaited him. And it turned out as he feared. Trevor denied every word of Gardner's statement, even going to the length of saying that they had never met on the day that Paul stated the check was handed over to him. His intended flight and his arrest just as he was about to leave the country were construed into evidence against him. He was committed for trial by the magistrates, and eventually sentenced to three years' imprisonment.

For months Mark Trevor shrank at the thought of going near Brenda Heathcote. In spite of his craft and duplicity he could not summon the necessary courage to confront her, but eventually sought her out, and endeavored to persuade her that her impressions were false, that Paul was deserving of his fate, and that he—Trevor—was much injured by being dragged into the horrible affair.

"Explain that telegram," said Brenda, showing him the wire Paul had contrived to send her. "Explain that. I believe every word of it, and I know the man who sent it too well to think that, even in misfortune, he would make such a charge falsely against one whom he had professed to honor."

Trevor took the wire, and his face turned ghastly white as he read the words, "Beware of Trevor—he is at the bottom of my ruin. Am innocent."

"When did you receive this?" he inquired.

"On the night or rather early morning of his arrest. I know the reason you betrayed him, and evidently Paul did, too. The reason he wired me was to prevent all possibility of your plot succeeding so far as your intentions with me were concerned. Now go, and never seek my face again. Only remember that those who suffer innocently may make even their suffering a stepping stone to future success, while those guilty of such offences as yours must eventually sink deeper in crime."

It was a memorable morning when the young doctor found himself once more at liberty. The very thought that he was free was almost sufficient to overwhelm him; and, as he confronted the traffic of the busy streets, he could scarcely credit the fact that he would not be summoned to continue the daily routine of prison life. Beneath his desire of vindication there lurked an inclination for revenge—and Paul knew it. Forgiveness, he could scarcely do that. How he longed to see Brenda!

How would she counsel him to act? Should he go to her? He scarcely knew. He required time for thought.

After he procured suitable clothing he repaired to one of the parks and sat down upon a seat. The thoroughfare he had chosen was well nigh deserted, and Paul was soon lost in the intricacies of thought. He had just determined that he would not visit Brenda until he could take convincing proof of his innocence, when his privacy was intruded upon. Two men, supporting the tottering form of an elderly gentleman between them, came up to the seat.

"You are ill, sir," said Paul, making room, and assisting the old man in a comfortable posture.

"Ye—yes—I'm very ill," was the reply.

"Can I be of service to you? I am a medical man."

"Then—as you value—suffering humanity—follow to my—residence," and the man brokenly whispered his name and address.

"What is the name of the doctor attending Mr. Easton?" Paul asked of the attendant as soon as he arrived.

"Barrow, sir," replied the man. "And between you and me, sir, I believe there's something wrong between him and Mr. Mark. He's a broken-down drink ridden beast, sir, and Mr. Mark won't hear of any one else being called, and—"

"Who is Mr. Mark?"

"Mr. Easton's adopted son. He ain't no relation, sir," said the man, subduing his voice to an almost inarticulate whisper, "but he's the master's heir and—"

"Enough," said Paul. "See, take this prescription to the chemist, and bring back the medicine at once. Then run round and ask Dr. Roope Feldter to come here instantly; it is a matter of life and death."

The man set off at once, and speedily returned with the requisite medicine, and then went as requested for the specialist. When the eminent scientist appeared, Paul, without more ado, asked him to make an examination of the invalid, and to state what he considered was the nature of his complaint. Several minutes elapsed, then, taking off his spectacles, Dr. Feldter said:

"I see by the remedies you are employing that we have both arrived at the same conclusion. You are giving chloral?"

"Yes."

"Quite right. This condition is owing to the cumulative properties of strychnine."

"So I conjectured. The patient seems easier now; may I have a word with you in private?"

The two were conducted to an elegantly furnished dressing room, and in a few moments Paul announced his belief that Mr. Easton was being slowly but deliberately poisoned. The specialist looked exceedingly grave, but counselled him to take up his quarters in the dressing room and await developments. An hour after Dr. Feldter's departure two men entered the bedroom. A cry of horror almost escaped Paul, as he saw from his hiding place that one of these was Mark Trevor, and the other, he had no doubt, was the broken-down, morphia dominated medical man who was doing his bidding. The latter took a small vial from his pocket, and poured a little of its contents into a wine glass.

"How long before the end now?" whispered Trevor.

"To-morrow, sometime, I will finish," was the reply.

Paul waited no longer. With a bound he entered the room, and confronted the two startled men.

"Secoundrels!" he cried. "What would you do! Poison him! Thank fate that my first act after liberation is to save life and not to destroy it."

"Paul Gardner!" exclaimed Trevor, starting backward, his face livid and his limbs trembling as if palsied.

"Yes, I," said Paul, "back to charge you with one crime, and to save you from completing a more heinous one."

"It was he who suggested and paid me to do it," moaned the abject brute who sank tremblingly to the ground. Half an hour afterward, both men were in custody, and Paul was busy at the bedside of the invalid. For days he continued his unwearied attentions, and eventually had the satisfaction of fully restoring his patient. Nor was gratitude wanting on Mr. Easton's part. On his recovery, Paul unburdened his own sad story, and a week later, his name stood in his patient's will in the place recently occupied by that of Mark Trevor. Nor was this all. A sudden fame attached itself to him, and, with Dr. Roope Feldter as his patron, his professional career was quickly established. Trevor and his accomplice were sentenced to a long term of imprisonment. On conviction, the former at once made a written statement, completely exonerating Paul from the offence for which he had suffered, and only two days later, Paul and Brenda were together.

"Proof of my innocence, darling," said he, producing the document.

"I do not need it," she replied. "I knew it."

Age of Fish.

Fish live to a wonderful age. Professor Baird tells us of a pike in Russia whose age dates back to the fifteenth century. In the loyal aquarium in St. Petersburg there are fish that have been there for 140 years. They live on without seeming to arrive at maturity. There are also some very queer crabs in the world. The soldier crab of Bermuda carries heavy shells up the hills. A shore crab in the Cape Verde Islands may be seen running along like a piece of paper blown by a strong wind. In Ascension Island there are crabs that steal young rabbits from their nests, while the famous robber crab of the Philippines cracks coconuts and eats them.

ELECTRIC FREAKS.

CATERING TO A RICH MAN'S WANTS IN EVERYTHING.

The Mysterious Force Used for the Benefit of Mr. Midas in Many New and Surprising Ways.

Electricity dominates invention nowadays. A steady stream of new ideas relating to the mysterious fluid is pouring into the United States Patent Office. Yet this branch of research is only in its infancy. Before long, if progress continues at its present rate, the work of the world will be mainly done by electrical apparatus.

Already electricity contributes enormously to the luxury of the rich—the Pittsburgh Post Dispatch. The household establishment of Mr. Gorgius Midas is fairly run by harness lightning controlled by switches and automatic regulators. A complete electric plant in the basement furnishes lights and runs an elevator which has no attendant, being perfectly controlled by push buttons.

On waking in the morning Mr. Midas summons his valet by a push button and presently is notified that his bath is ready. His ablutions are accomplished by a mild scrub with an electric brush, which produces a pleasant tingling sensation and is healthful for the skin. Emerging from the tub, he rubs himself to a glow with an electric towel, which is worn on a loose web of very fine wires, so as to be perfectly flexible. Towel and brush are connected with a small storage battery, and the current may be made as gentle as desired. This also applies to a comb that hangs by the shaving glass. Nobody has yet invented an electric razor, but that will come in time.

Mr. Midas uses an electric toothbrush for the benefit of his gums, and then, feeling fit for a little exercise, he devotes five minutes to handling a pair of light dumbbells. These are also electrical and give a series of mild shocks to the person employing them. The gentleman is now ready for his breakfast. His coffee is drunk out of a cup of precious metal, which is readily attached to a little battery beneath the table by hooking it on to the end of a fine wire. In his left hand he holds a small electrode that terminates another wire. The act of drinking closes the circuit and the liquid conveys the electricity to the alimentary canal and stomach. This is not excellent for digestion, but it renders more palatable the fluid taken from the cup, because the electricity stimulates the organs of taste.

Having finished breakfast and read the morning papers, Mr. Midas takes his hat and cane and starts downtown for his office. The stick has a massive gold head and would be a prize for a sneak thief, but it reposes safely in the hall rack, which has an alarm attachment, so as to give instant notice in case a coat or anything else on it is removed. The cane referred to is itself electrical, sending pleasant thrills through the body of the user. Mr. Midas's wife, who is musically inclined, spends most of the morning in playing on a piano which is so contrived that she receives a series of shocks while manipulating the keys, thus undergoing a treatment for rheumatism incidentally to the performance. Upstairs the children are playing with dolls that are made to dance by electricity.

All this might be considered rather fetched were it not that the patents have been taken out for every one of the devices described.

Mr. Midas occasionally has an engagement at his club that keeps him out late. He may decide to have his shoes shined. He drops a nickel into a slot sits down in a chair and puts his feet upon two supports provided for the purpose. An electric motor actuates the brushes—first a brush that carries blacking supplied from a reservoir, and then polishing brushes. On his way home several hours later, the night being dark, Mr. Midas wishes to know the time. His watch is provided with a very small electric light bulb. In his other waistcoat pocket connected with the watch by a chain which serves as a conducting wire, is a little battery. An instant's pressure upon a charm that is attached to the chain closes the circuit, ignites the lamp and illuminates the dial.

When Mr. Midas reaches home he has no trouble in finding the keyhole. He pushes a button and an electric light shines through a round hole in the door, illuminating the keyhole. As he enters the house all is silent. The only noise he hears as he passes his wife's room is that of the baby's cradle, which is being rocked by electricity.

Of course, Mr. Midas has an electric pleasure boat. The power for running it is contained in storage batteries concealed under the seats.

FOX RAISING IN ALASKA

Realizing Large Profits from the Sale of Many Pelts.

Fox farming in Alaska, which has assumed immense proportions, was originated by a Pittsburger. In 1879 George Wardman was traveling about the coast in the steamer Rush. He saw a valuable black fox skin sold for \$200, and conceived the notion that farming the fox would be profitable. He got Preach Taylor, Thos. F. Morgan and James C. Redpath interested and a company was formed. The gentlemen are agents of the Alaska Commercial Company at St. George.

Morgan suggested as a place for the experiment the Semedies group of seventy rocky islets, sixty miles

west of Kodiak, which produced nothing but sea birds and sea lions and are uninhabited. At the seal islands of the Pribyloff group the Alaska Commercial Company catch from 1,000 to 1,600 blue foxes every winter. The black foxes are scarce, while the blue fox is not nearly so valuable.

During the winter of 1880 arrangements were made with an agent at Kodiak to get some black fox cubs. He secured half a dozen, and while he was away on business the natives killed the cubs by kindness and by overfeeding them. No more of the cubs could be found, and no further efforts were made to carry out the scheme until the summer of 1884, when about twenty blue fox cubs were caught. They were taken in a steamer to Anaslaska and thence in a chartered schooner, with a quantity of seal meat, to the Semedies Islands, where they were released.

The islands are inaccessible except in calm weather, which helped the enterprise, as it kept poachers and Indians from catching the stock. At first it was difficult to get any right on the land. The Treasury Department, however, addressed a letter to revenue steamers and the Provisional Government of Alaska, to give their protection to the fox farmers under the law protecting squatters, and the company has not been molested in its enterprise.

The foxes eat eggs and catch birds in the summer. They are also adepts at killing sea lions, which serve them for food. They are very intelligent. They take the eggs in summer and hide them in the thick moss, which is like mattresses, and leave them until they get hungry in winter and can find nothing else to eat. If they hid the eggs in the dirt, they would be unable to scratch the frozen ground away from them in winter, hence the wisdom displayed in covering them with moss. The foxes have been watched during the months of July and August on the cliffs searching for eggs, and have been tracked to their hiding places.

The blue fox pelt is valued at \$15, and as the seals become scarcer it becomes more valuable. All attempts to catch black foxes have proved failures, as they are so scarce. Natives are hired to live on the island and watch the foxes. The latter are trapped in certain seasons, killed, and skinned. The carcasses are valueless, as the Indians, who will eat almost anything, will not touch the fox meat. The number has multiplied from twenty cubs to about 4,000 foxes, and they have been trapped every season since they were large enough to be of value. Mr. Wardman sold his interest to Byron Andrews, of Washington. The company is in a fair way to make large fortunes from fox farming.

PESTS OF THE PLAINS.

The Rattlesnake's Sting and the Bite of the Hydrophobia Skunk.

Major Wilcox, a veteran surgeon from Fort Huachuca, told the other day of the red racer snake, a deadly foe to the rattlesnake, and who fights the latter on every occasion, says the San Francisco Chronicle. He cannot kill the rattler by a poisonous sting, but awaiting an opportunity, seizes his victim behind the head and gives it a crushing squeeze in its powerful jaws. This severs the rattlesnake's spinal cord and causes death. The red racer then swallows the rattler, poison and all. These racers have been captured while trying to swallow a rattler head first. Occasionally, while in the field, Major Wilcox treated soldiers for rattlesnake bites, and found it easy to overcome the effects of the poison. One day a private came to him with a wound from a rattlesnake's fangs in his index finger. The major hastily scarified the wound, broke open a rifle cartridge, poured powder over the wound and exploded it. This cauterized the injured part, and so effectually dispelled the poison that only one-half the hand was swollen. The patient soon recovered. On another occasion a man cut off a rattlesnake's head, and, desiring to preserve it, packed cotton into the dead snake's mouth. The jaws clasped upon the man's fingers, inflicting a wound from which he soon died.

Rancher Leonard, owner of a vast cattle range in New Mexico, in recounting his experiences on the plains, remarked that he feared the hydrophobia skunk far more than he did the rattlesnake. The snake gives warning of its presence; the skunk does not. This variety of skunk is not only vicious, but aggressive, while the rattlesnake seldom attacks unless disturbed. The hydrophobia skunk is probably the only animal excepting the coyote, west of the Rocky mountains, whose bite induces rabies. Besides this and because of its fondness for occupying the tents of frontiersmen at night, the animal is much dreaded. Occasionally a coyote will "run mad" and bite another, and thus hydrophobia is communicated to large packs of the fleet-footed animals and they race over the prairies and mesas, making mad every flying creature in their pathway that they happen to bite. One of the amusements of the cowboys is to capture a rattler alive and set the creature drunk. With a forked stick the snake's head is held down, its mouth is forced open and whisky poured down its throat in sufficient quantity to intoxicate it. The snake will then try to coil its body as if to go to sleep. The action of the alcohol makes it "groggy" and the coil won't coil. When a stick is shoved before the snake's nose it tries to strike, but the head and body wobble from side to side.

Texas has 223,126 farms, with 51,400,987 total of acres.

THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Her Mission in Life—Stable Periflage—Necessary Information—A Peculiar Man, Etc., Etc.

HER MISSION IN LIFE.
Little Miss Mary, sour, contrary, keeps a cat and a yellow canary. Really too, it is quite blue-curdling. All of their lives, awake or dreaming. She has been praying, planning, scheming, keeping the cat from eating the birdling.

STABLE PERIFLAGE.
First Racehorse—I was just itching to get into that race.
Second Racehorse—Well, why didn't you?
First Racehorse—They scratched me.

NECESSARY INFORMATION.
Madge—I suppose you are happy now. You have the engagement ring?
Marjorie—No, my dear. I won't be perfectly happy until I find out what it cost.

A PECULIAR MAN.
Brown—Don't you think Smith is an exceptionally modest man?
Jones—Yes, indeed. I never heard him claim that his rheumatism was the worst on record.

A DEFENSE.
New Suburban Resident—When you sold me these lots you said nothing about that swamp. You did not tell me that my whole family would have malaria.
Real Estate Agent—My dear, would you have me try to make any man dissatisfied with his home?

ESTABLISHED MEMORABLE.
"You're writing a novel with a purpose. I believe?"
"Oh, yes."
"What is it?"
"To sell."

EXCITING.
Husband—I see that a woman was killed while trying to get to a bargain counter yesterday.
Wife—What a splendid time the rest of the women must have had!

AN EASY WAY OUT OF IT.
The Wife—Mother says she won't come to see us unless we let her pay board.
The Husband—Then tell her she shan't pay any.

HE STILL HAS TO SPEND MONEY.
"You don't bring me as much candy as you used to before we were married," pouted Mrs. Darley.
"No; I have to buy your beefsteak now," replied her husband.

THE KING IS ABOVE THE LAW.
Old Mr. Crump (loudly)—I thought you didn't allow any children in these flats!
The Landlord—Hush! don't complain so loud. That one is the janitor's!

PERSPECTIVE JOY.
"Say, Chimmie, come down—goin' to have a bully lot o' fun."
"What?"
"We've fed de goat six seddiltz powders, and now we're goin' to let 'im drink."

MORE ACCURATE.
"Do you miss him much?"
She, to the surprise of the questioner, smiled.
"Not so much as I used to. Even a woman can learn to throw straight, when the distance is measured merely by the width of the breakfast table."

A PRECEDENT.
"Miss—er, I beg pardon, Mrs. Wrynkles—"
"You were right first, Mr. Oldbo. I am not yet plucked from the parent stem."
"Take courage, madam. You know that Naomi, the daughter of Enoch, was 650 years old when she married."

HIS RED LETTER DAY.
"Say, guide, what does that memorial stone commemorate?"
"I put it there. It is upon that spot where a tourist once gave me five marks."

A GOOD DEFINITION.
"Pap," said Benny Bloodpumper, "what does the word sophistry mean?"
"Sophistry, Benny," replied Mr. Bloodpumper, "is the other fellow's argument."

PLACING THE RESPONSIBILITY.
Cumso—George Washington is responsible for the damage to the wheat crop.
Cawker—I thought it was the Hessian fly which was doing the damage.
Cumso—It is; but Washington made the Hessian fly.

UNNECESSARY EXPOSURE.
The colonel's fair companion was listening with almost breathless interest to his account of how he had been caught in the forest in a thunderstorm of unusual severity. His description was so vivid that she could fairly hear the thunder crashing and see the lightning flashing. He continued: "And amidst the warring of the elements I shrank closer and closer to the tree under which I stood, expecting every moment that it would be the first to be struck. I felt fear for the first time in my life."

"How dreadful!" she exclaimed, interrupting him. "But why didn't you run to some other tree?"

A TALE FOR THE HORSE MARINES.
"Accidents?" said the old sea captain. "No, we never have any to speak of on this line. Why, one trip, about a year ago, the ship caught fire down in the hold, and we never discovered it until we got into port and began to unload."
"That's strange. What put the fire out?"

"Why, it burned down through to the sea, and the water put it out. Couldn't burn the water, you know."
And the captain walked away smiling, while the interlocutor was so astonished that he never thought to ask why the ship did not sink.

ONLY A FEW OF THEM.
"My face is my fortune, sir," she said.
"Er—Excuse me, madam, but you can't really mean it," rejoined the astonished male.

"Certainly. I'm the lady with the iron jaw in the dime museum."