

AT EVENTIDE.

The tired breezes are tucked to rest in the cloud-beds far away.

The pine-clad hill has a crimson crown of glittering sunset glows.

The great sun sinks, and the gray fog leaps His cloak on the silent sea.

The Saraband's Skipper.

The last half-hour of the steamship Saraband had come.

She had had her day. Built to carry one hundred and twenty passengers.

Her decks were slanting at an angle of forty-five degrees.

That was the immediate reason why she was going to founder.

In the shelter of the bridge-deck the only structure which had been strong enough to resist the remorseless violence of the seas—clustered her crew some thirty hands.

At length the skipper turned and scrambled down the sloping bridge to where the mate crouched on the lee rail.

"They've been ready since morning," said the mate.

"I don't think so," replied the skipper.

But his face took a grimmer look as he led the way down the bridge to the chart-house.

"We'll lower the forward lifeboat first, as she's the biggest."

You can't manage it from the boat itself, with all the crowd you will have on board."

"I'll lower her from the deck," said the skipper.

"Mind you don't jump short; you'd have a poor chance with those boots and oilskins on."

The mate came up in a body, and the skipper came out on deck.

"The ship's sinking," he said.

The mate, with a look at the skipper, climbed into the boat as she hung in the davits.

"Crack!" and the leading fireman spread out his hands and pitched on his face.

The other boat was filled without any mishap, and the skipper, the only man left on the deck.

The distance between the ship and the boat began to widen instantly.

He climbed up on the bridge again, and sat on the canvas windscreen to think.

Well, he supposed the Shipmasters' Society would do something for her.

"It's a very poor chance," said the mate.

"Half an hour at the outside. Are the boats all ready?"

"I don't think so," replied the skipper.

"We'll lower the forward lifeboat first, as she's the biggest."

"I shall be all right," said the mate.

at night he steals forth in search of something to eat.

Unexplored Bolivia.

The richest parts of Bolivia have not been surveyed.

"When we were out about four days we met a small band of Indians."

"That night there was a stampede in the herd and we never did get a large number of the cattle."

"The stampede started shortly after midnight and I do not believe I will ever forget what I went through before daylight."

The American Sailor.

Jacky, who used to be more sauntering than gunner.

Accordingly the "beach-comber," or the "rock-scorpion," or any other variety of that ruck of marine refuse.

"SHANG HY" PIERCE'S STAMPEDE.

Indians and a Thunder Storm Crushed the Cattle Until They Lost Their Horns.

"The favorite story with all cattlemen," said W. P. Anderson of Chicago.

"I have heard many tales of the kind, but never a better one than that told by A. H. Pierce."

"Several years ago I started from the range of Texas with 2,000 cattle which I wanted to drive into Kansas."

"When we were out about four days we met a small band of Indians."

"That night there was a stampede in the herd and we never did get a large number of the cattle."

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"With daylight the storm ceased and we could see every movement."

"The Effect of Wind on Lakes.

Attention has been called to the very remarkable effect of the wind on various inland bodies of water.

The tribes to the east of the Cordillera, in southern Patagonia.

The wind was heavy and continuous and piled the water up on one side.

The Legacy of Bread.

Crowds of people from all parts of Kent—many even traveling from London by train.

on the same day, leaving their property to be distributed among the poor of the parish.

This benefaction has been in existence for six or seven centuries.

"I have heard many tales of the kind, but never a better one than that told by A. H. Pierce."

PENNSYLVANIA NON-COMBATANTS.

Sects That Do Not Believe in War, but Are Patriotic Nevertheless.

A correspondent of the New York Sun has just finished up a journey among the non-combatants of Pennsylvania.

The Mennonites are constantly increasing in numbers where the Quakers are dying out.

The racing camel is very carefully bred, and valuable prizes are offered by a racing society at Biskra.

Ancient Signalling.

The fabulous honor of being the first inventor of the art of signalling is bestowed by certain classical writers upon the ingenious Palamedes.

The great wall built by the Chinese ages ago, and 1,500 miles long, is studded with towers.

She Enjoyed an Earthquake.

An old lady from Oxford, Mich., who with her husband had spent the winter in California.

One of Cuba's names, bestowed upon her long ago by Spain, sounds like mockery now.

SERGEANT WALKER'S FEAT.

Sat Down on a Spanish Shell at Santiago and Found It Hot.

Sergeant Arthur Brown of the Ninth Massachusetts wrote thus from the trenches before Santiago during the siege:

"We arrived at the battlefield at about noon and were lined up in position behind a hill to act as reserves and to protect the food and ammunition."

"It gave some of the boys such a fright that they started to run."

"We stayed there all the afternoon and at night the shooting stopped."

"The order was quickly given to begin firing and almost instantly the guns blazed and roared from the hill tops right into the faces of the enemy."

The pack camel travels very slowly, and until you are sufficiently reconciled to the motion to be able to doze on its back.

The racing camel is very carefully bred, and valuable prizes are offered by a racing society at Biskra.

I am reminded of the little boy who applied for a job at a squire's house.

An Insolent Boy.

Squire—Can you clean silver? Boy—Yes, sir.

"Can you cook and light fires and sing and dust old china and make beds?"

"Can you mend electric bells and do plumbing and gas fitting, teach modern and ancient languages, geography and the use of globes?"

"I can, and also do anything else that is required."

Mr. Gladstone's Name.

A correspondent of the London Chronicle writes to point out that none of Mr. Gladstone's biographers appear to have dealt with the etymology of his name.