

HEROES AND HEROISM.
Still lying where we laid you down
And left you, speaking low,
Awe'd by the quiet that had grown
From tumult—long ago!

But now the stillness seems not
strange:
'Tis hard to realize
There ever was that stormy change
From dark to sunny skies.
You seem another breed of men,
Of heroes long extinct.
Who dwell and died beyond our ken,
To ancient heroes linked.

But lo, the shock of far-off fray
Has loosed the seals of sight,
And shows me men will die to-day
For what they deem is right!

And these shall lie beneath the grass
While come and go the days,
And men will know that heroes pass
But heroisms stays.
—Edward N. Pomeroy, Youth's Com-
panion.

The Escape of the Whaler

BY AN OLD SEA CAPTAIN.

"In the old days, gentlemen, a sailor on a merchantman might have turned in a few directions without being confronted by the grim possibility of death, but not a whaler. "God knows it was and still is bad enough to encounter the elements, the hidden derelict, the icebergs and the hundreds of other dangers that the sailor man is heir to with a good ship under you, but what of the men who were compelled to undergo all these dangers and more. I refer to the whalers. Men who spend half their time in the small boats battling with maddened whales—infuriated beasts, whose frenzied death struggles have sent many a boatload of long-armed, broad-shouldered fellows to their death. I have sailed on many a craft on many a sea in my day and have had not a few close calls. I have gone through the breakers on a spar; I have forced down a mutinous crew, and once I lay huddled up in a corner of a cattle steamship when the cattle had charge of the deck. Lay helpless with a broken leg, while the disabled vessel lurched heavily in the trough of the sea and the frantic horses trampled the life out of my comrades. All those I have encountered, but they are pleasant memories compared to an incident which occurred on my first and last whaling voyage—one of those incidents where death is so near that its shadow seems to envelop your soul. I am sure that the shadow touched me that day, thirty years ago—I am sure that it still lingers; for how often have I since felt that cold, sickening presence which makes me feel that death, which I so narrowly cheated, claims a portion of my being as a recompense. "It was in 1874 and I was an able seaman on the whaler Rivenook, looking for blubber in the South Atlantic, with a seat in the second mate's whaleboat. We had had the boats ready to lower and the mastheads manned for over three weeks before we sighted grease, and when the cry, 'There she blows,' rang out from the fore skysail yard, the old man went wild with delight. 'Sperm whale, sure as—,' he bawled. 'Down from aloft, every one. Stand by to lower.' And then came the cry, 'Flukes,' which was followed a few minutes later by the announcement, 'There she blows, one mile off the starboard bow.' We got the boats off in good shape and then began the prettiest race to reach the whale first that you ever saw. Our boat took the lead in the start and held it, although the others were not more than two or three lengths behind. We went across the ocean on a course diagonal to that which the whale was supposed to be following, thus hoping to cross his path. We had been rowing about fifteen minutes without getting sight of the whale when suddenly there was a yell from the boat leader. 'Back water,' he cried, 'back for your lives.' We hit the water not a minute too soon for the whale was right under the boat and coming up like a shot. Up, up she rose, missing us by about ten feet. She rose clear out of the water towering like a church steeple and then fell with a splash that nearly swamped the boat. The boat leader was ready, however, and as the whale struck the water he let go with his harpoon, sending it out of sight into the side of the monster, which started off at a rate of speed that made the boat hum through the water. She kept this up for twenty minutes and we soon lost sight of the Rivenook and the other boats. And then, as though tired of pulling us along, she suddenly showed flukes and began to make for the bottom like a load of pig lead. The rope, one end of which was attached to the harpoon in the whale's back, ran out of the boat so fast that it looked like a thread of blue smoke. 'Cut that rope if it fouls,' cried the mate, tossing me a hatchet, 'and lose no time about it. If you don't, God help us. The beast is going to sound 100 fathoms sure.'

"I had just leaned forward to pick up the implement when there was a sudden jerk, a crashing whirring sound, and I knew that the rope had fouled. The next minute I felt myself drawn down through the ocean like a shot from a gun. I caught a brief glimpse of the long boat flashing through the water, a number of struggling forms, and then I began to come up. It seemed ages before I reached the surface and those blue flukes never seemed so welcome before.

Only one of my comrades succeeded in getting out of the boat, and he was floating about on a long plank which had been stored in the bottom of the boat for just such a purpose. I swam up and caught hold of the other end of it. Luckily the water was calm and the plank kept our heads well out of water. Not a sign of our ship or small boats did we see, however, and the thought came over me that we might just as well have been pulled to the bottom by the whale as to die by inches. The hours wore on, however, and we began to grow weak and it got to be a question of how much longer we could hold out. Just as we were about to despair of ever being rescued, my companion, Bill Royce, gave a shout of joy and pointed out over the ocean toward a big steam frigate which was pointing in our direction. We were quite sure she saw us as we must have been plainly marked against the angry colors of the sunset. The vessel looked like a man-of-war, for her spars were clean cut and rakish and we caught the glint of polished brass work. The smoke was pouring out of her funnel and in a few minutes she was within a quarter of a mile of us. I remarked to Royce that we were very lucky, and receiving no reply I turned to look at him. I have never seen such a look in a man's before nor since. It was as white as a sheet, his eyes seemed to bulge out of his head and his teeth rattled together like castnets. He caught my look and in reply pointed off in the direction opposite to that from which the frigate was approaching. 'Sharks,' he whispered. 'They have been attracted by the whale's blood. It's all up now for sure.' I saw but one shark, he was still quite a distance off and was making for us in a leisurely way. The men on the warship saw it too and realized our danger. A single dull boom was heard and a solid shot struck about fifty feet to one side of the man-eater, which paid no attention to the compliment, but continued to make for us with a slightly increased speed. Behind him, about thirty feet in the rear, was another shark. Both were quite near now; so was the warship. We could hear the crew manning the davits and falls, we could hear the splash as the small boat took to the water. Again the gun boomed from the warship, but this time the shot went clean over the shark and struck the water a quarter of a mile beyond. Nearer and nearer came the first shark and we now saw that the small boat could not reach us in time. The beast made straight for Royce, who screamed with terror. Over on his back turned the shark with his cavernous mouth open and his long cruel teeth reeking with froth. The boat was still twenty yards off. Royce in sheer terror let go his hold on the plank and tried to swim for it. The next instant the shark was upon him. I closed my eyes, heard a shriek from Royce and when I looked the water was stained with blood, but Royce was gone. It was my turn now; the second shark was almost upon me and I caught a glimpse of his little swinish eyes as he turned over on his back. The yards of the warship were thronged and nothing could be heard but the splash of the approaching boat. I was paralyzed. I could not have left the plank to save my soul. Nearer came the shark and again I shut my eyes. I could even hear the snuffling of the beast. And then came the clear, cool command: 'Steady, men, aim, fire.' A volley of musketry awoke the stillness and then I lost consciousness. When I came to I was on the deck of the United States ship. The jacksies in the rowboat had shot the shark when it was within three feet of me. "Since then, gentlemen, I have never been in a whaler, and I bear an everlasting grudge against sharks. Not only because of my close call, but because it made my hair turn as white as you now see it, which was not coming to a boy of 25."—New York Sun.

CONCERNING CELERY.

How the Celery is Grown and Made Ready for the Market.
There is but one city in the United States that probably handles more celery in carload lots than Kansas City, and that is Chicago, and the city by the Kaw is giving the Windy-City a long race for the leadership. Only two firms in the city handle this article and but one exclusively, yet these two manage to use for distribution nearly fifteen cars of this succulent relish every week during its season. The celery season commences in September and runs into the middle of March. The early part of the season Utah furnishes the celery and later California supplies the balance of it. C. W. Harris has made a study of the growing and handling of this commodity, and is considered an expert among the smaller dealers in celery throughout the States of the South and Southwest where the larger shipments are made. Kansas City sends the greater portion of the celery shipped there to the Southern States. There are not more than a dozen cities in the country which have enough consumption to warrant shipping it in carload lots. Great care has to be exercised in the growing of the plant. The ground must be moist and easy of irrigation. As the tops begin to appear it is necessary to keep the stems white. Again care must be taken to prevent worms getting into the stalks and also to prevent rotting. When the stalks are sufficiently grown the plants are pulled up and tied in bunches of one dozen by many growers, while others ship them in crates, which hold from eight to twelve bunches of one dozen each. As these crates are of one size the dealer knows the quality of the celery by the number of bunches contained in a crate; for instance, if there are but eight dozen of the plants in a crate he knows that they will be of larger growth than where a crate contains more, and as size is one of the requisites of good celery, this is one of the first things noted. After the stalks are gathered and tied up or crated, they are placed in cars for transportation. They are shipped in either refrigerator or ventilated cars, the former being preferable, as when shipped in this manner there is less liability of freezing. Frost in celery destroys the juices and makes the plant bitter. From 1,000 to 1,500 dozen bunches are loaded into a car, and they are shipped just as they are taken from the ground, roots and all. No attempt is made to wash the plants, as they will keep better in transit when in a natural condition and will ripen better. Upon its arrival in the city the dealer takes the car at his own risk, and there is always a loss of from a dozen to 100 bunches on each car. The bunches are then removed to the sorting room, where all wilted or decayed bunches are thrown away. The trimmer then cuts off the roots, and strips off stems that are green or decayed. All rough and disfigured stalks are also stripped off, but in this there is no loss, as the plants are always sold by the dozen. This work is always carefully watched, so that no poor or ill-looking celery shall be sent out. Mr. Harris gives this work his personal attention, and watches the handling with great care. From the trimmer the bunches go to the washer, who must be well versed in the different grades of the product, as it is his duty, while washing out the dirt, to separate the different qualities. The bunches are thrown upon a long table and an ordinary garden hose used. As the bunches become clean the washer selects the various grades, and they are piled by a helper on different benches. There are four grades commercially—the "Jumbo," which has the largest and best bleached stems; this is tied with a blue and red ribbon; the "blue ribbon," known also as the "fancy," tied with a blue ribbon; the "red ribbon," choice, with a red ribbon, and the "white ribbon," or standard, tied with a white ribbon. After the plants are gathered there is no method of improving the quality, although they must be watched very carefully to prevent deterioration.

MARRIAGES AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

The announcement that Miss Mabel McKinley, niece of the President, will probably be married in the White House when she becomes Mrs. Hermann Baer, during the summer, serves to call attention to the fact that there has not been a wedding in the White House since the spring of 1886, fourteen years ago, when President Grover Cleveland was married to Miss Frances Polson. Residents of Washington well remember that event, which was one of the most brilliant and important functions ever celebrated in the Executive Mansion, and if Miss Mabel McKinley really is to take her vows in the national parlors, it is anticipated that the ceremony will be equally as elaborate as that of President Cleveland. There seems to be but little doubt that this ceremony really will be celebrated at the White House, as Miss McKinley is the President's favorite niece, and has often visited the Executive Mansion during the past three years. Curious as it may seem there have been comparatively few marriages in the White House. In the history of this country there have been but nine such ceremonies, Miss McKinley's will, therefore, be the tenth.—Washington Post.

A GUESSES FOR MAKING EXCUSES.

A girl can always get up a lot more excuses for her father than her mother can.—New York Press.

NEWS FOR THE FAIR SEX.

NOTES OF INTEREST ON NUMEROUS FEMININE TOPICS.

Painting Dresses—The Season's Novelties—Busy Sisters in Alaska—To Give a Cent Party—Girls and Their Figures—Etc., Etc.
Painting Dresses.
One of our most wisely alert importers has hit upon a novel and valuable idea. As you know, these splendid imported pattern dresses are here to-day and sold to-morrow, and that's the end of them. But that is so no more—in this one instance at least—for the importer engaged a water colorist to catch and fix their fleeting beauty upon paper. So here they are, securely embalmed for the future reference of the firm, as well as customers who came too late to possess. If one or more of the best examples of each year are preserved how valuable and interesting a collection would the harvest of many years yield.

The Season's Novelties.

There is a promising field for artistic dressing during the new season, and if women fail to accomplish this it will be no fault of the materials, colors, trimmings, and, apparently, models, as there is everything to be desired. Each week the shops display additional novelties in materials and trimmings as well. The modes of the new season present these familiar features: The princess dress. The polonaise. The overskirt and the tunic. The plaited skirt. The bolero and the Eton jacket. The box coat. The lavish use of lace, embroidery and fringe. And the long, soft, pliable effect of nearly every gown.

Busy Sisters in Alaska.

Secretary Wilson has received a most interesting letter from the Sisters of St. Ann, who are conducting a mission school in Alaska, giving an account of their success in raising various kinds of vegetables and table delicacies in that arctic region. These good women have established a little school on the Yukon, about 1,500 miles from its mouth, and their experiments show that it is possible to grow turnips, radishes and even strawberries in that Territory. They state that they began their hotbed work as early as April 20, 1890, and sowed radishes and turnips in the open ground the second week in May. The first potato plants were planted May 16. May 20, 500 cabbage and cauliflower plants were transplanted and two days later a snowstorm descended on them. They were not harmed, however, as they were of a sturdy character. Not a drop of rain fell until the middle of July, when a long spell of cold, rainy weather set in. In spite of these drawbacks the crop thrived. After giving away a large part of the vegetables, the sisters harvested 250 bushels of potatoes, 500 heads of cabbage, 500 bushels of turnips and a few bushels of carrots. Strawberry plants were set out and grew astonishingly well, but nearly the entire crop of berries was destroyed by mice.—Brooklyn Eagle.

To Give a Cent Party.

A cent party is the latest idea for willing away an evening when a few friends are met together. Here is the recipe for one: Each guest was given a card. Pastened to the card with ribbons was a cent with a hole in it, and a pencil. At the top of the cards, in fancy letters, was painted, "A penny for your thoughts." Underneath this were the names of fifteen objects which can be found on a cent. The guest who properly filled his card received a prize of a cent dipped in gold for a watch charm. The ladies' prize was a hatpin on the same order. The following are the articles to be searched for on the cent: 1. An animal.Hare. 2. Serpent.Copperhead. 3. Southern fruit.Date. 4. Emblem of royalty.Crown. 5. A spring flower.Tulip. 6. Part of an ancient armor.Shield. 7. Another term for matrimony.United. 8. Part of a hill.Brow. 9. Plenty of assurance.Cheek. 10. Found in a school.Pupil. 11. Ancient place of worship.Temple. 12. Early American settler.Indian. 13. Emblem of victory.Wreath. 14. Part of a river.Mouth. 15. A messenger.One cent.

Girls and Their Figures.

Stiff corsets are unknown in France. French corsets are always supple and bendable, and this much accounts for the ease of French figures, which are never tightened excepting at the waist, leaving the bust and hips quite free. In England the figure is usually tightened in too much at the bust and hips, which gives too straight a look to the figure, and makes it stiff and uncomfortable, movement being rendered ungraceful by this stiffness. Let any girl try to lace her stays only at the waist, and let her select her stays as soft and light as possible, and then see if her figure be not as grace-

The Newest Fashions.

A pretty little blue hat, all of some soft silk material, has for trimmings narrow bands of black horse hair braid. Little Russian coats are as pretty for children as the blouse, but where the blouse opens only to the belt the coats open the full length. Sailors hats for boys come, many of them, in coarse straws with wide curled rims. Smaller hats are in finer straws, but the rims are all curled. Pearl button cuff links have, some of them, diamond centres. The button links are to wear with shirt waist, and the diamonds are out of their element in them. Ribbons will be the favorite material for trimmings, and there will be innumerable varieties—silk, satin mixed with velvet, decorated with printed flowers, studded with spangles. A pretty creeping blanket for a child is of bright red. Around the edge are applied on figures of animals in white, with here and there big letters of the alphabet put on in the same way. The collar bands or stocks are shaped much as they have been. They round up in the back a trifle, but are not as stiff as they were. They are kept up by whalebones at the sides and in the back. A novelty in dress trimming is beaded leather of a red-brown tint. It comes in bands and revers-shaped pieces dotted quite closely all over between the two rows of stitching which finish the edge. Fashionable and becoming garniture is black velvet ribbon run through the meshes of lace waists or boleros, with tiny buckles of French brilliants of fine cut steel fastened where the strands of velvet appear. Maple, ivy and bronze and yellow oak leaves are used on Leghorn hats trimmed with crepe lisse and wide velvet ribbon. Not only is the foliage artistically intermingled with the decoration on the hat, but separate leaves are laid flat upon the outside of the brim around its entire circumference. Cherries are so popular that on some of the hats they have gone beyond the common wax-like looking cherries, which are familiar to every one when cherries are used for hat trimmings and are made of silk. The only improvement in this seems to be that they are something different. In bridal veils two pleated fans of tulle are now used instead of the coronet arrangement. They stand upright upon the head as would an aigrette, and are placed one on either side of a tiny spray of orange blossoms. The fans must not be too tall or stiff. The bull dog toe is much liked for golf and outing shoes, but having a tendency to make the feet look clumsy it is too ungainly for feminine choice. The shoe par excellence is the well made kid boot and its calf helpmate, which are being worn with the flat or the new Cuban heel. Many of the new shirts are made with a bolero jacket, and all, except those intended for the hardest wear, are trimmed as they never have been before. The amount of hand embroidery, ruffling and rucking, tucking and plaiting and shirring and ribbon-trimming lavished on the shirt waist will astonish all and sadden those who pay the laundry bills.

Artistic Millinery.

It is necessary that, besides artistic taste and lightness of touch, the home milliner possess a certain amount of technical knowledge. The amateur milliner, too, must never be too proud to accept hints from those who have learned the business. The first thing to do in trimming a hat is to partly insert the head lining. This should always be of a good quality saracenet. A quarter of a yard cut on the bias is sufficient for a hat, so that the difference in the cost of a good lining and a common one is very trifling, while the difference in appearance is very great. A piece rather larger than the crown should be cut from one end and held in its place with a few stitches at each corner. The remainder of the strip can be cut lengthwise into two and joined so as to make a long strip. This can be fastened to where the brim and crown meet, using long stitches inside the hat and very small ones outside. The free edge can then be turned over and hemmed, and when the hat is finished china ribbon should be run through the hem and drawn up to the required size. To bind the edge of a hat with velvet a crossway strip must be used. One edge can be turned over and secured with "velvet stitch"—i. e., working from right to left, and taking a small piece on the fold just a little to the left. The free edge is put on the upper edge of the hat and held in place with half back stitching. The other edge is then turned to the under side of the brim. The fold round the crown must be laid on very loosely and secured in one or two places with double knots passed through and tied inside the hat. Feathers, wings or quills should next be securely sewed with double cotton in any desired position. It is important to make them stand high, as amateurs always sew them down as low as possible, thus giving the hat a dowdy appearance. In making bows it is always advisable to have a picture of a bow and copy it first in glazed calico cut to the width of the ribbon. The calico ribbon should be held over the forefinger of the left hand, while the ends should be plaited up tightly and secured with florist's wire with the right hand. It will then be seen whether the effect is right, and the loops of the real ribbon can be made the right length to give the right effect. Unless the ribbon is of a very soft make the loops need not be wired. If supports are needed some round bonnet wire should be twisted to form a letter T and the cross part of the T attached to the ribbon. Lace should always be wired with very fine wire, but lace wings require rather a coarser wire. If piece material is used, it should always be cut on the cross, as it sets so much better and is much more easy to manipulate than when it is cut on the straight.

Why Women Appear Young.

"Can anybody tell why women are so much younger now than they were twenty-five years ago?" was the somewhat perplexing question put by a man of fifty at a recent social gathering. "I mean," he explained, "the actual difference in appearance. Look at the photographs of our mothers at forty, and compare them with the women of forty we know. Why, to-day a woman is young at that age under any favorable circumstances. Then she was elderly."

A Kangaroo as a Pet.

A unique pet animal in Seattle is the tame kangaroo owned by John McMillan. It has been in his possession for almost a year and is now as domesticated as an ordinary dog. He obtained the animal from an Australian timber ship at Port Blakeley. As a pet he is all that could be desired, being affectionately disposed toward the members of his owner's family. To strangers, however, he is the reverse, and sometimes uses his teeth and sharp claws on them with dire results. Though Kang is generally a very well behaved animal, he has little weaknesses. Occasionally he goes on a marauding expedition, and robs hens' nests of their eggs. A small dog may enter his enclosure; then the kangaroo crouches down upon the intruder, who, as a rule, takes to ignominious flight, terror-stricken by the appearance of the strange assailant. If he is foolish enough to stand his ground, he regrets it afterwards; Kang will first scratch him with his forepaws and then use him as a football for his hind feet. His kicking power is enormous.—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

Something About Pies.

Did you ever stop to think what a vast quantity of pies are consumed in this great pie country? For instance, it is asserted that New York city alone uses 80,000,000 pies a year. These pies, if placed side by side, would reach from New York to San Francisco, back to New York and back again to the Pacific coast with still some pies left over to throw to the birds. That three-stranded pie line wouldn't stand a ghost of a show on a bright day, say, at just about the time school lets out for noon. Think of 10,000 miles of pies! A number of rich Eastern pie-makers have been thinking about the matter so much and effectively that they have formed a company which will control the sale of all the 80,000,000 pies and many more. The pie industry in New York alone disposes of \$3,000,000 worth of goods a year, but the new "trust" will make and sell pies the country over. A dummy clock has been placed on Independence Hall in Philadelphia at the point where a real clock marked the time in other days. Its hands point to the hour when the Declaration was signed.