

**A DANGEROUS ACCOMPLISHMENT.**

There dwells near me a little kid,  
That's learnin' how to talk.  
He tries to do as he is bid,  
An' does his best to walk.  
An' if I thought that he'd receive  
Advice, I'd give him some,  
And that would be to make believe  
That he was deaf and dumb.  
I'd tell him to quit practicing  
His "ah goo" by the hour;  
To smile an' never do a thing  
But blossom like a flower.  
I'd show to him how often men  
Go slidin' down luck's hill  
By simply sayin' something when  
They ought to have kep' still.  
It's kind o' hard, when you have tried  
To steer aright your bark  
To see your fragile holls collide  
Agin some fool remark.  
If I was here I'd change this bent,  
Ya, I'd try to rise above,  
My present state, but be content  
To live an' laugh an' love.  
—Washington Star.

**A MODERN JONAH.**

"There's a whale. Look! I just saw him spout," cried half a dozen people near the after watch house.  
Bill Hawkins, the red faced quartermaster, lifted his eye romantically from the flag he was mending and scanned the water.  
"Humph," he said, deprecatingly, "only a little chap. Your big whales don't get down into this latitude. Still, a little whale is better'n no whale at all an' I've got a hankerin' after whales on gen'ral principles. Got a picture of one that Sam Coil drew hung up over m' bunk now."  
"What makes you like whales?" asked the man who always spoke first.  
"Taught me religion," said the quartermaster, briefly. "Never took much stock in religion till they showed me. See, it was in '72, when I was bos's mate of the full rigged ship Silver Spray, bound for Boston from the Clyde. We went along easy enough, with a fair wind and just a gentle swell for about ten days. Then one night, Sam Coil, the bos'n, says t' me, says he, 'Bill, d'yer know somehow or other I don't like the looks of that there sky?'  
"What's the matter with the sky?" says I. I didn't see nothing in it t' get scared at.  
"It's dull and murky round the corners," says Sam; "an' I'll lock myself in the brig if we don't catch trouble 'fore midnight."  
"Well, to be brief, sirs, we did, just as Sam said. By six bells the Silver Spray was rollin' like a raft; at seven bells, she was running under bare poles, 'cept for her jib and foresail, an' by midnight she was duckin' her head in every sea like a rat goin' full tilt at a tunnel. Her deck was three inches deep with water, comin' both ways, and there was four men at the wheel. Dawn came creepin' out of the east at last, but it weren't no better. Nothin' happened, though, till about three bells in the mornin' watch. Sam was bracin' himself near the lee rail, tryin' t' light his pipe when a side swell caught the Silver Spray and turned her over like a chip with a nail in it. Her rail went plumb under an' Sam went with it.  
"Man overboard!" I yelled. "Man overboard!" and we all made a rush for one of the boats. Just as we had her clear of the davits, ready to lower, we saw Sam in the water close to the ship.  
"Don't yer come," we heard him shout, "don't yer come. There's a whale after me, an' he'll land me before you can. Yer might get some bits of me by gettin' the whale, but it ain't worth while."  
"He yelled some more, but the wind veered and carried the sound of his voice out to sea. Just a second more an' he went downward like lead on a log line.  
"The whale," gasps the mate, "it's got him."  
"Breathless, we kept watchin' the place where we saw Sam last, and pretty soon there shup out from the sea a stream of water ten feet high. Then a great shiny black back followed it for a second and then both disappeared.  
"For twelve hours, sirs, that ship was the gloomiest hulk you could imagine. Everywhere there was some sign of Sam. Sam's pipe on the deck, wedged in a coil of rope; Sam's kit down below, and Sam's empty seat at grub time. We forgot all about the storm and it let up. The next night was calm, but cold. Icebergs in the neighborhood. It was my turn on deck, and every fifteen minutes we tested the temperature of the water.  
"Forty-three," says Tom Smith as he hauled up the thermometer, "it's getting colder."  
"Up forward the watch was sniffin' then an' peering out into the blackest darkness of the Atlantic, to get over it in their parts. Yer couldn't see anything off the ship 'cept the foam alongside, while the binnacle light looked like the open lid of a galley stove. Well, sirs, just as I was going below, Tom Smith come up t' me and toched m' arm, kind of strange like. I couldn't see his face, but I judge it was pale, 'cause he was shakin' all over.  
"D'yer hear it?" he says in a wobbly kind of voice.  
"Hear what?" says I.  
"Singin'," says he.  
"In the fo'c'sle?" says I, "I'll go below and—"  
"No," says he; "no, not in the fo'c'sle. Out there," and he pointed off over the port beam into the dark.  
"There he cried again, d'yer hear it, Bill? D'yer hear it?"  
"By this time I was gettin' kind of creepy m' self, 'cause, sure as you live, a sound mighty much like singin' was wafin' itself at us out of the night.  
"It's the sirens," says Tom, leaning up against the mainmast and staring the way it came.  
"Ha, sirens got bass voices, Tom Smith? says I, and are they given t' singin' about the death light?"  
"Then we stopped and listened once more. It was still night and as the sound got gradually stronger and plainer, we could hear these words rolling in over the deck:  
"Oh, it struck two bells in the first dog watch,  
And the wind was blowin' hard,  
When a great green light like a burnin' cheese

Stuck fast in the foremast yard;  
Then the bos'n piped out an awful howl,  
"We're all dead dogs," says he,  
"For the man who can watch that light  
an' live  
Don't sail on the ragin' sea."  
"Good Lord," says Tom, "our time's come sure. This is a doomed ship."  
"Hold on," says I, "that there voice I've heard before. There it goes again."  
"In the meanwhile every man on deck was listenin' with all his ears and once more the voice struck up:  
"Bunkin' on an iceberg,  
Sailin' with the tide,  
Ice enough for Christmas,  
Plenty more besides;  
Iceicles for breakfast,  
Melted ice for tea,  
Sailing down from Iceland,  
Icy as can be.  
"Well, sirs, in just a minute more the watch up forward lets out a yell: 'Iceberg on the port bow.'  
"The captain tumbled up on deck an' just as we got the ship clear, we see a great gleaming mass slide by ahead.  
"The Silver Spray, ahoy, yelled a deep voice out of the darkness, 'don't yer s'pose I know that there rig. Going t' leave me again are you? Heave to an' send a boat. It's cold sittin' here."  
"I'll send Sam Coil's ghost," howls the crew, most of them half scared t' death.  
"It ain't," said the voice from the iceberg, "and I'll rawhide some of you fellers when I get aboard for being disrespectful."  
"Well, sirs, we run out a boat, the men tumbled in and after a short row pulled up to the berg. Sam, for it was him all safe enough, slid off into the water and we picked him up.  
"Is it you, Sam, for a fact?" says Tom, edging away from him.  
"Of course it's me, says Sam. 'Been on that berg for twelve hours.'  
"Didn't the whale get you after all, Sam?" I asks.  
"Just then Sam's face got in the glare of the lantern and he looked kind of queer when he says t' me:  
"That's what he did. You remember about Jonah, matey, don't yer? Well—somehow in my case, I iceberg close by and I climbed up. Ain't got a ship's biscuit about yer, have yer?  
"Well, sirs, for three days the whole crew was that afraid of Sam that they wouldn't go near him. But I did. I had to. I was bos'n's mate. One day I was lookin' at the whistle which bos'n's always carry and which Sam had around his neck when he went overboard.  
"Ain't you using this new whistle no more, Sam?" I asks.  
"No," says he, "I got it full er whole lot o' few days back an' it don't taste good t' my lip."  
"Yes, sirs, there was a time when I didn't believe that Jonah story in the Bible, 'cause I thought a sailorman ought to know something along that line himself, but I was convinced then and I joined the Seamen's Chapel at Marblehead soon as the Silver Spray touched port."  
"Seven bells? Aye, aye, sir,"—  
A. H. F. in *The Brooklyn Eagle*.

**Crasping at a Sunbeam.**  
It's a common enough thing for children to try to pick up sunbeams, but the earnestness with which this attempt was made by a small boy in an elevated car attracted the attention of the older passengers.  
He was a very small boy, not more than two and one-half years old, and still in dresses. The seats in the car were all taken, and the small boy stood up with his mother.  
There came into the car over one of the blinds a slender sunbeam which fell diagonally downward across the little fellow's dress, and when his eye fell upon this he reached down and carefully closed his hand over it and then raised his hand to his face and opened his fingers. But there wasn't any sunbeam there.  
The passengers who saw this were as much interested in it all, in their way, as the small boy was in his, and presently they saw him try it again. Looking down he saw the sunbeam still there, just where it had been before when he had tried to grasp it, and he made the effort again.  
Reaching down he closed his fingers around it once more, and once more he raised his hand and opened it and looked inside for the sunbeam, once more to find—nothing there.  
Then taller buildings cut off the ray, and the small boy's mind was diverted into some other channel.—*New York Sun*.

**Farm Raised the Mortgage.**  
According to Sidney Lanier, "There is more in the man than there is in the land," but sometimes the land seems to take a notion to do things unaided. For instance, the Lincoln (Nebraska) Journal tells this story:  
A farmer who came to Buffalo County from Missouri grew discouraged because he didn't get rich the first year, and as there was a mortgage of seven hundred dollars on his farm, was about ready to throw up the whole business. But he determined to make one more effort and sowed eighty acres of wheat.  
It happened to be a poor year for wheat, and the stand was not very good. Concluding that it wasn't worth harvesting, he pulled up stakes and went back to Missouri, leaving the farm to fight the mortgage all by itself. The farm was equal to the task.  
The wheat ripened, fell down, and deposited the seed in the soil again. Next spring the wheat began to grow lustily. Some of the neighbors were honest enough to write about it down to the fugitive in Missouri.  
He got interested enough to come back and take a look. Then he stopped and harvested his voluntary crop. He sold it for enough to pay off the mortgage and the rest of his debts, and had a tidy little surplus over, with which he moved his family back. Now he declares there is no State like Nebraska.

**Up-to-Date Illustrating.**  
"It's a floating paragraph," there is a battle in Europe, Asia or Africa a hundred years hence kodak pictures of it will appear in American papers the same day, the outline being sent by ocean cable." But what is there remarkable in that? We already have papers which give us pictures of battles on the other side of the world the same day they are fought, and sometimes when they are not fought at all.—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Thirty-six per cent. of the area of the State of Washington is covered with merchantable timber.

**VENTRILOQUISM EXTRAORDINARY.**

**The Astonishing Performance Given by Sothern's Confederates on the Roof.**  
One of the peculiarities of Actor Sothern's elaborated jokes was the way in which he worked up to them. He pretended to have accidentally discovered that he possessed the gift of the born ventriloquist, and arranged an experiment on the occasion of a supper party given in his honor at a pleasant house in a London suburb. There was a foolish kind of hanger-on of Sothern's, who loved to boast of his intimacy with the famous comedian. He had often said, "I wish you would let me help you in one of your practical jokes, Mr. Sothern." Sothern humored his desire. Mr. Edgar Pemberton tells the story in his "Memoir of Sothern."  
The comedy must, for my purpose, be reduced to a paragraph. You know how fond the professional ventriloquist is of talking up the chimney to an imaginary man on the roof. Sothern had arranged for his slavish confederate to mount the roof by a ladder and play the part of the voice on the roof, which he did to perfection, and Sothern's success as a ventriloquist was voted nothing short of marvelous. Supper being over, the party adjourned to another room, at which point Sothern said "Good night" to his friend above, at which cue it had been arranged that the scene should be concluded. Sothern had, however, plotted against his man, who, when he wished to descend, found that the ladder was gone. By hook or by crook the deceived confederate found his way to the chimney of the smoking room, where the supper party were settling down for a long evening. Presently a voice was heard calling down the chimney, "Sothern! Sothern! For heaven's sake come and help me! I can't get down, and it's raining like mad!" Sothern was taken aback for a moment, but only for a moment. By hook or by crook he descended, and when he found his friend on the roof, he exclaimed, "Sothern! Sothern! For heaven's sake come and help me! I can't get down, and it's raining like mad!" Sothern was taken aback for a moment, but only for a moment. By hook or by crook he descended, and when he found his friend on the roof, he exclaimed, "Sothern! Sothern! For heaven's sake come and help me! I can't get down, and it's raining like mad!" Sothern was taken aback for a moment, but only for a moment. By hook or by crook he descended, and when he found his friend on the roof, he exclaimed, "Sothern! Sothern! For heaven's sake come and help me! I can't get down, and it's raining like mad!"

**England's Vagrants Vanishing.**  
One of the more notable documents issued in connection with poor law administration for many years is that which has just been prepared by the local government board on the subject of vagrancy in the eastern countries. For generations the tramps and casual class has been the despair of social reformers, and the hardest problem of all for poor law administrators. If we are to believe these figures, this class is now decreasing so rapidly that within a few years it will be extinct if the present rate of decrease is maintained. The return gives the number of casuals in Norfolk and Suffolk for the four years, 1897-1900. In Norfolk the figures for the four years are 29,373, 24,128, 15,095, and last year only 9,739. In Suffolk the corresponding decrease is from 23,943 to 12,838. For the two counties the decrease is just 60 per cent. From the details of the return we gather that the decrease is general over 38 out of 39 poor law unions of East Anglia.

The most conservative defenders of things as they are will hear of the disappearance of the tramp in the country in any considerable numbers in search of employment. A few such there still are, but the great majority of casuals are the loafers and semi-criminals who deliberately prefer a vagrant life and a living upon odd jobs and casual earnings to any attempt at settled industry. It is this class which is being absorbed into industry in some way or other. At any rate, it is disappearing from our roads and casual wards, and with it is decreasing quite the most unpleasant of all the responsibilities resting upon provincial boards of guardians.—*London News*.

**How She Got Satisfaction.**  
They occupied her \$3.50 seats at the opera—those two women did.  
They wore high and costly hats on their heads and an aspect of grim determination on their faces.  
For the young woman in a \$3.50 seat behind them had said:  
"I beg your pardon, but will you please remove your hats?"  
And each had answered:  
"When the scene was over she asked them again, and again they answered "No!"  
Then she went to the head usher and made a complaint.  
"Yes," he said, "it is a hardship, madam, but I hesitate to ask them to take off their hats, for I know them, and I know they would refuse, and if I should undertake to compel them there would be no end to it. But I can do better for you than that. There is a vacant seat directly in front of them. Go and take that, and I will see that you are not disturbed."  
She took it.  
"Keep your hats on ladies, if you choose. You will not inconvenience me in the least."  
Then she put on her own hat, a close imitation of a Gainsborough in its design, makeup, and general scope, and sat serenely with it on her head through all the rest of the performance.  
For she was only human, and the provocation was great.—*Chicago Tribune*.

**Love Makes Arms Go Round.**  
They were seated side by side on the parlor sofa, and there wasn't room enough between them for an argument.  
"George," murmured the maid, after a blissful silence extending over a period of several minutes, "I'm afraid your arm must be very painful."  
"Why do you think so, dearest?" he asked.  
"Because," she coyly replied, "it seems to be out of place."  
"Oh, well, never mind," said George. "It will come around all right."—*Buffalo Commercial*.

Many a man has risen in the world by taking the bull by the horns.

**ESTIMATING CHARACTER.**

**Rev. Dr. Talmage Says the Divine Way Differs From the Human Way.**  
The American Nation Put Into the Royal Balance—The Lord Weigheth the Spirits.  
(Copyright 1901.)

WASHINGTON, D. C.—In this discourse from a sermon on the Bible Dr. Talmage urges the adoption of an unusual mode of estimating character and shows how different is the divine way from the human way. Text, Proverbs xvi, 2, "The Lord weigheth the spirits."  
The subject of weights and measures is discussed among all nations, is the subject of legislation, and has much to do with the weight and measure of things. A system of weights and measures was invented by Phidon, ruler of Argos, about 800 years before Christ. An ounce, a pound, a ton, were different in different lands. Henry VIII. decided that an ounce should be the weight of 640 dried grains of wheat from the middle of the ear. From the reign of William the Conqueror to Henry VIII. the English pound was the weight of 7000 grains of wheat. Queen Elizabeth decreed that a pound should weigh 7000 grains of wheat taken from the middle of the ear. The piece of platinum kept at the office of the exchequer in England in an atmosphere of sixty-two degrees F. decides for all Great Britain what pound means. Scientific representatives from all lands met in 1889 in Paris and established international standards of weights and measures.  
You all know something of avoirdupois weight, of apothecaries' weight, of troy weight. You are familiar with the different kinds of weighing machines, whether a human balance, which is our steelyard, or the more delicate scales of wheat from a beam supported in the middle, having two basins of equal weight suspended to the extremities. Scales have been invented for weighing substances huge, like mountains, and others delicate, even to the eighth of a grain. But in all the universe there has only been one balance that could weigh thoughts, emotions, affections, halcyon days, and the like. That balance was fashioned by an Almighty God, and it weighs for perpetual service. "The Lord weigheth the spirits."  
The divine way differs from the human way in many particulars. It is not a matter of weight and measure, but of character and quality. It is not a matter of quantity, but of quality. It is not a matter of force, but of wisdom. It is not a matter of power, but of love. It is not a matter of might, but of meekness. It is not a matter of wrath, but of mercy. It is not a matter of judgment, but of grace. It is not a matter of law, but of love. It is not a matter of fear, but of faith. It is not a matter of hope, but of charity. It is not a matter of knowledge, but of wisdom. It is not a matter of skill, but of grace. It is not a matter of strength, but of meekness. It is not a matter of power, but of love. It is not a matter of might, but of meekness. It is not a matter of wrath, but of mercy. It is not a matter of judgment, but of grace. It is not a matter of law, but of love. It is not a matter of fear, but of faith. It is not a matter of hope, but of charity. 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