DAWN'S MASQUE.

Sleep no more, Corinna! Night
Sensibly in glooty veiling
Fleeing, scattered in her flight
Whereso'er her mantle trailing,
Routed and beat each grassy spear
Bounties of dew silver bore.

Now in splendid pageant moves
Like a fair sea phosphorescent,
Paling down the mountain groves,
Dawn to kiss the Lake's blue crescent,
Golden arrows falling ever
From her bow-rose belted quiver.

Silken strands of thistle down
(Woven by the pixie maiden)
Glitter, and the coral crown
Wherewith every hawthorn's laden,
Even as if in raiment set,
Sparkles with the hoar frost wet.

Sleep no more, Corinna! Nay,
Slumber hath reached its fit limit
When the pomp of new-born day
Throughout see and rise to hymn it,
When, all loveliness, the sun
Seteth forth his course to run!

—Pall Mall Gazette.

CRAZY KING LUDWIG.

PATTI ONCE THREW HIM INTO A FRENZY OF MADNESS.

He Frightened and Enraged the Great Diva by His Strange Whims, and When She Finally Sang For Him It Drove Him Wild.

When Patti was in the first heyday of her fame, Ludwig II. the mad king of Bavaria, set his heart on having her sing for him at his private auditorium in Munich. He wrote letter after letter, begging, imploring, offering extravagant sums of money, but Patti resolutely refused to go. She had heard too many stories of Ludwig's freaks, his curses and his unreasonable commands, and she was desperately afraid of him. But at last the king offered her a sum so enormous that it seemed ridiculous to refuse it. Then the singer plucked up courage and started for Munich. When she and her maid alighted at the station, not even a carriage was there to meet them, and they had to inquire the name of the best hotel and call a cab like any ordinary travelers. That was the first shock to the diva's nerves and temper. After luncheon she started out to see the town and incidentally to examine the posters announcing the great honor conferred upon the citizens of Munich by a visit from Europe's greatest singer. Not a mention of her name could she find in the town. She rushed back to the hotel and told her maid to pack the trunks.

Just at that moment a resplendent officer was announced. He saluted her and delivered a letter from the king. The letter stated curtly that his majesty would await her at 7 o'clock precisely in the Royal palace, where his singer in ordinary, Mme. Fischer, would give her further directions. Mme. Fischer would also sing with Mme. Patti the duets which his majesty wished to hear. A programme was inclosed. Patti burst into tears of rage.

"I have never been treated so brutally," she said. "I shall leave at once. Tell the king so. I will not sing—never, never, never!" The officer pleaded with the irate prima donna. She must not disappoint the king. His majesty had been wild with excitement ever since he knew she would come and had not slept for three nights, so great was his joy at the prospect of hearing her.

"Besides," added the officer, "you know our king is—is—is—"

"Crazy," snapped Patti. "Yes, that's very comforting, isn't it? I don't know why I ever came." Just then she caught sight of a postscript she had not read:

"The king commands Mme. Patti to appear in pure white, without any color whatever, and not by any means to wear a satin gown, but soft wool. Silk is painful to his majesty."

"His majesty will have to be pained. I have no white woolen gown except my peignoir. Go tell the king I shall wear red velvet."

"Red!" groaned the officer. "Oh, no, no! Red sends his majesty into fits. If you appear in red, he will scream and have convulsions. Oh, do be patient, madame! I will bring Mme. Fischer to you. She understands the king's nerves. She will explain."

He fled from the room, and, shortly after, Mme. Fischer appeared upon the scene. She soothed Patti into good humor and also attacked the white wool peignoir and transformed it into a most becoming Greek robe.

Before 7 the royal carriage arrived at the hotel and Patti went to the palace. She was led through dimly lighted rooms and corridors into Ludwig's private theater, which was in utter darkness save for the moonlight that entered through the windows. Patti stood upon the dark stage, while an orchestra, somewhere out of sight, began a soft prelude. Through the gloom she could just make out a white face in the royal box opposite the stage. Not another auditor was in the great hall. The whole thing was most uncanny, and Patti felt cold shivers creeping over her. She shook with nervousness and fear, and when she should have begun her aria not a sound could she make. She opened her mouth, but her throat was paralyzed from nervous terror. There was a pause. The king sprang up and leaned forward out of the box, his white face gleaming in the moonlight. The violins repeated the prelude. Patti gathered herself together and made one heroic effort. Her voice rang out into the great empty place, and the king sank back into the dark box.

Patti, though badly scared, made the effort of her life and finished the aria from "La Traviata" triumphantly and stood flushed with victory. Dead silence. Not a sound came from the gloom before her. She went off the stage in a temper. His majesty might have given some sign of approbation. Mme. Fischer was behind the scenes, and Patti waited with her for the signal to sing the next number. A messenger appeared at the door. His majesty had had enough music and had gone to his apartments. For a moment Patti stood stunned. Then she laughed. The rudeness was so colossal that it was funny. Mme. Fischer took the diva to supper and then home.

The next morning Mme. Fischer called at the hotel once more, accompanied by the court chamberlain, who bore the promised check, an autograph letter of thanks from the king and some jewels of great value. Mme. Fischer's explanation of the concert fiasco pleased Patti more than the jewels. King Ludwig, she said, was in one of his maddest moods, wild with regret, cursing himself and cursing Patti. He had walked the floor all night, groaning that he was a traitor, for Patti's voice had so ravished his senses that for one moment he had gone over to Italian music and had been false to Wagner—to Wagner, the one musician who alone had satisfied his majesty's soul.

"That was better than having bored him," added Patti, shrugging her shoulders.—New York Sun.

McLubberty — Owld Uncle Moike Duffy is out ov his moind intoirely!

Mrs. McLubberty—Phot makes yez say that?

McLubberty—Phwoy, he's been afther makin his will an I'avin iveryt'ing he's ogt in the worruld to his heirs, not kapin back for himself as much as a quarter's wort' av anyt'ing. T'ink av it, I'avin himself pinniless at his age, in case he should dole!—Harper's Bazar.

His Position.

"Now, how do you stand on this question?" asked the man who had indulged in a long dissertation.

"Exactly as I stood years ago, when it first came up," answered Senator Sorghum. "It's been so long that I forget just exactly how I stood, but I haven't changed my mind a bit, sir; not a bit."—Washington Star.

Some of the cod lines used in the fishing industry measure 7,000 fathoms long, or about eight ordinary miles, having 4,680 hooks, the whole costing, in some cases, £200 or £300.

PERIL MADE THEM FRIENDS.

The Wild Beasts Herded Together to Escape a Forest Fire.

An incident of forest fires in the hills of the Descanso neighborhood, in southern California, illustrates the comradeship that common peril brings about among beasts as well as among men. After the flames had completed their work of destruction and spread a pall over the hills a rancher went forth among the charred stumps and smoking brushheaps to look for a number of cattle and colts which he feared had been hemmed in by the fire. He went across gully and ridge in his search, until at last he saw his stock some little distance ahead.

He was more than astonished upon coming up to the group to find not only his cattle and colts, but a deer, three wildcats, a coyote and several rabbits, all alive and apparently in no fear of him. They watched his approach with indifference, the timidity gone from the big eyed deer, no venom in the wildcat's purr and honesty shining in the gray coyote's face. The rabbits sat on their haunches as meek as the pets of children. But the poor coyote was in pain, and as the farmer came close the erstwhile robber of the roost dragged his helpless hind quarters toward the man in mute supplication. The legs of the animal had been frightfully burned.

The rancher was in no mood to make friends of such strange creatures, and at once drove his stock through the smoldering brush, the deer going along with the cattle, the rabbits hopping along at the rancher's heels, the wildcats slouching along behind, and the coyote, unable to follow, whining a pathetic appeal for succor. When the burning field was passed, the deer broke into a run for the distant hills, the rabbits were away like a flash, and the old defiance and snarling leer came back to the wildcats, who scorned to make a show of haste. They walked slowly out of sight.—San Diego Union.

MONKEY AND BOY.

They Were Equally Concerned In the Jail Delivery.

In the picturesque little town of Lawrenceburg, Ind., there used to be an old stone building that was used as a jail. It could tell many a strange story of the persons it deprived of liberty, but would, if it were wise, be silent concerning one incident that proved to be a joke on itself.

Among the boys of the town was a half witted lad who was particularly incorrigible, and whose constant companion was a little monkey, who attended him as faithfully as Mary's little lamb. One of his mental weaknesses was known to be a confusion of the ideas of mine and thine, and after one very considerable theft the local Sherlock Holmes found footprints of Jocko, the monk, in regions from which the missing articles had disappeared, and so the boy was arrested. There was no law for imprisoning the monkey, so he was not "pinched." The boy was a model prisoner for several days, but was suddenly seized with a desire to have his monkey with him. So earnestly did he beg for this that the good natured jailer had Jocko brought to the cell. That night the lad, who was supposed to be without intelligence, began clawing out the mortar around one of the largest stones in the outer wall. He could not do much with his blunt fingers and weak nails, but the monkey immediately began imitating him. The long claws of the animal soon loosened up enough mortar to enable the boy to pull the stone out of the wall, and before morning both boy and monkey had disappeared.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

HE DREADS A RAZOR.

And He Has Good Reason to After His Narrow Escape.

"There is a physician now stopping at this house," remarked the proprietor of one of the hotel barber shops, "who has a mortal dread of a razor in the hands of another. It originated in a remarkable experience. Some years ago he was in a town in Iowa and stepped into a barber shop to get shaved. All the chairs were filled, so he sat down to wait. In a few minutes one of the barbers called 'Next!' and he was getting up when a gentleman who had just entered addressed him.

"'I am in a great hurry to catch a train,' he said, 'and would be very grateful if you would allow me to take the chair ahead of you.'

"Such requests are not unusual, and the doctor, who is naturally obliging, told him to go ahead and resumed his seat. The other man had hardly climbed into position when the barber picked up a razor and cut his throat from ear to ear, killing him instantaneously.

"In spite of stories to the contrary, I think that is the only case of the kind that ever happened in the United States. The barber turned out to be insane, but the horror of the scene and the almost miraculous character of his own escape made such an impression on the mind of the doctor that he has never since allowed anybody to shave him.

"Only this morning I trimmed his hair, and in finishing the job I started, as is customary, to shape up the growth of his temples with the corner of my razor. The moment he caught sight of the blade he turned pale as death. 'Don't touch me with that!' he exclaimed. 'Do the best you can with the scissors and let the rest go!' He has known me a long time and I suppose has confidence in my sanity, but the reminiscence was too much for him, and, really, I don't wonder."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The Grief of Parting.

The man leaned right into the railway carriage. There was positive anguish in his drawn face. The lady inside was very pretty and beautifully dressed. Her softness of complexion and hair, of lace and filmy material, triumphed in the searching glare of the electric light, which showed the rich luxury of every detail of her costume. She smiled with a pretty, regretful tenderness as she replied lightly to his earnest words. He looked at her as if he could never look long enough, as if her face held for him the whole meaning of life. As the train began to move, his fingers fell passionately on the ungloved hand resting on the window ledge; then instinctively he sprang back, raised his hat, and I caught in full light a glimpse of his white face.

Directly the train steamed out of the station the lady rose, carefully rolled up her veil, and, quite indifferent to my presence, proceeded before the mirror in the carriage to dust her face with a dainty pocket handkerchief, and to apply to forehead and nose the minutest layer of powder with a tiny puff. She petted and arranged her curls, drawing them with a hairpin into coquettish position and curve, and then, lowering her veil, she sank into the seat with a sigh of satisfaction.—Academy.

How Did Jim Know?

For several years my early morning walk lay through the first block of West Fifty-seventh street, where I used regularly to meet a milkman delivering milk. He would take from his wagon a rack containing several bottles and go from house to house, while his old gray horse walked sedately on alone.

One morning as I was passing the pair midway the block the man said to his horse:

"Go on, Jim, and turn at No. 7."

I watched with interest. Jim did go on until exactly opposite No. 7. Then he carefully turned and walked back to his master—or shall I say comrade? Yet some people think that the lower animals cannot reason.—Our Animal Friends.

Train up a child in the way he should go, but don't overtrain him, or he will be pretty sure to go in an opposite direction.—Boston Transcript.

AN EXCITING BATTLE.

A WICKED ENCOUNTER BETWEEN A MAN AND A BEAR.

It Ended in a Clinch and a Roll Down a Snow Covered Mountain Side—A Close Call, In Which the Man Just Escaped With His Life.

To roll down a snow covered mountain side tightly clasped in the embrace of a grizzly bear is an experience few men pass through and live to tell. But that is what happened to Frank Lecky of Fresno, and when it was all over he had only a few scratches and bruises and a big bearskin to show as signs of his terrible encounter.

"It was the wickedest fight I ever got into," said Frank when telling of his experiences, "and I have been in a good many, going out hunting in the Sierras every winter, as I do.

"This big fight happened up in the Whitney country. It was just a few miles east of the Minarets and in the spot where a fellow is always pretty sure to find big game.

"It was pretty late in the afternoon, and I was all alone in camp, as the other boys had not returned from a deer hunt they started on in the morning.

"I had been dozing in the tent all day, but came out to have a look at the sky. As I glanced along the top of a bluff a few hundred feet from the camp I saw something dark moving about.

"That was enough for me. I got my rifle and started right after it. The kind of game I was going after didn't concern me at all, but I really didn't expect bear, at least such big cantankerous bear.

"Taking a roundabout way through the snow, I soon reached the top of the bluff and began to crawl along carefully in order to get a good resting shot and not come upon my game too suddenly.

"Finally I caught a close view of a big dark body moving behind a clump of bushes. It was so large that for a moment I thought I had been stalking a cow and was ready to kick myself. Then a long drawn sniff and a deep growl told me it was bear I was sighting. Instantly I was all excited with interest and strained every nerve to get the beast in line and so plant a bullet in the right spot. The bear, however had a mind to keep his eyes on me and kept moving about as he peered between the branches of the brush.

"Suddenly one of the horses down in the camp neighed loudly and attracted the bear's attention. As the bear turned and exposed his side I fired. Down went the bear like a bag of wheat, and I thought my rifle ball must have gone clean through its brain. Without stopping to consider whether my shot had really been fatal, I rushed forward. As I stooped down to see where the ball struck, the bear jumped up, and then I knew I had only 'creased' it—that is, just grazed its head or spinal cord and knocked it senseless for a moment.

"Before I could swing my rifle forward to get in a shot the bear had knocked it out of my hands and was right on top of me. Somehow I managed to draw my knife and get in a few jabs that did no damage. The bear hugged me tighter and tighter, and I kicked harder and harder and jabbed wildly with my knife. Then we both rolled on the ground, and the bear tried to bite my face, but I kept off his fast clawing blows by hugging tightly against him. I jabbed and jabbed as we rolled over and over, and the bear's face and claws were pretty badly cut and one of his eyes was put out of service. The snow all around was torn up and spattered with blood.

"Before I knew it we were just on the edge of the bluff, and an almost vertical wall of snow lay just below us for over a hundred feet to the bottom.

"This frightened me more than the bear, for I knew what it meant, but before I could think of doing anything we were over the edge and rolling down at lightning speed.

"It could not have taken more than a few seconds, but it seemed to me like years. Now I was on top of the bear, and now underneath. Snow filled my eyes and ears, and I was scratched and wounded and bumped until I thought my end had come.

"It seems to me that I kept striking at the bear as we rolled, or rather shot, downward, for we were going at the speed of a cannon ball. Then there was a sudden bump while I was on top, and the bear gave a moan of pain and let go of me.

"That gave me my chance, and I drove my knife into his heart.

"The skin measured over seven feet. I found out while we were cutting him up that when he struck the rock at the bottom of the hill he shattered his spine. It was just a piece of luck that the bear struck the rock and not myself."—San Francisco Call.

Paste Gems.

The pleasure of wearing sparkling stones is to a great extent the knowledge that others cannot afford to wear them. But this is a pleasure with which I have no sympathy. Jewels should simply be regarded as an ornament, irrespective of their intrinsic value. But so little is this realized by the wealthy classes that many ladies wear sham diamonds exactly similar to those that they possess, which are kept at their bankers for fear of theft. This is much like a person plastering himself over with certified bankers' checks. It is a mere advertisement to all that the person is so wealthy that he or she can afford to leave a vast amount of capital locked up without interest.—London Truth.

Speechless With Rage.

"Strong emotion," says Darwin, "interrupts the steady flow of nerve force to the muscles." This prevents the proper working of those muscles which are used in speaking; hence the stumbling and incoherence of the speech. "The voice sticks in the throat," to use the words of Virgil. In some cases speech is for a short time impossible, as is seen where a person is said to be "speechless with rage." The hoarseness of the voice is due partly to the fact that passion causes an overaction of all the organs, partly by the fact that for generations harsh and fierce sounds have been made use of to terrify opponents in quarrels, and so have come to be associated instinctively with anger. Possibly the fact also has its influence that the utterance of sounds such as those referred to is in some way or the other a relief to the feelings.

Yellow New York.

We know of no city in all this land, not excepting Hoboken or Jersey City, which is less national in its feelings, its ideas and its aspirations than New York. It has never yet done anything really national. There was not public spirit enough in the well to do classes of the town to even build the pedestal of the Liberty statue. The same classes waited years and went begging all over the country to raise a fund for the Grant monument—a duty which, in 1885, they claimed as their peculiar privilege. But New York is New York. There is none like it, nor shall be till our summers have deceased. It is yellow and it continually doth bark.—Washington Post.

Trying to Fix a Limit.

Mrs. Gofrequent—How old do you take Mr. Mixwell to be?

Mrs. Nexdore—From his general behavior I should estimate his age to be about 150. When a woman looks at him now, he doesn't think she's in love with him.—Chicago Tribune.

We exaggerate misfortune and happiness alike. We are never either so wretched or so happy as we say we are.—Balzac.

Theatrical companies in Mexico have to pay a fine if they do not produce the pieces announced.

A FAMOUS PLATE.

The First Engraving Was Printed on a Laundress' Bundle.

Two groups of tourists were standing in the Pitti palace before the large plate of pure silver upon which Finiguerra, the great master of early engraving, had depicted his lovely "Madonna and Child" in a trellised arbor covered with roses. An Italian lady was telling her friends in an undertone the charming anecdote of Finiguerra and the laundress.

The artist, it seems, in mastering the new and difficult art of engraving upon metal, had acquired a singularly keen eye and delicate touch, and he also possessed a number of very fine and sharp instruments, which he used in his work.

Being a kindly man he sometimes placed both his sure hand and his fine tools at the service of his friends and neighbors in performing for them some of the simpler operations of surgery, until he acquired quite a reputation for his skill in doctoring their hurts.

One day a poor laundress who had been washing clothes, in wringing out a garment in which a needle had been carelessly left, ran it deeply into her hand. Worse yet, it broke off in the wound and a part remained imbedded in the flesh. She was in much pain, and on her way back from the stream where she had been washing she stopped at the house of the artist and was admitted.

Entering his studio she hastily set down her wet and heavy bundle and held out the injured hand, begging his assistance. Finiguerra left his work to help her, and after long and delicate manipulation extracted the broken needle. The woman thanked him and turned to go, lifting her bundle from its resting place.

Then he saw that she had set it upon one of his engravings. Like all others at that time, it was a plate of engraved metal, complete in itself, and regarded as a single and sufficient picture, exactly as if it had been a painting.

But as the damp bundle was raised the quick eye of Finiguerra saw that it had received an impression from the engraved picture beneath, and his quick mind seized at once the suggestion of the possibility of indefinite reproduction from a single original. So that from the kindness of a great artist to a poor washerwoman sprang the discovery which has placed the beautiful products of the engraver's art within the reach of all of us today!—Youth's Companion.

ENGLISH RED TAPE.

It Took a Broken Leg to Get the Chair Repaired.

It is stated that one morning recently a young fellow who had just secured a clerkship in a government office was considerably startled by a little scene that he witnessed. An elderly man, one of the senior clerks in the room, suddenly rose from his desk, dragged the comfortable chair on which he had been sitting into the middle of the room, seized a poker and attacking the chair with great vigor succeeded in breaking one of its legs. When it was done, the official gave a sigh of relief and flung the chair into a corner of the room. The budding junior's first thought was that his senior had suddenly taken leave of his senses, and he almost expected that his colleagues would put him under restraint. But to his astonishment the other clerks hardly raised their eyes while the work of destruction was in progress. Before the office work was over the newcomer sought information from one of his fellow clerks.

"Can you tell me," said he, "why Mr. Dash carried on in that extraordinary fashion? I mean, of course, when he broke a perfectly sound leg off the chair in which he had been sitting."

"Oh, that was all right!" replied the other with a meaning laugh. "A caster had come off one of the legs of that chair, and, you know, 'my lords' will not provide us with new casters; they will attend to nothing less than a broken leg. So Dash had to break one of the legs to get his chair put right at the public expense."—London Standard.

The Dead Irishman.

Some Irish body snatchers had rifled a grave and hid their booty in a corner of the churchyard, when it occurred to a half tipsy fellow, who had been watching them unobserved, that it would be pleasanter to be driven back to the nearest town than to walk. He accordingly secreted the dead man under a hedge and lay down in his place. He was duly transferred to a cart, but when about half the journey was over one of the men who had touched his hand screamed to his friend, "Good heavens, the body is warm!"

Hereupon, in a deep voice, the supposed dead man remarked, "If you had been where I've been for the last two days, you'd be warm too!"

In a moment he was left in full possession of the vehicle!—Sir M. E. Grant Duff's Diary.

A Bloodthirsty Editor.

A down east editor has drawn up some new game laws which he wants adopted. The following is a summary:

"Book agents may be killed from Oct. 1 to Sept. 1; spring poets, from March 1 to June 1; scandalmongers from April 1 to Feb. 1; umbrella borrowers, from Aug. 1 to Nov. 1 and Feb. 1 to May 1, while every man who accepts a newspaper two years, and, upon being presented with his bill, says, 'I never ordered it!' may be killed on the spot, without reserve or relief."—Christian Register.

Next Thing to It.

He—Oh, by the way, the doctor advised me to eat a water cracker before going to bed; said it would prevent my insomnia. Are there any in the house?

She—The only thing in the house approaching a water cracker is the ice pick.—Indianapolis Journal.

The overturned coaches lay at the foot of the embankment, where they had rolled when the train left the track. The wrecking train had arrived, the crew had gone to work, and the wounded had all been cared for.

"Will you please tell me your personal experience in the accident?" asked a reporter, whipping out his notebook.

"You will read about them, sir," replied the solemn looking passenger with a slightly foreign accent, whom he had addressed, "in the book I shall certainly publish about this country."—Chicago Tribune.

Well Answered.

In the course of a lecture to an unimpressionable Scotch audience De Rougemont, talking of "the dear, dead days," explained that he had a good memory and a better imagination. An unbeliever in the unreserved seats persisted in asking unanswerable questions, which ultimately brought out an interesting reflection.

"I have always found," said the wanderer, "that it was enough for one ass to bray at a time."

And thereafter he had peace.

An Honest Admission.

She—You are hypercritical. The fact is, you don't like German opera.

He—Oh, I don't know. It isn't so bad—that is, you know, to a man who is very hard of hearing.—Boston Transcript.

A Pleasant Pose.

"Emeline, you are not happy. What makes you pretend that you are?"

"Because artificial happiness is lots better than none at all."—San Francisco Examiner.

The Last Man Wins.

"They say the secret of success is tenacity of purpose."

"Of course; if you hold on long enough, competitors die off."—Chicago Record.

ASBESTUS.

Some of the Peculiarities of This Mysterious Substance.

Asbestus is a physical paradox, yet one of nature's most marvelous productions. It has been called a mineralogical vegetable; it is both fibrous and crystalline, elastic, yet brittle; a floating stone, which can be readily carded, spun and woven into tissue. In Germany it is known as steinflachs (stone flax), and the miners of Quebec give it quite an expressive a name—pierre coton (cotton stone). The asbestus mines of Quebec are the most famous in the world, yielding 85 per cent of the entire output. Italy being the only competing country, and there the industry is declining. Although Charlemagne is said to have had a tablecloth of asbestus, which he cleansed by throwing into the fire, it was practically unknown until 1850.

The Italian mineral was then experimented with and some years later put on the market. In 1878 the first Canadian mine was opened, and the product steadily increased until 1895, when 9,860 tons, worth $1,260,000, were mined. There has since been a decline in value, the amount for 1896 being 12,200, worth only $430,000. Asbestus is flexible, noncombustible and a nonconductor of heat and electricity, and on these properties its increasing use depends. It is spun into yarn, from which cloth is woven for drop curtains in theaters, clothing for firemen, acid workers, etc. It is made into lamp wicks and gloves for stokers and ropes for fire escapes. It is felted into millboard to be used as an insulator in dynamos and as a fireproof lining for floors. It is used to insulate electric wires and as a covering to prevent loss of heat from steam pipes. Mixed with rubber it is used to pack steam joints.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

BATTLE WITH SHARKS.

A Desperate Encounter In Which Two Man Eaters Were Slain.

Probably the most desperate fight which has ever been witnessed between a couple of sharks and a human being took place at Havana some time ago.

Several fruit peddlers had boarded a large mailboat, and among them was a swarthy, bare legged young chap noted among his comrades as a clever swimmer. The purser of the vessel was standing by the gangway, holding his child in his arms, watching a couple of sharks that were hanging about the ship. Accidentally the child fell out of its father's grasp into the water. The father immediately jumped overboard and seized his child, and in a moment the sharks were making for the pair.

Seeing the predicament, the bare legged young buccaneer dropped his fruit basket and went over the rail like a flash.

As the first shark turned on its back—the invariable prelude to biting its victim—the young fruit seller rose to the surface, and, with a long, keen edged knife, fairly disemboweled it.

The other was not nearly so easily disposed of. The shark seemed to realize that in the fruit seller he had a dangerous foe and apparently sparred for an opening. Several men on board the vessel blazed away at the monster with revolvers, but the young fellow begged the men to desist, being unnerved by the firing. Fish and man dived alternately, and when the fish did make for its foe the plucky boy dived and plunged the knife in its side.

The water was crimson with blood when the three were hauled safe and sound to the deck of the vessel, and a handsome sum of money was collected for the victor.

Why You Yawn.

Have you ever observed at a theater or concert that the people who are most deeply interested appear between the acts to be quite weary of the whole thing, yawning half a dozen times in succession? The reason of this is a physiological one. When your attention is much absorbed in anything exciting or touching, you breathe in a very shallow manner and take into your lungs only half enough air. Consequently, when your attention is relaxed, you have to make up the deficiency. This you do by yawning, which, after all, is only breathing a very deep breath.

If you watch a man at a play and observe that he is greatly moved by some incident, you may feel sure that when the scene ends he will sigh and a moment or two later yawn repeatedly. Of course the yawning, so far from being a sign of weariness, is a proof of the liveliest appreciation.

Very often you will observe the same phenomenon in a girl reading a novel. And by her yawns you can tell when the end of some absorbing incident is reached.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

All About It.

"There's one thing about the north pole," asserted the returned explorer emphatically.

The crowd leaned eagerly forward to learn the result of his investigations.

"Yes," repeated the returned explorer, lighting his cigar with great deliberation.

"Er—what did we understand"—it was the man with the inquisitive nose who spoke—"you to say it is, professor?"

The returned explorer threw away his match.

"It is the ice," he explained kindly.

Not Listening.

She was a very little girl, but not so small that she did not recognize swearing as something very wrong or that if other people used bad language it was her place to close her ears to it. She was on the street with her mother, and as they passed a group of men talking in loud tones the passersby heard the small girl exclaim in shocked tones, "Oh, isn't that awful!" And then, as if suddenly remembering, "But I'm not listening."—New York Times.

Chicago's Anticruelty Society.

A number of prominent society women of Chicago, headed by Mrs. Theodore Thomas, have organized an Anticruelty society, whose object is to co-operate with and supplement the work of the Illinois Humane society. Mayor Harrison and Chief of Police Kipley have recognized the society officially. As a result, the members of the police force have been instructed to give their individual assistance to the society, and to recognize all requests of its members, each of whom will display when necessary a small star bearing the initials of the society and the words, "Authorized Police Call." The first work of the society will be to stop horse beating at bridge approaches and elsewhere, and other cruelty on the streets.

Prize Headdress Worn at Bryn Mawr.

At a dance recently given by the Bachelor Maids, a society of young women at Bryn Mawr, Pa., a prize was offered for the most brilliant and inexpensive headdress. It was worn by Miss Gertrude Sonsleigh, whose hair was decorated with three miniature incandescent lights, while a fourth sparkled in her corsage. A small battery which she had concealed among her clothing supplied the power, and as the wires were thickly covered she was just as safe as her rivals who shone resplendent in diamonds.—Electricity.

Fair haired people are said to be becoming less numerous than formerly. The ancient Jews were a fair haired race; now they are, with few exceptions, dark. So it is, in a lesser degree, with the Irish, among whom 150 years ago a dark haired person was almost unknown.

The average life of a theater is 23 years. From 1861 to 1867, inclusive, 187 theaters were burned down, and 13 every year since has been about the average.

He Got the Window.

Old "Saw Log" Sam Stevenson is said to be the richest man in Michigan. He was in congress several years, but was defeated for re-election in 1894. He lives in the upper peninsula, and is a lumber king. He was probably the most ignorant man who ever sat in congress. He knew the value of a dollar, however, and could tell the color of one as far as the next man. He could be generous on occasion, and, on occasion, he could be lavish.

When forest fires swept over Wisconsin some years ago and wrought such destruction and occasioned such destitution, "Saw Log" Sam wired Pillsbury, at Minneapolis, to send to the sufferers 1,000 barrels of flour and forward the bill to him.

When McKinley was inaugurated, one of the Vanderbilts was a guest of the Arlington hotel. He sent his secretary out to secure a window on the avenue from which to view the parade. The man asked $400 for it, and the secretary told him to hold it until he could consult Mr. Vanderbilt. Nearly all the windows had been taken. Along came "Saw Log" Sam window hunting, and approached the window seller Vanderbilt's man had been negotiating with. After some haggling "Saw Log" bought the window for $1,000 cash in hand and he and his party at once took possession.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

A Little Punctuation.

People who fail to punctuate their communications are invited to study the following line, which is a correct sentence:

"It was and I said not or."

We got that line one day this week by wire, where punctuations are always omitted. We nearly wrecked our mentality trying to clear up the mystery of the single line, when all of a sudden it occurred to us to look up a copy of our letter to the party, when we discovered that our friend wanted to inform us he did not use the word "or," but did use "and." To be plain, the sentence is correct and should have read, "It was 'and' I said—not 'or.'"

Another party who has been studying Pope wrote us as follows: "My Dear Mr. George—I have been thinking over the statement you made last week, and I too believe that that is is that that is not is not, and I take pleasure in believing so."

A good way to untangle the above is to write it as follows: "That that is, is. That that is not, is not." In other words, it is a play on Pope's "whatever is, is right." People who eschew punctuation should not feel hurt if their meaning is not always readily grasped.—George's Denver Weekly.

She Was Over Twenty-one.

In Australia there are so few natives left that anything but a white man's marriage is a comparative rarity. The curious difference, however, between weddings there and in the mother country is that here we license the place for the solemnization of the ceremony and at the antipodes they license the man who performs the rites. Marriage can be performed at the registrar's office for a guinea, but if a minister knowingly marries a minor without her people's consent he is liable to imprisonment and a fine of $1,500. If, however, the contracting parties have taken the oath that they are of full age, he is safe, though it has happened more than once that young lovers have gone to the registry office and obviously perjured themselves on the age question.

A smart but very good looking girl in Australia who was once asked, "Have you the written consent of your parents?" responded, "No, but I'm over 21."

"Are you sure?" doubtfully. "As sure as I stand here," was the answer, and indeed what she said was accurate enough, for she had written the number 21 on the sole of each of her shoes.—Cassell's Magazine.

A Query For Him.

He had discoursed learnedly, if somewhat wearyingly, to his friend on the influence of food upon character.

"Tell me," said he in summing up, "tell me what a man eats and I will tell you what he is."

His friend, though fatigued, was evidently interested.

"There is only one question I wish to ask you," he said.

"Ask it," replied the discourser magnanimously, with an air that said very clearly, "Give me a hard one while you are at it and I'll show you how smart I am."

"It is this," replied the fatigued friend. "How much sage tea would you have to drink to make a wise man of yourself?"

No answer being promptly forthcoming, the conference broke up.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Safeguards.

"The cashier informed me," said the president, "that he was strongly tempted to skip with the funds, but that he locked himself up with them and prayed over them all night and overcame the temptation."

"I know it," said the chief director. "I had a detective at his door, one at each window and one on the roof—at the chimney flue—while he was praying."—Atlanta Constitution.

Reciprocity.

"Where do actresses get all their pretty little tricks of high bred manner?"

"They imitate the society girls in the boxes."

"And where do society girls get all their fascinating little ways?"

"Why, they imitate the actresses on the stage."—Chicago Record.

The Phœnix was the name of the first fire company in England, and it was established in 1682. At that time in the towns squirts or syringes were used for extinguishing fires, and their length did not exceed two or three feet, with pipes of leather.

Cement for Fastening Knife Handles.—Two pounds black resin, ½ pound beeswax; melt, then add ½ pound of finely-powdered and dried brick-dust.

EVER WATCHFUL.

Constantly on the Alert is the Only Guarantee of the Future.

When we hear of a burglary in our neighborhood, we always take the most careful precaution to fasten and lock up our premises. When we read a "danger" sign, we heed its warning. None but the reckless rush into dangerous places unless compelled by necessity, and still thousands upon thousands receive a note of warning daily, a danger signal of deep import, and do not give it a passing thought.

A little backache, a twinge, a twitch, or pains in the back, are not very hard to hear at first, but they are a warning, a danger signal of what's coming. Most backache pains are due to kidney disorders; pass them by unnoticed, and the kidneys become more troubled. In time urinary complaints, Bright's disease, and death result. Be ever watchful of a backache. A few doses of Doan's Kidney Pills taken at the proper time will save future trouble, perhaps life itself.

Mr. James McElhaney, contractor, of 15 Hyde avenue, Franklin, Pa., says: "I used Doan's Kidney Pills in the summer of 1896, was interviewed by a representative and allowed my opinion to be expressed in the Franklin newspapers. At that time they relieved me of backache and lameness and corrected the kidney secretions. In March, 1897, I spained my back badly, and a lameness just in one spot was painfully evident. I procured Doan's Kidney Pills a second time, and from my experience and the result received, I can conscientiously recommend them to the people of Franklin or anywhere else as a preparation up to their representations."

Doan's Kidney Pills, for sale by all dealers. Price, 50 cents. Mailed by Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the United States. Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

He Was Kind, but She Was Clever.

She is a clever woman, a past master in the art of strategy. So agreed all who rode down town on the street car the other morning.

She got on a south bound Clark street limits train at Belden avenue. Every seat was taken, and almost every strap had a man or woman suspended from it. She looked about hesitatingly for an instant, but every man was wonderfully interested in his paper. Then she took hold of a strap almost in front of a young man, a very young man, who was blushing guiltily as he pretended to read.

While the young man blushed and the woman thus hung her handkerchief fluttered, accidentally by all appearances, to the floor. The young man looked up just then and saw the white bit of cambric. The feeling of chivalry which he evidently was trying to stifle would not be stifled longer.

He arose and stooped for the handkerchief. This was the woman's opportunity. While his back was turned she gently slipped into his seat. When he turned about and saw what had occurred, he almost collapsed. But the woman did not. She took her handkerchief out of his hand, smiling innocently.

"Thank you," she said sweetly. "You are very kind."—Chicago Journal.

Might Destroy All Life.

In a signed article in The Electrical Review Nicola Tesla describes some of his experiments in the line of electrical currents of high voltage and gives details of the coil which he used. "The discharges of such a coil," he adds, "when of an electromotive force of a few millions of volts, excite powerful affinities in the atmospheric nitrogen, causing it to combine readily with the oxygen and other elements, particularly in the presence of aqueous vapor.

"So energetic are these actions and so strangely do such powerful discharges behave that I have often experienced a fear that the atmosphere might be ignited, a terrible possibility, which Sir William Crookes, with his piercing intellect, has already considered. Who knows but such a calamity is possible? And who can tell with certitude that periodical cessations of organic life on the globe might not be caused by ignition of the air and destruction of its life sustaining qualities, accidentally or as a consequence of some accumulative change? A lump of coal will lie for centuries unaffected in contact with oxygen, but, the combustion once started, the process continues as long as there are elements to combine."

The Chinese women are not "so slow." Wion Wen is described as a "young lady dramatist" who is now living in San Francisco. She is only 38 years old, yet she has written several plays. If it takes as long in proportion to write a Chinese play as it does to produce one, Wion-Wen must have begun at a tender age.

Pussy Pleased the Baby.

A Maltese cat belonging to Ross Long is a great pet of the children, and yesterday it caught a snake twenty inches long and brought it to Mr. Long's 2 year-old boy playing in the yard, says a Pendleton, Ind., dispatch in the Indianapolis Journal. The little fellow was delighted with his new toy, and, grasping the wriggling reptile near the tail, toddled into the house to show it to his mother. Mrs. Long was badly frightened, but dispatched the snake with a poker and turned around to see the cat running in with another snake in its mouth. The second snake, fully as large as the first, was also killed, and tabby went out in search of more. The snakes were of a harmless species, but they "might not have been," as rattlesnakes are frequently killed about the prairies here.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

EASTERN STANDARD TIME

IN EFFECT JUNE 27, 1898

CONDENSED SCHEDULE.

Trains arrive and depart from the station at Johnstown as follows:

WESTWARD.

Western Express	4:58	a. m.
Southwestern Express	6:08	"
Johnstown Accommodation	6:22	"
Johnstown Accommodation	9:10	"
Pacific Express	9:20	"
Way Passenger	2:50	p. m.
Pittsburg Express	4:33	"
Mail	5:41	"
Fast Line	9:40	"
Johnstown Accommodation	9:35	"

EASTWARD.

Atlant