ON WILLIE'S ACCOUNT

By BEATRICE STURGES

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Willie sat on the steps in a distinctly unhappy mood. It was the first of July, bright and beautiful. The garden was ablaze with flowers and he could pick as many as he wanted. His ball and books and little fire engine lay on the porch beside him, and his collie pup was begging him to come and play, but Willie had no heart for any of these attractions.

He was grieved. What was the use, he reflected, of being the only child if your father and mother go away for two weeks and leave you at home? What was the use of having a young aunt stay at your house if she shut herself up in her room and wouldn't come downstairs? And what was the use of being alive at all when the circus was coming to town in three days and nobody had invited you to go? Life was full of terrible problems. He was just wondering if he hadn't better cry about it when he saw a friend coming down the street and hastily changed his mind.

This friend was no less a person than Max Harwood, chief of the volunteer fire department of Norwood, commodore of the local yachting club and a hero in Willie's eyes. By some mysterious coincidence Commodore Max appeared on the scene with great promptness and frequency whenever Willie's aunt, Miss Marjory Dean, came for a visit, and as these visits had been rather numerous during the year just passed Willie knew him well enough to rummage through his pockets and to boast about their intimacy whenever any of the other boys needed a little wind taken out of their sails.

To Willie's surprise Max was passing with merely a wave of the hand, so the little boy jumped up and ran after him.

"Hello, Napoleon!" cheerily called his hero. It was his fancy to call Willie by the names of the world's great generals, one after another.

"Good morning, commodore; aren't you coming in to see us?"

"Guess not, Hannibal; it's pretty early for company."

"You have been earlier than this," said the child reproachfully.

"Well—er—I'm kind of busy this morning?"—

Willie was turning away to hide the hurt look in his eyes. Nobody wanted to bother him. Max saw this and hastily added:

"But get your cap and come along. I'm going down to fix up the boat. You can help me."

The delighted child raced back to the house for his cap and then was off hand in hand with the commodore, happy as a lark.

They worked all the morning on the boat and then the commodore took Willie up the river for a sail.

"Are you going to the circus, Agamemnon?" inquired Max, by way of conversation.

With a recurrent touch of gloom Willie was forced to admit that he didn't think he was.

"Well, I'd like to take somebody of just about your size," went on his host, "and I think that somebody is you. What do you say, my hearty?"

"Fine! Fine!" shouted Willie.

"Well, heave ho, there, and we'll splice the main brace. Keep out of the lee scuppers while I hoist the mainsail. Ha! Ulysses, what do you think of that?" And Max, who loved to mix up nautical terms for Willie's entertainment, made the cleanest kind of a landing at his own pier.

"Did you ever shiver your timbers, commodore?" asked Willie.

"Lots of times, Wellington, and still live to tell the tale. Don't forget about the Fourth—side shows, fat lady, peanuts, elephants, pink lemonade—we'll see it all."

"Indeed I won't!" cried the child, wild with delight as he raced into the house to tell his aunt.

She was watching for him anxiously. "Oh, Willie boy, where have you

WILLIE LOOKED ANXIOUSLY FROM ONE TO THE OTHER.

been all the morning?" she exclaimed, kissing him.

He told her breathlessly, and she listened to his admiration of the commodore with rising color.

"Isn't he perfectly splendid, Aunt Marjorie? They say there are ten elephants and the lions growl something awful! But I won't be afraid with the commodore. Only I wish you were coming too. Wouldn't you like it? I'm sure he'd take you, too, if you asked him."

"No, honey, I—I don't think so. I don't expect to see the commodore again; we—we aren't friends any more."

"Oh, auntie!" exclaimed Willie, in genuine dismay. "And he's so good too."

Willie thought for a minute that his Aunt Marjorie was going to cry, and then he was surprised to hear her say in a manner singularly unlike her usual gentleness. "Maybe some people think he is good, but I know his true character, and I do not think you ought to go around alone with him." This speech was rendered with all the dignity that a woman of the world, aged nineteen, could muster.

"You went with him alone to lots of places," complained Willie. "You went last night."

"Yes, and that's just the reason I'm not going again. If a man takes a girl to a dance and forgets her he will certainly forget a little boy when he takes him to the circus, and then what would happen to you?"

Really this was awful. Willie had never seen his dear little aunt in such a state, but she was very sweet to him and took him out driving that afternoon, stopping in the village to buy him candy and lots of fireworks for the Fourth. He didn't know what to think about his beloved commodore, but saw him the next day and promptly repeated the whole conversation. It seemed to him the simplest way out of the difficulty.

"Did you forget, commodore?" he insisted.

"Great Scott, Willie, maybe I did; she says so; but she wasn't lonesome," he said grimly. "Girls are queer creatures, Wellington; you'll find that out some day. But don't say another word about the circus. I'll fix it some way. You're going to see it as sure as your name is Vincingetorix."

So Willie kept his counsel and was petted much by his auntie for the next two days. On the morning of the Fourth he was firing off his crackers from the open window in his little nightclothes at 4 o'clock, and Marjorie said never a word of complaint. She had made up her mind to take him to the circus herself and to get away early to avoid any possible conflict with her former great friend, the commodore—now a stranger forever.

Before lunch was over, however, the commodore's touring car stopped at the door and the commodore was standing on the porch, cap in hand, announcing that he had come.

"Yes, I see," returned Marjorie coolly, but deliberately avoiding his gaze. Max had such a way of looking at one. "But what for?"

"Why, to take my friend Julius Caesar to the circus."

Willie looked anxiously from one to the other in an ecstasy of hope and suspense.

"I told Willie"—

"Yes, I know," he interrupted, "but if you come, too, it will be all right."

"Oh, yes, auntie!" cried Willie, jumping with joyful anticipation.

Marjorie tried hard to look cold and dignified.

"Would you spoil that child's day?" asked the commodore, coming closer. "Marjorie, please!" His eyes urged her as well as his voice.

She looked at him. "All right, I'll go. But it's just on Willie's account."

"Any reason will do," responded Max as he helped her into the car. "But maybe you can find a better one before we get home. I'm going to ride back here with you and William." He lifted the delighted child, gave him a hug, and put him in the front seat with the chauffeur. "William the Conqueror is going to have the time of his life."

SCOTCH SUPERSTITIONS.

Curious Methods That Were Adopted In Sickness and Death.

A method much in vogue in Scotland at one time of ascertaining whether a sickness would prove fatal was to dig two holes in the ground, one called the quick grave, the other the dead hole. The sufferer was then placed between the two, and the hole toward which he turned indicated what would be the outcome of his malady. Sometimes a piece of rock was broken over the head of a person whose last agonies were painful alike to himself and to those who witnessed them. It was believed that the heart of the sick man would thus be broken and his release hastened. Windows and doors are always thrown wide open in order that the departing spirit may have free egress from the house and escape from the evil ones that hover around eager to inthrall his soul.

During the interval between death and burial hens and cats were kept carefully shut up. A person meeting these animals at such a juncture was doomed to blindness in the future. Moreover, unless a stream divided the two houses, farmers frequently refrained from yoking their oxen or horses before the body was "laid under the turf of truth." Many women preserved, with the greatest reverence, their bridal attire to cover them in the coffin. Bread and water were placed in the chamber of death, for during the night prior to the burial the spirit of the departed one came to partake of them. Stillborn children and little ones who had not been blessed by the minister were buried before sunrise. In this way their admission to the land of promise was assured. Not to observe the practice was to destine the souls of these bairns to wander homeless and disconsolate.

The fate of the suicide is lamentable. His body cannot rest in the kirkyard, for it would taint the souls of those who lie therein. Frequently he was buried in a lone dike which separated two lairds' estates, and passersby were expected to cast a pebble at the rude stone which marked the place.

Instinct in Birds.

In the stormy part of the year a steamer encountered rough weather, and, as often happens at such times, many sea gulls hovered near the ship and even came on board. One allowed itself to be caught, and it was found that it had a fish bone stuck in the eye in such a position as not absolutely to destroy the sight, but penetrating an inch into the flesh of the bird and projecting an inch and a half. It might have had a fight with a fish or got transfixed seeking its prey. The doctor of the ship took the bird, extracted the bone, applied a soothing remedy to the wound and let it go. It flew away, but returned the next day, allowing itself to be caught. The doctor examined the wound, which was progressing favorably, applied more of the remedy and let the bird go a second time. It flew several times around the ship and then departed and returned no more.—London Sketch.

Causes of Headache.

People get headache because they do not take sufficient active exercise to keep the blood circulating actively, become excited and often about things that do not concern them at all, neglect daily action of bowels, bathe in cold water without wetting the head, sleep on a low pillow, take too much alcohol, allow the feet to get cold, take iron and quinine when these drugs do not agree with the system.—Pittsburg Press.

The Return.

"I believe," said the cheery philosopher, "that for every single thing you give away two come back to you."

"That's my experience," said Phamley. "Last June I gave away my daughter, and she and her husband came back to us in August."

It often takes a lot of common sense to get a man out of trouble a little nonsense got him into.—Beaver (Okla.) Herald.

REAL RHEUMATISM.

The Causes and Symptoms of Uric Acid In the Blood.

Rheumatism, so called, is probably as common as any ailment one ever hears of, and yet if one were to analyze carefully the average case of rheumatism the result would doubtless show that the disease was something very different indeed from the real thing. Almost everybody when suffering from a slight stiffness of a joint or a muscular soreness promptly makes a diagnosis of rheumatism when in reality the case is nothing more than what in technical language is known as lithaemia, sometimes called American gout.

The real disease of rheumatism is the result of an accumulation in the blood of imperfectly converted food, principally uric acid. This accumulation is due to intemperance in eating and drinking and insufficient active exercise.

Heredity in some cases seems to play an important part. In the great majority the symptoms follow a regular order, beginning with a feeling of fullness and discomfort after meals, indigestion, nausea and an unpleasant taste in the mouth, followed by throbbing headache, nervous irritability and vertigo, muscular pains which may be confined to one or more muscles or skip about them one to another. Lastly, and in most cases the most troublesome of all symptoms, is depression of spirits, the patient imagining that he has all sorts of ailments. Persons suffering from mental disorder as a result of this disease have been known to commit suicide. Fortunately these cases are not common, but it should be remembered that they are among the possibilities.—A Doctor in New York World.

WHY SILHOUETTE.

A Curious Bit of History Wrapped Up In the Word.

The making of silhouettes can hardly be classed among the lost arts, since there is so little art about them. The best of them represent the human profile in a crude way, and they were regarded as rather a cheap kind of pictures even in the days when they were most popular. Indeed, the very word silhouette means something poor and cheap, and it had its origin in a spirit of ridicule. It is taken from Etienne de Silhouette, who was a French cabinet minister in the year 1759, when the treasury of France was very low because of costly wars with Britain and Prussia and by the extravagances of the government. When Etienne de Silhouette became minister of finance he set about making great reforms in the public expenditures. He was by nature a very "close" man, and he went to such extremes in keeping down the public expenses that he brought great ridicule upon himself, and finally anything that was cheap and poor was referred to as a la Silhouette.

A very crude picture was popular at that time. It was made by tracing the shadow or profile of a face projected by the light of a candle on a sheet of white paper and the outline defined with a pencil. This was such a very poor and cheap sort of picture that it was at once called a silhouette in further derision of the very saving French minister, and the name has "stuck." It is an instance of the curious derivation of some words in common use, and this unkind slur on a man who was really trying to introduce needed reforms in the spending of the public money has long been accepted as a good and proper word. Indeed, there is no other word used for pictures of this kind, although there were such pictures long before M. Etienne de Silhouette had his name attached to them in so embarrassing a way.—Morris Wade in Century.

A RARE BIRD.

Why an American Showman Could Not Get It For His Museum.

When the eminent French writer Ferdinand Brunetiere visited the United States some years ago, lecturing at Harvard and other leading universities, he had an amusing experience, which he described in the recollections of his American tour which he afterward published. The great litterateur devoted much attention to the life and works of Bossuet, who was often styled the "Eagle of Meaux," on account perhaps of his lofty flights of eloquence. This fact, with others pertaining to his literary career, was mentioned by some daily papers during his stay in this country. It caught the eyes of a shrewd American showman, who, however, got somewhat mixed over the meaning of the allusion. He wrote the following letter to the French author:

Sir—I have just heard that a certain Meaux eagle, very celebrated, it appears, in your country, has become your exclusive property. Now, I am the manager of a museum in one of the largest cities in the States. This Meaux eagle, whose reputation has been enhanced by your eloquence, would certainly not fail to excite the curiosity of my public. If you will let me have the rare bird and tell me how to feed it, you can quote your own figure.

Brunetiere politely explained that the "rare bird" had been dead for nearly 200 years

CORDON BLEU.

Origin of the French Title as Applied to a Fine Cook.

The Order of the St. Esprit was created in 1587, was suppressed by the revolution and was revived by Louis XVIII. in 1814. To speak rightly, Louis XVIII. considered that the order had never ceased to exist, for he had given two collars during his exile, in 1810, the one to Francis I., king of the two Sicilies, and the other to his brother, the Prince of Salerno, the father of his brother's wife, the Duchess d'Aumale.

The ribbon of this order was a light blue color. It was worn around the neck in the reigns of Henry III. and Henry IV., but was changed by Louis XIV., when it was worn across the chest. The Chevaliers of the St. Esprit were always known under the name of Les Cordon Bleu, and this was the supreme honor during the monarchy of France. It was from this that the title of "cordon bleu" was given to a first class cook. A gentleman one day declared after a good meal that he who had cooked the dinner had proved himself a "cordon bleu" among cooks—in other words, the master of his art. The title became quite the rage and is now always used to designate a good cook without the persons who use it knowing what it means or still less the origin of the title.

Fifth Monarchy Men.

The fifth monarchy men formed a religious sect that sprang up in the days of Charles I. of England. They were so called from the fact that they asserted that in the last days the four ancient monarchies, the Assyrian, the Persian, the Babylonian and the Roman, would be restored, and to them would be added a Christian monarchy, or fifth monarchy, of which Christ would be the king.

THE ENGLISH SYSTEM.

Not a Hundred Persons Affected by a Change of Administration.

"All told, the government of England consists of only forty-six persons, and the transfer of political control from one party to another directly affects only these forty-six persons and a few great functionaries of state whose duties are purely ornamental," says A. Maurice Low in Appleton's. "In all not 100 persons are concerned by a change of administration. Postmasters, government employees of every class, from messengers to ambassadors and colonial administrators, are not disturbed by the transfer of power. Clearly no political party in England can count upon patronage as a political asset.

"The principle on which the parliamentary system of England is founded is the rule of the majority, and the majority elects to surrender its power to one man—the premier. The power of the majority is so strictly recognized that the rules of the house of commons deprive the minority of all power to initiate or shape legislation. When a majority of the electorate of the kingdom has sanctioned a policy represented by a political party that party is given free hand to put its policy into operation. In all legislatures the power of the majority is the control which it exercises to tax the people and spend their money. See, then, how absolute is the power of the prime minister in his command of the treasury."

LETTERS BY MESSENGER.

A Postal Law of Which You May Not Have Knowledge.

The statement made in an uptown club one evening lately that the law prohibits carrying an unstamped letter past a postoffice and delivering it caused much argument. Inquiry was made at the postoffice, where an official said that the question had been asked frequently. "You may send a letter by messenger anywhere, past as many postoffices as you please," said the official, "but you have no right to send your mail that way regularly or at stated periods. This is prohibited by the postal laws and regulations. Sections 1136 and 1137 were enacted to prevent the establishment of private mail routes, because the postoffice department is recognized as having the absolute monopoly of the transportation of letters and 'packets' or bundles of letters by regular trips and at stated periods on all post routes. As to open letters and circulars, they may be delivered by rival concerns, but the people who make the delivery of circulars a business have no right to deliver unstamped closed letters. The law shuts out the milkmen and the tradesmen, who travel regularly along established post roads, who would otherwise become rivals to the United States postoffice for the purpose of accommodating their customers."—New York Tribune.

SILK OF THE SPIDER.

The Delicate Machinery That Spins the Liquid Threads.

The spider is able to secrete at least three colors of silk stuff—the white, which forms the web, and the enswathement of captives and the egg cocoon; the brown mass that fills the cocoon interior and the flossy yellow between that and the inside of the sac. The glands end in minute ducts which empty into spinning spools regularly arranged along the sides and upon the tips of the six spinnerets, or "spinning mammals," or "spinning fingers," which are placed just beneath the apex of the abdomen. The spinnerets are movable and can be flung wide apart or pushed closely together, and the spinning spools can be managed in the same way.

The silk glands are infolded in muscular tissue, pressure upon which, at the will of the spider, forces the liquid silk through the duct into the spool, whence it issues as a minute filament, since it hardens upon contact with the air. One thread as seen in a web may be made up of a number of the filaments and is formed by putting the tips of the spools together as the liquid jets are forced out of the ducts. When the spinnerets are joined and a number of the spools are emptied at once their contents merge, and the sheets or ribbons are formed which one sees in the enswathement of a captive or the making of Argiope's central shield. This delicate machinery the owner operates with utmost skill, bringing into play now one part and now another and again the whole with unfailing deftness and a mastery complete.—Dr. H. C. McCook in Harper's.

THE WORD "FELLOW."

Its Honorable Beginning and Its Latter Day Decline.

The degeneracy of a good word was illustrated in a case at Branksome (Dorset), in which a witness spoke of the defendant as "this fellow" and was ordered by the bench to substitute "this man." "Fellow" began very honorably by meaning a person who put down money with others in a joint undertaking, its component parts being akin respectively to "fee" (property) and to "lay" and "law." To this day it is dignified to be a fellow of a college, and nobody minds being called a "fellow citizen," a "fellow Christian" or a "good fellow."

But ordinarily "fellow" alone ranks now as in the painful scene in which Mr. Tupman said, "Sir, you're a fellow," and Mr. Pickwick retorted, "Sir, you're another." In the fourteenth century it was customary to call a servant "fellow" in kindly condescension. Perhaps that explains the word's decline, though it may be due to the use of "fellow" in the sense of boon companion. "Companion" and "mate" also were contemptuous at one time.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

There's a lot of foolishness to keep out of.

Genius is not rare, but plain common sense is.

Great things can't be very difficult or an ordinary man couldn't accomplish them.

Every one naturally dislikes those people who are so good they suggest the top line in a copy book.

Be content with your air castle. The chimney in an air castle never smokes, and the windows do not rattle in every wind.

Doing business without advertising is like winking at a girl in the dark—you know what you are doing, but nobody else does.

Perhaps you have noticed that children are more willing to work for the neighbors than at home; also that some of them never outgrow the habit.—Atchison Globe.

There are some truths that are perceived less by the intellect than by the heart, and the man who is devoid of this heart perception is lacking in much.—Terrell (Tex.) Transcript.

BIG CARNATIONS.

They Were Cultivated In England In Shakespeare's Time.

A florist says that we pride ourselves nowadays on the size of our carnations, but the florists of 300 years ago grew carnations three to four inches across, as large as any that we see, and thought nothing of it.

"All through Spain, southern France and Italy the carnation is the favorite flower and has been for hundreds of years, but along the Mediterranean there are few glass houses, for in protected situations and on southern slopes of hills even delicate flowers grow outdoors all winter long and bloom as freely at Christmas as in July.

"The big carnations, however, were not grown in Spain or Italy, but in England outdoors during the summer time and before glass houses were known. They may have grown just as large carnation flowers in Spain as in England at that time, but in England there was record made of the fact and also of the size, while in Spain there was not. Shakespeare mentions carnations and gillyflowers, or July flowers, together as blooming at the same season, which shows that the carnation was then a summer flower, whereas in our greenhouses it is now a winter bloomer. How the florists of those days treated the plants to obtain blooms of such size nobody knows, for old time florists grew flowers instead of writing books about them. So all we know is that they had very large carnations in Queen Elizabeth's time without knowing how they were grown."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

HIDDEN TREASURE.

New Zealanders Dig For Kauri Gum In the Ground.

Many New Zealanders find it profitable to dig for hidden treasure. That for which they dig, however, is not gold or Captain Kidd's ill gotten wealth, though it has a dull yellow color. It is kauri gum, a resinous substance which is the product of the kauri pine tree. The gum can be secured from the trunks of trees while they are alive, for it protrudes in lumps, but it is especially profitable to dig for it in the soil about the stumps remaining after the trees have been cut down. Sometimes chunks weighing as much as 100 pounds are taken up from the ground.

Digging for kauri gum is profitable, for the gum is used in the manufacture of varnish, and apparently it is one of those products of nature whose place cannot be filled by anything else which has yet been discovered. It has been found that it can be used in certain enamel paints, and this has had the effect of bringing the demand up to a point above the supply.

The kauri pine is a magnificent tree. It rises as straight as a needle to a height of from 150 to 200 feet and attains at times a diameter of fifteen feet. It is noted for its dark, dense foliage and is much used for masts for vessels constructed for the British navy.

The Dull Clerk.

It is the duty of the clerk to be zealous. The low spirited has no place in a bank. Neither has the frivolous. The man who works for a bank is respected in his community because it is known that the character of his work is important and particular. He must not only be direct and speedy in what he does, he must not only be faithful and constant in all that he does, but he must go a step further and do what he does with a will, and a good will at that. Zeal requires interest and enthusiasm. One of the troubles with the bank clerk is that his senses and his buoyancy are apt to be dulled by the endless repetition of details. There is no way to shirk it. No bank clerk can go home at night with his work unfinished.—C. W. Stevenson in Bankers' Monthly.

Bismarck's Love of Authority.

At 9 p. m. we took tea with the king. I was seated opposite him when a footman came and whispered in my ear that Bismarck desired to see me. Great embarrassment! Puckler having told me I might leave the table, I did so. The king inquired what was the matter and permitted me to go. Bismarck had nothing of particular importance to tell me, and I suspect that he only wanted to show that he had the right to send for his employees even when they were with the king.—Hatzfeldt Letter.

Strictly Business.

"The graspin'est man I ever knowed," said Uncle Jerry Peebles, "was an old chap named Snoopins. Somebody told him once that when he breathed he took in oxygen and gave out carbon. He spent a whole day tryin' to find out which of them two gases cost the most if you have to buy 'em. He wanted to know whether he was makin' or losin' money when he breathed."—Chicago Tribune.

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HAPPINESS.

The Difference Between the Sexes In This Important State.

One source of women's happiness is to be found, we think, in their love of detail. They enjoy every detail of social life. They love the minutiae of their work. They do not love it as a man loves his, for the sake of an end. They look close at what they are doing, and they do not look forward. They take pleasure in their children as they are. A defect, even though it be a serious one, destroys their pleasure in them far less than it destroys that of a man. They are not constantly oppressed by the thought of what that defect will mean in the future. If a woman is by nature apprehensive her fears apply for the most part to little things. If a man is apprehensive he fears when the fit is upon him the debacle of heaven and earth. For women time goes a little slower. They take pleasure in each jewel of that mosaic which makes up happiness and are not fretted because the pattern is not complete. Of this quality they have, no doubt, the inevitable defects—much brilliance, little grasp and a tendency to frivolity. They are apt to fritter away their lives and minds on little things. They become engrossed with the details of play as well as the details of work. Men no doubt have more opportunities of keen pleasure than women have, but these opportunities are short lived. The happiness of the moment they are less fitted to take. The difference between the sexes in this particular night, we believe, be thus summed up: A man is happy whenever he has anything to make him happy, but a woman is happy whenever she has nothing to make her unhappy.—London Spectator.

SHELLS THAT SWIM.

These Peculiar Fish Are Mostly Confined to Tropical Seas.

The idea of shells being found anywhere else except upon the seabeach or in river beds is a little startling. Yet the naturalist who pursues his work from a ship in midocean can and does collect shells by the thousand at every dip of his net or bucket.

Swimming shellfish are mostly confined to tropical seas. The most familiar is the nautilus, which is, however, not a shellfish at all, but a near relation of the cuttlefish; also it is only seen on the surface at a certain time of the year. The real ocean shellfish are mostly very small. In the Indian ocean they may be seen by millions. One which bears the appalling name of Cavolinia trispinosa has the odd peculiarity of coming to the surface at 6 sharp every evening. An other, the Cleodora tridentata, rises at 7.

Frail as these tiny shellfish are, no storm ever injures them. They all possess the peculiar power of being able at will to sink a few feet below the surface of the sea, and there they remain when gales blow, perfectly safe, and rise again when the weather improves.

The largest of these ocean swimmers is about three inches in length. Almost all are most brilliant in color and their shells far frailer and more glossy than those found upon the seabeach.

Self Control.

A Boston woman was standing on a street crossing waiting for a car when a box of powdered charcoal fell from a passing wagon and broke open. The beautiful light dress she was wearing was ruined by the dust. The driver, who stopped to recover the package, saw the damage and said, "I am very sorry, ma'am." The woman bowed and replied, "It was not your fault, sir." He that taketh a city is indeed a small person beside the possessor of such self control as that.—Youth's Companion.

Not His Tongue.

"I ain't got no doubt," said Hiller, "but what I kin git that there job as consul in that place in England. It'd be a cinch too."

"Oh, yes," replied Peppery, "if you can learn to speak the language."—Philadelphia Press.

THE SHARK HUNTERS.

Horrible but Alleged Painless Way the Fish Are Killed.

The strictly commercial business of shark hunting is done in small sloops whose headquarters are in the more northerly Norwegian ports. The crews are for the most part made up of pure blooded descendants of the vikings, who are still to be found in any number among the codfishers of Hammerfest of Tromso. And a magnificent race of men they are! Accustomed from boyhood to a life of hardship, they have a way of treating Father Neptune with a slightly contemptuous toleration, like an old friend, of somewhat uncertain temper, whose rapid changes from smiling benevolence to wild, blustering anger are on the whole rather amusing than otherwise.

They care nothing for danger and little for suffering—in themselves or in others. Why, then, should they stop to think that perhaps a maimed but still living shark can feel?

The fishing is done off the coast of Iceland in about eighty fathoms of water. Three or four gallows-like structures are rigged up around the sides of the sloop and from each of these hangs a pulley block, over which runs a strong rope, and to the end of this the baited hook is fastened. A plentiful supply of ground bait is thrown out to attract the quarry, and such is the eagerness with which the sharks take the bait that sometimes each one of these gallows-like fishing rods will have its fish hooked and fighting for life all at the same time.

There is no "playing" the fish. It is not necessary or possible, and the powerful tackle is hardly likely to break, no matter how fiercely the hooked shark may struggle. But the shark is not for his size a game fish, and except when he is actually being hoisted out of the water there is no very serious strain on the tackle. If he does now and then get away it is not because he ever manages to break the line, but because a lightly fixed hook easily tears through the soft cartilaginous skeleton of his head and so sets him free.

As soon as a shark has taken one of the baits the hauling tackle attached to his particular gallows is manned, and without any superfluous fuss or ceremony he is hauled up to the sloop and hoisted just clear of the water.

He is not brought on board at all, but with a few bold slashes his liver is cut out as he hangs and is thrown into a tub to be further dealt with later. Then his eyes are put out, and he is cut adrift to go and complete the tardy process of dying where and how he pleases.

All this sounds very horrible, but there is one curious fact which goes far to make us believe that this death cannot, after all, be such a cruel one as at first appears. It is this, the fishermen say—that unless they put out the shark's eyes he will afterward cause them a lot of trouble by coming and taking the bait a second time.

It sounds incredible, but the statement is thoroughly well authenticated by eyewitnesses who have seen a liverless shark do just this very thing. Scientists doubtless are right in saying that the shark (which by anatomical classification is one of the lowest of the fishes) does not feel pain in the way more highly organized animals feel it. We will cling to that belief, for it is consoling—to us, if not to the shark, who is thus sacrificed that his liver may supply us with—what?

It is a secret not to be spoken aloud. Norway is one of the great centers of the cod trade, and from cod is made cod liver oil, and shark's liver oil tastes and looks exactly like it.—Pearson's Magazine.

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

While it is as a poet that Shelley will always be remembered, the fact must not be overlooked that he had a passion for reforming the world, before all things. He wrote many valuable essays and pamphlets on questions of the day some time before he astonished the world with his brilliancy as a poet. Of his lyric work it has been said that it "presents a sum total of lyric creativeness, profound thought and transcendent music such as cannot be found elsewhere in English literature."—Pearson's Weekly.

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