WAITING.

As those who, on some lonely mountain height,
Watching through all the weary hours of night,
Await the pale rose of the morning light,
I wait for thee.

As one who, waking on a bed of pain,
And helpless in his agony, is fain
To wait the sweet return of sleep again,
I wait for thee.

As he who, in some vast cathedral, dim
With shadows, silent waits, on bended limb
The music of the eucharistic hymn,
I wait for thee.

As dear men crave for song, and blind for sight,
As weary sons of toil long for the night,
And as the fettered spirit longs for flight,
I long for—thee.

—London Spectator.

IN LOVE WITH A TIGER.

BY HARRY W. FRENCH.

FELL in love with a tiger and the tiger fell in love with me. It was not in a menagerie or zoological garden, by any means, nor with a spotted beauty behind iron bars. It was not with a baby tiger or a make-believe tiger, or a tiger on the ground while I was well up in a tree. It was with an out-and-out tiger, a fine, large tiger, and as handsome a tiger as ever wore stripes that could not be changed. In short, it was a royal Bengal tiger, right in her jungle hair.

It was not very odd, either in life or large or life in India, when ordered to report at a distant point and informed that a detachment of troops, bound for the same destination, would cross the broad belt of jungle above the road upon a certain day, passing within ten miles of the place where I was then stationed.

It was a rare opportunity to see some of the wildest country in India, and, sending my servants and luggage by a longer and more traveled road, I mounted my horse at daylight upon the appointed day and rode out into the jungle alone to join the detachment.

All day I wandered about between the points where I had been told that the soldiers would pass, and not till almost until night did the conviction force itself upon me that they must have been delayed and that I was destined to stay where I was over night.

It was the last contingency for which I had made any preparation. I had never exploited in an Indian jungle, but recalling boyhood tales of beds upon the branches of trees "to escape the fury of the fierce denizens of the forest," I selected an appropriate place, unsaddled my horse and tethered him, climbed a tree and attempted to make myself comfortable, but with sorry results.

It is astonishing how quickly discomfort will dispel the apprehension of danger. Before it had been dark an hour I began to consider the chances of meeting no matter what as more agreeable than the bed I had selected.

A heavy dew was forming. I was cold and wet besides being decidedly tired and sleepy, and recalled with many longings a cave which I had noticed not far away. With my saddle for a pillow and my blanket for a mat upon the smooth, dry floor, which was visible just inside the mouth, I should be almost as well off as in a native bungalow.

For an hour more I clung to the uncomfortable branch and thought of the tempting cave. Then I grew desperate. There were no such yelps and howls as I had read of, "making night hideous." That Indian jungle was almost as silent as a forest at home. I came to the conclusion that the stories I had read were all nonsense, and dropping from the branch, I picked up my saddle, made my way to the cave, arranged the pillow and mat, threw myself down, and in no time was sound asleep.

For two or three times in the night I woke enough to change my position and fall asleep again, but when the mouth of the cave showed a faint gray light, suggesting the approach of morning, I woke suddenly, all over, from some sort of a dream, and I found myself in a most uncomfortable state of apprehension. In vain I tried to convince myself that it was all the effect of the dream. I pinched myself and turned and twisted the saddle, but all to no purpose. Something or other had given me such a thorough fright that further sleep was impossible. Worse yet, it was still frightening me. I could not imagine that it was anything at all, yet I felt my courage steadily ebbing and cold shivers creeping up and down my back, in spite of every energy of will I could exert.

I could easily have seen if there had been anything between me and the entrance, and as for whatever there might be beyond me, it was certainly as still as death down there.

Hark! Was it as still as death? What was that? I remembered to have heard it for some time—ever since I awoke—and wondered why I had not thought of it. It was a deep, soft rumble, for all the world like the purring of a gigantic cat. A startling regularity about it first attracted my attention, and with a decided chill came the conviction that something capable of making that noise was down in the darkness beyond me.

By that time my imagination was thoroughly aroused and my nerves so completely under its control that I was in excellent state to collapse, and indeed I did collapse, a moment later, when my eyes sought that blackness and suddenly rested upon two great yellow balls of glowing light down in the pitchy depths of the cave.

Heaviness went a minute ran down my back. Whatever it was behind those eyes, it had me at rare advantage, for it could doubtless see my slightest motion against the light at the entrance, while all that I could see were those two balls of yellow fire.

It was some time before my senses reached a reasonable state where I could trust them; then to refresh the horror, I became convinced that the eyes and the source of that muffled thunder were not ten feet away from me.

I had a fine rifle loaded and ready, leaning against the tree where I had tethered my horse. There was a good sized revolver in my belt; but, aside from the difficulty of obtaining an accurate aim, I was doubtful if a ball from a revolver would penetrate the hide and skull of some natives of the Indian jungle. If this should chance to be one of them it would be bad policy to make the attempt.

I recalled those interesting stories of brave men who had conquered ferocious animals by the power of a steady and fearless eye. But, alas! the boot was on the other foot. Beyond a doubt those glowing yellow balls were fixed on me, and I was certainly reduced to a state of very passive subjection.

I did not dare to look away for an instant after I once discovered the whereabouts of my neighbor, but lay there, with my face turned away from the entrance, estimating the chances of a leap out of the cave and a dash for my horse, my rifle, or a tree. Reluctantly I came to the conclusion that if the creature meant business, and did not wish to part with me, the chances in my favor would be about as many as a mouse would have on a smooth floor with a cat behind and no hole in front. If not, I was doubtless as well off there as anywhere, so I decided to lie still and see what would come of it.

Slowly it grew lighter, and little by little a vague, huge outline appeared, gradually assuming shape and color till it developed into nothing less than a royal Bengal tiger, lying stretched upon the floor of the cave, with two great paws not six feet from my head, a whiskered chin resting contentedly upon them, and two bright eyes, sunk deep in soft, thick fur, fixed steadily on mine.

As an ounce of prevention I drew my revolver very cautiously, under the blanket, and cocked it, that it might be ready for an emergency. The click of the trigger startled her. I saw a sudden flash in the yellow eyes that were growing darker in the light, and with a subtle and silent insinuation, long, gleaming claws, as bright as polished horn, protruded from the massive paws under her chin.

"Aha! you treacherous beauty," I said to myself, then suddenly paused to think of the revolver under the blanket, and wonder if, after all, she were not quite as honorable about it as I.

It was a long time before she moved at all. Then very deliberately, and with the most evident satisfaction, she began to lick her bewhiskered lips and those two great paws. With a shudder of horror I noticed that they were covered with blood; but second thought brought a certain amount of relief. That blood indicated that she had recently eaten a hearty meal, and accounted for any lack of appetite, so far as I was concerned—a state of things which I earnestly prayed might continue for some time to come.

Slowly and sedately she accomplished a limited toilet, then, with a long, deep sigh she pushed her fore paws out at least a foot nearer to me, lifted her haunches from the ground, and indulged in one grand stretch, gouging her claws deep into the hard bed of the cave, precisely as I had seen cats do the same thing over and over again. She closed the operation by sitting erect, and I felt justified in doing the same.

A comical look of surprise crept over her face as she watched me. She hung her head on one side, partially closing one eye, then hung it on the other side in a scrutiny that under some circumstances would have been ludicrously amusing.

Her curiosity was evidently aroused. Cautiously she came a little nearer, making my blood run cold. She sniffed the blanket, poking it gently with her paw. Another step and the handsome head was within reach of my hand. Evidently she was not hungry, but from pure curiosity bent upon investigation, and if I could only have induced myself to let the morrow take thought for the things of itself I could have enjoyed the most remarkable opportunity ever offered to mortal man. But the nose was snifling the saddle. The jaws were within six inches of my ribs. My heart was banging away furiously. What would she do next?

I dared not fire, for if I did and failed to kill her I should certainly be much worse off than at present. It was an excellent opportunity, however, to test the thickness of that fur upon her head, and without moving my hand more than three inches I touched it.

For an instant every muscle tightened and she stood stock still, evidently in doubt. I, too, was very seriously in doubt, but the next moment she seemed to realize that the sensation was agreeable, and she began to purr in a gigantic way that sounded like the first thunder of an August afternoon.

Seeing that she enjoyed it I rubbed a little harder, and when I ceased she rolled her head under my hand, just after the fashion of a large cat—a most amiable companion of my boyhood. I began to scratch in right good earnest, and in less than ten minutes had almost forgotten my fear, while the revolver lay upon the ground and I with both hands was giving that huge head a vigorous dry shampoo. The fur was beautiful, thick and soft, and as clean as though she had come from a Turkish bath.

Her eyes were soft and brown now—a real velvet brown. The heavy lids began to droop over them, and she looked up at me in the most gentle, loving way imaginable.

Slowly she sank upon the ground beside me, and lower and lower the shaggy head fell till it actually rested upon my knee. For an instant a cold chill crept over me as I realized the situation, and my hands involuntarily drew back. The great eyes opened. The purring ceased, and, giving me a gentle poke with her nose, she warned me to begin again.

At last she was sound asleep, and by the slowest degrees I ceased the manipulation, and leaning back upon the saddle watching that sleeping beauty with her head resting upon my knee.

Oh, she was magnificent! She was simply superb! I forgot that she was a tiger. I saw only a royal Bengal beauty, and with a strange thrill of triumph realized that she had fallen in love with me. She began to dream of the forest. There was danger at hand. A shiver shook her handsome coat. Her tail swayed from side to side. A deep, low growl sounded in her throat, and from the paws that almost touched me those gleaming claws protruded. Aye! she was a tiger after all. If she was hungry when she awoke I should be her lunch. I took my revolver in my right hand and put my left upon her head to quiet her till I could fire. Drowsily she opened her eyes, looked into mine, and with a sigh of relief fell asleep again.

It was too much. I laid the pistol down and in horror confessed to myself that I could not do it; for I, too, had fallen in love with the tiger.

Again she dreamed. She moved uneasily, opened her eyes, pricked up her ears, and showed her teeth in a way that made me wish that I had fired the pistol when I could.

Suddenly she rose, sank back on her haunches, turned half about, and with one sharp yell and bound disappeared in the shadows far down the cave. A moment later I saw the two balls of yellow fire flashing there, and while I waited, wondering what was coming next, I caught the tramp of the British troops who were to pass that way, and bidding farewell to the beautiful tiger, I left her my saddle, my blanket, and my love.—Frank Leslie's Weekly.

Socrates was the Bearded Master because of his long, ragged beard.

In China when a pupil is reciting his lesson he turns his back to his teacher.

A Boy's Composition.

Here is a genuine unassisted composition of a London Board school-boy of 14 years of age, which is vouched for by the head-master of the school in question, written without previous preparation in an ordinary school lesson. It is headed "Fowls."

"Fowls are authorized pests belonging to your neighbor, which destroy every plant in your garden. But the chief delight of fowls is to find a tidy garden in which there is a muck heap. If only one fowl sees it, it will go and find half a dozen more to help. Then they will begin. In a short time the fowls, garden and muck heap are all mixed up, at least the garden seems all muck heap. Expostulation with their owner, generally one of the British workman type, is of no avail. All he says is, 'Why, lor! did they, really, guv'nor? I wonder 'ow they got out?' People say that fowls don't pay in London, as a rule; but our British workman friend says they do. Yet, all he gives them is a handful of corn a day, the neighbors' gardens do the rest, and he grows fat on the eggs he receives. This is the only way fowls pay. People ought to be allowed to make chicken broth of any fowl they can catch, which belongs to him, for they themselves really keep the fowls."

Most Desirable Ancestors.

Many interesting genealogical facts have been brought to light through the hunting up of old family records involved in proving eligibility to the recently organized societies of the Colonial Dames and Daughters of the Revolution. An amusing story is told of Mrs. A., who has suddenly and unexpectedly discovered a most desirable ancestor, and who is so proud of her new acquisition that she has had his portrait painted, his biography written and printed, and has made his name a household word in her family. On searching her pedigree she found, to her great surprise, that her mother's people, quiet country folk, whom she had always considered as humble connections of the family, had really the best American ancestry, and that it was the farmer's daughter, a direct descendant of one of the old colonial governors, who had made a mesalliance when she accepted what the world considered a great match, and married Mrs. A.'s millionaire father.

At the recent meeting of the National Colonial Dames, very curious relationships were discovered, and it was interesting to see old ladies from the North and South, who had never met, and had hitherto been unaware of the other's existence, claim kinship through some common ancestor, equally reverenced in both families.

Acidity After Eating.

To correct acidity after eating, let a bit of magnesia the size of a large pea dissolve in the mouth and swallow it. The acidity has everything to do with spoiling complexion and temper. The face is the index to the condition of the internal economy. Lime water may be beneficial for poor digestion, or licorice drops, or a third of a teaspoonful of baking soda in a half a glass of hot water, flavored with tincture of cinnamon, which is a good stomachic in itself. These should be tried to see which suits. It is often best to alternate these simple remedies for the same case.—St. Louis Star-Sayings.

Will It Keep Time?

The clock which was actually made by the royal hands of Louis XVI. came into the possession of a member of the Rothschild family two or three years ago. It is probably the most valuable clock in existence, its present owner giving no less than $33,000 for the remarkable timepiece.

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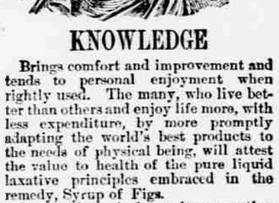

KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and $1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

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FREE! THIS KNIFE! Fine Steel. Keen as a razor. Good, strong handle. Mailed free in exchange for 25 Large Lion Heads cut from Lion Coffee Wrappers, and a 2 cent stamp to pay postage. Write for list of our other fine Premiums. WOOLSON SPICE CO., 440 Huron St., TOLEDO, O.

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Farm Notes.

JUDGING HORSES.

Farmers should learn how to judge horses. Any one who attempts to breed will do better if he reads and discusses points as they arise with other intelligent breeders. The result will be happier selection of the brood mares and stallions.—New York World.

SEED OF CAULIFLOWER.

It is not advisable to attempt to grow cauliflower seed in any part of this continent, unless it may be on the Western coast, where the climate is more favorable to this business. The best cabbage seed grown in any part of America is produced in the Washington and Puget Sound region, and nowhere else has any success been met with, and this seed is more easily grown of first quality than that of the cauliflower. All the seed sold by seedsmen is imported from Holland and parts of Northern Germany. The chief source of it is in a locality called Erfurt, where the culture is largely and profitably carried on. The seed either of cabbage or cauliflower grown on this side of the Atlantic will rarely produce plants that make heads.—New York Times.

APPLE-TWIG BLIGHT.

There are two distinct forms of what are called twig-blight in apple trees. One is caused by minute insects boring in the twigs, cutting and eating out the soft pith, which causes the young growth to suddenly wither and die, the leaves usually remaining attached to the twigs, appearing as though scorched by heat; hence the name of "fire blight" in some localities. In the other form of blight the cause is unknown, but it is supposed to be the result of some disease of the sap, resulting in a sudden check in the circulation. The diseased twigs should be cut away and then gathered up and burned for the purpose of destroying any insects in them, as well as germs of disease. This may not prevent the appearance of blight the following season, but it is thought to lessen its destructiveness.—New York Sun.

CURING CLOVER HAY.

Clover hay is by all odds the best fodder for ewes, and the curing of it in good condition is so often a failure and yet so necessary that we give a few hints founded on experience. For sheep, especially ewes, it is important to cut it green before it gets woody and dry and the leaves begin to fall off. As soon as the first blossom in the field can be seen to have turned brown, or even begun to turn, it is time to get out the mower.

Still, it is always best to consult the thermometer, and it is well to delay a few days, if necessary, until the indications are for a few days of settled weather. If there is a fair promise of a spell of good weather, and help is abundant, five or six acres may be cut down at once. Let this be done in the afternoon, so that the job will be done before the dew falls. Dew on top of a swarth is much more easily dried out than when it is sprinkled all through it.

In the morning, as soon as the dew is dried off, shake out the bunches at the corners of the land and where the machine has dragged the swath together. A half day's steady sunshine will wilt it sufficiently. Take a handful of it and twist it; if sap can be wrung out of it let it wilt a little longer. Then rake into windrows, driving around the land the same way the mower went. If no rain threatens it may lie in windrows the first night; otherwise, make it in cocks as high as a man's head and as slender as can be made to stand.

All the subsequent curing should be done in these cocks, either by turning them neatly bottomside up or by dividing them into two or three slices. The great point in clover hay is to cure it without letting the sun shine on it. The English farmers understand better than we do the superior excellence of shade-cured hay.—Colman's Rural World.

HOW TO CULTIVATE WATER-CRESS.

Water-cress is a hardy perennial and is easily grown, even where it does not grow naturally by planting along the margins of ponds or streams, where it quickly increases both by spreading of the roots and by seeding. It can best be cultivated where the streams run through a level tract.

An old market gardener gives the following directions for making the beds: Supposing the stream is on the average a foot deep and from six to eight feet wide, running through a meadow. A good plan for cultivation is to make excavations laterally, say in beds five feet wide (with alleys between, five feet), to a depth of about eight inches, or deep enough to be flooded by the stream when it is of average height, or, when shallow, by damming it up so as to flood the beds. The advantage of having the beds at right angles to the stream rather than parallel with it is that in the event of freshets the crop is less liable to be washed away. The length and number of beds must of course be determined by circumstances.

Water-cress seeds germinate freely in earth when kept saturated; hence the beds, when properly leveled and pulverized, should be slightly flooded (enough to saturate the soil only when the seeds germinate); for of course, if the beds were filled up with water the seeds would be washed off. After the seedlings have started so as to show green the water may gradually be let on as they develop.

Where water-cress is found growing naturally the beds can be made by setting the plants six to twelve inches apart each way. When the cultivation is once begun there is no difficulty in forming new beds, as the plants grow very rapidly where proper conditions are supplied.

If the plants are set out or seeds sown by the middle of August the beds will be covered by November. The streams being full in autumn the beds will be fully flooded, so as to produce the plants during the winter.

Nature is a true teacher; the nearer we can come to her teaching by example the nearer we will have perfect plants. In the wild state water-cress is always found growing best in clear, shallow, slowly running water with a sandy or gravelly bottom.—Farm, Field and Fireside.

A cotton shower, looking exactly like a snow storm, is a common sight in the cotton-wood groves in Colorado.

A Hungarian inventor claims to be able to make from wood pulp a fabric suitable for durable clothing.

The Scots Guards Regiment has one company averaging six feet 2½; the tallest six feet seven, none under six feet.

At Rotterdam poor people who cannot pay a fee must marry on Wednesday before noon.

ASSIST NATURE a little now and then in removing offending matter from the stomach and bowels and you thereby avoid a multitude of distressing derangements and diseases, and will have less frequent need of your doctor's service.

Of all known agents for this purpose, Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are the best. Once used, they are always in favor. Their secondary effect is to keep the bowels open and regular, not to further constipate, as is the case with other pills. Hence, their great popularity with sufferers from habitual constipation, piles and their attendant discomfort and manifold derangements. The "Pellets" are purely vegetable and perfectly harmless in any condition of the system. No care is required while using them; they do not interfere with the diet, habits or occupation, and produce no pain, griping or shock to the system. They act in a mild, easy and *natural* way and there is no reaction afterward. Their help *lasts*.

The Pellets cure biliousness, sick and bilious headache, dizziness, costiveness, or constipation, sour stomach, loss of appetite, coated tongue, indigestion, or dyspepsia, windy belchings, "heartburn," pain and distress after eating, and kindred derangements of the liver, stomach and bowels. In proof of their superior excellence, it can be truthfully said, that they are always adopted as a household remedy after the first trial. Put up in sealed, glass vials, therefore always fresh and reliable. One little "Pellet" is a laxative, two are mildly cathartic. As a "dinner pill," to promote digestion, or to relieve distress from overeating, take one after dinner. They are tiny, sugar-coated granules; any child will readily take them.

Accept no substitute that may be recommended to be "just as good." It may be *better for the dealer*, because of paying him a better profit, but *he* is not the one who *needs* help.

FOOD AND GENIUS.

The Most Popular Novelists Dine Much Like Ordinary Folks.

It is extremely improbable that genius derives any peculiarly appropriate nutriment from a fish diet, and it is certain that genius gives no thought to the subject. Mr. Carlyle and Lord Tennyson smoked pipes—because they were men enough to smoke pipes—but we do not suppose that cigarettes would have made a decadent of Mr. Carlyle or an "impressionist" of Sir Joshua Reynolds. The style and charater of Dr. Johnson remained the same, whether he drank lemonade and tea, or port and punch.

Old Satchells boldly avers that brandy makes the poet, but his poetry would have had the same complexion had he regaled his muse with whisky. On champaigne and cortolans Burns would have written neither better nor worse than on collops and toddy. In another field of excellence it is likely that to smoke a pipe and drink a glass of beer would not add or subtract a couple of strokes from Taylor's usual round on the links. It was not because of his great appetite for beef that Sir Andrew Aguecheek fell below a lofty intellectual standard. We do not know whether Shakespeare had any favorite dish.

About Thackeray's and Johnsons favorite dishes, we know a great deal, but are psychologically none the wiser. Appreciation of cocklyleeky does not account for the state-manlike qualities or defects of James IV. Whatever Mr. Gladstone's favorite food may be it is probably none of the rough-and-ready dainties celebrated by Homer and it is not to be thought that he takes grated cheese in his claret, like Nestor. In short, food and genius have nothing to do with each other, and the most popular novelists are not to be distinguished at dinner time from mere critics.—Saturday Review.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local application, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

The tallest man of whom there are authenticated measurements was Funnam, of Scotland, eleven feet and a little more than six inches.

Dr. Kilmer's SWAMP-ROOT cures all Kidney and Bladder troubles. Pamphlet and Consultation free. Laboratory Binghamton, N. Y.

The Sierra Nevada range of mountains in California is nearly 500 miles long, seventy wide, and from 7000 to nearly 15,000 feet high.

Karl's Clover Root, the great blood purifier, gives freshness and clearness to the complexion and cures constipation 25 cts. 50 cts., $1.

A man in Lexington has sued a neighbor for $2500 damages sustained to a suit of clothes through a dog's ferocity

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle

Maximete, the New Explosive.

A new explosive called maximete, invented by Hudson Maxim, was tested the other day in Harlem, New York City. The inventor claims that one ounce of maximete is equal to one pound of black powder, and that from ten to eleven ounces of the explosive is equal in force to a pound of dynamite. The tests showed that the explosive will not freeze, that it is smokeless and does not ignite easily. Nine hundred tons of rock were torn away by a blast, and the amount of maximete used was only three-fourths as much as would have been required by the explosives usually employed in quarries. Four cartridges placed in drill holes twenty feet deep were exploded by electricity. The rock at the bottom was shattered into small bits, but near the surface the pieces were considerably larger. The whole mass shivered apart almost noiselessly and fell forward in a great heap.

A quantity of the maximete in a bottle was placed in a pail of ice and salt, together with a bottle of water. The water froze solid, but the cold had no effect upon the maximete, which was taken from the ice and exploded.—St. Louis Star-Sayings.

Worse Than Dynamite.

Alarmed Wife—James, there is a rough-looking man sneaking round the house with a box-shaped thing in his arms. Telephone for the police?

Capitalist—(peering cautiously out of the window)—It will be too late! He is on the steps of the back porch!

Wife (terror stricken)—Is it an infernal machine, James? Is it a box of bombs?

Capitalist—It's a hand organ!—Chicago Tribune.

THE NEXT NAVAL BATTLE.

An Affair of a Few Minutes With Few Survivors to Tell the Tale.

There has not been an engagement between two navies on a large scale since the replacement of the old wooden walls by heavily armed battleships: and the ability of the latter to withstand the shock of onset has never been put to paractical test. A writer in the United Service Magazine predicts that ironclads will make short work of one another. A battle will last ten minutes. The fleets will probably approach at the combined rate of 28 knots an hour. The two and a half or three minutes that elapse before the fleets meet will be minutes of the most extreme and agonizing tension. The compartments forward in the terrible blast of fire that will open the engagement will be blown away or riddled like sieves. Water-tight doors will be useless when there are no water-tight walls. The whole ship will be covered with debris, her appearance will be transformed by the loss of her funnels and the destruction of the superstructure and upper works. The rain of melinite shells which will be poured from guns firing smokeless powder will wreck all parts of the ship outside of the heavy armor. In ships where the barbettes are insufficiently protected the explosion of shells under them may bring them down with their weight of 700 or 800 tons. If once they give way the armored deck cannot support them, and they may be expected to go clean throught the bottom of the ship, involving her destruction in their downfall. The destruction of the funnels will destroy the draft, the ship will fill with smoke and the decks probably be set on fire.

The big guns will be discharged at 500 or 600 yards. The detonation of their huge shells will probably, like the explosion of a powder magazine, reduce the already wrecked ship to a hopeless chaos, destroying all her organization and the nerve thread that conveys the captain's orders to the engine room. Even if the armor resists the blow, the shock to the ship will be terrific. Striking the turret of an ironclad, one of these projectiles, would probably, if it did not hurl it overboard, stun or kill every man in it and wreck all its complicated mechanism. This will constitute the first stage of the encounter. The ships will now be nearing one another, and the survivors of the terrible slaughter will drive the battered hulls, low in the water, at one another. Ships, surviving the ravages of ordnance, will ram and sink one another, and in twenty minutes from the opening of the engagement four-fifths of the ships will be on their way to the bottom of the sea.

It is a terrible picture, but it does not appear to be overdrawn. And we have not yet nearly reached the end of inventions in cannon, though the limit of armor-bearing by ships is in sight. The dynamite gun now being tested at Sandy Hook throws a dynamite bomb, large enough to wreck the largest warship afloat, a distance of three miles; and with such accuracy that nine successive shots were recently planted in a space not much bigger than a battleship. These guns are meant for coast defense, but it will be but a short time until they are adapted for use on ships. When things get to that pass that two navies, three miles apart, can with a single discharge blow one another into nothingness, "leaving not a rack behind," the stupendous criminality of war will bring about its own end. That, says the Montreal Herald, is the one encouraging feature of the continued progress being made in the invention of death dealing instruments of war.

SLIDING DOWN A MOUNTAIN,

A Startling Adventure Which Turned a Boy's Hair Gray.

Leroy Williamson, the 16-year old son of an Ohio farmer, had a startling adventure the other day which so frightened him that his hair turned gray. He was out shooting on a mountain near his father's farm, when he lost

JUST AS THE LAST CAR WHIZZED BY.

his footing and began to fall. The mountain was composed of steep, smooth rock, covered over with a thin layer of soil. As young Williamson fell he tried to stop himself by grasping at the plants growing about, but each one yielded to his clutch and was uprooted by his hands.

Suddenly a dreadful sound met his ear. Between the mountain he was on and another, equally steep, was a narrow valley, through which ran the tracks of a railroad. The sound of an approaching train was what made young Williamson trouble. He was falling steadily all the while, though still catching at everything that promised him support, hoping to find some hold to which he could cling until the horror that threatened him had come and gone.

Nearer and nearer he rolled to the foot of the mountain, gathering impetus as he went, and then the hot air from the engine smote his face, the cinders blinded him; he made a frantic dig into the earth, and bounced off the mountain onto the track below just as the last car whizzed by him, and which missed him by scarcely a foot. Young Williamson says that he fainted just as he felt the wind from the vanishing car touch his face, and that for minutes he was too weak to move, even after consciousness returned to him. He was finally found and carried home, and on the following day his hair turned gray.

A Small Fortune in Apricots.

A. E. Newby will make a small fortune this season out of Ventura apricots. It is said that he bought 260 tons, for which he paid $15 a ton, or say $30,000. He will make 330 tons of dried fruit, worth $240 a ton. After making expenses he will doubtless clean up $30,000 or $10,000 out of the venture.—Ventura (Cal.) Free Press.

Some men are so mean that they have to be dead a long time before they are well spoken of.

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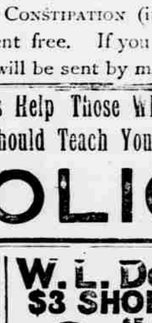

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