

WHEN THE FISHING BOATS COME IN.

The sea dusk shrouds in violet gloom the ocean's silver blue, And purple headlands whence, at dawn, the milk-white sea-gulls flew; The dances of the wild night-winds o'er glimmering sweeps begin, And the sun sinks down on a couch of fire when the fishing boats come in.

The glorious arch of sky above is faintly flamed o'er With silk-white scarfs of vapor, and along the sunset shore Vast cloud-fleets ride at anchor in seas of gold and rose, While with a trembling splendor the wide horizon glows.

The murmurous roar of far-off deep blends with the plaintive sigh Of wauwats that upon the sands of gleaming silver die: The darkling cliffs loom out behind, like giants vast and grim, Stern guardians of enchanted coasts enwrapped in shadows dim.

Like some great jewel burns the sea and on its gleaming breast The laden, home-bound boats glide o'er each shimmering, foam-bellied crest. Glad watchers scan each glowing sail, fond eyes are straining still, And with the stir of fearless life the dusk is all athrill.

A hearty shout goes up to greet the latest sailing sail, The long shore rings with mirth and joy, the ocean glimmers pale; A sea-bird flies athwart the sky and from the fading west One lingering rose-red ray outflames to crimson wing and breast.

The wads are reeling o'er the reefs, the rocky sea-deeps moan, The slaken slopes are dim and far, the fishing grounds are lone; The sparkles of the mirrored stars among the ripples spin, And the shore is gemmed with a hundred lights when the fishing boats come in.

MR. SPATTERDOCK'S MISTAKE.

BY HELEN WHITNEY CLARK.

"It'll never do—never!" Mr. Spatterdock shook his head at some imaginary auditor, as he stood warming himself, with his back to the fire.

The blazing hickory logs snapped and crackled, sending a cheerful warmth through the snug room, with its heavy mahogany furniture, fresh ingrain carpet, and gaily flowered curtains.

"Rob's a likely young fellow, and if he must get married, there's no reason why he should throw himself away on a poor girl, with nothing to bless herself with but a pair of cherry cheeks and coal-black eyes, or whatever color they are—I ain't never set eyes on the girl. But Rob Greenaway's my own nephew, and it's my duty to look after him. Marrying, indeed! What the dickens does he take such a silly notion in his head for, anyway? I ain't never married, and look at me!"

And, truly, Mr. Spatterdock seemed an enviable man, if he was an old bachelor, nearly forty.

His housekeeper was a model of thrift and neatness. Not a nook or a cranny of the big old farmhouse but what was swept, and scoured and garnished. Not a pane of glass, but was sheer and speckless as a French mirror. And you might dance a jig on any of the carpets and not raise a mote of dust to show in the brightest sunbeam.

Wash-day comes every Monday, and ironing every Tuesday, rain or shine, week in and week out, from one year's end to year's end.

"Look at me!" continued Mr. Spatterdock, still addressing his imaginary auditor. "I've never married, and, what's more, I've never wanted to. And Rob will get over this notion, too, if only—Let me see, it's no use arguing with a young fellow that's set as a mule when he takes a notion; and the Greenaways allus was obstinate.

"I'll send him away awhile—three months or so, anyhow. There's sister Roseanna, living over to Sweetgum Holler. I'll send him there for two or three months, he'll forget all about her in that time. Or mebbe I kin see the girl herself, and sort of buy her off, like! Yes, that's what I'll do. Hillo, Rob! that you?"

Mr. Spatterdock's greeting was suspiciously warm, but Rob seemed not to notice it.

"Good-morning, uncle!" he returned, rather soberly. "You wanted to see me, I believe?"

"Yes, Rob."

A rather stormy interview ensued, in which the uncle, however, came out successful.

"Well, well, and so that's settled, anyhow."

Mr. Spatterdock had come home a few hours later, having accompanied his nephew to the railroad station and watched the train speed off.

"Rob's off safe and sound," he muttered, punching the fire till it blazed like a young Vesuvius. "He didn't like the notion of going, at first. Reckon he thought I was a goin' to send him clear to Injy! But, soon as he found 'twas only forty miles away, to Sweetgum Holler, he got as chirk as a bull-tarrier. He's promised not to let a soul know where he's gone, an' I've promised, if they're both in the same notion three months from now, I won't say nothin' more again' it."

"But it's my business to see they ain't both in the same notion. I must go and call on Miss Penny—Pettigill—whatever the name is—and try to fix it up somehow or another."

It was more the meddling of the women-folks than anything else which had set Mr. Spatterdock again' his nephew's choice.

"Real common sort of folks they are," declared Mrs. Ruhama Chickpea, "and nobody knows where they come from, nor what they've ben. I shouldn't low it, Mr. Spatterdock."

But as Mrs. Chickpea's eldest daughter, Rebecca, was known to be "setting her cap" for Rob Greenaway,

perhaps the mother's testimony should be taken with some allowance.

"Poor as church mice, too," put in the Widow Smilax, who was supposed to have an eye on Mr. Spatterdock himself. "Of course it's Rob's money they're after."

And Mr. Spatterdock had gone home thoroughly convinced that it was his duty to save his nephew from the snare that had been spread.

"And this is Miss Pettigill? Miss Penny Pettigill?"

"Yes."

Mr. Spatterdock glanced sharply around at the home-like appearance of the tiny room in which he was standing, and looked curiously into the elish-brown eyes fixed on his own.

If this was Penny Pettigill he was in a deuce of a pickle! Why, the little witch was a beauty, out-and-out—and a lady, too!

Buy her off? Mr. Spatterdock would as soon have thought of—of anything else in the world!

And somehow or other, he could never tell exactly how it happened, but there he was, sitting in a little, chintz-covered rocking-chair, chattering of Rob, and everything else under the sun, while Penny Pettigill's wonderful, old-brown eyes flashed and sparkled, or dropped their dusky lashes over cheeks that glowed like crimson coral.

"H'm! Rob's a lucky fellow, after all," muttered the uncle, as he walked home with his head in the clouds, metaphorically, his heart beating, meanwhile, in a way he had never known it to beat before.

"Throwing himself away, indeed! It's her that's a-throwing herself away, if anything. Poor girl! She'll be lonesome while Rob's gone. I must drop in often."

The villagers held quite aloof from the Pettigills, but Mr. Spatterdock made ample amends for their neglect. Mrs. Pettigill, Penny's mother, was a sweet-faced old lady, and Penny herself was as piquant and changeable as an April day.

"And so you sent Rob off to git him away from that girl, Mr. Spatterdock?"

The Widow Smilax, after lingering on the way home from church until Mr. Spatterdock overtook her, was making the most of the opportunity thus afforded.

"That kind of girls is so artful, to-be-sure! But it seems most a pity that you took so much trouble, now that the girl has gone away herself."

"Gone away—herself?" Mr. Spatterdock staired.

"Why, yes, to-be-sure! Didn't you know it? She went the week before Rob did. Went to visit her married sister, I hear, a-livin' out at Sweetgum Holler!"

Mr. Spatterdock wondered whether he really had gone crazy or not. But, of course, there was some mistake!

He declined the widow's invitation to dinner, much to her disappointment and went at once to learn the truth of the matter.

"I thought you knew it was my cousin that Mr. Greenaway came to see," he claimed Penny, dropping her eyes, bashfully. "Her name is Penny, too, though we generally call her Pen, to distinguish us. Her sister was taken sick, and she went to stay with her, and so—"

"And so, Penny—my Penny—you are really free, and you do care enough for me to be my little wife?"

Whatever the answer was, there was a double wedding at the tiny cottage when Rob came home, and the village criterion, who had refused to receive the plebeian Pettigills, now had occasion to wonder whether Mrs. Simeon Spatterdock and Mrs. Rob Greenaway would receive them.—Saturday Night.

An American Naval Officer's Spanish Wife.

One of the passengers aboard the United States transport Morgan City was a lovely matron of the perfect, highest Castilian type. She had the deftly chiselled features, the bewildering wealth of hair, the deep black soul windows beneath arched brows, delicate as thistle down, the lips of an aristocrat, the teeth of an Oriental queen and all the elegance and grace of bearing that could well be imagined. She was all that one could picture the darling of a select household of Old Madrid. Hers was such a personality as fete visions conjure. Senora was of Spain. She is the wife of an officer in the American navy and journeys to join her husband in the service of his country in the Philippines. What her thoughts are, what experiences are in store for her, might be materialized into a romance with much shading of sadness. From the expression of her features, unconsciously betraying a pride of family and race, nothing could be guessed. Senora was unruffled on the ship. It is fancied that it would be difficult to disturb her equilibrium. She traveled before her marriage to the American continent and has lived in the United States about five years, being prominent in the society circles of one of the large cities.—Pacific Commercial Advertiser.

Light From the Wind.

An electric light installation which has recently been laid down at Boyle hall, West Ardsley, is interesting from the fact that wind is the only motive power employed for generating the current. There are fifty sails set radially in a circular frame about thirty feet diameter. A large pulley fixed on a horizontal shaft in an adjacent building drives the dynamo. The duty of this machine is to charge the storage cells, which are sufficiently large to run 109 lights for about eight days in winter, should there be no wind for that length of time, and for more than a fortnight in summer.—Yorkshire (England) Post.

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

A caterpillar can eat six hundred times its weight of food in a month.

A well-known professor asserts that the smallest intervals of sound can be better distinguished with one ear than with both.

A fossil dinosaur that must have been 130 feet in length has been found near Laramie, Col. The remains were found by Professor W. H. Reed in the Jurassic strata near Laramie.

A scientist of note has discovered that the smell of flowers is injurious to the voice. He declares that several operatic singers of his acquaintance owe the loss of their voices to their passion for certain sweet smelling flowers.

Liquefied gases, at atmospheric pressure, are found to have these boiling points, in Centigrade degrees below zero. Sulphur dioxide, 10; chlorine, 33; ammonia, 38; dioxide, 78; nitrous oxide, 88; nitric oxide, 153; oxygen, 183; carbon monoxide, 190; air, 192; hydrogen, 238.

The influence of colored light in the treatment of nervous diseases has been studied by Dr. Raffegan. From experiments on twenty patients, he has found that a few hours' stay in violet light has a marked quieting effect, red light, on the other hand, producing decided excitation.

An Italian medical journal states, according to the New York Medical Journal, that while water will not quench the flame of burning petroleum in a limited space, milk accomplishes the object by forming an emulsion with the oil, disturbing its cohesion, and thus attenuating the combustible element.

LYNN'S FLOATING BRIDGE.

In Use for Nearly a Century and Growing Better All the Time.

The city of Lynn will have to expend about \$800 next summer in replanking the floating bridge on Glenmere pond, announces the Boston Transcript. A new set of three-inch planks is required every third year on the structure. Few people of the hundreds who cross the bridge daily have any idea of its great thickness, which has been proved by recent soundings to be as much as seventeen feet in some places. Although so much thicker and heavier than when first built, it seems to have lost none of its flexibility, and always adapts itself instantly to any changes in the level of the water.

Floating Bridge is one of the curiosities of Lynn, and it is claimed to be the only structure of its kind in the world. In 1808 a bridge of somewhat similar design was built across Lake Quinsigamond, near Worcester, but it was constructed simply of two tiers of logs, covered with planks, and was never satisfactory. The Lynn bridge, on the other hand, has been in constant use for nearly a century, and is stronger now than ever, as the wood does not rot under water, and the pine logs which form the foundation are as firm as on the day when they were hewed and put together.

Captain Moses Brown was the originator of the idea of thus bridging Collins pond, as it was then called. In March, 1802, a charter was granted to the Salem Turnpike and Chelsea Bridge corporation, and the bridge was completed in 1804, at a cost of \$50,409. A diver has investigated the foundations of the structure, and has found that the original bridge was made of five layers of pine, laid at right angles to each other, the first two layers of pine logs were on one side, and the upper three of hewn timber one foot square, the whole secured together by three-inch dowels, and covered with planking 5 1-2 feet thick.

The bridge is 511 feet long, 28 feet wide, and the pond which it crosses is about seventeen acres in area and about sixty-four feet above the sea level. The bed of the pond appears to be a bed of quicksand, and it would be very difficult to build a road around the pond without making a very long detour, owing to the boggy nature of the soil. The bridge is kept from tipping over by being moored at the ends, imbedded in long trenches dug in the shores of the pond at the approaches.

The Value of African Ivory.

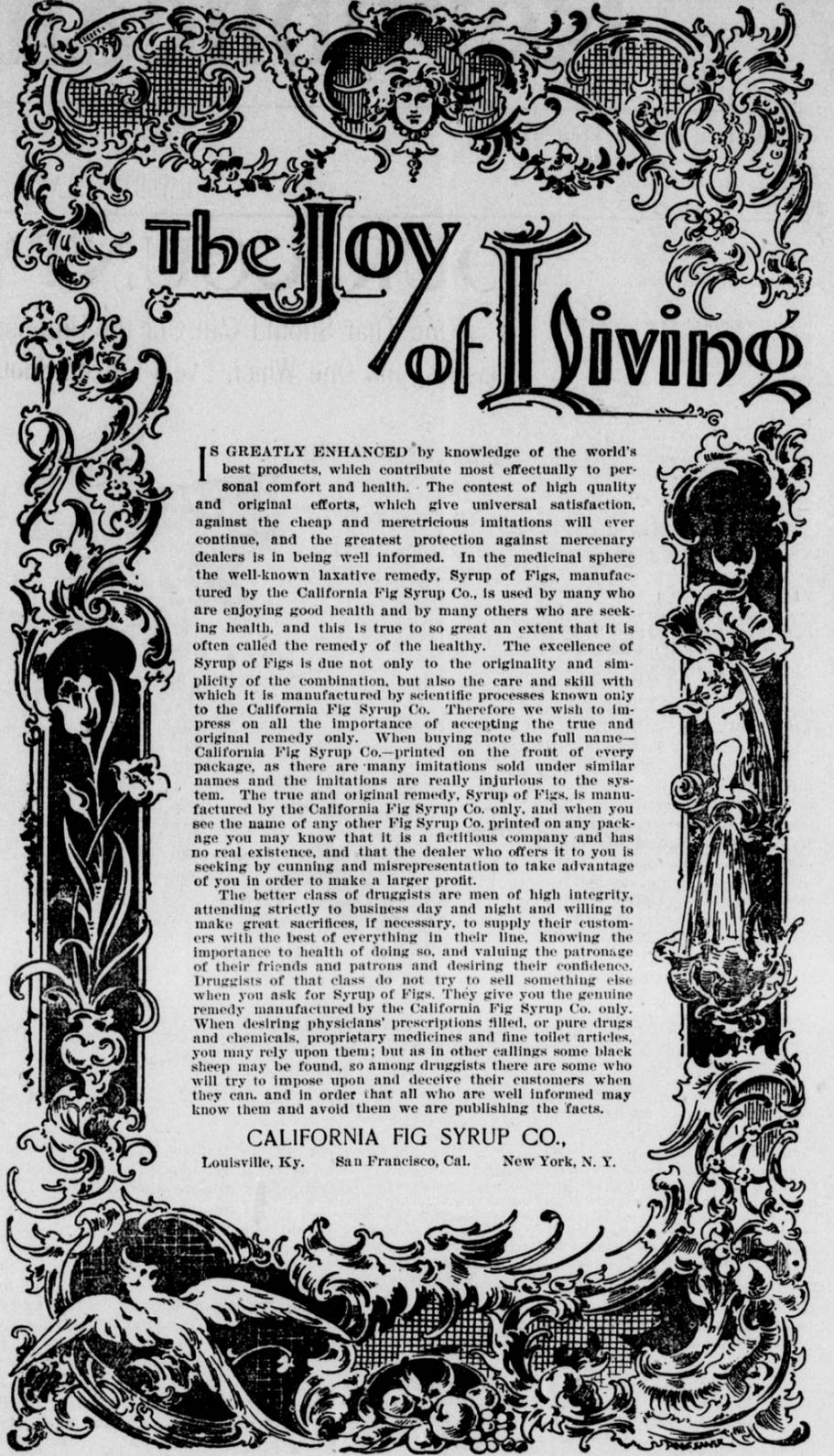
Africa remains the happy hunting ground for the ivory collector. African ivory fetches a higher price than any other, being denser in texture, susceptible of a higher polish and not so liable to turn yellow when exposed to the light as the Indian kind. In Africa itself the quality is found to vary greatly, the rule being that the warmer the region the finer is the ivory found there. The finest tusks, however, are generally met with at some distance from the equator. The finest pair of tusks ever brought to Europe came from Uganda, and are valued at \$940. Tusks of anything like these dimensions are, however, very rare, and are difficult to procure from the natives, who value them highly, and use them for door posts, especially in their temples. The tusks of a full-grown "tusker" seldom measure over six feet, and weigh from one to two hundred pounds. The tusk is usually solid for about half its length, the base being quite thin and therefore of little use for commercial purposes. Only from the upper portion of the tusk can billiard balls and the bulkier articles be made.

What She Was Not.

Cripple Creek is great on etiquette. A man out there met a little girl with whose family he is very intimate, and said:

"Hello, Edith! How are you?" The little miss drew herself up and replied:

"I've very well, but I ain't no telephone."—Boston Globe.



The Joy of Living

IS GREATLY ENHANCED by knowledge of the world's best products, which contribute most effectually to personal comfort and health. The contest of high quality and original efforts, which give universal satisfaction, against the cheap and meretricious imitations will ever continue, and the greatest protection against mercenary dealers is in being well informed. In the medicinal sphere the well-known laxative remedy, Syrup of Figs, manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., is used by many who are enjoying good health and by many others who are seeking health, and this is true to so great an extent that it is often called the remedy of the healthy. The excellence of Syrup of Figs is due not only to the originality and simplicity of the combination, but also the care and skill with which it is manufactured by scientific processes known only to the California Fig Syrup Co. Therefore we wish to impress on all the importance of accepting the true and original remedy only. When buying note the full name—California Fig Syrup Co.—printed on the front of every package, as there are many imitations sold under similar names and the imitations are really injurious to the system. The true and original remedy, Syrup of Figs, is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, and when you see the name of any other Fig Syrup Co. printed on any package you may know that it is a fictitious company and has no real existence, and that the dealer who offers it to you is seeking by cunning and misrepresentation to take advantage of you in order to make a larger profit.

The better class of druggists are men of high integrity, attending strictly to business day and night and willing to make great sacrifices, if necessary, to supply their customers with the best of everything in their line, knowing the importance to health of doing so, and valuing the patronage of their friends and patrons and desiring their confidence. Druggists of that class do not try to sell something else when you ask for Syrup of Figs. They give you the genuine remedy manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only. When desiring physicians' prescriptions filled, or pure drugs and chemicals, proprietary medicines and fine toilet articles, you may rely upon them; but as in other callings some black sheep may be found, so among druggists there are some who will try to impose upon and deceive their customers when they can, and in order that all who are well informed may know them and avoid them we are publishing the facts.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

Louisville, Ky. San Francisco, Cal. New York, N. Y.

The Germ Hunters.

It is a recognized fact that the researches of Monsieur Pasteur have saved many millions of francs to the French people by showing them how to guard against the pests of their herds, fields and vineyards, besides reducing to a remarkable extent the mortality in their hospitals; and both the medical practice and the hygienic habits of all civilized nations are sharing these benefits.

The courses of biology in our colleges now include some knowledge of bacteriology, and there are special provisions for students who wish to follow up this fruitful branch in the laboratories. Happily for all the people, the results of such inquiries become a part of common knowledge, even while the processes are still among the mysteries of science.

Thousands of homes and factories are safer from disease-producing germs because of the spread of a kind of knowledge which is quite superficial. The farmer sprinkles paris green over his potato vines; the housekeeper buys of the druggist a bottle of carbolic acid, or some better disinfectant; the nurse, under the oversight of the physician, treats the diphtheritic patient with antitoxin; and in each case they only need to understand that these substances destroy parasitic life. Perhaps the few wise ones, who know at what cost these fruits of science and art are brought within common reach, may have their own quiet chuckle at the complacent claim of "popular intelligence."—Youth's Companion.

No Stale Bread Wasted.

All bakers, wholesale and retail, seek to produce at their several bakings through the day only so much as may be required to supply the wants of their trade, but in making sure to provide enough there is likely to be some left over to get stale. There is some demand for stale bread for household uses—for making toast and for cooking purposes—but the demand is limited. Such stale bread as may remain unsold in this manner is never wasted; it is sold to farmers and market gardeners who drive into the city with produce to sell, and who buy more or less supplies here to carry back to feed stock. When finally disposed of thus it is sold by the barrel, at so much a barrel; the price being very low, but depending somewhat on the surplus stock on hand on the day of sale.—New York Sun.

Shakespeare's Gloves.

A pair of interesting gloves are in possession of Miss Frances Benson. Breathe low and speak in whispers; they are Shakespeare's gloves. That they are a good specimen of the hand-covering of the sixteenth century is of paltry interest compared with the well-authenticated statement that the great man had soiled the leather and worn through the finger-tips. Did he squeeze the hand of Ann with them as intermediaries? Have they, under his guidance, grasped the handle of a flagon or of an inkhorn? Accompanying them is the following memorandum, which no one will care to dispute: "A pair of gloves worn by Shakespeare. Presented to Garrick by the Mayor and Corporation of Stratford-on-Avon, at the time of the jubilee there, 1769, in a finely-carved box of the mulberry tree planted by Shakespeare, together with the lease of his house, in Stratford and the freedom of the town." These real work-a-day gloves, deemed worthy to be placed with legal documents, have plainly seen wear. They are of substantial leather, and doubtless made up in ornament what they lacked in fit. The scroll stitching on the knuckles has been in red and gold, these two colors being maintained throughout the accessories. The cuff is of double leather, with a pattern pinked on the upper skin. The ribbon, outlining the cuff, is of yellow silk, and that on the lower edge is of crimson silk with yellow fringe.—Philadelphia Record.

Big Prices For Animals.

The biggest price ever given for a horse was \$150,000, when Ormoude, once the property of the Duke of Westminster, was bought for that sum by a California millionaire. The famous winner of the Derby, St. Leger and the Two Thousand Guineas, in one year was recently sold for \$105,000—Galtee More. The most valuable collie dog known is owned by Mr. Megson, of Manchester, who gave \$6500 for him. He is the finest dog of his kind that has ever been reared, and has taken forty-eight prizes at various shows. Perhaps the most expensive fowl ever heard of is a gamecock named Peter Jackson, belonging to a gentleman in Plymouth. This bird has been known to fight under a bet of \$200,000 to a pinch of snuff. Needless to say he won it. His owner has refused \$2500 for him.—Tit-Bits.

The Trekking Wagon.

The South African wagon is a long, heavy cart mounted on four high wheels, as a rule, with a sort of canvas tent over the back half, leaving the front clear to carry the miscellaneous furniture of its owner, drawn by sixteen, eighteen or twenty oxen, curiously fierce-looking with their immense spread of horn, sometimes as much as eight feet from tip to tip and rarely less than six, but in reality as patient and hard-working beasts as one could wish to find. Their mode of progression is certainly slow, but there is a strangeness and a fascination about it which may draw men to it almost as the Alps draws their devotees. In front there marches the "voor-looper," generally a small boy, leading the two foremost oxen by a rein or rope passed through their nostrils. The driver walks alongside with the long and terrible whip he uses so unsparingly, or else sits on the front of the wagon and gets off occasionally to lash up the whole team with unflinching impartiality. The traveling is all done at night, starting a little before sunset and marching till perhaps 11 or 12 o'clock; then there is a halt till a little before the first signs of dawn, when they go on again till the sun begins to get hot overhead, and then they lie by for the day.—Gentleman's Magazine.

A Wonderful Battleship.

A story is going the rounds in Central and South American papers of a battleship to be called the American Boy, which is to be built by popular subscription among the boys in various cities of the United States. The description given of the projected American wonder is staggering. The ship, according to the gullible press, will be 1000 feet long, with 207 feet beam and a displacement of 48,410 tons. Forty knots an hour is the speed she is expected to develop. Her guns are too numerous to mention, but among them are four 15-inch monsters, while those of the 12-inch and 10-inch class mount up in the scores. The armor-belt will be thirty-six inches thick, backed by eight inches of asbestos felt! Then she will carry 25,000 tons of smokeless coal; there will be a gymnasium in the cabin as large as a small auditorium; she will have 170 officers and 2500 men, and the cost of the completed ship will be \$20,000,000!—Chicago Journal.