THE MESSACE.

A bird is working all day long Beside my window in the tree, And, tolling, sings a happy song— A song that has a note for me! The wind and rain at night destroy The work of yesterday, but joy Is in the work the builder sings While setting matters straight— It does not idly fold its wings, And mourn its dismal fate.

Shall he that has a soul sit down, When all his labor is upset: And he must bother all the town With childing and with vain regret? The structure that is wreeked may be Rebuilded and made fair to see. And God upon his throne may know That from the joyous bird The message that he sends below Has happily been heard! -S. E. Kiser.

My Fight With "Jacko" The Ape. BY SAM BOLTON.

The Author is an Officer of a Well-Known Canadian Liner. The Adventure Took Place Nine Years Ago.

I was only an apprentice boy at the time and was just 16 years old. I was not very big nor exceptionally strong, but just about the right size and suffi-ciently strong to make a fairly even match for "Jacko," an Indian ape, in the terrible fight we had, some eight years ago, one moonlight night in the middle of the Bay of Bengal. Jacko, a fine specimen of the larger species of brown-haired Indian ape, had been presented to our skipper in

had been presented to our skipper in Calcutta by a friend of his. Our ship was the Queen of England, a fine fullrigged steel vessel of 2070 tons, then sailing between Liverpool and Calcutta.

eutta. When standing upon his hind feet the ape's height must have been about 3 feet 6 inches. Not very tall, you might say; but anyone who knows the extraordinary strength of. these crea-tures and their wonderful agility will have the he was out a tall enough the know that he was quite tall enough to be a formidable creature. for a 16-year-old boy to encounter single-handed.

Somehow Jacko, who was docile enough with any of the other men, seemed to have taken an especial dis seemed to have taken an especial dis-like to me, and I could never pass him without being treated to a vicious "coo-ch," and a succession of wild leaps, any of which would have lifted him right upon me but for the sudden tautening of his chain, which, tugging at his neck, invariably "finished up" his leap in a disgraceful way, as it twisted him suddenly round and brought him sprawling ironominously brought him sprawling ignominiously on the deck. He was, during the fine weather, usually tethered to a ringbolt at the fore end of the No.3 hatch. Between this hatch and the main fifewhere was a goodly space of open deck, where was no other obstruction but the main deck capstan—a high "patent purchase" affair, with a double top— which tread a mildebing which stood amidships. On the night of my set-to with

Jacko we were somewhere about the middle of the Bay of Bengal. A light monsoon just contrived to belly out each sail and heel our ship over about five degrees or so. A fine, clear night it was, with a bright full moon above

The watch on deck had coiled them-selves—as is the general custom in liee side of the house, where, handy for any call, they snored in their sleep. The only hands aboard with their eyes open were the lookout man, away for'ard in the eyes of the ship on the fo'c's'le head; the second mate, upon the weather side of the peop, and my-self, on the lee side. At about five for'ard to examine the side lights and for'ard to examine the side lights and report upon them. He then went aft, where, leaning over the taffrail, he gave himself up sailor fashion to his wakeful dreams.

I went for'ard, passing Jacko, who was asleep. I then mounted the fo'c's'le head, yarned awhile with the lookout, examined the side lights, and finding them burning satisfactorily, proceeded leisurely aft along the weather side. Arriving at the main fiferail I turned to go to leeward, and utterly forgeiful to go to leeward, and utterly forgeitul of the presence of Jacko, walked sleepily past the capstan. The ape awoke, perceived me, gave his usual vicious "coo-ch" and sprang into the air towards me. Accustomed to these impotent leaps, I stood motionless, hands in pockets, awaiting the usual absurd ending of the performance.

chain

changed the course of his flight, and his body struck with a thud against the corner of the hatch. Thinking I the corner of the hatch. Thinking 1 now had him at my mercy, I sprang upon him and seized him by the slack skin at his throat. I had reckoned, however, without a knowledge of the brute's astonishing strength. He put out his arms and clasped the back of my neak and with all his strength on my neck, and with all his strength en-deavored to force me to him, gripping my waist at the same time with his

With Jacko clinging to me I fell heavily to the deck. For some mo-ments we lay there panting, but mo-tionless. His strength was such that my arms fairly ached with the effort to heav his formidale is no form me as my arms fairly ached with the effort to keep his formidable jaws from me as I lay there watching his hideous face and teeth. His nails dug deep into my neck; his teeth gave vicious snaps in the air; I could hear his breath forcing its way through his throat, which I had tried to grip as I held on to the skin around it. We must have lain there some three or four minutes lain there some three or four minutes when Jacko suddenly threw himself backward, wrenched his throat from my hand, and leaped upon the capstan to consider the next round. Without giving me time to rise, how-

ever, he sprang at me again and seized my left arm with his hands and teeth. Usually when a monkey bites he gives a quick snap, and springs away frigh tened at his deed, for the average simian is an arrant coward. Jacko, however, departed from this custom, for he buried his teeth deep in my left forearm and, with the tenacity of

a buildog, kept them there. I beat his face with my free hand and banged his head on the deck, but it was, with a bright full moon above and a mill-pond ripple on the sea around. The watch on deck had coiled them-selves—as is the general custom in fine weather—along the deck to the set side of the house, where, handy for any call, they snored in their sleep. The only hands aboard with their for's'le head; the second mate, upon to's'le head; the second mate, upon

> stan, and with all the weight of my body behind the blow crushed his head against its iron rim. Then, though apparently not in the least stunned, Jack, let go and ran a little distance from me distance from me.

> Jacko, standing upon the capstan-where he had jumped after letting go my arm-seemed for a moment to ponmy arm—seemed for a moment to pon-der the situation. Then, judging from his subsequent actions, he appeared to have resolved to "board me from behind." First he sprang from the capstan to the hatch; then, swift as lightning, he turned and leaped back egain—a leap of some 14 feet from a hatch at least two feet lower than the capstan itself. From the capstan he jumped to the main fiferail, thence across the deck to the lee rigging and, lastly, back to the capstan again.

lastly, back to the capstan again. I followed his every movement, termined not to let him get bel This time, however, the chain I followed his every movement, de-snapped close to his neck, and almost termined not to let him get behind before I was aware of the fact, the me. Apparently perceiving this, the

would forever show should I become too weak to keep the ape's jaws from

off my face. Now the fiferail was studded with iron belaying pins, placed there for the purpose of belaying the crossjack the purpose of belaying the crosslack braces. Cne of these, luckily, was free. I put up my left arm and with it forced Jacko's head against the wooden rril; then seizing the iron be-laying pk with my free hand, I raised it aloft and brought it down upon Jacko's brow with all the strength I could monton could muster. The second mate, wondering why I

The second mate, wondering why I had not returned to report upon the side lights, and thinking I had prob-ably eat down somewhere and gone to sleep, came down the poop ladder bringing with him one of the poop buckets; these, by the way, were al-ways kept hung up at the fore part of the poop, and in hot weather were kept filled with water to prevent the wood from becoming too dry. It was the mate's unkind intention to ronse me in the time-honored fashion by drenchmate's unkind intention to rouse ine in the time-honored fashion by drench-ing me with its contents. Creeping stealthily along the deck, he came to the main fiferail, where he saw in the moonlight a sight which caused him

moonlight a sight which caused him to change his intention. He told me afterwards he could never forget the sight even if he lived to be a hundred. Jacko was lying stretched across the coil of the weather crossjack brace, my body being face downward, stretched across Jacko's, and a pool of blood marring the whiteness of the deck and making chastly the sight of our two apprarentghastly the sight of our two apparently inanimate forms. Jacko recovered from the effects of

the blow I gave him. He was pre-sented, I believe, to the Palace menag-erie at New Brighton, where, for all I know to the contrary, he is to this day. As for me, I bear the marks of his teeth upon me yet, and shall be glad to show them to such Wide World readers as care to call upon me be-tween voyages at my home, near Manchester. They are rather faint upon my shoulders, but on my hand is a scar three-fourths of an inch long and one-fourth of an inch broad. Two of the scars upon my left forearm each measure half an inch in length, and the distance between them is two and a quarter inches—a striking proof of the size of Jacko's jaws.

Thinking that Wide World readers would like to know what became of Jacko, we instructed Mr. Frederick Bolton, the author's father, to make inquiries about the ape at the Palace. ew Brighton. We append Mr. Bol ton's report:

"I made my way there and found the place closed during the daytime, it being the off season, but I hunted

it being the off season, but I hunted up the caretaker. I explained to him what I was after. "His reply was: 'I should think I do remember the brute. You see that finger?' he went on, showing me a mutilated finger—the middle finger of his right hand. 'I was going my rounds one day and was trying the cate of his cage when he sprane at me gate of his cage when he sprang at me like lightning and had my tinger in his ugly mouth like a vise before I knew what he was up to. You can knew what he was up to. You can see for yourself, sir, the mess he made of it. Another time,' continued the caretaker, 'the brute got out of his cage, and it took all the fellows about the place to cage him again. When he first came they put him in with the other monkeys, but he killed a number of them, so he was placed in a special cage by himself. About 12 months ago he got so full of rheumatism that they drowned him.'

they drowned him.' " 'How high did he stand?' I asked. " 'Well, sir,' replied my informant, 'you seldom saw him stretched full length, but he was, I should say, from three feet to three feet six inches.' -Wide World Magazine.

"SHOOTING STARS" A MISNOMER.

But Lovers May Still Be Blind to "Meteor's" Claims. It is hardly necessary to say that the shooting stars are not stars at all, as the name seems to indicate and as

people sometimes think, writes Pro-tessor Young in the New Lippincott. people This was the mistake of a sailor on a British naval vessel who had been set on watch during the star shower of 1866 to count all the meteors he could see in a given fifteen minutes. When his time was up he heaved to be all

verbs xill., 20, "A companion of fools shall or destroyed." "May it please the court," said a con-victed criminal when asked by the judge what he had to say why sentence of death should not be pronounced upon him, "may it please the court, bad company has been my destruction. I received the blessing of good parents and in return therefor prom-lsed to avoid all evil associates. Had I they my promise I should have avoided this shame and the burden of guilt which, like a vulture, threatens to drag me to justice for my unany crimes. Although I once moved in high circles and was enter-rained by distinguished men. I am lost. Bad company did the work for me." Only one out of a thousand illustrations was that of the fact that "a companion of fools shall be destroyed." It is an invariablo rule.

Bad company did the work for me." Only one out a thousand illustrations was that of the fact that "a companion of fools shall be destroyed." It is an invariable "Here is a hospital with a hundred men down with the ship fever. Here is a healthy man who goes into it. He does not so cer-tahily catch the discesse as a good man will catch moral discemper if he consents to be shut up with the velcous and the abandoned. In the prisons of the olden time it was the custom to put prisoners in a cell together, and I am sorry to say it is the custom still in some of our prisoners in a cell together, and I am sorry to say it is the custom still in some of our prisons; so that when the day of liberation comes the men, instead of being reformed, are turned out brutes, not men, each one having learned the vices of all the rest. We may in our worldly occupation be obliged to talk to and commingle with bad people, but he who voluntarily chooses that kind of association is carrying on a courtsbing with a Delilah which will shear the locks of bis strongth, and he will be tripped into perdition. Look over all the millions of the race, and you cannot show me a single instance where a man volun-tarily associated with the bad for one year and maintained his integrity. Sin is catch-ing; it is infectious; it is epidemie. A young man wakes up in one of our great cities knowing only the gentlemen of the firm into whose service he has en-tured. In the morning he entors tha store, and all the clerks mark him, measure him, discuss him. The bad clerks of that estab-lishment, the good clerks of that estab-lishment at gather around him. They got clerks will wish him well, but they will wait for a formal introduction, and even after they have had the intro-duction they are very cautions as to whether they shall call him into their asso-ciation before they know had me estab-lishment all gather around him. They granna and a byoung man go to-gether to a place of evil entertainment-the good young man always has to pay the charges. Just at

ord," "No," says Death. Your soull Your soull," Then the dying skeptic beguss i work." Mark off thy God; nu it hou shalt not do any there was no God." Then the dying skept there was and the it hou shalt not do any the subsch and the for -one, two, three. Gone! Where, "I shall raise a Sunday crop." And he plowed the field on the Sabbath and cal-tivated the ground on the Sabbath. When the put in the seed on the Sabbath. When the put in the seed on the Sabbath. When the put in the seed on the Sabbath and cal-tivated the ground on the Sabbath. When the put in the seed on the Sabbath. When the put in the seed on the Sabbath. When the put in the seed on the Sabbath. When the put in the seed on the Sabbath and cal-tivated the ground on the Sabbath. When the put in the seed on the Sabbath and cal-tivated the ground on the Sabbath. The was subsch, and the sight set cal-tivated the ground on the Sabbath. The was subsch, and the store or the subsch. There is nothing that would please them poyment and consort with them. There siller you will find standing around the shabath breakers. There is nothing that would please them poymen into your association ask hin plainly. "What do you do for a living?" I' how sout for him. I care not how soft his hand or how elegant his apparel or how high sounding his thaily name, his touch is death. These see or low who have nothing to do will come around you in your basy hours, from your reguing work. Associate will these men, and, first of all, you will be your reguing work. Associate will how sold that that that that that the the in any showed the showed think that that that that the showed works in his was one cover all you of sowed hous to his how on the way, and thee is h

absurd for a Christian man to say he has nothing to do. I went into a store in New York where there were five Christian men, and they said they had nothing to do. The whole world lying in sin. Foversy to be com-forted, sickness to be alleviated, a Bible in the back office, every opportunity of mea-tal culture, spiritual culture; every in-ducement to work, yet a Christian man, sworn before high heaven to consecrate his whole life to usofulness, has nothing to dol If you have not any business for this world, my Christian friend, then you ought to be doing business for eternity. Again, I counsel you, avoid the piensure seeker, the man whose entire business it is to seek for recoration and amusement. I believe in the amusements of the world so far as they are innoceast. I could not livo without them. Any man of sanguine tem-perament must have recreation of life must administer to hard work. They are only preparative for the occupation to which do has called us. God would not have given us the capac-tiv to laugh if the dd not sometimes intend

of iffe must administer to hard work. They are only preparative for the occupation to which God has called us. God would not have given us the capac-ity to laugh if He did not sometimes intend us to induige it. God hath huang in sky and set in wave and printed on grass many a roundelay. But all the music and the brightness of the natural world were merely intended to fit us for the earnest work of life. The thundercloud has edges exquisitely purpled, but it jars the moun-tain as it says, "I come down to water the fields." The flowers standing under the fence look gay and beautiful, but they say, "We stand here to refresh the husband-men at the nooning." The brook frolies and sparkles and floams, but it says, "I go to baptize the moss; I go to slake the mill; in my crystal cradle I rock muck." Look out for the man who plays and never works. Look out for that man whose entire business is to play ball or sail a yacht o: engage in any kind of mer-riment. These things are all beautiful and grand in their places, but when they be-ome the cited work of life they become man's destruction. George Brummel was admired of all Englad. He daneed with pecresess and went a round of mirth and foly unit after a while, exhausted of purse, ruined of reputation, blasted of purse, ruined of reputation, blasted of purse, ruined of reputation, blasted of purse, ruined thera to one function hat he though that a dog's life was better than a man's.

though that a dog's life was better than a man's. These more pleasurists will come around you while you are engaged in your work, and they will try-take you away. They have lost their places. Why not you lose your place? Then you will be one of them. Oh, my friends, before you go with these pleasure seekers, these men whose entire life is four and amusement and recreation, remember while after a man has lived a life of integrity and Christian consecra-tion, kind to the poor and elevating to the world's condition, when he comes to die he has a glorious reminiscence lying on his ideath pillow, the mere pleasurist has noth-ing by way of review but a torn playbill, a ticket for the race, an empty tankard or the cast ont rinds of a carousal. And as in dolirium of his awful death he clatches the goblet and presses it to his lips, the dregs failing on his tongne will begin to uncoil and hiss with the adders of an eternal pol-son.

The second in a serie is non-stars with stress of the second secon

THE GREAT DESTROYER.

SOME STARTING FACTS ABOUT THE VICE OF INTEMPERANCE.

What Have You Done To-Day?-Brandy Should Never Be Used as a Specific For the Cure of Nervous Debility-It Af-fords Sham Relief.

I saw a farmer when the day was done; The setting sun had sought its crimson bed, And the mild stars came forward one by

one; I saw the sturdy farmer, and I said: "What have you done to-day? C, farmer, say." "Ob. I have sown the wheat in yonder field, And pruned my orchard, to increase the yield, And turned the furrow for a patch of corncorn-This have I done since morn."

(saw a blacksmith in his smithy door, When the day had vanished and the west grew red, And all the merry strife and noise were

o'er: I saw the kindly blacksmith, and I said: "What have you done to-day? O, blacksmith say." "Oh, I have made two plowshares all complete, And nailed the shoes on many a horse's fast.

feet; And-O, my friend, I cannot tell you half," The man of muscle answered with a laugh.

I saw a miller when the day was done, And all the sunshine from the hills had

fled, And tender shadows crept across the

And tender shadows crept across the lawn; I saw a dusky miller, and I said: "What have you done to-day? O, miller, gray." "Oh, I have watched my mill from morn till night; Did you ever see flour so snowy white? And many are the mouths to-day I've fed."

And merry miller laughed as this he said.

I saw another when the night drew nigh, And turned each daily toiler from his task, When gold and crimson cloudlets decked the sky. "What have you done to-day? Dram-seller, say." But the drink-seller turned, with drooping head.

And not a single word in answer said. Waat had he done? His work, he knew full well. Was plunging souls in deepest hell

Alas! drink-seller, on that awful day When death shall call you, and your race

when death shall call you, and your face is run.
How can you answer? What can you say When God shall question you, "What' have you done?" How can you meet the eye Of the Most High?
When night approaches, and the day grows late.

late, Think you to find your way to heaven's gate? Taink you to dwell with the souls of right-

eous men? Think you to enter in? If not, what then? —Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

A Popular Fallacy.

A Popular Value. A Popular Value. A Popular Value. The idea of using brandy as a specific for the cure of nervous debility (as caused phother form of the popular failacy which instakes a process of irritation for a pro-cess of invigoration. "Alcohol is neither a food nor a gener-tro of force in the human body," says Dr. N. S. Davis, es-President of the American Metical Association, "though like other and chioroform, its presence diminishes the sensibility of the nervous system and brain, thereby randering the ladividual less conscious of all outward impressions. This diminution of sensibility may be seen in all its stages from simplo weight, ex-hibited by ease, buoyancy, filarity, to that of meaning power. It has long been one of that the same individual would resort to the other paradoxes of human physiology, that the same individual would resort of the other and protect from hard in sum-med element. The fact is that alcohol our conscious so is full with a stage of the the nervous system, it also logitres to strength when weak and weury, ind soche and calm when afflicted in the its presence diminishes the sensibil-ity of the nervous system, it also logitres to a delimination. The fact is confined to the of the organism or consciousness of impressions. But ity of the nervous system, it also logitres to a delimination. The fact is confined to the organism to strength when weak and weury, it also induces the sufference of the special to other presence diminishes the serves of the superiment never fulls to aggravate by of the nervous system, it also logitres to a delimination. The fact is confined to the set of the special to a consolution in the presence of the superiment never fulls to aggravate the superiment review in the existence of marging privately opposed to the use of the superiment review in the existence of marging privately opposed to the use of the appender the sufference on the phys-ing privately performent heactined with fra-mated infects o

of a prescription by which those results have been apparently accomplished. He deludes himself with the hope that the momentary feeling of relief might be ac-cepted as asymptom of permanent incepted as asymptom of permanent im-provement. But is it not, on the other hand, more than probable that the inevitable disap-pointment of that hope has done much to weaken the confidence in the trustworthi-ness of medical prescriptions in general? Here as elsewhere, absolute honesty might after all, prove the wisest plan.

brute's form, dark and shadow-like, came flying through the air, and he was upon me.

He alighted fairly upon my shoulders; I staggered to leeward under the sudden weight and fell into the scuppers, at the same time warding off with my arm his ugly face from mine. Brute-like, he seized that part of my body nearest his jaws and bit, fiercely, body nearest his jaws and bit, fiercely, deep into my left shoulder; then, springing suddenly from me, he leaped into the main rigging, swarmed aloft, and stopped, a dozen ratlins high, to grin and "cooch" at me. During the whole time of the extraordinary strug-gle which followed I made no sound with my lips--why, I do not know. And yet I was mightily scared of the ape. I fancy it was the suddenness of the attack, which gave me no time even to think of calling for help and awakening my shipmates.

even to think of calling for help and awakening my shipmates. Jumping to my feet excitedly, I stood upon the deck, with fists doubled up and in a boxing attitude, awaiting Jacko's next spring. Except for the ape's low chuckling "coo-ch," we made no sound. I was barefooted, so that even my footfalls were noiseless. Had I run, Jacko in all probability would have left me alone, but see ng me standing somewhat defiantly in his accustomed place, he accepted my at-titude as a challenge.

titude as a challenge. He came stealthily and cantiously He came steatthing and controlsing down the rigging to the top-gallant rail, watched me awhile from there, and then swarmed the royal back-stay to a height of about 15 feet. never taking his eyes off me all the time. Here he stopped and com-

nee changed his tactics. He came leisnrely down from the capstan and crawled slowly and deliberately along the deck towards me, nutil at length he stopped within a fathom's length

of my feet. Then he bounded upward and again landed fairly upon me. He gripped my throat in a manner that was almost human in style and intention. He clasped his strong hind legs around my waist, and made a vicious snap at my face with his awful jaws. I ducked my head, barely in time to save my features, and his teeth snapped in my hair, some of which was torn out. hair, some of which was torn out. Fearful for my face, I put up my right hand to grasp his throat, my left arm having by this time become some what numbed from the effects of his savage bites. My hand strayed, however, as he dodged it, and it went between his teeth. He bit cruelly, and one of his wolars went clean through, opening a vein from which the blood com menced to spout in an alarming manner.

The fight now became a wrestling match, while no other sound came from either of us save the hiss of our nom enter of us save the first of our panting breath and the patter of my bare feet. We struggled frantically to and fro upon the deck. The blood sponting from my hand spread over Jacko's hairy head, neck and face, until he became a ghastly sight. I felt myself growing wasken from the felt myself growing weaker from the less of blood, while my powerful enemy appeared to be growing rapidly stronger. We staggered against the main firerail. With my growing weak-ness fear came upon me-fear of the horrible disfigurement my features

his time was up he begged to be allowed aminute longer, "because," he said, "I has my eye on a star that wiggles awful and can't hold on much longer." Shooting stars are only little masses

of matter-bits of rock or metal or cloudlets of dast and gas-which are flying unresisted through space just as planets and comets do, in paths which, within the limits of our solar system are controlled by the attrac-tion of the sun. They move with speed of several miles a second, far exceeding that of any military pro-identifie but are too small to be each by jectile, but are too small to be seen by us except when they enter our atmos-phere, and, becoming intensely heated by the resistance they encounter light up and burn for a moment; for to use Lord Kelvin's expression, body rushing through the air at such an enormous velocity is during its flight virtually "immersed in a blow pipe flame, "having a temperature com parable with that of an electric arc. As a rule they are completely consumed a rate they are completely characteristic to the upper air, so that nothing reaches the surface of the earth except perhaps, a little ash, settling slowly as an imperceptible "smoke." Occa sionally, however, some mass larger than usual survives in part the fiery ordeal and its fragments fell to the ordeal and its fragments fall to the ground as specimeas of the materia of "other worlds than ours."

"What made that horse tear up the avenue so?"

'I suppose he had a permit from the superintendent of streets to it."-Boston Commercial Bulletin. de

An Insidious Evil.

An Insidious Evil. The persistency with which the daily papers continue to inform us that the drink habit is growning among women is harming. If it betrae, as a leading New York paper asserts upon the authority of "one of the 400," that Delmonico's and the Waldorf-Astoria arc the scenes of drunken debauchery upon the part of women of the most exclusive circles of New York society, and that lady members of leading aristocratic families go about the streets of New York, in public place and in the homes of their friends, with their breath reeking with the funes of players of the ilquor problem confronts us. There is nothing incredible in the reports. There is nothing incredible in the reports, there is nothing incredible in the reports, there is nothing incredible in the reports, the nothing incredible in the reports. The nothing incredible in the reports, the nothing incredible in the reports.

The Crasade in Brief.

There are 250,000 places where liquor is sold in this country.

Why should any man who sells liquor have anything to do with the governing of the public schools?

When the liquor dealer gets rich enough to build a brown stone front he has e right to call it "The house that 'jag' built."

Switzerland has three institutions for the cure of drunkards, which record perma nent cures in one-half of the cases treated.

At the annual meeting of the Massachu-setts Total Abstinence Society Secretary of the Navy John D. Long was elected Presi-dent.