

THE WEAKER SEX.

"The weaker sex" they call them, but a mortal couldn't make. In speaking of the women-folk, a more profound mistake. Those precious parcels made of smiles, of ribbons, tears and lace. Have clearly proved themselves to be the "Samsons" of the race. Do you suppose that any man could keep me half the night in some bedchambered room where mosquitoes fiercely bite, and who, it mattered not how long he might prefer to stay, could press my hand so lightly I could never get away? And where's the giant with the strength to make me walk and walk about the park and baffle forth the softest kind of talk. And buy ice cream and lemonade and popcorn bars and such and then declare I had enjoyed the evening very much? I know a tender, "clinging vine" who, by her winsome smiles, has made me, busy as I am, walk several hundred miles. I've stood outdoors on winter nights and waited for her when I'd not have waited half so long for fifteen dozen men. The women are the ones who rule this planet first and last. They bind us in their mystic chains and hold us good and fast. But, though we men are shackled slaves, we mutually agree. We'll never do a single thing to make them set us free. —Nixon Waterman, in Good Housekeeping.

Caught in a Cave.

By HUGH F. GRINSTEAD.

It has been said that after all the surface of the earth has been explored there will yet remain many vast underground caverns that will furnish a field of research for the scientist and adventurer. While the short space of one day was as long as I ever spent under ground, the conditions under which this enforced and unpleasant journey was taken has sufficed to satisfy any longing I may have otherwise had for subterranean explorations. The circumstances which I am about to relate occurred in Southern Kentucky, near the head waters of Barren River, twenty miles south of Mammoth Cave.

In 1854 my father moved from Virginia to Kentucky, where, with the help of myself and brother, aged respectively seventeen and fifteen years, he had built a two-room log house and cleared several acres of land preparatory to planting a crop. The spring following our removal to the new home was characterized by a great amount of rain, and consequently much time was allowed us for hunting. Wild turkeys were numerous, as were also deer and other large and more dangerous game.

One morning about the 1st of May I awoke early and decided to go turkey shooting before daylight, while the wary gobbler was still on the roost. Quietly taking the trusty musket from the rack over the door I made my way out of the house without disturbing the other members of the family. Outdoors the moon was shining brightly, and without difficulty I found and followed the path that led down to the spring and across the bottom to Barren River. Midway between the spring and the river was a narrow strip of "hog wallow" land, so called from a series of short undulations resembling the holes rooted out by hogs in search of roots.

On nearing the "hog wallow" my attention was attracted to what appeared to be a black spot on the ground and almost directly in the path. Having been along the road the evening previous I was at a loss to understand the cause of this phenomenon, which in the uncertain moonlight looked for all the world like an immense splotch of ink. I approached cautiously and was almost at the verge of what proved to be an all but bottomless pit, when, without warning and before I could recede a step to safer footing, the point of the earth on which I stood gave way and I was precipitated feet foremost down an inclined plane. Would I never stop? I was not falling, but sliding and rolling down a mud-lined passage which dipped at an angle of forty-five degrees. However, such was the impetus gained by my first plunge that I was shot down as from a catapult. Clutching wildly for some means to stay my mad flight my hands would touch the sides of the narrow shaft, and once so small was the opening that I stopped for an instant, but the loose earth giving away I dropped sheer downward twenty feet into a shallow pool of water.

Dazed and half stunned by the fall I sat or rather lay there several minutes before my scattered senses could grasp all that had befallen me. Where was I and how far had I fallen? For a few seconds I could hear the rumble of dislodged earth as it followed me, but was caught in the small passage, finally shutting out all sound from above, barring escape by that way. Then I did what might have been expected of a boy of my age. Frantic with fear I called loudly for help. The reverberating echoes of my own voice told me I was in one of those vast caverns with which this section of the State abounds.

With this discovery came reason and I began to think. I had often heard Bob Clary, the old bear hunter, tell of the caves on Lost Creek, where the bees made their nests, and I had seen the pits on Blackburn's Bluff, less than a mile from my father's house. These pits were more or less perpendicular in depth, forty feet or more to the bottom and of irregular shape. The walls of some of these could not be seen by even the panther or wildcat, while others could with difficulty be climbed. In some of them I had seen the bones of cattle and sheep, showing where some marauding beast had held high carnival.

As this all came to my mind I took courage. If my prison had an outlet by way of the pits on Blackburn's Bluff there was at least a chance for my rescue if I could ever reach there. I knew it must be over half a mile to the bluffs, and that distance I must grope in absolute darkness. Once there I could at least behold the blessed light from above, and hope for rescue from some outside source. Thus buoyed with hope I began to move cautiously forward on my hands and knees in the direction of what I thought to be the larger part of the cave, judging from the sounds emanating therefrom as I shouted from time to time.

The floor of the cave was here almost level and I made rapid progress. Losing some of my timidity as I advanced I had arisen to my feet and was walking without difficulty, I had proceeded thus for probably a quarter of a mile suddenly

in almost a straight line when I suddenly became aware of a faint sound from the direction in which I was traveling, and my next step brought me against a solid stone wall. Carefully feeling my way along the wall, which seemed to curve to the left at this point I had proceeded only a few steps when my foot dislodged some small stones, which went rumbling downward, and after the lapse of a second or two I could distinctly hear the chug! chug! as they struck the water. The sound I had heard then must be that of running water, possibly of Lost Creek, where it disappears in the rocks, just after skirting Blackburn's Bluff. If this was the case I would be more than 100 feet below the top of the bluff, and half that distance below the bottom of the deepest pit I had ever looked into on that bluff.

With my hands against the wall and by carefully reaching out with my feet I found I was on a narrow ledge, on which it was very difficult to retain my footing. I worked my way along this narrow shelf, which was at some points alarmingly steep, for possibly 100 feet, when my pathway came abruptly to an end. Evidently I could proceed no farther in this direction, and was on the point of turning back when that befel me which, though seeming for the time a calamity, was in reality the guiding hand of providence.

I was sitting on the narrow ledge throwing pebbles into the water below and mentally calculating the distance, when I suddenly felt the gravelly bench begin to slide, and in that awful moment I realized the extent of my peril. If I missed the rocks and struck the water the chances were that I would be stunned and strangled before I could regain my breath. I claved madly at the treacherous gravel, and as I went over the bank caught a projecting rock and held on with the tenacity of desperation. My feet were dangling in the air and my hold was weakening. I shut my eyes and prepared for the inevitable plunge. I thought how my body would be sought in vain. I prayed!

My fingers slowly relaxed, and I dropped—six feet below to a flat rock! Joy unspeakable! Shortly before I was bewailing my fate and now I was sobbing with very joy. So overcome was I that it was several minutes before I gained sufficient strength to enable me to learn the extent of the friendly rock on which I had alighted.

I found it was but the entrance to a small cave, running at right angles to the ledge above, and so close was I to the ledge, that had I swung out six inches farther I would have gone into the water as did the pebbles which had easily bounded over the rock. This projection was only a few feet long, and the only way I could proceed now was by going into the small cave. I proceeded slowly, having to go on my hands and knees at times, so low was the roof.

At length the passage widened and the roof became higher, so that I could stand erect, and consequently got along faster. It was always uphill. In places several feet apart, but always easily climbed by aid of the jagged stones.

After making my way from one of these terraces to the next higher by feeling my way over a path more difficult than usual, I became faintly aware of a peculiar sensation. I could see? Yes, there was actually a faint glimmer of light discernible by my eye save of one who had been in total darkness for a long time.

I still had to feel my way, for while the delicate organism of my eyes felt the sensation of light it was not enough to guide my footsteps. However, the light was steadily growing brighter. I was going toward it! After passing up a slight incline, I could see the floor of the cavern and far ahead a small spot of light was discernible. I shouted with joy. I half ran toward my beacon light, which gradually grew larger. Now, I was beholding the beautiful light of day and breathing the pure air; for I stood at the bottom of a large jagged opening, which I instantly recognized as one of the pits on Blackburn's Bluff.

I gazed upward and fairly drank in the pure air and sunshine. A little bird perched on a limb high above twittered gaily and seemed to be singing to me a song of good cheer. I was elated at once more coming into the light, but my hopes sank as I realized the utter improbability of anyone coming to my rescue in this remote place before night; and after dark I stood in deadly peril from the beasts that made their dens in the cave.

The alighting rays of the sun told me it was late in the afternoon. If I planned escape I must work quickly. I carefully examined my prison. I could scale the wall almost to the top. Here an overhanging rock would stop further progress. However, growing out from the base of this rock was a stunted pine, while from the branches of a large elm which stood on the verge above a huge grapevine dangled within four feet of the stunted pine. If I could only climb out on the pine and

from there jump the intervening four feet and catch the grapevine! Was the grapevine dead and rotten? Or would I miss it and be dashed to pieces on the rocks below?

Laying aside my natural timidity, I resolved to use every means of escape, and forthwith began the ascent. I had some difficulty in making my way to the stunted oak, but by pulling myself up by the scant bushy growth along the face of the cliff, I soon found myself balanced on the horizontal trunk ready to make my spring into space for the friendly grapevine.

Only four or five feet to safety! It was the supreme moment! Life itself depended on the success of this leap into space! Nerving myself for the final effort I jumped! I caught at the vine; it slipped through my hands for an instant, but the grasp of desperation held it! Slowly pulling myself up hand over hand, I soon reached a firmer hold in the branches of the elm and thence to the ground. The sun had set when I at last set foot on the surface of this dead old planet, and the familiar sounds of the early twilight greeted my ears, and, oh, such music! In a few minutes I was at home, having traveled three-quarters of a mile underground and that in total darkness. Searchingly feeling my way along the wall, which seemed to curve to the left at this point I had proceeded only a few steps when my foot dislodged some small stones, which went rumbling downward, and after the lapse of a second or two I could distinctly hear the chug! chug! as they struck the water.

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Eastern Invasion of the West.

In fact, within the short space of three years after the Spanish War there was scarcely an important point of investment left untouched by Eastern funds and Eastern promissive enterprises. And had we but realized it then, as we do in beholding the consequences now, we might long since have wrapped around our sleeves the mourning badge for the things which were being lost to us forever. For, when Harriman bought the Chicago & Alton, it was the crossing of the Rubicon for us. Behind him railed all the vast machinery of modern commerce and finance, as the colossal power of imperial Rome was massed behind Caesar, and after he had taken under his command the Pacific railroads there was nothing for us to do, but like the Goths, to forsake our perhaps cruder but certainly happier and more peaceful habits and habitats, and to become disciples, followers or allies of the strenuous demands and customs of the maturer world to the eastward.—The Reader.

Willing to Compromise.

The mother had been having a strenuous day with her offspring, as Mrs. Anna Garlin Spencer calls the story of a little cousin of hers. The "all boy" had been more than usually bent on a peripatetic interrogation point. There were few things concerning the construction of the world and all things in it, with assidues upon various theological, philosophical, and scientific questions, which the mother had not tried to answer. She was exhausted and welcomed the night as she undressed her little son and prepared him for bed. But he had not finished his questions.

"Mamma, he asked, 'where is my soul?'" "Now, dear," replied the weary mamma, "I am very tired, and I can't answer another question to-night."

"Well, then, you needn't answer it to-night," said the child, "but please put your finger on the very spot!" —New York Times.

A Fish Story.

There lives in Franklin, Pa., a certain Mr. Allen, who a short time ago caught a trout a foot long. He was unwilling to eat such a fine fish, and so he took it home and placed it in a large tank of water. Every day he went to look at it and fed it with flies, which it swallowed greedily, and grew so tame that whenever he approached, it came to the side and asked for food. As the trout seemed no domesticated, Mr. Allen put it in a stream which runs closely by his house, but the fish refused to take advantage of its liberty, and whenever he went to the river it came up and wagged its tail with the pleasure of seeing him. But whenever Mr. Allen takes a friend with him, the fish refuses to come to the surface, and hides himself until the friend has departed. Mr. Allen is usually considered a very truthful man.

Business as Usual.

Lady Curzon made a point of collecting any amusing attempts made by Hindus to write English that came under her notice and had many curious specimens in her scrap book. Once she got from Bombay a letter that two brothers sent out to their patrons on the death of their father, who had been the head of the firm. It ran:

"Gentlemen: We have the pleasure to inform you that our respected father departed this life on the 10th inst. His business will be conducted by his beloved sons, whose names are given below. The opium market is quiet and Mat. 1500 rupees per cent. O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? We remain, &c." —London Evening Standard.

A Revolutionary Relic.

Senator Bard, of California, was once conversing with a Jesuit brother at the Georgetown University, when he told this story illustrative of the fine humor of Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia: The archbishop had rebuked a priest for wearing a most disreputable-looking hat.

"I would not give this hat for twenty new ones," said the priest. "It belonged to my father, who fell in the rising of '48."

"Ah, was Archbishop Ryan's rector?" "Evidently he fell on the hat," —Harper's Weekly.

STORIES OF CASTAWAYS.

Suggested by the Finding of a Stranded Hulk on a Chilean Island.

From Shipping Illustrated.

Like the old time Roman poet, some of the pioneers in exploration shuddered at the watery mountains in motion; but they were driven seaward, in many instances against their wills, by adverse gales. The virgins of the Vikings, long before Columbus put in an appearance, had accidentally discovered what is now known as North America; and Leif, son of Eric the Red, is said to have founded colonies 500 years ago where Boston and New York now stand. Island after island in the Pacific was doubtless peopled in some measure by castaways who had started out from some lonely islet under auspicious omens, intending to return at nightfall, but who were caught in an unexpected cyclonic storm and driven many miles to leeward of their island home. Some of them perished miserably at sea; some died from exhaustion, after arrival at an unknown land, and some remained just where they gained safety, and eventually forgot whence they came. A recent number of the Chilean Times reminds us that even in the twentieth century successors to Robinson Crusoe are not altogether unknown, although their wanderings do not always have so happy a termination. It is reported that on the shore of Guafu Island there have been discovered the remains of a ship's hull, many packages of cargo, a number of skeletons, and a ship's spar bearing the inscription "Castle-Newton."

Some years ago the American sailing ship Joseph Spinney, when about two hundred miles from the Pelow Islands, rescued an old chief and five other natives of that group who had been blown out to sea in an open boat. They had been eighteen days without food, were just about to kill and eat the sixteen-old son of the chief when the vessel bore down on the curious object to reconnoitre, and two of the castaways died despite the most careful nursing and the good food supplied to them by the master of the Joseph Spinney.

While on her way from Australia to China the American bark Tewkesbury L. Swent was wrecked on one of the Caroline Islands during a hurricane. The castaways lived with the savages for seven months; then, grown tired of involuntary exile, they sailed 1000 miles in boat and canoes and were eventually picked up by another vessel and taken to Honolulu. A few of the old time American whalerships met with curious adventures in the Pacific Ocean and the men not infrequently preferred a life of sensuality and ease on one of the islands rather than risk their lives in pursuit of the crafty catcecan for a return scarcely worth mentioning. And there were some whalerships under Old Glory in those days! Commodore Wilkes, U. S. N., in his renowned exploration cruise saw several American whalers during a run of a few miles, and Captain Coffin, of the Plymouth whaler Mary and Martha, spoken by Commodore Wilkes in 1840, reported that there were at least 100 similar ships "fishing" in the neighborhood. One of the whalerships in 1804 under Captain Folger happened on the descendants of the castaways known for all time as the "Bounty" mutineers, who after sending adrift their commander and those who refused to join in the mutiny had settled at Pitcairn Island with some male and female natives of Otaheite. Captain Folger apparently did not disclose his find, for six years had elapsed before the island was again visited by any one from the outside world. Four years ago a Nova Scotia bark, the Angola, was wrecked on a reef six days after leaving Cavite, in the Philippines. Seventeen survivors remained on the island until two rafts had been constructed and then attempted to reach the nearest dry land. During the night the smaller raft with five men disappeared and the twelve men of the larger craft were fated to undergo a most terrible experience. After drifting twenty-five days, destitute of food and water, two men went raving mad and drowned themselves. Next day a French sailor killed the mate with an axe, quenched his thirst with the murdered officer's blood and was later on killed by the second mate. His body was eaten and cannibalism was resorted to again and again until only a Swede and a Spaniard were left to tell the horrible tale when the raft drifted ashore, after forty-eight days' experience, on an island of the South Natuna group, where the natives attended on their every want until strong enough to proceed to Singapore in a junk.

In 1892 the metal bark Compadre caught fire at sea and was run ashore on Auckland Island to save the lives of all on board. There the castaways spent about as monotonous a hundred days as can be imagined, until rescued by a passing ship. Another metal bark, the Henry James, bound from New South Wales to California, piled up on a coral reef near Palmyra Island. Her crew and passengers sought safety on this inhospitable place; a boat, with the mate and four men who had volunteered, succeeded in reaching Samoa after a starvation trip covering 1300 miles in nineteen days, and the Mariposa of the Oceanic Steamship Company's fleet of San Francisco, Cal., went out of her way to rescue the castaways in compliance with the urgent request of the dauntless volunteer boat's crew.

Owing to the fact that quite a number of sailing ships have met their fate on the islets of the lone Southern Ocean, between the meridians of the Cape of Good Hope and Australia, the maritime nations have deemed it necessary to establish depots of food and clothing on a few of the most important of the islands along this route. On Hog Island, Crozet group, a French war vessel left an enormous supply of necessities in a hut erected near the landing place, and a similar arrangement

was made by the British warship Comus on Possession Island, where she landed provisions enough to last fifty people fifty days. Another French warship established similar depots at the islands of Amsterdam, St. Paul and Kerguelen. Near New Zealand there are also depots of a like nature on several of the islands, and a Government steamer visits the islands once or twice a year to replace such stores as may have become unfit for use and take off any castaways that may have arrived, irrespective of nationality. At Cape Beale and at Carmanah lighthouse, Vancouver Island, there are similar satisfactory stores for castaways. Needless to say, perhaps, the direction of the caches are clearly indicated on shore, so that the furnishing arrivals may reach the provisions and clothing in the shortest possible intervals of time after landing, and notices with respect to them appear regularly in the Government publications issued to mariners by the several maritime nations.

If the report of the Chilean contemporary be true the unfortunate castaways escaped drowning only to die on shore. Very seldom indeed of recent years has such a sad find been recorded as that just made public in the lonely islet of the Pacific, for steam and telegraphy are utterly opposed to any casualty to shipping remaining hidden from the world for a long interval.

"DOCTORED" BASEBALLS.

Silk O'Loughlin Says There's a Rochester Man Who Makes Them.

"Well, well," remarked Silk O'Loughlin, as he read the stories about the row in the Southern League because Atlanta charges New Orleans with rigging in a "phony" ball in a recent game.

"That is like old times," the umpire is quoted in the Louisville Courier-Journal, "and reminds me of the seasons I spent as the arbitrator in minor leagues. Among the minors some years ago it was not such an uncommon thing as you might suppose to try to put over a ball that had too 'ch rubber' in it, and the ump had to be on the lookout for that little game all the time. We not only looked out for it, but occasionally were pretty sure that we had caught them with the goods and made them keep pitching out new balls until we got one that bounced right. I rejected twenty balls in succession in one game I umpired, and they finally got good and gave me what the rules called for."

"It is not generally known that the making of illegal balls, which even the jolliest of joke hitters can bang into the middle of next week and when they hit the ground bounce over the Chinese wall, is a regular and thriving business.

"The enterprising individual who has the largest and bounciest stock is an old stager at it who heads headquarters in Rochester. Give him the quiet tip that you want an assortment of nice lively balls, and he'll send the coin along in advance, and he'll not care knock a bunch that a tinny tot can knock so far that Larry Lajoie's longest drives would look like a beanbag to."

"This enthusiastic supporter of the win at any price theory also makes legitimate baseballs, so unless you know him and give him the sign to show that you belong to the same lodge of baseball crooks, he'll ship you the usual line of goods, which necessitates a heap of hard work to keep your average up around .300.

"Nowadays in the big leagues they don't work the old lively ball gag often, if at all, but the various managers know all about it, and when they see a ball traveling far, far ahead after being slapped at by some pitcher who hasn't put one out of the diamond for a couple of months they begin to do a heap of thinking and suggest that the umpire take a peep and bounce it a few times as a test. If it goes too high it goes over of the game.

"Keeping an eye on the ball is one of the big duties of an umpire. He doesn't have to look out for phonies so much as he does for those with loose covers or that have been cut, accidentally or by design, and he orders them out, as soon as detected."

The Fatigue of Metals.

It has been demonstrated by experiment that metals are subject to fatigue and need regular rest. A steel rail or a link in a chain will do more work and last longer if it is given periodical rest than if it is subjected to constant strain. A persistent jar upon a bar of metal shakes the molecules into crystals, presenting lines of easy cleavage, and then it breaks; whereas if the bar has periods of rest the molecules regain their normal position and the bar recovers its strength. The engineer knows that his locomotive is the better for rest, and all engines and tools get tired without it and are the better for it.

What is true of iron and steel is equally true of muscle and nerve and mind and heart. Continual activity produces in them a state of chronic fatigue that is fatal to their best work. Rest renews and refreshes them and sends them back more vital and vigorous to their service. A vacation is no idle whim or unnecessary and unfaithful escape from duty, but a universal need.—Presbyterian Banner.

Pleasure as a Business.

Society takes its pleasure seriously enough, as we in England are all wont to do. In the east end of London there is far more genuine enjoyment, hilarity, spirits—and spirit—than in Hyde Park on a Sunday evening, at Ascot or at Henley. Fashion is not the world which amuses itself, it amuses others far more. And as for the deeper side of the question, we are no worse than other peoples. Look at Ascot on the gold cup day. It is a sight unique in all the world—such frocks, such beauty, such wealth, such property! Would England be the better for the absence of it? Go as Protty Polly, that strange, sleek, "fast" mare, herself symbol of the race who race with her.—London Observer.

JUVENILE CRIMINAL CODE.

Things Philadelphia Boys Cannot Do Without Danger of Punishment.

For the future guidance of Juvenile Court prisoners, or youngsters who bid fair to become Juvenile Court prisoners, the Civic Club Association has had prepared, under the supervision of Frank G. Sayre and M. Joseph Pickering, a pamphlet entitled "Laws Boys Should Not Break."

None of these laws is set forth in detail, and it is expressly stated by the compilers that the pamphlet does not contain all the laws that a boy can break.

A perusal of this little book will plunge into profound gloom any boy who desires to do what is right without surrendering all the rights of boyhood.

He will learn, for instance, that the flying of kites in streets or squares is forbidden under penalty of \$5 fine.

Any boy who lounges in the street or on corners—that is, a boy who doesn't keep moving all the time when he is in public—is regarded by the law as a nuisance and is punishable as such.

He must not throw a piece of paper or a banana peel or an apple core on the street or sidewalk, for fear of being fined \$5; and that desecrating of all boyish prerogatives, the building of bonfires, is strictly forbidden by an ordinance of 1864.

If he should "throw or fire any squib, rocket or other firework in any of the streets of the city, or discharge at or from any house any gun, pistol or other firearm, or use any gunpowder or other explosive material," whether it be on the glorious Fourth of July or any other day, he does so at his own peril, legal as well as physical, and is subject to arrest and fine.

For making a loud noise or annoying neighbors, the penalty is \$10.

He may not shoot an airgun or hunt, shoot or fish on the Sabbath day.

If he says anything stronger than "Crackey" or "Jimmy crickets" when he happens to stub his toe in a public place, he may be deemed a disorderly person and fined \$10 and costs. The legal charge for fishing on Sunday is \$25.

Ball playing and the dear old game of "pussy" are nuisances, provided any neighbor chooses to report them as such.

Boys must not write on fences, hitching blocks, posts or buildings or carve their names on trees or tie tin cans to dogs' tails, even if they own the dogs.

For encouraging a dog fight a boy may be fined \$50, and if he shoots craps in an alley he may be fined \$500 and sent to jail for a year.

He has no right to smoke cigarettes if he is under twenty-one years of age, and if he is under eighteen the law will not permit him to go into a billiard room or bowling alley.

He must not retouch with pencil, charcoal or mud the posters on the billboards, or rob a sparrow's nest, or steal a ride on a car, or play hokey from school, or spit between his teeth or otherwise on the sidewalk, or put out a street lamp, or sell flowers, matches, shoe-strings and the like.—Philadelphia North American.

Improved the Shining Hour.

"Sometimes," said Mrs. Marchmont, ruefully, "I wish people wouldn't apologize for their children's misdeeds, but would spend the time spanking the children."

"You speak with feeling," returned the good woman's husband. "What's the trouble?"

"Why," returned Mrs. Marchmont, "right after breakfast this morning Mrs. Sniffen came in with one of my very best tulips in her hand. As nearly as I remember, this is what she said:

"O, Mrs. Marchmont! I'm so ashamed of my little Edward that I don't know what to do. He came right into your yard and picked this perfectly lovely tulip, and I left him on your horse-block and came right in to apologize. I've told him time and again that he mustn't pick flowers out of other people's gardens, but he's always doing it. I don't know what you'll think of him. He isn't a bad child, but he does love to pick flowers. And your tulip bed is always so pretty that it seems just a shame to pick even a single blossom. I know how much you think of it and how much time and money it takes to have a pretty garden. That's the way she talked."

"I don't see," returned Mr. Marchmont, "that there was anything out of the way about that."

"There wasn't," returned the owner of the tulip-bed, sadly. "But while his mother was apologizing for that one blossom Edward picked all the rest." —Youth's Companion.

The Butcheries of Peace.

Mr. Frederick L. Hoffman, of the Prudential Insurance Company, has declared that the annual rate of fatal accidents in American cities is between eighty and eighty-five in each 100,000. On a basis of 80,000,000 people in this country, that would mean that 65,000 people in America lose their lives every year through accidents. According to the same authority, some 1,664,000 persons are more or less seriously injured every year, while 1,800,000 more receive wounds of a less serious character. Now, the two great armies of the North and South with all their implements of destruction were able to kill only 62,112 men a year, which is a lesser number than perish in time of peace through accidents.—Denver Republican.

Could Eat, But Not See.

A farmer who went to a large city to see the sights engaged a room at a hotel, and before retiring asked the clerk about the hours for dining.

"We have breakfast from 6 to 11, dinner from 11 to 3, and supper from 3 to 8," explained the clerk.

"Wal, say," inquired the farmer, in surprise, "what time air I gotter git ter see the town?"—Ladies Home Journal.



The encyclops sheds its barks in stead of its leaves.

Fully one-third of the land in Great Britain is owned by members of the House of Lords.

So late as 1812 the East India Company decided that trade with Japan was not worth cultivating.

For speaking French to him, a landlord of a Dusseldorf hotel recently charged a guest extra in his bill.

Men serve the purposes of wagons in China. They are able to carry two heavy loads hung on the ends of poles.

There is no speed limit for autos outside the city of Shanghai, China. Within the city thirty miles an hour is allowed.

The average size of a laborer's family in England and the United States is three persons; in Germany, five persons.

Tigers appear to be on the increase in Burma, owing to the restrictions on the possession and carrying of arms.

Babylon was probably the first city to attain a population of a million. The area of the city was 235 square miles.

Labor unions are no new invention. Accurate records of their existence in Roman times have been dug up in Pompeii.

"Balkan" is a Turkish generic term, referring to a range or mass of wooded hills with pasture and meadow land in their slopes.

Professor Eulenburg has collected data showing that no fewer than 950 school children in Germany committed suicide in the years 1883 to 1900.

German women collect what are supposed to be the smallest potted plants in the world. They are cacti growing in pots about the size of a thimble.

It is a peculiar fact that Africans never sneeze, neither do their descendants, if they be pure blooded, although domesticated in other parts of the world.

The smallest thing with a backbone is the snarpan, a little fish recently discovered by scientists in the Philippine Islands. It measures about half an inch in length.

In the gardens of the Raby castle, Durham, England, is a fig tree which has a spread of branches from twenty to twenty-four feet. It was brought from Italy in 1786, and is kept under glass.

FATE OF THE OLD ST. LOUIS.

The Second Oldest Ship in Our Navy May Be Broken Up.

After years of huffing by the waters of many seas the one time receiving ship St. Louis lies in the Delaware River at the foot of Catherine street, Philadelphia, awaiting final orders.

These may be to hand her battered timbers over to unsentimental junk dealers, or to preserve her as the oldest vessel outside of the famous Constitution, in Uncle Sam's navy. According to the Philadelphia Record, it is seventy-eight years since the then proud frigate was launched at Washington, where she had been built for service in the Far East. At that time she was regarded as one of the best vessels in the young navy.

During the first ten years of her service pirates were the pest of the West Indies and the Pacific. The St. Louis, then one of the swiftest vessels in the navy, was sent after the men who sailed under the skull and crossbones, and to her efforts is partly due the extermination of the looters.

On one occasion one of the rakish crafts, closely pursued by the coming Union Jack, ran aground on one of the large islands and her crew escaped to the wooded interior. Lieutenant Horton, a gallant young officer of that day, led a cheering company of his men, armed with cutlasses and pistols, to rout out the desperadoes.

Over hills and coasts the chase continued, for a mile, when the fleeing buccaners ambushed the pursuers and a pitched battle resulted. After a fierce hand-to-hand combat the pirates were all killed or captured and the latter were hanged the following day from the yardarm of the St. Louis.

At the time of the naming of the St. Louis there was much opposition to thus honoring a city of such small importance and size as that place was then. Much discussion finally ended in victory for the St. Louis partisans, and it was only recently the Government changed her name to the Key-Stone State, on account of there being another vessel in the navy called the St. Louis. However, the new name was hardly ever applied except in official ways.

Canal Causes Boom on Gulf.

"The construction of the Panama Canal will be of boundless benefit to every Gulf State, and to none of them more than Florida," said E. J. Stillman, Collector of Customs at Pensacola, Fla., at the Raleigh yesterday. "In anticipation of the time when this canal shall be completed conditions have taken on a boom," he continued, "and in all the Gulf cities building construction is being carried on energetically, land values are increasing and industries of all kinds are thriving. Pensacola is enjoying an era of prosperity, and her export trade is increasing at a wonderful rate." —Washington Post.