# CASTLES IN SPAIN.

With w

where

when share; We rest at ease; We go again at any time we please.

From mortal eyes Wero veiled the glories bright of Paradise, Yot there remain These glorious castles all our own—in Spain. —New York Home Journal.

"We'll put him up," said Holden, confidently; "and once he shows, stay with him, Jim."

"You bet I stay!" said Jim, simply "You bet I stay!" said Jim, simply They threaded the winding thicke on separate trails and met near its

head without a sight of the gray steer. "It's no use looking for him down in here," said Holden. "He's

gone up higher. Let's try in the spruce below the rim-rock."

back in disappointment. Below them the gulch enclosed the

fastness of the deer, a space darkened

marked the course of startled, hurry-ing creatures by the lines of swaying tops furrowing the still, green sur-face, and three grand bucks sprang out, their horns showing brown in the velvet as they topped the lower brush; but a hearer of mightige horns was

but a bearer of mightier horns was breaking through the pliant young trees, and a glimpse of a grizzly hide was exultantly caught by the young

"Ah, he show up now!" should

Navajo Jim, erect in the stirrups, as the great steer came out below. Bred from the finest of the Lazy J

stock, he would have weighed near 2000 pounds; but such speed and bot-

tom were his "rustling" on that rough

range that the big body rose over the

brush with the wild grace of a buck, and with deer-like ease his frontlet,

black and threatening, was thrown back over his grizzly shoulder as he stopped and eyed his hunters for an

instant. One defiant shake of his per-

fect horns, then he raced onward, and only bending brush marked his path.

Holden was already galloping after him, smashing the undergrowth in a straight course down the slope to in-tercept him below, shouting as he ran.

Jim, with Indian circumspection, ran his horse in an easier descent along

Now Holden's horse, the blue out-

keeping his eyes on the

brush beneath and waiting swaying brush beneath and waiting for an opportunity of closing in more

Jin

the slope,

blacktail buck.

How fair they rise hyacinthine meadow-ground that Comes From lies trees, Within the shade. how-capped heights of wild sierras Flute-like and mellow, from the copse is made! By snov

How gleaming white battlements beneath the morning Cool for Those light! How marbles show Their brilliancy against the eternal snow !

How roof and spire Are daily kindled to a flashing fire, And over all Folds of silken banner rise and fall !

The court below Is moated with a stream of gentle flow, Whose crystal face Reduplicates the beauty of the place.

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THE GRAY STEER. 

Twelve hundred feet high is the sun-dial of the Lazy J Ranch and nearly as broad—that cliff of divers hues which stands out from the wall of the canon of the Grand river. The opposite precipice serves the cowboys as gnomon or index to the hours of day, for its shadow sweeps over the stupendous, variegated fac and marks the course of the sun through a sky that is always un-clouded. A ledge of porphyry, fifty feet deep, crowns the dial; often it over the stupendous, variegated face and marks the course of the sun through a sky that is always un-clouded. A ledge of porphyrs, fifty feet deep, crowns the dial; often it looks like a strip of pink ribbon to the men below by the stream. But it the men below by the stream. But it the men below by the stream. But it was a glorious coronal, kindling in the first rays from the east, when Holden hailed it with uplifted eye and hand as he quirted his horse through the horner of the stream barway of the corral.

"Sump!" cried Holden, the young foreman, filled with the joy of the morning. He is the son of the president of the cattle company; he had come straight from college to the cow-camp, and the old stroke of the 'var-sity eight set a hot pace in saddle for the Lazy J riders.

He rode that morning a big-boned, Roman-nosed, blue-roan "outlaw"-a Roman-nosed, blue-roan "outlaw"- a horse pronounced irreclaimable by the boys; he had tied a bucking roll across the shoulders of his saddle to supplement the grip of his knees, and on top of that lay the big, loose coil of his fifty-foot cable line, for he was still young enough to disdain a lariat of lesser length and caliber.

Behind Holden Navajo Jim lifted a light left foot to the stirrup; then his spurred right tripped clinking to the evasive dance of his young horse, and he slipped inimitably into his saddle. To its right shoulder hung the trim coiled ring of his rope of braided raw-hide, which, to that of the foreman, was as steel to iron and would hold anything on hoofs.

Foreman and follower struck out through the greasewood over ground without grass; the grazing range lay high on the mesa, fenced by the lofty wall of the canon. Its seemingly in accessible height was scaled by t sure-footed, agile range cattle at the break in the porphyry ledge not far up the canon, and presently they took up the canon, and to the dizzy trail.

With slack cinches the blowing horses clawed up the loose footing at the top of the break and moved out on a narrow projecting tongue of the mesa. Still higher the mesa broad-ened and was set with squat cedars and pinons. Here the riders saw cat-tle already chewing their cuds in the shade

"We're too low down. There's nothing here," said the young foreman, his eyes roving over the stock. "It's beef I'm after I've got to get a train-road off by the first and not a hundred steers gathered yet!"

"Quaking-asp putty good place r steer now," said Navajo Jim. Water sweet there and stam<sub>2</sub>in'for

ground close. ground close." "Yes, I know," Holden returned, impatiently. "The boys started twenty head down yesterday and had them pointed for the corral, when that blamed gray steer scattered the bunch, and they broke back for the bills." hills.

"That gray steer like bull elk. Better corral him with six-shooter," said Jim. "One steer not much worth." Now Holde Jim. "One steel anthing! "Six-shooter nothing!

on the obedient Indian spurred after the wild steer and the flying saddle. The great steer seemed scarcely to feel the 50-pound drag of the bump-ing saddle. Yet it iciptened the rope The perfumed breeze through the branches of fruit-lader ing saddle. Yet it tightened the rop about loin and flanks, and by makin it harder for him to breathe so lessened his speed that Jim easily kept him in sight. Through yielding brush and swaying thicket, through bunches of With soothing sound Cool fountains scatter jewels all around, In flashing spray The minbow bends its arch above our way. frightened cattle that split to let him pass and came stringing after, bucking and bawling in sympathy, the brute We enter there som friends we bid our joys to plunged on.

Each bawling bunch in turn was Each bawling bunch in turn was distanced. The brushy slopes broke away. As the mesa, sprinkled with pinons, began to offer to Jim smooth spaces for handling his horse, he un-buckled the strap that held the coil of his rope, but still, as every leap of the steer took him the nearer to the corral, the wise Indian only held the rawhide ringed ready in his hand. rawhide ringed ready in his hand.

Down the rapidly narrowing tongue of the mesa—the mesa which tipped precipitonsly out into the river-gorge and was bounded on either side by an abyss—the trapped steer sped. He must soon be at a standstill or at-compt to eature on big tracks

tempt to return on his tracks. The Indian's eyes had already kin-dled with anticipation of triumph, when at the last of the pinons the bumping, hurtling saddle caught fast between projecting roots. It scarcely checked the steer! Holden's cable tore loose from the saddle-horn, and its slack-ened loop was speedily kicked from the steer's high-plunging haunches. Once more the great gray brute was free.

"Ah, he on the push now!" said Jim and looked to his loop as the steer reversed his big body, gave a high, writhing leap over the spurned rope, confronted the herder with the threatening crescent of his sharp horns and plunged forward to the combat.

The Navajo lifted his horse aside with the spurs, swung the loop open in his right hand and rose, half turned spruce below the rim-Fock." He led the way upward along the steep, brushy side of the gulch until, stopped by the rim-rock, they sat in their saddles and looked down and in the stirrups, in a quick underthrow for the front hoofs of the steer as he

Junged by. Jim's eyes saw, for an instant, low-ered horns and uplifted hoofs mingled together, and his throw was true. But so quick was the play of the ponder-ous feet that the loop caught one fore-leg only and passed over the face and hung acress the horne to twilight by a growth of young spruce and aspen saplings. "Maybe he down in those," said hung across the horns. The loop, drawn tight by the roper's

Jim, with a drop alike of voice and hand, "Hide hisself in daytime like instantaneous jerk and kept from slack-ening by his nimble horse, bound horn and hoof together. Now the steer was in sad plight. With head drawn "Blacktail buck." "But we can't get into that 'pocket" on horses," Holden replied loudly, in vexation. "Wait! I'll try for him!" sidewise, with tongue lolling from open jaws, bellowing, he surged on three legs, but his spirit was un-As he spoke he dismounted to act broken.

n a boyish inspiration. He had noticed a big block fallen The roper slowed his horse to the train. From horn to cantle the sadfrom the rim-rock and lying tilted up on the slope. With mighty heaving he overturned it, and down the slope strain. dle creaked as, trampling and tugging in a wild, wide waltz, straining horse and hauling steer made the mad cirit crashed in smashing leaps through the brush and swaying timber to the very heart of the spruce thicket. Snorts came up from below; Holden

and hauling steer made the mad cir-cuit of the precipices. The Navajo, active in the saddle with rein, spur and rope, was, in spite of all his efforts, dragged past the break where the trail ran down the slope. His horse, always straining desperately, was tugged on and on until he circled along the perilous porphyry brink, and Jim glanced longingly from the saddle on the cor-ral seemingly almost directly beneath ral, seemingly almost directly beneath him, its great square shrunk to the measure of his saddle-blanket.

measure of his saddle-blanket. Holden, pounding down bareback on the blne roan, had stopped to gather up his rope, but now Jim heard his encouraging shont. The quickened tramp of his rushing horse, the whirr-ing of his big rope as he swung it aloft, sounded close at hand, and the sweating roper relaxed his strain. The steer, alert to the slack, jerked his hoof from the loop. Heedless of the cutting rope, instantly tightened across face and frontlet, his stately head was lifted, and he stood, wild-eyed, quivering, cornered, caught but

eyed, quivering, cornered, caught but not conquered. He was en four legs again. Conquered? Never! With resistless pull on the rope, he wheeled and broke for escape across the cliff that rises, red-banded, above the corral.

"Stay with him, Jim!" roared the young foreman, swinging his rope, sure the steer would stop at the edge. Stay with him? It meant death surely. Already under the plunging front hoofs of the desperate rebel the porphyry rim crumbled. Jim's obedidid not falter, although he was fairly staring down on the corral. How would the falling feel? The Indian had a swift picture of it -the steer lowest in the air on the taut lariat, horse and man whirling after—but Navajo Jim set his savage No foreman should dare him iaws. to stay with a roped beast! He would not look on the faces of white ropers white ropers sneering. He was hired body and soul--he was obedient--he would stay

A GOSPEL MESSAGE.

"Writing in Dust" the Subject-A Denun-ciation of Hyporiay-The Injustice of Condemning in Woman Sins That Are Overlooked in Man. Texr: "Jesus stooped down and with His fingers wrote on the ground."-John vill. 6.

viii., 6. You must take your shoes off and put on the especial slippers provided at the door if you would enter the Mohammedan mosque, which stands now where once stood Herod's temple, the scene of my text. Solomon's temple had stood there, but Nebuchadnezzar had thundered it down. Zeruiobheel's temple had stood there, but had been prostrated. Now we take our places in a temple that Herod built, because he was found of great architecture, and he wanted the preceding temples to seem in significant. Fut eight or ten modern caanted the preceding t gnificant. Put eight

he was fond of great architecture, and he significant. Put eight or ten modern ca-thedrais together, and they would not equal that structure. It covered nineteen arces. There were marble pillars support-ing roofs of cedar, and silver tables, on which stood golden cups, and there were carvings exquisite, and inscriptions re-splendent, glittering balustrades and orna-mented gateways. In that stupendous pile of pomp and magnificence sat Christ, and a listening throng stood about Him when a wild dis-turbance took place. A group of men are pulling and pushing along a woman who had committed a erime against society. When they have brought her in front of Christ, they ask that He sentence her to death by stoning. They are a critical, merciless, disingenous crowd. They want to get Christ into controversy and public reprehension. If He say "Let her die." they will charge Him with being in complicity with wickedness. Which-ever way He does, they would how lat Him. Then occurs a scene which has not been sufficiently regarded. He leaves the lounge or bench on which He was sitting, and goes down on one knee, or both knees, and with the forefinger of His right hand He begins to write in the duat of the floor, word after word. But they were not to be diverted or hindered. They kept on de-manding that He settle this case of trans-gression, until He looked up and told them they might themselves begin the woman's assassination, if the complainnet who had never done anything wrong himself would open the fire. "Go ahead, but besure that the man who flings the first missibe is im-maculate." Then He resumed writing with His inger nati in the duats of the floor, word after word. Instead of looking over His shoulder to see what He had written, the scoundreis skulked away. Finally, the whole piace is clear of pursuers, antag-onists and plaintiffs, and when Christ has finished this strange chirography in the dust He looks up and finds the woman all alone.

of them graphic and tremendous and re-verberating. And the one word was "hypoerisy" and the other word was "for-givenes." Tes, I think that one word written on the ground that day by the lunger of Christ was the awful word hypoerisy. What pretensions to sanctity are the part of those hypoeritical Pharisees! When the fox begins to pray look out for your chick-ens. One of the cruel magnates of olden times was going to excommunicate one of the martyrs, and he began in the usual form--"In the name of God, Amen." "Stop!" says the martyr, "don't say 'in the name of God!" Yet how many outrages are practiced under the garb of religion and sanctity! When in synods and con-ferences ministers of the Gospel are about to say something unbrotherly and un-kind about a member, they almost always begin by being ostentatiously pious, the venom of their assult corresponding to the heavenly flavor of the prelude. About to devour a reputation they say grace before meat. But I am sure there was another word in that dust. From her entire manner I am sure that arraigned woman was re-pentant. She made no apology, and Christ in nowise belitted her sin. But her sup-pilentory behavior and her tears moved Him, and when He stooped down to write on the ground He wrote that mighty, that imperial word, forgiveness. "When on sinai God wrote the law, He wrote it with finger of lightning on tables of stone, each word cut as by a chisel into the hard granite surface. But when He writes the offene of this woman He writes it in dust so that it can be easily rubbed out, and when she repents of it—oh, He was a merelful Christ! I was reading of a legend that is told in the far East about the the was waiting through the streets of a city and He saw a crowd around a dend dog. And one man said: "What a loath-some object is that dog!" "Yes," said another, "the odor of his carcass is dreadful." Then che people, moved by the idea that anyone could find any-thing pleasant concerning the dead dog, said: "Why, this must be Jesus of Naza-reth!" Reprove dust He looks up and finds the woman an alone. The prisoner is the only one of the court-room left, the judges, the police, the prese-cuting attorney baving cleared out. Christ is victor, and He says to the woman: "Where are the persecutors in this case? are they all gone? Then I discharge you; go and sin no more." I have wondered what Christ wrote on the ground. For do you realize that this is the only time that He ever wrote at all? I know that Euseblus says that Christ once wrote a letter to Abgarus, the King of Edessa, but there is no good evidence of such a correspond-Abgarus, the King of Edessa, but there is no good evidence of such a correspond-ence. The wisest Being the world ever saw, and the One who had more to say than anyone whoever lived, never writing a book or a chapter or a paragraph or a word on parchment. Nothing but the lit-erature of the dust, and one sweep of a brush or one breath of a wind obliterated it forever. Among all the rolis of the volumes of the the the stare. founded at Thebes there was

reth" Reproved and convicted, they were away. But while I speak of Christ of the text, His stooping down writing in the dust, do not think I underrate the literature of the dust. It is the most tremendous of all literature. It is the grandest of all libra-ries. When Layard exhumed Nineveh he was only opening the door of its mighty dust. The excavations of Pompeli have only been the unclasping of the lids of a pation's dust.

The second secon dust. The excavations of Pompeli have only been the unclasping of the ilds of a nation's dust. Oh! this mighty literature of the dust: Where are the remains of Sennacherlb and Attila and Epaminondas and Tamerlane and Trajan and Philip of Macedon and Julius Cresar? Dust! Where are the guests who danced the floors of the Alham-bra or the Persian palaces of Ahauerus? Dust! Where are the musicians who played, or the orators who spoke, and the sculptors who chisied, and the architects who built, in all the centurles except our own? Dust! Where are the most of the books that once entranced the world? Dust! Where are the most of the obods that once entranced the world? Dust! Ost. The most of Menander's writings lost. Of one hundred and thirty comedies of Plantus, all gone but werty. Euripides wrote a hundred dramas, all gone but intecteon. Eschylus wrote a hun-dred dramas, all gone but seven. Quin-riltinn wrote his favorite book on the cor-ruption of eloquence, all lost. Thirty books of flactus lost. Dion Cassius wrote oighty books, only twenty remain. Bero-siu's history all lost. Where there is ono living book there are a thousand dead books. Ohl this mighty literature of the dust. If

preakfast, on the banks of the lake. From embiazoned charlots of eternity to the saddle of a male's back. From the hom-age chernble, seraphic, archangelic, to the paying of sixty-two and a ball cents of tax to Gæsar. From the deathless country to a tomb built to hide human dissolution. The aplifted wave of Galilee was high, but He had to come down before, with His feet, He could touch it, and the whith lis feet. a tomb built to hide human dissolution. The splitted wave of Galliee was high, but He had to come down before, with His feet, He could touch it, and the whirlwind that arose above the billow was higher yet, but He had to come down before with His lip He could kiss at into quiet. Bethlehem a stooping down. Nazareth a stooping down. Death between two burglars a stooping down. Yes, it was in consonance with

# Inc of the divine suggestion, "Ye are the sait of the earth, but if the sait hath lost its savor, it is filtor nothing but to be cast out and trodden under foot of men." But when Christ stooped down and wrote on the ground, what did He write? The Pharisees did not stop to examine. The ocwards, whipped of their own con-sciences, field pell mell. Nothing will flay a man like an aroused conscience. Dr. Stevens, in his "History of Methodism," says that when the Rev. Benjamin Abbott, of olden times, was preaching, he ex-claimed: "For aught I know there may be a murderer in this house," and a man rose from the assemblage and startied for the door and bawled aloud, confessing to a murder he had committed fiften years before. And no wonder these Pharlsees, reminded of their sins, took to their heels. The Bible does not state. Yet as Christ never wrote anything except that once you cannot blame us forwanting to know what He really did write. But I am er-unimportant. And will you allow me to the ground? I judge from the efreum-stances. He might have writen other hungs, but kneeling there in the Temple, surrounded by a pack of hypocrites who were a self-appointed constabulary, and having its presence a persecuted woman, who evidently was very penifent for her sins, I am sure He wrote two words, both of them graphic and tremendous and re-verbering. And the one word was "for-givenese." Tes, I think that one word written on

INTERNATIONAL LESSON COMMENTS FOR AUGUST 21.

> Text: "Naaman Healed," II Kings v., 1-14-Golden Text: Jer. xvii., 14-Commentary on the Day's Lesson by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

> Lesson by the Rev. D. M. Stearns. 1. "Now Naaman, captain of the host of the king of Syria, was a great man with-his master and honorable." The verse goes on to tell why, but closes with the sad statement that he was a leper. The Word of God from beginning to end reveals God to us working in and through and for His people and for all who are willing to re-ceive His merey. Even by those who do not know Him He sometimes works as in this case, delivering Syria by Naaman. All the great and honorable men of Scripture, such as Boaz, the mighty man of wealth (Ruth ii., 1): Mordecai, who was great among the Jews (Est, x., 3), and others lead the believer to say with heartfelt grat-itude. "I know a greater and more honor-able than all others, and He can heal even lepers."

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senger whom Elisha sent to the door, for Elisha thought it not necessary to go him-self. He stood like Elijan before God and considered no greatness that was not of God.
II. "But Naaman was wroth and went away and said, Behold, I thought he will surely come out to me." Naaman had it all planned in his own mind just how it ought to be done, for was not he a great and honorable man and did he not deserve to be honored before his soldlers and by this Israelite? Was henot prepared to pay well for all he got and was this any kind ' of a way to treat such as he? His pride would not stand it, and he went away in a rare.
I2. "Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, beiter than all the waters of Israel?" The water might be as good or possibly better for some purposes, but hey were not God's way. for Mis cleansing, Cain's fruits were probably much more at-tractive than Abels bloody lamb, but they were not God's way. Good works and a good moral charging the rest heavy in the such as belsed bloody lamb, but they were not God's way. Good works and a

Cain's fruits were probably much more at the service of the ser

# THE SUBBATH-SCHOOL LESSON.

grizzly brute will fetch up a whole carload to the top notch in the stockpens. He goes on hoof to Omaha. I told the boys I'd give a \$50-dollar saddle to the first man that 'twined' him and staved with him "

"I already got putty good saddle, Mr. Holden," said Jim, with a grin, "That steer seven, eight year old now, and all time run wild. Horns so long Mr. and all time run wild. H stick clean through horse.

"Well, beef's up in the air: horses "Quirt up, Jim. We'll strike up are down." higher.

On the loftier grazing-ground they found the cattle still at feed. Through thickening hosts of deer-flies and horse-flies their horses strained up the steep oakbrush slopes. In banded resistance to like winged attacks, the cattle of the higher range were begin-ning to "bunch" on each open stamp-ing-ground. Toward these trampled circles the seattered steers were one by one making their way.

"The boys can run in all these steers tomorrow," said Holden. "You and I, Jim, are going to twine that gray steer today."

'He got big scare yesterday; too sharp to

there, just below the rim-rock." Holden's hand! He pointed to the rim-rock of the sprace ridge, rising yet loftily above "On!" roared the young foreman, and

"Six-shooter nothing! What's our ropes for?" cried Holden. "That big brought Holden close behind the game. Navajo Jim emerged from the thicket to see the young foreman in full career, swinging- his big rope, while the haltered head of the horse and the huge-horned frontlet of the steer reached out in an even race

The loop of Holden's cable lit fairly over the widespread horns; but his hand was hardly quick enough in closing it. While it hung slack the steer leaped with both front legs steer leaped with both through it, and then Ho then Holden's tardy

jerk brought it tight around the grizzly flanks.

The beast bellowed as the plunge of his great gray body drew the turn of the rope swiftly from the saddle-horn. Vainly Holden tried to stay it. Recklessly he threw the slack end in a hitch around the steel horn and clapping his hand over it braced his ho for the shock.

With forelegs outplanted and quar-ters lowered, the stubborn blue outlaw stanchly set himself to the tightening rope. For an instant he was jerked along, stiff-legged, then over they went, dragged down, fierce horse

and reckless roper. Clearing his legs, hanging at the barp to show up on stampin'-ground today," Jim suggested. "Like enough," Holden assented, "but we'll rustle him ont. The boys lost him late yesterday in the long unaking asp patch in that gulch mp there, just below the rim-rock." He noninted to the rim-rock of the

Holden, for this mad second, watched incredulously. The steer would not go over-surely not. What? Straight on! And Jim! Was the man also erazy? Then the Navajo heard once many his mastar? woice more his master's voice.

"For God's sake, Jim-let go! O heavens!'

Jim obeyed. He flung loose the whipping out with the defiant horned head that pitched off into space when the agile horse saved himself and his rider on the very brink.

rider on the very brink. Holden dropped his useless rope as the Navajo, skimming the porphyry edge like a swallow, rode back and stared into the eyes of the white man. "He was brave, that steer," said Jim, with a queer choke in his throat. "He saved himself from the stock-

Pens. Holden held out his hand and grasped the Indian's. "You beat my time, Jim," was all he said, but some-thing in the tone called a new pride into the Navajo's stern face.—Frank Oakling, in Youth's Companion.

He had to come down below with a stopping down. Nazaretha stopping down, Nazaretha stopping down, Nazaretha stopping down, Yes, it was in consonance with unilitations that weak field we as topping down. Yes, it was in consonance with a stopping down. Yes, it was in consonance with a stopping down, Yes, it was in consonance with a stopping down. Yes, it was in consonance with a stopping down, Yes, it was in consonance with a stopping down. Yes, it was in consonance with a stopping down, Yes, it was in consonance with a stopping down. Yes, it was in consonance with a stopping down, Yes, it was in consonance with a stopping down, Yes, it was in consonance with statistical to the ocean of the division and the stopping down. Yes, it was in the spring in letters of frow ref. This statistical employs in the spring in letters of frow ref. This statistical employs this week and the left to look and the wind we very night for the year. Stopping down has not any thing statistical in the string of the statistical employs the statis

living book there are a thousand dead books. Oh! this mighty literature of the dust. It is not so wonderful, after all, that Christ chose, instead of an inkstand, the impres-sionable sand on the floor of an ancient temple, and, instead of a hard pen, put forth His forefinger, with the same kind of nerve and muscle and bone and flesh as that which makes up our own forefinger, and wrote the awful doom of hyporisy, and full and complete forgiveness for re-pentant sinners, èven the worst. We talk about the ocean of Christ's mercy. Put four ships upon that ocean and let them sail out in opposite directions for a thou-sand years, and see if they can find the shore of the ocean of the divine mercy. Let them sail to the north and the south and the east and the west, and then after the

# The Reason Why.

The Resson Why: Dumas, the elder, was rarely spiteful to or about his fellowmen, but one day, when he happened to be in that mood, a friend called to tell him a piece of news. "They have just given M. X. the Legion of Honor." he said. Then he added, in a significant tone, "Now, can you imagine why they should have given it to him?" "Yes." answered the great dramatist, promptly, "they have given it to him because he was without it."

The men in the fleet off Havana are beguiling the weary days by shark-fishing on somewhat novel lines. The men fasten a small dynamite cartridge to the end of a wire stached to an electric machine. A lump of pork is at-tached to the cartridge and thrown overboard, and as soon as the creature swallows the bait the current is turned on, the dynamite explodes and the shark is blown to pieces.