

## VIGIL AT ARMS.

Now the long years of lessening are done,  
And the white years of peace have ceased  
to be;  
Another world is thine at morning sun  
For strife and victory.  
No more in battle shalt thou stand and  
serve,  
While the high clarion calls high souls  
to dare;  
To-morrow it shall shame thee, if thou  
sweave  
Charging hell's legions there.  
The sword is set before thee, and the spear  
Shall cleave thy way to glory yet un-  
gessed;  
God pity thee, if doubting thou hold dear  
Thy life against His best!  
Thy vows are on thee, and thine armor  
lies  
Stainless beneath the altar's solemn  
light;  
God seal thee with the seal of sacrifice  
For life and death—His knight!  
—Mabel Earle, Omaha, Neb.

## MARCHING ON.

By KATHERINE CHAPMAN.

When I left Mauch Chunk, Pa., to  
attend the N. E. A. Convention in  
Boston I sighed with relief to think  
that for a long summer vacation I  
should have no boy problems to solve.  
Neither did I expect to meet any old  
friends.

In company with some of the other  
women teachers from my State, I  
lost myself daily in making little  
journeys to Revolutionary relics,  
climbed monument stairs in order  
that I might tell the children all  
about it, occupied a niche on the  
sight-seeing auto and had started to  
"do" the churches, when I saw Him.  
It was on a narrow little street  
that served to bound one side of the  
huge temple, which, with its big  
dome, looked much like a church  
capped with a toad stool. He was  
standing midway, swinging his arms  
around in circles. At first, he ap-  
peared to be giving an imitation of  
Tom Sawyer playing steamboat or  
Mr. Cyrus Young curving balls; in-  
stead, he was merely throwing stones.  
Because he aimed none of them at a  
convenient flock of pigeons, I noticed  
him particularly.

For all the world he resembled a  
Boston terrier. His large, broken  
eyes were set wide under his rounded  
forehead; his flat, little nose divided  
plump, browned cheeks and his small  
front teeth separated two lips of gen-  
erous size. His clothing beggared  
description. As far as observation  
went, it consisted of very short pants,  
a sleeveless white shirt and the crown  
portion of a cap.  
As I neared him I saw a familiar  
figure approaching us. Through her  
veil I recognized a widowed friend,  
although she wore such heavy black  
that even in moonlight she must  
have cast a shadow. Oh, yes! I  
recognized Amelia at once. Not very  
long ago I saw her husband laid away.  
I was there, too, when her little boy  
died, and, while I shall always sym-  
pathize with her, I remembered that  
her love was tyrannical to her hus-  
band and that she really coddled her  
boy into the grave.

She has always seemed like a deli-  
cate green vine which circles around  
the tree, ever growing thicker and  
closer, until at last the strong tree  
dies in that intense embrace.  
This day she came droopingly to-  
ward me. To my horror that street  
gamin thrust a dirty fist into his pocket  
and threw something at her.  
In the moment I hesitated whether  
or not to use corporal punishment,  
The boy turned his head, gazing at  
me with such a look of perfect self-  
possession that I involuntarily took  
a back seat.

Amelia reached him first. She  
raised his chin with the palm of one  
hand, while in the other she held his  
missile—a rosebud, broken at the  
stem. When she had looked long into  
his eyes she spoke to him and wrote  
something in her cardcase. The  
youngster cantered down the street.  
Amelia and I talked together some  
little time, went over the beautiful  
temple together and parted, after I  
had promised to visit her at her sub-  
urban home. That visit was neces-  
sarily postponed one year. When I  
made it Amelia's house was embow-  
ered in green, and I walked to her  
cool veranda between hedges of box  
and pulled the bell. Immediately a  
gong rang out startlingly. Amaze-  
ment must still have been on my face  
when Amelia let me in, for she ex-  
plained:

"My boy wanted that bell; he says  
it's like a fire engine."  
"Your boy?" I exclaimed.  
Then Amelia exclaimed that she  
had adopted a ten-year-old boy. In  
one miserable moment my mind trav-  
eled back and recalled that care-free,  
independent, wholesome knight of  
the road I had met in Boston. My  
heart sank, for I could not bear to  
see that boy feminized.

Surely, I thought, Amelia cannot  
help curbing and blighting that free  
soul of which I caught a glimpse  
through the boy's big eyes.

Later she called him into the room.  
He seemed to have suffered many  
changes. Those aggressive teeth had  
been straightened, but he was still a  
"barefoot boy with cheek of tan."  
His feet were bare, Amelia assured  
me, because he liked to go wading  
in the fountain. She found a resem-  
blance in this fancy to one of the  
President's sons.

I inquired what were his occupa-  
tions. Proudly Amelia escorted me  
over the place. A corner of the lawn  
in back of the house was given over  
to two small houses. In one of them  
lay a brand new Boston terrier; round  
the other played a large framed  
black and white cat whose necked

ears and long tail were held erect in  
the pride of ownership. The latter  
animal had been brought from the  
city together with a one-footed pigeon.  
Amelia, looking at the animals  
said she thought the boy might turn  
out to be a great humanitarian.

Around the corner we came on a  
garden containing a rose bush, some  
potato vines, a sunflower and a lush-  
ious green cabbage.

"He planted them himself," con-  
fided Amelia. "Sometimes I think  
he's going to be the future Luther  
Burbank of America."

I groaned inaudibly. "What a  
pity," I thought, "to spoil a man in  
the making. This boy will never be  
allowed to grow."  
But the little man himself solved  
the problem for me just then by offer-  
ing to show us some boats he had  
made. He proved the example, too,  
in the course of our conversation, and  
when I left, although I could not af-  
firm that Amelia had found a gen-  
ius-in-his-youth, I felt sure that she  
had an all-American boy, and one,  
furthermore, who would protect his  
manhood.

It was made evident to me that he  
classed Amelia with his lame pigeon  
and his battle-scarred cat—as some-  
thing to be loved and protected. And  
his future? Well, it will make no dif-  
ference whether that boy's fortunes  
are abased or exalted. One look into  
his eyes and you know that his  
"soul will go marching on."—Boston  
Sunday Post.

## LIGHTNING STRIKES SHIPS

More Often Than Is Supposed—Con-  
ductors For Electric Currents.

In spite of the popular impression  
to the contrary ships remote from  
the land are seldom damaged by  
lightning, although some of the most  
awe inspiring displays of atmospheric  
electricity are frequently witnessed  
by those on board of them.

Standing rigging and even parts of  
the running gear are now made of  
steel wire, and this substitute for the  
old-fashioned hemp serves the pur-  
pose of lightning conductor when the  
ship is not fitted with such an aid  
to safety. The electric current is  
conveyed down the wire rigging and  
reaches the sea through the vessel's  
metal hull. Damage occurs only if  
the current is interrupted on its way  
to earth. In a comparatively large  
proportion of instances the foremast  
is struck by lightning, that of the  
main less frequently and the mizzen  
least of the three.

Very serious casualties under this  
head occurred to warships and mer-  
chant vessels in the days of wooden  
hulls and hempen rigging.  
In July, 1892, as thirteenth sail of the  
East India Company were trying to  
round the cape in the vicinity of Al-  
goa Bay, homeward bound, two of  
them, the Britannia and the Bombay  
Castle, were struck by lightning. The  
foremast of each was soon enveloped  
in flames and the masts had to be  
cut away in order to save the ships  
and their combustible cargoes. A  
heavy gale was blowing, the night  
was dark, and the other ships of the  
fleet, which were hoisted to at the time,  
were witnesses of this thrilling incident.

Many vessels are now fitted with  
lightning conductors of approved  
types, lest the wire rigging should  
fail to carry off the electric current.  
In May, 1896, shortly after a severe  
thunderstorm, accompanied by light-  
ning and rain in three degrees south,  
eighty-seven degrees east, the P. and  
O. steamship Victoria had a sudden  
increase of deviation, amounting to  
six degrees in both the standard and  
the wheelhouse compasses, and later  
it was discovered that the lightning  
conductor on the fore had fused. The  
ship must have been struck by light-  
ning during the storm.—Knowledge  
Magazine.

## The Maxim Muffler Peacemaker.

Government tests of this noiseless  
rifle indicate that Mr. Hiram Maxim  
will soon carry the world a few inches  
nearer to peace. A weapon which  
can kill a man at long range without  
any more fuss than a puff of gas and  
a hammer click helps not a little to  
convince disputants that arbitration  
is the better part of patriotism.  
Could the inventor make his gun not  
only smokeless and noiseless, but cer-  
tain of its aim, so that any raw re-  
cruit might bring down his ambushed  
foe merely by wishing it and pressing  
the trigger, the device would be still  
more welcome. The possibilities of a  
silent gun in criminal hands are dis-  
quieting. But this very fact may  
hasten the better public control of the  
sale and use of all death-dealing in-  
struments, which to-day may be pur-  
chased by any boy or burglar in  
pawnshop or hardware store. If this  
is to be an effect of the Maxim  
muffler, the latter will be an almost  
unmixed blessing.—New York Even-  
ing Post.

## The Glad Hand in Australia.

This manifestation of Australian  
friendliness to the United States will  
not pass unnoticed or be forgotten.  
The jacksies will remember it, we may  
be sure, and return to tell their  
friends and families of the hospitality  
of our kinsmen on the other side of  
the globe. It is the dawn of a new  
era in the relations of the Western  
Republic and the enterprising people  
of the great English-speaking Com-  
monwealth in the Far East. We have  
always had a friendly feeling for the  
Australians. Henceforth, they will  
be more frequently in our minds, and  
we shall be inspired to seek a larger  
knowledge of them. Kinsmen they  
truly are, and the word will stick.—  
New York Times.



## HEMMING A PLEATED SKIRT.

The home dressmaker is always  
discouraged when it comes to hem-  
ming a pleated-skirt. The pleats, for  
some unknown reason, take it into  
their heads to hang at different  
lengths, so that the foot line when  
finished is bound to be uneven. The  
best way to secure an even edge is to  
baste the pleats full length after the  
seams have been stitched and the  
bands sewed and the hooks and eyes  
put on. Then turn up the hem as in  
a plain gored skirt and press. After  
removing the bastings, turn the hem  
in the single material according to the  
crease first made.

A skirt turned up in this way may  
easily have the braid sewn on before  
the hem is stitched. This does away  
with all hard work and extra pinning.  
—Washington Star.

## NOVEL FRUIT DISH.

A novel fruit dish that not only  
keeps its contents perfectly cold but  
serves as a very attractive and deco-  
rative centerpiece is seen in some of  
the Fifth avenue shops. It has met  
with great success during the sum-  
mer months when fruit had to be well  
chilled to make it at all appetizing.  
There are two dishes, in fact, one fit-  
ting inside the other. The outer one  
is either porcelain or glass, and has a  
heavy silver rim. The inner one  
matches it and is smaller by at least  
two inches in circumference, so that  
when this one is placed inside the  
other there is a space large enough  
all around to hold plenty of cracked  
ice. When this is filled with ice the  
fruit is kept at the right temperature,  
yet it never comes in direct contact  
with the ice itself.—New York Her-  
ald.

## METHODS IN FRYING.

There is nothing harder to teach  
than new methods of housework. It  
usually takes a generation to intro-  
duce a decided change. Our mothers  
served their fried food soaked in  
grease, and it is quite likely that the  
same fashion of frying will prevail to  
some extent for some time to come.  
It is curious to see how our leading  
cook books denounce such frying on  
one page, and yet by mere force of  
habit countenance it on another.

Every good housekeeper knows  
theoretically that there are only two  
ways of frying. One is in some deli-  
cate fat like butter, using only enough  
to prevent the article from sticking.  
The frying pan is moved rapidly  
during this process, hence it is  
called by the French saute, from the  
verb sauter, to jump. During this  
process the butter used is ab-  
sorbed, but it is used in so small a  
quantity that it is only enough to  
dress the fried articles properly, and  
not enough to make them greasy.  
Oysters are nice cooked in this way.

The second method of frying is in  
deep fat, in the way doughnuts are  
cooked. The greater part of French  
frying is done by this method. There  
must be depth of fat enough to cover  
the article put in it, and the fat must  
be hot enough to form a thin crust  
over the fritter the instant of its im-  
mersion. Croquettes, breaded meats  
and potatoes are all cooked by the  
last method.—Presbyterian Banner.



Snowball Cake—One and one-half  
cups sugar, three tablespoonfuls but-  
ter, two-thirds of a cup of milk, two  
cups flour, three egg whites, two even  
teaspoonfuls baking powder, one tea-  
spoonful extract of almond. Cream  
the butter and sugar, add the egg  
whites, milk, flour and baking pow-  
der sifted together and then the fla-  
vor. Bake in a square cake pan  
and frost.

Fried Shrimps—Have the shrimps  
boiled a little and prepare this mix-  
ture: Two tablespoonfuls of melted  
butter, a teaspoonful of curry pow-  
der, salt and pepper to taste, and stir  
the shrimps about in it. Then let  
them stand in the mixture for half an  
hour or more. Take out, dip in fine  
bread crumbs, drop into boiling fat,  
and serve very hot. Tartar sauce, it  
is suggested, should be served with  
them.

Velvet Molasses Candy—One and  
one-half pounds sugar, one-half pint  
molasses, one-fourth cup cider vine-  
gar, one teaspoonful lemon extract.  
Place all but the flavoring in an  
agate lined kettle, and when boiling  
add a half teaspoonful cream of tar-  
tar. Continue boiling until it crisps  
in cold water. Stir vigorously and  
when nearly done add a quarter  
pound choice butter, a fourth tea-  
spoonful of bi-carbonate of soda, as  
also the lemon. Cool upon a buttered  
surface; pull and chip with shears  
into small sections.

English Chicken Pie—Cut into  
dice two ounces of ham, four large  
fresh mushrooms, and four truffles;  
add to this two ounces of butter,  
with an ounce of flour, a pint of  
white stock. Stir this over the fire  
constantly for two or three minutes,  
then let simmer for twenty minutes  
very slowly. Put in then two cups  
of cold cooked chicken cut into small  
cubes, half a dozen shrimps cut in  
slices, and the salt and pepper that  
seem necessary. Line a dish with  
paste and bake till it is yellow. Then  
fill with the chicken mixture, cover  
with a paste and bake slowly for al-  
most an hour.



## RAISING BIG SECKELS.

G. T. Powell, the fruit grower, re-  
lates an incident showing the effects  
of high manuring. A Seckel pear tree  
which had received a whole load of  
manure produced fruit of enormous  
size for that variety, and when placed  
on exhibition the judges ruled them  
out as Sheldon's, declaring that no  
Seckels could reach such proportions.

## SWEET DAPHNE.

A plant which rivals the trailing  
arbutus in fragrance is the hardy  
evergreen, sweet daphne. This is a  
little shrubby plant which succeeds  
under practically the same conditions  
as azaleas and rhododendrons, and  
should be planted with them. In the  
spring it yields deliciously fragrant  
small pink flowers and blooms again  
in September, though not quite so  
profusely.—Indianapolis News.

## GROWING HORSERADISH.

Did it ever occur to our girls who  
are anxious for a little spending  
money that the horseradish bed may  
be a source of supply if rightly man-  
aged?

If there are only a few hills of  
horseradish in the garden, dig them  
out, root and branch, as soon as the  
frost is out of the ground, and cut  
off the coarse tops and roots less than  
three-fourths of an inch in diameter.  
—Indiana Farmer.

## FERTILIZERS FOR APPLE TREES.

What is the best fertilizer for an  
apple orchard?

Our most experienced orchardists  
agree that there is nothing better  
than wood ashes and bone-meal. Use  
in the proportion of 200 or 300  
pounds of the meal to a ton of un-  
leached ashes. This is considered as  
a complete and well balanced fruit  
tree fertilizer, and is probably the  
cheapest and at the same time the  
most effective of all manures avail-  
able for the purpose.—Outing.

## VALUE OF MANURE.

While manure may contain only  
the same amount of actual fertilizing  
constituents as a given amount of  
commercial fertilizer, its benefit to  
the soil is sometimes much greater,  
owing to its addition of humus. When  
manure is incorporated with a soil  
it greatly improves the texture, loos-  
ening a heavy, compact soil, and binc-  
ing together a light, leachy one, mak-  
ing the soil more friable, warmer,  
more retentive of moisture and more  
congenial to plants in every way.

Some experiments conducted by  
Professor King, at the Wisconsin Ag-  
ricultural Experiment Station, showed  
that certain manured land contained  
eighteen tons more water per acre in  
the upper foot of soil than similar un-  
manured land, and thirty-four tons  
more in the soil to a depth of three  
feet. Manure exerts a quicker benefi-  
cial effect on the texture of soils  
than green manures. He concludes  
that manures will also aid in equal-  
izing the supply and distribution of  
water in the soils; that they will ex-  
ert a material influence in making  
soils warmer and that manured land  
is less subject to the denuding ef-  
fects of wind and rain.

Manures act chemically on soils,  
by adding new stores of plant food,  
and by their decomposition in the  
soil they give off carbonic acid gas,  
which unites with the soil water and  
increases its dissolving action on min-  
eral plant food. It also provides the  
formation of humates in the soil, and  
thus renders inert mineral plant food  
more available. The temperature of  
soils will be materially raised as a re-  
sult of the chemical actions.—Ameri-  
can Cultivator.

## LEGUMES.

The legumes, including peas, beans,  
the clover and alfalfa have the power  
of taking the free nitrogen of the air  
and fixing it in the soil. This most ex-  
pensive element of plant food costs  
about 17 1/2 cents per pound. It con-  
stitutes almost three-fourths of the  
atmosphere. It is the bacteria that  
inhabit the roots of the legumes that  
have the power of fixing free nitro-  
gen. When the plants are not inocu-  
lated with the proper bacteria they  
have to feed on the nitrogen in the  
soil just as oats, wheat and corn do.

Generally speaking there is a dif-  
ferent species of bacteria for each  
kind of legume, one kind for cow  
peas, another for soy beans, another  
for clover, another for alfalfa. But  
the species for sweet clover is thought  
to be the same as that for alfalfa.

A soil may be stocked with some  
kinds while other kinds are wanting.  
There are several methods of intro-  
ducing bacteria into a soil. Planting  
the same legume on the same  
fields for several successive years of-  
ten results in inoculation. Bringing  
in soil from a field where the same  
legume is growing with nodules on  
the roots is another way. The third  
plan is to treat the seeds with pure  
cultures.

The evidence of inoculation is the  
nodules or tubercles on the roots of  
the plant. These are the houses in  
which the bacteria live.

It would look strange to see this  
statement in an advertisement for the  
sale of a farm: "Soil stocked with  
vigorous strains of bacteria for clover,  
soy beans and alfalfa;" but if true,  
it would add to the value of the  
farm.—Epitomist.



## EVANS AT FORT FISHER.

Admiral Evans' description of the  
attack on Fort Fisher during the  
Civil War runs as follows: "At this  
moment I saw Colonel William  
Lamb, of Norfolk, Va., the Confed-  
erate commander, gallantly stand-  
ing out on the parapet and calling  
on his men to get up and shoot the  
Yankees. I considered him within  
easy range of the revolver, so took a  
deliberate shot at him. As I fired a  
bullet ripped through the front of  
my coat across my breast, turning me  
completely around. I felt a burning  
sensation, like a hot iron, over my  
heart, and saw something red com-  
ing out of a hole in my coat which  
I took for blood. I knew, of course,  
that if a bullet had gone through  
this portion of my body I was done  
for, but that was no place to stop,  
so I went on at the head of my com-  
pany. As we approached the re-  
mains of the stockade I was aware  
that one particular sharpshooter was  
shooting at me and when we were a  
hundred yards away he hit me in the  
left leg, about three inches below the  
knee. The force of the blow was so  
great that I landed on my face in the  
sand. I got a silk handkerchief out  
of my pocket and, with the kind as-  
sistance of my classmate, Hoban  
Sands, soon stopped the blood and  
went again to the front as fast as I  
could.

"About this time the men were  
stumbling over wires which they cut  
with their knives—they proved to be  
wires to the torpedoes over which we  
had charged, but they failed to ex-  
plode. My left leg seemed asleep,  
but I was able to use it. The stock-  
ade, or what remained of it, was very  
near, and I determined to lead my  
company by a flank through a break  
in it, and then charge over the angle  
of the fort, which now looked very  
difficult to climb. I managed to get  
through the stockade, with seven oth-  
ers, when my sharpshooter friend  
sent a bullet through my right knee;  
and I realized that my chance of  
going was settled. I tried to stand  
up, but it was no use; my legs would  
not hold me, and, besides this, I was  
bleeding dreadfully and I knew that  
was a matter which had to be looked  
to.

"When I received the wound in  
my right knee I began at once to try  
to stop the flow of blood. I used for  
the purpose one of the half dozen silk  
handkerchiefs with which I had pro-  
vided myself, but I was so tired and  
weak from loss of blood that I was  
some time doing the trick. In the  
meantime my sharpshooter friend,  
about thirty-five yards away, contin-  
ued to shoot at me, at the same time  
addressing me in very forcible but  
uncomplimentary language. At the  
fifth shot, I think it was, he hit me  
again, taking off the end of one of  
my toes, tearing off the sole of my  
shoe and wrenching my ankle dread-  
fully. I thought the bullet had gone  
through my ankle, the pain was so  
intense.

"For some reason, I don't know  
why, this shot made me unreasonably  
angry and, rolling over in the sand  
so as to face my antagonist, I ad-  
dressed a few brief remarks to him,  
and then, just as some one handed  
him a freshly loaded musket, I fired,  
aiming at his breast. I knew all the  
time that I should kill him if I  
shot at him, but had not intended to  
do so until he shot me in the toe.  
My bullet went a little high, striking  
the poor chap in the throat and pass-  
ing out of the back of his neck. He  
staggered around, after dropping his  
gun, and finally pitched over the pa-  
rapet and rolled down near me, where  
he lay dead. I could see his feet as  
they projected over a pile of sand and  
from their position knew that he had  
fought his last fight."

## GIRL SAVES MAN IN DESERT.

Harold Braly, Assistant Superin-  
tendent of the Skidoo Mine, near San  
Bernardino, Cal., and Miss Lottie  
Davis, Postmistress of Skidoo, re-  
cently had the most harrowing desert  
experience of the year and both came  
near losing their lives. That they did  
not is owing entirely to the heroism  
of Miss Davis, who crawled many  
miles over the burning desert  
sands after their automobile had  
broken down and reached a civilized  
camp, whence a searching party was  
sent out after the unconscious mine  
Superintendent.

Braly and Miss Davis spent five  
days in crossing the desert between  
San Bernardino and Skidoo. This  
stretch of sand is ordinarily travers-  
able in an auto in five hours, but one  
accident after another occurred. Fi-  
nally the auto was entirely disabled  
and after futile attempts to mend it  
Braly gave up. The girl worked with  
him for some time, then as he be-  
came delirious she realized that if  
he was to be saved at all she must  
trust to her own exertions. She  
started to go to the railroad station  
at Wild Rose. Four miles out of  
town her strength failed her and she  
was compelled to crawl on her hands  
and knees the remainder of the dis-  
tance. She finally reached the town,  
barely alive, told her story, and a  
searching party was at once dis-  
patched for Braly. He was found  
lying unconscious beside his auto.

Miss Davis was not revived until  
the next day. They had practically

nothing to eat or drink for four days.  
When they started on the trip across  
the desert he expected to make it in  
a few hours and took only a light  
luncheon and a small supply of  
drinking water.

## TWO DOGS GUARD SICK MAN.

William May, thirty-four years of  
age, residing in Brockton, Mass.,  
went to Taunton on a visit and this  
over he started to return. He in-  
tended to board an electric car, but  
on the road became ill and wandered  
blindly along until he got into a  
wooded swamp, where he fell and  
lost consciousness. When he  
came to he raised his voice, but he  
was so weak that he could scarcely  
speak.

Night came. He tried to call, but  
his voice was now no louder than a  
whisper. He was suddenly aroused  
by something cold thrust into his  
hand. It was the muzzle of a dog,  
but he did not know it. Through  
the night he was conscious that at  
times he heard the barking of dogs  
seemingly near at hand.

With the coming of day something  
warm and soft passed over his face  
and he opened his eyes. He looked  
into the brown eyes of a dog. Be-  
yond was another dog. From time  
to time the dogs growled and barked  
and looked eagerly in the direction  
of the road. All day long they  
stayed beside the half-conscious man,  
now and then licking his face.

In the meantime James Sheehy  
was looking for his dogs. Walking  
along the road leading to Brockton  
he heard barking in the woods. He  
plunged into the underbrush and  
hurried in the direction of the bark-  
ing. At last he came upon the  
swamp and there he saw a man lying  
apparently lifeless with the dogs sit-  
ting beside him.

Help was summoned and May, al-  
most dead from lack of food and  
water, was removed to the Morton  
Hospital.—World.

## BATTLE WITH A SNAKE.

Dan Russell, of Brownsville, and  
Wren Trus, residing west of that  
town, went fishing Thursday in Big  
Hatche River, near Van Buren, nine  
miles from here. As they stepped  
into the boat they noticed a big moc-  
assin snake crossing the stream.  
They agreed to follow and kill it.

They had hardly left the side of  
the river when the moccasin discov-  
ered their design and came back,  
meeting them in midstream, showing  
fight by his upright position. Rus-  
sell struck the snake with an oar and  
sent him under the water. He came  
up more vicious than ever. He  
struck savagely at the boat and its  
occupants and made a dash for the  
inside of the boat.

In their efforts to keep the snake  
out the boys overturned the boat, and  
both were in the water with the mad  
snake. They dived and came up di-  
rectly opposite the reptile. A second  
dive was made, and the snake fol-  
lowed Trus and bit him in the thigh.  
He came up calling for help.

Russell managed to get him to the  
bank and examined the wound,  
which was fast swelling. He carried  
him to his home nearby, and there  
medical assistance was rendered.  
He is sick, but the attending  
physician thinks he will recover.—  
Brownsville Letter Nashville Ameri-  
can.

## RESCUED FROM SHARKS.

Capt. Carlos Krebs, commander  
of the steamship Dalupoon, reports  
that last Sunday afternoon about 3  
o'clock, while en route from Tudela  
to Iligan, the ship sighted four Phi-  
lipino clinging to a submerged banca  
surrounded by a school of sharks,  
which, even after the vessel had  
come alongside, persisted in hover-  
ing about the banca.

The four men upon being picked  
up related a terrible tale of suffer-  
ing and agony. They stated that  
they had left Basac, Negros, bound  
for Barili, Cebu, and that on Satur-  
day they ran into heavy weather  
which caused the banca to fill, sink-  
ing to the water's edge and washing  
away their food and drink.

Shortly after that the weather  
cleared, leaving these poor mariners  
under the glare of a tropical sun.  
Then the sharks appeared and to the  
agony of thirst and the pangs of hun-  
ger was added the terrific fate of  
becoming a morsel for a shark's  
tooth.

They had despaired of relief and  
every vestige of hope was gone when  
they sighted the Dalupoon.—Cebu  
Courier.

## WHIPS HIS COUNTRY COUSIN.

Young Samuel Greer, of New York,  
who was visiting his cousin, John  
Morris, near Hall's Eddy, N. Y., went  
fishing in the Delaware River with  
the latter. Both boys are about fif-  
teen years old. When in a suitable  
spot Young Greer threw out the stone  
ancher. At the same time Morris  
rowed the boat several feet ahead.

Greer's left foot caught in the  
rope near the stone and he was  
hurled overboard with it. He sank  
to the bottom. With great presence  
of mind he put his hand in his pocket  
and holding his breath got out his  
pocket knife and cut the rope. He  
was none too soon, as he was be-  
coming winded and when he reached  
the surface he clung to the bow of  
the boat to get air. Then he climbed  
in.

"You did that on purpose," he  
said.

"I didn't," said Morris. Then a  
scrap occurred, in which the  
country cousin got the worst of  
it. Young Greer was sent home.

A large Baptist church at Santa  
Rosa, Cal., was built from the wood  
of a single California redwood tree.