

THE SPINNER.

The spinner twisted her slender thread As she sat and spun. "The earth and the heavens are mine," she said.

The spinner sang in the hush of noon, And her morning song was low: "Ah, morning, you pass away too soon, You are swift to go."

The spinner looked at the falling sun. "Is it time to rest? My hands are weary, my work is done, I have wrought my best."

THE GOLDEN BLUE-JAY. By M. F. SAVAGE.

One blustering March night, in 1852, three men were playing cards in a cabin near the Manzanita Digging.

"Where the devil did you come from?" asked Dick, throwing his cards upon the table and staring at the man.

"The devil probably knows. Ask him," answered the stranger. "My dear and no doubt illustrious young man," began Billy, winking at Dick.

"Get out!" squeaked a sharp, high-pitched voice, breaking into Billy's harangue.

"What'll you do?" asked Dick. "My bird and I'll take something to eat—if we can get it," answered Carter.

The men set out some cold bacon and beans, hardtack and dried apple sauce. Carter ate ravenously.

In the meantime Foxy Smith had been attending to the feeding of the jay. Sometimes he would hold a piece of biscuit up and make the bird talk for it.

As the days went by the men became attached to the bird. He had a pert, lively way that they liked.

all that. He hides them in a hole somewhere. I'll wring the little beast's neck for him if he don't stop it!" Dick said.

By this time the jay was perfectly at home, going anywhere he chose and having a fine time of it—down at Foxy Smith's store, in and out of all the cabins, down at the mines, up in the trees, over the hills—everywhere, and always laughing and singing and chattering.

When the weather grew warmer the men saw less of Carter. He spent nearly all of his time wandering off by himself, but the jay stayed where the men were picking and panning—he was fond of company.

One fine day in May, after the trees were in leaf, Carter went out and sat in the shade near the mines. The bird was hopping about on a raised bit of ground, and keeping an eye on everything.

"Are you, my boy? Wish I could say the same," drawled his master. Day by day the bird worked on that piece of ground, till the men got to calling it his "diggings."

It is a fact that he worked as hard as any of them, though he would fly off every once in a while and stay for a quarter of an hour or so. And that kept going on day after day, and week after week.

One evening, in August, Foxy Smith came into the cabin elaborately dressed. He wore a white top-hat, a long-tailed, bottle-green coat, a pair of light tan breeches, and a blue velvet waistcoat covered with circular red figures.

"Not more than four years," said Carter. "I don't know what ails him." The poor little chap grew more and more feeble (though he seemed fatter than ever), till one day he hopped to his diggings, jerked out a few words of "Never a care—" and then lay down and died.

When Carter picked up the jay he found a big gold nugget clutched in one of the claws. He put his hand in one of the holes that the bird had dug, and there he found a "pocket" of nuggets—the largest pocket, filled with the biggest nuggets, that had ever been found in the region.

Billy took the jay in his hand; he found the bird surprisingly heavy and his crop greatly expanded.

Adventures of a Deep Sea Diver.

John Olsen, a noted Boston diver, was caught on the sharp hook of a chain cable while at work recently raising the wrecked remains of the steamer Birmingham from the bottom of Boston harbor.

The veteran diver was in the act of fastening a cable about a heavy steel plate of the wrecked steamer preparatory to its being hoisted to the surface, when a big ocean liner, outward bound, sailed close to the spot where he was at work fifty feet below.

The swiftly revolving propeller of the liner churning the water set it in such active motion as to cause a violent lurching of that portion of the wreck to which the steel plate was hanging. The chain suddenly slipped, and the hook, flying up, came very near catching the rubber hose through which the life-sustaining air supply is sent down to the diver, and tearing it away from its connection with the protecting helmet covering his head.

Had this happened it would have left Captain Olsen, weighted as he was to the harbor bottom by his heavy diving suit, without air, to meet death by drowning, no doubt, before he could have been drawn up out of the water by his assistants in the boat above.

A plain, simple man, modest and unassuming, is this descendant of the aurdy Norseman, for Norway is the land of his birth. He is clear eyed, stockily built, still sturdy as ever and capable of much endurance in his hazardous calling at the age of sixty.

He left the vessel there, and after a couple of years' service as a sailor on coasting schooners settled himself in Boston and became a diver, giving up a life on the ocean wave for one below the wave. That was in 1872, and ever since then he has lived and moved and had his being at the bottom of the sea for the greater part of the time.

It was in Bangor, Me., that Captain Olsen made his first professional dive on a blasting job. "I stayed down an hour or two on that first try of mine, and I was just a little bit scared," he said, when asked what his sensations were on the first dive.

"When I started down and saw the immense wall of water gradually closing over me I thought it was going to overwhelm and drown me, forgetting that I was looking through the thick glass window of the helmet before my face that was keeping me safe.

"I felt as if I was being smothered, and wanted to come right up again; but I didn't care to be laughed at and called a coward by my mates, so my pluck kept me down. The second day I stayed down longer, and by the end of a week I could hold my own with the best of them."

The first important work as a diver done by Captain Olsen was performed by him thirty-four years ago in the raising of the Reading Company's coal steamer Leopard, that was wrecked on a ledge off Thatcher's Island while coming to Boston with a cargo of coal.

Animals Extraordinary.

The hare is said to be one year a male and another a female, but incredulity is quelled by the comment by the author, "Praise be to Him who is capable of performing all things!"

The viper, on attaining the age of a thousand years, invariably goes blind, but promptly finds its way to the nearest fennel plant "with which it rubs its eyes, when its sight is restored by the permission of God."

The phoenix takes a pleasure in fire and in remaining in it. When its skin becomes dirty, it cannot be washed but by means of fire. Sashes are woven of its soft hair, and when they become dirty, they are thrown into fire, upon which they become clean without being burnt.

The abu-siras (there is no English equivalent) is a certain animal found in thickets and having in its nasal cavity twelve perfect holes. When it breathes there is heard coming from its nose a sound like the sound of flutes, and the other animals gather round it to hear that sound; or if any of them happens to become confounded with the sound, it seizes that animal and eats it, but if it does not find it practicable to seize any of them, it gives a terrible scream, upon which the other animals separate and flee away from it.

Her Usual Line of Talk. A certain Louisville social leader, whom we will call Mrs. Fayette County, to avoid identifying her, was told by her husband over the telephone that he would bring a number of guests home to dinner.

"An Ah want six dozen sof' shell crabs an ef yo' don't get dem up here mighty quick Ah'll skin every one of yo', ye low down—Who is dis?—Dis is Mrs. Fayette County, dat's who dis is, and Ah means ebry word Ah says."

The Unexpected Truth. The minister was spending the afternoon at the home of one of his members. The father told his little son to bring some apples from the cellar. The child obeyed, and in the kitchen found an especially large red one which had been brought up the day before, so placed it on the dish with the others.

Origin of Blankets. Bristol, during the reign of Edward III., had three merchants living in the town whose name was Blanket. They were woolen weavers, and the first people to make the material which ever since has been called by their name. It was first used for making peasants' clothing.—Home Notes.

and you are the fortunate winner. We hold the animal at your disposal and shall be pleased to forward same on receipt of your notification so to do. We beg to congratulate you on the acquisition of this valuable boar.

PROF. MUNYON'S PHILANTHROPHY

Giving to the Nation a Prize That Money Cannot Buy.

"I would rather preserve the health of a nation than to be its ruler."—Munyon. This motto, written by Prof. Munyon about sixteen years ago, was the real cornerstone of his medicine business.

Prof. Munyon puts up a separate cure for almost every ill, and these remedies can be had at all druggists, mostly 25 cents a bottle. In taking these remedies, you are taking what might be called a sure thing, for he guarantees them to produce satisfactory results or he will refund our money.

Decay of Ancient Virtues. In an effete and unmoral age, soured by pessimism and staled by sophistical cation, the simple virtues of other times lose their hold upon the human heart.

The Mecca of the Fat. Marlenbad is a place of special interest to English people, for King Edward has now deserted Homburg, where for so many years he did his summer cure, and every August sees him installed in the Church Square at Marlenbad and prepared to follow out the somewhat severe regime of the place.

Ostrich Culture. The first attempt to raise ostriches in Australia was made by a Mr. Malcolm, who in 1889 brought 100 young birds from South Africa to South Australia.

HABIT'S CHAIN Certain Habits Unconsciously Formed and Hard to Break. An ingenious philosopher estimates that the amount of will power necessary to break a lifelong habit would, if it could be transformed, lift a weight of many tons.

It sometimes requires a higher degree of heroism to break the chains of a pernicious habit than to lead a forlorn hope in a bloody battle. A lady writes from an Indiana town: "From my earliest childhood I was a lover of coffee."

"I was convinced that it was coffee that was causing the trouble and yet I could not deny myself a cup for breakfast. At the age of 36 I was in very poor health, indeed, My sister told me I was in danger of becoming a coffee drunkard."

WINNER OF A VALUABLE BOAR

He Did Not Pursue the Investigation After Notification of the Prize's Death.

B. F. Yoakum, at the convention of the Farmers' Union at Shawnee, said of a swindler of farmers:

"He swindled. Then he covered up his swindle with some piece of tremendous audacity that silenced his dupe. He was like the two pig raffles of Plymouth."

"Two Plymouth loafers, being hard up, decided on a pig raffle. So they had a pig poster printed. It said: "To be raffled, a fine Berkshire boar, recently imported with the Gold stock. Drawings, twenty-five cents each."

"SMALL AND GREENWOOD." The raffle went well. The two loafers made a lot of money. Then came the day when the result was to be announced.

"The loafers read over their list of victims and selected the man they thought the most gullible and meek. To him they wrote: "Sir: We are happy to inform you that the raffle of the magnificent Berkshire boar was held last evening."

and you are the fortunate winner. We hold the animal at your disposal and shall be pleased to forward same on receipt of your notification so to do. We beg to congratulate you on the acquisition of this valuable boar.