

**IN DANGER FROM UNDERTOW**

How a Quiet, Witted Doctor Saved Three Lives.

There is a story which is too much to the credit of two ladies and a gentleman to be wholly suppressed. They are all strong swimmers and can handle with the waves in valiant fashion. They chanced to be in the sea at one time and on a shore where the undertow is irresistible a short distance out. The man suddenly felt himself in that strong, treacherous pull of the water of the mighty deep. He understood immediately that he and his companions would shortly be no more unless by tremendous, instant, individual exertion they pulled for the shore. In that momentous crisis not one could help another. How to get "these girls" ashore without terrifying them and putting them in still greater danger through their fears was the problem of that terrible moment.

The man solved it like a hero. He made a sign, a sound of personal distress and began swimming ashore. The companions in the waves heard and saw his white face. Both believed, as he meant them to, that he was threatened with cramps and swam inshore, too, calling out cheerful, encouraging words to him as they pulled for the shore, assuring him that he would be all right; that they could get him in safely if he really should give out, and other words to that effect. It was not long before this man of mortal courage stood upon the beach in safety, and there he had thus rescued from death stood on either side of him and heard what it would have meant for them to have spent another moment in that out-reaching tide.

It was a nonconformist in the strife for life who remarked: "That fellow was a great philosopher. He knew how to appeal to the new woman when swimming her strongest against the old order of things. He only offered his plea to the 'eternal womanly,' to woman's maternal need of taking care of the sick and the helpless. Those girls will probably always think it was their own physical strength and powers that rescued them from death by drowning, but it was really the eternal womanly, but upon helping one they believed in danger and need."—Boston Transcript.

**He Ate Cabbage and Lived.**

Wonderful are the whims of the human stomach. What kills one man gives another life. One of the strangest cases of a craving for food on the part of a sick man is narrated by Mrs. Hazen in "Our Army Nurses." She was at the hospital at Washington. Among her patients was a "boy," though he was a veteran of four years' standing—who had come to the hospital several months before with a wounded knee. This is his strange story:

"The surgeons had held many examinations. He was falling rapidly; could not retain anything, even cold water smelling like cabbage. 'What is the verdict, doctor?' I asked one morning.

"He can live but a few days at the longest," was the answer, "and may die in a few hours."

"Then, doctor, please let him have what he wants while he does live."

"I give him into your hands, Miss 'tina. Do what you please for him."

The bandages were at once removed, as he had complained that they were uncomfortable. Then, as soon as the other patients were cared for, I went to a market garden and bought a head of cabbage. He had often said he wanted something green, if only "boiled green."

When the cabbage was cooked, I carried him some, with cider vinegar, and fed him.

He ate all there was on the plate, asked for more, which was brought, and still a third and fourth plate, till he had eaten the whole cabbage.

From that dinner, in May, he began to improve, and on the 14th of June I started with him on a stretcher for his home in Pennsylvania, as his life even then depended upon his diet, and such meals as he ate would have made a well man sick.

**TRIES THE NERVES.**

AN OLD FIREMAN ON THE EFFECT OF A SERIOUS ACCIDENT.

The thoughts that flash through the fireman's brain just before a collision occur—a smash up makes a man shiver ever thereafter.

There is something attractive about railroad life to the man who once enters it. The railroad companies rarely give up a reliable, faithful man. He may become maimed and unfit for the most remunerative positions and be forced to accept some humble place with a smaller salary attached to it, but it is an unwritten law with most of the great railroad companies that the man who is injured in their service shall be placed in some position where he may obtain his livelihood.

This it may happen that when you fall in conversation with the partner who occupies a humble switchhouse or a signman's shanty you are talking with one who has had his share of excitement and been through experiences that would make the hair of the average man stand upon end. A reporter met a switchman the other day the partner of whose life was expressed in the wooden log which he used, and as the Empire dashed by he looked up and said:

"Yes, I like railroading. I have been in the business all my life and expect to spend the rest of my days over the rails, but I am quite content to remain here in my little cottage and tend to my flagging rather than have the position of the man who holds the throttle on that big engine which just whizzed by here. You may think it a snap to sit there and ride over the country at the rate of a mile a minute, but I tell you the man carries a load of responsibility on his shoulders which I would not want on mine and which the average man knows very little about. I know something of it, for I was fireman some years ago on one of the fast engines and lost my leg in an accident between here and Albany. But if I had come out of that accident as sound as you are I never should have been able to hold my nerve for any more fast trips. That finished me for that work."

"If a man has been hurt in a railroad accident it makes him sorry of that kind of work, does it?" asked the reporter.

"You bet it does," answered the switchman with emphasis, "and don't let any one fool you that it doesn't. The man who was running that engine the day I was hurt escaped with hardly a scratch, but he never could keep his time up the way he did before that, and finally was put on a freight engine, where the running was a great deal slower."

"I shall never forget the way he looked after the accident. The smash up occurred just before the crash came. I looked at him. We were rounding a curve down by Schenectady. His long gray hair was flowing in the breeze, his face was set and his eyes fixed on the track ahead."

"All at once he jumped to his feet and reversed the lever and exclaimed in a startled tone, 'My God, we are caught!' It was probably not more than half a minute after when I was lying beneath the engine with my leg crushed, utterly unconscious of the fact that a great wreck had occurred, but every movement and occurrence of that half minute is as vividly impressed upon my mind as if it had taken weeks of time to traverse it there."

"As he spoke I looked through the cab window ahead of us, and there, within 30 rods, was a freight engine coming straight at us, and there was no possible chance to escape a crash. The engineer was doing his duty. I knew that. He was reversing the lever, applying the brakes and doing his best to avert what he knew was inevitable, but I had nothing to do, and it seemed as if everything in my life was before me in those few seconds. I felt absolutely sure I was going to die. Strange as it may seem, the thought did not seem horrible to me. A whole lot of the slang sayings, such as, 'You are learning to fire here in this world so as to be prepared for the next,' and 'You won't mind a hot job over there,' and a number of those stale things which a fireman has to take, came into my head, and even in that awful position it occurred to me in a humorous sort of way that I had made a good start here, look, or here above, as I might say. The next moment I was thinking of my wife and children—yes, and of mother, too, who had been dead a number of years. A man always thinks of his mother at such a time. But I don't think I had a particle of fear of death. The last thing that was on my mind was the question, 'Who was to blame for the accident?' And that is the last I remember."

"When I came to my senses, I was in a hospital and was minus a leg. Since then I have been constantly employed one way and another by the railroad company, but I never see one of the fast trains go by without thinking of that wreck. The engineer miraculously escaped with scarcely a bruise, but I finished him for that kind of work. He was always seeing engines ahead of him after that, and I have heard that more than once he has slowed up his train in order not to collide with an imaginary engine, which I have no doubt was as real to him as it was on the afternoon the wreck I speak of occurred. As I said before, he was transferred to a freight engine, but even there he was timid and finally left the road altogether."

"You can put it down as a pretty sure thing that when an engineer has been in an accident, once he is minus a good share of the nerve which it takes to make him run on time to the tick, and if he isn't on time he has got to go sooner or later."—Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.

Montreal suffered from fire in 1853, 1,800 residences and stores being blotted out of existence, the property loss exceeding \$5,000,000.

**THE DUDE LIQUID.**

And He Liked It—Especially Disapproved His Thompson's Theory.

One day, in the old depot there, when it was still the terminus of the great Pacific road, there arrived, at himself, a young man about 30 years old, who had such a hip and looked so girlish that the rough crowd looked on in astonishment. It was the Thompson who had finally written out his young man's theory, and he was demanded.

"Say, have you been reading your 'pursn bottle'?"

"This, do you address me?" asked the young man as he straightened up.

"You bet. What's yer ma and how did you happen to get lost?"

"My ma is home, this, and I am not lost. You are very rude, this."

"You are very rude, this," mocked the terror as he beckoned to the layabouts close in and see the fun.

"It seems to me, this," said the young man as he looked the other over, "that you don't like my looking."

"No, I don't," said the young man, "and that's the way it is. You are very rude, this."

"And that you want to pick a fight with me?"

"A fuss with a baby. Ha, ha, ha!" roared Hank.

"This, I can take care of myself," said the young man, "and I am not a baby. I don't want any ma to look you up, but I don't want you to hurt me. When I'm rid, I'll be rid."

"Hear him—the theot!" shouted the terror as he laughed all over. "Say, boys, what is this thing anyway?"

**A CITY LOVE SONG.**

All woodland songs our ears most lack. In win the meadow's daisies most we seek. For in a city three miles high.

My love has left a note for me. There, on a bench, I found it lying. With words of love and melody. And by my side, I found a key. And in the market place I sought. Through the long day I'll roam and write. And when I find the one I love. To think that I should find her here. And when I find her, I'll be true. And all my life I'll love her true. And when she loves me, I'll be true. And when she loves me, I'll be true.

But this struck Addie as a little too ridiculous, and, as she was a plain, everyday American girl, without frills, she laughed aloud, much to her silly mother's discomfiture.

"Oh, don't mind me," she said. "That's just one of her jokes. These shoes are for me, and I wear two. Bridget wears three, I guess."

"You spoke a sale," said the shrewish girl as my acquaintance sat down, "but she'll come back again. She's a regular customer."—Polly Fry in New York Recorder.

The most remarkable goldmine in the world was found in Central America. They belong to the genus Placodonta, and one might easily imagine a specimen to be the work of some clever artificer in metal. The head and wing cases are brilliantly polished, with a luster as of gold itself. To sight and touch they have all the appearance of metal, and it is hard to realize that the creature is a mere animal. Oddly enough, there is another species of Placodonta from the same region, which has the appearance of being wrought in solid silver, freshly burnished. These gold and silver beetles have a market value. They are worth from \$25 to \$50 each. The finest collection in existence today is owned by Walter Rothschild of the English banking firm. Though a young man, only 25 years of age, he has already spent \$200,000 on beetles. Every year he sends two men to Central America to gather beetles. One of the most beautiful bugs in the world is a small beetle known to science as the blue Hoptia. Its back is an exquisite iridescent sky blue, and the under part of its body is of a bright silver hue. The notion that it contains silver is widely entertained, and attempts have frequently been made to extract silver from it.—Buffalo Commercial.

The smallest screws ever made are used in the manufacture of the miniature watches which are sometimes fitted in rings, shirt studs, bracelets, etc. They are the next thing to being invisible grains of sand. With a good glass, however, it may be plainly seen that each is a perfect screw, having a number of threads equal to 1,200 to the inch. These tiny screws are four one-thousandths of an inch in diameter and seven one-thousandths of an inch in length. It is estimated that a lot of these screws of average size would hold 100,000 of them. No attempt is ever made to count these "tiny triumphs of mechanical ingenuity" other than to get a basis for estimation. The method usually pursued in determining their number is to carefully count 100 and then place them on a delicate balance, the number of a given amount being determined by the weight of these.—St. Louis Republic.

The organ of the schoolmasters, the Allgemeine Deutsche Lehrzeitung, relates an episode of Kaiser Wilhelm's visit to Wiesbaden. When he was riding along the Tammsaasse at the head of his suit on Monday, a small boy ran after him and cried out as he frantically waved his cap, "Herr Kaiser, Herr Kaiser, get us a holiday tomorrow!" The emperor laughed, and, with a friendly wink to the lad, called out, "We shall manage it." Accordingly on the next day all the schools were closed. The boy informed that the day was "schulfrei," and wherever the kaiser appeared he was naturally greeted as a liberator, with the full power of youthful lungs.

Hops are always more restless than usual on the approach of bad weather, and when these animals run to and fro with mouthfuls of straw, leaves or branches the indication is for very foul weather. In their native state pigs probably made their own beds, and when bad weather was coming perhaps padded a larger supply of straw or leaves than usual to serve as a protection against the rain.

He—Did you ever observe what a difference clothes make on one's mind? Now, when I am in my riding togs, I'm all horse; when I have on my business suit, my mind's full of business; when I get into my evening dress, my mind takes a purely social turn.

She—And I suppose that when you take a bath your mind's an utter blank.—Pick Me Up.

The Toronto Mail asks, "Did the prehistoric man eat pie?" If he did, he did not eat it all. You can find prehistoric pie at almost any railroad restaurant.—Boston Globe.

**VISIONS WHICH WARNED.**

Two Instances Where Dreams of Horses and For Cause True.

Dreams, like girls, "are queer," and dreams wherein horses figure largely take rank among the queerest. In the year 1890 a gentleman entered a promising paper for a race to come off some day during the summer. He was speeding the horse on the last of the snow and wrote to his wife who was visiting in a distant town, that his prospects for a race were very rosy. That night the lady, who was especially an admirer of horses, dreamed that she was sitting in the stand watching the flash of the race when her husband's horse was to take part. Her reply to the letter, she said that his horse would win the race, the last heat several lengths ahead of a gray horse, the only other one she saw in her dream, and that the judge announced the time 2:20 1/2. The letter caused a good deal of amusement in the family during the months previous to the race, and finally when the day came five horses started, among them being a dark gray. The dream came true in every respect, the race being won in three heats, and at the time just coming into the stretch; time, 2:20 1/2. The dream I can vouch for, as I saw the letter weeks before the race took place.

Another gentleman, who was sleeping at an inn beside the track where his horses were stabled dreamed, that he saw the window of a stall containing a valuable young horse being stealthily opened from the outside. Then she flashed and fell among the straw, revealing the horse in a state of terror, puffing and snorting loudly. The dream was so vivid that he awoke and fancied that he could in reality hear the horse striking the walls of his stall. He partially dressed and ran out, and not a moment too soon. Some miscreant had thrown a cloth burning and soaked with oil through the window. This had ignited the straw, and in a few seconds more the horse must have perished, though, fortunately, as it was he was but slightly injured.—Trotter and Pacer.

The present custom which permits each side to call in his own expert and pay him for his testimony is calculated to produce anything but expert testimony unless the term expert applies to manipulation of facts to suit his client's case. It would be about as conducive to justice if each side were allowed to retain and pay a judge and jury of its own. In fact, the practice is so obviously calculated to defeat the ends of justice that it is difficult to see how it ever originated. The mere fact that a witness is employed and paid by the defendant or plaintiff unconsciously enrolls him on that side, and there are few experts whose testimony is not modified by such an arrangement. This custom has led to so many contradictions regarding facts before opposing authorities that the general public has lost confidence in such testimony. This is, of course, very unfortunate, as it is beyond question that a man who has devoted his life to a study, for instance, of poisons and their effects on the body is in a better position to judge of the probabilities in a given case than the ordinary layman or physician. Under a system where the expert is called by the court no question of bias could be raised, and science would not be disgraced from time to time by those who are willing to trade on their scientific reputation.—Popular Science Monthly.

Democracy and Education. So long as the direction of man's institutional life was in the hands of one or the few the need for a wide diffusion of political intelligence was not strongly felt. The divine right of kings found its correlative in the diabolical ignorance of the masses. There was no educational ideal, resting upon a social and political necessity, that was broad enough to include the whole people, but the rapid widening of the basis of sovereignty has changed all that. No deep conviction pervades the people of the United States and of France, who are the most aggressive exponents of democracy, that the preservation of liberty under the law and of the institutions that are our precious possession and proud heritage depends upon the intelligence of the whole people. It is this unshakable foundation that the argument for public education at public expense really rests.—Educational Review.

A Man of Ability. Tomson—Johnson has the ability of any kind. Jackson—No ability? Nonsense. Why, he can ask you for a loan in such a way that you thank your lucky stars for the opportunity to accommodate him.—London Fan.

Parrots are good barometers. Just before a rain the most talkative and glibly parrot becomes silent.

The first postoffice in this country was that of New York, established by act of parliament in 1710.

**THE CHEERFUL MAN.**

That Lighten Life For Hunters In the Woods on Every Day.

There is a kind of man who never looks complaining. He may be sick or poor, big or little. He may be as weak as he is hardly able to carry his rifle and never able to bring a stick of wood for the campfire. He is wanted, nevertheless. The campers, on the special man, the one who never looks, but always smiles. He is cheerful when the clouds weep and the campers are dismal. He laughs when he misses a good shot. He grows when the sticks get into his eyes and says that the nuts and sticks in the camp bed are good, because they give the sleeper plenty of exercise.

The cheerful man is especially well liked in a camp where the hunters have had a bad run of luck. If a week passes and the woods have been so dry that the deer or the turkey couldn't be approached, then the cheerful man, as he fries pork or bacon for supper, laughs and says that any way it's a good thing for the game.

When the weather is gloomy and every one has the blues, it is the cheerful man who gets out and gathers a big heap of wood, if he can get it, if he can't, he has somebody else do it, and when night comes a big campfire is started that cheers everybody up to the story telling point, which point indicates cheerfulness.

Even small boys are welcome in a veteran's camp when the place is gloomy. Small boys make things interesting. There are guns to drag around and owners to say things. There is a food supply to pick at, and fire to muddle with, pipes to break and tin dishes to rattle. It doesn't take much to cheer up a sad camp, if only the right visitor comes along. The arrival of a smiling woman from another camp, one day when the rain poured, did that once up on Moose river. She had a rifle over her shoulder and three dripping partridges in her hand. Her hunting was dripping wet, and her nose early hangs hung down over her eyes. Every complaining man of the camp leaped to his feet, and a great leap of joy was made when she came out with a bunch of logs was soon cut and sitting in the fire. The guests who had been sitting on a bench under the tent of another camp were standing near the fire of another camp. When she came, two hours later, every man and woman of a camp by a great fire.—New York Sun.

"CALLERS" NOT DESIRED. A Writer's Reasons For Thinking "Callers" are Undesired. You probably see your callers once a week, meeting them on the public highways, and if you see pleasantly and speak a word or two of the weather and of the health of the family, but not everything been done that the necessities require or formality can reasonably demand? If we have business or need information that others can give us, go and ask of them. Be brief, but to the point, and leaving with what is desired, carry away also their blessing. To go to another's home, to request of his inmates, one or all, to sit for half an hour or longer and listen to your platitudes, and—coming away—lie to them about a pleasant call, is intolerable. Yet there are thousands who do this daily.

Why should I leave my occupation, be it loafing even, and give my attention to some man or woman who is thoughtless enough to "call"? The irritating motive never appears. Much is spoken and nothing said. I receive no worthy thought to profit by or increase the probability of a beauteous eternity. The familiar well gnawed bones of doctrine fall from the devil's table. Usually I am forced to breathe at such a time a gasp poisoned by atmosphere. This "call" is another idea of civility, and I am compelled, it appears, to be a victim of his or her whim. If I refuse, as I have done point blank, to present myself, I am called a boor and all manner of ugly names.—Lippincott.

Strange Beginning of a Friendship. I remember the anecdote my stepfather, Count d'Auro, who entered La Fleche before the regulation age of 8, used to tell me. It was the first time he had left his mother, and he was somewhat bewildered by the roughness of his comrades, who affected the air of old troopers. To make sure that he was not a milkop, one of them, a veteran of 18, made him by his hand flat on the ground, stepped on it and crushed one of his fingers. This tormentor was the future General Baraguay d'Hilliers. The victim, who nearly fainted, bore it bravely, however. "And this was the beginning," my stepfather used to add half a century later, when showing his deformed finger, "of a friendship that lasted all our lives." This happened shortly after the first empire, when Roman virtues were emulated, but one must not infer from this isolated fact that stoicism flourishes vigorously in the French educational system.—The Bantonia in Century.

A Little Girl's Riddle. Several children were asking riddles the other day, and a bright little girl who listened got the idea of what a riddle was. The next day she went to her father and said, "There was a blind and certain on a pole and the pole fell and two men laughed." The father promptly gave her up when she said, "Don't you see the point?" Upon being answered in the negative she puzzled her brains for awhile, and said, "Let's do it." She is now practicing on riddles that have some meaning in them.

Two Readings. "Husband, what did the doctor say about me?" "He said that you must give up religion and take to drink."

"What?" "Well, he said you must stop doing so much church work and take a tonic."—Louisville Courier-Journal.