PERMANENCE.

- I wrote her name upon a rose
 That spread its petals to the dawn;
 But at the evening's troubled close
 I came, and lo! the rose was gone.
- I carved her name upon a tree,
 The stately forest's pride and mine Live there, sweet name! Long lease to thee That night the tempest slew the pine.
- I cut her name deep in a rock
 That crowned the beetling mountain
 Alas! there came an earthquake shock,
 And plunged the bowlder in the tide.
- Then I perceived that outward frame
 Could no sure stead to love impart,
 And last of all I wrote her name
 Warm on the tablets of my heart.

 —[James Buckham, in Frank Leslie's.

THE LOST MOONFLOWER.

THE LOST MOONFLOWED.

I looked up from my beetles. The night was warm. The state of the class of the dust was a state of the class of the dust was the dust of the things of the class of the dust was a guide. Fully equipped for a most of the blazest blossom. I had ever observed blossom. I hole ever observed in the blossom is abupe; but whis specially strenced my attention at first sight was blossom. I hole ever observed in the blossom is abupe; but whis specially strenced my attention at first sight was blossom. I hole ever observed in the blossom in the blossom is abupt. I will be abupt to the blossom in the blossom i

"How did you come by it, my child?" I asked coaxingly of my sobbing little ten-year-old.
"My father brought it in," the child answered with a burst. "He gave it me a week ago. He was out in the country of the dwarfs doing trade. He went for ivory and he brought this back to me." "Boys." I cried to the natives who had crowded round looking on, "do you know where I lives? I want to get one. A good English rifle to any man in Tulamba who guides me to the spot where I can pick a wild moonflower!"

The men shook their heads and shrugged their shoulders dubiously.

"Oh, no," they all answered, like supers at the theatre, with one accord.
"Too far! Too dangerous!"

"Why dangerous!" I cried, laughing.

as no doubt you're already aware, is the native West African name for the gorilla.

Well, I took home the poor draggled blossom to my hut, dissected it carefully and made what scientific study was possible of its unhappy remains in their much ta tered condition. But for the next ten days, as you can readily believe. I could think and talk and dream of nothing but moon flowers. You can't think what a fascination it exerts on a naturalist explorer's mind—a new orchid like that, as big rounds as a dessert plate and marked by so extraordinary and hitherto lunknown a peculiarity in plants as plossing agant and almost supernatural powers.

stories showed the moon flower to be a most unique species. I gathered from what they told me that the blossom had a very long spur or sac, containing honey at its base in great quantities; that it was fertilized and rified by a huge evening moth, whose proboscis was exactly adapted in length to the spur and its nectary; that it was creamy white in order to attract the insects' eyes in the gray shades of dusk; and that, for the self-same reason, its petals were endowed with the strange quality of phosphorescence. till now unknown in the vegetable kingdom; while it exhaled by night a delicious perfume, strong enough to be perceived at some twenty yards distance. So great a prize to a man of my tastes was simply irresistible. I made up my mind that, come what might, I must, could and would possess a tuber of the monflower.

One fortnight sufficed for me to make my final plans. Heavy bribes overcame the scruples of the negroes. The promise of a good rifle induced the finder of the first specimen to take service with me as a guide. Fully equipped for a week's march, and well attended with followers all armed to the teeth, I made my start at last for the home of the moonflower.

To cut along story short, we went for the days into the primeval shade of the great equatorial African forest. Dense roofs of foliage shut out the light of day; underfoot the ground was encumbered with thick, tropical brushwood. We crept along cautiously, hacking our way at times among the brake with our cut-lasses and crawling at others through the deep tangle of the underbrush on all fours like monkeys. During all those three days we never caught sight of a single monflower. They were growing very rare nowadays, my guide explained in most voluble Fantee. When he was a mere boy his father found dozens of them, we found that the produced of the stage villain in the Italian operas, and supplied to the stage villain in the Italian operas, the stream of the stage villain in the Italian operas, the stream of the stage villain in the Italian oper

that, come what might, I must, could and would possess a tuber of the moon flower.

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To cut a long story short, we went for three days into the primeval shade of the great equatorial African forest. Dense roofs of foliage shut out the light of day; underfoot the ground was encumbered with thick, tropical brushwood. We crept along cautiously, hacking our way at times among the brake with our cut-lasses and crawling at others through the deep tangle of the underbrush on all fours like monkeys. During all those three days we never caught sight of a single moon flower. They were growing very rare nowadays, my guide explained in most voluble Fantee. When he was amere boy his father found dozens of them, but now, why you must go miles and miles through the depths of the forest and never so much as light on a specimen.

At last, about noon on the fourth day.

lower.
I don't deny that I was astonished. I had crowded round looking on, "do you know where it lives? I want to get one. A good English rife to any man in Tuamba who guides me to the spot where I can pick a wild moonflower!"

The men shook their heads and shrugged their shoulders dubiously.

"Oh, no," they all answered, like supers at the theatre, with one according to fire the shoulders of the coording of the shoulders of the should be should be

big round as a dessert plate and marked by so extraordinary and hitherto unknown a peculiarity in plants as phosphorescence. For the moon flower was phosphorescent. Of this I had not the shadow of a doubt. Its petals gave out by night a faint and dreamy luminous ness, which must have shined like a moon indeed in the dense dark shade of a tropical African forest.

The more I inquired of the natives about the new plant the more was my currosity piqued to possess one. I longed to bring a root of the marvellous bloom to Europe. For the natives all spoke of it with a certain hashed awe or superstitious respect. "It is the Ngina's flower," they said; "it grows in the dark places—the gardens of Ngina. If any man breaks one off that is very bad luck; the Ngina will surely overtake and destroy him."

This superstitious awe only inflamed my desire to possess aroot. The natives' parasite was all a-growing and a-blow-

With a frightful roar the creature sprang upon me, and made a wild grab at my precious moonflower. That was more than scientific human nature could stand. I turned and fled, carrying my specimen with me. But my pursuer was too quick. He caught me up in a moment. His scowling black face was ghastly to behold; his huge white teeth gleamed fierce and hideous, his brawny, thick hands could have crushed me to a jelly. I panted and paused. My heart fluttered fast, then stood still within me. There was a second's suspense. At its end, to my infinite horror, he seized—not me—oh, no; not me—I might have put up with that—but the priceless moonflower.

up with that—but the priceless moon-flower.

I was helpess to defend myself—help-less to secure or safeguard my treasure. He took it from me with a grin. I could see through those sunken eyes what was passing in the creature's dim and brutal brain. He was saying to himself, like men of his own low grade of cunning:—"If that tuber was worth so much pains to him to get it must be worth just as much to me to keep. So by your leave, my friend, if you'll excuse me, I'll take it."

It."
I stood appalled and gazed at him.
The brute snatched that we have I stood appalled and gazed at him. The brute snatched that unique specimen of a dying or almost extinct genus in his swarth, hairy hands—those clumsy great hands of his—raised it bodily to his mouth, crushing and tearing the beautiful petals in his coarse grab as he went—ate it slowly through, tuber, stem, spray, blossom—and swallowed it conscientiously, with a hideous grimace, to the very last morsel. I had but one grain of consolation or revenge. It was clear the taste was exceedingly nasty.

Then he looked in my face and burst into a loud, discordant laugh. That laugh was hideous.

"Aha!" it said, in effect. "So that's all you've got, my fine fellow, after all, for all your pains, and care, and trouble!"

I shut my eyes and waited. My turn would come next. He would rend me in his rage for the nastiness of the taste.

would come next. He would rend me un his rage for the nastiness of the taste, I stood still and shuddered. But, alas, he meant only to eat the moonflower. When I opened my eyes again the brute had turned his back without one brute had turned his back without one

brute had turned his back without one word of apology, and was walking off at a leisurely pace in contemptuous triumph, shrugging his shoulders as he went, and chuckling low to himself in his vulgar dog in the manger joy and malignancy. It was four days before I straggled alone, half dead, into Tulamba. I never came across another of those orchids. And that is why at Kew they have still no moonflower.—[New York Herald.

The Shot Tower Invented in a Dream.

A mechanic at Bristol, England, had a queer dream. Watts was his name, and he was by trade a shotmaker. The making of the little leaden pellets was then a slow, laborious and, consequently, cost-ply process. Watts had to take great bars of lead and pound them out into sheets of a thickness about equal to the diameter of the shot he desired to make. Then he cut the sheets into little cubes, which he placed into a revolving barrel or box and rolled until the edges wore off from the constant friction and the which he placed into a revolving barrel or box and rolled until the edges wore off from the constant friction and the little cubes became spheroids. Watts had often racked his brain trying to devise a better scheme, but in vain. Finally, after an evening spent with some jolly companions at the alchouse he went home and turned into bed. He soon fell into a deep slumber, but the liquor evidently did not agree with him, for he had a bad dream. He thought he was out again with the "boys." They were all trying to find their way home when it began to rain shot. Beautiful globules of lead, polished and shining, fell in a torrent and compelled him and his bibulous companions to draw their heavy limbs to a place of shelter. In the morning, when Watts arose, he remembered the dream. He thought about itall day, and wondered what shape molten lead wauld take in falling a distance through the air. At last, when he could rest no longer, he carried a ladleful of the hot metal up into the steeple of the church of St. Mary, of Redeliffe, and dropped it into the mont below. Descending, he took from the bottom of the shallow pool several handfuls of perfect shot, far superior to any he had ever seen. Watts fortune was made, for he had conceived the idea of a shot tower, which has ever since been the only means employed in the manufacture of the death dealing litnce been the only means employed in ne manufacture of the death dealing lit-e missiles so much used in war and

The ape is in great request among Stamese merchants as a cashier in their counting-houses. Vast quantities of base coin obtain circulation in Siam, and the faculty of discrimination between good money and bad would appear to be possessed by these gifted monkeys in such an extraordinary degree of development that no human being, however carefully trained, can compete with him. They put the coin in their mouth, immediately spitting it out if bad.

It is reported that there are 3,000 Japanese in this country, of whom 2,000 have been baptized by missionaries in their own land, or since they came to the United States.

THE THIRSTY LEECH.

AN OLD-TIME AID TO BLOOD LETTING.

An Industry that is Now but th dow of What it Once Was.

An Industry that is Now but the Shadow of What it Once Was.

According to the psalmist "The daughters of the horse-leech ry continually, Give, give." According to the natural history neither the horse-leech nor his daughters do mything of the sort, the appetite of this variety of the once popular worm being quite easily satisfied. Neither has it the blood-sucking tastes of the ordinary leech, for it is well established that it will not attack man, while it is equally well known that the leech of the medical world will. It is doubtful whether it ever attaches itself to horses or other animals, and it is content to make a meal off another worm, which it does by swallowing it whole after the fashlon of that other worm, the snake. The horse-leech, it is true, is big and looks fierce, but, as in the case of the big black ant and the little red one, it is the little one that is to be avoided. Lastly, although this objection may be considered hypercritical, the horse-leech mever had any daughters, all of its children being bi-sexed, true hermaphrodites. Possibly what the erudite translators of the Old Testament set down in Saxon as the horse-leech was not the horse-leech at all in the original; or perhaps what was meant was the leech which is gathered by horses. In the great leech ponds and streams of Europe and Asia a big haul of the worm used to be made by driving horses in the infected localities. The little bloodsuckers would then fasten themselves to the poor animal's legs and body, from which, when the worms were saturated, the gatherers would pick them off. Leeches have to be gathered with a little more care, the sources of supply having become much more limited than they were fifty years ago, They former; ly inhabited in great numbers the marshes and streams of most countries of Europe, but now they are successfully cultivated only in France and Hungary, although they come from Turkey, Wallachia, Russia, Egypt and Algeria. The best leeches that come from there being labeled as Bwedish.

Prior to 1839 there was

set seep the supplies have run short between the supplies have run short short between the supplies have run short short

The "Ocean Graveyard."

Sable Island, which lies 200 miles to the west of Halifax, Nova Scotia, is little known save to shipwrecked mariners. So many sailors have been cast away there that it has gained the name of the "ocean graveyard." The island is used as a beacon station on which the Canadian government maintains two lighthouses and stores of provisions to be used in case of shipwrecks. As there is no communication between Sable Island and the mainland except by means of chance vessels, it has often happened that shipwrecked seamen have been kept on it for a long time without being able to make their condition known. The Dominion government now proposes to overcome this difficulty by establishing a regular system of pigeon post between

the island and Halifax. A homery is to be established at the latter place, and an occasional assignment of trained birds is to be dispatched to the former, which will be available as messengers in any special emergency. It is stated that the Canadian government is importing the carrier pigeons from Belgium.—(Brook-lyn Citizen.

THE WRECKING TRAIN.

Something About the Outfit Carried in Its Cars.

Something About the Outfit Carried in Its Cars.

Accidents will happen occasionally on the best managed railroads, and sometimes bad wrecks happen, the cause of which frequently is a mystery, and the tracks are blockaded for hours. For every minute the track remains blocked money and time are lost, and passenger and freight traffic is interrupted. So the railroads are always prepared, and within thirty minutes after a wreek has happened a wrecking train is on the way with a trained crew of men, and if the telegram announcing the wreck says that passengers or employees are injured the wrecking train comes along with its physicians, bandages and cots. A wrecking train is about the homeliest thing owned by a railroad company, but when they are needed they are needed badly.

The wrecking cars are kept at the end

badly.

The wrecking cars are kept at the end

The wrecking cars are kept at the end of a division, and are directly under the control of the superintendent of that division. The wrecking train is composed of three cars and a powerful locomotive, and all the cars are fitted with air brakes. The first car is what is known as the truck car. The body of the car is very low, and upon it are carried two extra pairs of trucks, rails, cross ties and spikes, for sometimes the track is torn up in a wreck. The second car is the wrecking car. It is built of the heaviest timber, and is mounted on two pairs of small, heavy trucks. Half of the car is covered over and the other half is a mere platform, but arising from the centre is a powerful derrick with a 28-foot boom. With this powerful contrivance trucks, cars and locomotives are swung about. The covered portion of the car resembles inside the store-room of a ship, as there are so many cables hanging around.

In one end of the car are two closets, one containing the food for the crew. The locker is always well filled, for there is no telling when the wrecking train may be called into service. The other closet or locker contains medicines, bandages, and a portable telegraph outift, with several coils of wire. If the wreck is a bad one the instrument is brought into use. An operator is picked up at the first station along the rond, and when the scene of the accident is reached the wires are set and a telegraph office is established. The car carries rope of every size and kind up to three inches in diameter, hydraulic jacks for raising engines and tare-einch rope for putting engines on the track, 300 feet of two-inch full line for pulling purposes, 275 feet 11-inch rope for the derrick, two sixty-foot sections of three-inch switch rope for putting engines on the track, 300 feet of two-inch full line for pulling purposes, 275 feet 11-inch rope for putting engines on the track and 330 feet of three-inch rope for putting engines on the krack, wo sixty-foot sections of three-inch switch rope for the same purpose, and 330 fe

THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

ESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY

Easily Remedied—Original Packages
—A Sensitive Ear—A Family Matter, Etc., Etc.

THE BUTCHER WOOS. "My heart is yours," he did profess;
"Pm in an awful stew.
Liver die, I care not 'less
You give me promise true.

"I'd steak my very life on you, And when I'm kept away I'll send a tenderloin or two, Professing love for aye.

"What answer you beefore I go?
Meat I your favor well?"
She said, "I love, you suet so,"
And on his shoulder fell.
—[La Monte Waldron

EASILY REMEDIED.

"Look here, Davis," exclaimed the manager of the dime museum, aghast, "you have made a mistake. It wasn't an Esquimau girl I wanted for this department. It was a Circassian girl." "That's all right, Colonel," replied the traveling agent. "Ulga," he said, turning to the dusky beauty, "go wash your face and friz your hair."—[Chicago Tribune.

ORIGINAL PACKAGES.

"What is this 'original package' business?" she asked.
"What does it mean? Well," he began explaining, "we'll say you are 120 pounds of honey in a silk and gold and diamond-mounted case."

diamond-mounted case."
"Yes,"
"Well, so long as you are in the original wrapper," he continued, wrapping his arms about her, "you—"
"I see now," she interrupted, "but I can't understand how you are the original wrapper."—[Philadelphia Times.

A FAMILY MATTER.

A FAMILY MATTER.

Humorist—I guess I'll have to give up my position as funny man on your paper. Editor—Why, what's the matter?

Humorist—Well, my wife won't have any more jokes about her side of the family; my mother-in-law is with us now, so I can't mention her; my daughter gets mad when I write about her beaux and her little brother, and the hired girl says she'll strike if I drag her into print again. So you see there's nothing left for me to write about.

NO ALIASES.

HIS HONEY WIN days hand disarder.

His Honor—H'm, drunk and disorder y, eh? What's your name?

His Hono.

1y, ch? What's your name?

"Pat, sorr."

"Your full name?"

"Shure and 'tis Pat whin Oi am full or whin Oi am sober just the same."

"Thirty days."—[Puck.

When General Moreau was in the United States, he was at once the victim of a rather droll misunderstanding. He was present at a concert where a plece was sung by the choir, with the refrain: "To-morrow, to-morrow."
Having a very imperfect knowledge of English, he fancied it to be a cantata given in his honor, and thought he distinguished the words:
"To Moreau, to Moreau."
Each time the refrain was repeated he rose to his feet and gracefully bowed on all sides, to the great astonishment of the audience, who did not know what to make of it.—[Le Figaro.

COULDN'T ZSCAPE.

"Have you boarded long at this house?" quired the new boarder of the sour, de

"Have you boarder of the sour, dejected man sitting next to him.
"About ten years."
"I don't see how you can stand it.
Why haven't you left long ago?"
"No other place to go to," said the other dismally. "The landlady's my wife."—[Chicago Tribune.

THEY SHOULD BE SUPPLIED.

"Jones is a pretty good sort of a chap," said McWatty to a friend, "but he'll never amount to much. He never knows when to stop talking," "That's so," replied McWatty's friend, who is a railroad man; "his conversation lacks terminal facilities."—[New York World.

AND END THE GAME.

AND END THE GAME.

Mr. Spudaway—What! Has your Uncle Hiram failed in business?

Mrs. Spudaway—Broken up entirely. That's what he says in his letter.

"How fortunate our little HI has a middle name! When you write next to Uncle Lowe tell him his namesake, H. Lowe Spudaway, is the smartest boy in his class and as good as he is smart."

"But what if Uncle Lowe fails, too?" Innocent little Hi Lowe (from his corner)—Call me Jack and the game, papa.

—[Burlington Free Press.

Miss De Pretty-Let's form a secr Miss De Blonde—Or the Ancient Order

Miss De Blonde—Or the Ancient Order

Dianas. Miss De Young—Or the Ancient Order

of American—

Miss Oldmaid—Oh, don't let's call it ancient order of anything.—[New York]
Weekly.

HOW IT HAPPENED. "Wonderful thing happened in our neighborhood last evening. A policeman killed a mad dog at the first fire." "You don't say so?" "Perhaps I should explain that the policeman was shooting at a peddler."—
[Terre Haute Express.

MIND-READING.

Dinguss—Hello, Shadbolt! How are you? By the way, Shad, have you seen that big alligator down at—
Shadbolt (cutting him short)—No, Dinguss, I haven't seen it, but I know what it was going to lead me to. Alligators have hides, their hides make nice leather, the leather is made up into pocketbooks, and pocketbooks hold money. I haven't a cent to spare this time. Good morning, Dinguss.—[Chicago Tribuno. cago Tribune

WEATHER INDICATIONS.

Tramp (to buxom farmer's wife, standing on the porch and looking up at the sky)—How's the weather this morning,

ma'am?
Farmer's Wife (turning suddenly and catching up a pail of "suds")—Clear!
And the tramp clears.—[Burlington Free Press.

A HEAD LIKE A TACK.

"Oh, John," exclaimed Mrs. Cumso,
"I know how to make a hundred dollars
just as easily!"
"How?"
"Why, down at Mme. Robe's there's a
lovely Paris dress marked down from five
hundred dollars to four hundred."—[San
Francisco Wasp.

AT THE MENAGERIE.

"That's the porcupie, isn't it? What an ugly-looking creature!"
"Yes. It isn't what you would call a stractive animal. Still it has a great many fine points about it."—[Echo de Paris.

"No," said she. "I—I can be only a sister to you."
"Yery well," said he, "I must be going! I had expected a different answer, but—well, good-night!"
"George," she faltered, as he started out into the night. "George!"
"What is it?" he asked, crossly.
"Aren't you going to kiss your sister good-night?"

A PIOUS HOPE.

"You must be as quiet as possible to-night, Johnny," said his mother, "for we are to have the minister for supper," "Have him for supper, eh? Well, I hope he'll taste good,"—[Ashland Press.

A SLIGHT MISTAKE. Wickwire—Is Mudge really going to marry that girl? Why, he is as poor as a church mouse, and she hasn't a cent to has rame.

Yabsley—You are wrong there. Her ront name is Rose,—[Terre Haute Ex-He-I love the very ground you tread

on.

She—Then you can't have me. I want
to be loved for myself alone.—[New York
World. MOST LIKELY. Wife—What do you suppose baby is thinking about? The Brute—I s'pose he's thinking what to cry about to-night.—[Life.

THEY ARE ENGAGED.

Cornelius Lovell—Don't address me as Mr. Lovell, Maude; it is so formal, you know. Call me Cornelius. Miss Maude—I'd call you Corn if—

"If what, darling?" "If I thought you'd pop." Mr. Lovell is now engaged.

A SENSITIVE EAR.

It is remarkable to what an extent refinement may be carried. There is in this city a young man who eats crushed violets and wears azure neckties every time he feels an attack of the blues approaching. The other evening he awoke in the middle of the night, and rousing his room-mate said:

"This is simply agonizing."

"What is the matter?"

"Those two mosquitoes that are singing in the room."

"Well, what do you care as long as they don't bite you?"

"They are not singing in harmony."—

[Washington Post.

HER ESTIMATE OF DAMAGES. A SENSITIVE EAR.

HER ESTIMATE OF DAMAGES.

"Had an accident here this morning?" queried the breathless reporter as a matronly lady appeared at the door in response to his violent ringing.
"Yes, we did. You see, the next house come right up to ours, and the man painting it asked to come through our house and crawl out the scuttle on to its roof. Well, I let him. When he crossed the garret he fell through the floor."
"Hurt him much?"

"Hurt him much?"
"Yes, I guess so. But he didn't stop with the garret; he fell through the next floor, tore a hole through the carpet, knocked the plaster off the ceiling, and, oh, he has just made an awful muss!"—
[Texas Siftings.

IN THE AGGREGATE.

Clara—How do you like my friend?
Fanny—He is a horrid creature. Is he married?
"No; he is not married."
"How happy is the lot of the woman who did not get him for a husband."—
[Texas Siftings.

AN ARGUMENT.

"They say that the rates are too high," said he,
"That I charge at my seaside hotel;
Yet there isn't a reason that I can see
Why I shouldn't be paid very well.

For a broker gets all he can honestly "For a broker gets all ne can nonessy make,
And a man placed as I am should feel
That he's fully entitled commission to
take
On each big matrimonial deal."
—[Washington Post.
AT AN AFTERNOON TEA.

Mrs. Chatty—Oh, yes, I have been there, and I can assure you that most of the people in the tropics sleep during the afternoon.

afternoon. Mrs. Weary (yawning)—What an awful amount of senseless gabble they must escape.—[Texas Siftings.

A TENDER-HEARTED GIRL. Old Million—My dear Miss Young-thing, if you'd only marry me I could die happy.

Miss Youngthing—Why, Mr. Million, if you were dying Fd marry you in a min-ute.—[New York Weekly.

A GOOD APPETITE SECURED. Blinks (at the ferry)-Hello, Jinks, Blinks (at the lerry)—Hello, Jinks, there you been?
Jinks—Been spending a couple of reeks in the country. Got board on a arm for \$8 a week.
Blinks—You don't say so. How do out feel?

Jinks—Hungry as a bear.—[New York Weekly.

Whaling Off Norway.

Whaling Off Norway.

Whales off Norway are harpooned with an instrument of peculiar construction. It consists of a shank, into which two barbs fold; these spring out and sit fast in the animal's flesh when a strain comes on the line attached to the harpoon. The harpoon is fired from a cannon mounted on a swivel carried in the harpoon carries an explosive shell, which is fired by the breaking of a glass tube filled with sulphuric acid, and the tube of its broken the moment the animal strains the line attached to the harpoon, in its dash to escape after being struck.

The line attached to the harpoon, in its dash to escape after being struck.

The line attached consists of a length of chain next the harpoon, and then a stout cable, and the two are connected by an accumulator spring, which breaks tout cable, and the two are connected by an accumulator spring, which breaks tout cable, and the two are connected by an accumulator spring, which breaks tout cable, and the two fash. Usually the explosion of the shell is immediately fatal, but it does happen occasionally that the explosion of the shell is in mediately fatal, but it does happen occasionally that the explosion of the shell is find the strain of the animal's dash. Usually the explosion of the shell is included the strain of the shell is greater than the strain of the shell is included the strain of the shell is greater than the strain of the shell is greater than the strain of the shell is greater than the shell is greate