

## A SHARK IN THE SURF

A PEARL BUYER IS TOSSED INTO THE SEA AS FOOD FOR IT.

A Traveler Tells a Story of What He Saw One Day in the Harbor of Madras—The Dapper Young Fellow and the Rascally Parsee Merchant.

A wild sea was running high in the open harbor of Madras. The sea always runs high there, and in the last two miles must always be made in surf-boats. The morning when the steamship Tigress dropped anchor and ran up her signal for the boats, great angry waves were bowling along before a fresh monsoon, and even the surfboats found it hard to keep dry.

Among our passengers from Ceylon for Madras we had a dapper young fellow, who was as good a judge of pearls as I ever saw. He had been to Ceylon buying for an English house, and was now on his way to the Persian gulf to complete his stock. He was to leave us at Madras to go overland to Bombay.

He knew how to take care of them. Before he had been on board a day he had told me all about his luck in Ceylon and had shown me his entire assortment. One of the pearls was simply gorgeous. Had it not been for a faint dot of blue upon one side it would have been worth a small fortune. He was delighted with my appreciation and enjoyment of the stones, and he showed me his treasures several times during the short voyage. Twice he left me alone with them. It was not, however, through any particular confidence in me, for I suspect he made quite as free with his treasures among several of the passengers. One was a Parsee, who was forever going between Ceylon and Madras, for what purpose I could never discover, though I had met him several times.

Whatever else he was I was sure that the Parsee was a great rascal, and was surprised and sorry for the young pearl man to find him making a most intimate friend of the fellow.

Together they stepped down the ladder to enter a surfboat as we neared Madras. The young man went down first with his case of precious pearls in his hand. The Parsee was stepping into the boat when he paused and spoke to its black captain.

"I have forgotten something," he said, turning to the younger man. "I must come by another boat; I will meet you at the hotel."

He gave the surfboat a push with his foot and began to climb the ladder. A sailor who was standing by me muttered:

"There's a shark in the surf yonder." But instead of looking away over the water he looked directly down upon the Parsee and then at the young pearl man.

Of course there was a shark in the surf. There are always sharks in that surf, but to me the sailor's sentence meant something more than that.

The Parsee simply walked behind the saloon house, stood there two or three minutes, then left the steamer by another boat. My curiosity was thoroughly aroused. Glass in hand I watched the two boats, a quarter of a mile apart, still wondering what the sailor meant by "a shark in the surf."

Presently one of the great waves lifted the first surfboat, but instead of taking the usual advantage of it to dip their oars and pull I distinctly noticed the boatmen sitting like statues. The almost naked fellow standing in the stern, with a long oar to guide the craft, suddenly leaned upon the oar, and the boat turned, was caught broadside on the wave and the next instant was capsized. I saw the passenger, with the pearl case still in hand, plunge head first into the water.

Like so many eels the black boatmen wriggled about in the water till they righted their boat, then clambered over the side and began to bail it out.

Not one of them seemed to give a thought to their passenger.

The next moment a piercing shriek sounded even as far as our steamer, and to my horror I saw the young fellow's body lifted out of the water not ten feet from the surfboat. It made one whirl in the air, disclosing the head of a shark holding it across the back, then sank again.

As the next boat passed the place I saw the Parsee throw something overboard that left a white spot on the water, which remained as long as I watched it, convincing me that it was a buoy of some sort set for some purpose.

A few days later we were anchored in the Hoogly river, off Calcutta.

I was walking down the principal English thoroughfare when I saw the Parsee emerge from the door of a lapidary. He evidently recognized me, but he turned quickly in the opposite direction and walked away.

"A shark in the surf," I muttered, and with only a vague idea half formed in my mind I entered the shop and inquired of the dealer if he had an assortment of pearls on hand.

"How fortunate!" he exclaimed. "I was never so low as this morning. Pearls are in very great demand. But I have just purchased a large lot of the finest pearls I ever saw. I purchased them very low for cash, and I cannot only give you the first choice of this magnificent collection, but a great bargain besides. They are beauties! Yes!"

"Yes," I replied, "they are beauties—especially this one with a dot of blue upon one side. Too bad that it has the flaw."

I knew then why the Parsee went down to the surfboat and spoke to the captain, but went ashore by another boat. I knew why he left the white buoy in the water. I knew why he continually journeyed between Ceylon and Madras, and I knew what the sailor meant when he watched him and muttered, "There's a shark in the surf."

Atlanta Constitution.

Henry IV of France was stabbed in his carriage by Ravallac just as he was preparing to carry out a scheme of conquest.

## The Dinner Hour in History.

It is believed by some that the word dinner springs from a corruption of the word dixheures, indicating the time at which in the old Norman days this meal was taken. The mere idea of having dinner at the barbarous hour of 10 o'clock in the morning would, in all probability, send a modern chef into a fit, yet it was at this early time that persons of quality, both in this country and France, partook of the meal. Froissart mentions waiting upon the Duke of Lancaster at 5 in the afternoon, after he had supped, and during the reigns of Francis I and Louis XII of France fashionable people dined from 10:30 and supped at the latest at 6 in the evening. And again, from a Northumberland household book, bearing date 1512, we learn that the family rose at 6, breakfasted at 7, dined at 10, supped at 4, and shut the gates at 9 p. m.

Speaking generally, though the dinner hour then, as now, was later in this country than in France, Louis XIV did not dine till 12, while his contemporaries, Cromwell and Charles II, took the meal at 1. In 1700 the hour was advanced to 2, and in 1751 we find that the Duchess of Somerset's dinner time was 3. In 1760 Cowper speaks of 4 o'clock as the then fashionable time. After the battle of Waterloo 6 p. m. was the time at which the beau monde took their substantial meal, while at the present day many of the nobility do not dine until 8, or 9, so we see through 400 years the dinner hour has gradually moved through twelve hours of the day—from 9 a. m. to 9 p. m. When the dinner hour was so early often no previous meal was taken.—Chambers' Journal.

## A Skeleton Story.

Dr. W. S. Howell, brother of the editor of the Vienna Progress, had a skeleton in a box. One day he pulled out the ugly, ghastly, grinning skull and began to handle it. Finally he decided that he wanted that skull opened so that he could study the inside structure. There being several seams in the skull he decided to fill the skull with peas and soak them in water, thinking that they would force the seams apart.

He asked the editor to help him, and the latter poured peas and water into the hollow bone and corked up the eye and nose holes to keep them from running out. Some time after the editor was startled to see that peas had sprouted in the skull and the vines were of most wonderful growth. Out of the hole where the backbone is joined to the neck an army of little vines had grown, and by some unknown instinctive power they had twined in and through all the bones of that body.

The young tendrils had wrapped around the stovepipe and table legs and the whole skeleton had been reared upward in the middle of the room. From the nostrils and eyes vines were streaming that had clustered around and upon the presses, stands and tables, and from each joint hung a pod in likeness of a small skull, the exact counterpart of the large one. It is rumored that when the editor beheld these things he left the office by the window route, and the skeleton is still in full editorial control.—Chicago News.

## The American Ax Helve.

All the world admires and wonders at the American ax helve. The American ax fitted with that ingeniously curved and gracefully fashioned handle is a marvelously effective weapon, vastly more apt for its purposes than the straight handled headman's ax with which the Italian fell trees, or the broad faced hatchet used for the same purpose in France. The American ax helve is just what might have been expected of an inventive people laden with the duty of conquering and civilizing a forest clad continent. The world had been using the ax since prehistoric times, but it remained for the American pioneer to fashion the ideal ax handle, at once light, strong and elastic. The ax such as is familiar to all Americans is rare in Europe, and it sells in all the British colonies as the American ax.—New York Sun.

French "Cussedness."

I was too young to understand the temper of the French where their rulers were concerned, and though at the time of my writing these notes I had lived for fifty years among them, I doubt whether I could give a successful psychological account of their mental attitude toward their succeeding regimes, except by borrowing the words of one of their cleverest country women, Mme. Emile de Girardin: "When Marshal Soult is in the opposition he is acknowledged to have won the battle of Toulouse; when he belongs to the government he is accused of having lost it." Since then the Americans have coined a word for that state of mind—"cussedness."—"An Englishman in Paris."

## How Did He Know?

This from one of our San Francisco telephone girls: "I don't think that I am any good looking and know it, and take a good deal of pride in my beauty. One day I was called to the telephone, and being angry over something that had happened in the office I snapped back at the party at the other end of the wire, 'Well, what is it?' in a very short manner. He replied with a low drawn whistle, 'Who-e-e-w, but you must be good looking.' I can remember yet how my face burned."—San Francisco Argonaut.

## A Bit of Advice.

Grandma—What sort of a young man is that beau of yours?  
Susie (reflecting)—Well, he's very nice, but a bit odd. For one thing, he's a vegetarian.

Grandma—For heaven's sake, dismiss him! I married a Unitarian and had no end of worry.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

## Episode in a Vestry Meeting.

The Chairman—The chair will not dispute the point with Mr. Carter.  
Mr. Carter—The chair had better not, unless he takes his coat off.  
The chair did not.—London Tit-Bits.

## Ararat and the Ark.

The story that the ark has been found in a tolerable state of preservation in a chasm high up on the sides of Ararat is no doubt the old "fake" in a new dress, the aforesaid old fake having made something like semiannual rounds of the press for the last dozen years. But, be it truth or fiction (it ought to be the truth, a bishop of Jerusalem being among the eyewitnesses) of the recent "wonderful discoveries," the story revives interest in the historic and semi-sacred old peak, Ararat, "the first named summit in human history," and the peak which "emerged from the flood and lifted its head over the waters in order that it might look down on all coming generations to the end of time," is the genesis of Headley's thirteen sacred mountains, Moriah, Sinai, Hor, Pisgah, Horeb, Carmel, Lebanon, Zion, Tabor, Olive, Calvary and the "Mount of God" being the other twelve.

Ararat, or more properly the two Ararats, "great" and "little" Ararats, are peaks occupying the center of a mountainous region in Armenia belonging jointly to Turkey and Russia. The former is 14,920 feet high and the latter an exact 10,000 feet from base to summit.—Louis Republic.

## Married by Telegraph.

William Hardie, of Fort Bowie, and Miss Hattie Quinn were married by telegraph a few days ago. The would be bride arrived at Bowie, and naturally being anxious to have the knot tied at the time set the contracting parties went forth to secure the services of some one authorized to perform such a ceremony. They were started to find that there was no one at the post who could act.

Their minds were soon relieved by the telegraph operator telling them they could be married by telegraph and offering to perfect the arrangements, which offer of course was accepted. The Rev. Brant C. Hammond, post chaplain of Fort Apache, 275 miles away, performed the ceremony. The operators at San Carlos, 225 miles, and Cooney's ranch 300 miles away, acted as witnesses. All the customary questions were asked and answered over the wire.—Tombs Prospector.

## An English Custom.

June 7 is famous in the annals of Dunmore, an English town, as the day on which a fitch of bacon is awarded annually by a jury of spinsters or bachelors to any married couple that can prove that they have been married a year and a day or longer without a quarrel of any kind. This year there were five sets of claimants for the prize, one of whom had been married long enough to have a golden wedding, for in the old days it was a rare occurrence for any couple to claim the reward from the seamy side of the law, but also that they had never regretted their marriage and if open to engagement would make the same again. The custom is one of such great antiquity that its date is lost in obscurity.—Exchange.

## Poor Economy.

The cowhorn fly, or buffalo horn fly as it is sometimes called, has been very annoying this season in some northern states and in Canada. It is so called because it attaches itself to the roots of the horns at night. Cows so tormented lose their appetite and give little milk. The application of lard to the parts affected is said to be a remedy, but farmers generally consider it too expensive. There are a great many shortsighted farmers who persist in feeding worthless flies with costly cows in order to avoid a little outlay.—Hoard's Dairy.

## A "Double Ended" Tariff.

When the protectionists organs declare that the McKinley tariff has not advanced prices they wish to be distinctly understood that it has advanced them for all producers or manufacturers who have been voting the Republican ticket in the belief that the policy of the party would enable them to get better prices for their products and wares. It is for this reason that the same organs which tell the farmer that the imposition of a duty on what he buys has really lowered the price and was intended to do so; has raised the price of what he produces and was put on for that purpose. It is a great thing, this tariff, and greatest of all in its double endedness, so to speak.

## Governor McKinley Will Please Explain.

When Governor McKinley comes to New Haven to open the Republican campaign we hope he will explain more fully than he has yet done how it is that the foreigners pay our taxes. Many thousand dollars' worth of our government bonds are held abroad. A brief explanation of how those foreign holders can be compelled or coaxed to pay the interest on the bonds in their possession would be a valuable contribution to the science of political economy. To borrow money from a man and then make him pay the interest and perhaps the principal is excessively clever.—New Haven Evening Register.

## Startling Figures, but Correct Ones.

After paying debts contracted by the last Republican congress, amounting to \$50,000,000, the Democratic congress, now about to adjourn, has saved several million dollars to the taxpayers of the country. Had it not been for these Republican debts it may be stated that the Democratic congress would have administered the government as to show a clear saving, over the cost of Republican rule, of between \$5,000,000 and \$65,000,000.—Raleigh State Chronicle.

## What the Force Bill Means.

It is designed to overthrow popular elections in the south. It is meant to have Davenport and a gang of negro supervisors do the "electing." Under the bill just as many Republican members of congress would be selected by the times demanded, and congress would then be ready to respond to any requisition for more subsidies and bounties for our infant industries.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

## ODE TO A MODERN SHIP.

Child of the dismal mine,  
Compact of chilly steel,  
Plowing the brine!  
Thou canst not surely feel  
That sense divine  
Which, urged by sail and oar,  
The good ship felt of yore,  
Constructed, deck to keel,  
Of Pontic pine.  
Then every seasoned plank  
Rose softly, softly sank,  
Riding the waves in buoyant majesty,  
And fair white sails,  
Tall spars with streamers decked,  
Bent to the rising gales,  
That with crisp foam the heaving ocean  
fleeced.  
But these the summer breeze,  
The roaring winter's blast  
That bows the trees,  
Move not; thou steamest past  
In spite of these.  
Not as in days of old:  
Nor in the sultry hold,  
With sultry breeze,  
Thy furnace fires are cooled,  
And grimy hands thy pulsing pistons grease.  
—E. H. Bacon Watson in Temple Bar.

## JIM.

"I've lost my pepper pot," said Deborah, looking sharply about the kitchen. "I wonder if you've been up to any of your tricks, Jim?"

Jim gave no answer except a toss of the head as he slowly walked across the kitchen, but Deborah's quick ears caught a little chuckle as he went out the door.

"I'll give it to you some day, you young rascal, if you carry away my things!" went on Deborah, shaking her fist at the little fellow.

"What's the matter, Deborah?" asked her mistress, coming into the kitchen.

"Oh, it's that Jim! He's always up to mischief. It comes natural to that gypsyish sort to be tricky and sneaky, and there's no such thing as gettin' 'em out of it."

"If it's natural to them we ought to make some allowance for it," said Mrs. Graham, with a smile, as she helped Deborah to hunt for the missing pepper pot.

"No use a-harborin' such, seems to me," said Deborah.

"May be so," said Mrs. Graham, "but none of us somehow seems to have the heart to drive him away."

"I have," said Deborah very decidedly. "Look-a-there now—a everlasting tease!"

The two watched Jim as with a roguish twinkle in his small black eyes he made his way to where old Carlo was taking his morning nap under the lilac bush and gave him a sudden poke. The dog raised his head with a growl, but Jim stood at a little distance, with a grave and innocent look at something on the ground.

Carlo settled down again, and quick as lightning Jim gave him another poke. Up jumped Carlo, with a savage look at his tormentor, but Jim stood in the same place, half asleep, and Carlo lay down with a long drawn sigh. Jim kept it up until the poor dog went to find a quieter place.

"I've seen him do that a dozen times," said Deborah laughing, "and I know he's hidden my pepper pot. Why, it ain't so long since I read a story about one o' that set—must 'a' been first cousin to Jim I reckon—that stole a elegant breastpin, and it was laid to a poor young girl that worked in the family. She was disgraced and turned off, and ever so long after it was found out that that creetur'd been the thief. I've no use for such!"

And so every member of the family could have declared, but no one would be the one to say that Jim must go. In the course of a long drive over country roads through a heavy storm the farmer had found Jim drenched and half starved. Of course he brought him home, and after being warmed, fed and made comfortable the wild eyed, dark looking little vagabond had wisely settled himself in such good quarters, and had since showed no desire to leave them.

"You can come and help me peel the peaches now, Marian!" called Mrs. Graham to her daughter.

Marian came, looking admiringly at the baskets of rosy checked, downy fruit on the great table, all of which was waiting to be made into peach butter.

"Is that your pearl ring?" asked her mother.

"Oh—yes. I was clearing my drawer and put it on to see how pretty it looks and forgot it. I'll take it off."

The pretty lassie worked for hours over the peaches, paring, stoning, measuring out sugar, stirring and tasting. At length she skipped up to her room to dress, but soon came running back with an anxious face.

"My ring, Deborah! I left it on the corner of the table—back here. Have you seen it?"

"The land, Miss Marian! No, I ain't. And I've just this blessed minute scurped up all the peelin's and flung 'em out to the pigs."

With tears in her eyes Marian ran out to the lot in which the pigs were kept, and searched eagerly. But the grunter had made quick work of their luscious meal, and no ring was to be found. More slowly she went back, and looked about the kitchen with a forlorn hope that the ring might have escaped. But Deborah's scurping had been vigorous, and she went up stairs again with a woebegone look.

"She's a dreadful careless little piece," said Deborah, looking after her, "always a-leavin' her things round. But I ain't a-go'in' to say it to her now she's a-f-ain' so bad."

"Ha, ha—'you thievin' rascal! I've caught you at last, ain't I?"

Mrs. Graham and Marian hurried out at sound of Deborah's excited voice to see Jim struggling in her grasp. He was uttering short, angry cries and doing his best to free himself.

"I was just a-washin' my dishes," cried Deborah, "when this limb comes a-peekin' and a-pryin' round. I mistrusted he was up to somethin', an' I kep' my eye on him and seen him pick up one o' my teapoons and sneak off with it. I took after him, and just got hold o' him right here—see! He was just a-slippin' that

## spoon into that hole fer to me!"

Mrs. Graham looked curiously at the hole, a small one near the ground in the weather boarding of the spring house.

"Bring an ax and knock that off, Deborah," she said.

Deborah did so, and the three bent over what they saw.

"I'm blessed if there ain't my pepper pot!" exclaimed Deborah.

More than the pepper pot was there. Keys, nails, screws, a button hook, a gimlet, and as they turned them over Marian gave a scream of delight and snatched up her pearl ring.

Then she made a quick rush for Jim, and hugged and cuddled him until he bit her to make her let him go, when he flew to the top of the spring house, and stood there chattering his discontent at such rough handling.

"You dear old crow!" exclaimed Marian. "If you hadn't stolen my ring off the table that day I never should have seen it again. Oh, Deborah, you have pulled out half his tail feathers!"

"Never mind," said Deborah; "they'll grow again."—Sydney Dayre in Youth's Companion.

## Costly War Implements.

Tens of thousands of pounds of capital have to be sunk ere a single 111 ton gun can be manufactured. A particular reason for its being costly to make is that its production consumes a great amount of time. To build such a gun takes as long as to build a first class cruiser. Yet another reason lies in the fact that there are many and inevitable failures, which entail great waste of labor, if not of material.

The 111 ton guns, without their mountings, cannot be produced or sold to the government for much less than 15,000 apiece, the 67 ton guns for less than about £10,800 or the 45 ton guns for less than £6,300, and the expense of firing these guns, apart from the wear and tear of the weapons, mountings and ships, may be judged from the amount of powder and the weight of projectile used.

In the case of the 111 ton gun the full powder charge is 900 pounds of slow burning cocoa or 850 pounds of Westphalian brown prisms, and the projectile weighs 1,800 pounds.

In the case of the 67 ton gun the full powder charge of slow burning cocoa is 630 pounds, while the projectile is of 1,250 pounds weight. In the case of the 45 ton gun the full charge of brown prismatic powder is 295 pounds, and the projectile weighs 714 pounds. The estimated cost of one round from the largest gun is about £80, from the second about £50 and from the smallest about £30; but this is the cost of powder, cartridge and projectile only.—London Tit-Bits.

## A Singular Dental Operation.

Anson Washburn, the 14-year-old son of Austin Washburn, of the Bee line, sat in Dr. J. B. Morrison's office reading a paper and fanning himself unconsciously. He has passed through one of the most remarkable operations known in dental surgery. When he was about 5 years of age he had an attack of scarlet fever that caused the retention of four teeth on the right side of the upper jaw. Dr. Morrison made an exploration and found the teeth and drew two of them down. One of them did not require much attention, except careful watching.

When exploring for the eye tooth he found it between the hard palate and the floor of the nose, pointing toward the left jaw. The tooth was imbedded in a sack of pus, and the most careful treatment was needed in removing the pus and to prevent it from aggravating the cut parts and causing blood poisoning. The tooth and its bony attachments were cut loose, carefully cleaned of all foreign substances and placed in their proper position. The central incisor was kept out of the boy's mouth for two and a half hours. The teeth that were changed about are growing nicely, and young Washburn said that he is suffering no pain, no inflammation has set in and his teeth are in good condition. He was thoroughly under the influence of ether during the operation. The operation is out of the ordinary.—Indianapolis News.

## Perfumes.

Sweet odors for the bath and the toilet are of three kinds—the floral, the aromatic and the balsamic. The first includes those derived from sweet smelling flowers and plants, the second those derived from musks and resins, the third those derived from leaves and gums. The otto, or essential oil, of perfumes is obtained in three several ways—distillation, maceration and enfleurage.—New York Ledger.

## Valuable Stallions in a Fight.

Two valuable stallions belonging to A. G. Pratt, a horseman of Springfield, O., got together in the barn one morning recently. They fought viciously for three hours before they could be separated, and are both badly used up. One of them is Mohawk, with a pacing record of 2:24; the other, by Blue Bell, 2:18. Both are well known to the turfmen of Ohio. The animals were covered with blood and almost exhausted when parted.—Cor. Boston Journal.

## When Baby was sick, we cried for Castoria.

When she was a Child, she gave for Castoria.

When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.

When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

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