# A TRUE STORY OF THE SOUTH SEAS



for the awful deed to be done, so that it, too, might share in the dreadful WE MAY GROW TRUFFLES seach time it is successful in finding

Freeland Tribuse

Authorited to the control of the

one. Truffles are reproduced by spores, bodies which serve the same purpose as seeds in flowering-plants. In true truffles the spores are borne in transparent sacs, from four to eight spores in each. These sacs are imbedded in vast numbers—in the flesh of the truffle. In false truffles the spores are free, and borne on minute spicules, or supports.

# WISE WORDS.

No one has a right to frown.—Se

Fame is the perfume of heroic deeds.

There is nothing more daring than ignorance.

A generous action is its own re-ward.—Walsh.

Hunger and cold may be borne, but justice never.

Intuger and cold may be borne, but injustice never.

It is hard to fight with passion; for it buys with life.

A happy bridemaid makes a happy bride.—Tennyson.

A moment of time may make us unhappy forever.—Gay.

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A good heart is better than all the heads in the world.—Bulwer Lytton.

A good book is the best of friends, the same to-day and forever.—Martin Tupper.

The age of persecution includes everything this side of eternity.—Socrates Smith.

Sympathy, a cheap commodity which is sometimes hard to get.—The Devil's Dictionary.

If a little knowledge is dangerous, where is the man who has so much as to be out of danger?

For to cast away a virtuous friend, I call as bad as to cast away one's own wife, which one loves best.

A great poet, like a great peak,

A great poet, like a great peak, must sometimes be allowed to have his head in the clouds.—Augustine Birrell.

Birrell.

A good cause needs not to be patroned by passions; it can sustain itself upon a temperate dispute.—Sir T. Browne.

All politeness is owing to liberty. We polish one another and rub off our corners and rough sides by a sort of amicable collision. To restrain this is inevitably to bring a rus; upon men's understandings.

"Get It."

In 1875, when Professor Alexander Graham Bell was in Washington, he called on Professor Joseph Henry, the veteran scientist, who was then Secretary of the Smithsonian Institute, Bell explained to Henry his idea of a telephone, and later wrote to his parents in Canada as follows:

"I felt so much encouraged from his (Professor Henry's) interest, that I determined to ask his advice about the apparatus I have designed for the transmission of the human voice by telegraph. I explained the idea and said:

"What would you advice to the call of the transmission of the human voice by the transmission of the human voice by the call of the transmission of the h

said:
"What would you advise me to do,
publish it and let others work it out,
or attempt to solve the problem myself?
"He said he thought it was the
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"I said I recognized that there
mechanical difficulties in the way that
rendered the plan impracticable at the
present time. I added that I felt that
I had not the electrical knowledge
necessary to overcome the difficulties.
His laconic answer was:

"Get it."

"I cannot tell you how much those
two words encouraged me. I live too
much in an atmosphere of discouragement for scientific pursuits. Such a
chimerical idea as telegraphing vocâl
sounds would, indeed, to most minds
seem scarcely feasible enough to
spend time in working over, I believe, however, that it is feasible, and
I have got the cue to the solution."
—Electrical Review.

Stealing a Victory With Dummy Guns.
An illustration of the "audacious
impudence" of our privateersmen is
had in the case of the Paul Jones, of
New York. This vessel put to sen at
the outbreak of the War of 1812 with
and complement of 120 men, but with
only three guns.

Almost her first prize was the heavily armed British merchantman Hassan, carrying fourteen guns, but with
only twenty men, though her cargo
was worth some \$200,000. The Paul
Jones, though carrying only three
guns, was pierced for seventeen. It
is said that the commander of the
Paul Jones sawed off some spare
masts to the length of guns, painted
them black, and, being mounted on
buckets, rolled them out of his empty
ports as effective imitations of heavy
ordnance. Then, filling his rigging
with his superfluous force of men, so
far overawed the enemy that they surrendered as soon as the privateer,
with her dummy guns, got fairly
alongside.

The Americans then helped themselves to such of the Hassan's guns
and ammunition as they needed and
went on their way rejoicing.—Saturday Evening Post.

Hot Men-of-War.

WHEN PHYLLIS GOES A-FISHING.

When Phyllis goes a-fishing,
All on a summer day,
The birds from out of their glad
Sing each a blither lay;
The breazes in the willows
A gentler murnur lend,
Where, o'er the quiet reaches,
The sun and shadow blend,

When Phyllis goes a fishing
Ab, happy then am I
To joint her pole together
And fix her gaudy fly,
To set her reel a-singing
And cast her line afar
Where, in the silent shadows,
The speckled troutlets are.

When Phyllis goes a dshing
Welunch beneath the trees
On jam and cake and pickles
And ginger beer and cheese,
While ever, as we're feasting,
With trills and chirps and hums
An orchestra is playing
Which takes its pay in crumbs.

Which takes its pay in crumos.
And while sweet Phyllis watches
Her line impatiently,
My hook from out the water
Brings fishes two or three.
And when through fragrant twilight
Our basket home we've brought,
Sweet Phyllis shows in triumph
"The fishes that we caught!"
—Town Topics.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

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"It's kind o' peculiar," said the baker. "When I'm the busiest I do the most loafing."

"I'd don't look at all well," said the neglected dooryard, "but I am able to be around the house."

Miss Gotrox--"The world owes you a living." Cleverton—"Well, you're all the world to me."—Town Topics.

"What is ideal weather?" "In summer it is twenty degrees below zero and in winter it is ninety above."

—Chicago News.

Say, croaking little froglet,
By the evening's darkness hid,
Pray tell now, just between us,
What was it Katy did?

—Philadelphia North American.
Belle—"'S willy raising whiskers?"
Beulah—"Well, I wouldn't like to dignify them by calling them whiskers;
I think whiskerettes would be more proper."

proper."

Mother (to little Freda, who has been taken to the dentist's to have a tooth pulled)—"Freda, if you cry I'll never take you to a dentist's again."
—Tit-Bits.

"Why did you sheathe your sword in me?" cried the wandering minstrel.
"Because you're a scab-bard." replied the king's troubadour.—Harvard Lampoon.

"Because you're a scab-bard," replied the king's troubadour.—Harvard Lampoon.

Trotting Thomas—"I wish I could turn myself into a rumor for a few moments." Walking William—"What for?" I.—"Why, they say a rumor gains currency."

Mamma (at the breakfast table)—"You always ought to use your napkin, Georgie." Georgie—"I am usin' it, mamma; I've got the dog tied to the leg of the table with it."

Prison Visitor—"Tell me, my poor man, how came you to such a place as this?" Inmate—"Well, marm, I suspects it was all along o' the copper bein' a sprinter."—Boston Transcript.

The Minister—"I trust, my friend, your lines are cast in pleasant places."
The Poet—"Well, that depends on whether you would call waste-baskets pleasant places or not."—Chicago News.

Mrs. Lash—"What did you get baby for a birthday present?" Mrs. Rash—"I took \$2 out of the little darling's bank and bought him this lovely lamp for the drawing-room." Tit-Bits.

Mrs. Flyer—"Harry, do you know the dirt from which diamonds are

Tit-Bits.

Mrs. Flyer—"Harry, do you know the dirt from which diamonds are taken is blue?" Mr. Flyer—"No, but I know that the fellow who has to put up the dust for them generally is."—Jewelers' Weekly.

"She scorned all her wooers so long that now she is doomed to be an old maid for the rest of her life."
"Well, that seems like a just sentence for such contempt of court."—Philadelphia Bulletin.
Wayfarer (to the robber)—"f Wayfarer (to the robber)—"I

Wayfarer (to the robber)—"I haven't any money with me, I'm sorry to say, but I will be glad to advise all my friends and acquaintances to take walks along this lonely path hereafter."—Fliegende Blaetter.

"Oh, my head, my head!" groaned Rivers. "If anything ails your head," suggested Brooks, "why not treat it homeopathically?" "How's that?"
"Have it shingled." It occurred to Rivers later on that Brooks meant to intimate that he had a wooden head, but by that time Brooks was out of reach.—Chicago Tribune.

reach.—Chicago Tribune.

One Way to Do It.

In Boston the other day a balky horse held up thirty trolley cars and blocked traffic for over an hour, remaining immovable while mud was rubbed in his mouth, ignoring a blazing paper with which his whiskers were singed, and exhibiting the utmost contempt for a blacksnake whip wielded by a muscular driver. A nappy thought finally struck a bystander, who procured a soda siphon, and taking deliberate aim, squired half its contents in the animal's ear. As soon as he recovered from his surprise the horse started off down the street at a two-minute gait and the blockade was lifted.—New Haven Journal and Courier.

went on their way rejoicing.—Saturday Evening Post.

Hot Men-of-War.

I heard months ago that the hottest ship in the fleet around Cuba was the St. Paul—not her upper works, but down in the hold. But she was not a marker to the Cincinnati, in whose hold temperatures as high as 205 degrees were registered. In one of the firerooms was located a forced draft blower to which it was impossible to give proper attention on account of the intense heat. When Captain Chester went below to investigate he had his face scorched. Water boils at 212 degrees.—New York Press.