

OLD WHARVES.

BY ARTHUR WERTHWORTH KATON.

Not so many years ago, On the tides that shoreward swept, Merchant vessels, swift or slow, To the harbor leapt or crept;

Proud old wharves, so silent now, Haughter in your grim decay, Than in days when many a prow Sought you from the lower bay,

Pluck and Adventure.

Some Narrow Escapes. HERE are few well-known people in the world whose lives have not contained at least one incident that they will remember to the last day of their lives.

The experience may have lasted a day, an hour or but a moment, yet it impressed itself indelibly upon their minds.

Rider Haggard, says the Philadelphia Press, is now leading a peaceful and unromantic life as the midst-minded man could wish to.

The one incident of his life with which he connects his narrowest escape from death happened in South Africa, over a quarter of a century ago.

Haggard was master of the Transvaal High Court, and in this capacity he was sent on a mission to a distant mountainous district which was thickly infested with mutinous and blood-thirsty natives.

Before he started on his journey he was informed that he would be way-laid and killed.

There were two roads by which he might travel to his destination, and by good luck he chanced to choose the way of safety.

On the other road a band of natives was lying in wait for him, resolved to torture and kill his entire party.

The suspense of that night journey, when at any turning he might meet death face to face, can scarcely be pictured, but Mr. Haggard recalls every moment of it with a reminiscent shudder.

Mary Anderson, now Mme. Navarro, can recall a terrible episode of her early childhood in Kentucky, which, by almost a miracle, just escaped being a tragedy.

One night, during her father's absence from home, two burglars, who had already committed several murders, broke into the house and, seizing the child, threatened to kill her unless her mother would deliver up all her money and valuables.

A moment's hesitation would have precipitated the tragedy; but the mother saved the situation and her child by promptly handing everything of value over to the burglars.

Bennett Burleigh, an intrepid war correspondent, whose work for English papers during the Civil War gave him a great reputation, numbers among his experiences that of one night which he says is as fresh in his mind as if it had been but yesterday.

He was taken a prisoner by the Federal troops and lay under sentence of death in the prison at Fort Delaware.

He resolved on escape. After considering many plans he resolved on the most desperate.

Underneath the floor of his cell was a sewer which ran directly into the Delaware.

For days he worked on this plan, halting half the time in deadly fear lest the guards should hear him.

But at length the floor was ready for raising and the night of the attempt was at hand.

When darkness had fallen he raised the floor, dropped beneath it into the sewer and was carried, more dead than alive, into the river.

He swam for hours in the cold and darkness of night, and finally landed safely near Salem, N. J.

Miss Helen Terry had an equally exciting but more painful experience when, as a child of seven, she was playing the part of Puck in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" at Manchester.

At the conclusion of the play she was raised through the trapdoor seated on a mushroom to make the closing speech, and on this occasion the door, closing too soon, imprisoned one of her feet.

She filled the house with her shrieks, and it was some time before her injured foot was released.

Curiously enough, Miss Nellie Farren had a very similar experience.

"In my very first engagement," she relates, "when I was only seven years of age, an 'orrible accident' happened to me.

"I was playing the part of one of the little geni of the ring in 'Aladdin,' was packed in a small box and had to disappear through a trapdoor.

"Unfortunately the door did not work properly and I was precipitated into a deep cellar.

"Everybody thought I must be killed, and the delight of my horrified mother, who witnessed the accident, may be imagined when, from the depths below the stage, she heard my small voice cry, 'It's all right, mamma; I's not much hurt.'"

The volcano, there was only one great eruption, and this came from the side of the mountain. There were no detonations or loud reports, and he saw no sheet of flame accompanying the hot blast. The force of this, which hurled massive stone buildings to the ground, was so great, however, that he believes it was the cause of the steamship Grappler turning turtle. There was no return blast and no absence of air. The difficulty in breathing was due to the quantity of fine ash with which the atmosphere was charged and the fetid sulphurous gases.

The Roddam was not saved by being lifted on a wave, neither was she saved by knocking out shackle pins and slipping the cables. What the captain did was to free his windlass and then run full speed astern until the cable parted.

But now, to add to the horror of the situation, he found the steering gear so clogged with ashes as to be useless.

In this predicament there was nothing to do but to steam ahead, and then astern, and so on, close to burning ships, and hearing the cries of those on board and those running frantically along the shore, until the gear was cleared.

At the end of an hour and a half this was accomplished, and the Roddam steamed out to sea, with twenty-six dying men on her decks.

Captain Freeman is certain that many of the people of St. Pierre did not die suddenly, but with terrible and prolonged suffering. Twenty-six of his own men died, most of them slowly.

About nine hours after the eruption the Roddam steamed into the harbor of St. Lucia with 120 tons of mud and ashes on her decks. Although the ash probably contained a considerable percentage of magnetite, no disturbance of the compass was noted.

Before the eruption no disturbance of the barometer was observed. That Captain Freeman, while on a burning ship, where he was more than half suffocated with hot ashes, when the boots were burned from his feet, his face seared and his hands so scorched and welted that he worked with his elbows, had the presence of mind to do what he did and the physical and mental power to carry out his intentions under these trying conditions, is an instance of grit and coolness such as is rarely chronicled.

James Cavanaugh, of Albany, and his nephew, Samuel McGuigan, of Medway, Greene County, had an encounter with a wildcat recently. They killed the animal, but not until Mr. Cavanaugh's hand had been badly bitten and Mr. Cavanaugh was obliged to return to Albany to have the wound cauterized.

The physician says he will not lose the hand, but it will be useless for some time.

One night Mr. Cavanaugh heard the screech of a wildcat in the woods. He told his nephew of what he had heard, and they went into the woods the next day to secure the animal. They were armed with a shotgun. After beating about in the woods for some time they heard a screech, which they traced to a large tree, and there discovered the animal. Mr. Cavanaugh approached carefully, and, when he was near enough, took steady aim and fired.

The wildcat fell to the ground, kicking spasmodically for an instant, and then lay still.

Cavanaugh and his nephew waited a few minutes and then approached the animal. To all appearances it was dead, and Cavanaugh grabbed it by the hind legs preparatory to carrying it away. But that cat had more than one life, for as soon as Cavanaugh reached out it curled up and began to fight. It got Cavanaugh's fingers in its teeth and held them there. McGuigan came to his relative's assistance and managed to make the animal release its hold. But it did so only to jump on McGuigan's shoulder and bite his cheek. Then Cavanaugh shot it and it fell over dead.

The wildcat was taken to Catskill and is on exhibition there. It is the largest seen in that part of the Catskill Mountains in some years, being three feet in length. Cavanaugh's fingers had been bitten through to the bone.—New York Sun.

In a Fog of Bats. "I have experienced many kinds of showers in my sea life," said Captain Harland, of the British steamer "Hazard," "but it remained for me to feel the effect of a rain of bats on the trip down the coast from New York to Baltimore.

"Last Tuesday night, when about ten miles off the Delaware, we were suddenly being struck in the face and on our heads, and sometimes on our bodies, by myriads of birds, as we supposed. We were not long finding out that the sudden attack was from bats of bats, if I may apply that term. It was with difficulty that those on deck could protect themselves from injuries from their sharp, r-like wings, as they flew about in all directions. We ran out of the flock during the night, but next morning we captured a number on deck, where they had fallen exhausted. I took up one which had under its wing an infant bat, which it had carried far out to sea, and during the time it was beating about our decks, against the rigging, boats and smokestack, this tiny infant had held on and fallen with its exhausted parent to the deck. I shall try to raise the pair, and also several others.

"I doubt if there is anybody who can boast of such a queer capture and has the idea of making pets of them. I shall look up natural history and seek some plan to preserve their lives, and see what will be the result."

The battle with the bats, Captain Harland says, was renewed to a less extent during Wednesday night in the Chesapeake Bay. He cannot recollect of having seen bats at sea before.—Baltimore Sun.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.



Do Your Best. No matter what the work before you, Do your best; On fortune's page they're sure to score you, "Do your best," No matter how the work detains you, No matter how its dullness chains you, No matter what the sum it gains you, Do your best.

A Miniature Oak Tree. If an acorn be suspended by a piece of thread within half an inch of the surface of some water contained in a hyacinth glass, and so permitted to remain without being disturbed, it will, in a few months, burst and throw a root, down into the water, and shoot upwards its straight and tapering stem, with beautiful little green leaves.

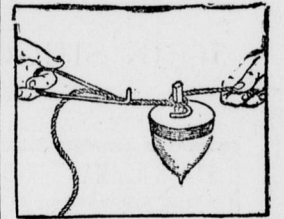
A young oak tree growing in this way is a very interesting object. A chestnut may be treated in the same manner. The water must be changed sufficiently often to afford these trees the necessary quantity of nourishment from the matter contained in it.—Washington Star.

The Electric Dancers. With the help of electricity in its simplest form a great many tricks and entertaining feats can be performed, such as the following: Get a plain sheet of glass about twelve inches long by eight inches wide, and insert it between two volumes, as shown in illustration. The distance of the glass from the table should be about three inches. With the help of scissors cut a number of small figures, such as men, women, clowns, animals, etc., not higher than one and one-half inches, out of different colored paper. Lay the little figures flat on a line on the table underneath the glass. Make a sort of ball of woolen, or, better yet, silk cloth, warm it a little and rub the sur-

half way down, so that it seems to be floating in the air, until he gives it permission to continue its journey. There are different ways of doing this trick, but they all depend upon the same principle.

A curved packing needle is used in conducting the cord through the apple, making a curved channel. By holding the cord loosely the apple can slide down in consequence of its weight, but as soon as the cord is stretched (this being hardly perceptible) the apple is brought to a standstill. When the cord is relaxed the apple will continue its sliding motion.

Novel Top-Spinning Device. To spin a top well, as every boy knows, care must be used in winding



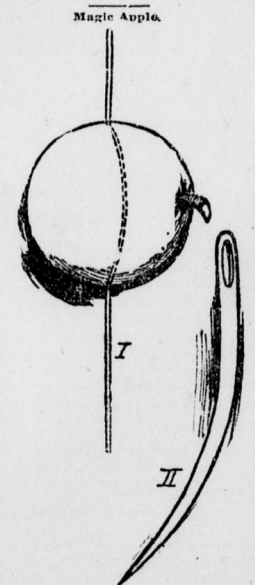
WINDING UP THE CORD IS UNNECESSARY

the string, as well as in throwing the top, the tension of the cord having considerable to do with the speed of revolution. Now a Western inventor comes forward with a top which, while it makes use of the string, does not have it wound on the top, as is necessary with the old kind. The illustration gives an idea of the device, which is



THE ELECTRIC DANCERS.

face of the glass with it. You will notice immediately how the electricity obtained by this process enlivens the little paper figures, how they stand up and jump to the glass ceiling of their little ballroom, to be repulsed and fall back, only to renew their dance. If you stop rubbing, the funny actions of the figures are continued for a while; when the dance is ended the touch of the hand on the glass is sufficient to enliven the figures again.—New York Tribune.



The performer shows an apple strung on a piece of cord. He lets it slide down the cord and suddenly stops it

used in connection with the cord to give the top its rotary motion, and also shows the manner of applying the string and spinning wire. The latter is formed with a loop at one end in which one finger of the left hand is inserted, while the opposite end of the wire has a curved hook which surrounds the spindle on the top. At the point of the long loop is a guide through which the string feeds to the top. To put the top in motion the cord is given a single turn around the spindle, the free, long end is inserted in the guide, and the hook of the spinning wire is placed over the spindle underneath the cord. It is obvious that a sudden and strong pull on the cord and an equal resistance with the other hand will hold the top stationary in a vertical plane, while the rapidly moving cord will give motion to the spindle to rotate the top as the cord is drawn through the guide. When the string has passed through the guide there is no further resistance and the top drops of its own accord to the floor, maintaining its motion for a great length of time.—Philadelphia Record.

Learn How to Breathe.

It is possible to exercise one's whole body, to keep it strong and well, simply by breathing properly. Children should be taught to breathe and to get into the habit of filling the whole lung space at each inhalation and of emptying it completely at each exhalation. There is no better way of getting to sleep soon after going to bed than by breathing properly. Push away the pillow and lie flat upon the back with the muscles relaxed. Slowly draw in the deepest breath possible, hold it for four seconds, then slowly expel it until the chest and abdomen have collapsed. Repeat this until you are tired or fall asleep. There are scores of ways of varying this exercise. But this is the essential. Of course it is assumed that one sleeps with his bed room windows open.—Philadelphia Times.

THE BOSS TRICKSTER.

It was a very dusty, disreputable pink nose that pushed open the back gate of No. 11 Templeton flats, and it was followed by a shabby canine body that had once been white, but was at present a dingy drab, the result of infrequent bathing. The apparition dodged, evidently expecting a brick or billet of wood for a welcome, instead of which a soft juvenile voice said encouragingly: "Come in, old fellow; don't be afraid, there isn't anybody here but me."

And "old fellow" wiggled along, showing gladness and gratitude in every motion, and made his way to a small box seated on a box in one corner of the yard, engaged in fixing some sort of a mechanical toy. The dog wagged his abbreviated tail in an attempt to be fond, and at the same time exhibited a row of dazzling white teeth in an undershot jaw, and he looked very tough, but little Mark Roberts was not the least bit afraid.

He parted the stray dog's head, called him "old fellow," and then bethought him that it would only be kind to give him something to eat. So the next thing the cook in the Roberts family saw was Master Mark, in white blouse and lace collar, entering her spotless kitchen with a down-at-the-heel bulldog that was from all appearances at outs with the world.

"Lawn-massy, yo' drefful boy, wha' yo' mudder say an' yo' fadder when day see dat dog?"

She gathered her skirts about her prepared to run, but Mark's pleading arms were about her fat waist and she dropped in a heap and gathered him into the fold of her sheltering arms, while the dog waited at a respectful distance snuffing the odor of a roast cooking in the oven.

"He's awful hungry, Cindy, and I think he's lost. Maybe if you wash him mamma will let me keep him. I've wanted a real live dog all my life, Cindy."

"Bress de chille, he talks es ef he was es ole es Methusalem," Cindy cried, and straightway she began a rummage for bones and odds and ends left from the table, and these were carried outside and made a fine feast for the starved stranger. But what to do with him next? If only Cindy were to be propitiated that were an easy victory, but Mark's mother hated dogs. She often said so, and believed it herself. Mr. Roberts was totally unacquainted with the canine type, was always spotlessly dressed, and while not especially disliking the animals, wanted them to keep a respectful distance. He had fears, too, of hydrophobia, and like other ignorant persons believed that the bite of a dog was fatal whether the animal had rabies or not.

Against these objections what could Mark do? What he did was to keep the dog secreted on the premises until he had been groomed into the semblance of a fine kennel-bred sport with a milk-white coat and a sleek head, showing off pink serrated ears, and an expression of contentment so entrancingly ferocious that milkmen and grocers' boys delivered their goods to Cindy at the gate. And just at this time Cindy advised Mark to let his father and mother see his treasure, for she feared consequences if they found out that she was harboring the intruder and was as deep in the conspiracy as the boy himself.

So this was what Mr. and Mrs. Roberts saw when they had dined one evening and expected to spend an hour listening to Mark's account of the day's doings. He had been vague and unsatisfactory lately at this post-prandial hour, sometimes unduly excited, and again unnaturally quiet. Cindy had given him a blue ribbon—it had been washed and ironed—and leading his acquisition by this tether he marched into the parlor, and neither of them saw the animal until it stood before them regarding them with canine curiosity. Mrs. Roberts climbed on a chair and screamed. Mr. Roberts said sharply, "Take that brute away," and then Mark made his plea.

"He's just lovely, papa; plays with me all the time and doesn't never get cross. Cindy can tell you—Cindy, come here!"

"I declar ter goodness, Mis Roberts, dat chille am so posset ter hev a dawg I'se scared ter hear him go on. An' dat ar is a mity nice kind; he got mos' much sense es I hes myself, an' he dgan nevah bark, jest fit ter play wif chilluns."

"How long has been here?" asked Mrs. Roberts as she stepped down to earth again.

"Ise own't exactly say, but he's done 'cswomed to de place, an' I

reckon feels at home, an' dat chille jes too happy for ennyting waltzin' roun' wif him foh company all day."

Mark had his arm around the brute's neck and was rubbing his own smooth cheek against the blunt head, the dog accepting his caresses with such evident appreciation that Mr. Roberts, after watching them a moment, said: "I haven't any use for a dog, but if the boy wants this one to play with I have no objection. But keep him away from me."

"He's to stay in the yard, remember that, Cindy," said Mrs. Roberts, sharply. "I suppose Mark could be furnished with a better companion, but he'll get tired of him, or the dog will run away. I wish his owner would find him."

If they had read the lost and found notices in the papers they would have seen a startling advertisement ancient this same dog with a reward of three figures offered for his safe return. But they did not, and Mark and Cindy could not read, and they might have kept it to themselves in any event, as they did the dog.

Time passed and the father and mother did not get over their objection to Mark's playmate, which indeed they seldom saw, being much out in society, at which time the child was supposed to be sleeping in his little bed. So in truth he was, and often "old fellow," the only name he had, was curled up on the foot of the bed after a romp through every room upstairs with Cindy in attendance. And he was there one night when the family came home late from the theatre, but with a cunning dissimulation he had jumped down and hidden, and they did not see him when they looked in on the sleeping boy.

In the early morning hours Mr. and Mrs. Roberts were awakened from a sound slumber by a fearful crash, and simultaneously with the sound the white bulldog hurled itself through the transom of their door, carrying the frame with it, as it landed in the middle of the room. They had only time for one horrible thought, that the animal had gone mad—when they saw flame and smoke rushing in and knew they were saved from death. The flat was on fire—there was time for the family to be saved, all the rest was lost. And it was found later from light scratches on Mark's face that the dog had tried to awaken him, but failed, and then performed a feat that was almost superhuman and denoted an intelligence of the keenest fibre.

When they were settled in a new home "old fellow" was the hero of the hour. A silver collar graced his athletic neck and his story was told in print. Mrs. Roberts gave him the privilege of the drawing-room, but Mark and Cindy were reserved for his special friends, and sometimes he seemed a little tired of them. He drooped and they sent for a veterinary surgeon, who could find nothing definite the matter, but concluded he had inhaled smoke the night of his life-saving feat. But the hurt was deeper than that, as they soon learned.

They were walking in the park and sat down to rest, Mark and "old fellow" making a striking picture and attracting attention as usual. Then occurred a tableau more striking. The dog saw a man at a little distance, ran toward him, leaped on his shoulders and almost bore him to the ground by the violence of his caresses. He had found his own.

"Why, he's the boss trickster of the Albion Club's kennels," said the man. "Hi, Oldfellow, jump for the gentleman!"

And obedient to orders the dog performed the trick which had made him a life-saver and proved the man's ownership. And now he had less use for the Roberts family than they had for him. He turned tail on the whole bunch and went off with his trainer with acute satisfaction, leaving Mark gazing after him wistfully and saying:

"And just to think I called him 'old fellow,' and it was his very own name."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Only Indian Newspaper Suspended. The Cherokee Advocate, the only paper ever printed in an Indian tongue, is about to suspend publication, owing to changes in the government of the five tribes. The Cherokee is the only tribe having a written language. It was invented by Sequoyah, a Cherokee, in 1826.

The Royal Colonies were: New Hampshire, New York, New Jersey, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina and Georgia.