From the fertile Indian isles
In hot southern seas they cam
Over ocean's endless miles,
With red sunset fires aflame.

Crashing, carrying, cheering loud,
Wild discordant bawl and brawl
Black and white, a motley crowd!
Ah, but how we loved it all.

T was a very dusty, disreputable pink nose that pushed open the back gate of No. 11 Templeton flats, and it was followed by a shably canine body that had once been white, but was at present a dingy first, 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 boy 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 lears bit afraid, fig. He patted 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 bull-dog that was from all appearances at outs with the world.

"Law-a-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 line the fold of her sheltering arms, while the dog waited at a respectful distance southing the odor of a roast cooking in the oven.

"He's navful 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 chile, he talks es ef he was es ole es Methuselem," 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 tonly Ci

Symbols of dead dreams are ye, Symbols of the empty piers Where our minds so buoyantly Anchored in the childish years

Nothing of real sadness bear, For our ships have found sin Wider wharves, in harbors wh They may come and come ag

Till Time's petty traffic past.
All the bawl and brawl and strife,
We are satisfied at last
With the wealth of endless life.
—Youth's Companion.

Pluck and o o o o 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

minds.

Rider Haggard, says the Philadelphia Press, is now leading as peaceful and unromantic a life as the mildest-minded man could wish to. Yet he can tell two stories of thrilling adventures that are as curdling as some of the tales he publishes.

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.

Africa, over a quarter of the Transago.

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 thicking infested with multinous 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

haid 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.

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 bis 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 excitates.

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

Mark had his arm around the brute's neck and was rubbling 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 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 ired 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 anent 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 rold fellow," the only fame 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 theating the many and the family came home late from the theating the transom of their door, carrying the frame with it, as it landed in the white buildog hurled itself through the transom of their door, carrying the frame with it, as it landed in the white buildog hurled itself through the transom of their door, carrying the frame with it, as it landed in the white buildog hurled itself through the transom of their door, carrying the frame with it, as it landed in the white buildog hurled itself through the transom of their door, carrying the frame with it, as it landed in the sound the white buildor of the order of the family to be saved, all the rest was lo

Miss Helen Terry had an equally ex-citing but more painful experience when, as a child of seven, she was playing the part of Puck in "A Mid-summer Night's Dream" at Manches-ter.

summer Night's bream ter.

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 shricks, and it was some time before her in-

feet.

She filled the house with her shrieks, and it was some time before her injured foot was released.
Curlously 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 genil 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 deeps below the stage, she heard my small voice cry, 'It's all right, mammle; I's not much hurt.'"

ine voicano, 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 rul uil 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 magnetic, no disturbance of the compass was noted. Before the eruption no disturbance of the barometer was observed. That Captain Freeman is certain that he ash probably contained a considerable percentage of magnetic, 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

coolness such as is rarely chronicled.

Bitten By a Wildeat.

James Cavanaugh, of Albany, and his nephew, Sanuel McGuigan, of Medway, Greene County, had an encounter with a wildeat 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 wildeat 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 wildeat fell to the ground, kicking spasmodically for an instant, and then lay still.

Cavanaugh and his nephew waited

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 blie his check. 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 bene.—

New York Sun.

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 Hardanger, "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.

Jured foot was released.
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"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 deeps below the stage, she heard my small voice cry, 'It's all right, mammie; I's not much hurt,'"

A Hero of the St. Pierre Disaster.

The Roddam, in charge of Captain E. W. Freeman, was anchored about three ship's lengths from shore at the time when St. Pierre was annihilated and all the other vessels in the harbor were destroyed. The Roddam was saved, not by accident, but by the coolness and nerve of her commander, who once before saved his vessel under circumstances when eleven other steamships foundered.

At the time when the fatal blast from Mont Peice swept over St. Pierre and the bay, Captain Freeman was standing on the deck of his vessel. According to his observations, while there were many minor puffs of clouds from

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT:



Do Your Hest.

No matter what the work before you,

Do your best;
On fortune's pour best;
No matter how the work detains you,
No matter how the work detains you,
No matter how its duliness chains you,
No matter what the sum it gains you,

To your best.

—Cleveland Plain-Dealer.

To your best.

—Cleveland Plain-Dealer.

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.

Washington Star.

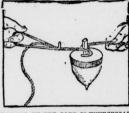
The Electric Dancers.
With the help of electricity in its simplest form a great many tricks and entertaining feats can be performed, such as the following: Get a plain sheet of glass about twelve inches long by eight inches wide, and insert it between two volumes, as shown in illustration. The distance 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, slik 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 to 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.

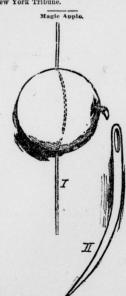
Novel Top-Spinning Device.

To spin a top well, as every boy nows, care must be used in winding





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 baliroom, to be repulsed and fall back, only to renew their fance. 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.

Magic Auple.

Magic Au

Learn How to Breathe.

Learn How to Breathe.

It is possible to exercise one's whole body, to keep ft 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.—Philadeiphia Times.

sons believed that the bite of a dog was fatal whether the animal had rables 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 countenance so entrancingly feroclous 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 can be 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 chile am so posest ter hey a daye

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

Only Indian Newspaper Suspended.

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 Caro-lina and Georgia.