...ed picture of the deep ...the longshoreman in the ...coastwise captain as he ...ed up against a project... ...ck where his schooner ...similar figure was bear... ...k toward the schooner ...sailed by the captain, and ...made alongside the spile, ...two seafaring men exchanged a ...greeting.

"Well, cap'en," said the newcomer, "prosperous trip?"

"Fair to middlin, fair winds mostly and easy water," answered the skipper. "Nothin unusual in the way of excitement unless it was the goings on of a grampus that I shipped in Philadelphia on the home trip. While we was tied up at the Reading wharves loading with coal an Irishman walked aboard looking for a job. He was very anxious for work, and I was short handed, so I took him on. It wasn't the first time I ever shipped a green lubber, nor yet an Irishman, but if that fellow didn't know less about the ways of a vessel than a wooden Indian then this river don't smell. He worked all right in the hold, but when we was under way I had a mind to try him on the lookout after we struck clear water, as he couldn't tell a halliard from a sheet line. There ain't much for the man for'ard to do when we was outside, but I instructed him plain enough what to do, and he was tickled with the job. 'Long about dark I staid on deck, the mate at the wheel, so as I could tell just about what the new man was doing and what he was good for.

"Pretty soon the lookout comes aft and says, 'There's something foreninst the bost, sorr.'

"'What is it?' I says, at the same time motioning to the mate at the wheel.

"'I don't know, sorr,' says the man.

"'Well, go back and find out and report,' I says then, and back he goes. A few minutes and back he comes aft.

"'I don't know what it is yet,' he says, 'but it's coming this way, and we can find out for sure in a little while.'

"'You go for'ard, and don't come back till you know what it is,' says I, gettin mad. He goes up again, but is back again in a minute and all smiling.

"'Well?' says I.

"'If you please, sorr, I don't know for sure what it is,' says he, 'but whatever it is, it has a red light and a green light, and I think it must be a drug sthore.'"—Providence Journal.

A Pathetic Appeal.

A young barrister in his first case was called upon to defend a couple of deep dyed villains for whom there was no chance of escape. He wound up his address to the jury as follows: "Gentlemen, there is in the south of France a small village of 200 inhabitants. In that village there stands a house; in that house there live an aged couple with their only daughter. The old man is perusing a paper with feverish anxiety; the old lady is shedding tears over her knitting; the young woman sits at the window gazing wistfully at the sky. They are waiting to hear the result of this trial, which will cause them immense delight or profound despair, according as my case is won or lost, for that old man is my father, that aged woman is my mother and the young person is my sister!"—Green Bag.

Before Starting.

Miss Coopah—Look a-yer, Lige, has yo' been practicin?

Lige—Yes, indeed, honey. I took two boxes o' Mrs. Winslow's shootin sirup.—Lippincott's Magazine.

Recovered After Many Years.

The unearthing of a large quantity of stolen silverware, gold lined snuff-boxes, etc., in a cave near Jasper, Tenn., has created a sensation. The story beats fiction a long way. During the winter of 1863-4 the Federal soldiers were encamped for some time on Battle creek. Among them was an Ohio regiment not long since a gentleman appeared in the neighborhood and told the following story:

He was a member of the Ohio regiment referred to, and in his mess was a soldier who was a born thief, and who never let an opportunity pass to steal anything he could carry. During the time they were encamped at the mouth of Battle creek he hid his stealings in a cave, and so clever was he in his work that no suspicion ever fell upon him. A short time ago the two old comrades were together talking over their experiences, when the story of the stolen silverware was told and the request made that the gentleman referred to visit the locality, search for the cave, and, if possible, recover the hidden silverware and restore the articles to the rightful owners or their heirs.

The old soldier who had so many years ago gone wrong is getting aged and feeble, and to ease his conscience and make reparation, as far as in his power, he begged his old commander to do this for him. He was successful in finding not only the place, but the plunder. At least 200 pounds of silverware of every kind almost was found in the cave, ranging from napkin rings to solid silver water sets. Many of the articles have the owners' initials on them, and all are in a state of good preservation. The articles have been taken to a store in the village near by, and are being turned over to those entitled to them as rapidly as possible.—Cor. Houston Post.

Aerial Torpedoes.

The Marine Francaise publishes an article by Admiral Reveillere, in which he assures his readers that a revolution in naval affairs is approaching not less important than that caused by the introduction of armored ships. The gun will cease its contest with the armor plate in the sense of seeking to penetrate by its shock, and will henceforth scatter destruction by launching explosive shells of large capacity at comparatively low velocities. A shell containing 100 kilograms of panclastite would, he says, be a veritable torpedo, and would infallibly destroy whatever it fell upon. The gun for this service would be a mortar, such as is used for military purposes, and in the admiral's view a mortar of 22 cm. (8.6 inches) would replace a gun of 14 cm. (5.5 inches), and one of 27 cm. (10.6 inches) a gun of 16 cm. (6.2 inches), wherever these are found.

Guns of high velocity, he says, must be reserved for action against the personnel; they have henceforth no place against the ship itself. This proposal is but an extension of Admiral Reveillere's project of swift mortar vessels, analogous to torpedo boats, but constructed for the launching of aerial torpedoes.

The Care of the Soldier.

"The five years now drawing to a close have been marked beyond any similar period in the history of the military establishment by legislation and modification of regulations calculated to ameliorate the condition and improve the situation and surroundings of the enlisted men." This is taken from the report of the adjutant general of the army. New quarters of the most improved designs have been erected, the vegetable component of the ration has been increased, post exchanges have been established, the clothing has been increased, new barrack furniture and equipments have been supplied, a method of procuring discharges by purchase has been provided and the enlisted men have the option at the end of three years' service of returning to civil life with an honorable discharge, and the existing methods of lighting, heating and ventilation of the quarters leave nothing to be desired. It would seem that the enlisted man has no longer reasonable ground of complaint. His material surroundings are far in advance of those prevailing in any European army.—New York Tribune.

A Political Club.

A good story is told on one of the political managers. He was approached several days before election by a young man who stated that he had organized a club of eighteen men and would name it after any prominent man who would furnish the uniforms. He did not want much—just cape dusters and plug hats. The manager studied the matter over, and finally got the dusters and hats and threw in some nice canes for good measure.

This is the last that has been heard of that club. It has not been named after any prominent citizen so far as any one is aware. It has been learned, however, that the young men have organized a minstrel company, and are prepared to give a nicely dressed street parade when they start on the road.—Indianapolis News.

The Chosen People of Chosen.

The announcement that the Cowley manor estate, Cheltenham, is in the market reminds a correspondent of a quaint story in connection with Chosen, a small village lying at the fringe of the property. A worthy locum tenens thought to please the good people of the village, and gave out as his text, "And make all thy Chosen people joyful."

A horny handed swain, however, who had wandered from a distant parish, interpolated the ejaculation, to the no small consternation of the said locum tenens and the amusement of the Chosen people themselves, "And what about we poor Hucklecut folk?"—Pall Mall Gazette.

An Author Honored.

The colored women of New Orleans have sent Judge Tourgee a silk laprobe, of which the material has been grown, spun and made up and delicately embroidered by the women, as a token of their gratitude for Judge Tourgee's efforts on behalf of their race.

Bicycle Mail Delivery.

In an interview Postmaster General Wanamaker, in the Indianapolis Journal, says:

Free postal delivery in the rural districts is coming some time. The government does not give the farmer his share of the benefits of the mails. In another year, I think, the postoffice department will be self sustaining, and I think the time will then be ripe for the inauguration of the free delivery of mails in the rural districts. The plan, however, is feasible only where there are good roads, because it involves the use of bicycles. I am glad to know your state is beginning to show an interest in good roads.

It is quite possible, with roads passable at all seasons of the year, to operate the rural delivery system, and also collect the mails from the boxes placed along the road. There are some parts of rural districts near Philadelphia which might have the delivery now if there were money to equip such service. We are using bicycles in Washington with good success in deliveries as well as collections. It is entirely feasible and also proper to extend every advantage of our mail service to the farmers.

Breaking Up a Square.

A discussion seems to be going on as to whether an infantry square can be broken by a charge of men on foot or on horseback. To the nonmilitary mind this would seem impossible, provided that the square is properly formed. But I read the other day that the French in Dahomey cast melinite bombs into an intrenchment of the enemy, with the result that the assailants themselves had to fall back in order not to be destroyed by the suffocating fumes.

Is this a fact or an effort of the journalistic imagination? If the former, what is to prevent melinite being fired into any dense mass of men on a battlefield, whether in square or in any other formation, and emitting such fumes that the square would cease to exist? Admitting the truth of the statement, it seems to me likely to render war so exceedingly dangerous a pastime that few sane human beings will be willing to engage in it.—London Truth.

Royalty's Reception Room.

The grand reception room at Windsor castle is at present in the hands of the workmen, who are executing a process of redecorating and regilding. This magnificent chamber is one of the state apartments, but last year it was used as a greenroom for both opera comique and grand opera, when various companies by royal command gave entertainments in the Waterloo chamber.

There are six superb pieces of old Gobelin tapestry on the walls, illustrating the story of Jason and the golden fleece, and in the fine gothic window which overlooks the home park and Eton college stands a huge vase made entirely of Russian malachite, which was presented to the queen by the Czar Nicholas of Russia. The ceiling and the cornices are richly carved and gilded, and the room is lighted by four enormous candelabra of ormolu and cut glass.—Paris American Register.

Two Hundred Years Ago.

There was celebrated recently in the the town of Danvers, Mass., the 200th anniversary of the death of Rebecca Nurse, who was hanged in Salem in 1692 on account of her religious convictions and because she would not confess to being a witch. Her body was stolen from the gallows by her sons and hidden in an unmarked grave. It is only recently that some of her descendants have unveiled a memorial tablet in honor of the forty persons who maintained her innocence before the New England court that tried her.—Harper's Bazar.

The Advance of Coeducation.

Dr. Chaney, president of Bates college, illustrates the progress of coeducation by telling the story of how a man in 1865, on being asked how many students were attending the college, answered, "Forty-three students and a nigger and a woman," and adds, "Now there are forty women in the classes."

Skulls from the Catacombs.

Among the Philadelphia constituency in Europe this summer was a large party chaperoned by Dr. William D. Hastings, who now prides himself that the winds of twenty-four languages have wafted through his long whiskers. The party included, among others, Lewis E. Beitler, who is Mayor Stuart's right bower, and William B. Gill, who is the local head of the Western Union Telegraph company. Beitler and Hastings one day visited the catacombs of Paris, the great underground graveyard where thousands of corpses repose. While there Dr. Hastings quietly told the superintendent that Beitler was the man next to the mayor in Philadelphia, and that guide was more than gracious.

"Suppose a fellow was to tuck one of those under his arm?" asked Beitler suggestively, pointing to one of the grinning skulls. "If monsieur would like them we will send him some." Before they reached the hotel the keeper of the corpses had wrapped up three moss covered skulls and sent them to the suite of rooms at the Hotel Continental which the travelers occupied. When Mr. Gill entered the room before the return of the others he saw the package, and thinking it was a nice present some of the fellows had bought he opened it and was horrified at the contents, which rolled out on the floor. He fled in hot haste from the room and could not be induced to go back again. He sent a bell boy up to the room. Mr. Gill by close association became reconciled to the newest accessions to the party and was finally induced to accept one of the skulls, which he is having mounted as a tobacco box. Beitler's has been changed into a drinking cup, and Colonel Hastings' will do service as a hairpin holder.—Philadelphia Record.

Lucky Magee and Unlucky Ah Ping.

When the Pacific Mail steamer City of New York arrived from Panama, J. A. Magee, a New York sporting man, was one of the passengers. When he got up he forgot nine $100 bills in a small pocketbook that he had placed under his pillow the night before, and when the tug came alongside, while the steamer was at anchor in the stream, he made haste to land. No sooner had he reached the Baldwin hotel than he discovered his loss, and hiring a coupe made for the Pacific Mail dock, which he reached just as the steamer was made fast. An inquiry for the lost bills proved that they were safe in Captain Johnston's hands. Ah Ping, a Chinese in the steward's department, while making up Magee's berth, had found the bills and taken them to the captain. Magee was handed his money, and called for Ah Ping, to whom he gave twenty-five dollars.

The Chinese had hardly time to appreciate his good luck when Chief Steward Cottrell was angry because the stray bills had not been given to him to return to the owner, instead of the captain, and ordered that Ah Ping should be discharged. Unless the wrathy steward is called down by some of the head officers of the company Ah Ping will have to leave the steamer for being honest. Had he chosen he could easily have secreted the valuable paper bills so that no one could have found them and made away with the whole sum.—San Francisco Chronicle.

A Prisoner's Inventions.

Visitors to the World's fair will have an opportunity to judge of the merits of some of the inventions of Tobias Hudson, a prisoner in the Maryland penitentiary. Hudson was convicted of horse stealing in Washington county, and has two years yet to serve. His being crippled makes it impossible for him to do the regular prison work, and he has perfected a number of inventions in his spare time. Three of these—a lock which is used in the prison, an electric lamp and an electric socket—have been patented for Hudson by Mr. Robert S. Wiesenfeld and Warden Weyler.

Mr. Wiesenfeld has secured space at the Columbian exposition for a display of Hudson's electric lamps, which will be entered in competition with the others on exhibition. Hudson says he has twenty-two inventions that he will patent from time to time, and he hopes to derive a revenue from them that will keep him in easy circumstances after his term expires. He asserts that he would not sell his electric socket patent for his liberty and $10,000.—Baltimore Sun.

A Heroic Dancer.

One of the dancers in the Black Crook company, who is known by no other name to the employees of the Academy than Annie, or "Walking lady No. 17," was standing in the wings Friday night waiting for her turn to go on with the rest of the ballet. She wore a blond wig and was costumed in the scant attire demanded by the exigencies of the occasion. She seemed nervous and looked pale and ill, but nobody noticed it. Suddenly she reeled and fell.

When a doctor was summoned it was found she was suffering from lack of food. It was also subsequently discovered from other sources that the young woman had sent all her wages away to her two little sisters who were in want and had reduced herself almost to starvation. These facts I know to be true.—Cor. New York World.

Sour Florida Oranges

If they only knew it the Florida growers are hurting their market by sending sour, unripe fruit. For weeks after these oranges appear in the market they are a disappointment to buyers and injure the reputation which Florida oranges gained and can easily keep under suitable conditions.—Hartford Courant.

Ex-Governor Merryweather, of Kentucky, attained the age of ninety-three recently. Besides serving the Blue Grass State as its chief magistrate, he was also United States senator, succeeding Henry Clay in that office.

Not content with achieving success in literature, Mr. J. M. Barrie is said to have political ambitions and to desire to represent his native place in Scotland in parliament.

Now that the inventor of the incandescent lamp has been named by the courts, the next big lawsuit in the electrical field is announced as pertaining to the discovery of the trolley system of electric traction.

Nineteen New York babies were named after Columbus during the week following the celebration.

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