

THE BEDOUIN'S PRAYER.

Allah, I beg not that thou stay thy foot; that those eyes shall keep me from unstartled while I sleep. Allah! And I will find the way To pierce such dog, such Christian slave, And send him to Mahomed's sacred care; Unharmed, where dark eyes devour from Du say but the warlike travel!

CAPT. BODEN.

Lying on a shelf above the roll top desk in the office of a South street merchant, with a lot of letters and bill files, etc., on the desk, is a bound volume of the London Mercantile Marine Magazine. A red ribbon serves as a book mark in it. It is not customary for merchants to keep old magazines among their papers, and a friend of the merchant asked him yesterday if there was any special reason for doing so.

"Yes," said the merchant, "it contains references to my first voyage to sea. Besides I like to show it to Capt. Boden when he comes in to see me. Capt. Boden is a prosperous Long Island farmer now, living near Northport, but twenty years ago he was the master of the New Haven schooner Pandora. I was a lad of 16 then, and made my first sea voyage in the Pandora. So the captain and I are old friends."

By this time the merchant had got rid of the dust on the outside of the magazine, and had opened it at the book mark. On one page, in black faced type, was the heading, "Rewards and Testimonials," beneath which was the account that the British major and the board of the navy had awarded various articles as a reward to sailor men for humanity and bravery, as stated in the paragraphs following. One of these paragraphs had a black pencil mark around it. It was as follows:

"To Capt. Isaac Boden, of the schooner Pandora of New Haven, U. S., a gold chronometer in acknowledgment of his humanity to the master and crew of the brig Fannie Douglas, of Nassau, N. P., whom he rescued from their vessel on June 27."

"The entire crew of the Pandora," continued the merchant, "were Northport citizens, neighbors and friends, you may say at home and at sea as well. The mate, Ezekiel Norton, was the captain's brother-in-law; both men owned shares in the schooner, and both were good seamen. The second mate, Daniel Clement, who was about fifteen years older than either, was acknowledged to be the best sailor man hailing from Northport. That he was a second mate instead of a captain was the solely to his taste for liquor."

DISCARDED FINERY.

WHAT BECOMES OF THE CAST OFF CLOTHING OF RICH LADIES.

Discoveries made by an Inquisitive Reporter—Garments Found in Second Hand Clothing Stores of the Better Class—The Poor Relations Not Forgotten.

"What do the fashionable and wealthy women of New York do with their discarded garments?" This question is suggested by one of our thoughtful readers. He says: "To be in the swim these ladies must have cards and cards of clothes to cast off, plenty too many for a supply of their poor relations. Do they sell them? Do they give them to their servants? What do they do with 'em?"

Looking up the subject, up a reporter learned that the ladies of New York have various ways of disposing of their discarded garments, and instead of being at all embarrassed to do so, they could dispose of many more. It is certain that none of them is thrown into the street.

Many of them are sold in obvious form from the fact that in second hand clothing stores of the better class there are always to be found rich garments that have been little worn. There is quite as much difference between second hand stores as there is between stores where only new goods are sold.

There are plenty of second hand stores where only goods of first quality are sold, where very nice silks, satins, lace, upholstery and bric-a-brac can always be found, and where the prices are kept quite above the reach of ordinary people, although far below first hand prices for such goods.

It is not inferred that all these goods are bought directly from first owners, for in many cases they are bought of second owners, who have received them as gifts from the first owners, who discard everything the moment that it goes out of fashion.

Yet there are rich ladies who sell everything of this kind, not so much for the money as for the convenience of it. They do not like the bother of doing out gifts. Of course, they do not call in the ordinary old 'em' man. They would not for the water exchange a word with the contentious junkies who are so anxious to exchange crockery for old garments.

HOMES OF SEA URCHINS.

THE SEA URCHIN GETS ITS NAME FROM THE SPINES WHICH COVER ITS SHELL.

The sea urchin gets its name from the spines which cover its shell. The true name, echinus, meaning a hedgehog, has been corrupted into urchin, with plain injustice to small lads. These curious shellfish have acquired strange habits on the coast of France. They are found at home in cavities of the rock on the shore. The diameter of the cavity is often greater than that of the entrance, and the creature is so large that he could not leave his cell even if he very much wanted to do so.

It is not doubted that the creatures make these holes for themselves, but how they do this is a question not yet satisfactorily answered. It has been suggested that the rock has been somewhat eroded by them, but this theory has to be given up when the nature of the rock is considered, and the fact that no acid has been proved to exist in the animal.

The matter has been studied lately by a French naturalist, who refers the excavation to mechanical means. His explanation is that the creature "probably bites the rock, the sucker feet are also attached and a rotary motion is imparted to the body, the prickly points gradually wearing down the surface."

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There are many of them in New York. Most of the rich families have come up from poverty by a long course of hard work and active business. Very few have been able to bring up all their relations with them. The poor relations have daughters who must be made presentable when they visit the rich houses, and they are not only not ashamed to accept gifts of clothing, but are very glad to get it.

TOM CRUISE'S CAREER.

A STORY THAT ILLUSTRATES THE UPS AND DOWNS OF WESTERN LIFE.

The history of the three millionaire banker of Helena, Mont., Thomas Cruse, illustrates the ups and downs of western life, and sets in strong contrast the two extremes of absolute, groveling poverty and extraordinary affluence.

"Six years ago Tom Cruse," says Thomas M. Long, "was only a common, ordinary laborer, a prospector and a miner. He had spent almost his last nickel, was out of luck, and being out of money he naturally followed he had very few friends. Indeed he was so poor that I well remember the day when he was actually refused credit for a fifty pound sack of flour."

He did odd jobs about town—anything so long as he turned an honest dollar. One day he took a tramp into the mountains. When he came back to town he was astonished everybody by reporting the discovery of what turned out to be one of the richest silver mines in Montana.

"He pre-empted the place and made everything solid in his own name. This mine was the famous Drum Lummud, in the mountains near Mayville, twenty-one miles from Helena. A syndicate of capitalists hearing of his great find went out to investigate it. The result far surpassed even their expectations, and on their way back to town they sought out Tom Cruse. Would he sell the mine? Yes. How much? Five hundred thousand dollars, spot cash. That was too much, they thought. 'Well, gentlemen, if you think it is too much don't take it,' said Cruse. 'This offer is good until noon, but no longer. I'll have another price on it after that.' They thought he was bluffing. The next day, after further investigation, they came back to Cruse. They told the old man they were ready to pay the \$500,000, and for him to draw up the papers."

"My price today is \$1,000,000, boys," said Cruse. Of course there was no deal possible under the circumstances. Cruse could then get all the capital he wanted to work his mine. Before three months had passed he had pulled out \$200,000 worth of ore, and there was still unlimited quantities—millions, in fact—in sight. The syndicate came back to him and actually paid over \$1,000,000 for a two-third interest in the Drum Lummud.

"Since that time Cruse has bought other mines, the Iron Mountain, for instance, in the Cour d'Alene region, and others. He is worth today \$8,000,000. He was married a couple of years ago, but his wife died, leaving him a child, 'Old Man' Cruse, as he is called, is a good old fellow, who delights now in talking about his hard times. When he came to Montana, six years ago, he walked all the way from Salt Lake City. That's the way fortune smiles sometimes."—Chicago Times.

This story is told by The Chicago Post on Carter H. Harrison: One of "Our Carter's" characteristics is a smooth tongue and a cultivated mind. He can charm most people with the polish and variety of his conversation. He once attended a party given at the residence of a leading citizen, and was there introduced to a lady who did not catch his name. She enjoyed a half hour's conversation with Chicago's mayor immensely. After he had left her she asked a friend who had bowed to the gentleman: "Do tell me who that delightful gentleman is with whom I have been conversing. He is perfectly charming." Why, don't you know? That's Mayor Carter Harrison, replied the friend. "Is that really Carter Harrison?" she said. "Well, I declare that he looks and acts like a perfect gentleman. I thought from reading about him in the newspapers that he must be a highway robber and a thug."

As she stood thinking huge thoughts a brassy checked hackman approached with a howl of "Cab, miss!" Still she was held in the toils of thought. With a repetition of his yell the hackman just placed his hand on the soft loveliness of that shoulder. With lightning like rapidity the hands unfolded, and the unshaven hackdriver received a re-buff alongside the jaw. He looked hurt. In an awful falsetto voice the beauty shouted: "No, you varmint. I don't want no kerriage, and you sloped-side city dude, with a sign on yer hat, don't you put your dirty hands on me again. Hear! And if you don't want me to pull yer hair and knock yer down don't call me miss. Hear! I married Silas Prett last year, you ignoramus. Git before I hit you again." The hackman got.—Albany Argus.

MAN'S SMALL TOE.

THE SMALL TOE IN MAN HAS RECENTLY BEEN MADE A SUBJECT OF STUDY BY HERR PITZNER.

The small toe in man has recently been made a subject of study by Herr Pitzner. It is well known that thumbs and great toes are two jointed, and the other fingers and toes generally three jointed. In many human skeletons, however, the small toe is found to be two jointed, the middle and end phalanges being fused into one piece, though still distinguishable. This variety occurs in about 36 per cent of cases, and as a rule in both toes simultaneously; and there are more instances among women (41.5 per cent.) than among men (31.0 per cent.).

One naturally thinks here of shoe pressure causing union of two bones originally separate. But it appears that in children, from birth to the seventh year, the fusion occurs about as often as in adults. Further, the material of examination was not from a class of people who wear tight shoes. Herr Pitzner concludes that the small toe in man is in course of degeneration (Rückbildung), and that without apparent adaptation to external mechanical influences. Processes of reduction are also observed in the connected muscular system. The question arises, has the tendency reached its limit, or have we merely the first act of a total degeneration of the fifth toe?

The author inclines to the latter view, but desires an extension of these researches among peoples who do not wear shoes or sandals, or have only of late begun to wear them. In living persons it is not difficult to determine, by stretching and bending, whether the small toe is two or three jointed, and in this way adequate data might be had for determining any percentage difference in occurrence of the old and the new form in different races; also, for investigating the inheritance of acquired characters, members of several successive generations being examined.—Humboldt.

Daisy was lost. From garret to cellar they searched for her, and then went out to rouse the neighbors and scour the town. At last, near night-fall, the little girl was found sound asleep by the side of a haycock in a neighbor's field.

Disturbed by the joyful outcry about her she began to cry, and was only comforted when mamma rushed through the groups and cuddled her in her heart. Then the happy procession went home, and in half an hour Daisy was asleep in her little bed.

Papa, however, had gone in another direction, and came home tired and anxious to hear the good news.

Now that there was no longer cause for worry he grew a little cross at having suffered such needless fright, and in the morning when Daisy appeared at the breakfast table tried to greet her with judicial severity.

"Well, little runaway," he said in a vain attempt at gruffness, "how do you find yourself?" Daisy looked up at him with eyes shining in bluish innocence. "I didn't find myself," she replied simply. "Mamma found me."—Youth's Companion.

DAWN AND DUSK.

APOLLON'S shaft of radiant flame, blazeted against the sea's blue shield, On myriad ripples dance and gleam, Gold stars strewn o'er an azure field.

Upon the shining sands they stand In morn of day and morn of life, Together stand, hand clasped in hand, A bridegroom fond, a happy wife.

The moon, a silver scimitar, Severs the driving rack of cloud. Far, far beyond the harbor bar, The surges heave, now low, now loud.

Above upon the darbarose strand, The black wave lapping at her feet, A widow stands; vanished the hand, Silent the voice that made life sweet.

There is a story told on Hon. H. G. Struve which has not as yet been made public property. It is said that during the raging of the great fire, in which Mr. Struve with all the rest of Seattle was a heavy loser, he rushed up into his office to save some of his most valuable books. It is well known that he had accumulated a vast amount of material, which he purposed working up into a history of Washington. This material and some of his books were very precious to him. So as the fire came sweeping down toward his office he rushed up stairs and began to select the books most valuable.

"Ah, this one I will save. No, I guess this one is more valuable." Thus he hesitated, and among his many books, all of which were dear to him, he was unable to decide which one to save. Just then the cries of firemen were raised, and the judge was urged to come down and save his life. Being thoroughly alarmed and still undecided, he turned and grabbed the first book in reach and rushed out of the building. Reaching the pavement he found he had saved—the city directory.—Seattle (Wash.) Press.

In Lake Nyassa, in the interior of "Darkest Africa," there is a kind of black fish which every year builds what the natives term a house. In the mud at the bottom of the lake it makes a hole some 2 or 3 feet broad, heaping up the mud removed from the hole so as to form a little wall around it. The depth of the hole and the height of the wall measured together make a basin from 15 to 20 inches deep. In this lake within a lake this queer little fish erects a mud house, the average sized specimen measuring 14 inches across the bottom, rapidly coming to a point in the shape of a broad cone. A hole 4 inches in diameter, always on the south side, serves as an opening for egress and ingress. A dried specimen of this queer domicile preserved in the Royal Museum at Berlin has two doors and a partition separating it into two rooms.—St. Louis Republic.

Between the Kisses. Miss McCusker of Cincinnati—I'm so glad to see you, dear. And just in time for the party, too. Miss Hinkley of New York—I'm afraid I'm too tired to dispartiate much. Miss McCusker—That isn't dispartiate chere amie. Papa's invited several people you'll like, to go over to the factory and see them peck peck to-morrow.—Tid Bits.

Something Prolonged for a Change. Intellectual Young Lady—Have you any work giving a full exposition of the Schleswig-Holstein question? Clerk at Book Store—I don't know of any such book. Young Lady (wonderly)—I was in hopes I could find it here. I have just come from a meeting of our Browning club, and I want some light reading for recreation.—Chicago Tribune.

A POOR UNFORTUNATE.

Gus—Aw—er—yes, Cholly is—er—charming fellah, but he is so awfully deformed, y'know. Willie—Poor fellah! What's the matter with him? Gus—Why—er—aw—y'know, his mouth is so awfully small—er—he can't get his lips over the—er—head of his camel—Lafa.

All the Symptoms. Apartment Housekeeper—How is that young man in the back room getting along, Sally? Chambermaid—He's no young man. He's married. "Married?" "Yes'm. He never can find his necktie nor his hat nor his overalls nor nothin' until I looks for 'em."—Omaha World.

A Suspicious Circumstance. Father—What's that noise in the next room? Mother—It's Bobby singing "I want to be an axel," dear little fellow. Father—Well, you had better go and see what he is up to.—New York Sun.

Had Read Him. First Sweet Girl—Is that Mr. Howells, the novelist? Second Sweet Girl—Yes, that is he. "Dear me! We must act as if we had some sense or else he'll put us in a book."—Omaha World.

Where Some Grown Up Children Keep It. "Oh, I feel so bad," said a Hartford 6-year-old. "I guess it must be my conscience." "Why, my dear," queried his mother, "you haven't been telling any wrong stories, have you?" "Oh, dear, no. But I did eat too much dinner and my conscience aches right here," pressing hard on the most painful spot child-brother carried.—Hartford Post.

A Horse to His Friends. "Let's turn down this street, there comes Smith." "Don't you want to meet him?" "No; he has just bought a horse."—Hester's Bazar.

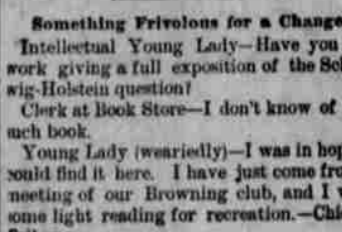
A Little Mixed. A youth from the rural regions, with his pants at half past, and evidently suffering from malaria, called at one of our village stores the past week for a box of quinine and a small bottle of pneumonia.—Connecticut Valley Advertiser.

Personally Conducted. Master—Where's Bridget today? Mistress—Off on a little jaunt with her young man. Master—I see. One of Cook's tours personally conducted.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

Value of Literary Ideas. A primitive literary worker said to me a few evenings ago while talking on this subject, "Do you mean to say that literary ideas are really commercial commodities today, and are paid for the same as articles or stories?" I told her, as I write here: Most decidedly, as those who are in position to know are well aware. I have known as high as \$1,000 paid for a single idea—a circulation idea for a periodical—and again and again have I known \$250 and \$500 being paid. Said an editor in my hearing only recently: "I don't want people who can write. I can reach a score of such within an hour. What I want is ideas, suggestions for striking features which will raise my periodical above the others and attract the public eye to it." And he voiced the feeling of several whom I know. A creative mind, capable of clever adaptation of an idea to a demand, is a possession in the literary world today which I envy any man or woman if put to good use.—Edward W. Bok's Letter.



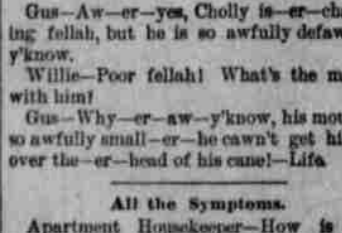
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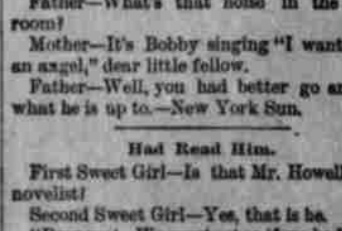
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