

PRISMATIC.

There's not a light in the leaden skies,
The sun is wrapped in rain;
The world is dark and dreary...

"No," the doctor answered.
"And my brain is entirely clear."
"Certainly," the doctor replied, wonder-
ing a little.

night. Until last night," he repeated
slowly.
"Will, what happened then?" the
doctor asked as Dorsey paused.

NOT UNDER THE ENEMY'S FIRE.
When the Rifles of His Own Soldiers
Covered Him He Was Frightened.

ALABAMA'S HUMAN WONDER.
A Man Who Lives Without Feeling
Hungry, Thirsty or Sleepy.

ATLANTIC ICE RISKS.
Some of the Dangers from Icebergs in the
Early Months of the Year.

JUVENILE ATTENDANT CAVALIERS.
A Mighty Useful Being for the Fashion-
able Married Woman.

THE ACCIDENT.

Within a few miles of its terminus the
railroad passed through a valley, nar-
row, to be sure, but of great and un-
usual beauty.

"Of course," said the doctor, "and it
was deserved, too."
"Yes, and it gladdens me so now to
think it was. Matters, too, looked well
for us then. Success seemed worth
striving for. Mary was jealous a little
of my love for the railroad. I always
loved it, as I said. I was in business
then, but our little home was close by
the line. I could hear the trains go by
all night if I happened to be awake.

"She was alone in her section. She
sat quietly for the most part, looking
out of the window, although the night
was very dark. Sometimes she would
become restless and excited. I thought
her very nervous and that the frequent
whistling of the engine startled her. As
I remember it now it seems to me that
she became excited a little before the
blowing of the whistle. After a while
I closed my eyes—it may be I fell asleep
—but I was recalled to myself by a very
unusual and prolonged whistle of the
engine. (Our engineer was determined.
It seemed, that none of us should sleep
that night.) As I opened my eyes this
strange woman came in from the front.
Where she had I do not know, but there
was a bright and happy light in her
eyes. Perhaps I should have spoken to
her, but I was very tired and the tem-
ptation to rest there quietly was a
very strong one.

"We were getting along so well by
this time that it was 'Ready! Present!
Fire!' and the volley would ring out
like a single report."
"Once I cried out 'Ready!' and the
work was as pretty as that of veterans.
'Present,' and every rifle went up
to shoulders in perfect form. At the
very instant I was about to say 'Fire!'
my fretting horse bolted, cutting direct-
ly across the range. I was not twenty
feet from the squad. My eye caught
the glittering rifles leveled right at me,
and instinctively I closed my eyes and
ducked my head. If you know what
British soldiers are you can imagine
my feelings, my terrible fear, for, as I
said before, I was never before in such
a 'funk.' I knew that if I opened my
mouth those recruits would riddle my
body with rifle balls, for they were ex-
pecting the word 'Fire!' and probably
would have taken any sound for that.
My desire to cry out, 'As you were!' to
get the rifles off my body, was so great
that I had to clench my teeth to keep
from crying out. Of course, the whole
thing took only a few seconds, but it
was many minutes longer than that to
me.

"When my plunging horse had car-
ried me from before the motionless
rifles, I managed to wheel him. As he
came around I cried 'Fire!' and every
one of those stolid men obeyed the
command with absolute precision. That
assured me all the more that had I
opened my mouth while crossing their
range I should have been a dead man,
for they were not drilled sufficiently to
distinguish a different order at the last
instant, and yet followed one's words
with a blind fidelity.

"I have often thought," added the
officer, with a strange smile on his lips,
"that those recruits fancied I had cut
across them to test their drill, for they
showed no surprise, not the faintest
sign of emotion when I suddenly wheel-
ed and cried 'Fire!' But you may well
believe that this was not the case. And
I pledge you that never afterward in
rifle practice did I get caught in so
dangerous and helpless a situation."

Recreation on the Deep.
A large brick was heated to a red heat
in the galley fire and a piece of asbes-
tos packing was wrapped around it as
quickly as possible. The brick with its
covering was incased in a piece of
pork that was tossed overboard along
with several other morsels which the
sharks were made ready to devour,
and it had no sooner touched the
water than it was swallowed. It took
a few minutes for the heat to come
through its covering of asbestos and
pork, and during those few minutes
the shark swam among his companions
and attracted no special atten-
tion. But very soon his movements
showed the pain he was feeling; he
darted violently about, sprang out of
the water, diver, rose again and was
evidently suffering intensely. This
continued for perhaps half an hour,
and ended with the creature turning
on his back and dying in the most hor-
rible contortions. The other sharks
showed their tender feelings by at-
tacking him before he was fairly dead;
they had no compunctions about eat-
ing him or any of his companions
now, for he was devoured before our
eyes, to the great delight of the sail-
ors.—Thomas W. Knox.

It was here that many years before
John Dorsey had made for himself a
home, and it was here that he was
now about to die.

"Dorsey," he said, "you must not
speak so. You are too young to die,
and we shall save you."

"I know I broke the rules, but it was
for a minute only—I surely fell asleep,
for I dreamed that dreadful day all
over again. Once more I was rudely
wakened by the engine's whistle. As I
started up a cold wind blowing through
the car met me, and there stood the
strange woman holding the front door
open, looking out into the night. Her
hair had fallen loose as Mary's was that
day. It was Mary. I hurried toward
her.

"Six thousand dollars for lunches.
It seems a large sum to ex-
pend in middle meals, and one can
scarcely conceive of one man, no mat-
ter how wealthy, getting rid of so much
money in such a way. It is not an in-
dividual, but a banking house that de-
votes so much cash to eatables—the
lunches are eaten by the employees of the estab-
lishment. The fifty clerks daily en-
gaged in recording and unraveling the
complicated transactions in the bank-
ing and brokerage rooms of this firm
stop work about noon and repair to a
neatly fitted up apartment in the rear
of the office where they take their
lunch. The men employed in the va-
rious branch offices of the house are
given lunch money, so that the firm
may not appear to be partial, and the
expenditure easily reaches the amount
named, if it does not indeed exceed it.
—New York Press.

Electricity and Irrigation.
It is proposed to apply electricity to
the irrigation of some of the dry and
sterile districts of California. Vast areas,
now barren and worthless, can thus be
made fertile and enormously enriched
in value. Land worth from \$3 to \$10
per acre, without opportunity of rea-
sonable hope of irrigation, would com-
mand \$50 to \$200 per acre when water
is brought to them. The yields would
be far greater, the crops of finer quality
and entirely independent of drought,
certain and sure, regardless of seasons,
and affording a perfectly reliable source
of income. The plan suggested is to
transmit the current to motors, and
thereby work pumps which will raise
water into suitable reservoirs.—New
York Telegram.

His Heart Out of Place.
Physicians at Springfield, O., recently
examined, with interest, a young man
whose heart is on the right side, but
who nevertheless enjoys good health.
A dispatch gives his name as Broslin,
and quotes him as saying that "when
he was a little boy he was thrown from
a farm wagon, and two wheels passed
obliquely across his chest. He was ill
for some time from the injury, and be-
lieves that the heart was shoved over to
its present position by the wheels. The
only trouble he has experienced since
was two years ago, when he had pneu-
monia, and there was a constant cramped
or stuffy sensation about the new heart
location."—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Picky Little Fellow.
A little boy, only 8 years old, the
son of a laborer named Malbray, living
at Francesford, was sent by his
mother to fetch a loaf from the baker's
on the opposite side of the railway.
On his return, when passing a level
crossing near the Farretimes station,
he saw a train approaching, and in his
hurry stumbled and fell. He never-
theless had the presence of mind to
fall into the space between the rails
and the sleepers. Unhappily, the
clearing iron caught his blouse and
dragged him along till the train stop-
ped at the station; the wheels had
meanwhile passed over one of his
arms and cut it nearly off. When he
was set free, looking at his mangled
arm, he said: "Pray do not tell moth-
er," and he asked the bystanders to
fetch his loaf. It was found necessary
to amputate the arm, and though the
childform did not make him insensib-
le, he bore the operation with the ut-
most courage, and only asked once or
twice if the surgeons would soon have
done. His arm soon healed, and the
little fellow returned to school as gay
and as cheerful as his companions.—
Montreal Star.

As soon as could be after the acci-
dent Dorsey had been carried to a
neighboring house, and Dr. Irwin had
been sent for by men on the train who
had known of the intimate friendship
which existed between the two. This
friendship was of earlier date than Dor-
sey's connection with the railroad, and
that seemed to Dorsey's fellow em-
ployees to have begun almost ages
before.

"One day I was ill at ease. Nothing
that I had to do seemed worth while.
I only wanted to be at home; I only
wanted to feel them near me, and safe.
But, try as I would, it was late in the
long afternoon before I could get away.
It was warm, but as I hurried home a
gentle breeze met me. It was a bright,
beautiful day, just such a summer's day
as this. It was so peaceful, and the
leaves so kissed one another in the
light breeze that I was calmed, and the
feeling I had suffered from all day left
me. I was glad that we lived in the
country. I was glad to be alive at all.
The sun was almost behind the western
hills, and all that side of the valley was
in shadow, but on our side it was light
and everything was rarely beautiful in
the sunlight. The slanting rays made
our house brilliant and glorious in its
color.

"The observations made during night
ascensions, or those which were com-
menced into the night, on temperatures
at different heights, gave results dif-
ferent from the theories previously
held on the subject. An increase of
the temperature with the height was
noticed after sunset. The rate of de-
cline of temperature with elevation
when near the earth was subject to
variation as the sky was clear or
cloudy. From an elevation of three
miles cirrus clouds were seen appar-
ently as far above the observers as they
seem when viewed from the earth,
and that under such conditions that it
was hard to believe that their presence
was due to moisture. The audibility
of sounds from the earth depended
considerably on the amount of moist-
ure in the air.

Unfortunate Harston.
The late Westland Marston is said
to have been about the most unfortu-
nate man of letters that ever lived in
England. Misfortune pursued him
throughout his life. He wrote poetry
that was above the public, and prose
that was too good for them. His
plays were persistent failures. En-
dowed with great gifts and abili-
ties he was hardly able to earn a
poor living. In his domestic
life he suffered bereavement after
bereavement. His wife, his children,
his grandchildren and his son-in-law
successively died, leaving him soli-
tary, the last of his unhappy race.
He bore his afflictions with patience,
but accepted death as a happy re-
lease. Who, under similar circum-
stances, would not!—Pittsburg Bulle-
tin.

Unlucky Quadrant.
"Hello!" said the quad, as the com-
po brought him in; "you're a hard
looking case, did you know it?"
"No wonder," grunted the case;
"I've been on the rack so long."
"Your seem to be out of form, too,"
remarked a thin space, from its box.
"What if I am! Lead me alone!"
snarled the quad.
"You're getting saucy," put in a hy-
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As time went on the doctor reluctan-
tly began to believe that Dorsey was
right—that his recovery was impossible.
Deeply as the doctor was grieved he
was annoyed, too, to feel that his skill
would be of no avail to his old friend.

"My business went to nothing just
then. Perhaps my neglect hurt it, but
I think not. At all events I gave it up.
Then I secured a place as brakeman
without much trouble."

"The noise of a railway train can be
heard in clouds four miles high, but
not when the clouds were far below.
The discharge of a gun was heard at
10,000 feet; the barking of a dog at
20,000 feet; the shouting of a multi-
tude at not more than 4,000 feet.
Many differences in the results of ob-
servations were supposed to depend
upon atmospheric conditions, while
these vary with the time of day and
the season of the year; so that a great
many observations would be required
to determine the true laws. Having
followed up one of the observations
recorded above with a captive balloon
and by other means, Mr. Glaisher de-
clared to the Meteorological society,
in 1870, that the theory that the tem-
perature is always lower at higher
altitudes is not true.

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"Why did you follow such an in-
fernal business?" he asked, impatiently.
"Don't, Tom," Dorsey replied. "Don't
call it that."

"Was that pleasant?" the doctor
asked. It was easier to interrupt Dor-
sey now.

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"What caused the accident?" he
asked. "Do they know?"

"Yes, to me," he answered; "but still
I was glad when I was promoted, as I
was through the various grades to be a
conductor."

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