THE DISPATCH BEARER.

The sun shone so fiercely hot on the 17th of August, 187-, that the leaves of the res folded themselves in humble protest and the birds crept pantingly under the hade of the brushwood which lined the tanks of Otter creek in their endeavor to green themselves from the fiery orb. But heat seemingly had no effect upon a man who stood upon an overturned wagon which formed part of some breastwork that had been upreared upon a knoll about fre hundred yards from the creek. He gas shading his eyes with his hand as he looked earnestly along a trail which ran

sway to the southeast.
"No signs of the troops yet," he muttered, as he rubbed his weary eyes; "good leavens! another day like this and then Bang! zip! rang out the report of a rifle.

and a builet buried itself in the wagon bed "A miss is as good as a mile, my beau-ties," said the soldier, for such his dress showed him to be, "though," he added after a moment's consideration, "I'd prefer

Instantly from the hills that lay about half a mile to westward of the creek came the report of many rifles, and a shower of bullets whistled unpleasantly close to the solhardy soldier, who now, yielding to the entreaties of his comrades, slowly deseended from the breastwork and entered the corral. Inside the corral a harrowing sight met his eyes. In a pit behind the hastily thrown up parapet lay a number of wounded men vainly calling for "water, water," the mur-muring of which they could almost hear as they lay there, suffering from the agony of thirst augmented by the pain of their wounds. Their faces were pale and wan, their lips were cracked and dry, and as the sweltering sun beat upon their dying forms they moved their heads uneasily from side to side, moaning feebly, "water, water?" It was truly a heart-rending scene.

So thought old Jones, the soldier who had just descended from the lookout; for striding over to where the commanding officer stood he requested Col. Mack to allow him to go to the creek and obtain some water for the wounded.

"Do you know that you will almost certainly sacrifice your life in so doing?" said the colonel, for the approach to the creek was swept by the enemy's fire.
"Why, sir, I allow that thar is a risk;

but, sir, they're sufferin' awful," Jones returned, jerking his thumb over his shoulder to indicate what he meant by "they." Well, then, since you will go, my brave fellow, may God protect you!" the stern old soldier returned, his gray eyes suffused with tears as he witnessed this touch-

ing trait of true heroism in the private. Catching up a couple of buckets Jones clambered over the breastwork and walked toward the creek as cool and self possess if he were crossing a parade ground. As the enemy's bullets plowed up the ground in front and rear of him the hearts of his comrades stood still. They held their breath and grasped more tightly their carbines as they watched the progress of this daring soldier who was willing to lay down his life if by so doing a few wounded comrades might be benefited. Reaching the creek he filled his buckets and returned. When about half way to the camp he stopped and rested himself, calmly directing his gaze toward the enemy's lines, who, seemingly astonished by his coolness, withheld their fire and allowed him to pass un-

So the day wore on. Twice the Indians had striven to carry the camp and twice had they been repulsed. But Col. Mack knew full well that he could not possibly hold out another day; his garrison was becoming weaker, his ammunition and rations were running low, and the Indians, having received a re-enforcement, were becoming bolder. The latter, also, taking advantage of the many washouts which lay between the hills and the camp, had approached to within 400 yards and were jecting it to a most galling fire, some of the bullets even finding their way into the pit where lay the wounded.

"Some one must go and find the general," he muttered. "And yet I do not care to detail a man upon this dangerous service. I'll ask for a volunteer, and then it will be hard to decide among so gallant a command," and a smile of pride curled up the corners of his mouth, for the colonel thought-justly, perhaps-that no body of men could equal his. So resolving, he walked over to where the men were receiving their rations of one cracker and a small slice of raw bacon.

"My lads," began the colonel, in his usual quiet tone, "it is necessary that I should tell you the state of affairs. Our rations and ammunition cannot last us another twenty-four hours. If relief does not come before 9 o'clock to-night it will be imperative for some one to break through the enemy's lines and try to reach the general, who I believe is encamped somewhere on Cache creek. Now, I want a volunteer. Who'll go?" and as he finished, for an instant a stillness fell upon the men, but was almost immediately broken by a shrill, boyish voice, followed by the deep bass of old Jack Jones.

"Pll go, colonel," they chorused. Here, again, the owner of the falsetto voice spoke up: "Let me go, colonel; Jones has a fam-fly; I hain't," he concluded, as he rose to feet and revealed the lithe, slender form of Willie Scott, the trumpeter, and life of — troop.

"But, sir," broke in Jones, "he is only a boy. Let me go, colonel." But, sir," again interrupted the boy, with what he thought an all convincing

argument, "I spoke first." The colonel gazed at the two a little, the one a gray haired, bronzed faced old veteran, the other with his blue eyes wild with excitement and an eager expression on his face that seemed to say, "I'll get there, never fear." So it was that the colonel decided upon the latter.

"Come to me at half past 8, boy," he said, and turning to old Jones he whispered, "Your chance may come yet, my brave fel-

"I hope so," replied the old soldier, and, walking away from the spot. Jones threw bimself down by an upturned wagon utterly inconsolable.

It was a dark, hot, oppressive night. Not a star could be seen; the black, heavy clouds stretched themselves like a pall over the camp as the trumpeter, leading his horse, passed through an opening in the breastwork and set out upon his perilous

Mind and write to my mother, Pete, if I don't get through," he whispered to his comrade as he passed out. Never fear, Bunkle, but"- and his comrade's voice grew a little husky-

for God's sake, get through." "I'll try," was the response, as squeezed each other's hand and parted. Soon the watchers in the camp lost sight of the boy. The sound of his horse's hoofs grew fainter and fainter, and then died

away, but still they leaned over the breatwork, straining their eyes in the darkness as they tried to catch a glimpse of their young hero. Nearer and nearer the trumpeter approached the Indian sentinels. Sometimes would stop, listening intently, then move on, only to stop again and pres

hand over his horse's mouth when he fancied he heard a noise. Suddenly a con fused babel broke out upon his right and a lurid glare shot skyward. Upon the brow of a hill scarcely a mile away he saw the Indian band dancing and yelling around a fire like a horde of demons. Creeping further away into the gloom he murmured as he mounted, "O, God! give me time." Then he rode forward.

On the top of the hill which he was now cending an Indian sentinel crouched

upon the ground listening to the approach of the boy. The night was so dark that he could not make out the rider until the latter was almost upon him, when quickly firing his piece he uttered a war whoop that sounded clear across the plain, send ing dismay into the hearts of the troopers

With a fierce exclamation the trumpeter drove his spurs into his horse's flanks and discharging his revolver at the Indian rode madly forward. Pressing his knees well into his horse's sides, with his reins firmly held in hand, he dashed down the hill, closely pursued by the Indians, who, upon the report of the firearm, had instantly flung themselves upon their ponies and started in the chase.

Now began this race for life. Never was flew over hill and through divide, their horses snorting and panting with the violence of the exercise; over the rocky beds of dried up rivulets, through clumps of scrub oak, the young trumpeter now pulling up so abruptly as almost to unseat himself as in the darkness he nearly dashed against a tree; then leaping over the fallen timber that lay across his path and spluttering through the mudholes in which his horse sank to the girth. Still he pressed on, while the enemy came thundering in the rear, making the night resound with their war whoops and dropping an occasional shot whenever they thought it would A stern chase is proverbially a long one, and undoubtedly it would have proved crossing a piece of rough ground stum bled. He would have fallen had not be been instantly checked up. By this accident the Indians were enabled to gain some distance, when they opened fire with a surer aim.

Bang! bang! and the bullets whistled uncomfortably close to our young hero's

again, and the boy felt a stinging sensation in his left shoulder, his bridle arm falling useless by his side. The agony of the wound was intense, the motion of the horse rendering it more so, but still he reability to get through rested the salvation huskin bee. of a hundred lives. Bearing now a little to the southeast he struck the trail and fu riously dashed along it. The sound of his pursuers grew fainter, then ceased, but he did not seem to hear, for a strange dizziness came over him, and he swayed in hir the live an hour, only an hour!"

So the night sped on. Sometimes the horse would relapse into a trot and anon resume his swinging lope.

"Oh! that morning would come; that night would fold up its funeral garment and the glad sunshine smile upon the earth once more!"

How cold the night seemed to the boy warm blood trickling from his wound. Would Cache never appear?

But, just as the rosy fingers of the morn crept up from the east, he saw with his dying eyes the long black shadow of the timber that studded the banks of the creek, and as his weary comrade uttered a joyful neigh, a bugle call rang out upon the morning air, the sound of which brightened up the boy's face, while his horse shook its head, neighed again and galloned on.

The sound of the horse's hoofs brought a number of men outside their tents, who, seeing the pale, deathlike face of the dispatch bearer and the limp arm hanging by his side, knew instinctively what was the matter.

The latter, seeing the men around him, drew out his blood soaked dispatch and boarsely whispering: "The general - dispatch-quick!" would have fallen from his tenderly to the ground.

With the break of day the Indians, ut an dismay, tering their wild war whoops, had charged upon the camp. Bravely had they been repulsed, only to come on again and again until their superior numbers should tell upon the white men. Now they were upon the ramparts and the defenders, almost all of whom were grievously wounded, but who seemingly felt not their wounds in the presence of the enemy, heroically disputed every step. At last, just as a portion of the breastwork had fallen in and the Indians sprung like panthers at their prey, on the little square of white men had hastily collected around their wounded, resolving to die as men with their faces to the foe, a ringing cheer was heard and the relief force came thundering down the slope. And, as the clear, rapid notes of the "charge" echoed across the plain, each drop of blood in those troop-ers' veins jingled exultingly against its neighbor as they dashed among the foe. There was a crash-cheers-a volley of musketry, and the Indians were flying across the prairie, pursued by the troopers whose carmined sabers were busy convert ing, as an officer of the regular army once said, bad Indians into good ones by giving them the route to the happy hunting

The fight was over and a portion of Col. Mack's command was saved.

That night in a hospital tent there stood a number of soldiers around the couch of one on whom death had cast its shadow There was a sorrowful look upon the faces of the watchers as they silently awaited the issue. At last the boy opened his eyes and looked around; then as a smile of pride lit up his face he murmured as his eyelids slowly drooped, "I g-o-t t-h-e r-e." The angel becokened and the two went hand in hand into the silent land.

"He's gone," they told the men who had gathered outside the tent awaiting the news-gone; and the evening wind took up the refrain and sighed it to the trees which shook their heads as if in doubt while the stars veiled their tremulous light, as heaven in its pity sprinkled its tears upon the camp.-William K. Robertson in Kansas City Times.

Thundstorms at Sea.

An electric storm at sea is one of the alarming experiences to which a mariner is exposed, but as a matter of record it is one that is least fruitful in disastrons results. As a rule few precautions are taken to guard against a stroke of lightning, especially in the merchant service. Ships of war are usually fitted with lightning conductors, a precantion made necessary by the explosives stored away in their magazines. But these of cigarettes. New York Herald. safeguards are seldom seen on a merchant vessel, and judging by the extreme rarity of the cases where they ing an electrical disturbance must be bronze. Copper was even worn for oradmitted.

caught in a thunderstorm should not Solomon's temple must have been of take shelter under a tall tree, especially enormous value. - Washington Star. if it stands in a clearing. Why lightning should strike an isolated piece of timber on shore and spare it after it has been converted into a vessel's mast is yet to be satisfactorily explained. - New

York Times. It has been proved by instantaneous photography that a horse at full trot sometimes has its four feet off the

The experiment of making a pulley of wood pulp is being made in Maine. All the advantages of the wooden pulley are claimed.

A RUSTIC EPISODE.

DEACON JONES' HUSKING BEE AND ITS NUMBER OF RED EARS.

The Scenes of That Night Made the Good Old Man Think That He Was Losing His Eyesight-It Takes a Bright Girl to Circumvent Her Pana.

"Deacon Jones' wife called on me to-day. Zeb," said 'Mandy, the other evenin. "She says the Deacon hasn't been in his usual sperets ever since the failure, as he calls it, of his huskin bee," a steeplechase harder ridden. Away they and Mandy laughed right heartily over the recollection of that notable event.

it's the custom of the farmers in our naborhood to have a huskin bee every fall, an thus bring the season's work to an end with a round of merrymakin which is looked for ard to an talked about by the young folks all summer by them as they foully think of the many opportunities an hoped for results.

Deacon Jones', specially, are held in great favor by them all, owin no doubt, to his only child, Mollie, the prettiest and sociablest girl in the naborhood. But the good deacon made up his mind so in this case had not the boy's horse in that he wouldn't have any more o' the goins on at his huskin bee that had worried an scandalized him as a leadin pillar o' the church at the last one he

One evenin Mollie overheard him tellin her mother how he was goin carefully through the unbusked corn, pickin out all the red ears till there wouldn't Spurring his animal he sought to get out be a single nubbin left o' that color. of range, and nobly did his faithful friend respond. Bang: bang: the guns rang out an excuse for the young fellers havin a chance o' kissin the girls, an specially their Mollie, who always seemed to get more'n her share. He thought it was a sin an a shame to allow such doin's an he'd tained his seat, knowing that upon his show the nabors a huskin bee as was a

Everything would go off as orderly 's if they were in meetin. So the deacon went on gittin ready for the event, not knowin that his daughter was aware o' his plans. Now, Mollie had her own saddle like a drunken man. Clutching at ideas about a huskin bee, an they were the pommel he murmured as he thought far different than her father's. So she night grew darker, "Oh, God, let me told two or three of her admirers how her father was plannin to spoil their fun, an they must tell the young men to come prepared. They told her not to worry: they'd see that there was a plenty o' red ears for the occasion.

The eventful evenin arrived at last, an all the young folks in the naborhood were gathered in the deacon's barn, hero as he half fainting sat in the saddle eagerly waitin for the word to begin with his head upon his breast and the huskin the great heaps of corn piled upon the floor. 'Mandy an I went over to look on an enjoy the young people's frolics, for Mollie had told 'Mandy what was in the wind. We stood talkin to the deacon an his wife, an when he at length gave the word for them to begin work

he turned to me an says: "Now, Zeb. you'll see what a huskin bee should be, accordin to my idee. In all them piles I'll warrant they won't

find a single red"-Jest then the deacon was cut short by a shout of joy from one of the young chaps, as he waved a big red ear over his head an started after Mollie, who gave a shrick an scampered across the barn floor. After a good deal o' dodgin an squirmin she was caught at last, an the lucky feller took his reward in a

don't see how I could've overlooked that ear. Right on top too. I don't believe they'll find any more though," he chuckled. "That's one consola"-

But jest then another red ear was found, an Mollie was seen tryin to dodge another young man who was after her, holdin aloft his prize. She rushed behind 'Mandy, where he caught her an gave her a rousin kiss right before the deacon's horrified eyes. 'Mandy an the deacon's wife couldn't keep their faces straight any longer, but jest set down an laughed till the tears ran down their cheeks. The deacon sat down with a groan of helpless despair an says:

"I must be loosin my eyesight, Zeb. I'd a made a affydavy that there wasn't a red ear in the barn, but the pesky stalks are full of 'em."

He was right. Full of 'em they for every youngster had come with his pockets stuffed with red ears, an they do say that the girls brought more'n one ear apiece, so's to be sure of a good sup-Leastways there was more red ears found at the deacon's huskin bee than were found at all the other bees in the naborhood last fall, and the fun the young folks had over 'em was a sight to When the deacon found out how his plans had miscarried he was awful angry an vowed that he'd never have another huskin bee, but 'Mandy says she guesses that when the time comes around again Mollie an her mother'll be able to coax him into changin his mind about it .- New York

Swell Thieves.

The other evening two dapper "dudes" walked into the writing room of a fashionable up town hotel, which it is just now the fad to review, and looking wearily around to see "who wasn't looking," they deliberately pocketed all the stationery there was in sight.

Surreptitiously taking handsome paer embossed with the silver crest of a amous house may not be manly, but the paper is fine to use to impress friends out of town that their relatives and ac quaintances are magnates living in swelldom. There are pennies saved, too, by stealing note paper from a swell hotel that might buy an extra package

Herodotus tells of a king who loaded have been struck, Jack's claim that he his prisoners with golden chains, that is safer on the ocean than on shore dur- substance being more common than nament in preference to gold. The treas-It is a well established theory that one ures brought by the Queen of Sheba to

An old maid is so much afraid of robbers that she strews pepper under the bed every time she retires for the night. When questioned on the sub ject, she said:

Any scamp attempting to hide there will betray himself through having to sneeze. - Avondpost.

There is a beautiful shade of crimson used in preparing confectionery which is generally supposed to be foreign coloring matter, whereas it is simply sugar berd-ened at a certain stage of cooking. TRYING A MOTHER'S LOVE

Mrs. Flannery Was Sure That "The Two B'yes Is Aquil" in Her Heart.

Mrs. Flannery is a very estimable and industrious washerwoman, a widow, who keeps house for her two grown sons in two neat rooms in a basement. One son, Peter, is a hard working young mason; the other, Joey, is a Jack-of-all-trades and a ne'er-do-weel, but is popularly supposed to be his mother's favorite. This supposition Mrs. Flannery indignantly resents. "I wouldn't be that mean," she says. "The two b'yes is ayquil in me heart, an iver will be. Nevertheless, when the probability of war with Chili was being discussed in a family where she was attending to the Monday's wash, Mrs. Flannery was observed to be listening with a degree of attention which implied long, an many castles in the air are built some personal interest in the outcome; and this is her own explanation, in response to a question from the lady of the house.

"Ye see, ma'am, if there's war, my Joey, he says he'll go. He come to breakfast the ither morning, an he tuk up the paper-bad luck to it-an says he. 'What's this?' says he. 'Arrah, but I'm thinkin it's a bit of a him. war there's goin to be!

"'Jo-ay " says I, settin down the taypot an lookin at him. 'Jo-ay!' says 1, 'ye wouldn't be afther laveing your coor old mother to go to no war * w would you! says I.

that's what I would,' says a. it's foine I'd look in a unian excuse for the young fellers havin a form, as ye know.' An faith, an he would that. But I couldn't bear to think of him goin to fight havthens apron to me eve an a bit of a tinder sniffle like, for the b'ye has a soft heart, an I thought best to begin with him aisy.

'Joay!' says I, don't ye go an lave me alone with me gray hairs an me sorrer now-don't ye!' " 'Sure ye wouldn't be alone, moth-

er, sthruck in Peter; an 'Peter, says I, 'hould yer whisht; who's a-talkin to you? Joay ! says I. 'I'll take care of you, mother, says Peter; 'don't you fret. An its

a foine sodger Joey'll make. An maybe he'll come back an officer. Sure, I wish it was me was goin!" 'Go along wid ye, thin,' says I.

sthriped trousies an a sodger cap, public affair-does it? ain't it now! Jo-ay! says I, 'will ye stay at home fer your old mother, or will ye break her heart entirely? "But Joey he laughs an he laughs

an he says he'll go; an that's just the bad luck o' the Flannerys. There's Peter as steady as the Rock of Cashel, an safe to be trusted with a gun if has a black eye every month and always in trouble, an it's him must run loose among powder an bullets an be kilt as a matther av course. Ar rah, well, I've done my part; I've

told 'em what I think. " 'Peter.' says I, 'ye're a b'ye of hearty kiss upon her rosy lips. You'd judgment an if ye want to go an be ye.

'An Peter an Joey they look a each other an they laugh an they laugh. An I says, 'Aint ye ashamed. ye heartless b'yes, to mock me in me throublei

"An Joey, he says, 'Don't ye cry mother, don't ye! I'll stay-if there

aint any war! "An I shook me fist at the laughin rascal, an says I, 'Jo-ay!' "-Youth's

Companion.

Chinese Importations. The report of the maritime customs of the Chinese empire for 1890 shows that the importations amounted to 127,093,481 taels, an increase of 14 per cent. over the preceding year. The exportations, on the contrary, have fallen from 96,947,832 taels in 1889 to 87,144,480 in 1890. This diminution is due to the active competition of Ceylon and India in the tea trade. The importation of rice was considerable; that of opium was in-

per cent. The exportation of tea amounted to 1,665,396 piculs, as opposed to 1,877,331 in 1889, and the value of the silk was 30,255,905 taels, against 36,401,967 taels in 1889. The entire customs receipts for 1890 were 21,-996,226 taels. A tael is equivalent to seventy-five cents.-Philadelphia Ledger.

Skill in Sawing Mahogany.

creased 1 per cent., and of cotton 25

It has been found that mahogany should not be sawed thinner than twenty-six to the inch, though occasionally it is sawed thirty to the inch. The process of sawing twenty-six to the inch is as nice a one as can well be imagined. It is a species of surgery that requires a keen instru-

ment, an experienced hand and an intelligent mind. A log worth \$125 boy could recognize it. in bulk may be sawed so that it shall "Cause you're the one what no one sell for five times that sum, or so that it shall be worth not more than

fifty dollars.-New York Sun. "Have you any K., T. & O.?" shouted a broker through the telephone to a friend. another broker.

"What?" was the answer. "K., T. & O.F "What's that?" "Stock, man," naming it in full. What do you think it is?

"Say, but this is a grocery here," the answer. "Oh, sugar!" cried the broker, disrusted at getting the wrong connection. "Why, yes," yelled the other man. "Lots of it. What kind do you want?" -New York Tribune.

Newspaper Reporter (to president of company)-Has your company taken steps to pay its taxes? President-Why certainly, sir. have made two protests against the constitutionality of the law .- Texas Sift-

The Tax Question.

POET RILEY'S FIRST LECTURE.

Compelled to Print His Own Posters and

to Admit the Audience Free. "James Whitcomb Riley never will forget his first experience as a platform said the lion keeper. "He was born lecturer," remarked an old Hoosier at the in captivity at Barnum's headquar-Grand Pacific the other day. "It was a ters in Bridgeport, Conn., and he'll good many years ago. Jimmy was eking let even a stranger scratch him beout an existence as a painter at that time, and when times were dull and he was out of a job he spent his leisure moments in stringing together verses. Some of these were so good, in his own estimation at least, that he sometimes recited them at little gatherings about the neighborhood.

"But, unknown even to his friends, the embryo poet had rather lofty aspirations and burned to launch out as a public entertainer. So he began quietly casting for an eligible opportunity to 'try it on the dog. "He was poor then-poor is no name

debt, and though he worked hard never seemed to have any money or a fair prospect of getting any. It will readlly be seen that it was not an easy matter for Riley to realize his hopes under such circumstances. At last, however, he raised a little money on a job of painting and with it invaded a neighboring hamlet, where his fame had not preceded

"After considerable red tape he se cured the privilege of using the school house for his entertainment. In fact, the school house was the only available place in the village for such a gathering. Then he hung up a lot of posters announcing that James Whitcomb Riley, the Hoosier poet, would give one of his unique and inimitable entertainments at the Hamtown school house on the following Saturday night. These posters were blank paper, decorated with charan savages, an so I told him, with me coal instead of printers' ink, and Riley spent one whole day in printing them.

"At the last moment, however, a perfect deluge of cold water was thrown over the young poet's aspirations by an unexpected announcement from the Hamtown school board. On the afternoon of the eventful day the president of the board waited on Riley, who was nervously pacing his room at the little excuse for a hotel, and informed him that by an agreement entered into when the school building was erected no entertainments were to be given in it unless they were of a public character. "'But mine is to be a public enter

tainment,' insisted Mr. Riley. "'Oh, no, it isn't,' asserted the town dignitary. 'You are going to charge an It's beautiful ye'd be lookin in admission fee. That doesn't look like a

"'It isn't a free entertainment, to be sure; but it is certainly to be public,' maintained the poet.

" Not as we understand the term, said the official. 'In short, the only way you can go on with the show is to throw the doors open.

"Here was a pretty state of affairs, but the question must be settled at once, iver a b'ye was, an it's him will stay and Riley promptly accepted the horn at home when he might go for a of the dilemma nearest him, and said word if he wanted. An there's Joey that the entertainment should be given at all hazards and that no admission fee would be charged."-Chicago Mail.

The Monkey Puzzle Tree.

At a meeting of the Royal Botanic so ciety Dr. R. C. A. Prior presented ripe seeds of Arancaria imbricata, the monkey puzzle tree of Chili, collected from a large tree growing in the open air at horse had not a trooper rushed forward hearty his upon her rosy nps. You depend and catching him in his arms lifted him ordeve seen the deacon's face at that shot ye may go, and it's not your Corsham, Wilts. He mentioned that in minit. It was a picture of astonishment mother will object, for you've always England the plant, though common, seldeserved well of her. But Joey, dom ripens its seeds. It was first introsays I, 'ye will stay with me, so ye duced here 100 years ago by Mr. Menwill, me darlin, for I'd die widout ries, a Scotch botanist, who accompanied Vancouver's expedition in search of a passage between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. In returning from their attempt they put in at Valparaiso and were hospitably entertained by the vice-

roy of Chili. While dessert was on the table Men zies observed some nuts he had not seen before. Instead of eating his share he saved them, and taking a box of soil back with him on board ship succeeded in raising five plants, which he brought to England, and these formed a stock from which most of the large trees now growing in various parts of England have originated.—Philadelphia Ledger.

As the waste in animal food in thos who lead indolent lives is carried off by the kidneys, it is very desirable that they should be kept well flushed with plenty of water, for pure water is to the kidneys what fresh air is to the lungs and taken in the early morning, prefer ably as hot as it can be sipped, it washes away the unhealthy secretions that have accumulated in the stomach during the night, and stimulates it to healthy action, and then, passing on through the system till it reaches the kidneys, carries away by their aid the uric acid, gout poison and other impurities that should have no fixed habitation in the body at all, and would not have if the sufferer were properly dieted for even two or three weeks each year.-Gentleman's Magazine.

How the Boy Knew. Here is a telephone reply which may or may not have pleased one of the

speakers: "la Mr. K -- in?" asked a man afte he had "got" the other man-only it was an office boy.

"No, he isn't in, Mr. W-," was the answer in a thin but clear voice. "How do you know it is Mr. Wasked the other, who may have been

pleased to think that he had such a good "telephone voice" that even an office

can ever understand," came back the prompt reply.-New York Tribune.

The high state officials and the rich people of Egypt have a peculiar aversion to riding the horse, their favorite mount being a species of white ass, which is held as being a semisacred animal. Fine specimens of these snow white creatures are seldom sold for what would be less than \$1,000 in United States currency.-St. Louis Republic.

There are barbers in India whose touch is so light that they can shave late in the pores.- New York Jour you while asleep. There are men in nal. this country who can skin you before you find it out, while you are wide awake. - Ram's Horn.

He (fishing for loving

tions) - My angel, 1 do not believe l am worthy to be your husband. She (thoughtfully) - That's what my mother says-

CARESSES TO BE AVOIDED.

Visitor to the Lion Learns Some Things He Did Not Know Before. Yes, he's a friendly old chap,'

hind the ears

The stranger tried the experiment cautiously, and the lion seemed pleased.

"Now, he'll lick your hand for thanks, if you like," added the keeper. "Don't be afraid; his teeth are nearly all gone, anyway." The stranger put his hand through

the bars again, and at the keeper's word of command the well trained lion gave it a gentle lick with his "Wow! Great Scott!" exclaimed for it. In fact, he was generally in the owner of the hand, as he jerked it out and looked at it ruefully. If a

piece of sandpaper had been applied

to it vigorously it would have looked and felt about the same. "Lost his teeth, did you say? His tongue is covered with them." "Well," said the keeper, with good natured grin at the success of his practical joke, "you're just about right. A lion's tongue is covered with strong horny little hooks-pappillæ is the scientific name for them and they all point backward.

with a sharp knife." "I suppose you have to feed a lion as old as this one on what the others would regard as dainties?" said the

When he licks hard he can scrape the

meat and cartilage off the bones of

"No," answered the keeper, "as a general thing a lion won't eat at all or he'll eat anything in the fresh meat line. The whole cat tribe has a low sense of taste. You have often seen a cat lick herself, haven't you' She gets handfuls of hair in her mouth without minding it at all. Consider what discomfort one hair produces in the mouth of a human being whose sense of taste is deli cate.

well worn down," said the visitor, "I suppose by constant use on the floor and walls of his cage." "He has one claw not worn down

"This old fellow's claws are pretty

at all," answered the keeper, "but I'll bet you can't detect it. The visitor looked at all the pawe and could see nothing but well worn

claws. "Where is it?" he asked.

"At the end of the tail," said the keeper. "Oh, now," remarked the visitor, "no more jokes on me today, thank

you. The keeper put his hand betwee the bars, caught the patient ex-mon arch of the forest by the tail and showed the visitor a sort of horny hook concealed among the long hairs at the end of it. "What use it serves there," he added, "naturalists don't know, I believe. Some say he uses it to lash himself into a rage. Next time you look at any books on Nine veh, notice how the old Assyrians exaggerated this hook on the tails of lions carved upon their funny old marbles."-New York Tribune.

Curing an Otter Skin.

A full grown sea otter is from four to five feet long and perhaps a foot or more wide. When a hunter se cures one he loosens the hide from the nose and head and, without cutting it lengthwise at all, he pulls the skin down over the body, the hide being so elastic that this is not a dif ficult job. It is then stretched over a smooth board 64 feet long, 9 inche wide at one end and 10 at the other end. Each end of this board is tapered to a point. Another board exactly the same size is then inserted. and the skin is stretched a foot or eighteen inches longer than its orig

inal length. A third board, half the length of the other, is wedged in and the skin lightly tacked at the ends to hold it in place. If any flesh adheres to the skin it is then cut off, and the hide is cured and dried in this condition In a few days it is taken off of the boards and turned fur side out, when it is ready for market.--Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.

A High Tunnel. A remarkable piece of engineering work is the tunnel of the Parana Oroya railroad through an Andean mountain peak at Galera, Peru. It is at an elevation of 600 feet above the perpetual snow line, and is 3,847 feet long. It is the highest railroad tunnel in the world, and is located in the highest inhabited region in the world. The town of Galera is 15,635 feet above the sea level, nearly 1,500 of Pike's peak.-Philadelphia Ledger.

skin is supposed to be the conversion table it was discovered that the company of the sun's light into heat. The heat numbered but thirteen. Another person thus generated remains in the skin was vainly sought after to break the and does not penetrate to the deeper tissues. Being thus provided with a arose and left the room, thus leaving his sun proof armor, the negro can stand friends in the security of a safe dozen, an amount of heat that would be fatal to a white man and run little or no risk of sunstroke. -St. Louis Republic.

Waterproof Leather,

An Austrian chemist is reported to have solved the problem of waterproofing leather by a cheap and efficient method. He employs a solution of fifteen parts of gelatine and five parts of bichromate of potash dissolved in 1,200 parts of water. Impregnating the leather with this so lution causes the albumen to coagu-

Gold in Brazil.

Brazil, which only a century ago was the richest of gold producing countries, has now ceased to be large ly productive. The total output of the metal from that part of the world from the end of the Sixteenth century until now is estimated at \$700,-000,000.-Washington Star.

HOME AT LAST.

the Had Looked Forward to Her Visit

She was an odd looking little old woman in a skimpy and faded black alpaca dress and a big, old fashioned black straw bonnet with some limp black feathers and faded ribbon on it. But her small and deeply wrinkled old face had a kindly look and her blue eyes were as bright and twinkling as the eyes of a child.

She talked to every person near her on the train and the burden of it all was that she was "going back

home. "Jist think of it," she said in her cracked, childish voice; "it'll be fifty years next May, the 10th day, sence I left my old home in New Hampshire, an I ain't never been back sence, an here when I went away I reckoned sure I'd git back once in four or five years, anyhow, but I ain't never went until now, and it'll be fifty years the 10th day of next May. I was married on the 9th an me an Aaron, he's my husband, started for the west the very next day.

"Aaron said I should come home in two years, but our first baby was born about that time an I couldn't come then, an somehow or other there wan't no time after that when I could come. But I ain't blamin Aaron. He'd been willin fer me to come if I could of got off. Aaron, he's been back twice. It was easier fer him to git away than fer me.

a tough horse quicker than you could "I'll find changes? La me! yes There's skasly any one left that I know, but I've got an own sister an a brother who'll be glad to see me. An the old house I was born in is still standin. I know jist how it looks. Some things'll be jist as natchrel. There don't nobody know how glad I'll be to git back home. I'll be home in the mornin. Here you, Mr. Porter, mind that you git me upairly. But, la me! I ain't likely to oversleep so nigh home."

But she was not awake in the morning when all the other passengers were up and dressed. The porter called her, but there was no response, and one of the ladies in the car parted the curtains of the old lady's berth and stepped back with a frightened look, saying in a whisper: "She is dead!"

She had gone home in the night. Detroit Free Press.

Danger in Smoking Rooms. Remaining in closed rooms in which smoke is sometimes so thick that one cannot see is particularly to be avoided by people who are subject to weakness of the heart, even if they do not smoke. Dr. Vallin has recited before the Society of Medicine three conclusive facts in this respect. One told of a young officer who had given up the use of tobacco three months before, and who was overcome with a suffocation similar to angina after having passed two or three nights in his room where his friends had been

in the habit of coming to smoke. The case recalls an epidemic of the same disease observed by Dr. Gelineau among some sailors who were crowded in the hold of a tramp steamer. They were obliged during a storm to cover the hatchways and smoked to excess in order to have something to do. Even those who themselves did not smoke were stricken like the others, for they had inhaled the same poisonous air and subjected themselves to the action of nicotine upon the lungs.-Jules Rochard in Revue des Deux Mondes.

A very convenient mucilage can be made out of onion juice by any one who wishes to use it. A good sized Spanish onion, after being boiled a short time, will yield on being pressed quite a large quantity of very a the-sive fluid. This is used quite extensively in various trades for pasting paper onto tin or zinc, or even glass, and the tenacity with which it holds would surprise any one on making the first attempt. It is the cheapest and best mucilage for such purposes, and answers just as well as many of the more costly and patent cements. Some of the cements sold by street fakirs at ten cents a bottle consist of nothing but onion juice and water, and the bottle and cork cost a great deal more than the contents.-St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The French and Thirteen at Table. Among the French every precaution is taken to avoid the seating of thirteen at a dinner. In many cases the host has been known to dispatch messengers to bring in a fourteenth friend to dispel the supposed fatal charm, when by some inadvertence or accident the original number of invited guests was redu to thirteen.

As an instance of the hold this super feet higher than the hotel on the top atition has on our Gallic friends it is related that several years ago a dinner was given by a fashionable club in New York to the officers of a French frigate lying The function of a negro's black in the harbor. Upon sitting down to the although denying himself a most enjoyable and tempting repast.

Found All Over.

A good illustration of the amount of change brought about by deep sea investigations in our ideas of the dis tribution of the fishes is to be seen in the history of the discoboli. It is now shown that the discoboles, diskbearers, lumpfishes, sucking fishes or sea snails, as they are variously called, are no longer restricted to the Atlantic and Pacific in their northern parts and to the Arctic ocean. - New York Times.

An interesting calculation is made by a French geologist to the effect that, taking into consideration the wear and tear on the solid land by ocean washing, rivers, wind and weather, and leaving out of the calculation volcanie action, the world will in 4,500,000 years be completely under water and no dry land exist at all.—New York Journal.