WHEN I WAS LITTLE.

At alghtfall, by the firelight's cheer, My II the Margarest sits me mear, And begge me tell of things that were When I was little, Just like her.

Ah! little lips, you touch the spring Of sweetest sail remembering: And hearth and heart flash all agions With ruddy thats of long ago. I at my father's threside aft.

Youngest of all who circle it, And beg him tell me what did he When he was little, just like me, -John D. Long.

One Man's Chapter of Archienta

Eleater Chape, an 40-year-old citizen of Wilmington, Del., thus recounts the acci- in the night," said a second man, who took dents of his lifetime: "I was aliding on the crust when a boy and slid over a fonce, runping a stake into me and making a bad tound. Coce, when my mother was making scop, I saw a dipper of what I thought was water and drain three swallows. It proved to be strong lye. My mother melasome tallow and gave it to me, and the ductors and that was all that saved my life. Four times I came near getting drawned, twice breaking through the ice into the river, ence falling from a raft into the mill pond, and once I fell out of a boat into a

"I wasnearly killed twice by being thrown from horses, fell from a loaded team to the frezen ground and was picked up for dead and fell out of a wagon and had a leg caught between the spokes of one of the wheels. Once I was driving a covered wagon when the stanchion bolt came out, let ting the body down. The rein book caught in the forebent tearing a great gosh and when I fell out I struck my head on the axle. Twice I fell 12 feet from a staglag, and once I fell down a trap in a cm tinge house on a pile of boards below and started a rib. I supped on a scythe and cut my foot badly, and a cake of ite fell on my foot and burst open one of my toes; cut my saidle very badly with an as, broke a needle in my heel, which was not removed for two months, and stepped on a tenpenny nail and drove it into my foot, making a but would from which pieces of the shoe and stocking were removed and which had to be cut open and the hone scraped.

"I had a windlass rope break when tress ing up a barrel, and it brokeout two of my I have been blown up once blasting stone and was builty burned three My band was caught in the feed root of a picker. I was bully hurt once with a circular saw and again with a large planer, fell on an 18 inch belt when it was running and on top of a four foot year when that was running; twice have fallen down stairs in the mill, the first time burting my back bully, the second time startthree of my ribs. In the winter of 1851-2 fell over a scale and broke two ribs."

A Hemily on True Love.

"I notice that a young lady has been writing to a periodical that 'Love is not so very difficult to gain, but is very difficult to heep," said Harry Richardson, an author-ky on affairs of the heart, as he led the corrider man into a sunny corper of the Lactode botunds. "Now it is painfully evident that the young apprant for literary Lonors has studied the torms article only. Palse lave to enally got and easier lest, but the genuinarticle in a very rure and evalive bird that sometimes requires years of patient on denver to demesticate. Once got, however it is harder to less than a 'yallar' dog or a dime novel detective. All this pratice change live twing a familie flower, ever rons'y to shrivel up like an unripe angles orn co a ten cont five, is the veriest theoreshine, written by very young people, who imagine themselves in love when they are but oil their feed or troubled with a disgruntled

"True lave is harder to kill than a may peddier. It is a rugged plant that will sand more series than a poor relation. more leadship than a street car male, more giame tions a successful cardidate. It is a spark of the divinity, and however much is may wish for death it can not die. If the little orcher ever gets a square shot et that young fully's heart, and it is hig enough to stop an arrow, she will write differently. The may learn to her sorrow that lave is not a flame that waits upon the judgment, and fluid Lerself loving a man she heart, y despines. For love is not blind, eathe posts have painted him. His eyes are preternatbeen, and be sometimes takes a fiendsh delight in showing us the imper-fections of our idols."—St. Louis Gl. Lo-

Must Surrender the Pass.

One of the New York theater managers was down at the seashere, and while wandering about the hotel plazza ran across a friend, who touched him up for a russ. The manager searched to his taskle pocket and then shook his head. "I'd give you on? willingly, but I didn't bring my cards. don't see how I can do it without them." The deadhead looked blank. Suddenly the manager spoker "I'll tell you what I can do. Instead of using a card I'll just write 'Pass bearer' on your shirt front, and that will got you in all right. Will that do?"

The man assented, and the pass was writ-That evening the deadbead showed up at the theater, and the man at the gate "All right. That's good." Th deadhead passed through the gate and started into the theater. He had only taken a few steps when the gatekeeper called him: back. The man looked surprised. "What's the matter now? Isn't it all right?" The gatekeeper nodded, surrender the pass."-Boston Budget.

How is it that women who are sweet and gentle natural y resort to the greatest extregues when once they turn from the path of rectitude and become flends incarnate! They need not necessarily inunier or steel or reel about in drunken frenzy, but when once they start to talk about some one for whom they have taken a dislike there greens to be no limit to the venero of their round either with fistignffs or hard, sharp words, and the matter would drup there. but women keep up the feml and seem to take pleasure in the fire which their words that family that it is better not to due ion. Limits. For tenient and just judgment if desirous of having her literally torn to pieces by the lash and scourge of a croite-s criticism turn her over to her feminine friends who one day purr and the next day scratch.-Philadelphia Times.

If, as we are told, it is incorrect to speciof a lady's "dress" meaning her skirt and waist only, if her "dress" includes an the garments worn, even shoes and stockings, why of course the same rale must apply to a child a clothing. And yet to spenk of a little boy in a "gown" would call to mind a masquerace in episcopal or maternal gar mencs. Perhaps frock is the alternative. Philipselphia Press.

Herr the Compuss Prints.

Don't say that the compass points to the true north, for it doesn't except to certain Chelsen used to assemble after the performances. The compass points to the magetic north which is at present consider ably west of the north pule. When Lieuten and then unruled across the Pive Picids ant Greely was at Larly Pronklin lay the shelimation of his needle was found to be very great, the needle pointing toward the thagnetic pole in a direction hearly south The 41 note was not a universal favorite, many landamen believe they have. Whenever, -Goldthwaite's Geographical Maga- and the street poets sing that they would ever a planet or large star is seen near the

THE PLEASURES OF TRAVELING.

One of the Many Incidents That Go to Make Life on the Care Pleasant. There was a man at the Wahash depo other afternoon who took a five dollar till out of his vest pocket and spread it out EUGENE CITY, OREGON. on his three and attentively examined it Then he took it over to the window and held it to a pone of glass and examined it still more critically. Then he went back to his sent and said to the man on his right, who had become much interested, together with half a donen others.

Well, they very there has got to be a first time with everybody, but I thought I had traveled far enough to cut my eye-

"Got stuck, ch?" queried the other as be reached for the bill. "Well, you are not so much to blame. That bill is pretty well Yes, fairly well, but feel of it. Does it

feet like a granitas greentask to you?"
"N-a, it doesn't, though I should never have stopped to feel of it. I can see now that it is rougher and course r. They might have possed that off on me

up the lift, "but never by daylight, I should have quetted it at once "Pretty well executed, bu't it?" queried the owner

"I don't think so. The into used were not first class and the printing is bad. I could tell it was queer, even if held out at "Counterfeit, ch?" said the third men.

ga he took the bill in his funds. now, I call that perty well done-posty well done, I'd a' taken that till anywhar "If somebody didn't take 'em fer good,"

said a man with a pair of steel bowed spee ticles on, as he joined the graip, "the counterfeiters confide't make a living. There are plenty of yahose still alive "Are you callin use a yahoo?" demanded the third man.

"The only speaking in a general way. Pd have spotted that bill among a thousand, Just one took at the back is enough for me. Where'd you get it?" "Can't tell;" solemnly replied the owner.

"You ought to be more careful." "Yes, I know,"

"What are you going to do with it?"
"I think I'll try and puss it off on some
one. Let's see if the ticket man will drop

He advanced to the window, bought a ticket for a town fifty miles down the real, and the ticket man pulled in the bill and made change like chain lightning. Twenty people were watching and each drew a long weath and opened his eyes. The owner of the bill coolly preketed the change and ticket and calmly set down and opened a newspaperand began to coad. It was so time before the crowd turnished to the fact that it had been gayed. Toen, one by one, they smaked around or west out for fresh nie. All but one. It was the man who resented being called a value. He went over to the joker with a grin on his face, slapped him on the back in a hearty way and said: "It was a darned good joke, and it's jest sleb adventures as this that make travision around allifeed pleasant to me! Come out and her some temporale?"-Detroit Free

& flores to : Driver to New York.

On the front platform of a Boundway car can be seen an interesting variety of life. Ride down behind some old stager, for instance, who has been on the conte for man; years. Get him to talk. I know one Broad way driver by sight who is a charming conversationist. He is a second edition of the famous Mark Tapley of romanes. No sort of weather and no combitions of travel can ruffle his temper or quell his delightful flow of dry humor. He appears to know every driver and conductor on the line. As they meet be behalfed by them with a smile and a rough and closery substation of some sort. Even the shaggy fellows who drive the gross town lines call out to him or wave a hand of him from their brakes when too for away for word of mouth. His hon which cannot be disturbed by the most obstimute truels driver that ever blocked the

"Oh, yes," said he to me one day, "I know 'ena. They min't half bad. I used to drive stage on this line language. Then I've Lega driving mir ever stage. Now I'm I've been driving our ever sauge. taking lessons on a grip. (Come, time 'er up a little, little The real clumges, lat I'm here. (Hello, old must line's Sally') Sal-

Ip's his glid. 'Seet"

The other can takes a half turn on his brake, and with a broad grin sweeps by:
"Know 'era? Well, I should say? and every inch of this road, you can bet! (All right, now. Harry up there or you won't get no dinner. He thinks he's driving in Kansas City. That fellow's an old timer, but he's been off the line a decentimes. Been our a brake in every city in the country. They always come back here. No place like old New York. See?"

And thus he can on-chatting and chaf-fing and twisting down and letting go and keeping a sharp lookout to the right and left-a sound mind to a sound body and a great big beart throbbing under ail - New York Hernid.

A Mistake In the Telegram.

A most amosing Pourth of July incident occurred on Long Island. A thoughtful popu-sent Lome early on the morning of the Fourth a bound discoveries, which were to be discingued in the evening for the pleasure of the children. He then went to town, and after arriving at the office became troubled become injured by the rockets and emek

ers and firewheels. Accordingly he sent a telegram to his wife which was interpreted by the operator in this way: "Put the Greworks in the garden house and leave at oner,"

The frightened mother saw visions of "Yes, but you must ing about, and concluding that her husband had discovered that the frewerles contained dynamite size heroleally carried them into the garden konse, left her cake in the even and hysterically drugging the trightened ciridren left "at once. She arrived at her husband's office in a fearful state of excitement, which was sup-

mental by her hisband sastonishment and queries as to whether she had lost her reason or what dreadful thing had happened, She told him of the telegrum, and he laughed-hargued long and loud. Then be, tongue. Men would have it out in one the wretch, explained that he had wired

> hause and leave a one." There are now things, as the son reays, in -New York Press

We bear a good deal just now of the latter days of the century. Perhaps a few words about the dawn of the century may get to all egether all timed or unwele It can the hereby for strusp and paper duties. There were about baif a deern newspapers, too dear for the multitude to buy and prenably only intuition, like The Quarterly and fallabar to livings, for the select few to read. There was no tax. Oil lamps enlive med the stree and of the the aters couldes, supposed to se wax, dripped clows the built of puredress clothes. Chrisen was a village separated from Lovino by the "Five Fields" at Paulice and the Footpul's pass, called "Blondy Bridge somewhere where the Court theater now til they numbered about ill or 40 stroop with turcles, blunderbuses and bindgeens enfo-not even the Bank of England.

"Inther mave a guinea."

PHANTOMS OF THE DEEP

Tee Old Time Sailors Gone, but Their Legends Remain.

SPECTRAL SHIPS IN ALL SEAS.

The Flying Dutchman and Dutchman of the Hudson-Piracy and Murder Cause Many Legends-The Irish Coust Legend The Hanging of Midshipman Spencer.

Every reader knows the story of the Ply. ing Dutchman; how old Vanderdecker buffled by sterms while attempting to weather the Cape of Cood Hope, swore he would make it "in spite of God and de-moss if he sailed to all sternity;" how he and his ghostly erew are still beating about in those seas, and how dire misfortune falls on any ship's cress who see his ghostly It is lost a type of many such sto ries. There are similar legends on many coasts, and this one is only most noted be cause it was the first to be employed in rovances of the sea.



THE PHANTON SHIP.

On the Hudson river there is a legend of aspectral bost, manual by Rambout Van Dam, who, after drinking till midnight one Enturday, swere that he would row home although it took him a month of Sundays. He never renched home, but he is heard at night desperately plying his cars, which he is condemned to use till the day of judgment.

The male of a New Bedford whaler, a man of great intelligence, saill tells and firmly believes this grewsome story:

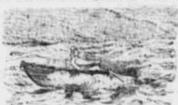
We were off the mouth of the Amazon, with two whales we had killed alongside 1 had the midwarch, a dead calm prevailing when a large, square rigged ship came careening out of the misty darkness with a bone in her to-th. She came swiftly, and I stood by the after companionway inexpable of motion. There was something about the ship that struck me with horror. She passed close to our quarter, with the forms of the crew plainly revealed, and the figure of the captain, an elderly man, scanning or closely through his night glass. Suddenly she rounded to, shorteard sail and disap peared. The man at the wheel had seen it all and was nearly dead with terror.

"In the next watch both whales by some menns broke adrift and were lost stood up the coast, for the whales had sud denly left us, and had got picely to work with a 40 barrel fellow when one of the watch, at 11 o'clock at night, reported big ship close abeam of us. As before it was a dead calm, and the same scone was enacted in presence of the entire crow, cap-tain inclinded. The crew were panic strict en, but the cry of "There she blows the next morning served to rally the men's spirits, and a lout was lowered. Well, that whale stove the heat and killed two men That night the phostly visitor appeared amin Whales followed with sunrisi soats puffed in pursuit, the captain lead They made fast and were run off and have never been beard of slare. It was enjob to bring the old hooker home, but had the specter appeared again there would have been now left to tell the tale."

In 1752 a distressing trajedy occurred Just off Block island, Bloode Island. The Datch vessel Polatice was wrecked. Wreckers laters by setting are to the splintered and strained buil. As she drifted senward with the clib tide the form of a female was seen wreckers. So much to painful truth. But my an "old salt" will tell you with all entousiess that many mariners have since foring spors, and on her deck the wraith of that fourtly murdered woman wringing her for him. bands and calling vainly for help. to 1800 mosther mysterious vessel was often seen off Sundy Book. She made signals of distress and for a priot, but no boat could

ever reach her, so many old seames testify. But the strangest story is that of the week which drifted on the coast of Kerry and was found to be laden with gold and silver, the richest allka and oriental faces. wealth beyond the most gorgeous dreams of the Kerry consters. But when they crowded aboard, in a dead calm, a sudden storm arose and swept the wreck to sea, and every wrecker was drowned. The same wrick appeared at other places on the Irish coast enusing a like calamity, and it is firmly believed to this day that the slip was not of earth, but a phantom of Tires Noog, the land of youth and eternal happi-

That Friday is an unlucky day is a su perstition by no means confined to the sea, at sermen take it in a worse form thou mismen, as they do all superstitions, The noted attempt once unde to destroy this somerstillog only strengthened it and is well remembered by sailors. To demon-



CONDITINED TO HOW POSSEVER.

strate the fallacy of the prejudice a New England shipowner taid the keel of a new ship on a Friday, launched her on a Friday and not a master on bound by the name of Friday. She left port on a Friday and possibly may have been lost on a Friday, or nothing has been heard of the vessel from that above to this

Such is the mysterious influence of the

sea, The wast, sait, dread, sternal deep, that even well educated men whose lives are largely passed an slaphaned are strangely affected by it. Lard Nelson either believed in or for some rosson fastered some superstitions. He milled a horseshoe to the are must of his flagship and guarded it calously. It is well known that Napoleon caparte was very superstitions. Once when he was anxiously awaiting news from Egypt being that a Nile host had run ashore and that the crew had been put to death. This best fore the name of L'Italia. Napoleon was much concerned when he test the rushed from Tagarelli's room beautifuls last piece of news. He looked with a winter face, exclaiming to his upon it as an own that his hopes of an nexing Italy to France were to be shattered Nothing carried induce him to believe the contrary. "My presentiments never do-ceive me," he said; "all is rained. I am

satisfied that my conquest is lost" The presentiment certainly proved true. Patient and laberious search, with minute observations for over 20 years, proves conclosively that changes of the moon have nutbing whatever to do with changes of and and a woman." the westher, yet courly all seamen many landamen believe they have. Whenmoon, or to quete Jack literally. "a big ant,

star a-dogging the moon," with and tempestnous weather is sure to follow. It is roved, however, that a full moon has a idency to clear the sky of light clouds or

as sailors say, to "shoff" them up. The rainbow is ne subject of many an perstitions both on had and sea. The nau-tical proverb concerning the rainbow is well known:

Bainhow at night, sailor's delight; Bainhow in the morning, sailors take warning Seamen look upon a morning rainbow as indicative of more rain or of short, heav; rulus; a night how of coming fair weather. Two or three hows foreshindow pleasant weather presently, but settled bad weather in a few days. When the green color i prencioent, min and esol weather will fol ow, but wind and rain will occur after a rainbow in which rid predominates. A rainbow in the air signifies the next day will be clear. When soon in the distance the minbow means fair weather; when near at hand, bad wenther. For some of these beliefs there is good reason. Of course an evening rainbour shows a clear sky in the west, while a morning rainbow indicates

A filght of birds probably prevented Columbus from discovering this continent for when he was growing anxious Martin Alenzo Pinzon persuaded him to follow a flight of parrots toward the southwest. It vins good luck to follow in the wake of a flock of birds when engaged upon a voyage of discovery-a midespread superstition among Spanish scames of that day-and but for his change of course Columbus would have struck the coast of Florida That would probably have given the pres ent United States a Roman Catholic Span ish population instead of a Protestant English one, a circumstance of immessurable importance. "Never," wrote Humboldt, "had the flight of birds more im portant consequences." In that ewful tragedy which has been so

often "explained," but is still samething of a mystery, the conviction and hanging of Midshipman Spencer and two scamen or the United States brig Somers, the officer to esumend appears to have given much to arrious absurd statements by the spilors. Toose illustrated what may be called the superstition about piracy which for many years seemed to pervade every vessel sailing in the West Indies. Almost invariably the men began to talk about pi rates as soon as they reached those waters and soon began to suspect some of their fellows of intentions to muting; hence three innocent men were hanged.

The phantom ship off Sandy Hook, above erred to, was reperally believed by sea tuen to have been one of those on which the men had nancinfed and murdered the of ficers. An old pilot who saw this and helped send off a boat says: "They re-



THERE WAS NO SIGN OF LIFE ABOUT HER. ported that pull as they would the distance was never lessened, and not a sign of life una discernible on the stranger's deck. The out gave up the task in despair and turned ack, when the ship appeared to have a breeze, but was sailing backward. That was enough for the boys in the yawt. They get back as rapidly as possible, but all night long that strange eraft, without reak of block or flap of canvas, maneuvered around us and only disappeared as the finsh of the coming sun Illuminated the eastern horizon."

Treed By Hounds, Colonel Dent Armstrone, a wealthy tered. "I admire your spunk," he said nurchman, and Lew Mitchell, a grocer of "Most women faint when they see me,"

"I never saw a man yet that I'd faint for," cently. The colonel dismissed the matter from his mind as soon as it was over, but low passengers, who were afraid she would Mitchell brooded upon it and finally reroule short vork of her, terminating their soived to seek summary vengeance. Armto Armstrong's ranch, about seven miles from Ellaworth, and called for the colonel annol the flames, left there to perish by the to come to the door, intending to shoot him

But the colonel's little daughter, stealing around the side of the building to peep at the visitor, ran back and informed her father that a man with a gun was waiting

So put upon his guard, Colonel Armstrong covered his enemy from one of the windows, and Mitchell was forced to dis mount and lay down his gun and revolvers. When this was done and his horse led way, he was informed that if he cared for his life he would have to run for it. The comds on the ranch were then turn loose and set upon him, and with only half a minute's start Mitchell fled for his life toward the timber a quarter of a mile dis-

The dogs overtook him just as he reached the first tree, a small sycamore, but he kicked them off and swing himself out of the way of their anapping laws. Colonel Armstrong then rode to the spot and inbenied Mi chell that he meant to keep him granter there at his pleasure, and calling off half the dogs set the others on guard

Mitchell made several attempts to deseed during the night, but the bounds callied each time with such fury that he was glad to climb lock. In the morning the watching dogs were relieved, the rest of the pack being put on duty in their For two nights and days Mitchell hong in that symmore, not during to sleep lest be fall amid his alert fors and ter tured by lunger and thirst. He was reduced to sucking the dev from the leaves. and to enting them. On the third day the dogs were called oil, and he was set at lib-

A singular story comes from Russia of a young man, known as the "Dying Prophet, who for several months past has died to all appearances, every Saturday and returned to life every Monday. This person, by name Tagarelli, was born at Tiflis, in the Cancasus, and has been bedridden since early childhosel. At the first of these singular phenomena his body was prepared for surfal which was to have taken place on Monday, on which day he returned to like. He declares that he really does die, and is obliged to look upon the book of the recording angel and see on its jures the names of his acquaintances, with the list of their evil deeds and thoughts. These he tells to those of their perpetrators who visit him, and, it

is said, never makes a mistake. Among others who visited him was a newspaper reporter, who went with the reviewer may be unfair, opercilious, offen-avowed purpose of exposing a fraud sive, malignant, mean, but he does not oravoiced purpose of exposing a frand. triemis: "Take me away! I have lived an moor in the day of judgement."-Pub-

A Scientific Part.

A lady asked an astronomer if the moon was inhabited. "Madam." he replied, "I know of one secon to which there is always a man

"Which is that!" "The honey moon." - Jeurnal AmusSHE HAD THREE SEVENS

Black Bart and a Pretty Schoolma'am's Game of Poker.

SHE WON THE ROBBER'S PLUNDER

The Once Famous Mountain Outlaw of Served His Term.

Black Bart rides the mountain reads no more. He served his term at San Quentin and swore to live thereafter an honest life. So far as known be bas kept his oath, but as he is getting old and prosecution for his early offenses is barred he no longer denies many of the robberies imputed to him.

He had little education, but possessed a queer whim for versifying and often left little verses in mail sacks he had robbed. One runs thus:

I'm sorry I spent my time Ripping up this mail.

I didn't find money enough To buy a meal for a quail. A distich of better fortune reads as fol

Such hauls as this are very rare: They soon would make me a millionnire. He had a dash of chivalry, too, and one

story in illustration of it is told in the St.

ouis Globe Democrat as follows: The coach for Nevada was about 25 miles northeast of Sacramento, and the guard by the driver was dozing in the heat of the sun. Inside the couch were seven passen gers, among whom was a young woman bound for Nevada to teach school. She was good looking and plucky. She had been a teacher four years in the mining districts of the west, and she was thoroughly acquainted with the customs of the rough element in the midst of which she lived. The other passengers were business men

and speculators. The coach was passing a huge rocky mole when the noose of a lasso fell over the guard and he was jerked to the ground. At the same instant a voice from the rocks erdered the driver to ston the horses and hold up his hands. The driver obeyed without a protest. The passengers stuck their heads through the coach doors just in time to receive an invitation from the voice among the rocks to step down and line up with their hands over their heads. The or der was promptly obeyed. When they were in line, Black Bart, holding a revolver in one hand and the lasso in the other, stepped out from among the bowlders and came down to where the coach stood.



A DEMARKABLE POWER GAME.

The guard was bound and the passengers relieved of all their light valuables in scarcely more time than it takes to tell it. Then Bart apologized handsomely to the lady for

"Don't worry yourself, Bart. It was no Inconvenience at all."

"You know me?" said Bart inquiringly, "I've heard you described so often that I feel pretty well acquainted with you," replied the schooltracher. The highwayman appeared to feel flat-

replied the woman, to the horror of her fel anger Bart and drive him to some desperate end. A second or two later they were strick en dumb with amazement when she sale "Bart, I'll bet you that I can bent you one deal at stud poker. If I don't, you may kiss me. if I do, you must let this couch

and its passengers go on with their proper ty without further trouble. Will you do it? The proposition staggered Bart for an in stant, but he recovered himself, and laugh ing heartily said: "Waal, miss, you ben any woman I ever came across before. never kiss a woman unless she's willia, but if you want to take them chances I'll play you, but I recken you're givin me the best

of the bargain." The woman intimated that she was really anxious to play for those stakes, and prep arations were made for the game. It was acreed that the driver should deal the cardand Bart insisted that the half dozen passengers should stand up in a row 20 paces away, so that he might detect any attempt | Bre reserted to by conscripts in the effort to at treachery. The teacher scated herself on

knee a short distance from ber. The cards were dealt in the regulation style for stud poker, and Bart's eyes glowed | baffles the examiners. with exultation when the last card was

"Three fives!" he shouted in delight. "You did well, sir," said the teacher but I've got another seven spot here, and of satisfaction that he had heard the re-I believe that three of these are better than your fives." She turned up the "roll" card, and sure enough it was a seven spot. She had got two sevens among the "open" or | barracks.

face up cards. Bart was set back for an instant, but when he realized that he had been fairly They had board of the trick and were on beaten he smiled, and helping the teacher the look out for this remark, and when it to her feet said: "Gentlemen, I've lost a was uttered they made no sign of intellia time, and get what belongs to you out of

Bare retained their fiveries. In a few mo-ments the presengers were in the coach and classes. were going up the trail with a dash.

for \$1,000. The firave woman still lives in load means. As he passes through it the a prosperous Nevada town, where she be-officer says: me the wife of a prominent lawyer. The Pummeling Age of Criticism. When Tennyson put forth his youthful

volume of "Poems, Chiefly Lyrica it had to run the gantlet of a kind of criticism now happily extinct. The practitioners of the ungentle craft are still too often sdepts in the art of giving pain, and envy, hatred and all uncharitableness wear the mask of a real for good literature. But the slashing article is no longer in vogue. The dinarily nowadays call his victim an ass or en idiot and attimate that he has an addle bead and a rorsen beart. Such little endurments were quite en

regle in the days of the "Blackwood's wite" and he carly years of "Fraser's." The glee, he abartha, with which Wilson and Lockbart and Maginn poured out ridicule on a cockney or a Whig, their uprearious contempt, the names that they called him, the blackguardly epithets that they applied to him the personalities of their attack-these are inturies that no reputable review can now afford. And yet Christopher North was not an unkindly man, though he loved, as Carlyle said of him, to "give kicks "-IL A. Burs in Contury.

HEROIC FIREMEN.

A Story of Heroisin That Ought to Bo Made Historic. Heroism like that displayed by the Chicago firemen at the recent burning of the cold storage warchouse in the World's fair

grounds deserves to be made historic. One cannot read of it without a thrill of mingled admiration and sorrow, and it almost reconciles a man to death to know that men can face the king of terrorsso bravely.

There is no need to recount the particulars of the fire. The nation knows them. California and Nevada Is a Quiet Old But the heroic conduct of the firemen Man New-His Chivalry and Poetry-He should be embalmed among the precious reason that wasty made clothing can being memories of the generations of men. It is thus described in the Chicago Herald by an eyewitness:

A score or more of men had clambered up the winding stairs of the tower to the top balcony, where 150 feet above the earth the vellow flames were curling about the cupola. Suddenly the fire burst through the white sides of the tower midway its height. The treacherous element had ent-



THE COLD STORAGE WARRISOUSE.

en its way down the wooden siding between the iron chimney and the staff exterior until the men on the balcony were cut off. A shout from the assembled thousands told them of their danger. They had been watching the flames above them and discovered those below only when it was too

Chief Murphy himself had led his men on their perilous climb to the balcony, and when the fire broke out below he ordered them to save themselves. They could not go down as they had come up, for the interior of the tower was a roaring crater. The heavy ladders could not be drawn to the roof in time to save them. They rushed to the south side of the balcony and swarmed down the line of hose. Five men slipped down the smoking tube, and then it gave

way. The columness of despair settled on the men still in the balcony. To remain where they were meant cremation; to jump meant to be dashed to pieces. Over, under and all about them surged the bellish fire. Not a man lost his head. None shrank back, None cried out. When every vestige of hope was gone, one by one they dropped through the sea of flames that surrounded them to the roof below. Sixteen men ming if one would have any time left for jumped from the burning balcony, and as that sort of literature which is so prethe last one sprang out the tower, completely enveloped in flames, tottered and fell with a crush.

But the horror did not end here. Three minutes after the fall of the tower the en-tire roof was ablaze. One hundred men vere on it. The only way of escape was down a single ladder at the north end of the building. The deeds of heroism, of self acrifice and courage performed in the few minutes that it took to clear the roof will never all be told. The ablebodied men rushed to save their helpless fellows who lay about with craelly broken bodies, the result of the leap from the tower. Every one who was not buried in the burning debris was lowered to the ground by ropes or in strong arms. Then the blistered beroes sought the north ladder. About putting her to so much inconvenience. She them surged the fire. Flames curled around their legs, stabbed at their faces and lighted off their mustaches and cycbrows. here, as in the tower, there was no outery, no struggle for precedence, no cowardice. They took their turns, and one man who wore a white helmet stepped back and mo-loned for a fireman to go before him. Then the man with the white belinet stooped

> ont on his feet. He was Fire Marshal Murphy, and from that moment he was a marked man in the cycs of the thousands who crowded about the burning building. Next the crowd saw the man with a whiteselmet climbing a ladder on the east side of the building. Then a fireman sprang up the ladder. Another and another followed,

> down and seizing the hose that daughed

from the edge of the roof went whitzing

down its length and landed as lightly as a

antil four were going hand over hand after the man with the white belief. The white beimet disappeared over the edge of the roof along with two black ones. When they reappeared, their wearers were struggling beneath a limp burden. It was the body of Captain Fitzpatrick in the arts of Fire Marshal Murphy, Captain Kennedy and Fireman Hans Relifelds. They stood a trio of heroes outlined against a background of fire.

Pretended Deaf Men. In the countries of Europe to which the nilitary conscription exists many tricks escape service. Often men have been known a mailpouch that Bart drugged out for to muriate themselves, as by cutting off a that purpose, and with his rifle resting forefinger, is order to render them unfit for across his lap he settled himself on one the service. Pretended inability to see is exposed by the surgeons without great diffleulty, but pretended dealness sometimes

A counter trick on the part of the officers thrown to him, face up as the rule is— was for some time effective against this "You'll lose the kiss," he said, "for here's fraud. The recruiting officer, after ac nanother five. He turned up the first cast, script had pretended to be deaf, remarked which was also a five, and showed another. In an ordinary tone of voice, "You are un-In an ordinary tone of voice, "You are unfa for the service; you are free." In many e sex the recruit showed by evident signs

> He was then recalled, told that he had been detected in his frund and sent to the

After a time, however, the conseripts be ame too wary to be caught in this trap, mighty big stake. Come up here, one at gence. Lately the French officers have invented a new "trap," the success of which is a curious illustration of the ingrained The passengers joyfully obeyed the order. | courtiesy, or at least the assumption of

After the "You are free" has failed to ex-When the story of the schoolteacher's cite any sign of understanding in the replack was told at Nevada City, the citi ensecutive face, the command to "go" is presented her with a handsome gold watch, shouted at hirs. He starts out of the room, and the express company gave her a check the door of which is held open by mechan-

You might at least that the door! This little unjust impeachment of the nan's politeness is said to 9 cases out of 10 of pretended deafness to result in a quick turning of the man's head. He is ther alled back and told that he has been found fit for the service .- New York World.

London Stridges and Their Cost. From evidence taken before the commit-

tee on the metropolitan bridges it seems that Southwark bridge, with its approuches cost good,000 Before the ng of the new Landon bridge in 1811 the come of this bridge was as much as 27, 000 annually. Waterloo bridge cost, its approaches, \$107,301 Hs. 4d. Old Battersea bridge lasted over 100 years. Its original cost seems of to be known.

Old Putney bridge, will in 1729, cost about £20,000, the capital consisting of 30 shares of £1,000 each. Hammersmith ore, built in 1904, cost gat, con ce is a private one, and its cost is not stated. It was bought by a person some years ago for £30,700, subject to an annuity of £330 on a life of 70.

Richmond bridge was built in 1774 at a that on returning to the surface trees, for cost of 200,000. Kingston bridge was built suals and human beings have strong had about 60 years ago and cost 645,000.—Low widness odors, not previously natural.

SKIMMING BOOKS.

Few Books Have More Than One Idea That Is Worth Finding Out.

The increasing mass of matter which a erson of any pretentions to cultury man at least skim over makes it very men that the lighter part of our reading shops be systematized as far as is practicald great many periodicals have spring as which aspire to do this Ork for an over erowded public of distracted toulers, and it must be confessed that they failld our functions admirably until you are had nough to take two of them.

A vicarious selection of reading manage A vicarious scientific of the sine cannot be wholly successful, for the sine be supremely elegant. There must be some allowance myle for the variation of the individual. If you read in the wake or the professional critic, the hest you can or is to find one who differs from you the least in taste and mental constitution The mind which would thrite on a did prescribed by Mr. Andrew Lang work starve on one selected by Mr. Howein and, possibly, vice versa.

There is one comfort-that is, the may one reads of contemporary literature the less he has to read. Very few of our street people have more than an idea or two year, and when the seasoned reader picks up a fresh book or article by a familia author it will not take him loay to get u the gist of the matter and see which ly the annual new Mea and which are throil ones warmed over. This implies on us proach to the writer-he is very forticusts to have a whole idea a year -would that all of us had! It only shows that the great mass of current literature need not frighter us too much. It is like the tail of a count -immense in extent, but if necessiry my can dash through it at a tremenious rate of speed.

Bacon's classification of books into these which are to be tested, those which are to he swallowed and those which are to be chewed and digested, is still truer thus when he made it, except that in the light of modern medical science we would is out that middle class of things to be swal lowed and not digested. The hints of drapepsia are too harrowing, and, moreons, the figure is better without it if it is to be applied to the needs of us moderns. With books, as with wines and cheeses and many other things, we do well totate

the new for its promise and swallow the old for its stimulant and untiltier value If an old book is worth reading at all a is worth reading well. But it takes lossed courage to read an old book in three days, when it is in such bad taste to talk about it after it is read. Perhaps the happiest render is the cos who reads new books as a business and do

pends for his pleasure upon those which have been new for years with the freshman of eternal youth. It implies a very marked talent for skineminently its own reward, but this remnent of leisure is not impossible semin these days, when the yearly catalogues of the publishers are formidable volumes. The entire lack of the faculty for reality light literature lightly is a punishment which the gods might have invented for some obdurate mortal of literary taste, for

what could be worse than to b

forever to the perpetual reading of plat

tudes!-Kate Field's Washington. Three Future History Stole Grapes. In the course of an interview Cardini Manuing, a short time before his death, ra ferred to his boyhood days as follows "Well, if you want me to talk someone ! will say that it is a long way lack to m membes, for I am eighty three, but I spotmy childhood at Totterldge. A loy a Coombe bank, Christopher Wadsonga, late bishop of Lincoln, as I Charles Wals worth, bishop of St. Amiron's, were ny playfellows. I frankly admit I was very

mischievous. The two Wadsworths and I consist the wicked intention of robbing the very The door was always kept locked and there was nothing for it but it cost through the roof. There was a dust party that day, but there were no graps. This is probably the only case on room where three Inture bishaps were guilty larceny. Were we panished? No weren discreet. We gave ourselves up and sin

forgiven."-Strand Magazine.

The late Colonel Barnaby tells in thit when a Turcoman belle is to be settled in life the whole tribe turns out, and the young lady being allowed the choice of horses, gallops away from her values. She avoids those she dislikes and scelatathor herself in the way of the object of her alcotions. The moment she is caught she becomes the wife of her captor, who, dirpensing with further ceremony, takes let

The bride race is also an established custom among the Kalmucks, and the girls are such excellent horsewomen that er are told, it would be impossible to eath

one against her will. - London Stanlarl.

Sugar in Tea. Real tea lovers take their tea unsugard and uncreamed. Pew indeed normality are such vandals as to take the later "trimming," though many still incline to the sweetening part. As a somewhat remantic young man puts it, "Part of the poetry of ten drinking is the fuscinating ment when the pretty woman chal is her dainty ten gown, pauses, our in cen hand and tongs daintily poised everituith the other, and looking up into your fact with a most engaging expression murs softly. One or two lumps: "-Set

York Times. Pineness of Platinum Wire. There are fine woven wire gauss and cleth, some of which are made with a many as 40,000 meshes to the square ich. The more delicate classes of wires tal application in scientific instruments. Saint are these that it is difficult to get then measured, but the task has been accomplished, and platinum wire has been drawn to 1-7,000 of an inch and to even greater fineness. - Mechanical News.

The Moon Has No Effect on Langtles Superintendents of asylums and experts insanity say there are no grounds for the belief that the moon affects the mind of the insane, notwithstanding the term litracy was applied to such cases because of the supposed lunar influence. Itistrate however, that in many instances the Pa tients have lead spells about once a month
-Patasburg Commercial Gazette.

Telegraphic Pigares.

The length of conducting wires lable England for public telegraphic purpose is 174 and only is 174,633 miles, and the number ments is 13,740. In London 5,750 Great Britain On ton 1000 messages ur ceived in 1800, Speech has been tained with perfect clearness by telephane between London and Paris, a distance of \$11 miles. - Now York Telegram. Prettier Than the General Imitation pearls are now made po-

than the genuine. The scales of a little fish that swims the Mediterranean are pulveries In dust and the most lum tion of the powder saved. This of dust is then spread on the lover saids little glass spheres, and your pend is no.
The pearls made by this process are you
prettier than the presinct of the cystat. Effect of Visiting the Mammath Care.

It has been noted that the effect of side ing the Manameth cave is to rest and simthate the olfactory nerves to such a degree that on returning to the surface trees, and