SECONSESSIONS SECOND SE *ATHE = SLOOP = CUP.K

up to 3 o'clock, all the wind its sails could find.

registered at the Yacht Club. before the heavy wind under full

Hello! that's Thorne's boat now, first; look at the big topsail he's got ready."

she's been made over for this race. I you, it'll take hot work for even 'Fleetwing' to beat her now." wonder what Dave 'll say when he es that his beloved rival is here," lere comes Dave now.'

Whoop! Hello! Heard the news?" rly down the wharf.

What's the row?" asked the new-"Anything fatal happened the last ten minutes?"

Thorne's here with a new set of sails eye on the luff of the sail, his breath the 'Conqueror,' " blurted out Joe, coming short and hard, every thought a never could keep anything long. Thornel" interrupted Dave, a black on his good-natured face. "So he's e after all." Hasn't he, though; it will take you

ttlest sailing to show him your If I decide to race him," answere

slowly watching the boat as it indled oceanward. onsense, Davle!" "The idea, old "Goodness sake, man, you

uldn't drop out for that," argued ery one at once while Joe, who was ye's particular chum, and dared anyng added: "Then you'll let Thorne e the cup? Your two are the fastest its in the class." ave said nothing, but his mouth narred to the long, thin line the boys

ew so well. ver since the two had been old

and open distrust. I'd rather have him take the cup a think I wanted it bad enough to and was piling up the waves so that the "crew" who lay for ballast along him for it," said Dave, shortly. Oh, fudge, then he'll think you're the starboard rall caught a glimpse now

want to do is to go in and beat him ing else. way home,'

Dave prayed for a catspaw breeze, th better luck, unhappily for Dave. I'm afraid we're going to get more this," said Joe Scott, anxiously, as he the trough of the waves.

'pudding stone reef' in this choppy

If we can make the first leg on this eze, I'll have the wind behind me on next, and it's only a short beat home in the second buoy," answered Dave, th a sort of nervous quietness. urry up there, Joe, I never saw you e so long."

Here, belay that, and stop your fuss-"retorted Joe, throwing down a e. "You can't race this race alone; "You can't race this race alone; eard Thorne saying that as this wind uld hold there was no hurry about

the hard look on Dave's face deepenas he went on with his work. So by were the two boys in talking that Ease her off, Bob; there she comes, now ey did not hear their names called by then, that's it. There's no hurry, Har-

Thorne isn't going to have an easy e taking care of that topsail of his."

narked Joe, looking up from the halrd he was hauling in. Say, Joe, let Thorne take care of aself; we've got all we can do to about he saw the "Conqueror" headed

age right here; just run forrard home, but with the pudding stone spinkeep her off the pier, will you?" die on the wrong side, and he said in a wered Dave, in a tone that made puzzled way: "Do look at Thorne, will mate lift his eyebrows and whistle you; isn't he inside the mark?"

man." he said to himself, as Dave we've seen him cheating." pped out orders to the boys as they y had been waiting.

ave was in a fighting mood. ndward at the starting line. "Joe." "Coward!" groaned Dave. ordered quickly, "I'm going to gybe one after another the boats slid over queror" crossed the line. line, "Conqueror" and "Fleetwing"

RONESSENDIESSESMONSSESSENDR HERE were only the lee rall sank under water and the two days remain white sails, swelling like a swan's before the Bay breast, strained in vain to keep ahead head regatta, and of the black-hulled boat that was using

Thursday after- Joe looked at the long ripple of water noon the one rival swirling continuously over the rail and to Dave Garrison's shook his head, "It's not our fault, Da-"Fleetwing," that vie, we can't run against the weather. every one wanted old fellow," he said, gently, knowing to see, had not yet his captain's thoughts.

They were all silent as the bigger boat tore along beside them, the sea aturally the bunch of fellows loung- snoring heavily under her prow like the on the pler head Friday morning deep laugh of a sea creature. It would larly criticising the regatta fleet mean so much to win that race. Both swong at anchor, burst into inter- boys felt that more depended on it than d comment as a long slim boat slid they had thought-whoever won the them down the harbor and stood cup won something else with it. And somehow Dave couldn't help feeling that Thorne would do anything rather

than be defeated. "Just see if he doesn't tit?" exclaimed Joe Scott, dropping do something queer before this is over," his seat on the rail and hurrying he thought as they swept on over the to the other side of the pier, with rolling, windy sea. "Just wait, though, boys at his heels. "Yes, there's her until I get around that first buoy with "Conquerer.' She must have the wind behind me. I've a chance e in last night. I didn't know her yet, and it's changing to the east al-

Poor Dave, not a great chance. Even after they had started on that long second leg, where he had trusted to do so much, luck was against him. The northeast wind was as fierce as ever, and still the "Conqueror" gained. Dave would not look at her. He stared flerce the heavy brake been soaked the line ly at the great curving sails above him, ed the half dozen voices that had swollen and stiff with wind, the mast disputing as a white hat came creaking and straining as the little vessel staggered bravely on under her heavy load. Dave's nails were white er, calmly taking a seat on the rail with the grip of his hands on the wheel, And the "Conqueror's" tiller never

wavered in Thorne's hard grasp. -His



A FAINT CRY CAME TO THORNE.

hurled forward with his flying bont, he was making up for the failure of last year-he would win this time beyond doubt or disbellef. Already the tide in ugh to have boats, there had been a the "pudding stones" was shouting vicdry growing up between them, slow- tory in his ears. He laughed to it, and changing their friendship to enmity, a voice came crying back. Thorne lookending the year before in accusa- ed around. He wondered if any of the other boys had heard it.

The wind had veered into the cast ald of him," laughed Joe, throwing and then of the "Fleetwing" staggering arm over Dave's shoulder. "What on behind. They saw and heard noth-

an out of his boots; take a little more last if it's too windy and show him like the voice in the ripple of water. He bent and looked under the boom Maybe," answered the other, a far- Something was dancing toward the faay look in his quiet blue eyes. "I tal current round the "pudding stones." pose it is the only fair thing to do," Dancing like a thoughtless child. A said to himself as he walked home. wave lifted it nearer. It was a skiff etter race and have it over. I only and a bit of white stuff fluttered from be this wind will shift before to- the bow. Well, many boats came out to trow." And he glanced toward the sea, why should Thorne notice this. thwest, whence a merry gale piped Yes, many boats came—but not so far -not skiffs-not with something white for with all her virtues the "Fleet-ig" could not make time in a stiff eze. She could beat anything in a cries for help-for "mamma" and at southwester with Dave at the "papa." But why should Thorne stop m, for no man could sail a boat as to help. Dave was close behind him, so close that if he changed his course lidney Thorne knew Dave's skill and now enough to rescue the little skiff, he "Fleetwing's" powers, too, and he would be too late by the time he had ed as earnestly for a "reefing gale" come back and rounded the "pudding stone" buoy on the starboard side. Dave

would have passed him. A wave tossed the little craft on its crest-another, and another, each wave od on the "Fleetwing's" deck Satur- nearer to the whirl of water over the morning and felt the puffy north rocks. Thorne could see the spindle on d that rolled the little sloop heavily the crag standing like a warning finger. It was time to tack out around it and It will be dirty work getting round start on the last leg home. Again came that frightened, sobbing cry, so hopeless and so lost. Thorne looked at his

"I say, Thorne, the 'Fleetwing' seems to be gaining," called little Harley. "We can't be losing now, eh?"

Thorne's hand trembled on the wheel. The rudder swayed. Slowly the shadow of the sail swung round over its captain. With a cry of amazement the boys flung themselves into the lockpit. "What on earth, Thorne; there's the buoy on the port hand---

Thorne nodded to the drifting boat, already circling in the edge of the whirlpool. "Get the boat hook, Harley, quick.

Ease her off, Bob; there she comes, now ddled past them by unskillful little saw them in time." Thank God, we

"Never mind, then, they'll find out who's won," he added, quietly, as a long faint shout from the baffled "Fleetwing" warned them that their course

was seen. For as Joe eased the sheets to go

"By Jove, so he is," shouted Joe an-Funny how mad fighting will make grily. "Call him, boys, let him know

"Never mind, never mind," eried abled on board from the pier where Dave, "wait until we get home, the cheat. We'll settle with him then." Dave's heart swelled as he saw the his boat tugging to get away, and hated black hull, its huge canvas taut, saw the "Conqueror" wiggling along ripping through the rough sea as hind him as Thorne tried to get to though it cared not a stroke for honor.

What a long hour that was. "But the on the windward of Thorne; be ready race is mine," said Dave, "Mine, mine, th the sheet. You fellows ballast her mine." He repeated it over and over, All ready. It's going to be close as he heard the far-off clamor of whislling all the way," he said to himself, ties and bells and horns when the "Con-

The angry blood flooded his cheeks and shook his voice as he touched the seer sailing than he thought even. pier. For even his father and mother spite of the "Fleetwing's" promising were there holding Thorne's hands and and the master hand on her wheel, laughing ecstatically. And his two lit-

tle sisters all wet and tumbled laughing in his mother's arms. Dave could hardly wait to touch the dock, but sprang ashore. "Father, mother, do

you know what he did-" "Oh, Dave, did you see it, too; how can we ever thank him. If it had not been for him, if he had not been there just at that moment, Dick says that he Oh, I can't think of it; such a narrow escape. And Mr. Thorne lost the race,

fellow.

"Not I," laughed Thorne; "It's yours, of course.

So that is why there are two names Ledger.

FIGHT WITH A FISH.

Monster Tuna Landed After a Contest Lasting Four Hours.

Prof. Charles F. Holder, the naturalist and author, describes how he caught what he believes to be the largest tuna ever taken with rod and reel. It was early morning, outside of Avalon Bay, Catalina Island, when he got a strike which threw the heavy flying fish bait which he was trolling far up the line. "Then," says the professor, "the magnificent fish came boiling along the surglers here the 'buck fever.' Fortunately I hooked the fish, and its first rush took about 400 feet of line screaming and hissing from the reel, and had not would have burnt off at once. I succame in on me, with the greatest velo-

"I had managed to reel in the slack, ty feet of the boat it turned and was away again, taking 500 feet of the thread of a line. Again I turned it, and heavy boat a mile out to sea at a rap every open space. id rate. Finally I turned it, and, after

thought we should lose it in the kelp. showing the most remarkable cunning agricultural race. I have ever observed in many years' experience in rod and reel fishing.

rushes, when it gathered its energies miles.

"A heavy sea had picked up and threatened the boat, but this was forgotten, and at the supreme moment my boatman slipped the gaff under the fish a big gaff was booked into it, and, with a cheer, the monster fish was slid into the boat, almost capsizing it.

"The tuna weighed 183 pounds. Its fornia the hardest fighting game fish

Six Senses.

One of the greatest discoveries of ever know. But that our forefathers possessed it there is no doubt, for the remains of that part of the brain in Annapolis. which it resided are still to be seen in any one of us.

These remains are simply a small and now perfectly useless little mass of brain substance, called the "pitultary body." It consists of two tiny little oval lobes joined together, and lying in a little cavity of the skull, strangely named the sella turcica, and situated over and behind the nose.

It is quite possible that it may have dark before lamps and candles were invented, or it may have placed them in communion with ghosts and fair'es, abled them to go home in a bee line val forests.

On the other hand, it is possible that it was a bad substitute for vision or smell or hearing, and died out when the Grant, "what can I do for you?" mproved sense organ developed.

The Dog Began the Trouble. Ole Hanson had trouble with a beltose dog belonging to his neighbor-a him Russian by the name of Havva Drenkovitskey. The Swede shot the dog as friendly to him, and the sequel found him in a justice's court.

When Ole was propounded interrogatories by the attorney for the prosecu tion, be evidenced a sense of justice in framing replies that is rarely witnessed. "What sort of a gun dld you have, Mr. Hanson?" inquired the attorney. "Es var two-hole shotgun," "Don't you think you could have scared bim away?" "Aye might of aye had not sane scare so lak deckens maesal." "Why didn't you take the other end of he gun and scare him away?" "Val, master lawyer, vy dedn' de dog com for mae oder end first ef bae vant to hav mae do det vay vid him vid de gun?"

Some Egg Statistics.

Secretary Wilson, of the National Department of Agriculture, estimates that the annual egg product of the United States amounts to \$50,000,000 dozen. Placed end to end, they would girt the earth twelve times at the equator and still leave enough to eexrefse a proper restraint upon one-night barn-

It Was Only a Cameo "What a beautiful pin, Mrs. Stripes Is it an heirloom?"

"Oh, no; it's just a cameo."

HORRORS OF METEMMEH.

Dervishes Transform the City Into a

The town of Metemmeh stands about mile from the waterway, but the intervening plain presented a most wonderful sight, one of the most wonderful that have crossed my path in four and Mary would have been drowned, campaigns. The dervish army had evidently remained, after the fall of the Jaalins at Metemmeh, encamped It was too late to go back then." for some time in this plain, behind As Dave understood he held out his their chain of intrenchments, and had hand. "You've won the cup," he said, lived on the fat of the land; for this swiftly. "Thorne, I'm mighty glad, old place, and here I am not exaggerating. over an area not less than five square miles, was simply one mass of the refuse of flesh meat-a modern Golgotha. Animals must have been slaughon the sloop cup, instead of one, and tered in thousands with ruthless waste, why it stands on the mantel in the club since even now the sand-driven plain house; it's proudest trophy.-New York is but a mass of animal's skulls and bones. The hides even were not preserved, but are there to this day, rotting in the sun.

We rode across this ghastly stretch to the town itself. In its day Metemmeh must have been one of the most flourishing Arab towns upon the Nile. To-day it is a ghostly catacomb, a veritable city of death. As we rode down A Tragic Romance of the South Sca the deserted streets and passed through the crumbling alleys a feeling of deep depression held us. How could it have been otherwise, for here we were in at face, throwing the foam high in the air, nal ties, its markets, its homesteads stranger story never was told. in a manner that has given some an- and its byres. Now it is a gutted city. given over to desolation, decay and the foul scavengers of the desert.

Fire and sword had done their work. There was not a roof but bore evidences of the invader's fire brand, nor a courtyard but held its complement of ceeded in turning the fish, which then dead. The very domestic animals had From the dry-brick mansion of the and when the fish reached within twen- leading sheikh to the hovel of the meanest fisherman every dwelling bore testimony to the ruthless trageds which had overtaken them. Bleached again it came in at me. Turning once bones lay in heaps in every corner and more, the fish dashed away, towing the sun-dried carcasses fouled the air of

Doorways and alleys showed how superb play on the surface, circling they had rapidly been mudded up, and the boat, it turned and towed us a mile in all the scrub by her riverside houseinshore, so near the rocks that I hold belongings showed how the wretched Jaalin had tried to save their "Here the fish fought me for nearly simple penates by a hurried flight. But three hours, rushing in and out, plung the bones around these caches were ing down into the blue channel, cir only a detail of the one great tragedy elling around, darting away, and then which was almost a successful attempt coming at me from unexpected points, to blot out not a nomad family but an

From the town we went into the des ert to the spot where the dervishes had "At 9:30, after I had played the tuna made their second camp. The introthree hours, I turned it after one of its duction was grewsome enough, for upon a dry sandy knoll we came upon and headed for Avalou, making a sin- the conqueror's gallows. It was but a gle run of six miles, and at just 10:30 crosstree of blackened logs, from which a. m. I stopped it in front of the Hotel a length of rope was still listing to the Metropole, where it gave a wonderful breeze, but at its base were evidences exhibition while surrounded by the of its use in all their creepy details. launches of several friends who came I counted eighteen human skulls, to out to see the finish. The tuna was, so the blenched jawbones of which the far as I could judge, stronger than beards of the victims were still adherever, yet it had towed the boat against ing, while a clean-cut shin bone show the oars of my boatman at least eight ed that mutilation had preceded death. Soudan letter in the London News.

For His Old Friend.

A writer in the New York Herald says that there is now on one of the and it was ours (7)-not yet-the gaff United States battleships a lieutenant, situation, and it is needless to say that

young officer at the military post al Omaha during the period when Grant length was six feet two inches, girth was under a cloud, and no one dreamed four feet, and the catch gives to Call of the immortality that awaited him. The two men had been classmates at West Point.

Early in the war, before Grant achieved distinction, the officer fell on the field. He left a young wife and physiology is that we once had six three babies almost penniless. Bravely senses. What the lost sense was no the widow struggled to raise and eduone knows, and probably no one will cate the children. The eldest was a

Hardly had the boy reached the required age when an accident deprived him of a finger, which, according to the law, deprived him from entering. It was a cruel blow to the doting mother. At the time General Grant was serving his last year as President of the United States. Recalling the warmth of the friendship that had existed between bim and her husband, the widow's

hope rekindled. Reading in a paper that President enabled our forefathers to see in the Grant would sail on a certain day from New York for Newport, she went to the metropolis and boarded the same boat. Then she sent her card to the or it may have been an organ that en President, who responded in person. He was delighted to meet the widow of his when they lost their way in the prime old friend. Together they talked over the old days on the frontier, and the changes war and time had wrought. "And now, my dear Mrs. X.," said

"Much," was the reply. And the mother told her story. Grant listened. "Go home," he said at length, "and leave the boy to me. I will take care of

At the next landing the widow got off the boat and returned to New York. soon as he discovered that he was not Within a month her boy received his appointment, and in due time he quitted the school with honor.

> An Outrageous Slander. The public may not know the good story, which has been a joy for many a long day among musicians, which tells how a celebrated conductor, admired and beloved by every one who knows him, accused his wife, in broken English, of conduct the reverse of admirable (to put it mildly). He was refusing an invitation to an afternoon party for her on the plea of her delicate health; but he evidently got a little mixed during his explanations, for he made the following astounding statement, which was news, indeed, to the world in general: "My wife lies in the afternoon; if she does not lie, then she swindles!" N. B .- "Schwindeln" is the

> Rhododendrons Thirty Feet High. In India the rhododendron grows to a height of thirty feet. Marigolds in North Africa reach a height of four or

> equivalent in German for "feeling

tigate a girl's cooking he means busi-When God is carving our rough block into an angel, we weep over the chips.

Whenever a bachelor begins to inves

NAPOLEON'S ORIGINAL PLAN TO INVADE ENGLAND.



NAPOLEON'S FLOATING FORTRESS, A German historian now comes forward with the remarkable statement that he has discovered Napoleon's original plans for the invasion of England in the year 1708. Just 100 years ago Napoleon decided to tow an army over to England on great floating forts, with large bodies of troops lined up in battle order. then to fight their way ashore and land on the const without resort to lighters. The troops were to march ashore in the order of their regiments, preceded and backed by artillery. This, the German historian says, Bonaparte hoped to ish in the summer season, when the water was calm and the attending circum-

stances favored by wind and weather. It will be remembered that Napoleon has often declared that he would have been as great an admiral as he was a general with half a chance. "But," he added, "the French are useless as sailors. They are too fusay, too excitable. At sea one needs a calm mind, quiet fortitude and energy," Bonaparte's ferries were built in erbourg and Boulogne, but when Napoleon inspected them in the spring

of 1798 his faith in the new-fangled monsters wavered.

He abandoned the proposed invasion of England and Instead started on the expedition to Egypt, from where he hoped to be able to rule the Mediterranean.

QUEEN AGAINST HER WILL.

The schooner Ocean Spray, Capt Luttrell commanding, recently arrived San Francisco from an extended what a few months ago had been a trading cruise in the Southern Pacific. flourishing, busy town, with its com- The Captain bore the news of the death mercial interests, its family and inter. of the Queen of the Muna Islands. A

According to a special dispatch from San Francisco to the New York Herald, many years ago William Young, an English sailor on a little trading schooner that had sailed from an Aus- with palm leaves, preventing her from tralian port, was shipwrecked and cast ashore on one of the Muna Islands. Long struggling had swept away nearbeen slaughtered at their tethers, and by all his clothing, but he managed to these were so screened that she could the infants at their mothers' breasts, cling to a piece of timber until with it



MARGARET OF MUNA. be was thrown up on shore in safety. It was night when he landed on the beach and realized that he was safe. Then he swooned away. The next thing he knew he was on a comfortable cot in a native's cabin, and around him were a number of dusky barbarians who, unaccustomed to seeing a man having a white skin, had taken him for a god and were entertaining him as best they could. In a few days he began to recover sufficiently to appreciate the went to pieces and the fish got away
the story of whose admission to the he enjoyed it. Favors of every description for the story of whose admission is of a tion were bestowed upon him. By the decree of the King a palace was appointed for his habitation, and here he continued to receive the attention of the great chiefs of the islands. In a short time he learned the native language and invented many contrivances to gain and retain the homage of the people. He soon became a favorite on the islands and in time became strongly attached to a young sister of the King. Then followed the marriage of the god and the princess. The union was a happy one, and to the course of time a daughter was born and she was named Margaret. She was a beautiful child, and naturally was the idel of her father. He taught her to read and write

English, and when she had attained years of understanding he sent her to convent school at Samoa. Margaret pursued her studies in the convent about four years, and during that time she fell in love with a handsome young Samoan, who, at the completion of her course, begged for an im mediate marriage. The young lady was agreeable to the marriage, but asked the privilege of returning to her father at her old home before the ceremony should take place. The next trading vessel that salled from Samoa carried her to her old home.

She had only been there a few weeks when the King was taken suddenly ill and shortly afterwards died. When the grief of the nation had subsided wise men and councillors began to look around for a successor. There were several sons and daughters of the deceased monarch living, but according to a peculiar custom of the people the eldest nephew or niece of the late ruler succeeded to the throne. Margaret was the regular and legitimate successor according to this rule. She was well aware of this, and at the first report of the King's fliness had made an effort to get away from the Islands, but there was no vessel by which she could escape. She had promised her young Sa moan chief that in six months she would return and become his wife. Now her prospects were blighted. She was a prisoner, although an heir to a crown. Although a queen, she knew her life would be a living death. The constitution of the islands consisted in a code of unwritten laws, one of the most stringent of which was that the Queen could never marry or even look upon the face of a man. The palace was so constructed that one could not see beyond its walls from within, and the royal attendants were all maidens. Every day the wise men and councillors sought the advice of their sovereign on bended knees with their foreheads upon the ground and a partition shutting off the view of royalty. The rules governing sovereigns were inexorable. Nothing, even death itself, could change a law. It was to such a life as this the beautiful young Margaret was doomed. When she was sought to take her place as the sovereign of the people she protested and de-clined the office. But there was no getting rid of the responsibility. She was in fact. They brought her against her

initiated into the seclusion of a palace that in reality was a prison. Although the first lady of the realm, she did not enjoy the privileges or freedom of the

meanest slave. It was about three years ago that she became Queen, and since that time one can only fancy the life of sorrow she must have lived. Only once was she outside the palace walls in those three years, and that was to attend the funeral of her father.

A bamboo box was made in which she was carried to the graveside. The sides of the cage were thickly thatched seeing anything that was going on outside. Near the top of the bamboo struc ture were ventilation openings, but not see out. At the grave she could hear the clods falling upon the coffin lid, but could see nothing. She could hear the moans and walls of the mourners, but received no real sympathy. When the grave was closed in she was carried back to her prison and her life of hopeless loneliness. That was about a year ago.

Some weeks ago the Ocean Spray was driven out of her course and stranded on the shores of Muna Island. The pa tives swarmed around and welcomed the whites. They told the captain of the Illness of their Queen, and he, knowing something of the circum stances, secured permission for his wife to see the Queen. From his wife' report he concluded that the unfortu nate royal prisoner was merely suffer ing from a cold. He prepared some medicine for her from his chest and gave it to the chiefs, saying that it was only a cold, and if they followed his directions and gave the medicine she would be all right.

They accepted the medicine with great show of gratitude, went away, called a council of chiefs, and after long and careful deliberation decided that it would be dangerous to give her the white man's medicine. If she had a cold the proper remedy was an application of heat. The priests built a numwas placed in the center of the circle cadets of the naval academy. came. All one night and during the entirely of steel, the bottom will be greater part of the next day the and dragged into the secluded interior.

Soon a piercing shrick came from the A full ship rig will be provided, the

Dec. 16, 1773, before going to the wharf where the cargo of tea was thrown into the waters of the harbor. The Old South Church and Fancuil Hall are the only two buildings besides this house now left that sheltered the patriots on that eventful day.

Although built in 1771, the house was strong enough to stand together another 100 years, and it would doubtless have been left as a landmark were it not for the city's growth around it. The land comprised in its site and the yard have risen so much in value that a building productive of proportionate revenue must be put up to meet the increase in taxes.

AMATEUR SURGERY.

How the Broken Leg of a Chicken or Canary May Be Cured.

Young chickens and other birds frequently break the bones of their legs and if properly attended to these ruptures can be easily cured with very little trouble. As soon as the trouble is noticed the fractured leg must be carefully cleaned and washed with warm water and then wrapped with a bit of antiseptic cotton. Splints are then prepared for the fractured limb, preferably of split elderwood, the pith of which is taken out. These splints are fastened to the cotton with a drop of glue and held tightly in place by being wound with linen thread. The bandage and dressing are left undisturbed for from three to four weeks; then the leg



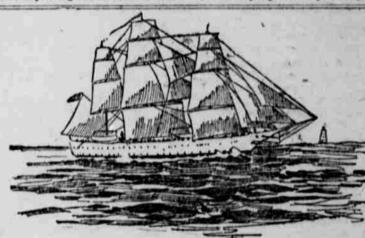
HOME-MADE SURGERY.

is soaked in tepid water until the bandage comes off easily. The fracture will have completely healed up in that time. Canaries and other pet birds can be similarly treated in case of a fracture of a leg, only the elder splints are substituted by pieces of cardboard and the bandage is left but two weeks on the little winged patients,

NEW TRAINING VESSEL Practice Ship Chesapeake Will Cost to Build \$125,000,

A fine new training vessel or practice ship for the United States navy is unber of fires on the beach. The Queen der way. She will be called the Chesawas carried out in the bamboo cage. peake and will cost to build \$125,000. and amid the loud walls of the priests. It will be propelled by steam and sall and cries of the assembled people it and will accommodate at once 180

of fires. Fresh fuel was piled on and The Chesapeake is to be fitted with the heat became more intense. The all the modern appliances for service poor Queen cried for help, but no help and comfort and will be constructed curing ceremony was kept up, and then in thickness, from keel to two fort two all was still within the cage. Calls to inches above the water line, and cop the Queen brought no answer, and the pered. The main battery, six four-inch chiefs and priests knew that the cure rapid-fire rifles, will be on the covered had been a success. Amid shouts of gun deck; four six-pounders rapid fire jubilation the box was carried to the and two one-pounders will be mounted palace gate, delivered to the attendants on the rull and worked from the flush



NEW PRACTICE SHIP CHESAPEAKE

diately two atendants ran out screaming, "The Queen is dead! She is dead!" people gave vent to their sorrow in long, loud sobs and walls. Several old women were sent in to investigate. They came out shortly bearing the lifeless body that all might see. The intense heat and choking smoke had suffocated the unfortunate woman as she lay in the closed box.

AN HISTORIC HOUSE

Building Where the Famous Boston Tea Party Met 125 Years Ago. The last private house that was directly connected with the episode of the Boston tea party in the great strug-gle for liberty has been torn down to make room for a business block. The old Bradlee house, for as such it is



OLD READLER HOUSE IN BOSTON known, has stood at the corner of The mont and Hollis streets for 127 years, and the land, which when the buil was built was a part of a pasture, is to

day worth \$100,000. The house was one of the most inter-Queen by right, and she must be Queen esting historic landmarks in Boston. In its wide old kitchen the ringleaders of will into the palace, the inaugural cere-monies were performed, and she was selves as Indians on the evening of

Queen's apartments, and almost imme- lower masts and lower yards to be of steel, the balance of the spars to be of spruce or yellow pine. The bulwark Instantly all was confusion. The priests plating in connection with the stem is chanted themselves hoarse and the carried out to form the bowsprit. The total sail area is 19,975 square feet, the vessel depending wholly upon the sails for propulsion.

The principal dimensions of the vesels are: Length on load water line, 175 feet; breadth on load water line, thirty-seven feet; draft, mean, 16 feet 6 inches; displacement, 1,175 tons.

Never Get Thirsty. There are certain lucky creatures which never feel the pangs of thirst, for they are so constituted that drink is unnecessary to them and they never swallow a drop of water in their lives.

Patagonia. Some naturalists believe that hares never drink, but get enough liquid for their needs in the dew on the gra est, and it is certain that in the Londor zoological gardens a paroquet lived over half a century without once drink-

A considerable number of reptilesserpents, lizards and some batrachians—thrive in places in which there is absolutely no water. In France in the neighborhod of the Losere there are herds of goats and cattle which hardly ever drink and which, nevertheless, produce the milk of which the cele

"He," screamed the crossre tor, "who puts his hand to the plow must not turn back." "What's he to do when he gets to the end of the fur-rer?" asked the auditor in blue-green overalls.-Indianapolis Journal,

The poor are always with us—and some wealthy people are pretty close.