# DECLARES SHIP CUT MONSTER WHALE IN TWO

**Fifteen Fathom Long Cetaceous Monster Slain By Rhymer Veracious—Verse Bad? Tale Sad.**

NEW YORK, Nov. 19.—The sea was smooth as oil, almost; the air could not be finer, when, like a Vanderdecken ghost, the flying Yankee liner slipped past the banks' half-polar clime, where bergs are often sighted. If they had been around this time, all would have been delighted aboard the gallant twinscrew craft (doubt not that this yarn true is—some words sore tax the rhymer's graft)—you've guessed her, the St. Louis.

No bergs, no storm, a duck-pond sea. The passengers were growling; they prayed for some variety. To hear a cyclone howling would not have been unpleasing to bored veteran ocean crossers. A big sea snake might even do, "with eyes as big as saucers." And while the veterans longed for swells, there was a great commotion. It was 6:30 p .m., five bells, and geysers filled the ocean. The folks on deck all went to port. "Whales! Whales!" the lookout shouted, and all came up to see the spot, and then the whole school spouted.

The line whistled as the throng of whales came close alongside her. A big bull, 15 fathoms long, rushed forward and defied her. He spouted twice and dashed along, in speed the liner's equal; a right whale, but he got in wrong, as you'll see by the sequel.

He ran before the liner's bows, unmindful of collision, stopped, lifted up his massive brows, and laughed in deep derision. That was his last abysmal laugh. The liner's sharp prow caught him. He did not look so well by half as first the skipper thought him. The ship got quite a jolt, but kept right on her course serenely. The miserable cow whales wept; they felt the bull's death keenly. The purser said:

"He lost the race, and not once did I doubt it. He did not take defeat with grace; he's all cut up about it."

Perhaps the cub whales of his school will be a little shyer, and never, like the big bull, fool with a sharp-bowed Yankee flyer."

# SINNER IS TREED AND CONVERTED ON A LIMB

**Chicago Preacher Climbs Up and Finishes Work He Had Begun From Ground.**

Zaccheus, he did climb a tree,
His Lord and Master for to see.
—Old Spelling Book.

CHICAGO, Nov. 19.—For exactly the opposite purpose did the modern Zaccheus climb a tree at Desplains camp meeting. His sins were worrying him. He knew his religious friends were after him and to escape their solicitation to become a convert he sought on an upper limb of a tall tree.

But he was not destined to escape so easily. The minister, who was to preach in the afternoon, strolled away from the camp to meditate. Believing no one could hear, he began to rehearse his sermon.

His "congregation," consisting only of the man up the tree, said to itself: "Now, even now, I yield; I can hold out no more."

The preacher climbed up to the first branches of the tree and converted the sinner.

This story was told by Evangelist D. W. Potter, whose veracity is regarded so highly that he was reelected in the afternoon as President of the Executive Committee of the Desplaines Camp Meeting Association. Mr. Potter withheld the name of the man who was treed by his convictions and did not reveal the name of the preacher.

# A REAL LIFE ROMANCE

"Have you ever experienced the feeling, Mr. Mann," said a young lady softly, "that some great opportunity was within your grasp, but you had hardly the presence of mind, —the courtesy, as it were, to avail yourself of it?"

"Why—er—yes, Miss Blank, I have at times had that kind of a feeling."

Miss Blank sighed dreamily, and then there was a pause, during which the young couple sat in the semi-darkness of the parlor in profound silence. He sat down and looked helplessly at the glowing coals in the grate, with the feeling that every breath he drew was a mortifying and ghastly blunder.

"As you were about to say, Mr. Mann," resumed the young lady, "there are times when it seems to all of us we must speak what is in our minds."

"Yes," vaguely answered the bewildered youth, as he tried to remember when he had begun to say anything of the kind. "Yes, of course."

"And while I am not so sure I ought to listen to you, Mr. Mann," she said, with downcast eyes, "when you speak to me in this—this personal matter, yet"——

The young man could feel his pulse beat a tatoo on the drums of his ears, but he sat like a boy with his master's eye upon him and said nothing.

"By the way," exclaimed Miss Blank, presently, "I have a new book of engravings, Mr. Mann, that I am sure you will enjoy seeing. It is a large book, and you'll have to move your chair. Yes, you can sit here with me on the sofa. I never thought of that."

The pictures danced before the eyes of the young man in blurred, confused images.

"Isn't this engraving of the Courtship of Florence Dombey and Walter Gay' perfectly lovely?"

"Wh-which is Walter?" he gasped.

"There! Look closer! Don't you see him?"

"Wh-who's he courting?"

"You'll have to come closer, Mr. Mann, I declare, though"—and she looked archly at the trembling youth—"I am almost afraid to let you come any nearer. You look exactly like Walter in the picture."

And then the arm of the helpless young man stole in a timid, apologetic, sneaking way around the waist of the charming Miss Blank, her head sank upon his shoulder and the book of engravings fell neglected to the floor.

"Samuel," she said an hour later, as she toyed with the button of his coat, "you bold boy! How on earth did you ever muster courage to ask me to become your wife? You know well enough I never gave you a particle of encouragement."

The young man patted her condescendingly on the head, and then said, proudly, with the voice of a member of the life-saving crew defying the breakers:

"When I make up my mind to do anything, Selina, no obstacle on earth can stop me."

They were married just three months after this glad and joyful night; and, we are pleased to add, are very happy together.

—Exchange.

## HOG NOW SHIP OF DESERT.

**Porker Lost and Beats Camel's Record By Eighty-Six Days.**

BLOOMINGTON, Ill., Nov. 19.—W. C. Minnis, a well-known and truthful farmer of Christian county, tells the following remarkable story:

Several months ago, one of his prize porkers disappeared, and all efforts to locate it were futile. Last week it was found wedged in between a pile of baled hay and the wall of a shed.

The hog had squeezed itself in between the hay and the wall to a point about thirty feet from the end and was prevented from going farther by the narrowing space. Here the animal remained for three months and three days without water.

The hog appears to be none the worse for the long fast, although its weight was reduced from 175 to 60 pounds.

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## *When the Deacon Wilted.*

[Copyright, 1908, by T. C. McClure.]

After Deacon Grafton received his legacy he went back on his consent to his son's marriage with Nellie, daughter of the Widow Jordon.

"The thing must stop at once, Elias," he said. "She is not the girl for you to marry even if you were ready for the serious step of matrimony. I desire you to go over to the Widow Jordon's this evening and emphatically announce that there can be nothing further between you and her daughter."

The son respectfully but stubbornly refused to do any such thing. There was more talk, but it left both men firm, and the result was that Elias left the paternal roof and took up his residence with an uncle. Of course he called at the Widow Jordon's with the news. Miss Nellie felt hurt and humiliated and shed tears, but her mother had no tears to shed. She tossed her head like a war horse, and there was an edge to her voice as she said to the young man:

"Elias, a Jordon is as good as a Grafton any day in the year and may be a little better. If you want it all off with Nellie, just say the word and don't beat about the bush. She isn't dying to marry you or any one else."

"But I am dying to marry her, and we will call on the minister tonight if you say so," was the answer.

"No; we'll wait awhile. I've seen men like your father before, and I have seen them come down off their high horse."

Two nights later Elias "sat up" with Nellie until near midnight. Nellie's mother "sat up" in the darkness of her room and made notes. One of the notes was to the effect that a human figure closely resembling Deacon Grafton's was sneaking about the yard and trying to peer into a side window. She was a woman who didn't have to be hit with a potato masher to take a hint. Next day she drove over to Elyria, and after buying a bear trap at a hardwood store she took it to a blacksmith and had him blunt the sharp teeth with a hammer. She also learned from him how to set it. When she reached home the trap was placed in the barn.

Word was sent to Elias not to come to the house for three nights, but a light was left burning in the sitting room each night until midnight. From her aerie in the second story the widow waited and watched, and that same human form appeared for half an hour each night. Then she was ready for it. When Elias came on the wings of love the trap was set and secretly placed beside the rosebush. It wasn't a rose without a thorn. On the contrary, it had many thorns, and in crowding into it to get at the side window some one had left many bits of gray cloth. There was also a larger and sharper thorn waiting to mature.

The hour was 11 o'clock, and Miss Nellie had just answered that she guessed Thanksgiving day was as good day as any other to get married on when a long drawn yell was heard under the window outside. At the same moment the mother came downstairs with a lighted lantern in hand and said:

"Keep your seats, children. It's only a cat, and I'm going outside to talk with him. He's yelling as if he was in pain, but he won't be hurt much."

Deacon Grafton had stepped into the widow's bear trap as he sought to get his ear to a window. Had the teeth not been blunted they would have gone to the bone of his leg. As it was, he was held fast, and the pinching was anything but pleasant. The widow found him lying on the grass and trying to loosen the trap, and she placed the lantern where the light fell full on his face and sat down beside him and said:

"Deacon Grafton, since when did you turn burglar?"

"What does this mean, woman?" he demanded in reply as he held up a leg.

"It means, sir, that that bear trap was set to protect that window and that you have been caught. We'll see what the law will have to say about it."

"But you know I'm no burglar. You know I was simply looking around to see if Elias was here."

"I know nothing of the kind. You can tell that story in court and see how many will believe it. It is my duty, deacon"—

"Look here, widder," interrupted the deacon, "no one will believe that I meant to get into your house, but I don't care to be made fun of. If you'll help me off with this pesky trap and say nothing I'll send you a barrel of flour."

"What! First try to break into my house and then try to bribe me? It won't do, deacon. Elias is in the house, as you know. Do you want to speak to him?"

"With this bear trap on my legs? Never!"

"Do you want to send him in word to come back home and that you've changed your mind about the Jordon family?"

"No, I don't!" was the sulky reply.

"Then I'll have to run over to Constable Brown's house and tell him I have a robber for him. Some folks will be surprised tomorrow morning."

Some folks were. It was not by seeing Deacon Grafton in court under a serious charge, but by seeing Elias back home and hearing his father explain:

"Elias is old enough to know his own mind, and if he wants to marry the Widder Jordon's girl I shan't say anything about it." M QUAD


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