THE PEARL POACHERS.

By CUTCLIFFE HYNE.

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"No, Mr. Carnforth," said Kettle, "it would be lying if I was to say I knew anything about pearl fishing. I've heard of it, of course. Who hasn't? And, for the matter of that, I've had on a diving suit myself and gone down and examined a ship's bottom to see if the divers that had been sent down to look at some started plates had brought up a true report. But I've never done more than pass through those north Australian seas. They tell me the parl fishing's done from small luggers of some 10 or 14 tons, sailing out of Thursday island."

"It is," said the big man. "And"—

"Well, sir, you'd better get another captain. I'm a steamer sailor by bringing up, and on a steamer I know my business and can do it with any other man alive. But you'd not find me much good on a little wind jammer like a Thursday island pearler. I'm a hard up man, Mr. Carnforth, and desperately in want of a berth. I hope, too, you'll not think it undue familiarity when I say that I like you personally. But honestly, I don't think you'd better engage me as your skipper for this trip. You could get a so much better man for your money."

Carnforth laughed. "My dear Kettle," he said, "I don't think I ever came across a fellow with less real notion of looking after his own interest. As you are aware, I know your peculiar qualifications pretty thoroughly. I'm an eminently practical business man. I offer you a handsome salary with both eyes open, and yet you refuse because you are afraid of robbing me of my money."

"Mr. Carnforth," said the little sailor stiffly, "I have my own ideas of what's right. You have seen me at sea using violence and ugly words. But you will kindly remember that I was in service of an employer then and was earning his pay by driving his crew. It's another thing now. We are ashore here, and I would have you know that ashore I am a strict chapel member, with a high pressure conscience and a soul that requires careful looking after. I could never forgive myself if I thought I was taking your pay without earning it thoroughly."

"If you'll let me get a word in edgeways," said the other irritably, "and not be so beastly cocksure that you can rob me—which you could no more do than fly—perhaps you'd understand what I'm offering and not sneeze at a good chance. The lugger is your own invention, and so is the idea that I'm merely going pearl fishing in the ordinary way. My notion is to go pearl poaching, which is a very different matter: to get rich quick and take the risks and get over them, and to go at the business in a steamer with a strong enough crew to—er—do what's needful."

"Piracy," suggested Kettle gloomily.

"Piracy be hanged. The Japs have annexed certain pearling islands and have declared them closed. At the outside we should be only guilty of poaching, and that's a tolerably mild offence and one I want to see both sides of. I've got pheasant covers here in England which are poached. It amuses me to chase the poachers, and occasionally I catch them, and when I do I go for them hot and heavy. So I know the joys of the game preserver, you see, and I want to taste the excitement—and the profits—of the poacher."

"And you're a rich man," said Kettle, "with a fine position in the country and a seat in parliament. Some people never do know when they're well off."

"Some people don't," said Carnforth, "and you're another of them, skipper. For myself, I do a mad thing now and again because—oh, because I like the excitement and flurry of it. But you! You go and refuse a profitable billet that would fit you down to the boots merely for the sake of a whim. A quarter of an hour ago you told me you were practically destitute—er—on the streets your own word were, and here you are chucking up a certain £20 a month, and a possible £90, when it's ready to your hand."

"I didn't know about the steamer," said Kettle, "and that's a fact."

"Well, I'm telling you now, captain, and if you don't take charge of her upper bridge it will be your own fault. Why, man, there isn't a job between here and New Jerusalem that would suit you better, and, besides, I'm keen to go there myself, and you are the one man in the world I want to have as a shipmate, and I ask you to come as a personal favor.

"I'm sick of this smug, orderly, frock coated life here. Nature intended me for a pirate, and fate has made me a successful manufacturer. I've tasted the wild, unregenerate life of the open sir under your auspices and rubbed against men who were men, and I want to be there again. I'm tired of fiddling among men and women who are merely dollar millers and dress pegs. I'm sick of what they call success. I'm sick of the whole blessed business."

Captain Kettle thought of Mrs. Kettle and her children in the squalid house in South Shields, with the slender income and the slim prospects, and he sighed drearily. But he did not utter those thoughts aloud. He said instead that he was very grateful to Mr. Carnforth for his magnificent offer, and would do his best to earn thoroughly the lavish income which was held out to him.

Carnforth reached out and gripped his hand. "Thanky, Kettle," he said, "and, mind, I'm going to try and log you into a competency over this. You might just as well have given way before. I always get my own way over this sort of things. And now probably you'd like to hear a bit more about the poaching ground."

"If you please, sir."

"Well, I can't quote you latitude and longitude offhand, but I'll show you the whereabouts of the place marked on the chart afterward. It's Japan way, and the Japs have chosen to claim all the bits of reefs thereabouts and to proclaim a sort of close season against all foreign pearlers. Now the place I've got news of is in their area, but so far it has never been fished. It's enormously rich, and it's absolutely virgin. Why, man, if we can get in six months' work there undisturbed we can easily carry off £1,000,000 worth of shell and pearls."

"Six months!" said Kettle. "That's a big order. I've no doubt that, with a decent steamer and a few rifles, we could beat off one of their gunboats when we got there, and, say, a week's fishing. But if that gunboat steamed back to Nagasaki, or wherever her port is, and brings out a whole blessed navy at her heels we may find the contract outside our size. Of course if you are going to fit out a real big steamboat with a gun or two and a hundred men—"

"I didn't know about the steamer," said Kettle.

Carnforth laughed. "Wait a bit," said he. "You're going ahead too fast. There's no question of fighting a whole navy. In fact, we mustn't fight at all if there's any means of wriggling out of it. I believe fighting would amount to piracy, and piracy's too lively even for my tastes. Besides, if we got very noisy we'd have some cruiser of the British China squadron poking her ugly nose in, and that's a thing we couldn't afford to risk at any price."

"Then how are you going to manage it?"

"What we must hope for is to be left undisturbed. There's every chance of it. The reef is out of all the steam lanes and circle tracks, and the Jap's gunboat patrol is not very close. In fact, the place has only been newly charted. It was found quite by accident by the skipper of a sea sealing schooner, and he missed the plum because he happened to have been a brute to one of his hands."

"But I thought you said this reef was out of all ship tracks?"

"Don't hustle me. The schooner had been sealing off the Commander islands. She was coming home and got into heavy weather. She was blown away three days by a gale and picked up the surf of this reef one morning at daybreak, ran down into the lee and lay there till the breeze was over. The reef wasn't charted, and the skipper, who was 'on the make,' wondered how he could gather dividends out of it. In the off sealing season he was in the Thursday island trade, and his thoughts naturally ran upon pearls and shell. He'd a diving suit on board, and he rowed into the lagoon, made one of his crew put on the suit and sent him down.

"Now observe the result," said Carnforth, with sly relish, "of being too severe on one's hands. This sailor, who was sent down in the diving suit, had been having a dog's time of it on the sealing schooner, and when he got on the floor of the lagoon and saw the place round him literally packed with shell that had never been touched by human fingers he made up his mind that the time had come to repay old scores. So, when he came up out of the water again, he said sulkily enough that there was nothing below but seaweed and mud, and the boat rowed back out of the lagoon, and the schooner let draw her forestaysail sheet and ran away on her course. The skipper reported the new reef, and in due course it got on the charts, and the sailor kept on holding his tongue till he could find a market for his information. He didn't find one at once. He had to wait two years, in fact, and then he found me. I guess that skipper would be easier on his hands in future if he only knew what he'd lost, eh, Kettle?"

The sailor frowned. "A shipmaster, sir, has to get the full amount of work out of his hands or he's neglecting his duty. I can picture that schooner, Mr. Carnforth, and I can picture her old man hearing what he's missed and still carrying on the driving game. The things we have to ship as sailors are beasts, and you have to treat them as such, and if you can show me a master who's popular in the forecastle I can know you a man who's letting his hands shirk work and not earning his owner's pay."

"H'm," said Carnforth. "I've seen you handle a crew, and I know your theories and little ways, and I know also that you're far too obstinate an animal to change your opinions in a hurry. I've a pretty strong will myself, and so I can sympathize with you. However, we'll let that matter of ethics slide for the present and go into the question of ways and means." And on the dry detail of this they talked till far into the night.

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Here, however, the historian may for awhile withhold his pen, since those in the shipping interest can fill in the gap for themselves, while to all others these small questions of ways and means would be infinitely tedious. The yacht's voyage out to Japanese waters may also be omitted. The English papers announced its commencement in one of the usual formal paragraphs: "Mr. Martin Carnforth, M. P. for the Munro division of Yorkshire, has started in his fine steam yacht, the Vestris, for a lengthened tour in China seas to study oriental questions on the spot and will probably be absent some considerable time."

The official log kept on board was meager and scanty, being confined to arid statements of distances run and the ordinary meteorological happenings of the ocean, and toward the latter entries even these were skillfully fictitious. Indeed when the vessel neared the scene of action her yellow funnel changed to black, with a crimson band, a couple of squarish yards were crossed on her foremast, her dainty gaffsails vanished and were replaced by serviceable trysails, and the midship house was soiled by the addition of a coat of crude white lead above the trindy polished teak and straddled over by a clumsy iron bridge, defended by ill fitting canvas dodgers and awnings. There was no making the expert believe, of course, that she was a mere trader that had always been a trader. But to the nautical eye she was unsuspicious. She looked one of those ex-yachts that have been sold out of the petticoat cruising service of Cowes and been adapted to the more homely needs of the mercantile marine, and in the Mediterranean, the Australian seas and China waters there are many of this breed of craft making a humble living for their owners. A couple of weeks' neglect will make any brass work look unyachtlike and a little withholding of the paint brush soon makes all small traders wonderfully kin.

Rechristening, of course, is but a clumsy device and one which is (the gentle novelist notwithstanding) most seldom used. A ship at her birth is given a name and endowed with a passport in the shape of "papers." Without her papers she cannot enter a civilized port. She could not "clear" at any custom house, and to attempt doing so would be a blatant confession of "something wrong." So, when the paint brushes went round and the name Vestris on counter, boats and life buoys was exchanged for Governor L. C. Walthrop (which seemed to carry a slight American flavor), a half sigh went up from some of the ship's company and a queer little thrill went through the rest, according to their temperaments. They were making themselves sea parishes from that moment onward, until they should deem fit to discard the alias.

Captain Kettle himself finished lettering the list of the life buoys and put down his brush and shook his head.

Carnforth was watching him from a deck chair. "You don't like it?" he said.

"I never did such a thing before," said Kettle, "and I never heard of it being done and come to any good. We're nobodies now, and it's everybody's business to meddle with a nobody. If you're a somebody, only the proper people can interfere."

"I can't help it," said Carnforth. "The Vestris is well known at home, and I'm well known too, and we've just got to see this business through one way or the other under purser's names. She's the Governor L. C. Walthrop, and I'm Mr. Martin, and you can be what you like."

"I'll still use my own name, sir. I've carried it a good many years now, through most kinds of weather, and it's had so many stones thrown at it that a few more won't hurt. If we get through with this little game, all right; if we get interrupted I guess the only thing left will be to attend our own funerals. I'm not going to taste the inside of a Japanese jail at any price."

A Tricky Dog.

Not long ago a very fat spaniel was introduced into the house where a fox terrier had always been the master. The latter was told, however, to behave well to the newcomer and not to bully him. So the two seemed fairly friendly and in the end got in the habit of taking short rambles together.

However, the fox terrier was evidently of a thoughtful disposition and on one occasion came across a bank, or wall, which was easy enough to leap off, but there was greater difficulty in returning. The fox terrier sprang down the bank and enticed his heavy companion to follow, with the result that the latter could not get back, while the former, by reason of his greater activity, was easily able to do.

Now the terrier saw his opportunity, returned home and cruelly left his companion lamenting. Never did the former seem happier or gayer than on that day when he had once more the sole run of the house, and he sulked when later on the spaniel had been found assisted up the wall and brought home.

Since then the fox terrier has repeatedly got the spaniel down the same place, with the usual result, and seems to glory in his mischievous act. Whether the "fat dog" will learn to avoid temptation to such a ramble remains to be seen.—Buffalo News.

Strategy In a Street Car.

"In the matter of strategy a woman can get the better of a man every time in minor affairs, at least," said a man who is in business down town and who rides home in a West Philadelphia car during the rush hour every evening. "I usually get a seat, for I take the car away down at Fourth street. The other evening I was busily reading my paper when a woman got aboard at Twelfth street. I glanced up slyly and saw that all the seats were occupied. Hasty as my glance was, she caught my eye, and that was my finish. Smiling broadly, she came over to where I was sitting and exclaimed, 'Why, how do you do? How are all the folks?'

"I couldn't place the woman to save my life, but I lifted my hat and replied that we were all well. 'She must be some friend of the family,' I argued with myself, so I folded up my paper and gave her my seat. After she had settled herself comfortably she looked up at me in a queer sort of way and said: 'Really, I must beg your pardon. I took you for Mr. Jones. You look so much like him.'

"But she had the seat, and she kept it. It was a clear case of bunko."—Philadelphia Record.

He Knew the Spot.

An amusing anecdote is related of General Sherman, who, as commanding general of the army, visited West Point one June for the graduation exercises. He accompanied the commandant on his Sunday morning tour of inspection of barracks, and on entering a certain room he walked over to the mantelpiece. Stooping down, he pried up a brick from the middle of the hearth with his sword scabbard and revealed a hollow space about a foot square, in which was nicely packed a considerable quantity of tobacco and other contraband articles. Meanwhile the cadets occupying the room stood by mutely watching and wondering what sort of man the general was to have been able to discover the only "cellar" of its kind in barracks. Turning to the commandant, the general remarked:

"I have been wondering if that hole was still there. I made it when I was a cadet and lived in this room."—New York Tribune.

At the time of the Roman occupation of Britain five distinct species of dogs were there, most of which can with certainty be identified with those of the present day. There were the house-dog, the greyhound, the bulldog, the terrier and the slowhound.

PRETTY ROUGH SPORT.

A Cruel Game Played In the Camps of Canadian Lumbermen.

So full of peril is the lumberman's life that even his sports and games must be spiced with danger or they will palL upon his taste. On the long winter nights a cruel game called "Jack, where be ye?" is frequently played.

The middle of the largest room in the camp is cleared. Two men are securely blindfolded and, having previously drawn lots for the first whack, they kneel on the floor. In his right hand each man holds a stout leather strap, in his left another leather strap, or a rope is held by the end, either close to the floor or, in some camps, actually on it. The latter strap, being kept taut by the combatants, guarantees a uniform distance between them. They are quite near enough to hurt each other severely, which not infrequently happens.

Now, the man who has been lucky enough to draw the first call shouts, "Jack, where be ye?" to which his opponent must immediately answer, "Here I be." Then the first man strikes at the place where he imagines his adversary to be with the heavy leather strap. If he hits his man, he is entitled to another blow, may call out again, "Jack, where be ye?" and the other must answer, "Here I be." This is continued till the first man misses, when he must take his turn at being struck.

The others form a ring around the two combatants, bets are made, and each faction encourages and applauds its chosen man. There are regular rounds, and the game is usually kept up until one or the other has had enough or perhaps till one is carried off the scene wounded. Hard heads can stand hard knocks, and volunteers for the sport are numerous. At the beginning there is generally no malice. A hard blow is struck—it is expected—it is the game. But it occasionally happens that the game develops into a fierce duel.—Pearson's.

CLOSE FIGURING.

How a Woman Upheld Her Reputation For Economy.

She was the wife of an official of a St. Paul street corporation. Her one pet hobby was economy. Though her husband made an excellent salary, she was rigid in her rules pertaining to the buying of the necessaries for the household. She would haunt bargain counters and market stalls for hours in order to get the benefit of a reduction of a few cents on the article desired.

The corporation official, with much laughter, used to tease his better half about what he called her "stinginess." So one day, feeling hurt at his ridicule, she resolved to take him to market with her and demonstrate by and a doubt that she was a most economical buyer. He consented, stipulating that he was not to be asked to carry the basket.

Arriving at the market, she made several purchases, and then at one stall inquired the price of eggs.

"What," she exclaimed, "18 cents a dozen? No, it feed, that is too high."

She dragged her reluctant husband after her from one stand to another, still inquiring the price of eggs and always receiving the same answer until near the upper end of the market. Here she found a dealer who offered to sell her eggs in any quantity for 15 cents. To her husband she said joyously:

"There, I told you so. Why, those others were robbers."

Turning to the salesman, she order'd half a dozen eggs, gravely handed him the 8 cents asked in payment and went home, prattling away about the worth of economy in marketing and the alleged willingness of dealers to gouge the unsuspecting consumer. And to this day she does not know that her husband and his friends laughed over it at the club.—Baltimore Sun.

Man's Superiority.

One sees many curious phases of human nature in the safe deposit vaults of a banking institution—from the women who never by any chance know where their keys are and go through bag and pocketbook with reckless haste to the man who is not quite certain that he has locked his box and returns to the vault three or four times, puts his key in the lock, shakes it hard and finally goes away convinced that "all is well." But in recent experience with a new customer to whom I was renting a box the climax was reached. When I handed him the keys and said:

"Now, here are two keys. Separate them so that if you lose one you will have the other to admit you."

He quickly replied:

"Very well. I will put one on my key ring and lock the other up in my box."

And yet they tell us that men are more logical than women.—New Lippincott.

First Synagogue In New York.

In 1685 the Jewish residents of New York petitioned for leave to build a synagogue and sent the petition to the governor and he to the mayor and common council, who refused to grant it on the ground that worship was extended only to sects professing faith in Jesus of Nazareth. But Governor Dongan in the next year of his term granted the permit, and in 1730 the Jews had a place of public worship which stood on the south side of what is now Beaver street, between Broadway and Broad street. The attendance was 70 families, or about 100 souls.

A Terrible Threat.

"How did you finally break your husband of smoking in the drawing room?"

"I threatened to make a smoking jacket for him myself if he didn't give it up."—Stray Stories.

How Masks Are Made.

Paper masks are made by dampening one sheet of a specially prepared paper, wetting it and molding it by hand over a face form. It is then dried by artificial heat. Openings are cut for eyes, nose and mouth, and it is painted and decorated by hand as desired.

Wire masks are made by stamping a piece of wire netting about a foot square over a face mold in a large machine, inclosing the rough wire edges in a narrow strip of lead. Then it is painted. The painting is done by hand in oil colors.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

WASTED ELOQUENCE.

A LOT OF JERICHO ORATORY THAT COUNTED FOR NAUGHT.

Pap Perkins, the Postmaster, Tells Why the Discussion Over Ornamenting the Top of the Town Hall Tower Was Abruptly Ended.

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Jericho has bin buildin a town hall fur the last six years. It was to hev a tower in the middle, and there has bin a good deal of discussion as to what should adorn off that tower. Some stuck fur a gilt ball, some fur a rooster, some fur crossbars with the p'ints of the compass on 'em. The town board wanted to please the majority, and a meetin was called one night last week to settle what the thing should be. Nobody realized how intense the feelin was till the meetin opened. Squar' Joslyn headed the gilt ball party, and he got up and spoke fur 15 minits without stoppin to wipe the sweat off the back of his neck. He started in 2500 years B. C. and come slippin down to now like soft soap gliding down the cellar stairs. He contended that a gilt ball on the top of a tower had allus bin considered an emblem of innocence. It would be the fust thing a stranger would look fur when enterin the town of Jericho. If he saw that gilt ball, he'd put up at the tavern and feel safe and go away

THE ROOSTER WAS AN EMBLEM OF GRIT AND INDEPENDENCE.

speakin well of the town. If he didn't, he'd set the folks down as vicious and desperate and drive on to Tarrytown or Dobbs Ferry. The squar' wanted that ball as big as a pumpkin, and he wanted real gold leaf fur gildin, and he closed his speech with an appeal to the people to continue to be innocent and happy. Deacon Spooner was chairman of the meetin, as usual, and when the squar' sat down the deacon said he'd made a p'int. Enos Williams was then called upon. He headed the faction who wanted a rooster. Enos didn't go as far back as the squar'. He has asthma and is short of breath, and so he started out with Columbus to discover America. He had bin readin up on roosters. He couldn't find that roosters was an emblem of innocence, but he didn't want no innocence on a courthouse tower. The stranger would find innocence when he come to play checkers or trade hosses with a Jerichonian. The rooster was an emblem of grit and independence. He was a bird who went to bed at sundown, got up before sunrise and was hustlin around all day. A rooster on top of that tower would signify that Jericho could take care of herself and didn't bow down to any other town in the state. He was out of breath and had busted a suspender when he sat down, and Deacon Spooner rapped with a cane and said:

"Enos has not only made a speech equal to anything Henry Clay ever got off, but he's made a thunderin big p'int in favor of the roosterites. I was agin the rooster when I come here, but I've almost changed my mind. Let us hear from Silas Belcee."

Silas was one who wanted the p'ints of the compass put up. He was born in Jericho when the town had but three houses and had been turned around fur 50 years. The only way he could tell north from south or east from west was to make a black spot on Uncle Jim Green's barn door, and he never went to the back end of his own cornfield without gittin lost and heavin to whistle to his wife. His speech was up to date. He didn't go back over six months. He said that what had allus allied Jericho and what would allus keep her flown was the want of knowin the compass p'ints. He wasn't the only one who was turned around. Half the folks in town couldn't go huckleberrying without gittin lost and wander in around all night. Hogs and dogs walked around in a circle because they was confused, and every time there was a lawsuit most of the witnesses said west fur east. An emblem of innocence would be all right, and a rooster would be a thing of beauty, but both would be beaten by compass p'ints.

"Silas has made a purty good speech and a purty good p'int," says the deacon, "and I'm sorter lettin go of the rooster and leanin to his side. Though I've lived in Jericho fur 22 years, I can't make out yit whether my pigsen is on the north or west side of the house. I'm understandin that Elisha Taylor has sumthin to spring on this meetin, and we are ready to hear it."

Elisha was ready. He had bin watchin the growth of the town hall fur six long years, and he had had his eye on the tower day and night. He had looked at it from the street and from the roof of his barn. He had looked at it at noonday and squinted at it at midnight and had come to one unalterable conclusion. He wanted the figger of a gilt angel to finish off that tower, and he wanted that angel to be p'inted upwards, same as on a gravestone he saw in Buffalo. The angel would signify the goodness of Jericho, and strangers would no longer stop and raise a row because they couldn't git a glass of beer or find anybody to take a hand at poker. Her p'intin upward would be an object lesson to the Sunday school children, and the sight of her would calm the feelin's of a man about to lick his wife.

There was a howl of derision as Elisha sot down, and the deacon said that no p'int had bin made. He was a deacon of the church and a good man, but he'd never consent to hist a gilt angel p'inting any other way, fur it would be a reflection on the roosters on the town hall towers. He called upon Beverly Major fur his views, and Beverly jumped up and declared himself in favor of the American eagle. If a rooster signified grit and independence, an eagle signified all that and a dozen things more. An eagle stood fur liberty, freedom and equal rights. It was the emblem of a glorious republic. Its wings sheltered the helpless as well as the strong, and its soft coosin lulled the infant to sleep, while its scream sent the father to the field of battle to fight fur the grandest principles of mankind. It was a rattlin speech, full of redhot patriotism, and Deacon Spooner said that Daniel Webster never appeached it in his palmiest days. It didn't affect the other factions, however. They stuck out fur the gilt ball, the rooster, the compass p'ints and the angel, and each one declared he'd fight to the bitter end.

As a compromise, Jim Shorely, who didn't care what they put up, moved fur a gilt goat, and Abraham Scott, who was goin to move away and had lost all interest, moved fur a monkey, but they was hooted down and everybody began to jam his elbows around and call everybody else a hog. There was every sign that the meetin would break up in a free fight, when there comes a flash and an awful clap of thunder, and at the same time Lish Billings walked in to git out of the storm. Deacon Spooner appealed to him to save the honor of Jericho by bringin about harmony, and Lish looked around and replied:

"As I understand it, this crowd is divided as to what shall ornament the top of the city hall tower?"

"That's it!" yells everybody.

"And you've bin jawin and speechifyin fur the last three hours without settlin on anything? Waal, I don't see no use of any more bein said."

"But what's your idea, Lish?" asks the deacon.

"My idea is that that fust thunderbolt knocked your blamed old tower into a Continental cocked hat, and that you kin save your breath to pick up the slivers fur kindlin wood."

And the crowd rushed out and found that Lish was k'rect. M. QUAD.

THEIR NEIGHBORLY WAY.

Didn't Wait Long to Begin Borrowing Things.

A young woman of Washington birth and rearing, who has made her home for these three years past in a small Indiana town, says that for tact and diplomacy she knows nobody to equal her neighbors out there. She had scarcely settled herself in her new home when one day she heard a hen proudly cackling in her back yard. She went out to see what could have brought a strange hen into her yard and found that the fowl had just laid an egg in the woodbox outside the kitchen door. While she was still wondering where on earth the creature had come from the shock head of a little and tall girl of 12 rose over the fence which divided the yard from the yard of the house next door.

"Hello," said the girl.

"Good morning," answered the Washingtonian.

"We got plenty of eggs," remarked the girl. "Maw says you kin have that one our hen jes' laid in that woodbox of yourn."

"Thank you very much," said the Washingtonian.

The girl still hung on the fence.

"We ain't goin to charge you nothin fer it," she went on.

"That's very kind, indeed," answered the new neighbor.

"It's a gift," remarked the girl.

Then there was silence for a few moments. The girl still clung to the side of the fence.

"Say," she said finally, "maw says now you're acquainted with us folks she'd like to borry a tack hammer."—Washington Post.

Idiocy In Numbers.

The Contributor—The 2thake may be perfectly cured without pain.

The Editor—We 1der if the specific is hard 2 take. If not, we will try it 4thwith.

Subeditor—If cured, it will be a 1der indeed!

Assistant Sub—4olderly, gentlemen, 'tis a sore subject.

Deputy Assistant Sub—Yes, and requiring 40tside 2 bear.

Correspondence Editor—This is carrying the matter as far as 8oquette will bear.

Office Boy—Those who are so 4 2n 8 as to do the above will find each paragraph 2 contain a slight 11 of humor.

Printer's Devil—5-4 shame, gentlemen—5-4 shame!—Pearson's.

He Ought to Marry.

Miss Antique—You ought to get married, Mr. Oldchapp.

Mr. Oldchapp (earnestly)—I have wished many times lately that I had a wife.

Miss Antique (delighted)—Have you really?

Mr. Oldchapp—Yes. If I had a wife, she'd probably have a sewing machine, and the sewing machine would have an oil can, and I could take it and oil my office chair. It squeaks horribly.—Exchange.

Preparing For Moral Suasion.

"Don't you believe in moral suasion?" asked the neighbor.

The indignant father stopped with the switch poised in the air.

"Of course I do!" he answered. "I tried it once, and I'm going to try it again just as soon as I lick this boy hard enough so that he'll know enough to be ruled by it the next time I try it. Yes, sir; moral suasion is a great thing, and I'm going to teach this boy how good it is if I have to wale the life out of him to do it. He doesn't appreciate its advantages yet."—Chicago Post.

A Great Baby.

Tommy—Did you know about that baby that was fed on elephant's milk, pop, and gained 20 pounds a day?

Tommy's Pop (indignantly)—No. I didn't. Whose baby was it?

Tommy—The elephant's baby, pop.—Scraps.

There are only three remaining of the original 13 crosses built by King Edward I to mark the resting place of Queen Eleanor's funeral procession. One is near Northampton, one Waltham Cross, the third at Charing Cross.

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BAD COLDS.

Quinine is 10 years behind. Colds do not now have to be endured. MENDEL'S DYNAMIC TABLETS (called by name from their energy) crowd a week's ordinary treatment into 12 hours and abort the worst of colds over night.

"It was the worst case of grip I ever had. A half dozen friends had sure cures. Still I hung on. Heard of the DYNAMIC TABLETS. To my amazement they stopped both cold and cough the first night. I endorse and recommend them to the people." BARCLAY HENLEY, Ex-Member Congress and Attorney, 901 Sansome Street, San Francisco, July 1, 1900.

"Winter colds have always been serious things to me. They are hard and stay for months. But the last was stopped suddenly by MENDEL'S DYNAMIC TABLETS. Both cough and cold disappeared in a couple of days. No other remedy does this for me." MRS. EMMA L. HOELIN, 14 Moss St., San Francisco, Aug. 6, '00.

"I live across the street from where MENDEL'S DYNAMIC TABLETS are made. That is how I first took them. They stopped a cold without notice. I took a dozen boxes with me for self and friends when I went to Nome." H. L. VAN WYCK, Capitalist, 307 Washington Street, San Francisco, August 10, 1900.

Sent postpaid for 25 cents in stamps by INLAND DRUG CO., 293 Washington Street, San Francisco. Also on sale by our local agent.

C. Y. Lowe, Druggist.

Printers' Snaps.

Rooker News Cases.

We have several hundred pairs of these cases. They are a trifle smaller than full size. Were used by two leading dailies before Lino's came in. They are just the size to facilitate composition. In perfect order. Fifty cents per pair.

Fine Gordon Jobber.

New style, 8x12, second-hand, with throw off; in first-class condition. Has side steam fixtures and is one of the best second-hand presses we have had for a long time. It is a snap.

Second-hand Cylinder.

Six column quarto. Will work 1000 an hour. A bargain for a country daily.

Some Body and Display Type.

Has not seen one month's use. Some of it hardly stained. Second-hand prices.

PACIFIC STATES TYPE FOUNDRY

508 Clay Street, S. F.

An Acrobatic Spider.

A curious instance of the ability of an insect to successfully measure distance was evidenced once while I was traveling through northern Argentina.

I first made the acquaintance of my friend on the back veranda of a little village tavern. I was lying in a hammock. About two feet from me was a 3 by 3 inch hand rail of wood, supported by wooden balusters. As I lay there I noticed a fly alight on the top of the wood. While I watched him, the fly apparently turned into a spider. I could not believe my eyes, but on closer inspection I saw that a spider jumped from somewhere and alighted on top of my fly.

I thought this worth watching and found that this was his method of procedure: A fly would alight on top of the railing, the spider would take in the distance at a glance and would disappear down the side of the rail, walk along toward the fly, but out of sight, until he reached the place on the side of the rail at right angles to the position occupied by the fly when he last saw it. Then he would walk nearly to the top of the rail and fasten his web, then walk down, paying out his web as he went till he was as far from the place where he had fastened his web as was the fly, then one vigorous leap, the web swinging him round in the arc of a circle, and he would alight on top of the fly.

I have never seen one miss this seemingly difficult leap, except when the fly left his position before the spider had finished his preliminaries.—E. A. Suverkrop in Scientific American.

Black Sea Peculiarities.

The Black sea has peculiarities which distinguish it from the Mediterranean, Atlantic or Pacific. The greatest ascertained depth is 1,280 fathoms. A surface current flows continually from the Black sea into the Mediterranean through the Bosporus and Dardanelles and an undercurrent of salt water from the Mediterranean into the Black sea. This undercurrent of water is warm and sinks to the bottom and in consequence of its great density prevents vertical circulation. The result is that these deeper waters are rendered stagnant. They are saturated with sulphureted hydrogen, and consequently life is impossible. In an expedition in which Sir John Murray took part the water brought up by means of a water bottle from a depth of 300 fathoms smelled exactly like rotten eggs. No life therefore is possible in the Black sea beyond a depth of 100 fathoms, which is a striking contrast to what happens in the open ocean, where there is an abundance of animal life at that depth. This brings about another extraordinary condition with reference to the deposits—that in all the deeper deposits there is an abundant chemical precipitate of carbonate of lime, a condition not obtaining as far as is known in any other ocean.

Municipal authorities of Riegelsburg, near Saarbruck, Alsace, propose to establish an automobile service between the town and the center of St. Jean-Saarbruck, a distance of six miles, and have advertised for offers of eight place vehicles. These are to be hired at first for six months and may be purchased if found suitable. At Charlottenburg, near Berlin, an electric omnibus is now in circulation which can transport 17 persons, eight in the interior and nine on top.