

The Raiding of Donna Clotilde

By CUTCLIFFE HYNE

Instinctively the red haired man went to his own room to pocket his valuables, and by a chance he was moved to lift up the door of the floor which covered the bath beneath it. Ah, there was the mischief! The sea cock which filled the bath was turned on to the full, and the iron tub was gushing water on every side. The next staircase was empty, but the bath cock there was also turned on to the full, and after going round the ship and finally entering Kettle's room (and covering him with a revolver) and turning off his water supply he found that the sea had been pouring inboard from no less than eight separate apertures.

"And this is your work, you little devil, I suppose?" said the red haired man savagely.

"Certainly," said Captain Kettle. "Shoot me if you like, but no ashore if you choose, but don't grumble if you find me a doctored being passenger. I'm not in the habit of being made to travel where I don't wish."

That afternoon Kettle contrived to set the yacht afloat in three separate places, and a good deal of damage was done (and night had fallen again) before the scared crew managed to extinguish the flames, and this time Donna Clotilde intervened. She asked for Kettle's parole that he would attempt no further mischief and when this was flatly refused, she threatened to put him in irons. The lady was somewhat tigerish in her affections.

A second time Captain Kettle managed to get the yacht in a blaze at the imminent peril of hamulating himself, and then, from lack of further opportunity to make himself obnoxious, lay quiet in his lair till such time as the yacht would of necessity go into harbor to coal. The exasperated crew would cheerfully have murdered him if they had been given the chance, but Donna Clotilde would not permit him to be harmed. She was a young woman who up to this had always contrived to have her own way, and she firmly believed that she would tame Kettle in time.

When the yacht passed the straits, she had only four days' more coal on board, and the executive (and Kettle) expected that time would show up to Gibraltar and lay alongside a bulk to re-bunker. But Donna Clotilde had other notions. She had the yacht run down the Morocco coast and brought to an anchor. So long as she had Captain Kettle in her company upon the waters she did not vastly care whether she was moving or at a standstill.

"You cannot escape me here," she said to him when the cable had runned from the base pipe to the mainmast. The yacht is victualled for a year, and I can stay here as long as you choose. You had far better be philosophical and give in. Marry me now, and liking will come afterward."

Kettle looked at the tigerish love and resentment which blazed from her black eyes and answered with cold politeness that time would show what happened, though, to tell the truth, indomitable though he was as a general thing, he was at that time feeling that escape was almost impossible. And so for the while he more or less resigned himself to captivity.

Under the baking blue of a Mediterranean sky this one-sided courtship progressed, Donna Clotilde alternating her ecstasies of love and her coldness and immobility. The crew of the yacht looked on stolidly, nointerfered, and were kept by their officers at cleaning and painting, as necessary occupiers of the mind. But one or other of them, of his own free will, always kept an eye on the guest, whether he was on deck or below. He had given them a wholesome taste of his quality, and they had in abject dread of him, and so they still remain today the only regularly practicing pirates in the western world.

The yacht was sighted first from the hills, was reported to the beach villages, and was reconnoitered under cover of night by a tiny fishing boat. The report was pleasing, and word went around. Bearded brown men collected at an appointed spot, each with the arms to which was best accustomed, and when darkness fell four large boats were run down to the feather edge of the surf. There was no indecent hurry. They did their work with method and carefulness, like men who are used to it, and they arrived alongside the yacht at 3 a. m. and confidently expected to take her by surprise.

The crew of the yacht, thanks to Captain Kettle's vagaries, were not in the habit of sleeping overboard. They never knew what piece of dangerous mischief their little captive might turn his willing hand to next, and, as a consequence, when the anchor watch sang out his first alarm not many seconds elapsed before every hand aboard was on deck. The yacht was well supplied with revolvers and cutlasses, and half a minute sufficed to get these up from below and distributed, so that when the Rifflans attempted to board the defenders were quite ready to do them battle.

and the deck lights switched off. After a while Donna Clotilde came gliding up out of the darkness and stepped up the ladder to the top of the deckhouse. Kettle regarded her unseeingly.

To his surprise, she knelt down, took his hand and smothered it with burning kisses. Then she went back to the head of the ladder. "My dear," she said, "I will never see you again. I made you hate me, and yet you saved my life. I wish I thought I could ever forget you."

"Miss La Touche," said Kettle, "you will find a man in your own station one of these days to make you a proper husband, and then you will look back at this cruise and think how lucky it was you so soon sickened and kicked me away from you."

She shook her head and smiled through her teeth. "You are generous," she said. "Goodby, goodby, my darling! Goodby!"

Then she went down the ladder, and Captain Kettle never saw her again.

A quartermaster came up and took the wheel. The windlass engine had been clacking, and the red haired man, who had constituted himself temporary mate, called out from forward, "All gone!"

"Quartermaster," said Kettle. "Yes, sir," said the quartermaster. "Nor-west and by west."

"Nor-west, no west, it is, sir," said the quartermaster briskly.

QUAINT BATAVIA.

Java's Pictaresque Town and the People One Needs There.

Imagine a town of giant doll's houses built in Burmese and Japanese style, trim avenues of beautiful trees, broad clean streets and thousands of grown up dolls masquerading in oriental fancy dress, the picture book of one's childhood animated—that is Batavia.

The streets are paraded lastingly by gangs of blue garbed convicts, who kick up clear ends, bits of paper and fruit peel. The cleanliness of the streets is astonishing.

A man in Batavia once threw a piece of banana peel on the ground, and, looking back a moment afterward, he felt reproached by the sight of that wretched piece of peel, the only blot on the immaculate cleanness of the streets. For awhile his dignity fought with his sense of decency. Then he returned, picked up the offending peel, and—feeling very foolish—carried it closed around her it was not long before an expert hand twisted the knife from her grasp, and then the end came quickly. An evil smelling man noted her glorious beauty and marked her out as his special love. He clapped a couple of sneaky arms round her and bore her away toward the bulwarks and his boat.

Some one had switched on the electric lights, and the fight was in a glow of radiance. Everything was to be clearly seen. Donna Clotilde was being dragged, resisting, along the deck, and Kettle looked on placidly, smoking his cigar. She was heaved up on the bulwarks. In another moment she would be gone from his path forever.

Still her lips made no sound, though her great black eyes were full of wild entreaty. But the eyes were more than Kettle could stand. He stooped and picked up a weapon from among the litter on deck and rushed forward and gave a blow, and the ruffian dropped limply, and Donna Clotilde stood by the yacht's bulwark, breathless and gasping.

"Now, you get away below," he ordered curtly. "I'll soon clear this rubble over the side."

He watched to see her obey him, and she did it meekly. Then he gave his attention to the fight. He broke a packet of cartridges which lay on the deck planks, picked up and loaded a revolver, and commenced to make himself useful to the yacht's crew, and from that moment the fortune of the battle turned.

Captain Owen Kettle was (and is) a beautiful fighter, and this was just his fight. Against his cool headed ferocity the Rifflans gave way like sand before waves. He did not miss a blow; he did not waste a shot. All his efforts went home with the deadliest effect. His voice, too, was a splendid ally. The yacht's crew had been doing their utmost already. They had been fighting for their bare lives. But with Kettle's poisonous tongue to lash them they did far more. They raged like beasts at the brown men who had invaded their sacred decking and drove them back with resistless fury.

"Hump yourselves, you lazy dogs!" Kettle shouted. "Keep them on the move! Drive them over the bows! Murder those you can reach! Am I to do all this job myself? Come on, you mongrels!"

The red cutlasses stabbed and hacked, and the shrieks and yells and curses of the fight grew to a climax, and then the Rifflans, with a sudden panic, gave way and ran for the side and tumbled over into their boats. There was no quarter asked or given. The exasperated yachtsmen cut down all they could reach even while they were escaping, and when the sound had gone they threw after them the killed and wounded, to be rescued or lost, as they chose. Afterward, having a moment's respite, they picked up their revolvers again, loaded them and kept up a splintering, aimed fire till the boats were out of reach. Then when they turned to look to their own killed and hurt they found a new crisis awaiting them.

Captain Kettle was on the top of the deckhouse, which served as a navigating bridge, ostentatiously closing up the breach of his revolver after reloading it. He waited for a hearing, and after what they had seen of his deadly marksmanship they gave it to him without demur. His needs were simple. He wanted steam as soon as the engineers could give it to him, and he intended to take the yacht into Gibraltar right away. Had anybody an objection to raise?

The red haired man made himself spokesman. "We should have to go to Gib anyway," said he. "Some of us want a doctor badly, and three of us want a parson to read the funeral service. Whether you can get ashore once we do run into Gib, captain, is your own concern."

"You can leave that to me safely," said Captain Kettle. "It will be something big that stops me from having my own way now."

The men dispersed about their duties, and the decks were bowed down

A PUBLIC SCOLDING.

The Way a Scotch Minister Rebuked His Wife in Church.

"I cherish a story I once heard in Scotland," said a well known author, "a story that is, I think, typical of a certain portion of the people."

"This story concerns a minister who caught a member of his congregation sleeping and rebuked him from the pulpit. 'Awake, Saunders,' he said. 'Man, it's a disgrace to sleep in the kirk.'"

"Saunders was much hurt. He spoke up and said: 'Look to yer ain pew, an' mayhap ye'll find ither sleepin' here besides myself.'"

"The minister looked, and there was his wife slumbering soundly. He awakened her, and he told Saunders that if she fell asleep again he might call attention to her by holding up his hand. Then he proceeded with his sermon.

"Some weeks went by, and one Sunday Saunders, sure enough, put his hand up. The wife was asleep again. The minister thundered out her name, bade her rise to her feet and said to her before the whole congregation: 'Mrs. MacGregor, anybody kens that when I got ye for a wife I got no beauty; yer friends ken I got no siller; now, if I duna get God's grace I shall have a pair bargain indeed.'"—Kansas City Journal.

King Snake and Water Moccasin.

"Two years ago," says a writer in the Scientific American, "it was my good fortune to witness a combat between a king snake and a water moccasin. I was attracted to the scene by a negro laborer. When I reached the spot I found the snakes coiled together in a pool of water, the king snake gripping his enemy with the tip of his tail just back of the head. It was clearly his intention to drown the moccasin. For the purpose of taking a photograph I lifted the two struggling, writhing serpents to a rock. Just before I took my photograph the king snake pulled the moccasin's head in the exact position he wished and quickly stretched his jaws over it. Thoughtlessly enough, I put the snakes back into the water, thinking that the king snake would also drown. Very soon, however, he left the pool, stretched his victim straight out before him and leisurely began to swallow him. In my efforts to take another photograph he was frightened away. Both snakes were nearly the same size, being about three and a half feet in length."

The Art of Listening.

There is a grace of kind listening as well as a grace of kind speaking. Some men listen with an abstracted air which shows that their thoughts are elsewhere, or they seem to listen, but by wide answers and irrelevant questions show that they have been occupied with their own thoughts as being more interesting, at least in their own estimation, than what you have been saying. Some interrupt and will not hear you to the end. Some hear you to the end, and forthwith begin to talk to you about a similar experience which has befallen themselves, making your case only an illustration of their own. Some, meaning to be kind, listen with such a determined, lively, violent attention that you are at once made uncomfortable, and the charm of conversation is at an end. Many persons whose manners will stand the test of speaking break down under the trial of listening.

Hastings and Tilden.

Hugh Hastings, when editor of the New York Commercial Advertiser, was incessant in his attacks upon Samuel J. Tilden. One day he received a letter from Henry P. Spaulding, then president of the Central Trust company. Mr. Tilden appeared unwarrantably, and unless he could give some satisfactory explanation Mr. Spaulding would discontinue taking the Commercial Advertiser.

Mr. Hastings replied, "When I was a clerk in Albany Sam Tilden was known as the boy who sold grated turnips for horse radish, and he has been doing it ever since."

Mr. Spaulding did not stop the Commercial Advertiser.—New York Times.

A Lot of Sick Ones.

A delegation of clergymen once called on President Lincoln to recommend one of their number as consul at the Hawaiian Islands and in addition to qualifications for fitness appealed to the president's sympathy on the ground that the candidate was in poor health and a residence in that climate would be of great benefit to him. Lincoln questioned the men closely as to his symptoms, then remarked: "I am sorry to disappoint you, but there are eight other men after this place, and every one of them is sicker than you are."—The True Abraham Lincoln.

Juvenile Financiers.

Two Wall street financiers were discussing the importance of early impressing upon children the value of money. "A penny saved," said the banker, "is the fundamental principle in fortune making. I give my youngsters a prize every month for saving the pin money I enable them to earn by various services that my father would have relegated to the servants. I think I am on the right track, for the other day I found myself short of car fare, and it was with reluctance that the youngest of the brood would lend me five pennies, while the eldest came to the rescue only when I offered security."

"It's well to have children early trained to keep account of what they spend," said the banker's companion, with a twinkle in his shrewd eye. "My boy is six. On his birthday I bought him a little desk, a ledger and all the paraphernalia of bookkeeping, and showed him how to make entries and balance accounts. The other night when he had gone to bed, I thought I would see how he was coming on. The first page read: 'Had 4 cents; spent 4 cents; haven't a darn cent left.'—New York Press.

The Helping Word.

There was a certain old woman who was a constant and devoted attendant at church. Her husband died, and her pastor called upon her to comfort her in her sad bereavement.

"Well, my good woman," the pastor remarked, "in your bitter trial I hope you have found some ray of comfort from the Scriptures."

"Indeed I have, dearie," was the confident though mournful reply.

"That's grand, sister," exclaimed the parson sympathetically, "but tell me what passage of the word helped you most."

"Grin and bear it."

A Way the Baby Has.

"Has the baby had the measles yet Mr. Poppus?"

"Sh-sh! Don't speak so loud. When ever he hears anything mentioned that he hasn't got he cries for it."

WOMAN AND FASHION.

Girl's Linen Frock.

This year embroidery is the prevailing trimming for children's as well as women's gowns. The embroidery designs need not be elaborate, and the simplest are considered the smartest. This kind of embroidery worked in the old fashion cross stitch through embroidery canvas can be done by any one, and the few hours' time required to embroider a collar, stock, belt and



FOR TWELVE-YEAR-OLD GIRL.

cuffs or the yoke or front to a little gown will be amply repaid by the style and smartness thus added.

The little frock illustrated is for a ten or twelve year old girl and is of mercerized lavender linen. It is made with a double box plait in the front of the skirt and shirred on the sides. The waist also has a front box plait and a wide collar with stole ends in front. The box plaits, collars and cuffs are embroidered in a simple diamond scalloped with lavender. The yoke is dress. The collar and cuffs are also trimmed with a fine white muslin ruffle in darker shades of lavender linen of tucked white muslin, and the hat is of white rice straw, trimmed with purple pansies.

New Belt.

In order to be in keeping with the fashions that carry all garments below the waist line the new belts have tabs that are becoming to a stout or slender figure. An inexpensive one is made of black stitched glace silk and finished with silk tassels. The back is decorated with buttons. One of the chief novelties of this belt is the manner of sewing the hooks and eyes in the front so as to give the sloping, long waist effect. The hooks are sewed on the usual way, but the eyes are placed along the top edge of the other end of the belt.

Shirt Waist Suit.

This shirt waist suit in gray chambray is fastened both in blouse and



SHIRT WITH LARGE SMOKE PEARL BUTTONS. ONE OF THE NEW FAVORITE DESIGNS IN COLLARS FOR THIS SHIRT WAIST SUITS IS SHOWN.

For the Younger Women.

A very favorite style of dress at present for the young girls of Parisian society is of white batiste fringed with English embroidery over some delicate color. The bodice, which is made just slightly blousing, is taken into a deep corselet of liberty silk in the same shade as that already appearing on the dress, and with this style of gown a large hat in Italian straw is generally worn, trimmed with black velvet and long white wings.

—When the Third Stanzas.

Mabelle had been unusually quiet at church one Sunday. She was generally a very restless listener. Her mother, noticing it, asked her:

"What made you so good during service this morning, daughter?"

"I was thinking," answered the child, "why the people who write hymns stay put something bad in them that the minister can't let the people sing. He always says 'omit the third' or some other stanza, and he says it over twice, so they'll be sure not to sing it, so it must be something wicked."

GOING IN TO DINNER.

How the Methods Differ in France, England and America.

In France they walk into the dining room abreast, the lady and her lord like two chimneys, each one to the other. In England John Bull goes first, she following meek and demure. In America Mrs. Jonathan enters triumphantly leading the way, while her dear old spouse follows.

In France men and women walk with equal assurance. When they meet on the street the men pay their respect to the women and the latter show their deference to the men by the way in which they salute one another. Your natural conclusion is that such men and women go through life on the same equal footing.

On the contrary, John Bull has the air of a lord of creation. He leads the way a little laughingly perhaps and not overpleasantry looking. He is duly sensible of the fact that he is a master of the master. He is of course polite and deferential to women, but it is with a slightly patronizing air, a condescension of his lofty lordship. He feels his supposed superiority, and he cannot help showing it. Among the middle and lower class people the man is master and enters his house before his wife, mother or daughter.

In the United States the woman walks like a duchess. She is mistress of all she surveys. She stands erect and queenly, and her eyes are frank. For her, man exists. He pays her court. She is indeed a queen.—American Queen.

The Price of Slaves.

The prices of slaves varied very greatly in different parts of the south in antebellum days. In states like South Carolina or Louisiana, where slaves were always in demand, much more was paid for them than in the border states like Kentucky and Missouri, where they could easily run away. In New Orleans \$1,800 to \$2,500 was often paid for a good carpenter or blacksmith, who in Kentucky or Missouri would not have brought more than half as much. Many slave traders made a regular business of buying in the border states and selling in Mobile, New Orleans or Charleston, and there was always a handsome profit in the transaction. The most risky part of the business was the guarantee demanded that the slave would not run away. The time limit was commonly thirty days, and the matter was usually arranged with the slave himself by taking his promise and giving him \$5 or \$10 to stay until the guarantee had expired.—Exchange.

Buttermilk a Liqueur Cure.

A boy for one of the largest liquor houses in Philadelphia who is compelled to sample enough wine and spirits every day to put an ordinary man out of business says that buttermilk is his salvation. "I not only buy five or six gallons a day at the dairy restaurants or street stands," he says, "but I drink it all the time at home instead of tea or coffee. I never touch beer or anything like that. I keep a crock of buttermilk in the cellar and let it get just a little stale. It is better than if taken fresh. A man who insists on drinking liquor will find very little trouble if he takes plenty of buttermilk. If he wants to swear off, buttermilk will help him. It is a splendid stomachic. Two quarts of good buttermilk a day will cure any case of nervous indigestion."—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Ass and the Ladder.

"I came into possession of a Hebrew library the other day," said a student, "and in several of my new books is the sentence, 'May this volume not be damaged, neither this day nor forever, until the ass ascends the ladder.' What does that mean—till the ass ascends the ladder? Do you know?"

"Yes, I know," answered the student's preceptor. "The phrase is that of Petronius, 'assinus in tegulis' (an ass on the house top). It signifies impossibility, a thing that will never take place. Books preserved, therefore, until the ass ascends the ladder are books forever preserved."—Philadelphia Record.

Dwellers in the Ice.

The Etahyans, or "arctic highlanders" of Ross, live in ice caves within the vast glacier cap which covers all northern Greenland. Theirs is perhaps the most wretched and isolated existence it is possible to conceive.

Their "dwellings" are always wet, owing to the melting of the ice walls and floor. For full six months of the year the darkness of the arctic night envelops them. The ice is around them, beneath them, above them. In nine cases out of ten if they venture abroad they breathe the frozen particles, and the sensation is akin to that which comes from inhaling the blast of a furnace.

Nevertheless they refuse to move farther south with the approach of winter, as do all the other Eskimo tribes. They take a sort of perverse pride in their loneliness as in their misery. "What matter," they say, "if we are cold and hungry? We are the last of all peoples. We dwell literally at the end of the world. To the north of us there is snow, there is ice, but there is no land, and there is nothing that lives, breathes or has independent movement."—Pearson's.

Flowers That Harm the Sick.

Botanists and others who have made a life study of flowers have recently discovered that the perfume of blossoms is often increased by growing them under colored glass. They state also that some plants are fragrant only at night and others only in the hot sunshine, that the season affects the odors and that some perfumes powerfully affect the human organization, sometimes giving rise to serious nervous troubles. Flowers of delicate perfume quiet the nerves of invalids, it is asserted, but the violet, lily of the valley and carnations are really harmful to the sick.

Flauntable.

"What's the derivation of the word 'college'?"

"I give it up."

"But surely the word must mean something."

"Oh, I guess it was just faked up by some poet who needed a rhyme for 'knowledge.'"—Philadelphia Ledger.

Their Chances.

Jaspar—Young Scadsby has enough. Why doesn't he keep out of business and give others a chance?"

Jumpup—But it is by going into business that rich young men like him give smart young men a chance to make money.—Life.

BLAKE, MOFFITT & TOWNE
...Straw and Binders' Stock...
35-57-59-61 First Street
Tel. Main 190. 34 SAN FRANCISCO.

DROPSY

Do Your Ankles or Limbs Swell? Are Your Eyes Puffy? We are the Sole Agents for the Only Thing Known That Cures the Kidney Diseases That Cause Dropsy, viz. Fulton Compounds.

It is now well known that dropsy is not in itself a disease, but is nearly always a symptom of kidney disease that accompanies the chronic stages heretofore incurable. Hence, up to the discovery of the Fulton Compounds, Dropsy was incurable. It is now, however, curable in nearly all cases. Here is an interesting recovery, to which we refer by permission.

Mrs. Peter Goyhens of 628 Fillmore street, San Francisco, became extremely dropsical. Her physician had finally to tap her every few days. She was lagged and weary, and grew worse from day to day. The physician finally told her husband that she had bright kidneys, and that it was a case of dropsy. He also gave her the usual trouble and she was in such a serious condition the relatives desisted. They put her on Fulton's Compound. It started the stomach and the first thing that had done so for a week. The second week the dropsy declined, and the third week the dropsy was completely cured. The improvement was then gradual till her recovery was complete. This cure was effected by representatives of the San Francisco Star and the Overland Monthly, and the genuineness of the case and the recovery are fully attested in their columns.

Mrs. Thomas Christ of 428 Twenty-seventh street, San Francisco, was afflicted with dropsy, as the result of chronic kidney disease, so much so that she was unable to walk, and her weight had fallen to 100 lbs. She was in a normal weight, and had to be moved in sheets and was close to death's door although she had four physicians. She was put on the Fulton Compounds. Three weeks showed improvement and in four weeks she was well, and permits this reference.

If you have dropsy don't temporize. There is only one cure known that cures the chronic kidney disease that is behind it and that is Fulton's Compound. The Fulton Compound for Dropsy and Kidney Diseases, 717 Market Street, N. E. John J. Fulton Co., 40 Washington Street, San Francisco, sole compounders. Send for pamphlet. We are the sole agents for this city.

Save the Baby.

The mortality among babies during the first three months of life is something frightful. The cause of 100 shows the loss of one in every seven succumb.

The cause is apparent. With baby's bones hardening, the fontanel (opening in the skull) closing up and its teeth forming, all these coming at once upon a baby's system are a serious matter. The little system is unable to cope with the strain, and the result is cholera, diarrhoea, brain troubles, convulsions, etc., that prove terribly fatal. The cause is the lack of the vital nutrient outside the big cities that is so plentiful in the country and in the States alone.

When baby begins to sweat, worry or cry out in sleep don't wait, and the need is neither medicine nor narcotics. What the little system is crying out for is more bone material. Sweetman's Teething Food supplies it. It has saved the lives of thousands of babies. They begin to improve within forty-eight hours. Here is what physicians think of it.

234 Washington St.

Gentlemen—I am writing you, June 2, 1888. Dear Sirs—I have just reported the teething fever in two cases and in both cases a cure. One was a very serious case, so critical that it was brought to me from another city. The child was a year and a half old. In three days the baby ceased worrying and commenced eating and in ten days was well. In this case was remarkable. I would advise you to put it in every drug store in this city. Yours, I. M. PROCTOR, M. D.

Petaluma, Cal., September 1, 1888. Dear Sirs—I have just reported the teething fever in two cases and in both cases a cure. One was a very serious case, so critical that it was brought to me from another city. The child was a year and a half old. In three days the baby ceased worrying and commenced eating and in ten days was well. In this case was remarkable. I would advise you to put it in every drug store in this city. Yours, I. M. PROCTOR, M. D.

Sweetman's Teething Food will carry baby safely and comfortably through the most dangerous period of child life. It is the only food of the gums unnecessary. It is the safest plan and a blessing to the baby to not wait for symptoms but to commence giving it at four or five months. Then all the teeth will come healthily, without pain, diarrhoea or lancing. It is an auxiliary to their regular diet and easily taken. Price 10 cents enough for six weeks. Send for prospectus of price. Pacific Coast Agency, Island Drug Co., Mills Building, San Francisco.

A FREAK OF NATURE.

Wonderful Travelling Sand Hills That Are Found in Iowa.

After passing another "town" of three or four mud huts we enter the famous desert of Islay, on which are what I consider the most remarkable natural curiosities to be seen on this globe, for we are now among hundreds—nay, thousands—of pure white sand crescents on a plateau of 4,500 feet above the level of the sea, and fifty-four miles from the coast, where all else is of a dark red or chocolate color. Whence comes this sand and why always in a crescent shape? Professor Bailey told me that scientific men do not agree as to the reason why the sand always forms the same crescent shape, although it is generally believed that the whirling eddies hereabout are responsible. Some, however, argue that such is not the case since each of these crescents has an opening toward the northeast. At any rate, the inner circle is an almost perpendicular wall of the finest pure white sand, and from the upper edges the crescents slope gradually away on the outside. They average about twenty feet in height, the inner circle having a diameter of some fifty feet, although I have seen one at least a mile and a half in diameter, which was, however, not much higher than the average. These crescents move, it is estimated, at the rate of three inches every twenty-four hours, and when on the slow journey one comes near the railroad it becomes necessary to shovel the sand across the tracks, after which it travels on, forming new crescents or mingling with some of the others.—Ernest C. Root in Harper's Magazine.

recreation.

"Look here, Mr. Editor," exclaimed an irate caller, "you referred to me yesterday as a reformed drunkard. You must apologize or I'll sue your paper for libel."

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