
FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

RIDING A SEA MONSTER.

How Florida Boys Catch Turtles For the Market—It Is Great Sport. Florida boys have one kind of exciting sport which the young folk of more northern lands know little about. It consists in catching the huge sea tur tles which frequent the bays along the southern coast of Florida. The turiles, from which is made the green turtle soup so familiar to restaurant fore, are confined by the fishermen in huge pens, or "turtle crawls," consisting of fences extending from the shore out into the water. When the fisherman wants a



great turtle for market, one of the boys, whose brown body is stripped bare, stands in the prow of the boat as it is pushed from the shore. He watches intently, and presently he sees one of the big turtles taking a nap on the clear white sand of the bottom. He dives quickly, and, swimming down from behind, seizes the turtle firmly by its shell. Of course the turtle wakes up and, like a bucking broncho, begins to dash and plunge wildly about, seeking to throw its plucky rider.

Not succeeding in this, it darts quickly to the surface, where the boy gets his first breath. Then down again it goes, tearing through the water and beating the foam with its flippers. But its rider never lets go for a moment, and presently the great turtle grows exhausted, and the hoy, by lifting on the front end of the shell forces it to the boat, where it is quickly loaded aboard and taken away to market. It is great sport and the boys enjoy it as much as our boys like a lively young pony to ride. - Chi-

The Game of Egotism.

The following game is offered by the at home department of Every Where: It is founded upon the frequent use of the first personal pronoun in the conversation of almost every one whom we meet. Some people, of course, put into their talk the word "I" much oftener than others and are noted for the fact, but everybody uses it more than he thinks he does until confronted with a

With the company all pleasantly and cozily seated in a circle elect two or three scorers and a quizzer. Designate a penalty or a booby prize for the first one who says "I" ten times and a reward for the one who says it least and then let the quizzer have at them. Each must answer every question asked him or her fully and circumstantially; otherwise a count is the penalty for the failure. Allow all who may wish to assist incidentally in the quizzing and to interject any remark they may wish. so that the scorers keep good watch of them and count their phenomenal delin-

quencies whenever made.

It is wonderful what a lot of merriment and instruction this game will produce if played thoroughly and good

A Kitten as a Doll.

A little girl 11 years old recently traveled all the way from Wichita, Kan., to Rochester with no companion but her kitten. She was allowed to have the pet in her lap, although it is against the rules of railroad companies to allow animals in the passenger coach. Perhaps this may have been due partially to the fact that the kitten was dressed "like folks," in clothes. The cat was as handsomely attired as a favorite doll and infinitely more amusing. Her little dress did not seem a novelty to her, and the little waist, with bishop sleeves and lace at the ankles, or more properly wrists, was dainty, while a handsome lace baby cap completed the most fetching toilet.

The little girl apologized for the state of kitty's clothing, as she had had but one change out of her trunk. But kitty had spent the most of her journey on her mistress' lap or on the velvet car seat and was not in the least bedraggled. The little girl said she did not care for dolls, because they weren't alive and kitty could play with her. Besides, kitty did not object to being dressed and undressed, so she had all the pleasares of playing doll with a live dolly .-Chicago Tribune.

Two From One Leaves One.

Two boys were sitting on their doorstep, with their slates and pencils in their hands. One said to the other: "Two from one leaves one, doesn't

'Yes," replied the other. A gentleman passing by heard them

Boys, if you prove to me that two from one leaves one, I will give you each 10 cents."

So the boys took the gentleman into

the house, where the cat was washing her two babies. Each boy took a kitten away and said: 'Two from one leaves one."

So the gentleman gave them each 10 cents. - Baltimore Herald.

A Bird of Letters. "A B C, A B C, A B C!"
The parrot cried, proud as could be.
"We birds who know letters
Are surely your betters,"
He called to the birds in the tree.

But the birds in the tree top at play All chirped in the jolliest way, "We don't know A B C's, But we're quite at our case these higher branches," said they. —H. L. Bridgman in St. Nicholes.

**************************** A COOKED UP ROMANCE.

"Oh, lady," said a brave and courteous knight,
While waiting for his supper at an inn,
"To me it is a very painful sight
To see you blistering your very pretty skin
Over that broiling fire and blazing light.
And though a thousand triumphs I might
win

win
In field or tourney or in offhand fight,
I really think it would be quite a sin
For me to now forsake you in such a plight,

"So, while I tire not of the battle's din,
Because I am a brave and courteous knight,
If I might hope your fairy hand to win,
I would change places, if you think it's right,
And stir the porridge thick or stir is thin.
Just as you bid me, morning, noon or night,
And thus together we might keep the inn.
For, cased in armor, I'm protected quite,
While you would save your lily, milk white
skin."

So runs the legend. Thus do men explain The queer design by which is still bedight The sign that marks through wind and sun

and rain,
"The Hostelry of the Most Courteous Knight."
-- Rudolph F. Bunner in St. Nicholas.

TERENCE.

Now, I won't be afther tellin ye a word av a lie-'twas always fond I was av the gyurls. To me the soight av a purty blue eyed colleen was all me loife as refreshin as a dhrop av potheen, but och, 'tis terrible throubled I've always been wid the shy. An so ye see, though 'tis 40 year ould I am this very month, I'm nothin but an ould bachelor afther

'Twas a long toime I had a notion av Misthress Katie O'Flynn that has a nate bit farrum at Ballyboggan, but niver a word av live cud I say to her, all because av the shy. Howandiver, maybes—but wait till I tell ye now.

Wan cowld mornin this very wake I resaved a letther an 'twas a quare wan, so it was. Indade me letther was nothin at all at all but wan av thim post kyards that ould Barney the postman is so fond av bringin to people, since 'tis the inquisitive ould fella he is to be sure. On the post kyard was nothin but four lines av the luveliest poethry ye iver seen. 'Twas this:

If married bliss ye wud injoy, Just ax swate Kate O'Flynn. To be your own wud give her joy. Terence, go in an win.

Barney was grinnin all over whin he handed me the kyard, so he was, so sez I to him:

"Ach ye ould spalpeen, ye've been afther readin me privit corrispondence." "I have," sez he, "but where's the harrum? An sure 'tis the best av advice ye're afther gettin, Terence, me boy." "Faix an ye're roight, Barney, but d'ye think she'd be afther lookin twice

at a gossoon loike me?"
"Why not?" sez he. "Misthress
O'Flynn is not so young as she looks.
"Tis the illigant bhoy ye are intoirely." "Aisy now, Barney, aisy," soz I.
"Don't be afther aspershin the luveliest
av her sex. But I know ye don't mane
nothin dishrespective. I wonder who was afther sendin me this kyard now." Barney winks at me. "I wonder," sez he, an he walks aff down the street whistlin "Kate Kearney" as clear as a

Well, that kyard made me feel bouldin me best, puts on me caubeen, takes me shillalah in me hand, an sets off for Misthress O'Flynn's farrum at Bal-

Whin I gets to the dure, I knocks as bould as brass, an who should open it but the luvely widda hersilf. "Good evenin, Misthress O'Flynn,"

sez I. "Is it all alone ye are?"

"It is," sez she, "will ye be sittin

"I will," sez I. "Wid all the plazure

Wid that I goes in, an she shuts the dure, an into the kitchen we goes an sits down at the fire. " 'Tis a cowld evening," sez I.

" 'Tis that," sez she.

For the loife av me I cud say no more afther that, an so I sat twistin me caubeen between me hands an wonderin how I was to say what I'd come for. Thin I sez:

"'Tis a gran fire ye have there. 'Tis a foine thing for a cowld evenin."
"'Tis that," sez she. Thin we sat shtill for another space av toime. She was knittin somethin wid rid wool, so

"Tis the foine warrum color for cowld weather is rid," sez I.

" 'Tis that," sez she. I was afther thinkin I must have offinded her in some way, an might be shteppin home again widout a word av luve, but I determined to have another

thry, so I sez: "Is it not lonely ye are sittin here at noights all be yoursilf?" sez L

"Tis not," sez she. "I'm afther injoyin the best av company." 'Who's that?" sez I. "Just mesilf, an no other," sez she,

"Och sure now, ye can't mane it. Whin ye're all be yersilf ye must be feelin an achin void this worruld can niver fill, as the pote sez."

"Thrue for ye—I do sometimes. "I was sartin av it, acushla. Where

wisdom tooth." "Ach now," sez I, "'twas always fond av yer joke ye was, Misthress

O'Flynn. Sorra joke there is about it, Misther Magee—onless ye call it a joke to have a feelin in yer jaw loike a ridhot needle stitchin away at double quick toime to the tune av 'The Wind That Shakes the

"Tis longin I am to comfort ye, alannah. Wud ye not be afther givin me an ingagemint as residint physician? Faix, an 'tis mesilf wud be afther chasin away from ye the toothache, the headache, the heartache, an all the other aches that flesh is heir to, as the pote

'Tis thinkin I am I'd be safer wid dentist for the toothache than wid an ould ornadhaun loike ye, an as for the other aches ye mintion I niver have

ye're sittin here all alone in the even- that weighed over 75 pounds.

ins?" sez I, gittin up close to her an thryin to slip me arrum round her

"Get along wid ye," she cries, liftin her chair along the flure. "I niver seen a man loike ye for insultin motions. Kape yer arrum down."

"Ach sure now, mayourneen, 'tis tired wid hangin down all the evenin. "Well thin, hould it up above yer

head to rest it. "That wud be too high intoirely."
Twud be high enough if I kept it just about the height av yer luvely neck. An besides, that wud kape the cowld away from ye, an thin I cud kill two birds wid wan shtone, as the pote sez.'

"Maybes, but sorra fear av me bein wan av thim birds yer pote talks av." "Is it fond av poethry ye are, acush-

"At toimes—good poethry."
"Well," sez I, "I have some gran poethry in me pocket. Maybes ye'd loike to hear it."

"I moight. What's it about?" "Sure now 'tis about yer luvely silf, an no wan else."

"Let's hear it thin." "Arrah now, maybes ye won't be loikin it." "How can I tell ye till I hear it."

"Well, this the way it goes." Wid that I takes the kyard out av me pocket an reads it:

If married bliss ye wud injoy, Just ax swate Kate O'Flynn. To be your own wud give her joy. Terence, go in an win.

"Ach, 'tis luvely. Are ye afther composin it yersilf?" she axes.
"Niver a word. 'Twas from Barney
the postman I got it this mornin. 'Tis wonderin I am who cud have sent it. But compose it or not, 'tis a hint I'm afther takin. An now mayourneen. ye'll be crool no longer? I luve ye to distraction, an if ye'd only say the word 'tis yer own devoted Terence I'll be from now to me dyin ind."

Here I gets me chair up beside her again, an thin all the shy wint out av me at wanst. I puts me arrum round her waist an tries to draw her to me. But before I cud kiss her she twists hersilf away an sez she:

"Is it in earnest ye are, Terence?"
"It is," sez I; "dead earnest."

"Well," sez she, "d'ye promise to be true, true till death, as the pote sez?" "An will ye niver lave me, deceive

me, nor grieve me?" "Niver, me own jewel." "An if I marry ye will ye always get up first in the mornin an put on the

fire an give me a cup av tay in bed?" "Dade will I, me darlint, me precious "Thin I'm yers for iver an a day longer, Terence, me bhoy. Ye may kiss me—just wan now. Och, och, och, ye

murtherin thafe. How many d'ye want?" she cries, for be this toime I had her in me arrums an was tastin the delicious lips av her. After that 'twas the deloightful even-

in we had intoirely. Sittin there at the fire, sez Katie to me: "Ye can't tell yet who sent ye that

kyard wid the poethry?" "Well, Terence, 'tis thinkin I am I can tell ye if ye won't be angry.'

"Angry, mavourneen, 'tis deloighted I'll be. 'Tis the foinest letther I iver "Arrah, thin, 'twas seein I was ye was that shy ye wud niver spake yer luve

widout incouragin, an as 'tis leap year an 'twas wishin to see ye happy I was, why, 'twas just mesilf that sent ye that wee pome av me own composure."
"Ye mane it—thrue?" I cries de

loighted "Faix, 'tis not a word av a lie I'm afther tellin ye," sez she.

"Thin hooray for leap year!" shouts. "Au ye're the grandest pote as iver was. Sure ye'll be afther givin me another kiss or maybes two, as a thrifle more incouragmint, wudn't ye now?" Loike the jewel she is, she incouraged me again.

Be the toime ye read this 'tis married we hope to be, for I'm just afther seein Father Donovan about the weddin .-Scottish Nights.

Giving Him Advice.

"I'm not the man to yield weakly or without a struggle," declared Writely as he walked the floor, intertwining his long fingers or running them nervously through his still longer hair. 'I have written poems, essays, plays,

criticisms and stories. I have ranged in my work from the most profound metaphysics to the veriest rough and tumble humor of the day. Disposing of political problems, removing the clouds of mystiproblems, removing the clouds of mysti-cism, accounting by natural laws for what has been regarded a supernatural, producing the most beautiful conceits in the realms of romance, writing under the inspiration of propitions muses and showing myself the incarnation of true wit, I have done a vast labor for the good of humanity and have nothing to show for it but dusty piles of unaccepted manuscript. No wonder that ambition is crushed and that the fruits of my enis it at all, at all? Is it in yer heart deavor seem as the apples of Sociom."

"Brace up, old man," sivised h friend Lettergo. "You are not the first genius to suffer the pangs of the unap-preciated. Keep plagging away with a stiff upper lip. Never say die, my man. Get your name before the public and make the people talk about you. I can have your name paraded in every news-paper and magazine that you want, pro-

vided you follow my advice." "Commit some crime, I suppose?" 'No, sir. Advertise your wares. Blow like a side show man. Run your picture with every advertisement. Pay in advance, and the world will learn for the first time that there is such a hidden treasure as yourself."-Detroit Free Press.

A Race of Dwarfs

The inhabitants of the Andaman islands are said to be the smallest race of people in the world. The average height of a full grown Andaman is less than 4 none av thim." feet and the anthropological experts "What, niver no heartache, whin who recently visited them found but few

Had to Jump.

THE FATE OF A PROMINENT MARINE GROCERYMAN.

P. H. Monahan, one of Detroit's Oldest and Best Known Merchants Meets with a Serious Experience.

A PECULIAR BUSINESS. Breeding and Catching Leeches For the

New York Market. James Partit and his children earn all the money they make raising leeches, for the work of breeding the bloodsuckers on the Partit farm on Toms river, near Lacy, N. J., is nothing compared with the labor of catching them. The wary leech will take hold of nothing but human flesh, so the members of the Partit family, big and little, plunge their legs into the swamp and draw them up presently with the prey attached

Farmer Partit doesn't seem to think a little blood letting hurts one.

"They are as good as a dose of spring physic," says he. "Why, me and the boys get so fat and healthy doing nothing all winter that we need something like this to keep us in order. If we fished too long at a time, they might do some harm, but we know when to stop. After the season is over we feel fresher and better than if we hadn't been leeching. They are just like mosquitoes—they suck out all the bad blood and leave the good, and that's why, I suppose, we feel so good after a month's work in the swamp. I think we'd all have malaria down in this wet place if it wasn't for the leeches. No man could wade through such a mudbole without getting malaria unless something helped him.

His farm yields 500,000 leeches a rear, and the price is 20 or 30 cents for 100, giving an annual income of \$1,000 to the family. The market is New York or Philadelphia, where the leeches are distributed to the trade.

Half a century ago this would have been a great business, but the belief in leeches has fallen off in this country. Europe clings to the practice, and Paris while London finds use for over 7,000,-000 a year.

James Partit or his boys, when wading, discovered the presence of the leeches in his swamps. He looked up the subject and decided that he would supply the American market, which hitherto had depended on Europe. He found that buyers preferred the Hungarian fellow of olive green without spots, or else the German leech, with dark green body spotted below with black. He got a few cimens and put them in the pond. They multiplied rapidly after their enemies, the water suskes, were extermi-nated, and soon the first leech pond in the country was established. The young are ready for market in about a year, but reproduction takes three years. The average life of a leech is 15 or 20 years Usually a healthy man can fish in the swamp four or five hours without losing enough blood to exhaust him. The leech nas three jaws and from 20 to 90 teeth. When these get going, in a short time the leech will swallow five times his

weight in blood. All this is more pleasant than the practice elsewhere about New York of fattening lecches for the market on de crepit old horses which have been condemned to the boneyard. - New York

GETTING PATENTS.

The Discoverers Are Not Usually the Ones

to Reap the Reward. If you look back on the history of hu man progress, you will find that none of the great epoch making inventions has ever been patented. The man who lit the first fire-whether Prometheus or the party from whom he stole the idea -did not get a patent for it. Neither did the man who made the first wheel, in every sense one of the most revolutionary inventions in the history of man. The same thing may be said of the invention of soap, candles, gun powder, umbrellas and the mariner's compass, or, te come down to our own day, of the steam engine and the electric tele

Patents are mostly concerned with small mechanical details and improvements—it may be in the application of steam and electricity—and by means of these patents enormous profits have been secured to second rate inventors, but the great ideas and discoveries which underlie these details have been given to

the world gratis. There is a general notion that if you did not protect inventions by means of patents inventors would cease to invent and material progress would come to a standstill. But history does not bear this out in the least. Men with great mehanical gifts do not exercise them solely with a view to commercial profit any ore than astronomers search the heavens for new worlds with an eye to registering patents and floating companies on the results of their discoveries. - London Truth.

An ordinary brick weighs about four

Prominent among the business men of Detroit, Mich., is Patrick H. Monahan, who resides at 199 Baker Street.

He has been actively engaged in the grocery business for the past forty-seven years, of which forty-two years have been in Detroit. Coming here nearly half a century ago he started into business at the corner of Second and Jefferson Avenues, and for years catered to the marine trade. From Duluth to Buffalo his name as an honorable, honest boat supply man was well known to all boatmen. No matter what time of day or night, the Mosahan Marine Grocery was kept open for the convenience of the lake boats. He is the best known and oldest retail grocery dealer in Detroit. He has been auccessful in business by his square dealings, and is layed to be found behind the counter any day at his large store, corner of Twelfth and Baker Streets. To a reporter, he recently said:

"When we first opened the Jefferson Avenue atore we had to work day and night. The vessels that needed supplies, wanted them right off and we had to jump all the time. The reason vesselmen paironized us, was because we filled their orders at once. Every hour counts with them and we had a double set of clerks that worked day and night. In have been hustling all my life. No man can succeed in business without hustling. Some people hustle too much, and I was one of them.

"About four years ago I had to give up on account of my back giving out. It had bothered me for years. For a week I sat around the house and then had to give be naccount of my back giving out. It had bothered me for years ago I had to give up on account of my back giving out. It had worn myself out by hard work. I did not do the same had to be not many part of the commended by the purchasers." They build up had to the proper of the pr

WANTED-TRUSTWORTHY AND active gentlemen or ladies to travel for responsible, established house in Oregon. Monthly \$65.00 and expenses.

Position steady. Reference. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. The Dominion Company, Dept. Y Chicago. Protecting an Atlantic Cable. The "core" is now finished. But as it now stands it is in no wise fitted to meet the shocks that await it at the bot-

tom of the sea. It must be protected This protection lies in a sheath of steel wires, separated from the soft gutta percha of the core by a packing of jute. The jute is spun about the core exactly as the 11 copper wires of the conductor are spun about a central wire, and about all, finally, is spun the steel sheathing in the same fashion. As one goes about among the spinning machines he notices that the sections of

steel sheathing vary much in thickness. Here is one woven of 24 wires, one of 13 and one of 12. And the wires also vary, so that the section of fewest wires is the largest in diameter. Here is a section made not of single wires at all, but of stands of three wires. In fact, one sees seven different varieties. The occasion for such diversity is this: In the middle of the Atlantic a cable is dropped to a depth of two or three statute miles, and as it is payed out to such a depth it must have a great burden to sustain in its own weight. To make the weight as little as possible consistent with needful quality and strength becomes, therefore, important. The deeper a cable is laid the less its liability to disturbance, and the deep water sections, therefore, may be made much lighter than the known as the "shore end," comes the heaviest of all .- McClure's Magazine.

Modern Pilgrims. "Yes, Dusty," declared Weary Wag-gles reflectively as he regretfully laid down the tomato can which he had drained of its contents to the last drop, 'a genius must be dead many years t be appreciated."

"Huh," replied Dusty, who was wanting in the ability to express his thoughts with the elegant grace of his fellow wanderer.

"Now, there's them pilgrim fathers that you hear people making so much fuss about. Do you know what they are?"

"Dunno as I does." "No, of course not. You see, you haven't such a good education as this here gent. Well, then, you just look in the dictionary, and you will find that pilgrim means a wanderer who journeys on foot. Now, ain't that just what you and me are?"

"Yes." "Well, I guess it was just the same with them as with us. Nobody made any fuss over them until they were dead for hundreds of years. When we are dead hundreds of years, people will be making a fuss over us. We will be pilgrim fathers sure, if the dictionary is right and we get married. We strug gle now, but our posterity will be mak ing a big fuss over us. I'd rather some fuss was made over us now. But, Dusty,

'such is life,' as the immortal poet re-But Dusty had fallen asleep. - Chicago Times-Herald.

Occupation and Health.

"There are occupations which men do not shun as they do work in a gashouse," said a life insurance examiner, "which we consider far more hazardous. You will be more likely to find old men in a gashouse-men who have worked in the business for many years—than in a brewery. In the brewery men look robust and strong. They have every external appearance of health and would be looked upon by the average man as 'good risks.' But the fact that one rarely sees an old man in the business shows that the calling, coupled with the habits which it creates, has a tendency to shorten life. The iron worker is another who is a less good risk than the gasman if all other things are equal. The fine particles of metal which find their and occupations which require working in dust are detrimental to longevity and will kill much more quickly than working in a well regulated gashouse."-New York Tribune.

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shallow water sections. As the cable draws nearer the shore, where the dangers grow greater, a heavier and heavier

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THE ARENA-

"We do not take possession of our ideas but are possessed by them. They master us and force us into the arena, Where like gladiators, we must fight for them."

Such is the exalted motto of the Arena, and the entire contents of this monthly magazine are upon a plane and in keeping with its motto. The Arena's gallery of eminent thinkers is a group of interesting men and women, and their thoughts are worthy the consideration of all people. The Arena is sold with THE WEST.

way into his breathing apparatus have LOOK OVER THIS GROUP.

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