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OLD TUNES.

Old tunes, old tunes! How memory crooms
Their rhythm through my soul tonight!
Of joy replete or pathos sweet,
In scenes that charm my raptured sight!

Enthralle me as in days agone, And bright eyes beam with love's first Lips warm unto mine own.

And laughter low, with music's flow, Vibrate with one accord.

Oh, tender past; weird, mystic past!
Fain would I dream thy pleasures o'er,
And tunes, old tunes that memory crooms,
Thrill through my soul forevermore.

-Richard Pelham in Washington Post.

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

By M. Quad.

We were bound for Alijos island, off the coast of Lower California, in the bark Dolphin, to look for an old wreck of 40 years before. One day, when yet 200 miles to the north of the sland, a whale suddenly breached within 300 feet of our craft, which was making only about three knots an hour under a light breeze. The monster of the deep shot to the surface and above it as if propelled by an engine of 1,000 horsepower. At least 40 feet of his great body was in the an when he came down with a crash, and the fall kicked up such a sea that the bark was boarded by three waves in succession. Instead of sinking out of sight or making off the whale kept company with the vessel and gradually edged down toward us until a man could have tossed his cap over the rail on the broad back covered with patches of barnacles. Almost as the whale shot up from the depths of the sea our mate. whose name was Davids, cried out:

"Before heaven, but that's old Sam Paich, and he's after me!" We had come out of a California port with a picked crew, excepting the mate. I mean by that that Captain Chambers knew his men personally, most of whom had sailed with him before. At the last moment the old mate of the bark had met with an accident.



an hour's notice. He had been found to be a man who thoroughly knew his siness, and it was understood that he was an old whaleman. He had spun no yarns of his adventures, however, and now for the first time, as the whale kept pace with us and the frightened crew tiptoed about the decks, the mate gave us a brief outline. He had been whaling in every sea, both in sail and steam vessels, and had been ashore after his last cruise only a month when joining us. Three years before in a whaler out of London they had lower-ed for a monster whale off the Madelras and fought him for four hours. The leviathan had smashed two boats and killed five men. Davids in his boat had got him fast, but the whale sounded so deep they had to cut the line and let him go. Three months later 700 miles to the north the whaler encountered the same fish and had another boat destroyed and two men killed. Again Davids got fast, but after being towed 15 miles to windward had to cut loose. Six months later, down off the coast of Brazil, he had his third fight with the same whale and got in a

third harpoon. During the next two years Davids sighted that whale, which had come to be known as Sam Patch, off the Cape ense money advanced each week. STANDARD of Good Hope, off the coast of Peru 41-14 and off the coast of Mexico, and on each and every occasion at least one boat was smashed and some one killed. and the mate also made fast and had to let go again. The whale had scars by which he could easily be !dentified. He had always been known as a wild fish, and that he should rise so near our bark and keep company with us for hours was more than a mystery to the

"I'll tell you what it is," he said after leaning his elbows on the rail and taking a long look at the vast bulk almost rubbing our starboard side; "that whale is after me. He knows I'm aboard here. Six of my harpoons are rusting in his carcass, and though I'm not after him on this voyage he wants

We laughed at the idea, but the mate clung to it. He was an intelligent, fairly educated man, and it was evident that he fully believed in his own words. Perhaps it was his earnestness that made us also come to believe that there might be something in it, al-though it looked absurd at first sight. When the whale bad been keeping company with us for three bours, we let the bark go four points off her course, thinking to quietly steal away from him, but be changed his course and kept with ber. Then we shortened sail, but he slowed up. For an hour we worked to part company, but be

was up to all our tricks. For seven long hours he hung to us, and then of a adden he sank out of sight without so nuch as a splash. We argued that he had gone for good, and it was a weight off our minds, but Davids shook his

head in a mournful way and replied: "Sam Patch came here after me, and he won't leave for good till he gets me. He's only off to feed."

We reached the island without having seen more of him, however. As we came within a mile of the north shore the bark was thrown into the wind, the boat lowered, and Davids was to be rowed in to sound the depth and find a safe anchorage. Three sailors took their places at the oars, and the boat shoved off. It was a sunny sky and a calm sea, with never a thought of danger, but the yawl had not pulled above a cable's length from us and every man in the bark had his eye on her when she suddenly rose in the air with a crashing, rending noise. Below her appeared the great head of Sam Patch, and it was thrust upward until the stove boat was lifted 30 feet high and then slid off. When ten feet more of the body was exposed to view, the whale fell over with a mighty swash, rolled his great body over and

over three or four times and then disappeared beneath the surface. We had a second boat down in no time to pick up the men, but while four had gone in the boat there were only three to rescue. The trio were more or less knocked about and almost frightened to death, but they had come off better than the mate. Whether the whale seized him in its mouth or drowned him as it rolled we could not say, but our search for the body was in vain, and Sam Patch disappeared to trouble us no more.

The Fate of the Fly. At one of the English-German schools in the city a teacher recently announce ed to a class of very young girls that they could have 20 minutes to write a composition on any subject of their own selection. A bright girl, whose head is adorned with a liberal supply of beautiful auburn hair, handed in the following:

"Flies from Flyland .- Mrs. Fly had a very great deal of trouble with her children. They worried the old lady so much she did not know what to do. One little fly-Worst One by namenever did obey his mother. Now, of course, there never yet was a case of disobedience which was not punished in some manner. If you do wrong and nobody is around to punish you, you usually knock against something or fall down and burt yourself.

"We will see now what little Worst One did and how he was punished.
One day he and his brothers had a chat, and in it they spoke of the jam that the cook left standing on the kitchen table, and they all determined to get just the tiniest bit of it, and they went. Now, the mother knew of this, and she went with them, and of course she did not scold. Oh, no! 'Why, every fly eats jam, but you must not go inside the jam jar, as no one knows what will

the top,' the mother said. "The others were all afraid and did not go in, but little Worst One, he did not care; he was going in, and in he went in spite of what his mother said. And what do you think happened to him? Never before in the history of flies did such a strange thing happen. You think be died and remained there, ion't you? You are mistaken. They did get him out, but he had a terrible punishment, and he had to carry it with him ever afterward. His hair had turned red with fright. I believe after that he obeyed his mother."

The teacher gave this composition "100."—Baltimore Sun.

During a summer vacation the rare opportunity was given me of studying the nest building habits of a small flat fish that frequents the shallow places

in Lake Sunapee, N. H.

My fish had selected a quiet cove
within a few feet of the shore and quite near a row of cottages. Preumably they were less in fear of man than of the flany tribe. Their nests were circular in form and about the size of a bushel basket. They were hollowed out in the center like a saucer and were kept in perfect shape and beautifully clean by a swift, fanlike motion of the tail fin of the fish, held in a perpendicular position. The bottom of the lake being of a dark color and these nests made of white sand, you could easily see what a neat houseeeper this little fish was. Each nest had its owner, who fought for her "hearth and home" with great valor, chasing off every intruder and seldom being vanquished in the fray.

This pugnacious creature was essentially a home body, seldom leaving a nest except to dart off a few in quest of food or in bot pursuit of an invader. This little fish is a bold robber as well as a vallant fighter. I noticed one of the largest specimens drive a smaller one from her nest again and again and then take possession of it, spend-ing her time between her own nest and the one she had robbed. I counted three dozen of these nests, not more than a foot apart. Some of these fish

were beautifully colored. I went down to the lake very early e morning to take a look at my pets. The water was very calm and clear. Nearly all of the fish were lying perfectly still in the center of their nest, apparently fast asleep.—Interstate

### Her Inberitance.

"Your daughter's voice," said the professor, after the first lesson, "really

"There?" said Mrs. Rocksley. "I always knew it. I've told my busband since the day Adeline was born that she took after him. He was in the lumber business when we got mar-ned,"—Chicago Times-Herald.

#### HE SLEPT IN SECURITY.

The Tonic a Small Boy Used For His Weak Feeling.

There is a 5-year-old boy in Massa chusetts avenue who is of the blood of patriots. His grandfather was in both the Mexican and civil wars, and his father was also a soldier, consequent the little fellow has heard much "flag talk in his short life and has exa ideas of its protective qualities. He was the baby of the family till very recently and occupied a crib bed in his mother's room. When the new baby came, Harold was put to sleep in a room adjoining his mother's, and as he had never slept alone before his small soul was filled with nameless fears which he was too proud to tell in full.

"It's mighty lonesome in here, mam-ma," he called the first night after he had been tucked in his little white bed. "Just remember the angels are near you and caring for you," replied mam ma from the outer room.

acquainted with any angels, and I'd be scared of them if they came rustling round, same as I would of any other "Now, Harold, you must go to sleep

"But, mamma," he objected, "I sin't

quietly. Nothing will hurt you."
"Can't I have the gas lighted in here?" "No; mamma doesn't think it neces sary, and it is not healthy."

There was silence for some time, and then the small voice piped up again. "Oh, mamma!" "Yes, dear."

"May I have grandpa's flag?"

"Why, what for? I want you to go right to sleep." "Please, mamma!" and a small night gowned figure appeared at the do head of my bed, and then I'll go right to sleep, indeed I will! You know the other night grandpa said at the meeting that 'under the protecting folds of the flag the weakest would be safe.'

and I feel mighty weak, mamma. He got the flag, and when his mother looked in on him an hour later he was fast asleep, with a fat little fist under his red cheek, holding fast the end of the "protecting" flag.-Washington

"JES'COMMONOLE MISERY."

Why Rufus Suddenly Decided That He Didn't Have Paralysis. The boy's name is Rufus, and he was busily engaged in polishing the doctor's shoes while he was being shaved. As was his custom, the doctor said, "How

are you feeling, Rufus?" "I ain't much. Kindly poohly, thank you, doctah," answered the boy. 'What's the matter?"

"Paralysis." "W !'et?" "Paralyata" have allowed himself to show astonishment. As it was, he determined to see what would result from further in-

quirles. Rufus was drawing a rag swiftly

"It's probably rheumatism,"

ed the physician.

"No, indeed. It's paralysis. I rec!
I knows rheumatism and I knows paralysis. This is suttenly paralysis."

The doctor drew a good sized pin

from the lapel of his cont.

"Well, Rufus," he said seriously,
"there is only one way to tell. Come
here. I'm going to jab this pin in your
hip. If it hurts, then you have rheumatism. If you don't feel it, then you
are right, and you have paralysis."

The boy did not rise, but drew the
rag thoughtfully across the shoe rag thoughtfully across the shoe

"Doctah, I reckon you mus' know

Finally he said:

more about them things than I do. I know it ain't nothin but jes' common ole misery."-Kansas City Star. What Forty Poles Make, A good story is told about a certain professor whose business it was to lecture to a number of students on surveying. During one of the lectures, the professor said that in his opinion the pole was of little or no value. To the astonishment of those present a Polish

gentleman arose and, after accusing the professor of insulting his country-men, demanded an apology. The professor thereupon explained that the pole to which he referred was merely a term of measurement. The Polish gentleman, seeing his mistake, asked the professor to forgive his apparent rudeness. To this the professor smartly replied:

"You could not be rude, sir, even if you tried, for it takes 40 poles to make one rood!"

"Mr. Upner," said the prosecuting at-torney, "this is an action in which the plaintiff seeks to recover damages for

alleged injuries received at the ha of White Caps. Have you heard anything about the case?"
"No, sir," replied the talesman.
"We'll take him, your honor."
"Mr. Upner," asked the attorney for

the defense, "do you know what a whitecap' is?" "Yes, sir. It's a wave that's got

toam on top of It." "We'll take him, your honor."-Ch

Dashaway-Miss Pinkerly told me the other day that her doctor had put her on a meager diet, and I the would be just the time to ask her ou

Cleverton—And did she accept?
"Did she! Well, I should say so.
She informed me that there was one
day in the week that he allowed her to
eat anything she pleased." — Detroit.

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& WC