

SUNSET ON THE FARM.

Down behind the western hill the red sun sinks to rest. All the world is weary, and I am weary, too.

The partridge seeks its covert, and the redbird seeks its nest, and I am coming from the fields, dear heart, to home and you.

Lay aside the hoe and spade, and put the sickle by; All the world is weary, and I am weary, too.

Ned's Wife

EVERYBODY but Captain Marvin liked handsome Ned Grayling, the most popular hand on board the old Vanguard.

Ned never shirked his duty, but it was known to a few that he was dead in love with pretty Cora, the skipper's daughter, who was engaged to a man named Audley, a junior partner in the firm of owners, whom she had never seen.

"Ned," said I to him one morning, "I've a good mind to get off this rail and give you a toweling on the spot. You order what chance a common sailor has with the captain and act like somebody. Come, give up the idea."

"Never." "You'll be sorry for it some time." Ned looked over his shoulder and saw Cora standing in the waist and had work there instantly. I was vexed, for I knew that the old man was watching him, and I was afraid he would get into trouble.

"Look here, my lad," said "didn't you speak to my daughter just now?" "Yes, sir," replied Ned. "Any orders to the contrary?"

"Yes," growled the old man. "You dare speak to her again and I'll have all the skin off your back."

"Give your orders, Captain Marvin, and I will try to obey them."

"You must never speak to the girl again. She's a fool and forgets that I've promised her to the best young man in Philadelphia; leastways every one says so. But I never saw him. Now you must come and make trouble, blame you!"

"I love Cora," said Ned, quickly. "If you were to kill me you couldn't change that. But I'm a gentleman, and if she is promised to some one else and cares for him I'm not the man to stand in her way. I give you my word not to speak to her unless you give me leave."

"Go forward, then; I believe you will do as you say," said the captain.

He didn't speak to Cora again, but the old man forgot to tell him not to write, and I believe they wrote enough letters to fill a mail bag.

We made Calcutta by daylight and ran in with a pilot, and just as he took the ship in charge the captain ran below to get a glass of grog and found his daughter reading Ned's last note. Well, he tore around the cabin and swore until you'd have thought he'd start off all the deck planks. Then he came on deck on the jump and ordered me to put Ned in irons.

"I'll have you towed ashore on a grating, you confounded lubber," he roared.

"No, you won't, captain!" cried Ned. "What have I done now?" "You promised not to speak to Cora."

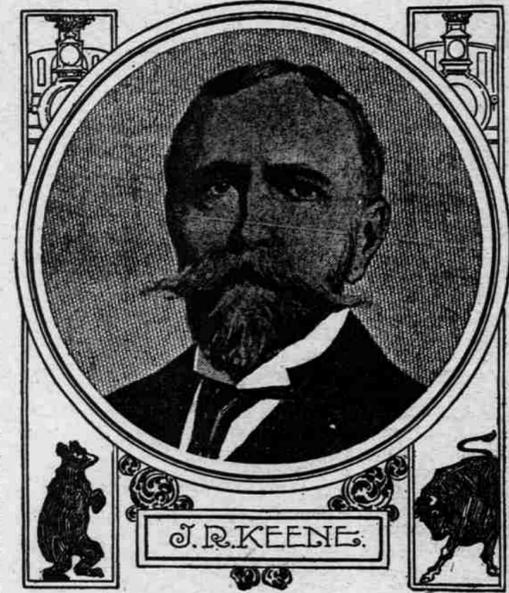
"I kept my word, sir." "Yes, and she's got a stack of letters from you as high as the mainmast. I ought to seize you up to the rigging and give you forty lashes."

"I wouldn't do that," said Ned, with a peculiar look in his eyes. "You've got the right to send me ashore, now we are in port, but no flogging, if you please. Now, I'll make you an offer: You let me stay on board until we get to Calcutta, and after twelve hours, if you do not take back all you have said, I will agree never to speak to Cora, write to her or see her again."

"That's fair," said the old man. "Old Seth Audley comes aboard there, and I'll tell him what a sea lawyer I've shipped."

The pilot took us in safely, and two hours later we were boarded by a shore boat, carrying a passenger, just such an old blower as our old man and with a little bite in him. They shook hands and dragged each other up and down the deck, and then the old man asked him into the cabin and showed his daughter, whom the old chap had never seen.

Spectacular Figure in Wall Street.



James R. Keene, one of the foremost figures in the public eye during the recent skyrocket flights of railroad and industrial stocks, has earned the title of the "Prince of Plungers."

Mr. Keene has a habit of speaking of millions of winnings as lightly as if he were a farmer gratified over a good horse trade. This man, who has built up and toppled over fortune after fortune since his entry in Wall street in 1877, was born in England in 1838, the son of a merchant.

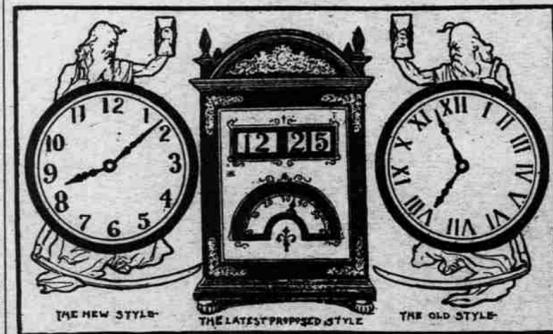
He later tried mining and stock raising. He secured property near the celebrated Comstock lode in Nevada, went to San Francisco, plunged into mining speculation, and made a fortune. In the crash which followed he lost every cent. A friend bought him a seat on the San Francisco Stock Exchange, and by a lucky purchase a few years later he cleared up \$6,000,000.

The chief advances in anthropology have related to what men do and what men think, and the progress has been such as to indicate with fairly satisfactory clearness the natural history of human thinking, as well as that of human doing.

MAN'S SPHERE IN NATURE.

Evolution Theorists Declare He Has Attained It by Slow Degrees. Since Huxley's pioneer work in 1863 a host of investigators have carried forward the study of structural resemblances connecting the genus man with lower genera and orders, says Prof. W. J. McGee.

HERE IS A NEW CLOCK FOR THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.



Samuel P. Thrasher of New Haven, Conn., is making an effort to have the clock face that all humanity has been consulting for centuries changed for one made suitable for the progressive people of the twentieth century. In stating his objections to the present system of telling time, Mr. Thrasher points out that there is a bewildering, brain-trying number of figures which are never necessary at one time for one hour indications on the face of the clock of to-day, and he further says that some of these figures are right side up while others are upside down, some repose on their sides, while others are placed at various angles.

NEW SPORT IS FOUND.

ENTIRELY NOVEL, AND COMES FROM TASMANIA.

AX and Saw Contests Create as Much Furor There as Football and Baseball Do in America or the Olympic Games in Greece.

Tasmania may justly claim the credit of having given the world a new sport. In that far-off land, among the men of brawn and might, whose swinging axes have felled the towering forests and converted their trackless depths into flourishing farmlands, has arisen a contest fit for kings, a form of athletic exercise calculated to bring the thrill of delight to all who have an honest admiration for good red blood and the display of mighty muscle systematically trained to do useful work.

The new sport may be designated as "axmanship," and although it is of but recent origin it has already taken the pre-eminence over all other sports. What the bull-fighter is to Spain and Mexico, the cricketer to England, the swordsman to France, the hockey player to Canada, and the football and baseball hero to the United States, the champion axman has become to the brawn-loving Australians.

The championship contest or carnival is held yearly in Ulverstone, Tasmania, some time during the first two months of the year, under the auspices of an organization specially formed for the purpose, bearing the title of the "United Australian Axmen's Association."

In the championship chopping contests there were six trials and the final. Eight men participated in each of the trials, and the winners fought out the finals. As this contest is designed primarily to test a man's skill in felling a tree, the log, a great piece of tough wood, six feet four inches in girth, is placed firmly in the ground, as though it were a growing tree.

Five minutes before the beginning of the heat the referee's whistle summons the contestants into the inclosure. They are all splendid specimens of physical prowess—thick set, deep-chested, iron muscled and bronzed from exposure. Each carries his favorite ax, the fullest latitude being allowed in the matter of selection. It is a significant fact that several of the saws and axes used this year were the product of American firms.

Scarcely less exciting is the sawing contest. The log used is the same size as that employed in the chopping contest, but the time made is much more rapid, for the great saw cuts through the wood much more quickly than the ax can go.

This year for the first time the axmen and sawyers' championships were won by the same man—Thomas Pettit, of Sprint, Tasmania. Not only did he win both events, but he also broke the record for each.

NOVEL ACCIDENT IN COURT.

One of the Most Extraordinary Damage Cases in Judicial Annals.

A suit in the Superior Court in Raleigh, N. C., against the Seaboard Air Line Railway has brought to light the most novel accident known to the annals of jurisprudence.

The vestibule passenger train from Atlanta was bowling along toward Raleigh on a down grade at the rate of fifty miles per hour at 10 o'clock in the morning. William Watlington was on his way to a wild turkey blind, which he has baited, and had his double-barreled, breech-loading shotgun on his shoulder, two cartridges being in the chambers.

Just a few seconds before the train passed these cattle commenced to struggle across the track to the side on which Mr. Watlington was standing. The bovines all got safely across except one small Jersey bull. He was caught on the cowcatcher and hurled away with terrible velocity, and, as misfortune would have it, he struck Mr. Watlington about midships and knocked him down into the ditch and planted the bull on top of him.

The bull was stunned and struggled, but could not get up, and the water was drowning both man and beast. The engineer, Mr. Honeycutt, was watching the cattle and had not seen Mr. Watlington, and when the fireman told him what had happened he stopped the train and hurried back, and got there in time to get Mr. Watlington and the bovine out of the ditch before they were drowned.

Further examination showed that the bull struck Mr. Watlington and the shock had knocked the gun some distance, and when it struck the ground it was discharged and killed one of the cows and wounded another so badly that it had to be killed. The gun was not injured.

trial the owner of the two cows has sued Mr. Watlington and recovered \$100 in full damages for their killing.

Mr. Watlington says the ending of this lawsuit bangs a blue sheep: That he was knocked down by a Jersey bull, which was hurled at him by the train, and nearly drowned, and his gun is discharged and kills two cows, and he gets no damage and is compelled to pay \$100 for being the principal in the most-celebrated case in the history of accidents by railroad trains.

But since all this happened Mr. Watlington has had a great piece of good luck to befall him. He has been working for H. N. Snow, at High Point, in the furniture business. Mr. Snow is getting old, and being rich and tired of the business, he retired and gave the whole plant and business, worth \$20,000, to Mr. Watlington, who was of no kin to him, but simply a faithful employe. So Mr. Watlington has had some recompense for his experience with the bull and train.—Chicago Chronicle.

Century in Office. Hubbard B. McDonald, whose official title is journal clerk to the United States Senate, but who is in reality the parliamentarian of that body, is the third of his immediate family to occupy that position.

His son, the father of the present incumbent, was appointed to succeed him, and he remained as the official helmsman of the Senate until his death, nearly twenty-five years ago. Even before the death of his father Hubbard McDonald had become connected with the Senate in a clerical capacity, and he has now served for many years as its parliamentary expert.

It is his business to sit close to the presiding officer of the Senate and keep him from falling into parliamentary pitfalls. He reports that of all the Vice Presidents it has been his fortune to coach Mr. Roosevelt in by far the hardest to keep in line. "Teddy" has such decided ideas and opinions of his own that he yields with poor grace to the mandates of tradition and precedent.

For His Country. Lord R—, who had many good qualities, and even learning, had a strong desire of being thought skillful in physics, and was very expert in bleeding. Lord Chesterfield, who knew his folly and wished on a certain occasion to have his vote, went to him one morning and after having conversed on indifferent matters, complained of a headache and desired his lordship to feel his pulse.

It was found to beat high and a hint of bleeding was thrown out. "I have no objection and as I hear your lordship has a mastery hand, will you favor me with trying your lancet upon me?" said the tactful and politic Chesterfield. After the operation he said: "By the way, do you go to the house to-day?"

"I did not intend to go, not being sufficiently informed of the question to be debated," answered the impromptu physician. "Which side will you be of?"

Goldsmith's Generosity. A beggar once asked alms of Oliver Goldsmith as he walked with a friend up Fleet street, and he gave her a shilling. His companion, knowing something of the woman, censured the writer for his excess of humanity, saying that the shilling was misapplied, as she would spend it for liquor.

Another proof that the doctor's generosity was not always regulated by discretion was at a time when, after much delay, a day was fixed to pay the forty pounds due his tailor. Goldsmith procured the money, but a friend calling upon him and relating a piteous tale of his goods being seized for rent, the thoughtless but benevolent author gave him all the money. The tailor called and was told that if he had come a little sooner he could have had the money, but that he had just parted with every shilling of it to a friend in distress, adding: "I would have been an unfeeling monster not to have relieved trouble when in my power."

Paid in His Own Coin. The Atlanta Journal relates an amusing encounter which Maurice Barrymore once had with a stranger. "Will you oblige me with a light?" said Barrymore to a belated stroller. "Certainly," said the stranger, holding over his cigar.

But when Barrymore handed back the perfect the owner flung it away. Out came Barrymore's cigar case. "Take one of mine," he said, with a tone to the invitation which made an order of it. The stranger hesitated and took the cigar.

"Let me offer you a light," added Barrymore, giving his lighted weed to the other.

Upon regaining his cigar, Barrymore, of course, flung it away. "I should like to continue this indefinitely, but I have only a few cigars," he said, and walked off.

Barrymore would devote as much thought to a trifle like this as he would require to write a brilliant essay or memorize a part.

OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SAYINGS AND DOINGS HERE AND THERE.

Jokes and Jokelets that are supposed to have been recently born—Sayings and Doings that are Old, Curious and Laughable—The Week's Humor.

A farmer has an ambitious son, 12 years old, who, being left alone for a few hours the other day, tried to clean the clock. He easily got the clock to pieces, but his difficulty lay in putting it together again after cleaning.

"At this task he was only partly successful, and upon his father's return home he eagerly exclaimed: "Father, I've cleaned the clock and got enough works left over to make another one!"—Exchange.

A Careless Remark. "I am really afraid you hurt that actor's feelings," said Miss Cayenne. "In what way?" "You said he played his part very well. You know he is very sensitive, and by using the word 'part,' he may have thought you were trying to imply that he is not the whole show."—Washington Star.

"In Bed with the Grip." "The Spirit's Calmer Retreat." "Jones, next door, is getting old." "What do you go by?" "He's quit talking baseball and gone to talking garden."

A Philosopher. Wife—There's a burglar down cellar, Henry. Husband—Well, my dear, we ought to be thankful that we are upstairs. Wife—But he'll come up here. Husband—Then we'll go down cellar, my dear. Surely, a 10-room house ought to be big enough to hold three people without crowding.

Dire. Clutterly—Just because I haven't paid my bill for a year, my tailor won't make me another suit of clothes. Castleton—What will you do? "I shall threaten to take my trade elsewhere."

A Mistake. "That engagement of young Mr. Dolley and Miss Kittish is broken off." "What was the cause?" "O, Dolley put his foot in it as usual." "How?" "He was trying to pay her a compliment and said she'd been looking real pretty the last few days."

Too Late. He—Your father ought to know what I have to say to him. I have been coming here so long. She—I am afraid he has given up all hope.

Business Repartee. Strange Lady—What's the price of this iron bedstead? Dealer—Twelve dollars, madam. Strange Lady—How much off if I pay cash? Dealer—Madame, if you don't pay cash the bed is not for sale.

Knew Where He Stood. "There's one thing I must say for Henrietta," said Mr. Meekton. "She is a very firm, once she gets her mind made up." "She can't be argued out of her opinion."

No, indeed! That's what makes home so happy. If she expresses herself in the morning I know perfectly well that she hasn't changed her mind when I get home at night. It makes it very much easier to converse."—Washington Star.

She Had Been Through the Pockets. Mrs.—I see by this morning's paper that there is very little change in men's trousers this spring. Mr.—Yes, I notice that.

Appreciation Appreciated. "Does cook complain of my healthy appetite?" "Oh, no; she says she would rather cook for six men with big appetites than for one woman without any."

Quite Likely. The Chronic Discussionist (trunculently)—If Andrew Jackson were alive to-day what would be his sentiments in this matter? The Sober-Minded Citizen (wearily)—He would be glad he was dead, I presume.—Puck.

In His Line. Howland Rantt—You are a new member of our company. May I ask, sir, your role? The Other—I am the advance agent. Howland Rantt—Indeed! Well, could you—er—advance me a flyer?—Philadelphia Record.

Close Quarters. She—Am I really the first girl you ever hugged? He—Y-e-s; but I've made calls on girls who lived in flats.—New York Weekly.

The Cares of Riches. "Do you find the possession of a large sum of money occasions worry?" said the inquisitive man. "I do," answered the millionaire. "What sort of worry?" "Worry for fear somebody is going to get it away from me."—Washington Star.

Home Thrust. Doctor—Do you know that at times my patriotism almost prompts me to give up my practice and enlist in our country's cause in the Philippines." Experienced Patient (on the spur of the moment)—You will surely sow the seeds of consternation in the ranks of the enemy, doctor, if you charge them as you have charged me.—Richmond Dispatch.

Suspected Braggadocio. "What makes you so unfriendly to that newcomer?" "Well," said Bronco Bob, "the fust thing he said when he struck the town was that he thought of editin' a paper in Crimson Gulch. I hate to see a man come around like that advertisin' hisself as bloodthirsty an' troublesome."—Washington Star.

A Disagreeable Characteristic. Katharine—I detest that Mr. Tiffin-ton. Margaret—Why, Katharine? "Oh, he's the kind of man who always calls when you are expecting somebody else who doesn't come."—Life.

To Be Sure. Mistress—And you say your brother choked to death? What on? Maid—On a chair, ma'am. He was eating dinner.—Indianapolis Sun.

The Darktown Minstrel. "Mr. Johnson, can you tell me what's de difference between a Spanish amusement an' what a savage dog gets out of a tramp?" "Dat's too rich for me. What's de answer?" "It's dead easy. One am a bull fight, de odder a full bite."

Bound to Kick. Sharpson—You made \$13,000 clear last year, and yet you're complaining of your hard luck! Phlatz—Well, blame it, look at that \$13."

On the Part of the Customers. Proprietor (of restaurant)—I believe our new cashier will bear watching. Assistant—Bear it? Why, she positively enjoys it! She—I didn't suppose you had the nerve to kiss me. He—Oh, yes. I have got nerve enough to do anything.

The Humors of Travel. "Did Clara bring home an interesting lot of photographs of her foreign tour?" "Yes—dreadfully funny; she didn't write names on them and can't tell what more than half of them are."

Was Hungry. Passenger (5 a. m.)—I say, old sport, what o'clock is it? Second Officer—We have no such thing as o'clock on board ship, sir. It is bells here. Passenger—Then please have me called in time for the first breakfast bell.

A Depraved Variety. "What kind of a town is that place you've been visiting, Laura?" "Oh, it's the kind that always has a rain going on when you get there."

As to the New Pastor. Maud—How do you like our new clergyman? Mabel—He's splendid. I haven't heard him preach yet, but he golfs beautifully!

A Verbal Setback. "Well, Jimmie, do you want gran'pa, and pa and ma and Aunt Carrie to take you to the circus?" "No, pa; I'd rather go 'th Tommy Dobbs."

Able to Comply. Teacher—Thomas, give me your idea of the differences between a curve and an angle. Tommy Tucker—My Aunt Ann is all curves, and my Aunt Hepsy is all angles.

The Overcoat Vacation. "Yes, when I put away my overcoat for the summer I drop a camphor ball in each pocket." "Do you? Three gilt balls are enough for me."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Urbane Minister Ws. Sarcastic Editor—Your interview with the Chinese minister doesn't seem to have been much of a success. Indignant Reporter—It doesn't? I got more questions out of him than all the other fellows put together.—Chicago Tribune.

The Worst. Mrs. Gush—I heard all about your poor husband having his arm broken in that dreadful street car accident yesterday; let me sympathize with you. Mrs. Swager—O, thank you, but that isn't the worst; my new hat was simply ruined in the wreck.—Ohio State Journal.

American Ways in Jamaica. When you arrive at your hotel in Kingston, Jamaica—and here it may be remarked that the town contains but one hotel worthy of the name—you are at once made aware that the establishment is conducted "on the American plan," says a correspondent in the London Daily Mail. The guide book says so, and the inevitable lead water confirms the statement. Outside, on Harbor street, the fine system of electric trams makes you as an Englishman blush to the hat brim. Call a "bus"—it is a buggy of the American pattern—and drive to the railway station, and once more the handiwork and enterprise of the Americans are in evidence, for the engine is of United States design and the cars are of the same make. One is therefore not surprised to learn that an American started the railway business in Jamaica and eventually sold out at a handsome figure to the government of the colony.

Believe only half you hear," says the proverb; but when a woman tells you her age the chances are you will hear only half what you believe.