A SEASIDE FLIRTATION.

With sorrow in her eyes of blue, With trembling hands she slowly penned it-The little parting billet doux That conscience told her now should end it. Those tete-a-tetes along the shore, Those gypsyings with fern filled basket, Must join the dear delights of yore And only live in memory's casket.

There never was a beart like Jack's: He told his passion in his glances. She sealed her note with scented wax. But could not drown her dismal fancies. When he should read his suff denied, So long the theme of idle gazers, She pictured him a suicide, And shuddered at the thought of razors!

At last she slept-but not till dawn Had blossomed through the ocean vapors Jack couned her missive with a yawr When he had the morning papers. He gave his beard a languid twirl And murmured as he sat a smoking "Tear stained-by Jove-poor little gul! I thought she knew that I was joking -Samuel Minturn Peck in Century

TOM HEMPER'S ESCAPE.

The wonderful providence that saved old Tom Hemper from the vengeance of the Comanche Indians fifteen or sixteen years ago has been discussed in many a western fort and around many a hunter's camp fire. That his adventures were true in every particular can be vouched for by a dozen living persons today, though old Tom himself was wiped out a dozen years ago. He was a scout, hunter and guide, and he took a party of amateur hunters and sportsmen from Santa Fe down the Canadian river into Texas and the land of the Comanches. The party numbered twenty-two men, some of them heing English tourists, and they were undisturbed for two weeks after getting down to what is called the great elbow of the Canadian. Then Indian signs became very fresh, and one morning old Tom started out on a scout. Two other old hunters with the party remained in

camp. The Canadian runs alongside of a mountain range for several hundred miles, and this range is broken with many small vallevs and creeks. Tom went to the east as he left camp, keeping between the foot hills and the river. He was on foot and alert, but after a walk of an hour he dis covered no signs and had to conclude that the Indians had approached from the other direction. Just as he was on the point of turning back he found a spring of ice cold water, and had to lie down on his stomach' to reach it and satisfy his thirst. He was drinking when something alighted on his back. His first thought was that it was a panther, but next instant he saw the leggings of a red skin and knew that he was a prisoner. When pulled to his feet he found himself in the presence of three Comanches, who were out after game. His great surprise seemed to please them immensely, but they offered him no violence whatever. He was first disarmed, his hands then tied behind his back, and the Indians gave him to understand that he was to accompany them to their village. While there was no Indian war at that time, the savages were hostile to any and all white men who invaded their domain, and old Tom swiftly realized that he was in a bad scrape. He could speak and understood the Comanche dialect with perfect ease, but this fact he kept to himself. As they moved away one of his captors snid: "He is an old hunter, and we shall have

a good time burning him. He is probably the leader of the party below."

"We went out after a deer and captured a white man." laughed the one addressed. "Keep your eyes on him, for he is evidently as brave as a bear and as strong as

a horse." The prisoner was conducted about three

back, making signs as they came. Tom was hurried back to the lodge, the village was all excitement, and in five minutes fifty warriors were riding up the valley. Tom figured that some of his party were scouting around to learn his fate, and that they had come into the valley and had been seen by the village sentinels. This, as was afterward ascertained, was the cor-

rect supposition. The Indians did not return until 5 o'clock in the afternoon. At about 6 old Tom was brought out again, and this time he was tied to a stake. For some reason the redskins had decided to spare him the gauntlet. This was from no feeling of mercy, of course, but their long ride had probably tired them out.

"There was no possible show for me to make a break," said the old man. "I was backed up to the stout stake, my hands and feet tied to it by strips of green hide, and then they were ready to begin business. I saw them getting their knives and tomahawks ready to throw at me. and in my desperation and despair I railed out at them, speaking the first words since my capture. I reviled and cursed them and dared them to do their worst. and while 1 was speaking the sub-chief. who was the head of the village and whose name was Spotted Horse, threw up his

arms and fell back dead." The chief was no doubt predisposed to heart disease. He had been in the saddle for six or seven hours, laboring under a keen excitement all the time, and it needed only the increased excitement brought on by the hunter's denunciation to precipitate the fatal stroke. That the Indians considered it an act of divine vengeance was plain in a moment. It was scarcely known that he was dead before Tom was untied and conducted back to the lodge. and the village at once went into mourn ing.

"It was two days before they buried him," said Tom, "and meanwhile I was well treated but closely guarded. On the third day I was taken out again. I had heard the reds discussing the matter from all standpoints. Some contended that I was an evil spirit, and if not permitted to lepart would work them some terrible calamity, while others argued that I must be burned and my ashes scattered to the winds to propitiate the ovil one. Those who held to the latter opinion were in the majority. I was not to be tortured, but burned alive."

He was tied to the same stake, and the faggots heaped around him, but just as they were being lighted he broke out in flerce raillery again. His words affected the whole crowd, but he would no doubt have perished had not nature come to his The hush which had fallen upon the aid. village was broken by a far off roar, and a moment later a cyclone swept into the valley from the east like a raging lion. It came and was gone in sixty seconds, and a sad wreck was left behind. Every lodge was down and many of them carried away, while many of the people were hurt, and two children killed outright by falling limbs and flying debris.

"I never saw Indians lose their heads as those chaps did," said old Tom, "I was left quite alone for the next quarter of an hour, while those who had escaped unburt were running about in a childish way, It was just growing dusk when an Indian pony was led up to the stake by the head chief in person. I was cut loose by a warrior, lifted upon the pony by two others, and told by the chief that I was at liberty to go. I was too dazed to understand, but they gave the horse a slap and away we went. For the next ten minutes I was no better than an idiot or a crazy man, but my senses finally returned and I saw through it. They regarded me as an evil spirit and wanted to get rid of me. My rifle was strapped to the saddle, as was every other article they had taken from me, and they had given me one of their best horses. Inside of two hours I was back at our camp, but only to find the

MIDNIGHT ON THE DOCKS. SHADOWS COME AND VANISH LIKE

The Lonely Life of Dock Watchmen and the Queer Ways of the Remarkable stallments. Any member of a Woo-ey who Characters Who Frequent the Docks

GHOSTS IN THE DARKNESS.

After Dark. A sharp nor'wester had driven the watchmen of the North river docks to their stoves

and shelter, while a pale moon illuminated the desolate scene outside, deepening the somber shadows around. On the pier at the foot of West Twenty-sixth street a reporter approached the wharf buildings, and peered in at a window through which a light was shining. In the room, seated in an armchair, uniformed, his cap on his head, a lantern close beside him, was the watchman. A sharp rap on the door startled him, and instinctively he seized the lantern and came out.

As the reporter withdrew the watchman held his lantern high up in the air and peered around at the mass of timber and rubbish, then closed the door and returned to his shelter.

At an adjoining wharf a canal barge swayed gently on the waves. Attracted by a cheerful light which shone from its cabin window, the reporter went toward it. The room was tastefully furnished with the ordinary conforts of a chamber. It was a suite of apariments gathered together in a space about nine feet square. A kettle boiled cheerily on the small stove in one corner, a mirror in gilt frame hung from the ceiling. marine chromos decorated the walls, little white curtains adorned the windows, and a canary fluttered shout in a cage hanging in the center of the cabin.

The reporter tapped on the window, and a thin lanky hoy who was whittling beside the stove got up, thrust his nose against the window pane, then climbing the companion way raised the hatch and appeared head and houlders above the cabin. A few inquiries veloped the fact that the barge was named Mary Jane, and that she carried lumber up the Erie canal.

"Are you all alone on board?" He replied with a slow hod of the head. "Are you the captain?"

"Naw, dad's gone ashoor," he answered Just then the head of a woman apslowly.

cared beside the boy and a whispered conerence ensued. "Are you the captain's wife, madam?"

asked the reporter.

"I reckon so," replied the woman angrily, but what do you want to know for? Suthn's wrong, 1 guess," and a pained expression assed over her face as she looked with longng eyes toward the lights and the city in the distance. In spite of assurances, her anxiety aroused by the questions asked became proster.

"Now if suthin's wrong, why don't ye tell ne?" she pleaded. "I know suthin's the mater. I'm sure on it! Why don't ye tell me!"

"What is wrong?" asked the reporter. "Well, ye see my husband went ashore this nornin' 'specting to return at noon, and he sin't back vet."

It was usless to ask further questions; the woman was inconsolable, and refused to answer any. The reporter withdrew, leaving he two figures outlined against the sky-th wife looking anxiously toward the city, the boy watching the lights on the river, while the cabin within was desolate.

On the Wilson line steamship docks a little man leaned lazily up against a post, puffing huge clouds of tobacco from a pipe and gazing solemnly at the boards.

"Pretty quiet around here?" said the re porter.

"Yes, Somethin' like a graveyard tonight," replied the man in a deep, sepulchral voice, his eyes still fixed on the ground. "I was watchin' the rats scamperin' about there. H'm! They're havin' a high old time tonight; none of the men's workin' ye see, and

CHINESE MONEY LENDING SYSTEM. A GOOD COLLECTOR. the Plan of a "Woo-ey"-Shares and

HOW DON M. DICKINSON MADE A The Chinese have a way of borrowing and FIRM COME TO TIME. lending money under a system that they call

> A Good Story Told by a Western Congressman-Getting One Hundred Cents on the Dollar Out of a Bad Case of Bankruptcy-Found Out.

A western congressman tells the following about Mr. Don M. Dickinson, of Michigan, the postmaster general.

"Yes, I know Dickinson, of Michigan, very well. I have been in some railroad cases with him. He is chain lightning. Dickinson has made the bulk of his fortune in the practice of one legal specialty. He is the best collector of bad debts on the face of the earth. Oh, no; I don't mean small debts, This is the way of it: In the first place, there used to be a good many people with a bad habit of failing every few years. They always owed large sums of money to eastern merchants and capitalists, and did not mean to pay a cent if they could help it. To this class Dickinson was and is a mortal terror. There is no device that the swindling debtor can adopt that Dickinson can not see through, and he is as sharp on the trail as the best Parisian detective. The man who can pay and won't is the fellow Dickinson likes to get hold of. About ten years ago-to illustrate what I mean-there were three big failures in Detroit. One firm had the sympathy of everybody, but the others were uncertain customers. The two doubtful concerns each owed over \$250,000 to New York and Boston people.

LIKE A BAD CASE.

"Among other creditors was a New England shoe manufacturer for a large sum. This firm quietly retained Dickinson as their counsel, and the largest other creditor did the same thing. 'Don't let them know I am in the case,' said he as he left his clients. He went home. The agent of the New England firm came out to see the broken merchant I am talking about. He was a German Jewgenerally good responsible people, but when they are tricky, look out! The usual tales were told of customers who could not come to time, and all that. It really looked like a bad case, and the Boston shoe concern was about to accept a settlement at twenty cents on the dollar. 'Don't go it for a day or two,' said Dickinson.

"Just how he was going to get the money out of the Israelitish customer he did not know, but he was sure there had been some swindling. It happened that in his household there had been an extremely pretty Irish girl living as a domestic for many years. She was faithful, neat, and unusually intelligent, and the household was very much attached to her. About a year before this she had married a very industrious young countryman of her own, who was a thrifty young boss drayman. That evening after dinner Dickinson learned that Maggie's husband had broken his leg a week or two be fore. He went around to see the man. 'How did it happen, Peter he asked. 'Well, ye see, sir, I was on a bit of a job that-but, sir, the man told me, sir, that I must not tell."

" 'Nonsense; you can tell me, can't you? said Dickinson; 'and why not tell Mr. Dickinson, Peterr' said the Irishman's pretty wife. So it came about that two weeks before, late at night, Peter had been draying goods from the rear end of a store. A heavy box had slipped and broke his leg.

SAW THROUGH IT. " 'But why did you say you must not tell?" said the lawyer. 'I'm sure I don't know, sir; that's what Mr. Katzenyammer told me, sir,' answered the man.

" 'Katzenyammer; so you are working for him, chf asked Dickinson. He soon got out of the Irishman all he knew. 'I see it now,' said he to himself as he went home. The next morning Mr. K. was rather surprised to receive a call from the great lawyer. He had not sent for him, and was somewhat a little uneasy. 'I am the attorney for Messrs. Blank, of Boston,' he began, very politely. They have a claim against you of \$47,977.80 What do you intend doing about it, Mr. Katzenyammerf

DAUGHTERS OF EVE.

Sarah Orne Jewett has come into a sang little fortune by the recent death of an uncle

Mr. and Mrs. Romero expect to entertain largely this winter at the handsome new Mexican legation in Washington,

The late Mme. Boucicault's property in Paris is estimated to be worth \$12,000,000. She left \$2,000,000 for the founding of a hos pital.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, who is in Florence, Italy, for the winter, has received \$5,000 for her story "Sara Creme" from an English magazine.

Dorothy Whitney, the naval secretary's baby daughter, has attained the age of ten months and celebrated the occasion by cutting her tenth tooth.

Mme. Candelaria, of San Antonio, Tex., is living in extreme poverty at the age of 100. She is the sole adult survivor of the famous Fort Alamo massacre.

Mrs. Cleveland has been doing a good deal of Christmas shopping of late. It is said that she has spent much time in examining side saddles and fishing tackle.

Mrs. Scott Siddons, years ago, being warned that she was losing her "stage figure," discarded corsets and grew more shapely from that day forward, so they say.

Sarah Bernhardt sent her photograph to Mrs. Bernard-Beere, the English actress, inscribed with the words: "The Princess Fedora Bernhardt to Princess Fedora Bernard.

Grace Matthews, daughter of Justice Stanley Matthews, will spend the winter at Princeton, N. J., keeping house for her brother, who is preparing to enter the Presbyterian ministry,

Margaret W. Leighton writes to The Swiss Cross that her favorite pet is a lovely little grass snake of a milky green color, which is so tame and cute that she was accustomed to let it roam around the house at will, until an ophidiophobic member of the family began to object.

PLAYS AND ACTORS.

"Natural Gas" is a big success in San Francisco.

Julia Marlowe will soon start out on a tour of the principal cities.

Clara Morris has decided to cease playing for three weeks, beginning Dec. 19,

It is reported that Geraldine Ulmer will shortly become Mrs. Sir Arthur Sullivan.

Kate Forsyth, having returned east, will sail for Europe immediately after the holidays.

Lester Wallack has rheumatism so badly that he has given up the idea of starring this SCHSOTL.

Helen Bancroft intends to go abroad in the spring. She will rest for the remainder of the season.

Fanny Davenport will suspend her tour for four weeks before opening the new Broadway theatre, New York, Feb. 27, with Sardou's "La Tosca."

Dion Boucicault and Theodore Moss are at loggerheads over a canceled date of the former at the Star theatre, New York city. Mr. Boncicault will reorganize his company and resume the road Jan. 23.

Modjeska will go to Poland next season. She may act there and in Germany and Russia. She will be seen for one week in this city before her departure, at the Opera house, in March, in a Shakespearean repertoire.

Jennie Veamans is a native of Sidney, N. S. W., and has been on the stage since infancy. Four of her songs in "Our Jennie" were written by herself. Others were written for her by Edward Harrigan, Barney Fagan, Harry Pepper and William Sweatnam.

M. Coquelin, the famous French actor, is, it seems, as modest as he is great. Some one said to him on an occasion when he was as signed to a minor role in a play, that it must seem odd for him not to play the leading part. "But I have the leading part," said he. "How is that! Are you not cast for the character - r" "Certainly. That is the leading part. Whatever part I take is always the leading part."

money in a stated sum and repay it by intakes a share and does not wish to borrow himself obtains a good interest on the money he invests. The plan of a Woo-ev is as follows; Ah Sing wants to borrow \$100 and repay

it in installments, so he starts a Woo-ey; his first step is to find twenty persons who are willing to take a \$5 share in a \$100 Woo-ey. Ah Sing is known as the Woo-ey Tow, or head of the Woo-ey; the shareholders are known as Woo-ey Chi, or children of the Woo-ey. The Woo-ey lasts for twenty months; each Woo-ev Chi pays in \$5 to the Woo-ev Tow, so that Ah Sing obtains his \$100. At the end of the mouth Ah Sing goes to each of the shareholders and asks for bids for the next loan; each member writes his name and the amount of interest he is willing to pay on a slip of paper. Every member has the right of borrowing money once during the Woovey. After the bids are all received they ar opened and read and the money lent to the highest bidder. We will suppose that 2 per cent, is the highest bid. Ah Sing, who now pays the first installment, has to pay in the full amount of \$5, while the others deduct the 2 per cent, and pay in \$4.90. When the

Shareholders-Heavy Premiums.

a Woo-ey, that allows its members to borrow

and so the Woosey runs on. At the end of fifteen or sixteen months the interest offered is often as high as 25 or 30

Sometimes toward the last of the Woo-ey, money .- San Francisco Cor. Chicago Herald.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox at Work. "I like to be interrupted," said Ella

Wheeler Wilcox, "and that is one reason why I like New York; there is no other place where interruption comes so easily. "No, I am not one of the poets who fly to

nature. I don't mean any disrespect to na ture: the pathless forests are very fine thing in themselves, but they don't inspire me likhuman beings, human thoughts and human loings. I want to be among people and fee the pulse of humanity throb. I enjoy havin my fellow creatures about me. I like to hea he teams rattle by in the street. I like t top work now and then and go out and wall lown town, and see the world busy as it i basy here in the city every day.

"I believe I write best with people about me in the room. Of couse, I shouldn't wis o feel that they were dependent on me for intertainment, but I like the atmosphere of a social company, chatting among themselve and speaking to me now and then. I car join in the talk and then go back to pen and paper just as readily as if I were alone. "And you don't find the thread of your

houghts broken or confused?" "If I stop half a dozen times I know that

the lines will run just as smoothly in the end as if I had turned the key upon myself and nsisted on a fine frenzy in solitude. I mean at: I like to be interrupted. It is two months ago now that a poem came to me at the theatre one night. I had time to write a few verses only, and since then I have been out of town, and I have been learning to cook

next installment falls due there are two members who have to pay in the full amount,

per cent., but as fifteen of the members have borrowed, and so have to pay in the full amount of \$5, it is only the four or five left who get the benefit of the heavy interest.

when two or three different ones wish to borrow, the rates offered are often as high as 75 per cent., and in one instance that I know of. just before the Chine & New Year, 100 per cent, was bid on a \$5 Woo-cy. As there were three members that had not borrowed, the hard up Celestial had only to pay the heavy premium to two men. Sometimes the Woo-ey is as low as fifty cents a share, and I have known of Woo-eys as high as \$50 a share. Those who go into a Woo-ey as an investment, and do not borrow themselves, generally gct a large interest for their

miles up the river and a mile to the east. at which point a Comanche village was located. It was in a valley about three miles long and a mile wide, and contained sixty or seventy lodges. Nearly all the warriors of the village were away watching the white party, but as soon as the prisoner entered the village a messenger was dispatched to bring them in. Before noon all had returned, and there was great rejoieing over the capture of the hunter. The head chief of the tribe was expected at the camp on the morrow, and it was decided not to do anything with the prisoner until his arrival.

Tom was shoved into a lodge and three warriors placed on guard over him. While they evidently feared him, they at the same time wanted to keep him fresh and strong for the "fun" next day, and they therefore gave him plenty to eat and drink and did not even tie his hands. He realized what was in store for him if he could not make his escape, but any attempt to take French leave with three warriors on guard would have been his Every five or six minutes one of death. them looked into the lodge, and until a tate hour of the night the whole populace were on the move and helping to keep watch. All thoughts of attacking the party below were given up for the time being, and every one looked forward to a fine entertainment on the morrow. Tom heard the fiends discussing in what ways they should torture him. One of the guards said that he had seen a white man hung up to a limb with a stick thrust through the bones of his legs, as the farmer hangs up a slaughtered hog, and that he lived for half a day. One wanted to skin him alive, another believed in a slow fire, and almost every one who came up had a suggestion to make. It was concluded that he would die game, and that his equal had not been captured for years.

"Seeing there was no chance of escape just then," said Old Tom, "I made up my mind there was no use fretting over the case, and I took things easy. I ate heartily, and about 10 o'clock at night turned in and slept like a brick until after daylight. I intended to take advantage of the very first opening, and I knew that would not come before I was led out in the morning. Where they set out to have a regular holiday over a prisoner, running the gauntlet is always the first thing in order, and is offers the only opportunity to bolt.

It was 9 s'clock next morning before the big chief and his staff arrived, and an hour later the prisoner was brought out. The warriors had arranged themselves in two lines, and were armed with clubs and switches. Old Tom was taken to the head of the lines, and a warrior who could speak a little English made him understand that he was to run to the foot of the line and return, and that if he ran fast and strong he would be set at licerty on his return. This was all stuff, of course, but it is always given out to every prisoner to encourage him. The chief called out to the men not to hit the prisoner too hard, and all was ready for the start. Tom intended to wheel square about and run for the river. There was not one chance in a thousand for him, but he preferred death by the bullet to death by torture. He was even bracing himself for his run when there were shouts of alarm all around him, and he saw two Indian boys coming down the valley on horse-

had become alarmed party gone. They and moved about thirty miles up the stream, where I found them next day.

Tom not only had the Comanche outfit to prove the truth of what he said, but the next year, when the chiefs of the tribe held a powwow with a government commission, the entire story was told anew by the Indians, and many inquiries were made as to what had become of the white man's devil -New York Sun.

Splendid Shooting in Austria.

From a recent statistical report issued by the minister of agriculture, Austria still offers splendid shooting to Nimrods. There were killed last year throughout the empire 11,708 stags, 58,067 deer, 6,911 chamois, 2,566 boars, 1,319,098 hares, 50,907 rabbits, 455 marmots, 12,764 wood-cocks, 9,931 hazel hens, 100,954 pheasants. 1,166,104 partridges, 83,067 qualls, 48,150 snipe, 1,165 wild geese and 55,187 wild In addition, the hunt after aniducks. mals of prey was no less successful, there having been killed 32 bears, 122 wolves, 27 lynxes, 25,242 foxes, 27,306 polecats, ,005 otters, 2,459 badgers, 970 eagles, 119,798 hawks and 1,156 owls.

The El Dorado for hunters, however, is Dalmatia, where the chase is open to all, and no claims for damages, caused by game of any kind, are demanded. When the Ionian islands were in possession of the British, many officers of the garrison made hunting trips to the coast of Dalmatia. Their reports were extravagant in tone as to the beauty of that wild country, but the accommodations were so wretched and in some cases the inhabitants were so repellent as to cause a gradual diminution in the number of these dangerous hunting expeditions. - San Francisco Chronicle.

Mysteries of Astrology.

Now that Heron Allen and palmistry are no longer mysteries, society is seeking for a new "fad." Several pioneers in the movement to revive the mysterious have pitched upon astrology and have discovcred a learned pundit in the person of a venerable English physician, who, al-though not an advertised astrologer, is said to be an adept in this science, which has been practiced in Dr. B.'s family for three generations. Several Wall street brokers are in the councils of this sage, who will venture no prophecy unless he knows the exact date and place of the subject's birth. Given the data, he will prophesy with surprising confidence. W Astor and Grace Greenwood, the author, are among those who have made tests of these physician astrologers.-New York Graphic.

To Promote Patriotism.

We have for years advocated the play-ing of a national air, "Hail Columbia" or "The Star Spangled Banner," at the close of every musical and dramatic entertainment given in the United States. Such a movement would be calculated to promote a feeling of patriotism among the people, especially among the younger element of the community. No concert or dramatic performance is given in Great Britain that s not closed with the singing or playing of the national anthem. Who will begin the movement here in the United States? -Musical Herald.

they're undisturbed."

A stout, muscular man clothed in peajacket and sou'wester, sauntered slowly up and down the dock, humming the "Girl I left behind me" in a gruff, unmusical voice. "Wuz that two bells, mate?" he inquired of the solemn individual.

"One bell," replied the watchman.

"Good night for suicides?" suggested the reporter.

"Yes, or even a murder," continued the watchman, gloomily. "There's been many an accident and much loss of life happened around here night times "

"Do you generally attempt a rescue?" "Of course we do. Who else would if we didn't! You see we're so used to it that we understand all the sounds and noises around We can tell the difference between a here. lash of the wave and the splash of a suicide. Why, I could detect the slightest footstep in any part of this dock. Do you hear that!" A low, plaintive sound like the moan of some one in distress echoed near by. "Now, that sounds like a groan, but it ain't; it's the wind. There, hear that? That's the side of some ship scratchin' alongside the wharf. Some time ago a soloon keeper had trouble with his wife. He took a duckin', and when

we fished him out he thanked us, took a car and went home. No one was the wiser 'cepting ourselves. Pretty women-tramps, broken down bankers, lovers, bums, all kinds, drops over the side here into the river at night, and we generally fishes 'em out."

"Don't you report these cases to the police?"

"We ain't obliged to, 'cause we ain't officers of the law. Then we don't often see a policeman above Fourteenth street. It's too quiet for 'em, I guess.'

Schooners and small craft were anchored Chattanooga Times. alongside the wharves, while lights shone

from the cabin windows and their columns of smoke poured from the small chimneys on the barges. Attracted by a light which hung from a short mast drifting about in the wind the reporter walked to the end of a wharf and found a canal boat lying a few yards from the end. A solitary man paced the deck endeavoring in every way to dodge the cold wind. In reply to inquiries as to what was on board the man shouted in answer:

"Nothin, I'm light." "Going to start?"

"Yes, in half an hour; waitin' for a steamtug now."

Two rough looking men were walking along in the darkest portion of the road and talking in subdued voices, when suddenly they dodged out of sight. Presently they emerged on the deserted deck of a barge.

"Hi, there, what d'ye want?" should one seeing the reporter. "Nuthin, ch? Well, take it and git, then!" at the same time following his mate he disappeared over the side of the barge, apparently into the river. A moment later and a rowboat glided out of the slip with two men in it. They rowed lose to the docks and steered toward

Harlem. Harlem. "River pirates, I guess," whispered a watchman to the reporter. The river craft with their many lights moving in all direc-tions diminished in number, and silence became more impressive every moment. Dawn was breaking over the glimmer of distant lights, and a gentle gray light stole over the entire scene till then so gloomy. Perfect silence reigned for a time, then the sound of moving wagons and the sight of hurrying figures showed that night on the docks had passed.—New York Evening Sun.

and I have had other writing to do. It was not until Sunday evening that I found time to finish that poem. There were people here until 10:30, but when I was able to sit down at my writing table the stanzas came as fresh and as naturally as if the thought hadn't been interrupted for weeks in finding xpression."-Eliza Putnam Heaton in Buf-

The Immortal Texan.

falo News.

Sam Houston was not rendered so cynical by his first unfortunate venture as to render im unfit for married life, as his more than fifty years of unalloyed happiness in that relation amply demonstrates. He not only married after becoming a citizen of the republic of Texas, but was a devoted husban and a judicious father, dying in the midst o his family in 1862. One of his sons inherite. a considerable share of the father's sturdi

ress and talents. To illustrate Houston's devotion to hi econd and real wife, the following incident was related to the writer of this by an of Washington habitue and journalist, who inew him well during his senatorship-1845-59 Houston was know to be intense! fond of amusements, but no friends could in luce him to attend the theatre, circus or a public ball Being rallied on his "Puritanm" by Mr. Clay, the old hero of San Jainto quictly replied: "I am not personally of opinion that there is anything wrong it those recreations; but my wife is a deeply religious woman; she is most strenuously op osed to the theatre, etc., and though she has sever even hinted that she would rather I should avoid such places, yet, knowing her entiments, I think my foregoing so momentary a pleasure but a small cross for me to

A Letter Carrier's Walk.

bear to insure her more perfect happiness."-

I have often been asked to explain how a let er carrier walks along, apparently with ease at a rapid gait over slippery ground, and runs up and down icy front steps, while other folks are barely able to keep their footing while they creep along in rubbers or with a set of those steel prong nuisances fastened to their shoes. The carriers soon learn to walk over slippery places without falling because we have so much of it to do, and experience has taught us how we should handle our bod ics and legs when on dangerous ground When passing over sleety places we don't walk erect, but bend forward, taking short steps and never letting one foot get far away from the other. Then, when we step, the foot is put down solidly, all of it at once, on the ground, with no heel and toe movement. which leads to slips and falls. It's not grace

ful, this way of walking, but it's safe, and I can pass any ordinary pedestrian on a slippery day and be in no danger of falling. while he is constantly slipping .- Carrier in Globe-Democrat.

Mississippi's Agricultural College.

The farm of the Mississippi Agricultural college not only pays expenses, but is a source of revenue. What is more, the land is constantly improving. The farm was an old cotton plantation that had been devoted to raising one crop so long that it had be come practically unproductive. By adopt-

"'Vy, I haf failt, you know, Mr. Dickinson; I don't know how much I can pay on de doilar."

" You must pay this in full, or I will send you to the penitentiary in less than a month. said Dickinson, sternly, 'You have been running your goods out of your store at night, and sending them to Chicago auction houses to be sold for whatever they would bring in cash, and you have filled up your books with false entries."

" 'Fader Abraham!' screamed the other, as white as he could become. "How tit you fint all dis oud?

"'It doesn't matter how I know it all, and if you don't settle now, today, I will have you arrested before to-morrow night. are watched; you can't get away; so don't try it,' and with that Dickinson left. It happened that he had dropped on to what the man had been doing. How he guessed it he doesn't know himself. About 2 o'clock the man came around to see what terms he could make. 'None, sir, except 100 cents on the dollar,' was the only reply. In three days the claim was paid in full."-Missouri Republican

An Underground Forest.

An underground forest was recently dis covered in the metal mountains of Saxony. These mountains are covered with forests of pines and firs, in which there are a large number of open spaces serving as pastures for the cattle kept on them during the summer. Many of these forest pastures are inundated in fall and remain under water until the summer following. The result of those periodical inundations is the formation of deep layers of peat, which supply the region with valuable heating material. Along a pass through that forest region a railroad is now building between the cities of Annaberg and Schwarzenberg. In one of the peat pastures the navvies have just laid open the stems of a primeval forest in an advanced stage of the process of petrifaction, or carbonization. The stems are all of the fir family, from fifteen to thirty inches' circumference on the average and imbedded in peat some fifteen to twenty feet under the surface. No reliable estimate of the age of the forest has yet been pub lished. -- Chicago News.

An Unfortunate Habit.

Brown-It has been reported to me, Robin son, that you said I am a man of unsavory eputation.

Robinson (surprised)-Why, I never said anything of the kind, Brown, Brown-I get the information straight. Robinson-Well, I assure you, Brown, that never intended to say such a thing, and it I did, I attribute it to my unfortunate habit of thinking aloud.-New York Sun.

Servants in Germany.

The servant girl question is not so much of a problem in Germany as it is in this country. The very pretty custom prevails there of decorating household servants for long and satisfactory service. One "union" has within twelve years decorated 400 servants. Something of a similar nature is done in England.-Cloveland Leader.

STRAY BITS.

A Hartford coin collector has a cent piece of the United States coinage of 1799, which is considered to be worth nearly \$500.

The Detroit Journal says that there are men in Michigan so mean and despicable that "their souls would rattle around in a flea's ear like a pea in a bass drum."

A year ago Miss Clara Moore, of Cincin nati, went to visit friends in Los Angeles, Cal. She had a few hundred dollars with her, which she invested in southern California lands and in the boom that followed she sold out her property at a net gain of \$125,000,

One of the cheapest and best modes of destroying insects in pot plants is to invert the pot and dip the plants for a few seconds in water warmed to 130 degs. A German paper, referring to this plan, says that the azalea will stand 133 degs. without injury. Usually heat the water pretty well, and pour in cool until 130 degs. is reached.

"One of the peculiarities of the natives of South Africa is their aversion to the use of water for external purposes during dry weather, especially when they are in perspiration. They avoid bathing except during heavy rains, when they take advantage of the opportunity for purposes of bodily cleanliness. Their reasons for so doing are that requent ablutions debilitate the system and render it incapable of withstanding the local climate and that very frequently baths are followed by malarial fever or cutaneo eruptions over the joints.

FURS FOR WINTER.

Fur trimmed costumes are in favor. Muffs are larger and badger is a favorite rimming fur.

Black lynx is a good fur to trim a long seal garment with.

Silver fox is a beautiful but very delicate fur. It is always costly.

The long seal sacque, 43 or 48 inches in length, never goes out of fashion.

Cross fox furs are very becoming, the brown bars or crossings on the yellow having a fine effect.

The new seal sacques and paleto's are beautifully curved in the back seam to fit over the bustle.

The prettiest fur border for a black ph wrap trimmed with fine cut jet is black for but it is not cheap.

Stoles and boas of bear or wolverine fur. with muffs to match, are affected by young ladies who dress in English styles.

The seal set of boa and muff is a very popu-lar purchase for a Christmas gift, but a bat, turban, or bounet ought always to be added

The long seal wraps of this season are un usually elegant, especially when trin as many are, with Russian sable, unph otter, or the finest grades of lynx.