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Elkay's Worm Powder quickly removes worms of all kinds from both horses and cattle. Perfectly safe for young animals.

Elkay's Sprain Liniment for horses and cattle, is a penetrating, healing fluid, for burns, sprains, strains, rheumatism, and all inflammation of the muscles and joints.

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STORMY LAKE TAHOE.

Wild Scene When Two Cyclones Formed and Waves Crashed Together.

High up in the mountains of the Sierra Nevada is Lake Tahoe, bounded by high peaks that throw silver shadows of their eternal snows upon the deep blue water. Great mountain chasms open upon the lake, and the force of the wind is often so great that the water is as wild as that of the ocean.

One day when a general snow and rain storm was brewing some miners were privileged to witness a grand and remarkable spectacle. The day was windy and the lake rather rough, but a number of persons concluded to go to the long wooden end of the pier to try their luck at fishing. They had not been long at the end of the pier before their attention was attracted by a great roaring. Looking across the lake, they saw a cyclone approaching. Before the hurricane came a long, unbroken wave about fifteen feet in height.

Knowing that this would sweep the whole line of the pier, all beat a hasty retreat to the shore. When at a safe distance the party turned to gaze upon the incoming wall of water. While thus gazing they were startled by a tremendous roaring to the northward, and a moment after a cyclone from that direction also struck the lake. This sent before it a huge wave that had soon attained the height of that coming from the southward.

In a few minutes the two waves came together. When they struck a column of water and spray was sent into the air to the height of at least 100 feet. The collision of the two waves was followed by a report that sounded like a heavy clap of thunder. A moment after this grand shock of waters five or six huge waterspouts made their appearance, all within an area of three or four miles, and carried great columns of water and spray to the height of several hundred feet. These circled to and fro over the lake for some ten or fifteen minutes, and then one after another subsided, and for a time there was almost a dead calm.

Waterspouts are very frequently seen on the lake in the autumn, owing to the peculiar situation of this body of water, under the crest of the main ridge of the Sierra Nevada range. When a fierce gale from the west crosses the ridge it plunges down the great canyons and thus are brought to bear upon the lake conflicting currents of air. When a hurricane is blowing from the west immense volumes of air appear to be dammed up and compressed behind the ridge of the Sierras, which at times escape and come over and down the gorges in tremendous puffs. Many westerners aver that no navigator of the ocean sees half as many waterspouts into a three years' voyage as are seen by persons residing at Lake Tahoe in a single season.—New York Press.

Origin of the Orange.

It is to India and to the Arabs as middlemen that Europe, and through Europe America, owe the orange. The orange crossed from Africa to Spain with Mohammedanism, while probably the crusaders are to be thanked for bringing it to Italy and western Europe among their trophies of the east. The very name is really Arabic—"naranj"—and of eastern origin, though the legend that it comes from two words meaning "elephant" and "be ill," because elephants ate oranges to make themselves ill, is absurd. Probably in French the initial "n" is dropped off from naranj, with the final "n" of the indefinite article, just as "an apron" represents "a napron," and the spelling with an "o" points to false association with "or" (gold).

Had No Time to Vote.

President Zachary Taylor in 1810, when only twenty-two years of age, was appointed to a lieutenantancy in the regular army. He served in the army up to or near the time of his nomination for the presidency in 1848. After he had carried off the prize friends of Henry Clay and others who wanted the nomination sneeringly spoke of Taylor as an ignorant frontier colonel, who had not voted for forty years. It is probable he had not voted, as he had been away from home in the military service most of the time and came into prominence only through his brilliant military record in the Mexican war.

Revenge.

"Let us go to Mr. Simpson's wedding, my dear," said a wife to her husband.

"Oh, no, let us stay at home. It will be a dreadful bore."

"But, my dear, you must remember Mr. Simpson attended your wedding."

"So he did (grimly). I had forgotten that (revengefully). I shall be there."—London Tit-Bits.

A SCARE IN MIDAIR.

Thrilling Incident in the Early Career of a Steeplejack.

Bill Dodson is a steeplejack. He has steeplejacked for a long time. He learned the business from his father, who steeplejacked before him. And he really likes his dangerous profession.

"Don't you ever get scared, Bill?" he is often asked.

"Sometimes," replies Bill truthfully. "But not often. I used to get good and scared, though, when I was a youngster and just breaking in. I remember one of my first jobs."

"I was working with my father on the roof of a big church in a city of some size. It was a big job, but we were handling it together—just the two of us. The flag pole needed repairing and there was a big gilt cross that was loose and had to be fixed. It was some ticklish job."

"As I worked away up there in the air I got to thinking. I didn't become frightened or anything like that, exactly, but I just began to reflect on things. I considered possibilities and consequences and results, you know, and that sort of thing. Then, without thinking to alarm my father at all, I called out quite casually:

"Say, dad, do you ever feel like jumping off?"

"I simply wanted to know, that was all. But my father was alarmed. He took mighty good care not to let me know it, though."

"You just sit there a minute and hold on tight," he said soothingly. "I want to see you for a minute. I'll be down in a minute."

"Well, sir, he shinned down the pole faster than I'd ever seen him slide before. Then he grabbed up a coil of rope, which he had lying across the roof ready for use, and came over to where I sat, close to the edge. He never let on what he wanted until he was close up to me."

"Then he made a spring and grabbed me. I thought for a minute we'd both go over. By Jove, but he was excited after he'd nailed me. He wrapped that rope around me and tied me up against the base of the flag pole until I couldn't move."

"Then he went back to the pole and as he climbed he called back:

"Now I guess you're all right. Just keep right on looking down. It's a long way, isn't it? A fall wouldn't be very nice. Well, you're going to stay right where you are, my boy, trussed up like a turkey, until you don't feel like jumping off. And if necessary you'll sit there all night."

"By evening I was convinced that I would never jump off a building, and I am still of that opinion. It was the best lesson I ever had."—Chicago News.

The Theban Sphinx.

The Theban sphinx was said to be a monster sent by Juno to lay waste the country around Thebes. It had the head and bust of a woman, the body of a dog, the wings of a bird, the paws of a lion and a human voice. It at once became the terror of the neighborhood and devoured all who could not solve the riddle which it propounded. "What animal walks on four legs in the morning, two at noon and three at night?" Oedipus, attracted by the promise of King Creon of his crown and his sister in marriage, came to Thebes and declared that man goes on all fours in infancy, erect on two legs when upgrown and supports the infirmities of age with a staff. On hearing this correct solution the sphinx dashed her head against a wall, and the land had rest.

Road Markers.

On some of the Yorkshire moors white posts are to be seen along the narrow tracks which serve as roads. They are called "stoops" and are something like boundary posts in appearance. A casual observer might imagine that they really did denote a county or parish boundary, but such is not the case. When snow covers the ground and the paths are invisible these posts point out where they lie and so save the wayfarer from being lost.—London Mail.

Legend and Reality.

Legend tells how Napoleon, while Moscow was in flames, found time to draw up a decree organizing the Theater Francais. Alas, the story is not true. Napoleon was in Poland when he received the decree ready to be signed. He there signed it and sent it back to Paris, but in the margin wrote the following: "To be forwarded when the army will be at Moscow. It is his majesty's intention that the decree should be dated from that town."

Cruelty to a Poet.

Poet—I called to see if you had an opening for me.

Editor—Yes, there's one right behind you. Shut it as you go out, please.—Satire.

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