THE FAMILY STORY

A MAN'S VENGEANCE.

IT was a stiff climb from Pengelly and the basket of fish Isaac Hocken carried was heavy. At the top of the hill he was fain to stretch himself on the turf and rest his bent old back against the low stone wall which inclosed John Tregon's field.

"No use going up to the house; John's at market and the misses'll be turning the place topsy-turvey," he reflected. "What with spring cleanin's all the year round and the drivin', Bertha has had a terrible hard time. And they do say in the village—Well, well," he muttered, checking himself, "it wasn't to be expected with her pretty face that Jim's her first sweetheart. And if Will Carter deceived her, mebbe she'll think the more of him. Jim just dotes on her. More fule, he! Bad wives are of no account whativer, and supposin' you do hap on a good woman and it pleases the Lord to take her, the year won't fill the emptiness in you she leaves behind. I ought to know," and Isaac heaved a mighty sigh. "I've buried wives of both sorts—three of 'em."

Not a breeze stirred the lifeless calm; and the midday sun poured fiercely down. Presently he sought the shade of a spreading tree which overhung the wall a few paces from him. But he was no longer solitary. Voices fell on his ear—Bertha Tregon's and that of the man who report said had jilted her.

"My poor Bertha! You've no cause to fear me. I know exactly how it was you forsook me for James Hocken. But I wrote whenever I had the chance."

"Not a single letter reached me."

"Because your mother waylaid the postman."

Despite the heat, Isaac shivered. Will's insight was making clear much that had puzzled him.

"Perhaps. What matters now?" asked Bertha in forlorn tones. "You should have kept away. It would have been kinder."

"And let you continue to think that I was false. Lookee here, Bertha, you promised to be my wife before ever Hocken courted you. And now you know I've been faithful to you——"

"I durstn't break with Jim. Mother is set on him. Oh, why did you come? You'll get a fresh sweetheart, but Jim won't. I feel he won't. And I shall keep my promise to him."

But Bertha's love was unchanged, and to the breathless listener on the thither side of the wall, Will's tender pleadings were the knell of his son's hopes.

What girl who loved him could resist handsome Will Carter?

Gaunt and grizzled, with weather-beaten, strongly marked features, he had always known that Jim wasn't one that a girl would fancy. And Bertha had only accepted him at her mother's bidding, believing that Will was untrue to her. It was all so plain to him now. Poor Jim! Even a flower that Bertha had plucked was precious to him. Hadn't he found a rose withered and dead in his pocket? And all his love in vain! Isaac whipped out his handkerchief and mopped his face. Yet, if Will hadn't returned——

But, contrary to his expectations, the girl was firm in her resolve.

"I won't listen to you," she said at last, roused by Will's upbraidings. "Jim isn't to blame—he knew nothing of our sweethearting—nor am I. It didn't enter my mind that mother might 've got your letters. How should it? As if you alone suffered!" she faltered. "Let us part friends."

"Sweethearts or nothing," said Will, gruffly.

With the swish, swish of feet through the long grass, crawling to his knees, old Isaac peered cautiously over the wall. Bertha was running toward the house and Will Carter, with his head thrown back, striding in an opposite direction.

"Bless the little maid!" he ejaculated. "One time I was afeared for Jim. But she's got a good grip o' things. Yes, plenty more sweethearts for Will," he chuckled, observant of the pose of his head. "And there's but one in the world for my lad—Bertha Tregon. May my tongue be slit if I let out to him."

Rising, Isaac shouldered his basket and proceeded on his round.

The old fisherman had been somewhat rash, however, in his conclusions.

By her own admission, Bertha's decision had been prompted solely by fear of her mother and consideration for James Hocken. But if on reflection she were still willing to sacrifice her happiness, Will Carter certainly had no intention of yielding to her weakness.

A fine seaman, of whom Pengelly was proud, for the last year Will had been on board a yacht cruising in the Mediterranean. But for reasons best known to herself, Mrs. Tregon had discountenanced his suit, and, although he had every confidence in her, Bertha's silence had inspired misgivings not easy to allay. Once more free, he had returned at the earliest date to England, and at Plymouth, where he landed, had met a friend, who, among other items of Pengelly news, informed him of her desertion, adding:

"And she'll be Mrs. Hocken in a fortnight."

Determined to demand a full explanation from Bertha herself, Will made no comment, but his laugh was unmirthful. And with rage in his heart he had hailed a passing cab, driven to the railway station and taken the train for Wadebridge. Thence he could walk to the Tregons'.

But the house in view, in crossing the field, Will had espied Bertha in the garden and, with a muffled ahoy! sped to the tree that sheltered old Isaac. She had swiftly joined him. Nevertheless, the shock of his return was visible in her white face, and her trembling lips would frame no welcome. Looking at him imploringly, her blue eyes filled. And, longing to clasp her in his arms, the reassuring words which, whilst enlightening him, had chilled Jim's father, did duty for the reproaches he had come primed with.

But Will had taken Bertha by surprise, and between her dread of him and terror of her mother, who ruled the Tregon household with a rod of iron, he rightly divined that she had caught at the readiest means of escape which in her distraction had presented itself to her. Yet his faith in her firmness was limited; the revival of fond memories would tend to lessen her mother's influence. And cunningly calculating that apparent indifference would further incline her to be guided by his counsels later, he devoted a week to his friends and generally enjoying himself. His disappointment treated thus lightly, he succeeded in deluding everybody, including Bertha, who shed bitter tears in secret that he should be so easily consoled for her loss. The bare sight of James Hocken almost maddened her, and she had to hide her aversion to him and listen evening after evening to his dull talk. And in another week she would be his wife.

The tree beneath which she and Will had parted became her favorite resort. Here she could indulge in the luxury of a "good cry" unrebuked, and, grown desperate with the nearer approach of the wedding day, sitting on the gnarled roots one afternoon, she burst into a very passionate grief.

A face—Will's—appeared above the wall.

"Ahay! Whativer's the matter, Miss Tregon?" he gravely inquired. "Shall I fetch Mr. Hocken to 'ee?"

"I hate him! I hate him!" she sobbed hysterically.

"That's bad," said Will, sympathizingly. "What's he been up to?"

"Up to! Isn't he old, isn't he ugly, isn't he stupid? And—and—I hate him. Mother may storm, but I don't care."

Will vaulted over the wall.

* * * * * * *

On the day appointed for James Hocken's nuptials the whole village flocked betimes to the church. But neither bridegroom nor bride put in an appearance, and by and by it was known that Will Carter and Bertha Tregon were missing, and that there would be no wedding at Pengelly that day.

Weeks and months rolled by, and no tidings could be gleaned of the graceless couple. They had clean vanished, leaving no clew to their whereabouts. Mrs. Tregon's tongue sharpened to a dounble-edged sword, ready to slay friend and foe alike who alluded to her daughter. And the dumb misery in Jim's plain face was pitiful to see. Old Isaac's heart ached for his son. If he had only prepared him for the blow! To have him so imposed on! And with his experience of womankind.

Curiosity was at length appeased. An acquaintance of the runaways visited London and returned with a woeful story. She had seen Bertha, who had confided to her that after being married at a registry office Will and she had decided to go to America, but while looking in a shop window he had been robbed of his savings, and that subsequently they were reduced to great straits. Then he had brought her the welcome news that he had obtained a berth on a steam launch, and the next morning bade her good-by to go aboard, since when she had never clapped her eyes on him. Mrs. Pegg also said that Bertha had refused to give her address. But Jim ascertained that she had met her at Rotherhithe, and that was enough for him.

"I'm off to London," he announced when he came downstairs, after pacing the floor the livelong night. "I shall never rest until Carter an' me are face to face."

"Thee be a fule, Jim," his father, who had been disturbed by his monotonous tread overhead, said peevishly. "If you must stir in this business, find Bertha. It'd be a charity. For all her sharp temper, her mother's frettin' herself into the grave. Take what money you want out o' my leather bag; only promise, lad," noting the sullen fire in his deep-set eyes, "not to meddle wi' Will."

"Trust me to find Bertha! But she would be destitute," he said hoarsely. "And she may have become a shame to her kith and kin. And in that case no promise would bind me, father. I'd 've his life if I swung for it."

But Pengelly was convinced that Will had betaken himself to "foreign parts." And, recalling this, old Isaac was encouraged to hope that Jim would be denied the opportunity of vengeance.

Jim had been in London three months; his quest had been unsuccessful; yet he continued to hunt the principal thoroughfares, tramping north, south, east and west in turn.

Big Ben had struck one; he was recrossing Westminster bridge to his lodgings when a woman crouching by a lamp post ahead of him fell forward in a heap and, hastening his steps, he endeavored to raise her. But, with the light falling on the pallid, hunger-pinched face, a groan escaped him. His quest for Bertha Carter had ended.

At that moment a policeman came up. "Poor soul! she's dead," he said at a glance. "Better so than the leap into the water she was bent on. I've had my eye on her since 7 o'clock. She seemed dazed."

The body was conveyed to the mortuary and the verdict at the inquest was in accordance with the medical testimony, that death was due to starvation.

Outwardly calm, his sole thought to avenge Bertha, Jim staggered out of the court.

His inquiries for the mna who had robbed him of the one jewel he coveted, to cast it from him, at length elicited that a seaman answering to his description of Carter was homeward bound from Singapore. Thenceforth, knowing neither hunger nor weariness, he was watchful of new arrivals at the docks.

His desire for revenge was by now a monomania. And to-day he had a strange prescience that Will and he were soon to meet. Self-absorbed, in crossing the street, he was knocked down by a dray, and, stunned, conveyed to the hospital.

On recovering consciousness, his first request was for his discharge.

"Not yet awhile," said the nurse. "But you won't be dull. That poor chap yonder," indicating a bandaged object in a distant bed, "has been asking for you. You don't recognize him? No wonder! He was brought in months ago—after the fire in St. Thomas street. He was looking on, and a woman and some children appeared at a top window. The firemen were beaten back by the blaze below, and poor Will—he won't tell us his surname—couldn't withstand their cries, and he climbed up the waterspout on to the roof with a rope, and threw one end to them, and had actually lowered two of the children in safety when the walls collapsed. He was picked up so terribly injured that we had little hope of him. But he has done splendidly. If you—"

But Jim was midway across the ward. Oh, heaven, to think that this poor mangled wretch was "handsome Will!" And so sorely misjudged! Leaning over the brave fellow, Hocken's emotion was hard to restrain.

"Don't give 'em my name," whispered Will. "I'm maimed for life. And wouldn't 've my poor little Bertha saddled with a helpless husband—not likely. To have happened just when the tide had turned!" he groaned. "Where is she?"

"She has reached port before us," said Jim, in a smothered voice. "Don't 'ee take on, Will." His own tears were coursing down his rugged cheeks. "We'll go back to Pengelly. I can work for both."

"You work for me? You——"

"We both loved her," Jim reminded him. "If so be you'll trust yourself to me. You will be doing me a favor."

Feebly pressing the hand that gripped his, Will mumbled indistinctly, and hastily covered his face.—Household Words.

CHEYENNE SADDLES.

The Delight of the Cowboy and United States Cavalry.

All over North America for many years Cheyenne saddles have been famous, and every equestrian outside the United States cavalry and of the Northwest Mounted Police of Canada has either had his horse tricked out with Cheyenne leather or wished he had. The fancy work on saddles, holsters and stirrup hoods that once made Mexican saddlery famous and expensive long ago was copied by the Cheyenne makers, who kept up the fame and beauty of American horse trappings, but made them so cheap as to be within the means of most horsemen. In the old days when Western cattle ranged all over the plains and the cowboy was in his glory, that queer citizen would rather have a Cheyenne saddle than a best girl. In fact, to be without a Cheyenne saddle and a first-class revolver was to be no better than the sheep herder of that era.

When the writer was in Cheyenne recently the first places he looked for were the saddle-makers' shops. He was surprised to find only one showy, first-class store of that kind, and, instead of there being a crowd in front of it, there was no sign of more business than was going on at the druggist's near by, or the stationer's over the way. The goods displayed in the windows were beautiul and extraordinary. There were the glorious, heavy, hand-strapped saddles; there were the huge, cumbrous tapaderos; there were the lariats or ropes; the magnificent bits that looked like Moorish art outdone; and there were mule skinners and the fanciful spurs; and, in short, the windows formed a museum of things that a cowboy would have pawned his soul to own. The metal work was all such as a cavalryman once declared it, "the most elegant horse jewelry in creation."

Englishmen and Germans now buy the fanciest and best trimmings to send abroad to their homes. Hand-strapped saddles cost from $13 to $85, but $35 buys as good a one as a modest man who knows a good thing will care to use. Cowgirl saddles were on view—seven of them—with rigging for side seats and with stirrups made in slipper shapes. It is not that there are really half a dozen cowgirls in the world, or half a dozen women like the Colorado cattle queen or the lady horse breeder of Wyoming, but there are Western girls who have to ride a great deal, and they had fond fathers and brothers, and still fonder lovers; hence the manufacture of magnificent side-saddles, all decked with hand-strapped patterns, and looking as rich as the richest Bedouin ever dreamed of horsegear being made. There is still a good trade in cowboy outfits that are ordered from Montana, the Dakotas, Wyoming, Colorado and Texas, and similar goods go to the horse ranches of Nevada, Idaho and Oregon. Moreover, as long as men ride horses there will be a trade in fancy outfits for them.—Denver Field and Farm.

How They Baffle Pass Fiends.

Charles C. Black, assistant attorney of the Missouri Pacific, who for the last two years has resided in Athison, has resigned his position with the company, and will resume general practice of law at Kansas City, Mo. Sam Harburger will succeed Mr. Black. Harburger long has been Bailey Waggener's right-hand man.

They have a code of signals, which are particularly helpful when the man who wants a pass drops in. "Sam," Waggener will say when a statesman who has no claim on railroads presents himself, "Has Doddridge sent those blanks?" "No," Sam will promptly reply, marking the interrogation, "and I guess he has applied the interstate commerce rule to us and we will not get any more."

"Then," a troubled look stealing over his face, Mr. Waggener will suggest that Sam "try Rathburn." "It would do no good," the ready lieutenant will say. "You know we sent over to him yesterday with a request for transportation for Senator Ingalls, and he was out of blanks, too." "Then," Mr. Waggener will say, wearily, to the applicant: "I am afraid I can't help you. It's got so now that I am little more than a clerk. Sometimes I am tempted to resign."

The next applicant comes within the rule. "Sam," Mr. Waggener will say, imperatively, "write out a pass for Mr. Bill here," and the pass is written.—Kansas City Star.

Pathos of Presidential Conventions.

No one can examine the records of Presidential conventions, with their personal successes and failures, and easily escape the conviction that there is far more of tragedy than comedy in our national politics. There are touches of humor here and there, but the dominant note is that of pathos. Behind every great success there is to be seen the somber shadow of bitter disappointment, of wrecked ambition, of lifelong hopes in ruins. As one pursues through biography, autobiography, and memoir, the personal history of the chief figures in the conventions that have been held during the sixty years which have passed since that method of nominating Presidential candidates came into use, he finds it almost invariably ending in sadness and gloom. Not one of those seeking the Presidency with most persistence has succeeded in getting possession of that great office, and few of them, when final failure has come, have shown themselves able to bear the blow with fortitude.—Century.

Latest Paris Freak.

Paris has another clairvoyant or seer, a little boy of 9, named Paul Delpont, whose communicants are St. Joseph and St. Paul. The young seer's first feat was to announce that he had been told by St. Paul and St. Joseph that if a certain plot of ground were searched two skeletons and the long-lost bells of an old church would be found. The neighbors dug, found the skeletons and the bells, and marveled.

First American Railway.

The first American railroad was laid in 1836. It was three miles long, from the granite quarries of Quincy, Mass., to Neponset River.

You have probably remarked how soon you get over being in love. Well, people who are in love with you are just as bad.

Tumbling Mustard.

It is said that the tumbling mustard, a weed introduced from Europe about twenty years ago, has become very troublesome in Manitoba and other parts of Northwestern Canada. Prof. Fletcher, of Ottawa, estimates that a single plant bears no less than 1,500,000 seeds!

"Dark Light."

Monsieur Le Bon, a French experimenter, reports that he has obtained outline photographs on a dry plate through a sheet of iron, simply with the aid of an ordinary kerosene lamp. He gets the best effects by backing the iron with a sheet of lead, but the rays do not, like the X-rays, penetrate black paper. He calls the radiation which produces the photographs "dark light."

The Cradle of Mankind.

The recent discovery in Somaliland by Mr. Seton-Karr is regarded as an important contribution to the evidence by means of which men of science hope, eventually, to be able to locate the cradle of the human race. The implements referred to are identical in form with those found in Northwestern Europe and in India, and this fact is thought to be an indication that in the remote prehistoric times called the Palaeolithic age the inhabitants of Asia, Africa and Europe belonged to a single race.

Exterminating Butterflies.

Collectors of butterflies in England are somewhat alarmed at the prospect of the extinction of several localized species, mainly through the effects of overcollection. It apears that three species of butterflies have already been exterminated, at least from their known haunts, and that three other species are in imminent danger of extinction, and the Entomological Society has been requested to take some action for the protection of the insects. Some of the much-hunted species, it is said, will probably take final refuge in the irreclaimable fens of Norfolk.

Valuable Fox-Skins.

The most expensive and beautiful of all fox fur, according to Knowledge, is that of the American silver fox. The color is usually almost entirely black, except the tip of the tail, and certain gray-white markings on the back, thighs and head. Occasionally a completely black specimen is found, and there are also some which are completely gray. The animal was once comparatively abundant, but is now scarce, and about a year ago a single fine skin was sold in London for the surprising sum of $875. In 1894 many skins were sold for more than $500 apiece. The cheapest skins are the pale-colored ones, some of which do not command more than $25.

A Walking Fish.

A queer fish, called the "walking goby," or the "hopping fish," is found in the Indian Ocean as well as along the shores of West Africa. Crowds of these curious creatures, resembling tadpoles in their outlines, bask in the sun on a muddy shore and scamper off on being disturbed. Many of them keep the ends of their long tails dipped in the water, while they lie on the sun-heated mud, or sit on mangrove roots, and Prof. Haddon has suggested that there may be an organ of respiration in the end of the tail, additional to the similar organs in the gills. A more recent investigator, Dr. Forbes, of Liverpool, thinks the fish are able to store a sufficient quantity of water in their gills to maintain aquatic respiration during their prolonged absences on the shore.

Great Tide Waves.

Those who see the rise and fall of the tides in our Atlantic harbors seldom think of the wonderful career of the moon-raised ocean-waves which cause the tidal flux and reflux. Such billows not only cross the sea, but flow from ocean into ocean, and in this way complicated movements are set going. Thus, as Mr. Vaughan Cornish has recently reminded English readers, once in every twelve hours the moon raises a tide billow in the Southern Indian Ocean. When this billow passes the Cape of Good Hope, at noon, its successor is already born, and by the time the first billow has reached the Azores Islands, at midnight, the second is rounding the Cape, and a third has come into existence in the southern ocean. By 4 o'clock in the morning following its passage of the Cape the tide billow reaches the English Channel and there the shallow water delays it so much that it does not arrive at the Straits of Dover until 10 a. m. Here the narrowing Channel causes the tide to rise very high and almost puts an end to the wave. In the meantime another branch of the billow runs around the western side of the British Islands, rounds the north point of Scotland, and moves slowly down the eastern coast of England, until it finally flows up the Thames, and laps the wharves of London.

Tree-Rings.

On May 28 mention was made in this column of a curious theory concerning the history of a very old fir-tree from North America, a section of the lower part of whose trunk is preserved in England. The growth rings in the trunk show that the tree lived for several hundred years, and that when it was about a century old something happened which interfered with and delayed its growth. The effect was to produce a series of rings very narrow and close together, followed by rings of the usual width, indicating that the tree had suddenly regained its vigor. According to the theory mentioned the influence that retarded the growth of the tree was a series of atmospheric disturbances in the Middle Ages which caused widespread epidemics in Europe and Asia, and presumably in North America also. Mr. B. E. Fernow, of Washington, writes to Nature that he thinks this theory is hardly tenable. Zones of narrow rings, he says, are common in all of our trees, and he suggests this explanation: Let a tree, like the fir in question, grow up under favorable conditions for a hundred years, and then let a hurricane break off a large part of its crown. Suddenly, at least within a year, the rings of growth will become narrow. Within about thirty years the crown recuperates, but still the food-material descending from the leaves is scanty for the lower portion of the trunk and narrow rings continue to form there. Higher up the tree, however, the rings will be found widening. Finally, and rather suddenly, the supply becomes normal lower down and the rings resume their regular width. Thus various accidents occurring to a tree record their effects in its rings of growth.

England's Food Supply.

Strong as the English war fleet is, it is very far from being strong enough to successfully engage a possible combination of fleets and at the same time protect our sea borne food supply, says the Nineteenth Century. If the United States and Russia declared war with England there would practically be no food supply left to protect. They would keep the immense supplies we now get from them at home, and the fear of capture or destruction would effectually prevent Argentina and other neutrals from sending food to us in any sufficient quantity.

What is wanted is that, instead of only a precarious week's supply, we should have stored up in this country enough corn to last for at least twelve months. Experts in the corn trade agree that there would be no insuperable difficulty in gradually accumulating this store of corn. It would be for experts to advise as to the best methods and places of storage.

Perhaps the best plan would be to distribute it over the country in magazines at the military depots, giving the military authorities charge of it, but if it was in the country and safe it would not so much matter where it was. Although most of our corn is made into flour at the great ports, it would not be wise, seeing that most of them are so defenseless, to store it there.

The entire control and management of this great national store of corn should be under some permanent government department. Although its existence could not fail to have a steadying effect on the corn market, it should be outside all speculative influences, the price at which it would be sold, when necessary to sell it, being fixed by law. It would be no sacrifice, in the long run, for the country to provide such a reserve of food, as it would always be worth its cost.

Other nations accumulate gold for use in war time. We should have a war chest of corn. If we have it, what will it do?

It will give our navy time to devote itself to the crushing of the navy or navies opposed to us. It will give us time, with out great resources, to augment our fighting fleet to almost any extent, and it will give our farmers time to grow three or four times as much corn and breed a much larger quantity of cattle and sheep than they now do.

Called to Account.

We do not often read of General Jackson being worsted in any personal encounter, but a contributor to the American Historical Register tells the following story in a paper on Gen. John Adair, of Kentucky. Adair had commanded the Kentucky forces in the battle of New Orleans, Jan. 8, 1815. His command had been complimented by Jackson and by the Legislature of his State.

Strangely enough after this, when "gentle peace returning" had restored him to his Kentucky home, news came that General Jackson had thrown some slur upon the Kentucky troops. The next day, after the arrival of the news, the stately figure of General Adair was seen riding calmly through the streets of Harrodsburg, bearing southward. He conferred with nobody, but somehow it took breath that General Adair had gone to call General Jackson to account for his aspersions of the Kentucky troops.

There were no railroads, no telegraphs then, and but few mails. Public curiosity and feeling rose to fever-heat which was not appeased, for General Adair, after not many days, rode back through the village as silently and grandly as he had gone out. Whether at tongue point or pistol point the demand was made is not known. General Jackson made the amende honorable, and public enthusiasm in Kentucky knew no bounds.

Once a chatty granddaughter of his, telling me this incident, said: "I asked grandpa, 'Suppose General Jackson had not backed down?' 'Then I would have backed him into the Cumberland River!' he answered.

Served a Good Purpose.

Among the seven trades which a student in mechanical engineering must learn at Cornell is that of the blacksmith. Occasionally there is a protest, but it is never heeded. One dude, ten years ago, was unusually averse to soiling his hands. But he had to work at the forge just the same. Last fall he went to Prof. Morris and thanked him for being compelled to learn blacksmithing.

"Why?" asked the Professor.

"Why, you see," replied the former dude, "I am now superintendent of a mine away back in Colorado. Last summer our main shaft broke and there was no one in the mine but myself could weld it. I didn't like the job, but I took off my coat and welded the shaft. It wasn't a pretty job, but she's running now. If I couldn't have done it I'd have had to pack that shaft on mule back and send it 300 miles over the mountains to be fixed, and the mine would have shut down till it got back. My ability to mend that shaft raised me in the eyes of every man in the mine, and the boss raised my salary."—Legal Adviser.

Don't Crack the Finger Joints.

Many people have the habit of bending and pressing down the fingers till a sound something like a crack is emitted from the joints; but they would give up that habit if they knew the injury to the nerves of the fingers that might accrue therefrom.

The crack is caused by the temporary dislocation of the joint, and each time this occurs the nerves in that part are affected in such a manner as to increase their irritability, or, in other words, their liability to be stimulated into action and induce the muscles to act at the slightest cause.

If the practice is continued, this irritability is accentuated as years go by, and many old men, who have lost in a great measure the control of their fingers, which can often be seen trembling, owe that affliction in no small degree to this pernicious habit of cracking the finger joints.

Protection Against Snorers.

Now a New Jersey justice has passed judgment on a man who was charged with disturbing the neighborhood with his snoring, which the prosecution likened unto the noise from a boiler factory in full operation. The justice advised the man with the wonderful snoring power to move or readjust his breathing apparatus. It was claimed by the neighbors that he could be heard snoring a square or more away. An individual with such lungs would doubtless make a good cornet player. Over in Jersey they do not want to give a man a chance to even sleep without disturbing him.—Harrisburg Patriot.

MULE WAS SURPRISED.

Live Telegraph Wire Drops on His Back and Trouble Follows.

Not long ago one of the telephone companies was stringing some wires at the lower end of St. Francis street when one of their wires fell across one of the police telegraph wires and then on to the trolley. Around at the corner of St. Michael and Commerce streets the wire, which was thus charged with the heavy current, passed about half an inch from one of the converters of the electric lighting company and an arc was formed. This burned the wire in two.

Just at the moment that this happened there was standing across the street an old mule hitched to a light farm wagon, which was loaded with potatoes. The mule had his head down and his ears pulled down over his eyes, evidently engaged in a deep study of the days of his childhood, for he was an old mule and his race was nearly run. The owner of the aforesaid mule was in a store near by bartering for the sale of the potatoes.

This was the condition of affairs at that corner just before that electrified wire fell and settled quietly on the back of the mule. In an instant there was a change in the landscape. That mule woke up suddenly. He was surprised. He could not understand why he felt so gay. He evidently thought it was his second time on earth. He couldn't stick a pin in himself to find out whether or not it was a dream, but he did the next best thing that a mule can do, and a thing at which most healthy mules are adepts.

He let fly his heels. Simultaneously with the putting into play of his heels there was an avalanche of wagon and potatoes sailing through Commerce street. Bam! slam! kerjam! went the heels of that old mule against the frail sides of that wagon and its load of potatoes and for a time it fairly rained potatoes and pieces of wagon.

The owner had just settled on a price for the load of potatoes when he heard a sound as of a cyclone coming. He hastened to the door to see what was the cause thereof. He could scarce believe his eyes. There before his astonished vision, was old Pete, working his heels just as merrily as he had done when he was a 2-year-old, while the chain traces clanked responsive sympathy to the touches of the mule's heels. Visions of various and sundry saplings that he had worn to a frazzle to get Pete out of a walk rose before his astonished vision, and he could not account for it.

Finally a negro discovered that it was all caused by "one o' dem 'lectric wires," and he went at the wire with a hatchet to cut it. He was about as astonished as the mule when the hatchet went up in the air and he received a severe shock. But his act caused a transformation scene. All the gayety left old Pete as suddenly as it had come and he once more relapsed into a thoughtful mood, while the owner went around gathering up the fragments of the wagon and the potatoes that remained.—Mobile Register.

Georgia's Greatest Marvel.

Clyde Brooks has never eaten a watermelon.

He's 14 years old and he's a negro. And he's from Athens.

Messrs. J. J. and J. E. Maddox discovered and captured him. A day or two ago there was a watermelon cutting in progress at their store, and the dusky young Athenian happened along. Joe Maddox invited him to have some of the fruit so dear to every other negro's heart.

The boy declined, and Mr. Maddox grabbed him. Mr. Maddox knew that the wild man of Borneo was a drug on the market as compared with a freak of this kind, which fortune had thrown into his hands.

While Clyde says he's only 14, he appears fully 17. Whether it's Athens or no watermelon that's responsible he says he doesn't know. He says he has only made one attempt to eat the fruit, and he found that it "didn't agree with his appetite." He took a mouthful of melon on one occasion, but declares he couldn't swallow it. He is very fond of cantaloupe, however.—Atlanta Journal.

The Bicycle Did It.

"Never caught a thing!" declared the old man. "Never even got a decent bite. Got up before daylight and rode and walked forty miles, spent $3 in fares and $5 for sandwiches and rum, and never teched 'em.

"Fishin' ain't what it used to be, anyhow," he continued, mournfully. "We used to go 'round New York 'most anywheres and bring in a good mess. Now you can't bring anything but a jag."

"How do you account for it?" I inquired, sympathetically.

"The bicycle," said he.

"Wha-at? What in the world has the bicycle got to do with it?"

"I don't know—everybody says it's the bicycle, you see. The bike has just everlastingly knocked the spots out of fishin' 'n everything else—so they say. 'S plum' discouragin', but I s'pose we've got to stand it."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Antiquity of Soap.

Soap is not a modern invention. It is twice mentioned in the Bible, first in Jeremiah and again in Malachi. History tells us that more than 2,000 years ago the Gauls manufactured it by combining beech tree ashes with goat's fat.

A few years ago a soap-boiler's shop was discovered in Pompeii, having been buried beneath the terrible rain of ashes that fell upon that city 79 A. D. The soap found in the shop had not lost all its efficacy, although it had been buried 1,800 years. At the time that Pompeii was destroyed the soap-making business was carried on in several of the Italian cities.—Grocer's Review.

An Enormous Sacrifice.

When Sir William Harcourt resigned his practice at the parliamentary bar in order to enter upon political life, he was earning $70,000 a year. Up to December last his servitude in Parliament covers a period of twenty-seven years. Supposing he had not improved on a position gained while a comparatively young man, Sir William would, in this more than a quarter of a century, have netted $1,890,000. His receipt of ministerial salary within that time is put at $225,000.—New York Mail and Express.

After Years of Service.

In a lot of old paper stock received lately in a mill at Andover, Conn., was a Bible, the inscription in which reads: "This Bible was used in the pulpit by Rev. Steven West, pastor in Stockbridge, Mass., from 1759 to 1818."

Women enjoy prominence, chiefly for the reason that the papers always say of prominent men that they are devoted to their wives.

Sooner or later we are all done up by some one younger than we are, and it hurts as much in business as in love.

AT A SPANISH HOTEL.

The Natives a Trifle Too Polite for Comfort.

Elizabeth Robins Pennell writes of "The Lights and Shadows of the Alhambra" in the Century. She thus describes her experiences in a Spanish hotel near the Alhambra:

The breakfast hour, however, varied according to each one's fancy. It was only at dinner that all the boarders sat down together. Generally we were not more than six or eight to gather round the lamp-lit table, and J. and I were the only foreigners. The others were natives of Granada who had left its heated streets for the cool grove, or else Andalusians from near towns taking a short holiday. They were, if anything, too friendly; for, though our conversation with many was limited to "Buenas dias" and "Buenas tardes," this and a bow were expected every time we met. To us, of a less polite race, it became something of a nuisance. With a few friendliness went further, especially with an amiable and pious family from Cadiz, who were our neighbors at table for a fortnight. The mother and two daughters were always veiled in their mantillas, if by chance we saw them in the morning on their way to or from mass. But they were never without smiles for us, and the father spoke some English. He was so extremely civil at all times that we were the more surprised one evening when he lost his temper outright.

"I like everything in your country except your wine," J. told him, in answer to a leading question; for we never could get used to the vile flavor of pigskin.

He turned upon us in a fury. "What! not like my wine? But it is good—the best. I send it almost all to England."

The trouble was, he was a wine merchant, and he could not be convinced that J. meant nothing personal until we had kept awake the long evening with him over a bottle of his sherry.

Then we had a bride and groom from Malaga, and the groom also spoke English. He told us they had come that they might, during their honeymoon, hear little birds sing, and wander under green trees, which we thought a pretty sentiment until it had been repeated to every man, woman and child in the hotel. From the beginning of dinner to the end one of the little girls from Cadiz would keep up a ceaseless guttural prattle. Those occasional mandolins would rouse the bride into a flutter of excitement; it was a song of Malaga they were playing, she would then lean over to explain. But their tranquil gaiety never jarred; it seemed as much a part of the summer silence as the chanting of the crickets in the grove.

The arrival of the Marchioness was the first shock that shook us out of our slumbers. She lived in Granada; two of her children had whooping-cough, and she had chosen the hotel as a pleasant hospital for them. I never knew any one to pervade a place as she did. If we went to sit in the rocking-chairs in front, there she was with her whooping babies; if we hurried back into the hall, she was at our heels; and we could not retreat into the dull, gloomy, uninviting sitting-room that she and her nursery, whooping and yelling, did not follow. This was bad enough, but what mattered more was that she turned our peaceful garden into a sick-room, and our dinner into a public reception. By the second course one child or the other always began to whoop, and had to be carried away, purple and choking; by the third there was a great clattering of horse-hoofs in the road below the terrace, and the Marquis would pull up his horse, and the Marchioness would rush to lean over the balustrade and give him her harsh, voluble report; he was afraid, it seemed, of the contagion which he had passed on to us so cheerfully. By the fourth a party of friends would troop into the garden and young ladies and priests and expansive dowagers would make a circle round the table, and watch us as we ate. I suppose it would have been a dreadful breach of Spanish etiquette had they been asked to dine, or, if asked, had they accepted! It was detestable. The whole atmosphere, the whole feeling, of the hotel and its gardens was changed. But the other Spanish did not like it a bit better. Everybody grumbled, everybody complained, and with heroic effort the manager got up enough energy to tell the Marchioness she must go, and we all dozed back into our accustomed habits.

Napoleon's Irregular Dealings.

The Embargo Act, passed in 1807 by the American Congress, had been entirely to Napoleon's liking, as is proved by the Bayonne decree of 1808, which ordered the seizure and sale in French harbors of all American ships transgressing it; but the Non-intercourse Act of March 1, 1809, enabled a vessel holding both a French and a British license, it provided likewise with "simulated" papers of any neutral state, to trade in British goods almost without restriction. This Napoleon chose to consider as open hostility, and under the Rambouillet decree of March 23, 1810, American vessels, with their cargoes, worth together over $8,000,000, were seized. His dealings with the United States were very irregular; between 1802 and 1811, on one pretext or another, 558 ships flying their flag were seized in French harbors; and the number seized in those of Holland, Spain, Denmark and Naples was also very large; but during the same period Great Britain seized 917, and there is no proof that Napoleon intended anything more than forcing the transatlantic republic into hostility with England.—Century.

Ate Animal Food.

A West Side grocer of German extraction was not feeling well. His doctor recommended animal extracts.

"What are animal extracts?" he asked.

"Oh, animal food. It builds a man up when he has run down," the doctor explained. "Here's a prescription."

Sure that he knew as much about animal food as anybody, the grocer decided, with pure German thrift, to fill the prescription himself. At the end of a week or two he again met the doctor.

"Well, Hans, how are you getting on?"

"Oh, very well, doctor, but I don't improve much. I can eat the oats and the cracked wheat and the shelled corn all right, but I'll be blanked if I can get down the chopped hay."—New York Press.

An Andes Tunnel.

Humboldt describes a remarkable tunnel in the Andes, known as the Desague Real, which was driven through a mountain by a Flemish engineer in 1603. This work was four miles long, eleven feet in width, and fourteen feet high. It was designed to carry off the threatening waters of a deep mountain lake, and was executed with pickax and spade in one year by the incessant labor of 15,000 Indians.

What a howl there would be if the girls had to work half as hard for poor wages, as they work to secure worthless men!

TRUMPET CALLS.

Ram's Horn Sounds a Warning Note to the Unredeemed.

THE child of God is as safe as his Father's throne.

John the Baptist reached the masses by preaching Christ.

Where there is growling there cannot be much growing in grace.

Some men hate the Bible because it is against a short yardstick.

If you want your wife to be an angel treat her like one.

When our enemies are God's enemies we shall always win the fight.

It is not so hard to do right when the mind is fully made up to do it.

If you don't know what else to do for the Lord, become a cheerful giver.

When a man's tracks point toward the saloon his back is toward heaven.

The first mile toward hell often looks as though it led straight to heaven.

You cannot always tell who is in the grave by the size of the headstone.

Church members who never smile do a great deal of harm without knowing it.

When Jesus said three times, "It is written," the devil thought it was time to go.

If sin of every kind could be seen in the face the world would be full of red noses.

It is easy to lead a Christian life only when it is made the first business of life.

It is because there are so many highly respectable sinners, that sin is so dangerous.

When a sinner is dying he finds no comfort in counting the hypocrites in the church.

On the day a man finds out that he is a fool there is hope that he may some day become a Solomon.

There is one grave from which there can be no resurrection. It is one in which we bury our talents.

The man who does not believe in Christ takes a step toward God when he begins to believe in some Christian.

Many a man is so busy in trying to reform the world that he cannot find time to straighten up his own fence.

AN HISTORIC STEAMER.

It Has Had a Remarkable Career on the Hudson River.

The steamer Drew left Albany on her last trip Saturday night, amid the shrieking of tugs and steamers. If the noisy demonstration was not so great as that which heralded its first arrival it is because not so many vessels ply the waters of the Hudson at Albany as there did thirty years ago. Then the river front of Albany was lively and bustling. Now but for the tugs of the Ronan line, the New York and Newburg boats, and the few steamers that carry freight and passengers to nearby points, the waters of the river would be unvexed by passing craft.

It is the day of the railroad, but, while wind and water hold, the pleasure and profit of marine adventure willl never lose their charm. And so, though we speed the departing Drew, the coming Adirondack is cordially welcomed. If at the end of the first quarter of the twentieth century the boat which comes so gay in bunting and gleaming paint, so endowed with all that makes marine achitecture of this time wonderful and complete—if, we say, this boat, then grown old and out of date, is retired with a record as honorable as that which the Drew takes with it in retirement, its owners will have reason to congratulate themselves. For the Drew's history is one of great distinction and honor.

This notable steamer has been commanded by Stephen J. Roe, now transferred to the Adirondack, from the day it went into commission. If its saloons and cabins could talk what a history they would tell; for, in its time, the Drew carried as passengers nearly every person of prominence on this side of the Atlantic, and travelers from the old world were bound to have one trip on the Hudson River night boats, the fame of which had penetrated wherever travelers go.

There was nothing like them in the world—certainly nothing in Europe—which anywhere approached them for space of accommodation, for appointments, and for general comfort. The boats on the Rhine were small when compared with them, while the channel packets produced hideous nightmares when contrasted with the luxury of travel on the Hudson. Not even the boats on the Mississippi, when travel on that river was at its height, were to be mentioned in the same breath. The Hudson River steamers confessedly led all lines of inland travel until Colonel James Fisk, Jr., took charge of the Fall River line of steamers. That marked the beginning of another era in American steamboating, and now the Sound boats in many respects are unapproachable. But the officers of the People's line are resolved that the glory of steamboating on the Hudson shall not be permitted to decline.—Albany Journal.

Curing a Snake's Blindness.

One of the most poisonous snakes at the London Zoo, a king cobra, recently became nearly blind. When it shed its skin it threw off every part except the transparent plate which covers the eye. After each change of skin this plate remained uncast, and the successive layers became opaque, and projected over the eye in a horny boss. The keeper used the snake habit of creeping through an aperture which it can find in the wall of its cage to rid itself of the growth over the eye. He drew back the iron shutter which separates one compartment from the other, leaving a narrow space open. The cobra soon discovered this and pushed its nose into the crack. This was slightly widened, and the snake squeezed through, rubbing off one of the scales as it did so. It was then induced to go back by the way it had come; and after this had ben repeated once or twice it cleared the scale from the other eye. Since then it has cast its skin completely and its eyes are apparently none the worse for its temporary blindness. Snakes naturally drag themselves through rough grass and holes to get rid of the old skin which clings to them.—London Public Opinion.

Never Did.

Flasher—So Easewan's dead, eh? Poor fellow! How did he die?

Dumbleton—Without a struggle.

Flasher—I might have known it; he never was known to exert himself.—Richmond Dispatch.

New spirit—Who were those three youngsters who turned up their noses so when I was telling them about the hot weather we had last July? St. Peter—They were Shadrach, Mesbach and Abednego.—New York Press.