

NEVER GIVE UP.

As you journey through life (And the road isn't wide) There is much to expect you. And turn you aside.

DOCKRELL'S DEPARTURE.

Whatever else Dockrell intended to do it was evident that he did not mean to go. Mrs. Rashleigh began to be alarmed. She had asked him down, to be sure, without specifying the exact day he was to leave;

Now, Mrs. Rashleigh was not one of the order of women who are untidy if they have not a second lever to play off on the first. Under such circumstances, she opined, both were apt to be frugal and unamusing.

Apart from a volume of poems which had made a certain stir, who and what was he? Nobody seemed quite to know, least of all in the rather fashionable set into which he had effected an entrance.

"Well, I shall have to tell Jack all about it when he comes tomorrow," she said to herself at last, with that little sigh of relief which a woman gives when she has determined to transfer her troubles to shoulders broader than her own.

And meanwhile Willoughby Dockrell, having finished a second cigar, was meditating on his plan of campaign. For nearly thirty hours he would have his charming hostess to himself, for the young sister who was there to play propriety hardly counted, and he would surely be able to get her to drive or to ride alone with him that very afternoon.

At that uncertain age, when he is neither old nor young, he had begun to think that a man wanted a home, a position and a wife. Now, all these things, he thought, were well within his reach.

time, after which it would go to a distant cousin. As to that unpleasant affair in America—well, it all happened fifteen years ago, and New York is a long way from London, even if London is tolerably near New York.

"Can't you come and see me in the country?" it ran, and the fact of there being no beginning was an important one in the eyes of such a student of femininity as Willoughby Dockrell.

But the day dragged on, and he did never find himself alone with his hostess. The young sister—a girl of sixteen, with red hands and a stolid stare—was present at lunch, went out with them in the wagonette and faced him at the dinner table, and not long after dinner Mrs. Rashleigh retired to bed.

"What in heaven's name is that fellow doing down here?" was Champion's first question, when he found himself at last alone with his hostess before dressing. She was silent for a moment, but she did not pretend not to know what he meant.

"Oh, Jack, I can't have it. I won't have a row in this house. Why the newspapers will get hold of it, and—I shall never forgive you if you do anything horrid."

There were lots of letters by the morning post, which came in while they were at breakfast, but only one for Willoughby Dockrell. He let it lie by his plate for some minutes, and then, asking permission of his hostess with his rather over-elaborate manner, he slowly broke the seal.

"What a bore!" he said presently, when he had laid down the note and deliberately resumed his breakfast. "I shall have to go to town this morning by an early train. Some business which I can't get out of."

Mrs. Rashleigh does not look at Champion, whose triumph now was complete. Both had seen that Mr. Willoughby Dockrell's letter was wallet-shaped, adorned with a silver monogram, and addressed in a bold feminine hand. The "business," then, was a myth. And yet, womanlike, she felt almost guilty when the dogcart was at the door and the last goodbyes were being said.

"What does it all mean?" said Mrs. Rashleigh sternly, a few minutes later. It was in the sanctum and there was no one there but Jack. It was a mere trifle, but it struck her that Major Champion did not lounge in her favorite chair, but stood tentatively at the fireplace, playing nervously with some tin bronze cats clashing cymbals, which she had brought from Vienna.

"Great heavens!" murmured Letty, as she thought of the intimate little notes she had written him, of the long confidential talks in London, of the still more compromising interviews down here. And here was Jack, who, whatever his faults, had clearly never committed a forgery, but whom she had always snubbed!

"I am going to keep it for always," announced Champion gravely. "What rubbish you talk, Jack!" whispered the owner of the hand. But she did not take it away.—London World

HAWAII'S DEMON TREES.

Human Beings, Animals and Birds Are Their Prey.

A BLOOD CURDLING EXPERIENCE.

How a Botanist Narrowly Escaped Death From a Man Eating Vegetable in the Sandwich Islands—A Large Circle of the Bleaching Bones of Victims.

In the latter part of the year 1867 (says E. Ellsworth Carey in the Honolulu Advertiser) I was commissioned by the Belgian government, to find a certain rare, wandering plant that was believed to grow on the higher slopes of Mauna Loa, a large extinct volcano situated on the northern part of Hawaii.

So, naturally, I determined to examine into the mysterious ravine. Some time after this I was walking with Pili down a gentle slope when I saw a number of bones. Pili stopped. He walked back a few rods and sat down on a stump. Not a word would he say. I began examining the bones and for two hours or more puzzled my brain over a problem as I had never done before.

"What is it that gives the old English masters such distinction?" asked a painter the other day. "Time, with his mellowing hand, who turns all things brown," was the reply. This is noticeable in the pictures by Reynolds, Opie, Crome, Muller, Romney, and in some of the sketches by Constable, which the Dowdswells exhibit.

A deep mystery seemed to hang over the spot. It was growing dark. I heard Pili calling and hurried to him. He pointed in terror to the center of the bone covered area. A shadow was thrown on the scene



PILI MADE SYMBOLS IN THE AIR.

by a rising bank of clouds. But I declare that I saw rising from the pit a visible vapor, a column of visible fog or smoke or gas that was luminous. Spellbound, I gazed at the spectral column. Near the ground it had the appearance of phosphorescent flame and gradually became fainter as it ascended. Your imagination will have to picture the unearthly phenomenon. Pili pulled at my arm, and in silence we left the spot, and we did not loiter by the wayside.

After preaching on the occasion of the reopening of a restored church the bishop thanked the church warden, an old farmer, for his share in the good work.

The Jew's Luck of Beauty. The kindest race in the world, and probably the most susceptible of culture—the Jew—presents no type of beauty, being usually at once hook-nosed and flabby checked, though in physique, as in thought, that race occasionally throws out transcendent examples.—Millou.

A man or woman inherits his or her face, and mental habits, though it may greatly affect its meaning, can no more alter its shape than needless training can turn a fox terrier into a wiry kind from Airedale.

Investigation made by means of the pyrometer is said to show that the temperatures which occur in melting steel and in other industrial operations have been over-estimated.

George IV was fond of low practical jokes, and on one occasion came near being thrashed by a companion whom he pushed into the water.

When a mother tells her boy he is getting to be just like his father, he knows very well it is not intended as a compliment.

One of the ways of testing stones and minerals is to observe the color of the streak as compared with the natural surface.

A Paris letter writer states that 17 American women keep boarding houses in that city.

forehead to get a better view. As I moved my arm the strange object ceased quivering, and every vibrating antenna or streamer pointed directly at me. Just then my foot slipped from a jutting rock on which I was standing, and I fell, but not before something cleaved the air with a horrible hissing noise and struck on my hat crown. I felt the force of a blow as I fell and knew no more for a time. I regained consciousness after a short time and lay in a partial stupor. The wall above me was stripped of its verdure, and I saw a long sinewy, snake-like object writhing, twisting and curling on the rocks. It had missed its prey, and a low angry hum filled the air. I had escaped a frightful death. I was near the frightful demon tree of Hawaii.

The Introduction of Potatoes into France.

There was much difficulty in introducing the potato into France. It was only toward the end of the reign of Louis XIV that it began to be used. The learned had opposed its introduction systematically, saying it produced leprosy, and the common people refusing to test it even on their live stock.

The danger of the punishment proved itself an alluring bait. As the contriver, wise in human, had foreseen, the fields that were purposely left unguarded were pillaged right and left, the potatoes eaten, some kept and planted and the tuber at last effectually introduced in France.—New York Evening Sun.

Age a Beautifier of Pictures. "What is it that gives the old English masters such distinction?" asked a painter the other day. "Time, with his mellowing hand, who turns all things brown," was the reply. This is noticeable in the pictures by Reynolds, Opie, Crome, Muller, Romney, and in some of the sketches by Constable, which the Dowdswells exhibit.

A Narrow Escape For One Man. The importance of examining closely the hair found on weapons was shown in a case in which a hatchet, having clotted blood and hair adherent to it, was produced as evidence against a prisoner suspected of murder in a little country town. It was found under his bed. This, with other circumstantial evidence, had turned public opinion strongly against the prisoner, but when the hair was examined by a microscopist who claimed to be in the courtroom it was found not to be human, but that of some animal. This circumstance led to a more complete sifting of the evidence, and the accused was acquitted. It turned out that he had killed a dog with the hatchet and had carelessly thrown the weapon under the bed. So his life literally hung on a hair.—Toronto Mail.

The Relation of Man and Monkey.

We may illustrate the relations of man, the anthropoids and the monkeys by comparing the order of primates to a tree. The lemurs are the roots, giving rise to one or several stocks. One of these is the stock of the monkeys, one of the limbs of which sends up a higher branch—that of the anthropoids. Another branch, of which the point of its origin or contact with the preceding branch escapes our search, gives the actual human branch, which rises parallel to the anthropoid branch, has no relation to it and passes beyond it.—Paul Topinard in Popular Science Monthly.

Gave Himself Away.

After preaching on the occasion of the reopening of a restored church the bishop thanked the church warden, an old farmer, for his share in the good work. "And I must thank your lordship for your sermon," was the reply, "but I could not help thinking, as you talked about sin, that your lordship must have been a little wildish yourself when you were a young man."—Exchange.

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ADVENTURE IN AFRICA.

How a Seafaring Man Seized the Horn of a Dilemma.

FIGHT WITH A CAPE BUFFALO.

Thrilling Account of an Episode Which Nearly Resulted Fatally—A Sheath Knife Created a Diversion Which Saved the Sailor's Life—A Timely Shot.

Humphrey A. Banks, who was first mate of the American three masted schooner Laurn Shoop, had a remarkable adventure with a cape buffalo in September, 1880. The Shoop had put into Wallish bay, on the west coast of Africa, in about 22 degs. 30 min. south latitude, to repair damages sustained in a hurricane.

Banks, the captain, and an English passenger named Bostwick had gone ashore, and after trading a bottle of whisky with a native for a goat started out into the woods in the hope of killing some game. They soon saw three antelopes, two of which they killed, Banks being the only one who missed. In the hope of redeeming himself he strayed for a short distance away from his companions. It was then that the remarkable adventure occurred which Banks thus relates in the Philadelphia Press:

"There was no sign of bird or beast anywhere, and, pretty well disgusted, I turned to go back. In that instant I heard a fierce snort, the rush of a huge body, and the next moment I felt myself flying through the air, my gun knocked from my hand and everything hovering in chaos around me.

"As I raised myself there came rushing upon me again that big dark body, but this time it was no indistinct image; it was the huge form, the curling horns, the glaring eyes and thrashing tail of a cape buffalo, a solitary, an old bull driven from the herd and rendered desperate by isolation. An idea swept on me like a flash. It could not be a cape buffalo because this point was at least 600 miles from the cape, and how could the dreaded buffalo have strayed away thus far?

"I had no time to dwell on the rapidity of thought. What I had then to do was to escape that snorting monster. Without giving me a respite the enraged brute was upon me once more, but I managed to leap aside just as the awful front, with its gleaming eyes, like gems in velvet, swept past me in impotent rage.



PLUNGED THE KNIFE IN HIS EYE.

"It was at this juncture that I made the mistake which came nearly costing me my life. I endeavored to recover my shotgun. It had been knocked from my hand at the first onslaught of the buffalo.

"Dazed by the attack, I had miscalculated the distance of my weapon. I reached it, but at that instant the buffalo was on me again, and, dropping the gun, I had only time to seize one of its long, curved horns to save myself from being gored. In the ensuing two minutes I lived an age. To release my hold on the horn of the maddened animal was to precipitate myself to death. To hang on meant that sooner or later I would be trampled to death.

"My weight fortunately kept the buffalo's muzzle close to the ground. I began to scream and cry aloud for help. It seemed almost useless, for the distance was so great that I did not even then believe that Warner and Bostwick could reach me in time. But I made the forest ring with my shouts; they even astonished the buffalo, for he halted with lowered head, blaring eyes and frothing muzzle, and for at least a moment remained motionless save for a slight vaulting movement of the head and with fore feet planted wide apart.

"The plunging and snorting of the buffalo began the instant I ceased shouting from exhaustion. He swung his head and tried to plunge his horns into my body.

"Round and round, up and down the narrow grass grown space between the trees, the demoulike brute raced, dragging one after him and seeking at every opportunity to pin me to the earth with his long lance-like horns.

"At the end of five minutes an inspiration came over me. I had borrowed a sheath knife from one of the men on the Shoop. It was lying at my right side. Mustering every bit of remaining strength, I released the hold of my right hand on the buffalo's horn and reached for the sheath knife. I got it loose, and then I plunged the knife almost up to the hilt in the right eye of the beast. The next instant I was lying prone on the grass. The brute was charging to and fro and tossing its head in an agony of pain, while a thin stream of blood ran down and dripped from its muzzle. In one of his turns the buffalo caught sight of me with his remaining eye. The knife, like my gun, lay ten feet away from me, and I was absolutely helpless. I saw the great head lowering for the attack that would end my existence when I heard a voice say:

"Keep cool and shut your eyes."

"I did as I was bidden. In a dreamy sort of way I closed my eyes. There was the roar of a gun, the sound of voices in my ears, and then I dropped off to sleep.

"The rest of the story is soon told. Bostwick had heard my cries and arrived just in time to put an end to the cape buffalo before his final charge on me. I will carry the scars of that encounter on my right leg for life."