

THE IDOL ON THE SANDS.

When Capt. Brace, of the British gunboat *Vengeance*, sighted Thunder Island in the South seas he felt like falling on his knees in prayer.

The supply of water on the vessel was about exhausted, and the men were half sick. Thunder Island was an unexplored bit of land, and the captain did not know whether it was barren or fertile; inhabited by savages or a desolate waste.

He found a tolerably decent harbor, and late one summer afternoon (ran the *Vengeance* into it).

Being a prudent commander the captain sent out a number of marines to examine the island. In the course of an hour they returned with a favorable report.

"It is the loveliest spot in the world," said Lieut. Hay. "It is well timbered, with running streams, and no end of wild fruits and vegetables."

"It is inhabited," said the captain, thoughtfully.

"Yes," replied the other, "and that is the worst of it. We saw several savages at a distance. They appeared to be scouts thrown out to observe our movements. When we approached them they retreated up a narrow pathway leading over that range of hills. With our small force I decided not to pursue them. But how did you find out that the island was inhabited?"

"Look!" said the captain.

The lieutenant turned his eyes in the direction indicated.

On the sandy beach, mounted upon a massive granite pedestal, stood a colossal figure of hideous aspect.

The two officers quietly walked to the spot and closely scrutinized the idol, for that was what the statue appeared to be.

"It is a work of art," said the captain.

"You see that it is made of brass, iron and lead. Now, the people who constructed this thing must have had some kind of civilization. They knew how to utilize the metals, and they had some knowledge of sculpture. They must have been superior to the average South Sea Islander."

"What a month!" exclaimed the lieutenant.

"A man could run his head into it."

"I have a theory," remarked the captain.

"This was once a much larger island, and a portion of it has been submerged in some cataclysm of nature. Perhaps the statue once stood at the gateway of some temple which is now buried under the sea. A city may have gone down in the twinkling of an eye. The history of the lost Atlantis may have been repeated here."

"Well, I don't know, and I don't care," answered the lieutenant. "The savages we saw were armed with bows and arrows, and I am satisfied that we can hold our own against them if they attempt to give us trouble. We ought to stay here a week or two for the health of the men, and then you know the *Vengeance* needs repairs."

That night the marines camped on the beach, and nothing occurred to disturb them.

The next day the ship's stores were unloaded and stacked on the shore, where they could have the advantage of both sun and air. An exploring party attempted to cross the hills west of the camp, but without success. There was but one road, a rocky defile, and it seemed to be swarming with brown savages, all armed, and ready for a fight.

"We are not here to make war," said Capt. Brace, "and if the inhabitants leave us unmolested on this side of the hills we ought to be satisfied. There may be something worth seeing in the interior, but we are not called upon to go there."

When night came pickets were posted, and a sentinel was stationed on the beach near the big statue to guard the stores.

In the morning a horrible discovery was made.

The sentinel was found dead at the base of the great brazen idol.

His skull had been crushed by a blow from some heavy weapon, and he had evidently died instantly and without a groan.

The provisions and supplies guarded by him remained intact. The assassin was no robber, but who was he, and what was his motive, and how did he get there?

The pickets were positive that no one had passed them, and it was out of the question to suppose that a strange boat had landed on the beach.

Capt. Brace gave the unfortunate marine a decent burial, and then the men were set to work repairing the ship and collecting a supply of fruits, vegetables and water.

The pickets were increased that night, and each man was instructed to be vigilant. A fearless, wide awake fellow was stationed to guard the provisions, and with these precautions the camp went to sleep feeling pretty secure.

As soon as it was light enough to see the captain was up and about. He lost no time in going down to the beach.

The statue towered up in grim majesty, and it seemed to the captain that its features had a ferocious look. But where was the sentinel?

Half dazed, and with a sinking heart, Brace walked around to the other side of the idol.

The marine was lying face downward. One look told the story. The dead man's head had been smashed by a terrible blow.

"I'll take the watch to-night," said the captain.

During the entire day horror and reconstruction pervaded the camp. The men were willing to face death, but they were superstitious, and the mystery of these murders turned the boldest into a coward.

The savages beyond the hills continued their policy of inactivity. They could be seen watching the invaders, but they showed no disposition to act on the offensive.

At the close of the day Capt. Brace, with a cocked revolver in his hand, walked slowly across the beach, and then he was seen in the distance.

The captain took his stand directly in front of the statue, and glanced about in every direction.

Nothing came, but there was no sign of an enemy's presence, no indication of danger. Hence found himself studying the monster idol. Even by the starlight he could see that it was of marvelous and perfect workmanship. The right hand of the statue was stretched forth towards the sea.

"That means something," said the captain to himself, "but what? The history of this strange god or demon belongs to a past age, and there is no way of getting at it."

He placed one hand upon the pedestal and helped himself up.

"A good place to sit," he said, "and by Jove

those poor fellows who were killed must have been sitting here. Their bodies were found down there in the same spot. Yes, I see how it was. They were taking a rest when death came upon them."

Then his face turned pale, as he thought struck him that perhaps he was risking his life on the pedestal.

"I will get off," he muttered, "and walk my head with my eyes wide open."

He jumped down on the sand. Swift! The sound came just as the captain jumped, and a rush of air struck him on the cheek.

"My God!" he cried, "what can it be?"

He looked up and for a moment doubted the existence of his senses. If his eyes were not playing him false, the gigantic arm of the statue was quivering in its socket!

Brace was a hard headed sailor with no nonsense about him. When his momentary surprise was over he commenced talking to himself.

"That arm moved," he said; "no doubt about that. I heard it sweep through the air, and I saw it quiver after it resumed its usual position. If I had remained on the pedestal the blow would have smashed my head."

He gave a start of astonishment and approached the pedestal.

The place where he had been sitting was hollowed out in the granite, leaving just room for a man to sit comfortably.

"Aha!" he ejaculated, "I have an idea. That arm did not move without human aid. There is somebody inside of the statue!"

He gave a low whistle, and one of the pickets responded by coming to him.

"Didn't you tell me," asked the captain, "about finding something that looked like a tunnel over there in the ravine?"

"Yes, captain," was the reply, "when I was out scouting yesterday I found the mouth of a long cave or tunnel leading in the direction of our camp. I was afraid to explore it, and I had other work."

"Go and wake up half a dozen men," ordered the captain, "and proceed at once to the mouth of that tunnel. If any living thing comes out, capture it or kill it."

The marine departed to carry out his instructions, and the captain remained at his post. He kept his eyes upon the statue, but nothing occurred to attract his attention.

The sun was just peeping over the hills when the marines who had been sent to guard the tunnel returned. They brought with them a prisoner, a little wretch whose savage countenance glared upon his captors with Jewish malignity.

"I will talk to him," said the captain, after he had been informed that the prisoner had been caught as he emerged from the tunnel; "I know the lingo of most of the South Sea Islanders, and perhaps I can make him understand me."

The dwarf was not inclined to talk; but when one of the marines prodded him with a bayonet he spoke out.

He was a priest, he said. "For ages and ages the holy men of his line had been accustomed to spend their nights in prayer inside of their big brazen god. Only the priests knew that it was hollow, and they alone knew that the tunnel led to it. The superstitious fealty of the natives kept them away from the locality, and it was only on special occasions that they visited the statue. Then the victims were bound hand and foot and placed in the seat prepared for them on the pedestal. The priest inside would work the machinery, and the monstrous arm would descend with resistless force, crushing the skull of the unfortunate, and hurling him down to the sands below."

The misshapen wretch grinned as he made these revelations.

"But why did you kill my men," asked Capt. Brace, "and why did you try to kill me?"

The wretch showed his teeth, filed down to a fine point, and stained with some kind of lustrous blacking.

"They were strangers, and they sat in the sacrificial seat. Was not this enough? I saw them through the open mouth of Katakak, and I pulled the lever, and Katakak's heavy arm fell and crushed his enemies like so many flies."

"Kill him!" shouted a marine, "kill the black devil!"

"I am the last of the holy priesthood," said the dwarf calmly. "If my time has come, it is well. This was once a mighty land, but the ocean has nearly swallowed it up. White men have profaned our soil and touched Katakak with their unholy hands. It is time for me to die."

He raised his arms and relapsed into gloomy silence.

It was Capt. Brace's intention to have the savage shot, but while the matter was under discussion the prisoner with a quick movement drew a small dagger from his mantle and stabbed himself to the heart.

The body was thrown into the sea, and all hands went to work with a will to get the *Vengeance* ready for her departure.

Before the ship left the harbor a twelve-pounder was aimed at the statue. A light puff of smoke, a tremendous clatter of old iron, and brass, and the great statue of Katakak rattled down on the sands in a thousand fragments.—Wallace P. Reed in *Allants Constitution*.

Newport's Glided Bachelors.

The single man at Newport, unblessed with an invitation from some cottage resident, goes into quarters quite as does his ideal in London, in his chambers in Piccadilly or Hall Moon street. The Berkeley, the White Hall, and the Casino, with others of lesser fame, have their rooms all engaged months before the season fairly opens, and here the society man puts up with valet and boxes and butchery, handled sticks and umbrellas and his polo pony—nearby, perhaps his café and chop at Gunther's and trusts to his desirable presence being needed to fill up a dinner table to eke out the vulgar fact that he must eat to live. He has shown up a new garment in his collection of necessities for Newport wear. This is an opera cloak, needed after the warmth of the bathroom, but is a contradiction to the white mantle of a lady. As he steps out of the glare and heat he has his man ready with a long black cassimere cloak, most voluminous in material and folds, quite like that in which Mephistopheles sinks on the first time he appears in Faust. It is of the finest cloth, patterned much as the old woman's garment of the peasantry in Ireland.—Newport Cor. Providence Journal.

Dogs with the Gout.

In the list of arrivals at Treport appears "Killa, Blues, etc., bounds of his grace the duke of Sutherland, with servants and attendants." These aristocratic dogs, eight in number, are "all of the gout" and are at Treport for treatment.—Chicago Herald.

LADIES-OF-THE-HAREM.

HOME LIFE SCARCELY EXISTS FOR THE MOHAMMEDAN.

In Theory the Moslem classes his harem with Mecca's Holy of Holies—Social Customs in Various Countries of the East.

In theory the Moslem classes his women-kind with the Holy of Holies at Mecca. The innermost shrine of his temple and the rooms with latticed windows, are both called by the same name of harem or sacred. The apartments are harem for all but the lord and master. He may enter at will, but generally announces his coming beforehand, so that he may not run the risk of meeting female visitors, who are probably the wives of his friends. In well regulated houses the husband intrudes only at fixed hours, perhaps for a short time after midday prayer, and does not else favor his harem till he retires to rest. Home life such as we understand it can scarcely be said to exist for the Mohammedan. The man lives in and at his work outside and the woman among her slaves and friends in the harem.

In many respects the harems of Constantinople are allowed greater liberty than those of Egypt and Persia. The ladies of Stamboul are much addicted to walking, whereas those of Cairo are never seen in the streets on foot. At the Sweet Waters the harems stray over the meadows or picnic on the banks of the Klaiht Khanah stream, with the fresh air blowing round them. The Egyptian dames, however, can never stir except in their carriages, and can only view the world and their neighbors from the windows of a brougham. The Bezetan of Stamboul is daily honored by great ladies, who also think no evil of riding in the public trams between Galata and Pera; but an Egyptian harem who attempted to mix with the crowd in such promiscuous fashion would be promptly banned. In other ways however, especially since the days of Ismail Pasha, the harem of Cairo has opened its eyes considerably to what goes on beyond its proper ken.

The wives and families of foreign residents and travelers put down the various high harems on their visiting lists, and the bi-weekly promenades on the Shoobka and Geziret avenues give the visited ones an opportunity of seeing in the flesh the personages of whom they are perpetually hearing stories and anecdotes. It also gives the men a chance of having this and that kharem pointed out to them as they whirl past in their next little carriages till each gets to know the other by sight at least tolerably well. The opera and the afternoon promenade are the chief excitement of Egyptian harem life. The Cairo opera house, built by the late khedive in a style commensurate with the lavish disregard of expense which marked his reign, is fitted with a dome, balcony on the second floor, whose fronts are framed with a gauzy screen, enabling the occupants to watch the play and the home, and supposed to prevent the house from watching them. The sparkling of bright eyes and diamonds are nevertheless apt to attract discreet attention, and a powerful glass nearly annihilates the screen, so that the beauties in reality come not only to see, but to be seen. Like their western sisters round them. A separate entrance leads up to the harem boxes, and after the fall of the curtain the harem don their babushkas and steal out to their carriages by a back way, where it is whispered that many a note and bouillonne awaited them on their passage.

The afternoon drive is also an imaginary contact with the world, though, as a matter of fact, the ladies might almost as well be at home. At 4 o'clock or thereabouts, a natty little brougham, drawn by a pair of long tailed Russian horses, drives up to the door and the ladies, for they almost invariably drive two and two—a great lady accompanied by a friend or a slave girl—are assisted into the carriage with as much care as if they were made of snow. The more scrupulous ones will even hold a parasol between their faces and the coachman to prevent contamination from side glances. Most of them, however, start with full intent to be seen as much as possible, and after settling themselves down on the satin cushions and assuring themselves that the mirror is well dusted, the cigarettes and matches in their places, the chocolate creams or nougat fresh from the bakery, and the bouquet sweet and properly arranged, slip off the babarah and are ready to front the gaze of the curious. The thinnest of yashmaks covers the reddest of lips, and the chin and well kohled eyes keep a smart look out for exchange of compliments with passers by.

The wives of the pashas do not wear the Turkish transparent yashmak, but cover their mouths and the lower part of the face with a cambric or cotton burghoot tied round the back of the head. The Shoobka and Geziret drives are to Cairo much what the Row is to London, and all the young boys and pashas do their best, and either carouse forth on their prancing steeds, or more luxuriously, are driven in the train of the harems. If the lady is inclined to exchange flowers, notes, cigarettes, or even conversation, no hindrance is likely to be offered by the black janitor on the box seat of the driver. But talking must be done in private, and some side walk or otherwise secluded spot must be chosen for anything more than a flying passing compliment. For in the east every man is the guardian, not only of his own harem, but also of everybody else's. A man may thrash his own wife to death, with very doubtful chances of anybody intervening, but he may not look at his neighbor's harem.—Home Journal.

The Term "Shep Girl."

Inadvertently I have aroused the indignation of a great army of young women who care their living by selling goods from behind counters by alluding to them as shop girls. Thereby I have learned some lessons about the social structure behind the counters. I had supposed that the good old generic English term, "shop girl," might properly be applied to every woman who sold goods to a shopper. It seems, however, that the young women of New York who correspond in position to the male counter jumper deem themselves entitled to be called "sales ladies," and are even offended at the term "sales woman." In their private vocabulary a shop girl is one who works in the factories. The term shop girl, however, will probably still signify the great majority of the people who belong to the Anglo-Saxon English.—Cor. New York Tribune.

A STENOGRAPHER'S STORY.

How a Young Shorthand Reporter Got Ahead of the Judge Advocate.

"All this talk about speed," said a shorthand writer, "reminds me of a little experience that I had away back in 1896. I was then located in New York, and was a mere lad and comparatively new in the business. I had never been in a court room and knew absolutely nothing about the form of trials. I could write shorthand, however. There was a big murder trial going on in North Carolina, and they sent to New York in hot haste for a stenographer. I happened to be the only one at the time available, and Graham sent me down.

"I shall never forget that experience. About the first man I came in contact with was the judge advocate. He was as gruff and sarcastic as a cross cut saw half a mile from an oil can. He looked me over in a sneering way that I shall never forget, and seemed to be sadly disappointed over the fact that there was not more of me.

"The man whose shoes you have been sent to fill could write 200 words a minute," he said gruffly. "How many can you write?"

"I don't know exactly, sir," I stammered.

"Well, I'll drop into your room in the morning before court opens and put you through your paces," he said sarcastically.

"When I got to my room I was about the worst frightened boy you ever saw. This was a nice sort of man for one who knew nothing whatever about courts to encounter. About the first thing I saw when I entered my room was an old volume of Webster's speeches. An idea at once struck me. I picked out one of these and practiced on it most all night. The consequence was that I had committed it to memory and had it right at my finger ends. All that remained was to devise some scheme to get the judge advocate to select that particular speech for the text. Bright and early the next morning he came into my room.

"Have you got anything here that I can read to you from?" he asked.

"I don't know," I replied, as carelessly as possible. "Let's see. Ah, here's a book which seems to belong to the room. It's Webster's speeches.—Mebbe this might do."

"I opened it carelessly at the particular speech which I had practiced upon and handed it to him. He examined it carefully, and all the time my heart was in my mouth. I was afraid he would turn the pages and pick out some other speech. But he didn't.

"I should think this would do," he said, and proceeded to count off 200 words.

"Well, at it we went, and when the 200 were written I still had fifteen seconds of the minute to spare. He timed me with one of those old stop watches, and I can see it yet.

"Huh!" he said, "I guess you'd do," and after that he seemed to think I was more of a man than he looked.—Chicago Times.

Cads and Cowboys in London.

The cowboys in Buffalo Bill's camp object to the manner in which the visiting crowd begins an hour or two by forming groups around the doors of the tents and studying the inner lives of the occupants. Many of the cowboys are married and busy their wives and children living with them in camp, and they do not much enjoy having the path outside their homes besieged by a staring mob, who, perhaps, under the impression that the English language is not spoken in Texas, make the loudest and freest comments on the fittings and the inhabitants of the tent. The cowboys in general are very good tempered and civil. Lately one of them offered mild remonstrance to a thoroughly typical cad, who was making his female companion very merry with his comments as they stood in the middle of a little mob of staves.

"Why do you stand there all the time and stare and leer like that?" the cowboy asked. "Surely you ought to have more sense."

"Dare say you Yankee have come over to teach us sense," was the cad's snarling reply.

The cowboy looked at him calmly and said: "If you were a foot or so nearer to my size I guess I would try to knock some sense into you," and then the young Texan giant turned and stalked back into the recesses of his tent, murmuring to some friends who were there: "If I stayed any longer where I could see these folks I might lose my temper."—London News.

Cure of the Opium Habit.

Varied factors affect the cure. Much depends upon individual constitution and environment. Recurrence of the original disease must be carefully watched lest it be made the pretext for an occasional taking, which will incur large risk of confirmed re-use. Alcoholic taking greatly lessens the prospect of permanent recovery. The ex-opium habitué must, if he values his future good, entirely abstain from alcohol.

The heroic plan of abrupt, complete disuse deserves the severest condemnation. No physician is warranted, save under circumstances peculiar and beyond control, in subjecting his patient to the torturing ordeal of such withdrawal. This plan has the sanction of men otherwise eminent in the profession, but I venture to suggest, with no lack of respect to them, that like a somewhat famous nautical individual, "they mean well, but they don't know."

Theory is one thing, practice another, and I am quite certain were they compelled to undergo the trial there would be a rapid and radical change of opinion. I regard the plan as cruel and barbarous—utterly unworthy a healing art.—J. B. Mattison, M. D., in *The Epoch*.

Many years ago was stayed queen of England for a period of nine days, and it is supposed that the phrase "A nine days' wonder" had its origin in this. Another supposition is that it originated from the fact that a puppy is nine days in getting his eyes open. Neither explanation is very satisfactory or probable.

The Discovery of Kentucky.

John Finley, an Indian trader, was the first white man to cross the mountains and enter Kentucky. He made his trip in 1767, and on returning gave such glowing accounts of the country that Daniel Boone and four others were induced to return with him. They were the first regular settlers.

Tar and Feathers.

Richard Cour de Leon began the custom of tarring and feathering, in order to control pillaging during the crusades. He issued an edict that any robber roving with the crusaders shall be first shaved, then boiling pitch shall be poured upon his head, and a cushion of feathers shook over it.

LIFE ON THE FARM.

STORY TOLD BY A PALLID SAD YOUNG MAN.

Following the Advice of a Physician Who Recommended Outdoor Life and Above All "Such Long Nights' Sleep"—The Hay Harvest.

"No," said the pale young man who was not working on a farm for my business.

"Le that?"

"Yes, I have come away, and which knew me would perhaps know if it could get a sight of me, but it was not to be."

"I went out, you know, by the physician. Said he: 'You need exercise, and above all, sleep, such as you get on a farm. You can only find it by trying away from the noise and heat of the city with the great open windows and the velvet breeze floating through the room all night long, with perhaps a musical note or the pattering of rain on the roof to lull you to sleep.' That's the doctor said."

"So I hired out to a farmer last summer. He said I was so white that he couldn't give me anything to do for my services, but if I would work for that I might climb in his seat and ride out."

"So I did. He had one mulberry tree and the mule barked every time we went up hill and the horse every time we went down hill, and they both tried to get on the level. He drove them to the chain tied on a white ash axle behind."

"But we got out there at last. I got to tell you anything about the work I haven't time—but I feel as if I should say something about those long nights' sleep. The first night we got home late, but the sun was only nicely down. That's about two hours later out there than where else in the known world."

MILKING TIME.

"After supper the farmer spent a half hour telling me about the farm and the lock forty and then he reached better milk. There were twelve cows and he said 'each would take six. He was a kicker, and it took me two hours, and been dark a long time when I finished, he had me pump up water for the milk. And it took forty minutes. Then I took a wood box and split the kindling wood, as it was a big box, took thirty as it was. Then he told me about the oat crop took an hour. And when I went to bed, the sun was only nicely down."

"The window in the room was a glass nailed over an irregular hole in the boards and could not be opened. I was around in the dim light and finally got to bed. I had just fallen asleep and he came to dream I was lying along the ridge of a double humped camel when the mule pounded on the stairs with an old horse and said breakfast was ready. I got up as it was lighter than when I went to bed, though the sky in the east was a redder."

"I will pass over the day, as it is past recall. On rather the day and the next one night and first end of another, we were in the hay field sixteen hours."

"And that evening after supper he might throw the dirt out of a new while I rested."

"Then we milked, and he gave me cows instead of six—all kickers. And then he was a hooter, too, and slanted through the corn crib."

"I got to bed an hour sooner than the before, because he said he was thinking of getting up early the next morning."

"And that night it rained, and I had a pleasant patter of the rain on the roof that did frighten a doctor spoke about it. It didn't lull me to sleep, because it was down on me and got the bedclothes all wet and I caught cold."

AT THE HAY AGAIN.

"And when the farmer pointed on stairs I got up and looked at my watch. I had been abed an hour and forty minutes and my clothes were wet and there was in my shoes."

"But it was a good day and we worked hay again. We mowed down what the farmer called a 'mated' of it. And that night I had rested a while on the collar and the twelve cows—twelve kickers—of it thought I was trying to kidnap her and chased me out of the yard—the farmer looked like rain again, and he reckoned better go out, and cock up that hay bedtime."

"And before we got to the field the morning star, and when I had got up bunches of hay and the old hypocrite farmer four, I heard a lark. Then he had up twenty-four bunches and the lark six it began to grow, quite light."

"When the farmer saw it he laid down the hay and laughed for ten minutes and said he had worked right through the day without knowing it."

"But I had known more about it than thought I had."

"We worked an hour longer and then went to the house and I milked. But wasn't quite ready, and I threw a couple yards of sand out of the bottom of the cellar."

"And while we were eating the farmer me to hurry because he would like to get one full day's work during haying. I would, too, and that I would stop and harness the horses. And he said he was business, and I went out and saw the road and walked into town."

"And now I am looking for that old physician and surgeon who told me the long nights' sleep I would get on a farm.—Dakota Bell.

Citizen George Francis Train has an opinion of Maine. He delivered lectures on his way to St. John. His total receipts were \$15 and his expenses \$20. He had to pawn his watch in order to reach St. John because the hotel man in Bangor would not lend him \$5. For this reason Citizen Train writes the epitaph for Maine: "He says, he is dead."

Mr. Hancock, the historian, is much better in health than he was a few months ago, but has lost much ground within the last year or more. His weight of years is beginning to tell plainly upon him. The other day he was riding he remained so long that a paralytic came over him, and it was necessary for him to take to his bed and be busily rubbed before he recovered.

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