

**AN AUDACIOUS PLAN.**

Captain Haraden Bluffed the Britisher into Surrender. It is a fight for a that, and he had a tough antagonist. They were at it for four full hours, "or four hours," as the log records it, after which Captain Haraden found that he had been out of the action and repair work to rigging and hull. He decided also that he had used all the powder on board except one charge. It would have been a creditable count of the matter if he had called for a drawn battle and gone on to it.

The king's packet was a foe to test Haraden's mettle, and he had a tough antagonist. They were at it for four full hours, "or four hours," as the log records it, after which Captain Haraden found that he had been out of the action and repair work to rigging and hull. He decided also that he had used all the powder on board except one charge. It would have been a creditable count of the matter if he had called for a drawn battle and gone on to it.

As in his mind, however, to try an audacious plan which would succeed only by means of the bold blooded courage on his part. He had his last charge of powder double shotting the gun, he had alongside his plucky enemy, he was terribly cut up, but still unshaken, and hailed her: "I will give you five minutes to haul down your colors. If they are not down at the end of that time, I will sink you, so help me God." As a test of mind, not of metal, the British commander was a brave who had fought his ship like a hero. But the sight of this infernal figure on the quarter deck, shot rent rickering, the thought of exposure to another broadside of range, the aspect of the blood of half naked privateersmen and at their guns with matches lit, was too much for him. Captain Haraden stood, watch in hand, for five minutes so that his voice would be heard aboard the packet.

He had not said "Four" when the British colors fluttered down from the mast, and the packet ship was his.

**WONDERS OF WATER.**

Water to which Fluid Mingles With Bodies Apparently Solid. The extent to which water mingles with bodies apparently solid is wonderful. The glittering opal which wears as an ornament is only water. In every plaster of Paris statue which an Italian carries on our streets for sale there is a pound of water to every four pounds of chalk. The air we breathe is five grains of water to each cubic foot of its bulk. The potatoes which are boiled for our dinner have in their raw state the one percent and the other 90 per cent of water.

Man weighing ten stone were flat in a hydraulic press and one-half stone of water run out and only two and one-half of dry residue remain. Chemically speaking, forty-five percent of carbon and nitrogen diffused in five and a half parts of water. In plants we find water thus in no less wonderful a manner.

Flower evaporates one and a half pints of water a day and a plant exhales in 172 days about a quart of water. An acre of wheat, on this calculation, passes out about ten tons of water per day.

Map of plants is the medium in which this mass of fluid is held. It forms a delicate pump which the watery particles run with rapidity of a swift stream. The action of the sap various properties are communicated to the plant. Timber in France is dyed with various colors mixed with water and poured from the root of the tree. Dahlias are colored by a similar process.—London.

**Making It Clear.** A young child was saying his prayer at the bedside in his grandfather's house. The grandfather, anxious for the boy, stood at the room which was sufficiently open for him to see and hear the child. After asking God to bless his parish child reached "God bless and grandpa." At the moment the last named, the boy's eye caught the sight of his grandfather, he pointed his little finger, "where he is?"—Philadelphia Inquirer.

**An Easy Job.** A minister set as an essay subject of his young hopefuls would like to be, and one moment, delivered in a bold way as follows: "I would like to be a horse driver. When you are on horse you sit and do nothing, eat all day and feed the horse and your work is done for you. Then when Saturday comes you get your pay, and then you get all the rest of yourself."—Kansas City.

**A Long Wait.** A young wife take a long honeymoon? "I am waiting for you to get me. Her father settle a snug sum of money on us as we got back."—Herald.

**Two Lives in One.** A man has two lives in one. The worst of the first is the destiny of the second.—Young.

**CURING A TOOTHACHE.**

Remedy of a Cowboy That Proved Remarkably Effective.

One of the cleverest old customers we ever knew was Judge Booth, who lived on the Bell ranch along the Red river in the northeastern part of New Mexico. One morning out on the range the judge rolled out of his blankets with a jumping toothache, and, although he exhausted all the remedies in camp, nothing had any effect.

It was forty miles to the nearest town, with the chances against finding a dentist there, and it was finally decided to appeal to one of the Texas cowboys riding herd five miles away. He came over in response to the message, and after taking a look at the tooth, which was a double one on the upper jaw, he said, "Judge, I can shoot that tooth out as slick as grease if you don't mind the scar it will leave on yer cheek."

"Shoot it out?" shouted the judge at the top of his voice. "Why, man, you must be crazy!"

"Waal, then, mebbe I kin pick in 'nuff powder to blow it out."

"Blow it out? Never!"

"Might possibly hammer it out with a piece of iron," mused the cowboy.

"And you might go to Patagonia and beyond!" exclaimed the indignant sufferer.

"Yes, that's generally the way with folks. I'm only tellin' you how we do it out here, but if you don't want the tooth out of course you'll have to stand the pain."

The cowboy started back to the day herd, but after a gallop of half a mile he returned to beckon the other boys aside and say: "The judge seems to be a purty squar' sort o' man, though a leetle techy, and I'm sorry fur him. Kin he sit on a boss?"

"Some of the time."

"Kin he shoot?"

"Only now and then."

"Then I think I can cure that toothache."

He spent five minutes unfolding the plot and then went over to the sufferer and said, "Judge, I've come back to say that ye are a booby and a coward!"

"What!" yelled the judge as he sprang up from his seat before the campfire.

"A booby, a coward and a squaw, judge, and likewise a durned old liar!"

The judge jumped for him, but the cowboy ran for his horse. There was another near at hand, with two guns in the holsters of the saddle, and the judge sprang aboard and gave chase.

Half a mile out on the prairie the two men began to shoot at each other, and it was not until the judge had fired his twelfth bullet that the kind hearted cowboy rode away and left his enemy to ride into camp and declare, "Well, by thunder, if that infernal toothache hasn't stopped so dead still that I feel just like singing!"—Denver Field and Farm.

**A Curious Music Box.**

In the South Kensington museum, in London, is a curious musical box. It was originally the property of Tipu (or Tipoo) Sahib, the "Tiger of Mysore," who died in 1799, being killed during the British assault and capture of Seringapatam, the capital of Mysore. He always hated the British, and to show his enmity he had this instrument constructed. The box is a life sized statuary group showing the symbolic tiger of India at the throat of England, represented by a British officer. When Tipoo wished to amuse his court one of his attendants turned a handle, when the tiger emitted horrible growls and the man raised and lowered his arms and uttered terrifying shrieks. Inside the tiger are four rows of pipes and a set of ivory keys, which are either of French or British manufacture.

**Vaccinated the Rifles.**

Orders that were issued by the German West African officials some years ago that all firearms in the hands of natives should be stamped and registered aroused much discontent. Lieutenant Eggers, in Damaraland, however, got along with no trouble. He had inoculated cattle for the rinderpest three years before, as the Damaras saw, with good results. He therefore announced that he was ready to vaccinate their rifles so as to insure their shooting straight and doing no hurt to their owners, and the Damaras crowded to him to get their guns stamped.

**It's Sometimes Like That.**

They were rehearsing for the amateur theatricals.

"You mean to say," cried the heroine, clearing her throat, "that the people in the back of the house can't hear us speak our lines?"

The professional trainer held up his hand with a soothing gesture.

"Yes, but don't let that worry you," he said. "They can hear the prompter, so they won't lose touch with the play."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

**Absentminded.**

Sir John Burden Sanderson was notoriously absentminded. Of the cycle of anecdotes that gathered around him much was fabricated. The story of his boiling his watch while holding an egg in his hand, often related also of Newton, is in La Bruyere's "Characteres."

But there seems to be some foundation for the suspicion that in his laboratory he once lunched on a frog and was afterward found deeply contemplating a sandwich.

**Using His Voice.**

Eliza—Did you say Sam was makin' a lot of money out of his voice? Cloe—Sure thing! At de opera. Eliza—At de opera? Cloe—Yes; he calls de carriages!—Yonkers Statesman.

**Friendship that flames goes out in a flash.**

—Young.

**A DOLEFUL DILEMMA**

The Tearful Tale of the Perplexed Princess.

HER UNSOLVABLE PROBLEM.

A Most Puzzling and Lamentable Situation That Fortunately for the Peace of Mind of Womankind is Not at All Liable to Recur.

Now, when it was the thousand and third night, said Duryzad to her sister, Shahrazad, "Allah upon me, O my sister, recite to us some new story, delightsome and delectable, wherewith to while away the waking hours of our latter night."

"With joy and goodly will," answered Shahrazad, "if this pious and auspicious king permit."

"Tell on," quoth the king, who had freely partaken of the dish termed by the Franks "the rabbit of Wales" and was sleepless and restless. So Shahrazad, rejoiced with the prospect of talking, thus began on the thousand and third night "The Tale of the Perplexed Princess."

Afar in the realm of Guricund, which lies within the land of Hindustan, once reigned a mighty king who had one daughter of such exceeding beauty that all who beheld her became poets and warriors, which was well for the national fame, but ill for the royal treasury.

Now, the loveliness of the princess being such, it may seem strange that she had attained her eighteenth year unmarried, yet so it befell, for in his hesitancy because of the great multitude of eligible suitors the king, who, though otherwise respectable, was a vitely devout heathen, made a vow that he would give his daughter in marriage only to that man who should receive the indorsement of his idol, an image of exceeding ugliness housed in a golden temple adjacent to the palace.

So it was that many princes from many lands came to bow before the idol, offering splendid sacrifices and rich gifts of treasure for the desired sign of favor, yet ever the idol remained silent.

At length there came from the island of Lanka a prince of great power, and so deeply smitten was he with love for the princess that he bowed before the idol, saying, "Great lord, grant but that the princess may become my bride, and then shall I without delay return to thee and cut off my own head as a thank offering!"

And the next day when the king and all his court came to worship in the golden temple the evil spirit that was within the idol caused the hand of the prince to stretch forth and point to the prince and caused the stone lips to open and say to the king, "Behold thy son-in-law!"

Forthwith was the wedding of the prince and princess celebrated with great pomp in the palace, and straight thereafter, in fulfillment of his vow, the prince hastened to the temple, bowed before the idol and cut off his own head.

Then entered the priest of the temple and in his grief, horror and fear for what had chanced and for what might well come to him in consequence likewise cut off his head.

Then entered the princess, seeking her husband, and seeing but the two headless bodies, raised the prince's sword and was about to sever her own lovely head when the idol spoke again, saying, "Hold! Take the heads and set them upon the men's shoulders!"

And the princess did even so. And the heads grew fast to the bodies, and the bodies rose upon their feet.

But now it appeared that in her haste and tumult of mind the princess had set the priest's head upon the shoulders of the prince and the prince's head upon the shoulders of the priest, so that in a way each was the other, yet neither was either, and each claimed her as his bride, and each head, being a wise head, spoke many shrewd arguments one way and the other, yet could neither prevail.

And so was the princess sore perplexed, and, in truth, never have I learned how logically to conclude the tale.

"In sooth," said the king, "might she not have obtained a divorce?"

"Nay, sire," replied Shahrazad, "for from whom? And which must she then have married in accordance with the word of the idol?"

"Then," proposed the king, "why might they not have matched dinars to decide which should have her?"

"Ah, my lord," said Shahrazad, shaking her head, "that would have been in accord with the easy, unscientific method of the far west, which would still have left the problem unsolved."

"Surely, then," urged the king, "they might have fought for her."

"And would that have determined the truth?" responded Shahrazad, "and would not the victor have been either or both a murderer and a suicide? Alas, my lord, the insoluble perplexity of this fair princess hath caused me much sorrow, and glad am I only that such sad dilemmas do not often occur."—New York Times.

**His Crime.**

A popular actress recently visited Chicago's Ghetto seeking a samovar. In that strange section of cosmopolitanism she heard a "new one." "As I turned a corner," said the lady, "the boy's mother had him by the ear, and in her uplifted raised hand there was a menacing barrel stave. 'I'll learn ye to tie the kettle to the cat's tail!' she yelled in wrath. 'It wasn't our cat!' cried the frightened boy. 'No, it wasn't our cat,' almost shrieked the enraged mother, 'but it was our kettle!'"

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