GRIDLEY'S LEAVE.

Touching Scene When the Brave Captain Left the Olympia.

On the morning of the battle of Manila Bay Captain Gridley was so ill that the little commodore offered to excuse him from duty, but gallantly, as is characteristic of the man, he replied, "Thank you, Commodore Dewey, but she is my ship, and I will fight her." And he did, although, figuratively speaking, he was a dead man before he went on the bridge, and days had strung themselves into but few weeks when he was ordered home on sick leave. He came up out of his cabin dressed in civilian clothes and was met by the rear admiral, who extended him a most cordial hand. A look of troubled disappointment flitted across the captain's brow, but vanished when he stepped to the head of the gangway and, looking over, saw, not the launch, but a twelve oared cutter manned entirely by officers of the Olympia. There were men in that boat who had not pulled a stroke for a quarter of a century. The stars and stripes were at the stern and a captain's silken coach whip at the bow, and when Captain Gridley, beloved alike by officers and men, entered the boat it was "Up oars!" and all that, just as though they were common sailors that were to row him over to the Zafiro. When he sat down upon the handsome boat cloth that was spread for him he bowed his head, and his hands hid his face as First Lieutenant Reese, acting cockswain, ordered: "Shove off! Out oars! Give away!"—St. Nicholas.

MOUNT ETNA.

Its Wonders as Revealed in Tales of Travelers.

Mount Etna has furnished more material for travelers' tales than any other mountain on the earth. Astonished Englishmen of a century ago who fell into the fashionable habit of climbing to its highest peak—and some did so, to the amazement of the Sicilians, even in the dead of winter—have left on record in the exuberant language of their day the emotions that thrilled their soul. "The man who treads Mount Etna," wrote one of these, "is a man above the world. Every river on the island can be traced from its mouth to its source.

"The characters," the same writer continues, "of all the climates of the earth can be detected—the frigid close around one, the temperate with its belt of trees just underneath and the tropical at the base of the mountain, with its vineyards and luxuriant groves. The great ocean around, with the islands of Lipari, Panari, Alicudi, Stromboli and Volcano, with their smoking summits, appears under your feet, and you look down upon the whole of Sicily as upon a map."

In addition to all the climates, Etna is reported to have trees that rival the giants of California, lakes that never thaw, bottomless caverns and salable snow that kept many an ancient bishop well supplied with tithes.

All Very "Civil."

In certain sections of the country there are much favored words which are required to do duty with a wide variety of meanings. Such is the word "smart" among Yankees and up along the Labrador shore the word "civil." The following conversation between two natives was overheard by a traveler:

"We are goin' to have lots of dirt today," said one, glancing at the sky.

"Naw. It'll be civil," replied his companion.

"How did you get on with the captain?"

"Oh, he got civil to hunting deer by and by. When he went out he didn't know nothing, but he got civilized."

"Did you go down the Ketchee?"

"Naw. It's too civil for him. He wanted lots of rapids, so we went down the Boomer. Them's about as civil rapids as I want to see."—Youth's Companion.

Adhesive Eggs of Fishes.

Among the fishes which produce adhesive eggs are the little black head minnow (Pimephales promelas) and the goldfish. The male blackhead deposits the fecundated eggs singly upon the underside of leaves of water plants and watches them unceasingly until hatched. The eggs of the goldfish are deposited singly upon the weeds and mosses in a similar manner by the male fish. The eggs of the yellow perch are held together in narrow strips or ribbons of a glutinous character. Adhesive eggs of other species, as the black bass, sunfish, catfishes, etc., are deposited in masses in shallow nests or depressions on the bottom, and still other species deposit their spawn in variously shaped adhesive masses upon water plants, roots and submerged objects.

Papyrus.

The papyrus of ancient times was made from the papyrus plant. The interior of the stalk of the plant after the rind had been removed was cut into thin slips in the direction of their length, and, these being laid on a flat surface in succession, similar slices were placed over them at right angles, and, their surfaces being cemented together by a sort of glue and subjected to the proper degree of pressure and well dried, the papyrus was complete.

Turn About.

Dr. Sharpe—I say, Mr. Dooley, you're a long time paying me your account. Mr. Dooley—And it's a long toime ye took to cure me, be jabers!—Kansas City Newsbook.

Some men are so optimistic that they expect to get into heaven on their wives' church record. — Washington Post.

THE MAD DUCHESS.

Lady Catherine Hyde and Her Eccentricities of Dress.

Lady Catherine Hyde was the third daughter of Henry, second earl of Rochester and fourth earl of Clarendon, and a great-granddaughter of Edward, the first and famous earl of Clarendon. * * * One of the strongest of her caprices was to be unlike other people, and she succeeded admirably in the attempt. Bolingbroke nicknamed her "La Singularite;" Horace Walpole, more bluntly, "the Mad Duchess." This oddity was specially displayed in her dress. In 1747, after a good deal of intriguing, she had obtained permission to appear again at court, and in 1763 Horace Walpole tells Lord Hertford that she presented herself there in a gown and petticoat of red flannel. Making all allowance for male ignorance on such a subject and Walpole's tendency to embroider a story, it is beyond doubt that she deliberately courted the peculiar in her costume. She was fond of wearing an apron and appeared in one at court after this garment had been forbidden at the royal drawing rooms. Her entrance being opposed by one of the lords in waiting, she tore it off, threw it in his face and walked on. Beau Nash on a similar occasion took the law into his own hands, for when she attempted to enter the ballroom at Bath wearing an apron he promptly stripped it off and threw it among the ladies' maids, observing that none but Abigails appeared in white aprons. It was her fancy as she grew older to disregard the changes of fashion and to adhere obstinately to the dress of her younger days. Her attire at times was so weird that Lord Cornbury wrote, "She has been called 'sir' upon the road above twenty times."—Nineteenth Century.

THE MARINER'S COMPASS.

Influences That Draw It From Its Allegiance to the Pole.

Nothing in the navigational equipment of a ship has been the subject of more anxious research or receives more jealous care than the mariner's compass.

The popular notion of the compass needle always pointing north and south is—well, more inaccurate than even popular notions usually are. Even under the most favorable conditions there are only certain places upon the surface of the earth where the compass needle does point north and south, and it is quite safe to say that such conditions are never found on board of a ship.

But we must go further and say that no more unfavorable position could be found for a compass than on board of a modern steamship, which is a complicated mass of steel, all tending to draw the compass needle from its allegiance to the magnetic pole of the earth, warring influences which must needs be counteracted by all sorts of devices which hedge round the instrument by an invisible wall of conflicting currents of magnetism.

And as if this were not enough there are now huge dynamos to be reckoned with, producing electric currents for all sorts of purposes on board. In the midst of these mystic currents the poor little compass needle, upon which the mariner depends for his guide across the trackless deep, hangs suspended like one shrinking saint surrounded by legions of devils.—Windsor Magazine.

Martian Life Dying.

A sadder interest attaches to such existence—that it is, cosmically speaking, soon to pass away. To our eventual descendants life on Mars will no longer be something to scan and interpret. It will have lapsed beyond the hope of study or recall. Thus to us it takes on an added glamour from the fact that it has not long to last for the process that brought it to its present pass must go on to the bitter end until the last spark of Martian life goes out. The drying up of the planet is certain to proceed until its surface can support no life at all. Slowly, but surely, time will snuff it out. When the last ember is thus extinguished the planet will roll a dead world through space, its evolutionary career forever ended.—Professor Lowell in Century.

Doctors' Bills.

Who, having obtained an honest bill for the medicine, will wish to have particulars of the doctor's "professional services?" Imagine a bill made up with such nicety as this: "To counting pulse, sixpence; to viewing tongue threepence; to asking four questions (three irrelevant), fourpence; to telling patients to say 'ninety-nine,' eightpence; to medicine, 1s. 6d.; to bottle, twopence; to label, 1 penny; total, 3s. 6d."—Yorkshire Observer.

Advantage of Credit.

"My big sister has a beau."

"So's mine, but I don't like him."

"Know what my sister 'd do if I didn't like her beau?"

"No. What'd she do?"

"She'd send him back and get him changed, 'cause we've got a charge account at the store he comes from."—Newark Evening Star.

Different Opinions.

"I see a man intends to let a rattlesnake bite him and depend on prayer for a cure. I call that faith."

"I call it cruelty to animals unless somebody's going to pray for the snake after it's bitten such a fool as that."—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Mute.

"She has no friends to speak of."

"Good heavens! What does she talk about?"—Sporting Times.

Whenever a man commits a crime heaven finds a witness.—Bulwer.

AN IMPROVIDENT RACE.

Queer Ways of the Native Black of Australia.

For bearing hardship, such as thirst, hunger, long hours in the saddle, etc., the black has far less endurance than the white man. In fact, a black fellow is uncomfortable if he goes for any length of time without water. And yet nobody is more improvident than he. Give him two gallons of water, twenty pounds of flour and two or three sticks of tobacco and tell him that he will get no more for three sleeps—viz, three days—he will deliberately settle down and not be satisfied till he has finished the lot. I have known a civilized and clothed black fellow who was traveling with me sit down after dark and wash his clothes (a most unusual proceeding) when he had only three gallons of water and fifty hours' riding before he could get any more, and this with the thermometer registering 112 in the shade.

This is not a thing that occurs once or twice, but always. The black man will not look five minutes ahead, nor will experience teach him. A gamble on a small scale is dear to the heart of every black fellow, and it is a common occurrence for one of them to swap a brand new suit of blue dungaree for an old frayed white coat, thinking that he will be able to sell or deal the latter away and make a profit simply because it is white, an unusual color with them. But one good point these black men have. They never complain when they find they have made a bad bargain. This is possibly because they forget with whom they made the deal.—Australian Cor. London Standard.

THE WART HOG.

It Is One of the Most Grotesque Animals In Existence.

To the naturalist who closely studies animal life it sometimes appears as if nature had either deliberately set to work to form weird and curious creatures or else had been engaged in experiments, for there are birds and animals which might be accused of being made up of odds and ends.

One of the most grotesque animals in existence is the wart hog of Africa, called by the Boers the Vlaktevark pig of the plains.

It stands about thirty inches in height, has a huge disproportionate head, with eyes set very high up, and large protruding tusks. These are exactly opposite those of other pigs, the upper ones being much longer than those in the lower jaw and sometimes attaining a length of over twenty inches.

But the most unusual feature of this curious looking creature and the one from which it derives its name is the great wart just below each eye, a smaller one appearing between each tusk and the large wart above it.

The body is almost hairless, except that along the spine and the neck long coarse hair hangs, and the whole effect of the animal is weird and grotesque. These wild hogs often take possession of empty burrows made by other animals, and when pursued they slew around sharply as they enter, making their way in hind first.—London Telegraph.

Jenny Lind's Piety.

Jenny Lind, who gave her first £2,000 to the poor, continued throughout her life a series of charities and pieties. In regard to the latter we have the assurance of a friend that this greatest of singers deliberately cut short her own public career while her voice was still in perfection. It was Lady Taylor, wife of the author of "Philip Van Artevelde," who found Jenny Lind sitting toward evening on a south coast beach just after her withdrawal, with a book in her lap. She spoke of her resolve. "I found that this"—the setting sun—"was becoming less to me and that this"—the book in her lap was a Bible—"was becoming nothing to me, and I knew then that I must check myself and change my life."—London Standard.

Mexican Lottery Tickets.

Nearly $100,000 is spent in the City of Mexico every week in lottery tickets, and in the same period about $70,000 is paid back in premiums. On the weeks immediately preceding the big drawings the sale, of course, mounts up to great sums—as, for instance, when the $200,000 drawings are held there are 20,000 tickets at $40 each sold on the streets, and practically every ticket is disposed of, most of them during the last two weeks before the drawing. But as a general proposition, on an average, $15,000 a day is spent by the people of the City of Mexico on the lotteries.—Mexican Herald.

The Open Window.

Children brought up with open windows appear indeed to be about fifteen times more likely to contract adenoids than those who sleep with the windows shut on cold and damp nights, or at least than those who sleep with closed windows throughout the greater part of the year.—Dr. Sim Wallace in Medical Press.

Dew.

Teacher—How do you account for the phenomenon of dew? Boy—Well, you see, the earth revolves on its axis every twenty-four hours, and in consequence of this tremendous pace it perspires freely.—London Tit-Bits.

Mean.

Burton—Mean man, isn't he?

Robinson—Mean? He's capable of going into a barber's shop for a shave and then getting his hair cut just to keep other people waiting.

Nothing is so burdensome as a secret.—French Proverb.

THE INNOCENT FOX.

Blamed For Offenses Committed by His Wicked Cousins.

We are often told of the fox as a destroyer of grouse, but I should like to hear the story of some eyewitnesses as to his work in this direction. It is very easy to find fox tracks about the remains of a bird and then say a fox did it. I believe that many of the offenses laid at his door are committed by weasels, mink and wildcats, or lynx.

During a part of the year I have known foxes to spend a part of each day digging among potato hills in a retired hollow for white grubs or mice in the adjoining fields and to return to the mountain at nightfall, passing a farm which was almost covered with young poultry out for grasshoppers. From an experience of about ten years in a locality where foxes abound I am convinced that this animal destroys but few, if any, chickens. Our trouble there was, first of all, hawks, then skunks, owls and raccoons. The fox never invaded the chicken coops or broke up the sitting turkeys out at the base of the mountain. Of course in winter a fox may sometimes trap a grouse in the snow at night, but who has ever seen a fox actually catch a grouse? Come, now, brothers of the forest, be honest and own up. I would be glad to learn how the fox does the trick, if any one has seen it done.—Forest and Stream.

THE PERSONAL EQUATION.

It Plays a Very Large Part In Success In Business.

If you stop for a moment to analyze success in business you will see it comes through contact with people. It is all hinged upon the manner of your contact. On every side you are surrounded by a multitude of persons, in every one of whom there exists a potential force that may be exerted, at one time or another, to add to your success. The oftener you cause that force to be exerted the faster your business will grow. You can attract these individual forces if you choose and get the most from them, or you can repel them and suffer actual damage from having come in contact with them, or you may take a middle course, as many business men do, and drift along in a purely negative manner.

Looking at business in this light, it is apparent that the underlying element which contributes most to the success of any undertaking and to business in the aggregate is the art of finding the vital points of human contact that will set in motion these forces. The personal element must be stamped upon your business.—Edward Payson Hatch in System.

Panama Mosquitoes.

A visitor to the canal zone of Panama can have the privilege of an introduction to not less than eighty-three species of mosquitoes, thirty of them found nowhere else. Fortunately they do not all bite, and the contagion of yellow fever is carried by only one of them. Certain genera, technically called megarhinus, psorophora and lutzia, are found, which instead of spreading any disease hostile to men wage war on their weaker cousins and at times even on their brothers and sisters. The yellow fever mosquito, the only kind in America spreading this infection, scientifically called stegomyia, is very scarce. It is possible to live for weeks on the line of the canal without seeing a single specimen. This mosquito is a strictly domestic insect, never found away from man. It breeds only in artificial receptacles, such as barrels, water coolers, bottles and tin cans in and around human habitations.—Chicago News.

An Author's Trick.

One of the abler modern writers made this confession the other day: "I am so devoted to my wife that I allow her to break in upon me whenever she pleases. Naturally she cuts into my line of thought and often destroys the continuity of genius. The only way for me to do a good day's work is to quarrel with her, to make her so angry that she will cry, fuss, break a few dishes, smash a kitten, scald a puppy or two, then go to her room and stay there. By the time I have done a day's work she is in excellent humor and tired of being alone. Then we make up."—New York Press.

Great City For Prayer.

A visitor to Moscow soon discovers why it is called the Holy City. Every 200 or 300 feet there is a cathedral, church, chapel or shrine, and whichever way you look you see people crossing themselves. Until one has seen Moscow the piety of the place is not easily understood. The outsider cannot imagine Moscow conditions. He cannot imagine church bells ringing all the time and people praying in the public streets at all hours of day and night.

Cause of the Row.

Mrs. Popley — For goodness' sake! What's the matter with Tommy?

Mr. Popley (from the bathroom)—Oh, he wants the earth!

Mrs. Popley—Wants the earth?

Mr. Popley—Yes. At least that portion of it that I'm trying to wash off his hands and face.—Catholic Standard and Times.

Luck.

"Look as if you was feelin' pretty good today, James," said the first waiter.

"Yes, tiptop," replied the other.

"Some streak o' luck maybe?"

"Yes, tiptop tip."—Philadelphia Press.

Anger resteth in the bosom of fools. —Bible.

AN EASTERN MAGICIAN.

The Feat a Ceylon Fakir Is Said to Have Performed.

This curious picture of an eastern magician is from Caroline Corner's "Ceylon, the Paradise of Adam:" "The fakir forthwith commenced to unpack the burden on his back, the principal item being a bamboo framework or scaffolding. This he held with his right hand, while he mounted step by step of bamboos. At the summit, a height perhaps of eleven feet, he paused, with arms extended, to effect a balance. For some reason or other the framework remained perfectly steady and perpendicular, while the fakir stretched himself out like a spider on its web. At intervals on the bamboos were heavy nails, rusty, but sharp at the point. These nails distinctly penetrated the man's mahogany colored flesh when he stretched himself out on the framework.

"Thus he remained, a hideous wound made by each nail, from which the purple blood flowed, lying there for the space of ten minutes or so, except for the blood a lifeless figure of clay. Then, muttering some strange gibberish, animation returned, and, making movements so that the nails were extricated from the wounds, the fakir with his toes kicked away the scaffolding and remained himself alone unsupported in midair.

"Yes, there this weird creature remained, his lean, chocolate colored limbs apparently stiff and cataleptic, his eyes fixed upward and glazed. 'It's a fact,' said Cynthia in low tones of wonder. 'At home they would say we were hypnotized.'"

KOREAN ETIQUETTE.

A Native's New Year's Call Upon an American Lady.

The native Koreans, who have become familiar with foreigners and their ways, take very readily to the custom of calling—and eating—on New Year's day, and one American lady had a very peculiar experience with a native official in Seoul on New Year's day. She was keeping open house and had made preparations for receiving her guests in the proper manner.

Among other things she had made a very excellent and rather large cake, which she expected to distribute in small slices to her callers. A party of native gentlemen arrived, and, having given one of them a cup of tea, she placed this fine cake before him, with an invitation to help himself.

She then went with the others to another room and was gone some time. When she returned she saw, to her horror, that her cake had all but disappeared. The native, according to his ideas of etiquette, had done his best not to leave any of the eatables set before him.

The lady's vexation was banished by a feeling of pity for the poor fellow, who was quite sick from overfeeding. It is said that this call was his first and last that day. He declared to his friends that foreigners must be "all stomach" if they could go from house to house and "eat that much every time."—London Mail.

Getting Back at England.

"The English will ridicule us for saying 'vury' and 'turrible' and 'momma' when we go abroad," said a schoolma'am, "but we will have our answer ready.

"We'll ask them why, when they want to know if we desire a cab, they say:

"'Fo wella, sa?'

"We'll ask them why they say 'pawtah' and 'waitah' and 'Indiar' and 'idear.'

"And, not forgetting the 'h,' we'll quote at them the dialogue between the mistress and the new maid:

"'Is your name Anna or Hannah?'

"'Hannah, mum.'

"'Oh, Hannah?'

"'No, mum; Hannah.'

"'Hannah, you said.'

"'No, Hannah.'

"'Spell it.'

"Hay, hen, hen, hay!"—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The Safe Course.

"That was a great speech Mundy made," said the associate editor of the old line partisan paper. "I suppose we ought to have an editorial showing that he was mistaken throughout, but really I can't see how we shall be able to do it. His logic is unassailable. He has simply knocked the platform from under our candidate."

"I know it," replied the editor, "but we can't let it go. Let's see—oh, just refer to it as flapdoodle. That always satisfies the man who votes the straight ticket and gives our opponents no chance to come back at us."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Kaffir Greeting.

"Saku bona" are the first words a stranger learns of the Kaffir vocabulary. The expression is the common form of salutation used by the natives, and its literal translation is, "I see you." It is considered a mark of respect not to give the greeting immediately, the delay showing the reverence in which the native holds his visitor.

Experience Contribution.

Poetic Friend—Some one says a baby in the house is a wellspring of joy. Exasperated Young Parent—Well, don't you believe it. As an element of enjoyment a baby in the house is a screaming farce.—Baltimore American.

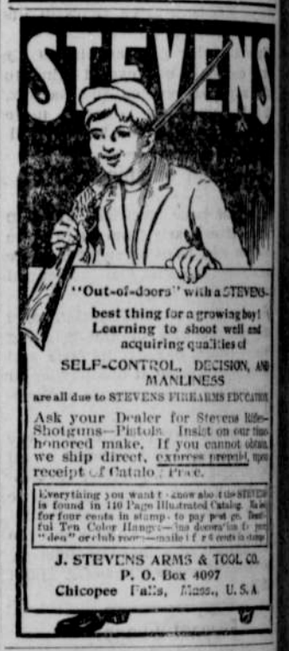
Dear, Innocent Thing!

Hubby (while dressing)—That confounded trial balance was running in my head all night. Wifey—John, you must tell the manager, and maybe he will give you extra pay for working overtime.—Boston Transcript.

A Lazy Liver

May be only a tired liver, or a starved liver. It would be a stupid as well as a savage thing to beat a weary or starving man because he lagged in his work. So in treating the lagging, torpid liver it is a great mistake to lash it with strong drastic drugs. A torpid liver is but an indication of an ill-nourished, enfeebled body whose organs are weary with over work. Start with the stomach and allied organs of digestion and nutrition. Put them in working order and see how quickly your liver will become active. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has made many marvelous cures of these troubles by its wonderful control of the organs of digestion and nutrition. It restores the normal activity of the stomach, increases the secretions of the blood-making glands, cleanses the system from poisonous accumulations, and so relieves the liver of the burdens imposed upon it by the defection of other organs.

If you have bitter or bad taste in the morning, poor or variable appetite, coated tongue, foul breath, constipated or irregular bowels, feel weak, easily tired, despondent, frequent headaches, pain or distress in "small of back," gnawing or distressed feeling in stomach, perhaps nausea, "faint," "all gone" sinking feeling at pit of stomach, "fluttering" or "goneness" or "emptiness" at throat after eating, and kindred symptoms of weak stomach and torpid liver, no medicine will relieve you more promptly or cure you more thoroughly than Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Perhaps only a part of the above symptoms will be present at one time and yet point to torpid liver or biliousness and weak stomach. Avoid all hot bread and biscuits, griddle cakes and other indigestible food and take the "Golden Medical Discovery" regularly and stick with it use until you are vigorous and strong.

The "Discovery" is non-secret, non-Alcoholic, is a glyceric extract of native medicinal roots with a full list of its ingredients printed on each bottle-wrapper and attested under oath. Its ingredients are endorsed and extolled by the most eminent medical writers of the age and are recommended to cure the diseases for which it is advised.

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