

RACE WITH CUSTOMS OFFICERS.

Experience of a Yankee Skipper in Smuggling Cheroots in Spain.

"You want something to write about, do you?" inquired Captain Braeblock, an old skipper, in reply to a reporter's query.

"Well, do you see that flag?" and he directed my attention to a revenue flag flying from the staff of a boat.

"In the summer of 1836 I was one of the crew of the ship Curlew, at that time waiting in the port of Manila for a cargo.

"The ship was moored nearly nine miles from the town of Manila. Once, sure, and sometimes twice a day, the gig was manned and rowed over that distance to the house of Russell & Sturgis, who were our consignees as well as the representatives, minister and consul of the United States in that port.

"In my excitement I cried in Spanish, 'No entienda,' and at once the boat started for us. Knowing the fate in store for us if captured, I said to the boys: 'You see that boat. If she overtakes us, it means a ball-and-chain for at least two years in that fortress.

"The next day, when I went ashore, Barney gave me a double-bloom to treat the boat's crew. Since that time I have never seen a revenue flag of any nation but it recalls to my memory the incident I have just related, and it makes me laugh when I think of the blundering marksman shooting at us, the pompous officer in charge of the boat demanding our surrender and the poor, tired, sweating oarsmen in their heavy uniforms chasing the robust Yankees of my boat's crew, who, with but slight exertion, could propel their light boat through the water two feet to our pursuers' one."

Where Europe and Asia Join. About 165 miles from Fern, in dense fir forests, the line reaches "Europe," and soon after passing a signpost, like a little Eiffel tower, with Europe inscribed on one side and Asia on the other, the train comes to "Asia."

Nipitiguliek is the center of the mines of the Demidoff family and is famous for its magnetic iron ore and for its malachite. Thence the line runs alongside a lake till the companies and towers of Yekaterinburg appear to mark the site of the present mining capital of a district famous not only for iron, copper and gold, but for opals, beryl, jacinth, chrysolite, rhodolite and many other precious substances.

Either from Yekaterinburg or from Kamishlov, 90 miles beyond it, a branch will be constructed to connect the Aral with the Trans-Siberian railway at Cherdynsk or at some point a little farther east. The latter line will run to Omsk, on the Irtysh, on either side of which work is already in progress. At Tara, lower down that river, a great canal has been constructed to carry the vast forests between the Aral and the Irtysh to the Volga for shipment, while at Kholmogor, on the former river, large quantities of work have already commenced. Steamers have been purchased to bring logs down the Volga, past Astrakhan, upon which river the line will run to Irkutsk, on Lake Baikal.—National Review.

Sir Roger de Coverley.

But of all the things that Addison did there remains one pre-eminent creation which is his chief claim to immortality. "The Campaign" has disappeared out of literature; "Cato" is known only by a few much quoted lines; the "Spectator" itself, though a work which "no gentleman's library can be without," dwells generally in a dignified retirement there and is seldom seen on any table but the student's, though we are all supposed to be familiar with it, but Sir Roger de Coverley is the familiar friend of most people who have read anything at all, and the acquaintance by sight, if we may so speak, of everybody.

There is no form better known in all literature. His simple rustic state, his modest and genial patronage of the younger world, and which still sneers in its sleeve at all those kind, ridiculous ways of his as he walks about in London, taken in on all sides, with his right hand always in his purse and his heart in its right place and always familiar and delightful. We seem to know Sir Roger from our cradle, though we may never even have read the few chapters of his history. This is the one infallible distinction of genius above all commoner endowments. Of all the actors in that stirring time Sir Roger remains the most living and real.—Mrs. M. O. W. Gilphant in Century.

Colored Dress Coats.

A London paper prints this remarkable bit of news: "Even if English society hesitates before adopting the colored coats for evening dress, America has decided to take the step. At some of the most fashionable gatherings coats in claret color and navy blue, with plush knee breeches fastened with three buttons, black silk stockings and shoes, with black buckles, have been seen. So far Mr. Ward McAllister has not been tempted to desert the conventional, but he is believed to be favorably disposed toward the innovation."

While on the topic of men's fashions it might be well to add that The Court Journal says that there is "a fad coming on rather strongly" among English swells of the sterner sex "for submitting the arm to the process of tattooing" as "an indelible device to affirm indelible love." The writer adds: "But it will be there as an accusing evidence perhaps in many cases of a past and no longer existing affection. It would be much more intelligent if the hero of a true love were to have a gold bracelet riveted tightly round his wrist. It is a foreign custom which is being largely patronized in England by some men. Moreover, it may be considered as a voucher for being the possessor of a little superfluity of gold—and even some rainy, unforeseen day may come in useful when filed off."

Sources and Sums of Orleans Legacy. Most of the fortune of the Comte de Paris came from the Duchess of Galliera, who in dying left him, as representative of the monarchy, 25,000,000 francs. Out of the 45,000,000 francs divided among the princes after the Franco-German war he received between 7,000,000 francs and 8,000,000 francs. It is now estimated that his six children will, after the Comtesse de Paris has received her share of the estate, inherit 40,000,000 francs. The Duc d'Orleans, as head of the family, will have immediately £10,000 a year in addition to the allowance of £4,000 which he received from his father and mother on leaving the Clairvaux prison. He will also become owner of the Chateau d'Eu in Normandy, the land around which is being farmed on the English plan, and which is very productive as well as stocked abundantly with flocks and herds. The place is now managed by a steward of great experience. The magnificent demesne of Villamarique, near Seville, will pass to the younger brother of the Duc d'Orleans, who inherits the Montpensier title.—Paris Correspondent.

English View of Christian Reunion. President Lincoln used to tell this story: A friend of his came to him one day, saying, "Me and wife have quarreled." "Indeed, how so?" asked Lincoln. "She wants the house painted red." "And how have you settled it?" asked Lincoln. "Settled," said the friend. "And how have you settled it?" "Compromised it," was the answer. "Well, now have you compromised it?" "The house is to be painted red."

Cardinal Vaughan's "reunion" reminds us of this sort of compromise. "There can only be two cases of reunion, so far as doctrine and authority are concerned: Compromise—that is, federation and mutual recognition—and submission—that is, individual or corporate absorption. The first is inconsistent with the divine constitution of the church. There remains only the second." The cardinal may consider that reunion and absorption are the same thing. But then he proposes to absorb, not to be absorbed.—Westminster Gazette.

Scotch Justice. A woman living in Scotland and having three children and a sick mother to support was recently summoned before the sheriff's court for neglecting to send her eldest child, a year old, to school. As she was unable to pay the fine she was sent to jail for three days, and on her release (supposed to have been to find her mother dying through neglect)—Pittsburg Ledger.

The Unexpectedly Great Success. Apparently the first great battle with modern weapons has been fought by two nations far away from the conflict known as civilized. This is rather curious when the French and American flags at Chantilly, such army with its loss to the country of the money.—New York Sun.



HUMOR

HE SPOKE.

And Took Occasion to Introduce the Children to an Untried Attraction.

"I see," said the smiling superintendent of the Sunday school, "we have a stranger with us today. We are always glad to hear from visitors, and if the brother over there near the stove has a word of encouragement to give us we shall be glad to listen to him."

The stranger, though evidently somewhat surprised, came forward and mounted the superintendent's platform. "I had not expected to be called upon to make any remarks," he said, with the easy manner of one used to speaking in public, "and yet I hold myself in readiness wherever I may be to advance the cause of truth and goodness by every means in my power. It has been my observation and experience, children," he continued, "that truth always pays. Never tell a lie. Never deviate from the exact facts, however strong the temptation may be. In the course of a somewhat varied career, in which I have been thrown much before the public, I have made it a rule to show my colors, to be upright, just, honorable in all my dealings with my fellow men, and to be prepared to back up with facts whatever representations I may make. A reputation for truthfulness and implicit honesty is a possession nobody can take away from you."

He paused a moment, set his lips firmly and cast a searching look over his audience. Then, raising his voice, he went on: "It has been my lot, children, to minister in a humble, and, I trust, a useful, way to the instruction of the people. I have sought to combine amusement with that instruction. Whatever tends to instruct and amuse the people elevates them. The works of nature, children, are wonderful. To present those wonders in a proper way to the gaze of mankind, to show the marvelous design that runs all through creation, to explain these marvels and wonders so as to make them plain to the understanding of the humblest and most unlearned, is a work, children, that any man may be proud to engage in, and I consider it a duty as well as a pleasure to take this opportunity of calling your attention to the fact that I shall be in your little city next week with a magnificent collection of ostriches, some fresh from their native plains and some born and reared in mild captivity amid the refining and elevating influences of civilization, and the price of admission to this unequalled display of nature's marvels has been placed at the insignificant and merely nominal figure of 15 cents. I shall hope, dear children, to see you all there. Tell your friends."

Amid a silence dense enough to cut with a knife the eloquent stranger stepped down from the platform and resumed his seat. The superintendent had unwittingly roused the celebrated ostrich farm orator of the Midway pleasure.—Chicago Tribune.

In Effect. He was obviously desperate. "Do you love me?" he suddenly demanded. "Yes," she answered at once, although it was the first time the subject had been broached. He shifted uneasily in his chair. "Your frankness," he faltered, "is—er—"

Engaging. She suggested, with a sweet smile, which gradually faded away when she learned that he had brought no ring.—Detroit Tribune.

Estimable Ignorance. A Chicago man in Lexington, soon after Garfield's death, was talking of the bungling of the surgeons, when one of the Kentuckians present remonstrated against the terrible treatment and its results. "Well, a Kentucky surgeon would have done no better," said the Chicagoan. "You are right, sah," replied the other. "Kentucky surgeons know nothing about treating wounds in the back, sah."—Argonaut.

Farseeing. Fond Parent—Bobby, if you don't eat your bread, I shan't give you any pie. Bobby—What's the difference whether I eat it now or tomorrow in the bread pudding?—New York World.

A Reminder. Bacon—What's that thread tied about your little finger for? Egbert—Oh, that's just to remind my wife to ask me if I forgot something she told me to remember.—Tit-Bits.

Numbered. A woman living in Scotland and having three children and a sick mother to support was recently summoned before the sheriff's court for neglecting to send her eldest child, a year old, to school. As she was unable to pay the fine she was sent to jail for three days, and on her release (supposed to have been to find her mother dying through neglect)—Pittsburg Ledger.

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