

THE FLIGHT THROUGH THE DESERT.

My hissing lash curled writhing around my coursers brave,
As we sought the Bourne of Safety, far to the purple wave.

Hoavy the air with spices, heavy with gold the wheel,
When I fled from the awful Arabs—fled their avenging steel.

Behind us rose the dust-wreath, before us lay the sea,
And I bent to my dauntless coursers and shook my scourges free.

Over the sands of the desert, weary and worn we sped,
Till I saw the first lone snow drift on the first fair mountain's head.

And we won the Bourne of Safety with our priceless caravan,
And I slept at the feet of my horses the sleep of a toil-spent man.

—Alden Charles Noble, in Blue Sky.

HOW BOB PAID HIS FARE

THE stout ship Falcon leaning gallantly to the wind, was making her way down the English channel, bound for America. The sails had been reefed, the cables coiled, and everything made snug for the night. Capt. Parker paced to and fro on his quarterdeck, gruffly humming a little song. Capt. Parker's song was interrupted by a sudden commotion in the forward part of the vessel. There was a sound of angry voices, a hasty scuffling of feet, followed by the frightened sobbing of a child.

"Hello!" exclaimed Capt. Parker, "what is the meaning of that row?"

"A stowaway, sir," answered one of the men from below.

"A stowaway on my ship!" growled the captain. "Bring the rascal here. We will give him a taste of the rope's end first, and then—but what is that?"

"The stowaway, sir," was the response, as two of the crew approached, leading between them a very small and rugged boy.

The anger in the captain's face gave place to a look of pity as his eye rested on the shivering form of the intruder, but his voice was stern as he asked:

"What are you doing here?"

"Nothing, sir," was the trembling reply.

"Who are you, and where did you come from? Speak up, no nonsense!" growled the captain.

"I'm Bob—Bob Winter, sir," said

the boy. You shall stay with me on the Falcon and we will make a man of you. How will that suit you?"

Bob Winter was delighted, of course. The sailors who are wonderfully handy at such things made him a suit of clothing. He speedily became a great favorite with the crew of the Falcon, proving himself to be active and intelligent, and truthful. The captain had grown very fond of Bob, and as for Bob—well, it was not long before everybody on board knew what Bob thought of Capt. Parker.

The Falcon, which was a sailing vessel, had met with head winds constantly since leaving the Channel, and on the fourth week out was struck by a heavy gale from the northeast. All day long the good ship labored with the mountainous waves, leaping and plunging till it seemed as though the groaning, creaking masts would come out of her. But she was a staunch, well-built craft, and had passed through many a worse tempest.

With the fall of night the gale increased in violence. The sails had been reduced to the heavy lower canvas, just sufficient to steady the vessel. The captain remained on deck, taking a position near the rail, where he could keep an eye on the rigging. Near him, sheltered by the bulwarks, sat little Bob, on a coil of rope.

At first the noise and confusion, the thunder of the water, the shriek of

darkness toward the spot whence the captain's voice proceeded. It was drawn tight as if some heavy burden were towing at the end of it.

In an instant sturdy arms were pulling at it with a will. Then a stout rope was lowered, and up it, like a monkey, scrambled Bob, followed more slowly by Capt. Parker.

Then a great cheer went up, drowning the roar of the storm itself, as the crew gathered about the dripping forms of the captain and his little friend. A few words served to explain what had happened.

Bob, with his eye on the captain, had seen him carried overboard. He knew that one end of the light tough rope on which he sat was secured to the bulwark, for he had tied the knot that very day. Without pausing to think of his own danger, he took the free end of the rope between his teeth and was in the water almost as soon as the captain himself.

Though he could swim like a duck, he was borne helplessly along on the crest of the waves almost into the arms of Capt. Parker, who caught him as he was sweeping by. The captain fastened the line about their bodies, and partly swimming and partly towed by the ship, they had managed to keep their heads above water until the Falcon was close to.

The storm blew itself out during the night, and the next day dawned clear and calm.

Early in the morning Capt. Parker sent for Bob.

"My lad," said he, "last night you saved my life; now tell me what I can do for you?"

Bob twisted his cap, nervously, about his hand, and glancing shyly into the captain's bronzed face, said:

"Is a man's life worth a lot of money?"

"Yes, my lad," replied the captain.

"And you say I saved yours?" continued the boy.

"Your certainly did, Bob. And what then?"

"If it was enough to pay for my passage," stammered Bob, "I would be so glad, for then I shouldn't have been stealing."

Bob could not make out why the captain's honest eyes suddenly grew moist, nor why his strong right arm almost squeezed the breath out of his little body nor yet why the captain's voice should be so husky, as he said:

"Bob, my lad, while Tom Parker's old hulk holds together and a single timber of him floats, you shall never want for a berth or be without a friend."—*Elmira Telegram.*

THE EMPEROR OF SURAKARTA.

He Is Perhaps the Strangest and Oddest Sovereign in the World.

There is an empire on this planet which for strange originality might as well be situated in Mars. It is governed by two emperors at the same time, and withal is not larger than the State of Delaware. Both emperors reside in the same city, each has his own resplendent court, enormous revenues, armies, imperial chancellors, government officers and courts of justice.

Only one of these emperors is known to the outside world, and he only to a slight extent. The name and titles of the leading one would easily fill a column; his subjects, 1,000,000 in number, call him the Susuhunan, and he himself modestly signs himself Pakoe Bo-wono X.—"Nall of the Universe, the Tenth." In him his people venerate not only their sovereign ruler, but also their religious pontiff, placed so high above them that none dares approach him upright or cover him with a glance; his state ministers, and even his own brothers, crouch before him with folded hands as if in prayer, and with downcast eyes. Yet he is a powerless puppet in the hands of a small European nation, and may not even receive or dispatch a letter without previously submitting it to the Javan representative of the Dutch. He actually rules his empire, every square inch of it, which he calls his personal property; yet he may not walk or ride outside the palace gates without the former's permission. He keeps thousands of troops at his own expense, men with modern swords and rifles, Amazons with ancient lances, bows and arrows; yet he is virtually a prisoner in his own palace, the grounds of which cover nearly a square mile, where there are hundreds of buildings, the most sumptuous halls, luxurious chambers and store rooms and stables, with many thousands of attendants. Still he has no kitchen and no cook, his own meals being sent to him daily from outside. He is absolute master over all his people, who depend for their livelihood entirely upon him; yet he may not trust any of the men, and surrounds himself entirely with women. Thousands of the latter are at his beck and call; hundreds he calls his more or less legitimate wives, who have borne him many sons; yet he has no direct heir to the throne, which is one of the oldest and most eminent in Asia.

This curious personage is his Majesty the Emperor of Surakarta.—*Century.*

We suppose that when a woman who has had twins begins to talk, all the other women suddenly keep still.



The so-called canals of Mars have been reproduced by M. A. Baumann, of Zurich, in the cracks and fissures appearing in cylinders and spheres subjected to great pressure.

An expert of the Bureau of Plant Industry reports that the Salton Basin in California is actually better adapted for the culture of the date-palm than are those parts of the Sahara Desert, where the best exported dates are produced. It is believed that this part of California could yield dates enough to supply the entire United States. There are also places in Nevada, Arizona, New Mexico, and Texas where this characteristically Oriental fruit, dear to the memories of all readers of the "Arabian Nights," could, it is said, be cultivated with success.

The electro-sterilizer of M. Otto is an attempt to solve the problem of ozonizing water at the home of the consumer. The apparatus includes a little box containing a transformer and an ozonator, with a commutator for reversing about one hundred times per second if the current is continuous. The ozone generated passes through a filter of wadding to an emulser, where the water and ozone are energetically mixed before passing from the spigot. The ozonator may be connected to an ordinary lighting circuit, and the current required is about the same as for a simple incandescent lamp.

An ingenious Englishman, Harrison Martindale, has invented a radium clock, which, it is computed, could run 30,000 years if uninterfered with. It consists of a tube containing a small quantity of radium, supported on a quartz rod in an exhausted glass vessel. To the lower end of the tube is attached an electroscope, consisting of two long strips of silver. The natural action of the radium sends an electric charge into the strips, causing them to separate until they touch the sides of the vessel, whereupon they are instantly discharged and fall together again. This operation is repeated automatically every two minutes, so that each beat of this singular timekeeper may be said to be two minutes long.

Professor Eirod, of the University of Montana gives a striking description of the treasure that his State possesses in sapphires. The only systematic mining for these precious stones in the United States is done in Montana. The annual output amounts to 450,000 or 500,000 carats, including the stones that are suitable for cutting as gems and those that are only useful for mechanical purposes. It is said that the lapidaries in Helena do finer work than is done on the stones that are sent to London to be cut. Perhaps somebody will suggest that Montana should be called the "Gem State," in view of the fact that her output of precious stones exceeds the production in that line of all the rest of the United States.

GHOST STORY FROM INDIA.

Its Truthfulness Vouched For by Two Women and a Man.

The late ghost story is recorded in the Friend of Burmah, and it is attested by several eyewitnesses, who saw the ghost, not during the night, as is usually the case, but in broad daylight. It happened in the Monyizu quarter of Pakokku a few days ago. In that quarter of the town lived a married couple; the husband's name is Maung Yun and his wife May Neain. They had a little son 2 years old, who, after a serious illness, died. The baby was buried in the cemetery outside of the town, his cradle serving as a coffin.

The father was very much dejected at the loss of his little one, and, unable to repress his grief, went to the cemetery two days after the burial. It was about 8 o'clock in the morning. At the entrance of every Burmese burial place there is a zayat, or rest-house, wherein people gather and chat and smoke and take shelter from the sun or rain whenever they accompany a funeral. On entering the graveyard Maung Yun was not a little surprised to see his son, or at least some one looking exactly like his son, playing in the zayat, near the cradle. He was at first horror-struck, but paternal affection getting the upper hand, he approached the baby, and, to entice him, gave him one piece.

The boy took the coin readily and offered not the least resistance when the father took him in his arms and carried him away. Maung Yun could make nothing out of it but that the child had been buried alive and that somebody, attracted soon after by the sounds coming from the grave, had dug him out and placed him in the zayat. Full of joy, he carried his treasure home.

At the entrance of the town, and about a call's distance from his house, he met a neighbor, Mah Sein Pwlu, who, wondering at what she saw, screamed out: "Is that you, Ko Yun, carrying home your little son?" As soon as the child heard the voice he began moving about in his father's

arms. Mah Sein Pwlu and another woman came to take it, and a short struggle ensued between them and the boy, and Maung Yun suddenly lost his senses and fell heavily to the ground. The two women made a dash for the little one, but, lo! nowhere was he to be found; he had disappeared completely, leaving no trace behind.

The unfortunate man was carried home by some kindly neighbors, but he was a long time in recovering his senses. The child was a ghost, and the man had been carrying nothing but an apparition from the other world. That it appeared real enough, the two women are ready to swear, since they not only saw, but touched it. It was no smoke or vapor, but seemed to be flesh and bone. As soon as Maung Yun was well enough to explain how it happened, a hurried visit was made to the cemetery in the hope of, perhaps, seeing the boy in the zayat. But they were disappointed; neither child nor cradle was there, and the grave was exactly as it had been left on the burial day, not in the least disturbed. —*London Globe.*

New Metallic Processes.

The Engineer gives publicity to a new process of galvanizing, which has now reached a commercial stage. It is known as "Sherardizing." The point of interest about it is that iron and steel can be coated with a thin, even deposit of zinc at a temperature below the melting point of zinc. The first step in the process is to free the iron from scale and oxide by any of the well known methods, such as dipping in an acid solution or sand blasting. The articles to be rendered rustless are then placed in a closed iron receptacle charged with zinc dust, which is heated to a temperature of from 500 to 600 degrees F. for a few hours and allowed to cool. The drum is then opened and the iron articles removed, when they are found to be coated with a fine homogeneous covering of zinc, the thickness depending on the temperature and the length of time of treatment.

It will be observed that the temperature required to bring about this result is about 200 degrees below the melting point of zinc. The low temperature required makes the process cheap as compared to the process of dipping in molten zinc, and has the additional advantage that it does not deteriorate iron or steel of small section to the same extent as hot galvanizing. The whole of the zinc is consumed; there is no waste of zinc as in the hot galvanizing process. This new process of dry galvanizing is not limited to the coating of iron with zinc, but it has been successfully applied to coating iron with copper, aluminium and antimony.

Wanted an Owl for Soup.

They are comparing notes and telling amusing incidents of recent trips abroad when a charming daughter of the Emerald Isle, who was sitting dreamily in the corner, apparently taking no interest in the conversation, suddenly chirped in with the following:

"All of which reminds me of an incident which happened while I lived in Cork. There poulterers' stores are scarce because of the proximity of the country, but a coal heaver of my acquaintance, owing to the illness of his wife, was anxious to secure a fowl in a hurry; so he strolled along Patrick street in a forlorn hope of some sort of success, and when he came to a taxidermist's whose window displayed an owl under a glass case, why, poor Paddy thought that here was the end of his quest, so he entered and inquired:

"How much for the flat-faced hin in the windy?"

"That's no hen," the surprised shopman answered; "that's an owl."

"Yerrah," whispered Pat; "shure, I don't care how odd she is, 'tis for soup I wants her!"

Quaint Story of Victor Hugo.

In the diary of Sir Montagu Grant Duff the following story is told regarding Victor Hugo: An ardent admirer once said to Hugo:

"The nation has never treated you quite properly; no street has been called after you; there ought to be a Rue Victor Hugo."

"That will come, my children; that will come," said the master.

Then another disciple took up the running and said:

"A street! That indeed would be nothing; a whole quarter of the city should be called after you."

"That will come, my children; that will come," said the master. Thereupon a third disciple joined in:

"Paris should cease to be Paris, and be renamed City of Victor Hugo."

"That will come, my children; that will come," said Hugo, serenely.

Midnight Sun.

"I might glad," said the old colored inhabitant, "dat de worl' only turns roun' once in a day. Kaze ef ever hif turned in de nightme hit would ef kotched me at many a henroos!" —*Atlanta Constitution.*

The average woman of any experience knows men so well that no man can deceive her, unless it is her soul from five on up.



BOB'S RESCUE OF THE CAPTAIN.

the boy between his sobs. "I live in London, by the docks, sir."

"Well, what are you doing here, then?" said the captain, eyeing the boy with a tremendous frown.

The boy made a brave effort and looked at Capt. Parker through his streaming tears.

"I haven't any father or mother, you see," he faltered, "and I have to earn my own living. I can't get jobs and I can't get clothes, and everybody don't want me, an—" a fresh storm of sobs shook the small frame.

"But you haven't told me what you are doing on board this ship," said the captain.

"They said the ship was going to America," answered the boy, "and everybody is rich in America. Everybody wants a boy there, you see. Tom Bell went there, and he makes a pile of money."

"That's all very well," responded the captain, "but people who go to America pay for their passage, and to hide away so as to go without paying is just the same as stealing so much money. Don't you know that?"

Bob looked up at the captain's stern face with a frightened and startled expression.

"I—I—didn't think," he muttered, and began a hurried search in the pockets of his ragged jacket. From one he drew forth two coppers, from another a silver sixpence, and from a third a shilling, much battered, clipped and defaced. These he held out to the captain.

"This is all I've got now," he said. "It's most enough I think, and I will earn the rest soon when I get to America."

"And what am I to do with these?" asked the captain gravely.

"It is to pay my fare," replied the boy.

A smile lighted up Capt. Parker's rugged features, as he said kindly: "There, Bob, keep your money, my

the wind through the cordage, and the wild pitching of the ship had frightened the boy. But when by the light of a lantern near by, he saw the calm, resolute expression on the captain's face, he felt relieved, and rather enjoyed the excitement.

Suddenly, just as the captain was shouting an order through the trumpet, a vast billow seemed to rise out of the gloom and bear down upon the ship. It struck the vessel's side with an awful roar, throwing tons of water on the deck. Before he could save himself, the captain was lifted from his feet and flung overboard into the sea. Almost at the same instant a small figure was seen to leap upon the rail, cling there a moment, and then spring outward into the darkness and disappear.

"Man overboard!" The terrible cry rang above the roar of the tempest. For a moment all was panic and confusion. Then under the mate's command, the ship was rounded to with her head to the wind and a boat ordered to be lowered.

"No use," said one of the men to the mate, who stood by the rail, near where the captain had fallen overboard, "we could never find them in the daytime, let alone such a night as this."

"I am afraid not," answered the mate, sadly, "Poor old man! Poor boy! Hark, what was that?"

"Falcon, ahoy!" The shout came loud and strong out of the darkness, not twenty yards from where the ship lay.

"The captain!" cried a dozen glad voices.

"Stop your jaw, there you lubbers! Tall on to that line and haul us aboard or we'll be adrift."

"Line! Us! What could be meant? But the mate had already discovered a curious thing—a light, big, strong rope, fastened to a ring in the bul-

wark and extending outward into the