BARNACLES.

and he is organized counterest above

About my worth the block waves roll. barnasis clingeth and excited dole And blodereth no From satting

Old Post let up, and drop ? the sea Till fathomics waters come the pler I am living but thou are dead. Then deaded thousand the father about The three bottom. I Night comes bolded, the should make I Night comes bolded. about unbert Night comes
als must have with the wind
and trim one best for nathing.
And trim one best for nathing.

A MODERN SAMARITAN.

'lies linek" was in great spirits. He had been fairly bubbling over with good humer for two weeks, and every day added to his cheerfulness. Only ten days more, and then for, "the

states We of the "L ban" who had known him for two years, almost, were at a loss to account for this sudden rise in Hen's mental temperature and probably showed it. Indeed there were several of the boys who hinted that an esplanation from him would be gratefully received by his curlosity-beset co-inborers; but Hen would merely grin a broad broad grin and say nothing But just ten days before Thanksgiving he let the secret out

That might however in the boss' room, he told the story to a select audience consisting of the boss and the

I b'en kinder holdin' off. ye sea, 'cause a feller hain't no ways cort'n bout savin' is milk t'll he gits the pail out f m under the caow; but now, bein's I've it O K.. I may's well tell ye, on'y I don't want th' boys t' knnow.

"Ye see 'twas this a-way: 'Bout five years ago back in Maine I e'neluded t' come out hyar an grow up wi' th' kentry a hall lot "Twan't cause I wanted t dew it but ye see I sort o' hed tuh

"Ah yes observed the boss dry "I believe the late Mr. Stites began his brilliant career in somewhat the same way. Was your difficulty

about a horse, too?" Hen's laugh over, he proceeded, somewhat blushingly:

No. 'Twan't that hardly But wan't no chance thar for a poor susa an' so L pulled out. Ye see ma'n Molly Hopkins had bout made up nous min's t' git spliced, an' ev'rythin' way goin' on smooth's smooth, w'en tops of George Hopkins an takes a han' hisself. Ol' Hop was a hightored of duck, an' put on haps o' ais cause he was th' best fixed man in taown an' hed be'n s'lectman an' nember of th' legislater, w'ile I was co'y a carpenter an' badn't ary red. Th' ol' egiot might've saw haow things was goin' on-I reckon he did-but he never let on t'il one night he come home I'm taown an' heerd me'n Molly talkin' in th settin'-room

'Then he jes' waded in brash. Gosh' how he did go fer me! Wen on t' give me th' devil fer my 'dacity in persoom a t th han' o' his George Hopkins' darter. 'Th' idee' I want ye t' undenstan'. young man, ' says he. th't I hev better plans fer her th'a 'er marry a penniless carpen-'N he went on an' tore aron' fer awhile that style; but I stood my groun', t'il fa'lly he says: Young when you c'n show a bank count o' ten thousan' dollars she's your n. an' not b'fore.' Then he grins a hull lot, thinkin haow i've t' hustie a consid'ble spell 'fore I got it.

Wa-al me'n Molly talked it over lot, 'n finally concluded th't I'd hey t' go summers else, of I ever got foreunded: so, one day we says good-by. daown in the med fer lot, an' I pulled out for Californy.

Sence then I've be'n knockin' Faound all over th' kentry, try m' one thing 'n nother Purty hard luck. most o' th' time tew: -but jes' 'fore I come hyar. I located a claim, me'n 'nother feller over in Colora lo an' worked it some It didn't pan out none so we hed t' try somethin else. an' hyar I come leavin' l'eters t' keep up work on th' claim' him havin' a job clus by. Wa-al th other day. Peters he sold sout tew a doston comp'ny fer twenty-live thaonsan' an my half's what I went t' Braownsville fer. That's all."

Hen filled his pips said Good and went out whistling

who didn't hate to see Hen go and who wasn't honestly glad at his good ortune Even the misanthropic Posey evinced not a little regret as he said good-by to him, when the morning after Thanksgiving Hen sat on broaco all ready to start for Jersey, the railroad town to the east

It was a beautiful morning almost like spring and Hen couldn't have wished for a better day to start on. The last good by said he straightened up, sniffed the cool breeze. looked to see that everything was all right, and with an "Adios, boys," was off, waving his hand in acknowledgment of the rousing cheer we gave him as he reached the top of the hill across the creek

Going home: Home! How sweet the word sounded! Five years-only five but they seemed twice as many. He wondered how he had ever managed to live through them. The first two had not been so hard. He had been full of hope and vigor and had told himself it was only a little while -only a little while. Then when the reward for all his toll seemed to be no less distant than at first it was hard. Sometimes he had thought he would give it up and go home to confess himself beaten; then the picture of the little brown-eyed girl who had cried so hard that day in the meadow lot-the little girl who through her tests had told him to be brave and patient and all would be well-would come before him, and he would set greatly in their pro ession, and are his teeth hard and 'pitch" in again.

wondered it someomes he had not been rather opportable and values proc commany for his companions and

convioued be had. And just to think! Only a few days. toetotally dog-good?

Not a living creature was in eight on all the broad plate. Hen and his horse we was much alone as if they had been on the open sea. Human habitation between the 'i, bur' and Jersey there was none. Hen dismounted and laid his car to the ground listening intontly for a few seconds Yes-there it was-that tuil, whispering indistinct roat

which the plainsman knows and fears the voice of the coming blizzard. The horse heard it or felt it and turned his head towards his master, whinnying softly.

Yes of boy it's comin' all right 'nough." said Hen as he rose from the ground 'an' me'n you's got t' bustle a bull lot Mister Pokey. Let 'er slide of chap! I reckon we c'a

Unly twolve miles or so, and yet Hen know that the blis ar I might overtake him before he had traveled four. He urged his horse faster. knowing that the faithful animal could easily stand the work.

How cold it was! Hen's hands and toes were like lumps of ice-worse. they had hardly any feeling left in them. His car and cheek, on the side exposed to the storm were gotting nipped. Well he would soon strike the stage road and then if he had not miscalculated there would be only five or six miles-

"rent Scott" For Pokey had given a sudden high leap and stood still panting. Almost under his feet lay a snow covered object, with a strange look about it. Hen leaned down from the saddle and turned it over. It was a dead man. holding tight in the stiff right hand, a whip such as stage-drivers use

"Stage-driver deader'n Tom Jefferson. Drunk, likely, an' fell off; poor cuss!" But there was no time to stop and investigate. In another second. Pokey was turned to the left and pounding along up the stage road.

A dark object loomed up suddenly as they shot past, and a sudden thrill sent the sluggish blood coursing through Hen's voins. He haited and turned Pokey's unwilling head on the back course.

Sure enough, it was the stage, but there were no horses attached. Hen felt around and reached the door-handie. A cry-a child's cry-came from within. Hen tied Pokey firmly to a wheel found the door again and entered.

"Thank God" It was a woh. poles of Han almost fainted to the the tis owner should be in such a territal predica-

Oh, sir have you come to take us The driver fell off, I think. and the horses broke loose, somehow. Hen could see her now. It was a

young good looking woman and sha held tight clasped to her broask a child about three years old. Neither

was clad for such awidl weather. ment If the we man and child it was almost co 11 . ight be days before help reach them and even if aid could come to them to-morrow, they would have from meanwhile. On the other hand

· Can you ride missis?" . Yes Indeed."

Wal come, then quick!"

In another minute-Ride straddle -so. Naow hold th' kid 'n let th' hoss take 'is own road.

Min' nnow ! But what are you going to -Hen was fastening the driver's robe about hee.

"I'm all right Naow hang on an' keep hold o' th' kid. Go on. Pokey! Good-by. missis!"

He was alone on the prairie in a deserted stage coach with the storm howling about him and his thoughts were of other things for a long time before he remembered that all his money was in his saddle-bags.

Wa al, chances is purty nigh again my ever needin it "he muttered, in his quaint way. "Tain't like I hed a stove an' a buil lot o' grub She'll save it fur me likely. anyhaow,"

It was two days later that the stage, coming down from ersey with several Samaritans aboard, found him. was two weeks and more before he came to himself in the hotel, where he had had every possible attention. He was as he himself remarked. "Dern glad t' be alive an' fin' hedn't lo ' no han's n'r feet."

But the woman and child had gone they left Jersey the very day that Hen's half-dead form was brought in by the relief party-and with them went ilen's money for the addlebags had been taken to the woman's room by the hostler, and no one else had had possession of them, besides which much to the landlord's surprise she had paid her bill with a \$100 greenback when she left Hen's money had been mostly in bills of

that denomination. Hen "kept a stiff upper lip" and said little when he got back to the ranch which be did in a shor. time,

much to our surprise. "Twas all on 'count o' them blamed saddle-bags" said he. "Ef I'd let new fangled notions alone an' carried th' stuff an' other things in my clo'es I'd ben all right "-R. L. Ketchum in the San Francisco Examiner.

Pictures on the Pavement.

The small guild of draughtemen who have the franchise to draw pictures on the London pavements have suddenly taken to cultivating a higher style of art. They have improved going into political caricatura some-Maybe it had soured him a bit. He thing they never used to do at all.

A BOLEMN W'RNING.

Why an Old Couple Streams Uneasy and Resent that William

They were just two alone in the more, and thele? Wa at I'll be old homostead two Sear lossy old people and one said to the other, as if apeaking his topogists aloud:

There's something gots' wrong in the house." "I've fort it in my bores " answers if

his wife. went in it, elkannh?" You tell Nancy. It's a bin and it's a comin nearer, a kind of position in the air cort of tone ome like as

if sometaxly had been and gone. "Taint the children said Nancy clearing her throat and with a quaver in her voice.

"No dear," said the old man, gen-Dy: "we're used to them bein' pona. It's more like something that is here. or ain't here an' I don't know as I be sure white 'tis.

Where's Mehitable?" asked his wife, anddonly. "I sin't seen her since noon.

In answer to the name Mehitable came forward-a big. striped gray and black cat.

·There's a sort of gloomerin' in the air." said the old man mebby if l read a chapter now it'd help us out. dead the fifteenth chapter of St. John." said his wife. . 'Pears like when one's in trouble that helps out masterfully.

So the old man read aloud in the shaky voice of age that ble sed canticle of the church: 'Let not your hearts be troubled " and when he had finished reading he prayed a bit, taking in the whole universe, and still there was what he called the feeling of 'gloomerin'" about

Suddenly his wife gave a start and a weak little cry.

Mortal sakes alive! I know what it is now, Elkanah. The clock hoz stopped '

and of Goshen' 'Taint true. ·Look for yourself. The hands hev stopped plumb level at 12." It never stopped afore Nancy.
It's struck for life an' it's struck for death, but not to strike at all—no

wonder we felt lonesome."
-It's a solemn warnin," said his wife, shaking her head in a mys-terious way; that clock never stepped for eathin."

for nothin. or nothin."
Then the two simple-minded old souls looked at each other with an ulr of vague commiseration, and shook their troubled heads sadly.

The ne t morning the old or had breakfast at the usual hourhad breakfast at the usual horology had nothing to de with the sunlike regularity of the lives and when that was over Fannah went out to find a man to doctor the clock

mender as he opened the tali door and

nender as he opened to tall door and promise at the scant mechanic.

Some ing's wrot with its insometically will through the solome warning inks melber its a solome warning the magnitude.

It mught be the solome and proposed the scant warning the solome warnin

difficulsked an ously of the man who examining it.

a "said the clockmaker. "You torgot to wind it. Forgot to wind the clock!

The two old people looked at each other as if they were dared. It really seemed ungrateful of that old timepiece to go and stop for a little thing

Such a thing never happened afore," said Nancy as they sat joyfully listening to the 'tick tock' their old companion. 'I can't hardly seem to sense it. That clock must be gittin' old."

Mebbe it's us that's gittin' old 'stead of the clock "suggested the old man with a twinkle in his eye.

Compares With Lawrence Free It is not generally known that Edison received in one instance a lee of \$ 0.000 for his opinion as an electrical expert. He was employed by the company organiced to bore the N agara power tunnel to e amine the ground study condit ons and plans. and give an opinion as to the feasibility and practicability of the work. He received the fee named. Othe experts from various parts of the world were also consulted, and there was concentrated upon the plans an amount of expert knowledge such as has rarely been invoked for any one undertaking.

A Prudent Doctor.

l'atient-I don't suppose you are particular whether I pay you now or settle in full when you get through with me?

Doctor-Perhaps you'd better pay me now. I would be quite willing as you say, to wait until I get through with you, but the fact is your will might be contested, you know, and I might get nothing at all.-Boston Transcript.

Paid For Her Folly.

Miss Omerod an English woman who is enjoying a high scientific reputation, bit the tail of a live triton some years ago to study the effects of the acrid secretion the animal gives out when angry. She was seized with spasms and convulsions that lasted several hours, and a sore throat that lasted as many days.

None put the Brave. She-Have you ever read "Love's

Labor Lost?" He-No. but I've lived through it four or five times.

She (significantly) - Have you ever thought of trying it the sixth? - Detroit Free Press.

A Word to the Wise.

It is considered un'ucky by many for wedding guests to be dressed in g een or black-a black crape bonnet or a black band on a gentleman s bat. These accidents entail lifelong misery to the newly married couple

UNDER THE FIR TREES.

BULLY BEN WAS THE TOUCH-EST MAN IN CAMP.

How the Miners Found that That He Mad. 5 Boart After All . When He Bled

They Reave Blue Propert Bureat -A Bit of Life-

Dallie hill above our camp just A turious night Witnessed in thetarte by strumbe trail from Red Dog Dig ging wome winding down to cross the rail stood three fir trees. They were close together with the largest markemen. In those days we had a state or every thing and as those Loren an b a sort o landmark we suche them . Mother and Children. Andread every miner looked rough on the New York Sun, and no doubt to the orn ways, in our camp and affinest once a month we had to hing then one in the interests of pubhe safty. For all that, however, we has allowno from the East, most of us harpeless and children waiting our returns and the roughness did not reach own to the hea t. Many a time I have sen a miner who'd shoot you off-han on the slighest provocation sit confe an evening with tears on his choice as to thought of home and his fore ones

c p p called Bully Ben. He mal p go about seeking quarrels d no fear of any living man. warned him to leave White Horse Cole or pay the penalty with his ti at he did not go. Once the be committee started out to bunt He had his back to a found bouck e was afraid of Bully Ben. but that a can that we were and he h when every one of us ing shoal, to

ero was a lack of enthusiasm a boar or ations. stimes to wonder what in-if there was a better lown which none of us all flames were weaving a full as before! m. Then the hard lines then that was over F anah went out the dock of the clock of the clock

nan rejoiced over it. It that he was hurt inwas only a question of in all end would come unwritten menu ff

centry. I was next to en and so f said the old to nurse him as best 1 From | where I do." the first he had no complaints to make Mrs Englished - Your mother has and no questions to ask. It was algone out for a drive, I presume?" most sundown one afternoon, and the mark of death had been plainly stamped on his fa a when he quietly

said to me ·Last night I dreamed of Mary and the children. I saw them coming over the h it, and they kissed me before I died. Poor Mary-poor children!

I looked down into his face and there was such a change that I could hardly credit it. It had grown soft and gentle and the eyes might have belonged to a woman. There was something to touch the heart in his voice as he turned his eyes to the open do r and continued

Yes, Mary and the children. She was leading them, and they had come to see me die. Do you think they will be here in time?"

I soothed him as best I knew how. and pretty con he seemed to fall asleep. Darkness had bardly come before the great full moon lifted herself above the hills and poured such a flood of light down upon the glorious sight when Bully Ben aroused from his lethargy and said:

. Mary and the children are coming over the trail! I must watch for them as they come over the hill! Draw me to the door, and let me be the first to see them!"

I moved his cot into the doorway and propped him up that he might face the hill The blindness of death had already come to his eyes but after a minute or two his vision seemed to grow clearer and he pointed to the fir trees and called out:

.I knew they would come! It is Mary and the children, and they will kiss me before I die!"

I looked up at the three trees-"Mother and Children"-and for a time I believed them to be human being pausing there a moment to look down upon our camp. I had never seen the moonlight bring them out in such a way before. ·Mary-children-1 knew!__"

I had turned my head away. heard him gasping, and when I looked down upon his face again he was a man with a sample case, entering dead. I left him lying there in the moonlight for the men to look upon as they filed past. They wondered at the smile upon his face and when I told them of Mary and the children and his vision they said

Then he had a heart after all, and to-morrow we will bury him in a grave under the fir trees.

Closed the Door on Quacks. "The unspeakable Tork" isn't as much of a heathen as he has been painted. There are strong gleams of common sense about him. He has forbidden the importation of quack medicine into his country.

A Trick Worth Knowing. There is a fruit grower in Kentucky who noticed that in three out of five drum in the middle."

years his bust apples and peaches were without by March front. After trying various experiments by his upon the sons of digging a circular trench around the roots of each tree Billing it with pounded onew and less and then covering up with a thick stratum of clay. The building was thus prelonged until April, when all danger of frost was past.

GRAPPLING FOR STURGEON.

a Traveler. One day in March, 1851, writes a Youth's Companion contributor, I was waiking the road built on top of the great dam which spans the Grand river at Dunne de Outario, when saw a curious sight. Iwasn up by the side of a waste weir at the end of the dam were several farmers' deep-boxed wagons the owners of which were angaged in the essiting and profitable sport of loading them with great floundering sturgeon.

In a minute I was down among the men, watching with interest this novel mode of fishing.

The race or weir was literally filled with the ah, which in attempting to run up the stream to spawn found themselves stopped by the dam. Every moment fresh schools were coming in from the river crossing the vast masses already ammed into the shallow passage until some of them. were The targuest man in the lot was a actually forced clean out of the water.

Each of the farmers was armed with a common ten-foot rafting pole. in the lower end of which were a spike and hook. With these rude implements they were simply grappling the sturgeon, and hauling them to shore as uickly as their strong arms

could work. The fish averaged from forty to red agun in each hand and eighty pounds in weight, but now and ed bein. We hated to admit then a monster of perhaps 100 or 110 pounds was hooked. Three times I saw one of these big ellows drag his it We could have downed would-be captor off the bank, and ad the whole crowd made a pitch him headlong upon the squirming shoal, to the in nite delight of his

Notwithstanding many laughable accidents the wagons eight in all. were fully loaded in the course of been-if he had a heart two hours, and as each contained at least a ton the total catch for that bout must have been some 16,000 a? Sometimes I caught pounds. Yet after the men had king steadily into the camp driven away the waste weir seemed as

At that time the sturgeon was not the important article of commerce is eyes and Bully Ben which it has since become. These puld spon to be a stranger to our farmers would salt down the best por-mp. Une lay he got caught in a tion of the fish, or so much of it as

Now, such a catch as above pected that he would described would not the fisherman described would net the fisherman perhaps three cents a pound, or \$480

Little Girl-"No, ma'am; she's gone

She-"You have been calling on

"So you don't believe in the logical

candidate business, eh?" "Me? No.

I am in for the geological candidate.

'And what sort of candidate is that?"

Sword Swallower - "Great Scott!

This won't do! There are thirteen of

us sitting down to dinner!" Living

Skeleton-"Thirteen nothing! There

are only twelve. You've miscounted

"Do you like living in the country?"

"I do; there is only one drawback to

it." "Indeed! What is that?" "You

can't get any good milk, butter, eggs

or fresh vegetables without sending to

Purchaser-"What is the price of

coal now?" Dealer-"Five dollars and

a quarter a ton. "Weigh me out a

ton, please." "Ahem, where the coal is

weighed in the presence of the pur-

"Rufus," said the guest, "are you

aware that a colored waiter fell dead

right, suh," answered Rufus. "I dun

"Do you know that since I had in-

got religion no moah'n fo' days ago."

flammation of the brain my memory

has suffered immensely. For instance,

in three or four days I shan't remem-

ber what I have been doing to-day."

"Is it possible? Apropos-Could you

The father had gone away and left

his only son in charge of the store.

"Are you the head of the firm?" asked

the establishment. "No, sir," re-

marked the young man with great

urbanity; "I'm only the heir of the

Physician-"Here, take this; it's

good for your liver." Fogg-"And

what do I care if it is? Hasn't my

liver given me more trouble than all

my other tormentors put together?

No. sir; give me something that's good

for me, no matter how bad it is for my

"What has become of the big man

who used to beat the base drum?"

asked the private of the drum-major.

"He quit us about three months ago."

"Good drummer, too, wasn't he?"

when he marched he couldn't hit the

head."

liver!"

lend me 100 marks for a week?"

chaser we charge a dollar extra.'

"The one with rocks, of course."

the driving."

my business!"

been wondering."

the two-headed girl."

the city for them."

ANIMAL CURIOR

Onser rologs of the Brunts Which Live

Absent year blomon and Yards. A pet eat sound by a New York family is tond of accountry plaything's The wife of its owner missed a fourhundred-dollar diamond and after netlying the police and ndvertising largely for it offering a suitable reward for its return, the cut was found playing with it on the foor. Whethor the cut received any portion of the reward or not the papers failed to

A horse, white drinking from a mill pond swallowed an ect and ever s now that time has shied at everything. The animal's owner does not know whether to attribute the curious wriggling of the horse to a sudden growth of timidity or to the cel which is, presumably, still alive.

There is a dog in Yenkers, belong-ing to a friend of the writer, that is over 25 years old. It has never barked never moves from a sitting posture, and for the last eighteen years it has eaten nothing. It is a castiron dog, and has just had a new

cont of paint. There is a curious looking animal in South Africa that looks for all the world like a piece of toast, with four legs a head and a tail. It resembles a pussy cat about the head and cars. but his nose is distinctly that of a rat, while its tall is not very dissimilar to that of a fox. The st-ange animal is called the nardwolf, and doubtless dwells in South Africa because, judged by his looks, he would not be admitted in good animal society any-

where else. It is said that a German family living out West have in their possession a tame fox with a beautiful bushy tail with which the animal has been trained to dust the parlor furniture every morning. It would certainly be a great saving of time and strength of many overworked people if dogs with long tails and cats with soft. furry sides could be trained to do similar work.

A great many years ago. when our grandfathers were very young and before the flood there used to be a strange-looking animal called the glyptodon. He was called a glyptodon because he had fluted teeth, and perhaps because the people who named him hadn't heard of tarts. We should doubtless have called him a tartodon. because his back in the pictures we have of him. really resembles a tart more than any thing else, though it weighed more than most of tarts do before they are eaten. The glyptodon also had four feet, and could always tell his hind legs from his front ones by the singular fact that his hind feet had five toes each, while the front feet had to get along on four. This animal does not exist at the present time and it is just as that he doesn't because he could be very disagreeable if he wanted to, as you can very well imagine

eter That's bad. "Bad! was quite as lurge and he You wouldn't think so if you boarded phant in his stocking feet was quite as large as an ordinary ele-

SLAVERY EXISTS IN PERU. It Goes by Another Name, but Is Bondage Pure and Simple.

out for a ride. We have a man to do Slavery has no recognition in Peruvian law, but there are ways of main-"What do you mean by saying you taining and explaining it not unwant to speak to me on business when worthy of some admiration for their you only want to borrow some money?" cleverness. Take, for instance an es-Excuse me, but borrowing money is tablished chacra or haclenda-any hacienda. According to law the Indian is a free man. Certainly! Also, ac-Miss Plankington quite often of late, cording to law, no man-white, meshaven't you? Has she always been at tizo or Indian-may leave the place home?" He-"That's just what I've where he has contracted a debt until he has paid it, if his creditors choose to enjoin (embargo) him. Now it happens that the Indians are all and always heavily in debt to the owner of the chacra where they live, and said owners do choose to enjoin them. Wherefore, concludes Harper's Magazine, the Indian remains perpetually embargoed. When the young Indian has grown large enough to do what may be regarded as a man's work he enters service. He receives the habitual recompense of nine soles per month. On this sum he cannot live. The master knows it, the Indian knows it; but what is to be done when such is the established stipend throughout the length and breadth of the valley? The result is receiving none of the commonest necessaries of life gratuitously, he overdraws from the first. A strict account is kept of all he obtains from his master of food, clothing, implements and knickknacks; papers of injunction are duly served and he is compelled to work on from day to day in satisfaction of the debt.

in a New York restaurant just after he had received a tip?" "Dat's all Consider another phase of the matter. If a man desires to establish a new hacienda he can obtain all the land he may need by simply 'denouncing" it in due legal form, occupying and building a house on it; but he cannot secure laborers by spreading the rumor of his wishes and summoning a crowd of applicants from which to choose. For this he must repair to some well-stocked ha fenda where there are Indians to spare, pay the debt of such as he selects thereby transfering the Indian with his obligation and its attendant bond of servitude from one master to another.

Mulberry Fence Posts, It is said that mulberry wood makes the most durable fence posts. Near Strode's Mill in Chester county. Pennsylvania, there is a farm which was enclosed with mulberry posts ninety-five years ago. They are still in good condition and are now supporting the sixteenth set of rails.

How Storms Travel.

The rate of progression of a storm is often fifty miles an hour and a series has often been traced in a direct line from north to south a distance of 400 miles. The average altitude of "Yes. very good; but he got so fat that thunderstorms has been found to be not over 5,000 feet above the surface of the earth.