

A REGULAR HERO.

"Out, out, out! Cat, cat, cat!"

Thus, enrolling her like the speckled hen flapped wildly around among Miss Terebinth Rockwell's dahlias and carnations, with that fair maiden following close in pursuit, her checked sunbonnet waved above her head like an ensign of war. Leander stood and watched the pursuit with the cool, impartial smile of a disinterested spectator until the speckled fugitive behought herself to dart headlong into the sunny angle of the stone wall, where the scarlet spheres of ripening tomatoes basked on a rude wooden frame. At the supreme second he swooped, no less down from his unseen vantage point and seized Old Speckle by her fluttering wings.

"Here's your fowl, Terebinth," said he. "Well, I declare!" said Miss Terebinth, according a reluctant admiration to the deftness of the capture. "And I've been chasing the creature this ten minutes. I'm goin' to have a fricassee for dinner."

"Company comin'?"

"I mean to ask Elder Atkinson and his wife."

"Don't ask 'em," said Leander. "Put it off till some other time, Terebinth."

"Gor goodness sake! why?"

Leander drew three squares of yellow pasteboard from his pocket.

"Look," said he; "I've got tickets for the circus tonight—for you and me and Ally Ames."

Miss Terebinth's careworn visage brightened up. To these simple country folk the annual visitation of the circus signified opera, theatre, polo and athletic games all in one.

"Good!" cried she, releasing the struggling hen. "Then I'll let Old Speckle go this time. But, Leander, have you asked Alice?"

"I'm going there now."

"Are you sure she'll go?"

"Of course; why shouldn't she?"

Terebinth hesitated as she tied the sunbonnet strings under her chin.

"Perhaps that young English tourist that boards at the hotel—Capt. Cassell they call him, don't they?"

Leander's handsome, sunburned visage darkened.

"What of him?" said he, sharply.

"He may have asked her. Don't be vexed, Leander," she added, pleadingly.

"Folks do say she's dreadful took up with him, and I don't know's I wonder so much after I heard him talk 'o' her night to Mary Bailey's Chinese party. He traveled most everywhere; and if you could hear him describe the tigers he killed in Ceylon and the elephants he's hunted on the Niger river—"

"Oh, hand the tigers and the elephants!" impatiently broke in Leander. "I don't believe a word of it. I dare say he's all very well; but, for my part, I haven't much opinion of a fellow that heads around a hotel piazza in hay making time, doing nothing, with a white shirt on his hat, and a sash, for all the world like a girl's tied around his waist!"

"It's the fashion," said Terebinth.

"A queer fashion, I think," commented Leander.

"He's a very brave man—a regular hero," went on Terebinth. "He saved her majesty's White Heeled Horse once during a London riot, and—"

"And did wonders, I don't doubt," interrupted Leander. "But I don't see what all this has to do with us and Calumet's circus."

He took up his hat from the grass where it had been reposing among buttercups and white clover blossoms all this time, and started off at a brisk walk. Terebinth looked dolefully after him.

"Poor Leander," said she, half aloud. "I'm afraid he's going to be badly disappointed."

Alice Ames was sitting on the porch under the green, shifting shadows of the hop vines shelling Lima beans to dry as Leander Rockwell's fine tall figure came swinging up the path. He was very handsome, thought the girl, but he lacked the ease and polish of the dapper little captain of "her majesty's White Heeled Horse." His clothes bore evidence of country cut—his boots were powdered with dust, and his face was bronzed with August heats.

"How do you do, Ally?" said he, and Alice, remembering the deferential manner with which the captain always addressed her as "Miss Ames," answered, with a toss of her head:

"I'm pretty well, thank you."

"I've been gettin' some tickets for the circus to-night, Ally," said he, plunging on amoro into his subject.

"Will you go with me?"

"Thank you, ever so much," said she, stooping for a fresh handful of the velvet, green pods, "but I've promised Capt. Cassell to go with him."

"Thank!" observed Leander, "so I'm too late?"

"Yes, a little too late."

"Is it to be always so, Ally?"

"I don't know what you mean, Leander."

"You used to care for me a little, he said this morning, when you came here."

"I like you well enough now, Leander."

"Well, enough to marry me?"

"I don't think you're justified in asking me such questions," said Alice, looking up and answering haughtily.

alongside of the tiger hunting here. It's a pity we haven't a few wild beasts in these woods to kill. The captain must miss his occupation. Well, good afternoon, Ally, Terebinth and I will have to go to the circus by ourselves, I suppose."

The mammoth tent on Durkhill common was crowded that night. Calumet's circus was a local celebrity and had been widely advertised. The rural people had not many opportunities of enjoyment and did not propose to let this one go by default. Every one was there, from Elder Atkinson and his wife down to little Michael Ryan, the cobbler, and his pinched looking better half. Capt. Cassell and pretty Alice Ames occupied a conspicuous front seat, and a few rows farther back sat Leander Rockwell with Miss Terebinth and her friend, Hannah Binnis, beside her, a plain little seamstress body, who had been asked at the eleventh hour—sooner than waste the ticket, thrifty Miss Terebinth had said. One by one the "unparalleled attractions" had been put forward—the time worn clown, the spangled colubine, trained elephants, the bicycle riders and the swartzy snake charmer with the gold crescents dangling from his ears and the great glittering stag diamond in the front of his turban.

"Oh, isn't it wonderful!" cried Alice Ames.

"Pretty fair, pretty fair," answered Capt. Cassell, tapping the ivory knob of his cane against his teeth. "But those rattlesnakes don't compare in size to a cobra capelle I once killed in our tent at Dunglepore when—"

And the rounds of applause drowned the end of his sentence.

"Ah! a tiger taming act!" said the captain, consulting his programme. "The Marvelous Signor Mahmelli and his pupil, Rajah!" Call that a Bengal tiger, do they? I wish you could have seen the fellow I shot, that last summer in the jungles at Hoodah. My sister has his skin on her drawing room floor now, made into a rug. It had killed four men and a sacred ox, and the natives called him 'The Scourge of the Shore.' Oh, yes, I don't deny that the fellow handles him very neatly, but—"

At that second, just when the "Beast of the Tropics" was drowsily going through with his list of accomplishments, the lash of his keeper struck a trifle sharper than usual, or some other unseen cause ignited the powder magazine of the animal's slumbering savagery. With a ferocious roar he sprang forward, felling the keeper with a single blow of his paw, and leaped toward the row of footlights, whose bluish flicker seemed to irritate him as a red rag engages a bull.

There was a shriek, a rush, a moment or two of wild confusion. Ally Ames uttered a scream. Capt. Cassell had turned as pale as a tallow candle.

"We'd better get out of this," said he, hoarsely. "Quick! quick!"

But Alice, paralyzed by fear, sat as still as death.

"I—I can't move!" she gasped. "I think I'm going to faint!"

The man hesitated a second, and finally decided matters by taking to his heels, with the rest of the flying crowd. Alice shut her eyes with a cold shudder; she could not see the tawny death spring upon her; but in a moment she opened them again at the sound of a triumphant shout that went up around her.

Leander Rockwell was in the arena lately occupied by the vanquished band, struggling with the savage monster. She could see his set teeth, the veins standing out on his forehead, the red fire in his eyes, and she knew that it was for life or death.

"After all," said the minister, "these circuses are sinful risks to human life. I shall never see my way clear to attending one again. Suppose that brave young fellow had been killed before our face and eyes in the noble effort he made to save our lives."

"Golly, though, pa, wasn't it grand?" said John Henry, the good man's eldest hope. "Most equal to a Spanish bull-fight. Everybody knows that Lee Rockwell's the strongest fellow in Durkhill Four Corners, but the old tiger'd got the best of him if it hadn't been for that lick Lee gave him over the head with the sharp edge of the cornet that the music man had dropped when they got under the stage, like lightning. It was as good as a Damascus scimiter, Lee says, and once stunned, it was easy enough for the property men to kill him. It'll be an awful loss to the circus folks, though," reflectively added John Henry. "There ain't many tigers of that size in the traveling ring in this country."

"But wasn't it funny, husband," said the minister's wife, "about Capt. Cassell's being found hiding under the manger in the trained ponies' stalls, with the door tightly locked. A man who, according to his own account, has killed scores of leopards and half a dozen elephants in India, and is afraid of nothing. I'm told that the engagement between him and Alice Ames is off, and that she is spending a week with Terebinth Rockwell. The fright and the danger have made poor Terebinth quite ill."

But if the minister's wife had only known it, Terebinth was a great deal better now, and she and Ally were busy making a gown of white muslin, with a great deal of soft lace and ribbon bows above it.

"Because," said Ally, laughing, "Leander says he won't wait—and a man who can conquer a tiger oughtn't to be contradicted by a woman."

"You really love me, then?" said Leander.

"I really love you," repeated Alice. "And oh, Leander! I am so very, very proud of you!"—Amy Randolph in New York Ledger.

One Masher Probably Cured.

Two Boston women who saw the sights of the metropolis alone last week used with good effect a weapon which had proved efficacious in dealing with the masher of the Hub. One of them carried a parasol with a long and strong handle, which ended in a point almost as sharp as a bradawl. She found early occasion to use it in a train on Third avenue. She and her companion occupied a cross seat, and the double seat opposite was soon taken by one of the most offensive of the masher tribe. Not satisfied with staring impudently at the ladies he presently attempted to insinuate his foot between the feet of the one carrying the parasol. Apparently by accident, she brought the point of her parasol down smartly upon the fellow's foot. He gave an involuntary exclamation of pain and withdrew to the end of the seat opposite the other lady. The lesson seems not to have been severe enough, for a few minutes later he insulted her in the same manner. This time he was punished in earnest. The woman carrying the parasol watched him, and suddenly leaning over to look out of the window she jabbed the bard and point into the fellow's instep and gave it a quick turn before he could draw his foot away. The man cried out with pain, jumped to his feet and limped out of the car. The passengers could not understand his actions, and the lady with the parasol looked as much surprised as anybody.—N.Y. Sun.

A Tragedy Enacted in the Swamps.

It was down on the Great Jackson Route. A freight train had met with an accident, and so our train going south was off-time and had to run in on a siding and wait for the lightning express coming up from New Orleans. Many of us were strolling about, picking blackberries or gathering flowers, when some one suddenly shouted: "Everybody keep quiet and listen! Hark!"

It was the deep, far-away bay of a hound, and after half a minute we realized that it was coming nearer.

"The dogs are running a deer!" shouted one of the men, "and if we string out we may get a shot!"

Fifteen or twenty men, each with a revolver, strung out along the track, and just then we heard the iron rails begin to signal—that the express was coming. Two minutes later we heard her whistle. There were three or four dogs in the chase, and as they drew nearer it was evident that the game would cross the track below the bridge. We ran down to it, though no one cared to risk the crossing. We were hardly there when a coal-black negro, bare-headed and in rags, leaped out of the bush on the track and stood facing us. The dogs had somehow lost him and were baying in the thicket forty rods away.

What his crime was we could not say. He was a powerful big fellow, and as he stood there, arms folded across his heaving breast, his face had a terrible look. He was only a pistol-shot away, but no one raised a weapon.

On the contrary, one of the crowd shouted to him.

"Off the track or you'll be killed!"

He turned and saw the express thundering down the level stretch and then faced us again. The engineer blew an alarm, but he stood there like a rock. The train was running over the stretch as a pigeon flies, sparks of fire flashing from the rails and a great cloud of dust whirling behind it, and the speed could not be checked. The black man looked to the right nor to the left. The dogs were coming nearer, but they were too late. Those who did not turn their faces aside saw the pilot fling him fifty feet high, and as the body fell it splashed into the creek at our feet and lay there, only half hidden by the shallow waters—bruised, broken, dead. It scarcely struck the water when five or six dogs broke from the thicket and crossed the tracks, and close upon them were three or four men. But they arrived too late. The hunted man had taken his choice of how he would die.—Detroit Free Press.

Standing up for Her Friend.

Mr. Hankinson (at the party)—What a dainty eater Miss Kerjones is!

Miss Kerjones (bosom friend of Miss Kerjones)—Indeed, Mr. Hankinson, you do the dear girl injustice. After her tea and angel cake at a banquet like this you have never seen her at home in front of a plate of cold sausage.

They Will Be There.

Miss A.: "I wonder why angels are always represented as women?"

Miss B.: "I guess it is because men never go to heaven."

Miss A. (with decision); "Then I don't want to go there."—Smith, Gray & Co's Monthly.

Sanitary Progress.

Dr. R. W. Richardson finds that in the time of Queen Elizabeth the annual death rate of the whole of London was 40 per 1,000; that the death rate which exceeded the birth rate; that the death rate of children under 5 was 3 per 100; that only 7 persons in 100 reached the age of 70; and that it was boasted that there was not more than one murder annually for each 2,000 of population. The purification of the city has added much to its healthfulness, which, however, is yet far below that could be desired.

The annual mortality is now about 10 per 1,000, but one-third of these deaths are due to preventable causes; the birth rate is much greater than the death rate, while the death rate of children under 5 has been greatly reduced, but still is 27 per 100. Even in the city proper 18 per cent of the inhabitants—a proportion that should be much greater still—live to the age of 70; and good local government has reduced the murders to an annual average of not more than 12 to the entire population of 5,000,000.—Arkansas Traveler.

A Joke with Variations.

"You ought to get five cents worth of chlorid of lime."

"What for?"

"For a nickel."

The above was passed around freely among a number of St. Paul's citizens, and was in each case recognized as a practical joke of considerable merit. Acting on the suggestion, a prominent merchant of this city determined to work it off on his bookkeeper, with an original variation. So he said:

"You ought to get five cents' worth of potash."

Contrary to the merchant's expectations the taciturn bookkeeper meekly bowed his head and went on footing his trial balance, while his employer retired discomfited at the affair. The next morning he received a note from his bookkeeper to this effect:

"I took five cents' worth of potash, and I am as sick as a horse."—St. Paul Globe.

A monster grape vine at Athens, Ga which covers more than a quarter of an acre, has been known to produce enough of grapes in a single year to make 100 gallons of wine. It was planted by Professor Rutherford about thirty-two years ago.

Lancing Abscesses Without Pain.

The pain caused by opening small abscesses is almost always intense, for a few moments at least, and many people naturally shrink from the surgeon's knife and prefer to bear with the troublesome visitations until they open themselves. It cannot be generally known that by the use of a spray it is possible to so deaden sensibility over limited areas that such operations as lancing boils, enlarged glands, felon, and the like can be done almost if not quite painlessly. A spray which is most effective is composed of ten parts of chloroform, fifteen parts of sulphuric ether and one part of menthol. This produces local anesthesia in about one minute, and the same lasts for four or five minutes.—Fall River Herald.

The Favored the Tunnel Route.

A young couple entered the Union depot and bought tickets for Troy. There was a belt line train ready, but he persistently refused to board it.

"Why won't you come, Maud?" he asked.

"Oh, Chawley, I don't want to go up on this side," she gushed in reply.

"But, Maud, we'll get to Troy just the same."

"Yes, Chawley, but we won't go through the tunnel. I want to go through the tunnel."

"What do you want to go through the tunnel for, Maud?" queried the sense young man.

"Oh! Chawley," was all she said. Then Charley appeared to catch on, for he blushed. They waited until the belt line went the other way.—Albany Argus.

Who's to Blame?

Wife—Horror! Our daughter has sloped with your typewriting young man.

Husband—Well, you wouldn't let me hire a young woman.—New York Weekly.

Will Charlton is reported as having recently said: "Other writers of verse have laid great stress on the artistic faculty which many of them have possessed in an eminent degree, but with me the aim has always been first and last to reach the heart of the people and to say those things which should entertain and make better. I hope I have not altogether failed in my aim. I would rather appeal to the heart of a man than to his intellect."

FORTY MINUTES LATE.

"The most fearful accident that ever happened on a locomotive?" echoed the engineer, looking round at me. The brave man was a member of my parish, and I was sitting at his tea table. After a moment's thought he pushed back his chair, for the frugal meal was finished, and looked hard at his wife. It was a curious gaze of his honest eyes, and the lady met his glance with an almost pathetic entreaty: "Do not tell it!" written on her kind face.

"She don't like to think of it," he returned, laughing at the same time he shook back the long hair that fell in waves over the left side of his brow, uncovering a blushing scar and revealing that he had been dismembered of an ear. "But I am not so bad a looking fellow, after all," he said. In fact, he was singularly fine looking.

"It is one of those memories," his wife interrupted, rising, "that one fears to recall. But, thank God, it will be no more likely to occur again for the telling of it, and he may tell it while I put the boy to bed upstairs."

"It was one of those accidents that nothing can prevent," resumed the engineer. "No foresight can guard against the hidden flaws which the best of steel sometimes hides in its own false heart. The best crank or shaft ever forged will sometimes break on a steamer in mid-ocean. So of a connecting rod on a pair of drivers. Now, I think the thing I am going to tell you is the most terrible accident that can happen on a locomotive, because it is the worst I ever experienced. It worked the most havoc and scared me more than any other I ever went through. I cannot get over the dread of it even now, and probably never shall. Still another man might single out another as the worst."

My friend still runs, as he did that almost fatal day, the fastest train that speeds between two large cities. At one end of its flight the train is obliged to traverse a long tunnel. Millions of people pass through that tunnel yearly in perfect safety. But if they knew the hair breadth escapes of the first few years, and especially during its construction, even now they might not always sit so comfortably; but the best of appliances have somewhat lessened the dangers.

"When we were ready to leave the depot at—the new general manager of the division came along down the platform with the agent and was introduced to me. I pulled off my greasy cap, and was about to get down, when he said, 'Never mind,' that he was going to run with us. Of course I offered him his choice of seats, as you wouldn't do to your own father; for whoever rides in the cab must take a stand up or the fireman's box, if the fellow is good natured enough to offer it. A big officer, like the manager, was different, however, and I gave him anything. To tell the truth, I was relieved to know his errand was only to ride; for this English gentleman, a cousin of our big owner, had been turning up lots of good men. He seemed to think we Americans couldn't make fast time, and he forgot that our machines and cars are heavier, our rails not so straight as the English."

"We are forty minutes late," he said, as he straddled in front of the fire box and consulted his watch. "This occurs about every day, my man, more or less, and it is about time the blamed practice was stopped."

"Traffic is heavy in October, sir," I said trying to smile my prettiest.

"Can you drive this machine in on time? he kind of growled at me.

"I gave him a real Yankee stare back for a moment, and then my blood was up. That was ten years ago, before I had a wife and babies. It is wife babies and a ditch or two that takes the dare devil out of a locomotive engineer. At first a man knows no fear, but any of the aforementioned things kind of tempers him down. He can't keep his pluck up as at first, do what he will. My wife, by the way, was expecting me to come around, with the minister to be spliced a week from that very day. She had sent out some wedding cards—rather showy for humble folks to do. The wedding had to be deferred, and he tried to smile as he referred to that incident, though it was evident that the remembered tragedy was beginning to overshadow his own manly face, as it had his wife's before she left us. "Well, pastor, I just frowned on the Englishman, and said, 'If you'll choose which seat you'll take, and let my fireman get in some of his work, we'll show you what the Sagamore can do when she is mad.'"

"I will take the stoker's box," he said; "that's English fireman, you know. And he climbed up, rolling a cigarette and lighting it with a funny kind of foreign machine in his hand."

"I started her easy. We pulled ten cars. We had a run of seventy-four miles, schedule time two hours. I was to run it in one hour and twenty minutes. There were to be three slow ups, and one dead stop at a drawer. That would give me most of the miles to do in sixty seconds. We often do that for a mile or two. Every fast train does every day. But seventy four such miles are mighty trying on a machine, now I tell you, before you get through; and right on to the end you don't know

what minutes the poor old creature may break her heart on you. I looked the Sagamore over as I took her out of the shop. I always do that with my own eyes, but if I had known what we were to try on I'd given those connecting rods more attention. We used to wedge them on the wheels; you have seen the steel keys? Nowadays they are fastened so the men can't wedge them too tight. It is this new way of fastening that causes the ringing noise that you now hear as the big drive wheels pass you. Did you never notice—"

"Well, I soon began to feel of her wind. She was not long in making that fireman's box too uneasy for my general manager. He danced like a toy man. Then he closed the window ahead. Then he shut the one at the side and braced his legs. Then he left the windows alone, though they rattled open, and he lost his hat, which the fireman caught on the baggage car brake; but Mr. Manager could not go his clutch on the seat to replace his hat. The hat was all coal dust, any way, so it was put into the toolchest. Now we were just flying. I never took my eyes off the iron, but out of the corners of my eyes I saw how distressed he was. He undertook to holler something, but I paid no attention. The fireman shoved in the sprinklings fine he knew exactly how. Firing is half the battle in a big run. Well, we were going so well that I was afterwards told the paymaster's car, which we were pulling home, could not keep the dinner dishes on the table. No, sir. Twice, going round curves, every dish the boys had was swept on the floor. If we had had dining cars in those days wouldn't the soup have spilled?"

"I should have thought your conductor might have interfered," I suggested.

"I expected he would," was the reply. "But as time went on, and our rats grew simply fearful on the passengers I knew well enough the conductor had been scolded as well as the rest of us. No; he told me afterward that he simply sat down and said his prayers. But to go on; I saw that he had made up twenty-eight minutes, then thirty, then thirty-three, being only seven minutes behind. But there we hung. She could not increase her lead, do my best."

"I knew then that we should soon begin to lose them, for she was heating. Whether the boxes were lugging on the cars or engine I could not be sure. Then, too, it might have been the curves, at all events we were lugging and losing. We fell off, I calculated some five minutes, when we struck the tunnel. It was a heavy rail and a straight track there, and I pulled her out for one more spurt, live or die, as we dashed into the stern and darkness of that long hole. In there you can see anything but signals. The Sagamore answered me for just one plunge. But the next instant—crash! One helps me! The whole side of the cab was flying in splinters. I knew what that meant. I jumped from my seat in front of the fire box. There, under my seat, was the general manager. He had been mercifully knocked in instead of out, but he was senseless. My drivers held their rods yet, but I knew the strain could not last long without snapping that rod too, as I could not find the throttle to shut her off. It was so queer about that throttle. I turned round and round, trying to find it; I kept turning to the left. I thought I had an extra eye just over my ear and my other two eyes were blind. That new eye showed me a clear beautiful light, but not the throttle. Round and round that fearful still hammer, the broken rod, kept crashing and tearing out the shreds of the cab on that side. Then the other one twisted, which threw old Sagamore plump into the granite wall. We were all piled up there, dark as pitch at about, and finally still. Now, the curious thing about it all is that with my new eye over my ear I actually read the time by my watch, and we were only seven minutes late. Yes, sir, we had made up thirty-three minutes in the seventy four miles, slow ups and stops included, and a minute more would have brought us to the station. I just yelled, 'How's that, old English! and my new eye seemed to go out in darkness."

"Were there many injured?" I added in the pause that followed his conclusion.

"Don't ask me—yes. Thank God I'm alive! Now, Mollie," addressing his wife, who had just entered, "I've told that story for the last time, except in my prayers."—Emory J. Haynes in New York Ledger.

A physician has succeeded in grafting the skin of a frog to that of a tortoise, and the skin of a tortoise to that of a frog, and also in securing the growth of a frog's skin upon the skin of a man 54 years old. Bone grafting is not so far advanced, but has met with the same success as skin grafting.

Have lots of fun, laugh all you can and keep the sunshine in your heart if you want to be well, young and popular. The world hates a woman with a grievance. It pays to be honestly happy. There is absolutely no profit in being blue and very little sympathy attending it.