

THE OCEAN'S ATHLETES.

Fish That Make Mighty Leaps Far Up Out of the Water.

"Speaking of jumping," said an old seaman, "let me tell you of the greatest jump ever seen. It was many years ago, and we had experienced bad luck for several weeks, when one morning we sighted a big whale, and the two boats set off in a race to see who would get there first.

"Suddenly the whale rose not 100 yards away and headed directly for us. The mate gave orders to stop, and we sat still, expecting that the monster would rise near us. The harpooner stood with his iron ready to throw, while we grasped our oars nervously, prepared to jump at the word 'Stern all,' that nearly always came when a whale was harpooned. Not a word was spoken, and suddenly a mountain of black appeared, which seemed to shut off the entire horizon. Up it went until I distinctly saw a 70 foot whale over 20 feet in the air above us.

"The mate was the first to regain his senses and gave the command 'Stern all.' Just as we were ready to spring overboard the boat shot back several feet, and the next second the gigantic animal dove into the ocean, just grazing us, having completely passed over the boat."

Such gigantic jumps are rare. A similar one was recorded by a well known admiral in the British navy. A battleship was lying in the harbor of Bermuda, when all hands were attracted by the appearance of a very large whale suddenly showing itself in the harbor and appearing very much alarmed by the shallow water. The admiral, who was then only a midshipman, joined a boat's crew that started in pursuit, and just as they were about to strike the whale disappeared out of sight, leaving a deep whirlpool, round which the boat shot. Another moment, and the whale came up, having in all probability struck the bottom, and went into the air like a rocket.

"So complete was his enormous leap," says our authority, "that for an instant we saw him fairly up in the air, in a horizontal position, at a distance of at least 20 perpendicular feet over our heads. While in his progress upward there was in his spring some touch of vivacity with which a trout or salmon shoots out of the water."

Many of the inhabitants of the sea are good jumpers, and some have become famous. Among them should be mentioned the tarpon, or silver king, a huge fish with scales that gleam like silver, which constitutes the famous game fish of Florida. In the Pacific waters the tuna, an ally of the horse mackerel, is noted for its leaps. Sometimes a school sweeps up the coast, and the powerful fish, often weighing 800 pounds, are seen in the air in every direction. They dart like an arrow, turn gracefully five or six feet in the air and come down, keeping the water for acres in a foam, and, if not the greatest, they are certainly the most graceful of the jumpers of the sea.—Pearson's Magazine.

Light and Perfumes.

A garden full of flowers is more fragrant when shadowed by a cloud than when bathed in sunshine—at least, that is the conclusion to which the recent experiments of M. Mesnard lead. He asserts that it is light, and not, as commonly believed, oxygen, which exerts the greatest influence in destroying odors. According to the same authority, the intensity of the perfume given off by a flower depends upon the relation between the pressure of water in the cells of the plant, which tends to drive out the essential oils that cause the odor, and the action of the sunlight, which tends to diminish the water pressure in the cells. Sprinkling the plant increases the turgescence in the cells and so augments the perfume. A cloud passing over the sun arrests the action of the light, thus permitting an increase of turgescence and as a consequence a more copious production of perfume. At night the air around a flower bed is heavy with odors, because then their emanation is not opposed by the sunlight.—Youth's Companion.

The Hudson Bay Company.

In 1670 Charles II granted a charter to the Hudson Bay company, giving to that association the whole and sole trade and commerce on the waters lying within the entrance of the Hudson strait and on the lands adjoining. After the cession of Canada to Great Britain, in 1763, the Northwest Fur company of Montreal sprang into existence and by its competition with the older corporation compelled an amalgamation in 1821.

Twentieth Century Is Dawning.

In a breach of promise suit an Indiana court has decided that it is not so bad to damage the affections of a widow as it is to trifle with the heart of a young woman who has never known true love. A Daniel came to judgment! The courts are getting more practical every day.—Buffalo Express.

Death by Boiling.

In old England, before the law was passed which prohibited "cruel and unusual forms of punishment," murderers were often condemned to death by boiling. In such cases the victims were chained in large kettles of cold water, which was gradually heated until it caused the flesh to drop from the bones. The last English victim of the "boiling death" was one Rouse, a cook, who, it was alleged, had killed 17 persons.—St. Louis Republic.

FAKE LABELS COMMON.

Domestic Wines Easily Passed For the Imported Article.

Within a few miles of the New York Mail and Express building, says that journal, there is a printing establishment whose chief source of revenue is the preparation of labels for druggists, saloon keepers, grocers and bottlers. There is considerable of the legitimate about the business, but there is also a little of the questionable. The stock on hand consists of thousands of various kinds of labels which can be had at a few minutes' notice. Those that may be required and not found in the regular stock can be had at 24 hours' notice. A big percentage of the labels turned out here are what may be termed forgeries—that is, they are imitations of labels that are copyrighted or "protected" by a trademark. It is known absolutely that the establishment makes a business, and a big business at that, of supplying fake houses with forgeries of labels of some successful and well advertised goods. It is generally known that the labels are forgeries, and it is admitted that they are such and nothing else, but it is no easy matter recognizing them as imitations. The workmanship and skill displayed in making the counterfeits are excellent.

All the wine cellars of Europe are to be found in the salesman's sample book, if one goes there with the intention of doing business. The peculiar type and paper of Russia, the plain everyday labels of England, the unattractive woodcuts and antiquated printing of Germany, the artistic and picturesque designs of France and the inartistic and thoroughly uninviting labels of Italy are all there, ready for the purchaser. It is a queer business, and a Mail and Express reporter so told the clerk whom he saw there the other day.

"Not a bit of it," said the clerk. "We do not make any pretensions in this business. Our chief customers are saloon keepers. It's none of our business what they do with these labels. What they do, however, we fully understand. Suppose that a man were to go into a saloon where these labels are used and call for a bottle of a particular kind of wine. Well, it happens to be all out, but the saloon keeper has another brand equally as good perhaps. All he has to do is to remove the objectionable label and substitute one of those purchased here. Who knows the difference, and, knowing, cares? The real sufferer is the wine buyer, of course, but he does not know that any imposition has been practiced. Now, were the saloon keeper to tell him that the last bottle of the particular kind of wine asked for had been sold, the chances are that the place would lose a regular customer or the prospect of securing one. Then, take some of the houses where greenhorns, countrymen and would be bloods flock to. The bartender knows a wine drinker when he sees one, and, with the others—well, what is the use of giving a 'guy' good wine when he does not know what he is drinking? One of these labels fixes all that. The bartender who knows his business can give him a bottle of wine costing 50 cents and the countryman is happy because he pays the full price for an imitation and he does not know it."

"I personally have seen a party of dudes quarreling over imitation wines and trying to convince each other which was the best. As a matter of fact they were talking because they saw one of these fake labels on the bottle and thought they were getting the genuine stuff. Our customers? Can't say that they are all from Broadway. It's none of my business, as I have said, what they do with these labels. The handsomer the label the bigger the sales all around, I have found."

A Varied Training.

"I dunno," said Meandering Mike, "whether it is to be regarded as work in or not, but I've got a great mind ter hang out er shingle an break in ter der practice of law."

"Ye don't know nothin 'bout de bizness," replied Plodding Pete.

"Dat shows yer lack o' judgment. Ain't experience de best teacher?"

"Dat's whut dey says."

"Well, I've had practical experience in every p'lease court in dis part o' de world, an it does seem a pity ter waste it."—Washington Star.

Tips That Fail.

It turns out that the British post-office deducts from the wages of its employees the amount of Christmas boxes given to them. These amount in the city of London alone to \$23,000 a year, some of the men obtaining as much as \$125 each. In tipping them, however, the rich city firms are really tipping the government.

Her Reason.

"Why have you never married, Miss Antique?" he thoughtlessly inquired.

"You never asked me before," she said coyly, as she gave him her hand.—Detroit Free Press.

HER TEN WORD MESSAGE.

An Instance Where an Attempt to Skele-tonize Was False Economy.

Mr. Blodgett twirled the slip of yellow paper thoughtfully around between his thumb and forefinger, and when he looked up Mrs. Blodgett saw that he was about to communicate something of considerable importance.

"Caroline," he said, "it isn't often that I find fault with you because of your expenditures. I like to see you dress well and keep the house up in good style, and I never begrudge you the necessary funds. Now, do I?"

And Mrs. Blodgett admitted he never did.

"But there's one thing I do kick about," went on Mr. Blodgett, and that is the literal throwing away of money. Listen to this last telegram you sent me and tell me what you think of it, viewing it in the light of common sense:

"DEAR ROBERT—Come directly up to the house from the depot. I have invited some friends for 7 o'clock dinner. Joey had a tooth extracted yesterday. Your loving wife, CAROLINE."

"Of course I was glad to see our friends at dinner, and it was all right about Joey's tooth, but I should have appreciated it just as much if you hadn't wasted so much money in telling me about it. I don't mind the money so much, but I do hate to give it to the telegraphic company. Hereafter, Caroline, when you find it necessary to send a telegram, limit your message to ten words. It's a very easy matter to express yourself with that number of words if you only think so."

Then Mr. Blodgett went to St. Louis on business. He had been there three days and had pushed his schemes so energetically that a meeting with several gentlemen at the Planters' hotel on the evening of the fourth day would, in all probability, bring the deal to a successful issue. Several hours before the time of his appointment he received a telegram from Mrs. Blodgett. It read:

"Fire Sam frightened Joey badly hurt no one escaped uninjured."

Mr. Blodgett pored over the unpunctuated message for several minutes. It was a decided puzzle. At last his anxious mind evolved this out of the chaos:

"Fire Sam frightened Joey badly hurt. No one escaped uninjured. Then his fatherly heart was troubled at the thought of his little boy's lying at death's door and the wife of his manhood passing into eternity without his being there. He hastily scribbled notes of explanation to his business associates and took the first train for Chicago.

His pulse throbbed wildly and tears coursed down his cheeks as he neared his home, and when he saw that the house, at least externally, was not damaged, a prayer of thanksgiving ascended on high and he hoped things were not quite so bad as represented. He let himself in and hurried up stairs. His wife was in her room. He clasped her in his arms and wept aloud.

"Thank heaven you are not badly hurt!" he cried. "Where are the children?"

"Out in the yard playing," she said. "Why, what on earth ails you?"

"Out playing so soon?" he said. "What did you mean by this?" And he gave her the telegram.

"Why, just what it says," she replied. "Fire Sam frightened Joey badly. Hurt no one. Escaped uninjured. If I hadn't wished to confine myself to ten words I should have said that the fire was around the corner, that Sam frightened Joey with a new false face, and that all escaped uninjured, but I had to leave out words. I thought you'd understand it all right."—Chicago Tribune.

England's High Place in Modern Art.

Whatever may be the shortcomings of the British school of painting, it can scarcely be denied that the roll of its artists contains many names distinguished not only among the artists of their own country, but among the artists of the world. To take only three of the greatest—Hogarth, the satirical recorder of society; Reynolds, the portrait painter; Turner, the master of landscape—in what other modern schools shall we find their parallels? It would be rash to prophesy that the name of Millais will rank in the estimation of posterity as the peer of these his great precursors, but it may at least be said that he is as thoroughly national and original as any of them and that in simplicity, sincerity and power he will hold his own with the best.—Cosmo Monkhouse in Scribner's.

Impecunious.

"Who is that man who calls on you so frequently?" asked the impatient friend.

"He's an inventor."

"Indeed! What has he invented?"

"Oh, ever so many things."

"Any of them practical?"

"Yes," was the answer with some hesitation, "he has had a good deal of success in inventing reasons why I should lend him anything from 50 cents to \$5."—Washington Star.

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NISHAPUR TURQUOISE MINES

Lazy Methods by Which the Stones Are Got Out—Jewels That Fade.

The famous turquoise mines of Nishapur, in northern Persia, are believed to be the only turquoise mines in the world which have been worked extensively or which have produced the turquoise of perfect shape and color. On approaching the mines from Nishapur, after entering the low hills and gradually ascending, one arrives first at the villages inhabited by the miners, which are on undulating ground about 5,000 feet above sea level. After another gradual ascent for about a mile by a very good road the foot of a hill about 1,000 feet in height is reached. All the mines are on the south face of this hill, and from the first to the last the distance as the crow flies is not more than half a mile. The Reish mine, which is the only one worked on a large scale or with vigor, produces the greater part of the turquoises at present sent to market. It is near the top of one of the highest ridges, at an altitude of about 6,000 feet above sea level. The entrance is a hollowed out cave, about 12 yards across, with a vertical shaft some 5 yards in diameter. Two men were reclining at the mouth of this shaft with their backs against the wall of the cave, and turning with their bare feet a rickety wooden wheel, which brought up the debris from below in a small sheepskin bag holding no more than a peck perhaps. This was received by a third man, who unhooked, emptied and reattached it. The other two men removed their feet, and the bag went down with a run some 40 feet, where three other men were similarly engaged on a ledge in the shaft. The mine itself is 80 or 90 feet from the surface. The miners first descend by means of a narrow diagonal tunnel, and then scramble down the rough sides of the shaft.

At the mouth of the cave, which is on the precipitous hillside, half a dozen men were seated close together on a ledge, breaking with small hammers the fragments of rock as they were brought up from below. When a turquoise was discovered, it was placed on one side in its rough state, incased in rock, and sent to Meshed. Unfortunately, though the mine is very productive and their color soon goes. Since the Abdur Reza'i mine fell in it may be said that the stones of perfect shape and color are very rarely found. But, though really good turquoises are rare, there is abundance of imperfect and bad stones, which are eagerly bought, for all the orientals prize them, and the very poorest like to possess even a green and spotted one set in a tin ring. It is more than likely, however, that the hill contains an abundance of good stones. Some of those now found look excellent at first, but the color in most cases soon fades, or a green tinge is developed, or spots appear on them. Some of these white spots can only be detected at first with a glass and then as a mere speck, but in time they may expand and spread right across the stone. The color of most faded turquoises can be temporarily revived by dampness. In Meshed no one would dream of buying a turquoise of good color without possessing it first for some days, for it is the most treacherous of precious stones. The turquoises, as soon as they are out in Meshed, are nearly all sold at once for export, and their price in the town rises at least 1,000 per cent. Some years ago one could obtain in Meshed good turquoises of perfect shape, fine color, fair size and without a flaw for a few shillings each. Turquoises are at present far cheaper at Tiflis and Constantinople than at Meshed, and at those towns one might perhaps find some of good color which have been in stock for years.—London Times.

A Vegetable Pistol.

The most remarkable instance of this method of scattering the seeds (shooting them from the pod) is afforded by Hura crepitans, a handsome tree, native of the forests of South Africa. The curious fruit of this tree is a somewhat flattened, deeply furrowed or fluted body, made up of a circle of many cells, each containing one seed. When the seeds are ripe, the cells open and expel them with a loud report, like the crack of a pistol. Hence the fruit is sometimes called the "monkeys' dinner bell."

Stories have been told of hura fruits being placed in desks and subsequently opening and discharging their seeds with such violence as to break ink wells and even to crack the wood of the desk.—Thomas H. Kearney, Jr., in St. Nicholas.

The Boy's Idea.

Little Boy (pointing to window of India rubber shop)—What are those? Mamma—Those are diving suits, made of india rubber, so that the diver won't get wet.

Little Boy—I wish I had one.

Mamma—What for, my dear?

Little Boy—to wear when you wash me.—London Fun.

A member of the expeditionary force on board Dr. Nansen's vessel, the Fram, has stated that in the highest latitude reached by this famous ship guillemots, fulmars and parbials were seen, but no other organic life.

Shepherds say that the wool of the sheep furnishes an excellent indication of weather changes. When it is crisp, there will be no rain. When it is limp and feels very soft to the touch, a storm is imminent.

Accommodating.

Customer—Waiter, I can't get on with this lobster. It's as hard as a flint.

Waiter—Beg pardon, sir. A slight mistake. That's the proper macto lobster out of the showcase. Shall I change it?—Answers.

An Old Saw Revised.

There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip. But the slips are more certain to follow if the cup meets the lip. And the lip takes the slip. That goes just ahead of the swallow.—Cleveland Leader.

Lame Excuse.

She—Once you vowed that I was the sunshine of your life. Now you stay out night after night.

He—Er—why—I don't expect sunshining after dark.—Indianapolis Journal.

Is There?

Tell me, you wandering winds. That soon will chill and gnaw me, Is there a place where no one sings? "Just tell them!"—New York Sunday World.

One Advantage of Being a Microbe.

"Now, Johnny, tell us all you remember of what I said about microbes."

"Yes'm. You said it didn't hurt 'em none when they gits shut up in faldin beds."—Chicago Record.

Another Hold Up.

"Throw up your hands! I hardly said. We lingered by the stair. Her hands flew high above her head. I kissed her neck and there."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Getting On.

Bingo—How is the new cook doing? Mrs. Bingo—Splendidly. Why, she has only been here three days and she can already ride my wheel quite nicely.—New York Herald.

A Query.

Twinkle, twinkle, little star! Have you lit-up where you are? And are prices in the sky. As upon the earth, so high?—Cleveland Leader.

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