

WHERE WE ALL HAVE BEEN.

O, I know of a land where we all have been, Yet never may we again, Though we're women as brave as ever were seen, Or the biggest and strongest of men.

AN ACROBATIC STEAMER.

An Old Sailor's Story of a Remarkable Voyage.

"Yes, there he is," said Henry. The boys had gone down to the pier to look for the Old Sailor. It was Saturday, and as there was no school they were in hopes that their old friend would tell them a yarn. He was sitting in his favorite place at the end of the pier, gazing out on the ocean. The boys followed the direction of his gaze, and saw a two-masted schooner-rigged steamer, deeply laden, plowing her way southward at a slow pace, with an acre of foam rising almost to her hawse-pipes. She rolled slowly and heavily as she went, and poured an oily column of black smoke from her single fat funnel.

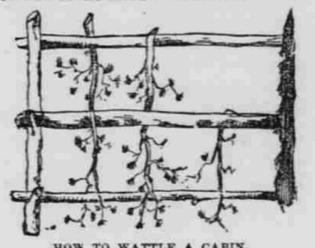
better, only the pitchin' were something simply ridiculous. "We lay to with the ingin' jess a-turmin' over all that day, an' as it didn't let up a single bit we made ready for another rough night. Toward sundown, to make things wuss, a mocsy drivin' mist set in, an' you couldn't see the end o' your own nose, no matter how cross-eyed ye looked. The mist lasted all night, an' were there w'en I turned out to take the forenoon watch the next day. I hadn't much more'n got on deck w'en I were shook up by a loud shot from forward. I jumped out on the fo'k'sle-deck, an' one o' the hands yelled: 'A water-logged wreck! Driften' right onto us!' It were a capsized schooner, an' afore it were possible fur us to do anything' at all it came tumblin' down the side o' a roarin' mountain o' water jess as we plunged down off another. Crash! Our forefoot came down on top o' the wreck. I heard a great scrapin' an' bangin' as the schooner drifted out from under us, an' the next second some men came tumblin' up the fore-hatch, cryin': 'The water! It's a-comin' in by the ton!' 'Close the bulk-head doors in the forward bulkhead!' I yelled. The hands jumped below, an' in a minnit comes back an' sez: 'They're foaked, an' won't shut.' 'Close 'em in the second bulkhead!' I hollered. 'It's done!' they sez. By this time the cap'n were on deck, an' ordered all the boats cleared ready fur lowerin'. 'No boat 'll live in that sea, sir!' sez Isaac Hooper, the first mate. 'No more it will, sez the cap'n. 'So we must try to keep the steamer afloat till the gale moderates. I'll go b'low myself an' see how things is a-goin'.' The cap'n went b'low, an' the rest o' us stood an' looked at each other. All on a sudden Isaac Hooper, the first mate, he looks werry peculiar at me, an' sez he to me, sez he: 'It are my opinion that this 'ere vessel are a-settlin' by the head.'

the weather got still I should make the trip. It beganned fur to moderate that night, an' the nex' day the ingin'er went to work to rig the air-pump to keep me in breath. Waal, it were simply dreadful a-tryin' to do anything aboard a ship wot were standin' on her head, an' dancin' slowly up an' down over the swells. But arter a good deal o' hard work an' a awful sight o' talk, the ingin'er got the pump set up on a bulkhead. Meantime the crew lowered Bill Martin and me into the after hold w'ere the divin' rig were. Waal, you never see such a tangle o' things in the whole course o' your life. There were tin cans, rattlesnakes' teeth, goatskins, ropes, old iron, boxes, bags, blocks, an' all sorts o' riffraff piled up, in the worst kind o' confusion wot ever was known since the destruction o' Sodom an' Gomorrah.

"Howsumever, Bill an' me managed to find the divin' rig, an' to get back into the cabin with it. The followin' day the sea were quite calm, an' the long easy swells didn't interfere none with our plans. The pumps were started, an' I climbed out o' the main hatch, w'ich were just o' water, an' set up in the divin' suit, I felt my way forward—or rather downward—to the ship's bow. I climbed over, an' worked my way around underneath till I got to the hole. It were about five feet in diameter an' putty near round. I shook my head, an' pulled the string fur 'em to take me back. W'en I got into the ship ag'in I sez to the captain, sez I: 'I don't b'lieve we kin do much with that hole.' But he sez to me, sez he: 'W'y, it ain't no crater o' Mount Vesuvius, wot blows things out as fast as ye put 'em in, is it? Now, you jess go down ag'in an' pass er line under the ship. We kin haul a big main-sail under an' plug up the hole with that.'

PERSONAL AND LITERARY. —Beatrice Harradan's sudden popularity has been used by a publisher of paper-bound books to play a petty trick upon a little. A story of hers given title to a public volume recently issued, and the book is bought by most persons with the notion that she is the author of its whole contents, but it turns out that only the first story is hers, while the others are by less eminent heads.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE. SUCH MANNERS. Misses Arabella Juliet and Mabel Caroline were taken out some little friends to see. They were very glad to go, for the afternoon was fine. And they were kindly urged to stay to tea. They were their very best—all with puffs and ruffles, too. And sashes, one of blue and one of pink. Their hair was nicely frizzled and their button boots were new. They must have looked extremely well, I think!



HOW TO WATTLE A CABIN.

more simple the outfit the more ingenuity required in making a comfortable camp. The first thing to think of is a suitable shelter. Tents with poles, guy ropes, pegs and everything necessary for putting up cost from \$6 to \$30. For \$9 a "wedge" tent nine feet square and nine feet high may be bought, and for \$14 a United States army hospital tent. While a tent is always best when obtainable, it is not absolutely necessary. A very comfortable hut may be built by securely fastening four saplings in the ground as corner posts, leaving the stubs of the branches when trimming down. On these stubs lay cross-pieces reaching from one corner-post to the other. Fill in the intervening space by bracing closely with well-leaved branches. Canvas couches which fold into a very small space cost but \$1. Beds, however, may be made of fine branches on a framework of sticks. The branches should be covered with a layer a foot thick of leaves or pin needles, or, better, hemlock boughs. This kind of bed should always be covered with a rubber blanket (the rubber side down) to prevent dampness coming through.



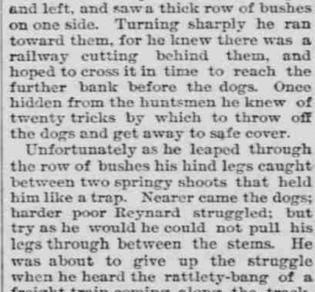
REYNARD GAVE THE HOUNDS A FAREWELL SMILE.

caught that he made up his mind never to take unnecessary risks again. He had been visiting a farmyard that was quite a way from his burrow, and when he came home again he found that the burrow had been filled up with earth. At first Reynard thought that it was done by the badger who had lived in the hole before Reynard drove him out; but soon he saw the marks of a spade, and knew that a man had been there. While he was examining the burrow, suddenly he heard the cry of the hounds, and he knew that the hunt was out and was after him. He dropped the fat hen he was carrying and trotted away from the dogs, meaning to slip out along a little ravine he knew of. But no sooner had he reached the edge of the wood than he heard a man shout. Then he knew he would have to run for it. Away he shot, his long brush sweeping the ground. The hounds came straight after him, and he had to increase his speed. But, tired from his long journey, he found the hounds gaining upon him and saw that he would not be able to reach the little ravine in which he had so often puzzled the keenest hounds.



A STONE FIREPLACE.

taken from home. Take only tin dishes and tin cups, with iron spoons and forks. If necessary, dishes can be made from bark—cups from bark or large shells, spoons from small shells to which wooden handles are attached, and forks from pronged sticks. Sharp-pointed "clip" blade hunting knives are, next to a good hatchet, the most useful articles one can take. With a fire-inch blade and leather sheath they cost sixty cents. Every one in the party should be provided with one rubber and two woolen blankets. Take old clothes and a slouch hat. Canned food, fresh vegetables and bread can be got. It is better to carry condensed milk than to depend on getting it fresh. And do not, as some boys did last summer, forget to take salt and sugar. Locate the camp on an elevation, so that when rain comes the water will not wash in. If the ground slopes, dig a trench around the camp on the upper side to carry off the water. Have a good supply of wood and matches in a dry place, for nothing is so dismal as a camp without fire on a rainy day. Every boy in camp should know how to cook simple dishes, and take turns of a day at a time as chef. This arrangement divides the work equally, and the duties of cook do not become irksome.—N. Y. Recorder.



REYNARD GAVE THE HOUNDS A FAREWELL SMILE.

REYNARD GAVE THE HOUNDS A FAREWELL SMILE. Reynard made one long leap half-way down the bank, and at that moment the train came opposite him so he couldn't cross the track. But Reynard then showed what a bright old fox he was, for, giving another jump, with the foremost hounds at his very heels, he caught the rear end of a platform car—the last car of the moving train. Then, feeling quite safe, Reynard turned his head and gave the baffled hounds a farewell smile. Reynard, after this close shave, made up his mind to find a home not quite so near the fox-hounds. He remained on the train until he was well out of reach, and he never went back to his old quarters. This was unfortunate for the poor little rabbit whose burrow Reynard stole when he took a new home. The huntsmen often wondered how the fox got away, but the dogs never told.—Benjamin Webster, in St. Nicholas.

HUMOROUS.

—She (fiercely)—"A man who commits bigamy ought to be hanged. He—" "To be sure. Put him out of his misery."—Detroit Tribune. —Guide—"Now you will have to be careful; many a tourist has broken his neck at this spot." "Gent (to his wife)—"Angusta, you go first."—Spare Moments. —Advice on Stocks—"What is a good stock to buy, Charley?" "Trans-Ohio railroad is the best I know anything about." "Where can I get some, Charley?" "I can let you have all you want."—Judge. —Young Lady (in music store)—"Have you a Heart That Beats With Love?" Clerk (blushing)—"No, miss; I would consider it highly imprudent at a salary of twenty-one marks a week."—Wespen, Berlin. —Unpardonable.—Ted—"Chollie has discharged his valet." Ned—"What for?" Ted—"The man took his clothes to be pressed to the wrong shop, and the tailor wouldn't give them back until his bill was paid."—Truth. —"Boy, is your father in?" "I guess so. Heard ma call somebody a dunce just now." "Twant me, coz I want there. She wouldn't a dared to call the cook such names; so I guess it must have been dad."—Boston Transcript. —Things One Would Rather Have Expressed Differently.—Angelina (to her newly-betrothed)—"Oh, Edwin, there's such a good-looking girl just behind you! Do look!" Edwin—"Ah, I've no eyes for good looks now, darling!"—Punch. —Grate Passenger (scrambling into a Broadway car that did not stop)—"Suppose I'd slipped and lost a leg, what then?" Conductor—"I guess you wouldn't have to do any more jumping 'em. We always stop for a man with crutches."—Hullo. —An English health officer recently received the following note from one of the residents of his district: "Dear Sir: I beg to tell you that my child, aged eight months, is suffering from an attack of measles as required by act of parliament." —"Mistah," said an urchin to the man who was driving a very poor horse, "does you want me to hol' 'im?" "No; this horse won't run away." "I didn't mean hol' 'im fas', so's he won't run away. I meant hol' 'im up, so's he won't drop."—Washington Star. —Kathleen had been put out to sea, and Mrs. Berry liked the rosy face of the young Irish girl. One day Kathleen was sent on an errand to town. She was longer than usual, and Mrs. Berry stood on the porch as she came through the field. Kathleen was happy and Mrs. Berry observed: "Why, Kathleen, what a rosy, happy face to-day. You look as if the dew had kissed you." Kathleen dropped her eyes and murmured: "Indade, mum, but that wasn't his name."—Boston Budget.

A Wise Scarecrow.

"I say," said the tramp to the scarecrow, "let's swap clothes." "Not I," said the scarecrow. "Fact is, it would never do." "Why not?" said the tramp. "Well, the crows, seeing me, are scared. They think I'll run after 'em. But if they thought I was like you they'd know I'd rather fall asleep. I tell you, old man, crows know a thing or two. They judge by appearances."—Harper's Young People. —Oldun—"As poor as you are and going to marry?" Yungun—"That's what." Oldun—"Has your wife anything?" Yungun—"No; but she will have." Oldun—"What?" Yungun—"Ma."

softer substance. A blast was put in the bottom of the hole and freed from the bottom. The explosion freed the... J. O. Phillips of the Missouri Pacific has returned to headquarters at Omaha that he would give up his lady love, and Ida to her mother, who firmly announced that she was going to snark... ites, Ethel and... fore their de... and instead espou... people, it wou...