

MEPHISTO, THE FOX.

A Just Vengeance That Was Not Merciful.

Here comes old Mephisto himself! Look at him, grinning as he trots along and looming red against the white of the snow, says Longman's Magazine. It is Reynard, following in poor, old, waxy Mr. Hare's tracks and tracing every deviation made by that amiably eccentric individual at a slow but steady trot. This will bring him close to our ambush unless he detects our presence here. He certainly looks very handsome, though extremely wicked withal. That grin of his is a most diabolic grin. It says as plain as words: "I shall have this fool of a hare to-day, he's getting as cracked as they make 'em, and he is close in front of me at this moment and when I've got him I shall give him what-for, because he has led me many a dance for nothing. Ha, ha! Just a little extra nip and a bit of worry—won't he yell!"

Now, I am going to shoot this fox for several reasons. The first is, that I shall not be hanged for it in this country; indeed, no one will think the worse of me for the act, but rather the better. Then he is the evil genius of many worthy forest people besides the silly, old Mr. Hare. It is difficult to believe such things of any one, but I have it on the best of authority that this miscreant is in the habit of murdering that heroic lady, the Grey Hen (wife of Lord Blackcock) as she sits upon the nest which is shortly to be filled with the little honorables, her sons and daughters. She will not fly in order to escape his fangs, but prefers to stand by her eggs until her flesh is actually pierced, and when self-preservation at length asserts itself—not as the first but as a subordinate law of nature—and she tries to escape it is too late. It is also true that this detestable ogre of the woods has fattened his red carcass upon the helpless, toothsome little ones of the willow grouse, the wild duck and even (though I scarcely dare to breathe the dreadful words) upon the august little persons of the young capercaille princeling! Surely all this is evidence enough for the death warrant of such an arch traitor and rogue! He shall die in his sins and many lives shall be saved thereby during this coming springtime. Wait a minute. Let him advance just a little nearer and then we will speak to him in the voice of doom. Now, then! up with our guns and let them execute sentence upon the culprit! But the culprit is an exceedingly wily culprit and the glint of the sunlight upon the barrels has informed him in an instant of his danger. During that one instant he has turned and is now a streak of fleeing, fleeting red pigment, dancing in and out among the pine trees—an escaping convict!

He Was Indeed Absent-Minded.

Judge Hawley of the United States circuit court related recently from the bench a good story at the expense of a distinguished lawyer and United States senator, whose name was not mentioned. This prominent member of the bar was very absent-minded at times. One morning he was on his way to court in a great hurry, and happening to overtake a friend, remarked: "I dressed in such haste this morning that I forgot my watch." A little further on he said: "I wonder if I have time to go back and get it," and as he spoke he pulled out his watch from his pocket. "No, I have not time," he concluded, after consulting the dial, and he walked on. Neering the court house he hired a messenger to go for the watch, paying him a dollar for the service. The messenger returned with the information that the timepiece could not be found, whereupon the lawyer exclaimed, looking up from his books and papers: "That is very strange!" Then he took a swift glance at his watch and said: "It makes no difference, anyhow. I can do without it. The judge is late and there is plenty of time." And he paid the messenger another dollar.

Lights at Sea.

A commission appointed by the German government to study the visibility of lights at sea has concluded that a white light of one candle power is visible at a distance of 2,800 yards on a clear night, and at a distance of one mile only on a rainy night. It was further found that when a white light of one candle power was visible at a distance of one mile, one of three candle power was visible at two miles, of ten candle power at four miles, and of nineteen candle power at five miles. A green light of one candle power is visible at a distance of one mile, and the lighting powers of such lights to be seen at distances of one, two, three and four miles must be two, fifteen, fifty-one and 106 candle power respectively. The best glass is a clear blue green, while for the red light a copper red is the best.

As Well as Ever.

Freeman Randall, of Riverside, Me., fell from the top of a ventilator the other day, and after striking his head on the shingled roof bounced along to the eaves and then to the ground, 60 feet from where he started. He landed on his feet, and after feeling himself over to assure himself that he was all there, climbed back to his former perch and resumed his work.

A Natural Mistake.

Seaside Guest—Why didn't you send an attendant to help me out of that Turkish bath in which I spent all last night?

Proprietor—Turkish bath, sir! That was your room.—Philadelphia North American.

The hide of the hippopotamus, in certain parts, attains a thickness of two inches.

UNCUT BOOKS.

The Charm of Revealing Their Beauty by Degress.

It is clear, then, that those are but rude spirits who have no reverence for all that pertains to a book. What could be coarser and more barbarous than the demand that the quivering edges of a volume, "with all the straggling fibres that flutter on the verge of life," should be cut and hacked to dead evenness and stilted smoothness? Such butchers would trim the oak-leaf, torture the lily and prune the luxuriance of the horse chestnut.

The plea of utility is the most barren of all. Is there any good thing in nature that does not demand labor in the search? Are we to grumble at the sting of the bee, or blind ourselves to its glossy beauty in our haste to steal its honey? It is but half of reading to merely read. There is, so to speak, a courtship as well as a marriage with our author's text, a time for dalliance, for indulgence, for emotion, for coy approach and wistful glance. And this to the true reader is more than all the bare commercial zest in grasping its heart, and putting its soul to usury, as if authors but worked for us as slaves in the mines to make us rich.

No moments are so delicious as those in which the reader first approaches his author, when the volume lies but half revealed. The text is coy and saucy as a nymph; now peering boldly at us from the open leaf, now lurking half concealed between the pages, now buried beyond our sight. There needs a swift pursuit. With knife in hand we gently lay her place of hiding bare, track her to dusky grotto, follow her through dismal cave; and in the end she stands caught, revealed, her ambush clean cut off, and we steal to her embrace victorious. That, after all, is a very real pleasure. It is sweet to discover moment by moment the author's purpose; not hasty to seize it, but dipping here and there as one cuts the pages, lighting on a piquant saying that whets our appetite, chancing on a pretty phrase or a noble sentence.—London Sun.

SWIFT AND VANESSA.

Her Despair and Unwomanly Degradation—A Hazy Story.

I do not think Swift ever cared for Vanessa and I much incline to believe that he was never married to Stella, says a writer in a recent issue of the Contemporary Review. Cadenus had his weak points; he did not disdain to be adored and Vanessa, poor thing, was vain and flighty. The wildness which she betrayed in her letters can scarcely be matched, except in that amazing French mediaeval Latin correspondence of the Abbess Heloise, not to be rendered by any translation I have ever seen. But, to use the Gallic phrase, she was at the expense of it herself. One is reminded of the line, "Apollo flies and Daphne holds the chase," were it not that Apollo lingered a trifle too long to write verses which he had better have left unwritten. The chase went on for how many years? And how did it end? In despair on the part of Vanessa, in heartbreak and unwomanly degradation. Yes, it is a sad story; but one must not charge Swift with having acted as a deceiver, unless he was married long ago to another woman; then, indeed, it will be hard, though not absolutely impossible to defend him.

None can tell what passed between the dean and Vanessa during their last interview. Scott has given, but upon the merest hearsay, an account of it which, I suppose, we could all repeat if called upon, by heart. Yes; but would either of these proud persons have torn down the screen that hid their misery, in such a case? Not Swift, we may be sure. And if Vanessa was thunder-struck with the news of a marriage fatal to her, why did she not publish that as well as the poem she held in her possession? The scene is a fine piece of tragedy and will always be told. But, like many another legend, it fades, under close scrutiny, into cloudland.

Tea at \$175 a Pound.

It is the pickings of the first tips of the blossoms. The greatest care must be taken in the picking and nothing but the bright, golden-hued tip taken off the blossoms. All the picking of this grade is carefully done by hand. The process of drying these tips is as delicate as the picking. The annual output is 12,000 pounds, valued at \$2,100,000. But five pounds of this tea have ever been known to have reached the United States, excepting a few pounds placed on exhibition at the world's fair. A rich lady residing at New York wrote to Mr. Marr, the agent of the Ceylon tea growers for America at Chicago, and asked him to try to procure for her, if possible, five pounds of this remarkable and expensive tea. Mr. Marr was successful in securing six pounds of the precious article. The New York lady gave a check for \$1,000 for her five pounds.—New York Letter.

The Retort Discourteous.

"If there is anything that I covet," said Mr. Spickles' wife, "it is a good voice. I know that it is very wrong to be envious but I can't help it when I hear another woman singing." And as Mr. Spickles is a notoriously mean man no body was surprised to hear him reply: "That is perfectly natural. If you could sing you'd be sitting up there with the choir, where you could see what every woman in church had on without turning your head."—Washington Star.

His Cook.

Fuddy—"They say that Boldeton has married his cook." "Duddy"—"You mean, I suppose, that she is his cook now."—Boston Transcript.

HOW TO ESCAPE LIGHTNING.

Some Practical "Don'ts" for the Present Stormy Season.

Here are some seasonable "don'ts" for use in thunderstorms. Remember that the dangers from lightning are based on well-known physical causes. Lightning is merely electricity in a state of explosion. Its freaks, so called, while they are seemingly unexplainable, are really founded on physical laws and conditions. These laws and conditions are simple, but for this very reason, probably, few persons pay any heed to them when the heavens burst forth in a Titanic upheaval and forked arrows of Jove shoot overhead at the nimble pace of 238,900 miles a second. The following rules, based on lightning's probable course, are worth pasting in your hat or stowing away somewhere in a mental pigeon hole:

Don't crawl into a feather bed; beds have often been struck by lightning.

Don't stand in a crowd; crowds attract electricity.

Don't lean against an elevated railroad pillar, confident that the Manhattan system is too slow to be struck by anything so rapid as electricity. Lightning has an affinity for iron.

Don't go into a high building; high buildings act as targets for the bolts of Jupiter.

Don't sit by an open window; lightning comes in at windows.

Don't wear corsets; corset steels have an affinity for lightning.

Don't sit in front of an open fireplace; lightning has a great attraction for fireplaces.

Don't sit under a chandelier.

Don't go into a cellar; lightning always follows the pipes leading to the ground.

Don't stand in the street. The winds whirling past the big buildings make a path for thunderbolts.

Don't wear cheap jewelry—brass is an easy conductor of electricity. In fact, it is safest to wear no metallic appendages.

Well-attested facts go to show that certain dress materials have some influence in augmenting or decreasing the dangers of lightning. The Romans wore sealskin as a precaution, and were so positive in their belief that sealskin tents were built where timid people could take refuge during storms. Silk is also claimed to be a non-conductor. When lightning struck the church of Chateau-neuf-les-Moutiers three priests were officiating. Two who wore cotton vestments were killed outright, while the third, whose robe was silk, was uninjured.

It is the custom of the Indians to the present day to take shelter under a beech tree during a storm; in fact, people in the state of Tennessee consider this an absolute refuge of safety. No instance has been recorded of a beech tree being struck by lightning.—New York Journal.

THE PROMISED LAND.

Why the Tourist, Traveler and Student Should Visit Utah.

There are two reasons, either one of which ought to be conclusive with every American citizen.

First—The trip from Denver to Utah via Rio Grande Western, "Great Salt Lake Route," is the grandest to be found anywhere on the continent. No European trip of equal length can compare with it in variety and grandeur of scenery and wealth of novel interest.

Second—You should go because, when you have made this wonderful trip, you will find Utah at the end of it—Utah, one of the world's famous spots, and a land of gold, silver, copper, iron and coal; of lofty mountains and fertile valleys; of vineyards, fruits and flowers. Salt Lake City, the capital, is of great interest on account of its historical and religious associations. Here are Hot Thermal Springs, Warm Springs, Sulphur Springs, Sanitarium, Parks, Drives, Canyons and the most healthful climate on earth. Great Salt Lake, with the new and beautiful Saltair Beach Resort, of Moorish design, has no equal in America. Write to F. A. Wadleigh, Salt Lake City, for copies of pamphlets, etc.

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R. H. Woodward Company, of Baltimore, Md., are making a most liberal offer of \$200.00 to anyone who will sell 200 copies of "Gems of Religious Thought," a new book by Talmage. This is one of the most popular books ever published. Three editions sold in 60 days. Agents sell 10 to 15 copies a day. An Estey organ, retail price \$270, given for selling 110 copies in 3 months. A \$100 bicycle given for selling 80 copies in 2 months. A gold watch for selling 60 copies in one month. This premium in addition to commission. Complete outfit 35 cents. Freight paid. Credit given. Agents wanted also for "Talks to Children About Jesus." One hundred and fifty thousand copies sold, and it is now selling faster than ever. Same terms and conditions as on "Gems of Religious Thought." Other popular books and Bibles also. They offer special and most liberal rates to students and teachers for summer vacation. During last summer a large number of students and teachers canvassed for their books. Among the list there were 23 who made over \$200, 57 who won the \$200 premium, and 76 made over \$150 for their summer work. Write them immediately.

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The Homeseeker's Promised Land.

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What C. A. Potter Says.

OMAHA, Neb., Aug. 31, 1895.—The Howard Medicine Company.—Gentlemen: I desire to say to all who feel the strength of their manhood slowly slipping away, whose ambition is at its lowest ebb, whose mind is beclouded, and the senses dulled, when you feel dyspeptic, and lose your self-respect, that your blood is out of order, and all you need is some of Howard's Vegetone Blood Powder to tone up your system. It will act almost instantly upon the blood; you will feel the renewed life and vigor coursing through your system; you will feel the old-time grip in your hands; your mind will be as active as ever; your friends will observe the flag of health flying in your face, and you will feel like a new being. I have not felt so well for five years as I do since taking one package of your Blood Powder, and I feel as strong and active as ever. I weigh 15 pounds more than ever in my life. The change is so marked that it is the subject of comment when meeting my friends. I recommend Howard's Vegetone Blood Powder to be, as I believe, the greatest blood-purifier on earth.

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