

FLOWERS.

"Flowers preach to us if we will hear."
—Christian G. Rossetti

The color world may count its own in glory
Above the million graves,
And trumpet-tipped ambition tell the story
Of its thrice-crowned slaves.
But he hath won the right to human praise,
Who from the conquered soil,
A lovely flower, a fair new blossom raises
To glorify man and God.

For souls that have no prayers to send to
Heaven
These Eden children speak
The dull promise of the world they heaven,
These sermons of the week,
For whenever a flower is, God has set a ladder
That reaches to the skies,
And souls ascending crash the poison ladder
That leads to beauty lies.

And who can walk among the smiling flowers
And not bless him who sends
So kindly to his resurrection of ours
These ever welcome friends?
Up from the grave they spring, a fair connec-
tion.

Between our hearts and Heaven
A voice, remembrance of the resurrection,
And Christ-life freely given.

God hears the whispers of the flowers sur-
rounding
The dead and coffin-dead;
The heart's unspoken supplication sounding
From wreaths of foot and head,
And not the music of the organ pealing
The swelling marriage song,
Bath melody more sweet than flowers-scent
Swelling
The bridal path along.

The festive board beneath every dainty groaning
May please the human sense,
But luxury is richer for the toning
Of flowers' innocence.
Companions they for sad or joyous hours,
For youth or silvered age,
Fair flowers have no choicer gifts than flowers,
Her soul is no fairer page.
—Free Press.

THE SHADOW.

What means this?
Are these men crazy? It is the
days of the Overland Trail, before
the wildest financier dared predict a
highway of iron rails across that
great track of country—almost a con-
tinent of itself—which we used to
call the Far West.

A caravan has been picking its slow
way along over the green prairies and
sterile plains for days and weeks,
every man's face was turned toward
the El Dorado—more than a mile of
white-topped wagons, more than
three hundred men, women, and chil-
dren. There have been jealousies
and heart-burnings, even in the pres-
ence of the hostile Indians moving
swiftly about by day and crawling
and lurking like deadly serpents by
night. Two wagons haul out of the
long line at mid-afternoon and start
away at a right angle. Two wagons
—two wives, eight children, three
men. It is fool-hardy, dangerous.
They drive away in the shadow of
death, the children crying and the
women pleading.

"Come back! Come back! There
are Indians all about us! Every one
of you will be butchered before morn-
ing!"

The three men will not even look
back. They feel that they have been
wronged and insulted, and their pride
is at stake. Men will listen to no ar-
gument at such time—stubbornly re-
fuse to reason with those they love.
These men realize their danger, and to-
morrow, when they have grown calmer
and when something like an
apology is borne to them from the
main party, they will return to the
line, satisfied with having shown their
"independence."

Did you ever see the vulture of the
plains the repulsive, cowardly bird,
which follows a wounded man or a
limping animal as the ravenous hawk
follows a death-skip? He sits high
in air so long as he sees that all is
well below. At the first sign of dis-
tress he drops through the air to be
closer to his prey. Let a dying man
but raise his hand and the cowardly
bird will hasten away, but only to re-
turn and again resume his circles in
the air until he sees that death has
come. His long, ragged wings have
fanned the faces of hundreds of dying
men, his strong beak and sharp talons
have helped to make hundreds of
skeletons along the trail of olden days.

Evil omen! The two wagons had
scarcely separated themselves from
the line when the vultures appeared
and hovered above them as they
moved away. From their ery they
had looked down on savages rejoicing
at the separation—at a spot of ground
miles away over which a gaunt wolf
was already howling and snuffing
earth and air for scent of murder.

Study the picture well. It is night.
The little band has gone into a "dry
camp"—no water to be had for man or
beast. Three miles further on there
is plenty, but they could not travel
in the darkness. It has been a long,
hot day, and man and beast are suffer-
ing, but no one complains. Even
the children choke over their bread
and do not ask for drink. The tired
horses have neither grass nor water,
but they are not restless and impatient,
as might be looked for. On the
contrary, they hang their heads,
and now and then lick the rocks out-
cropping from the sterile soil and thus
secure a little of the falling dew, just
enough to moisten their parched
tongues. There is something which
weighs all down, the dumb brute as
well as human beings. It is unde-
fined, but nevertheless a menace. It
is unseen and unheard, but neverthe-
less a creeping horror which chills
them to shence.

By and by, all but the sentinel close
their eyes in sleep. A single sentinel
to watch a camp in which there are
so many precious lives, menaced by
such fierce enemies, over which great
vultures had circled even as dark-
ness came down. No, all did not
sleep. There was two wives who lay
listening to the songs of the crickets,
to the rustling of the night breeze,
to the dismal voices of the coyotes
circling about the camp. There was
a threat to them in every sound, a
warning of evil in every gust of wind.
And though were children who did not
sleep, though they were as quiet as
the dead. They had heard of the
tomahawk and scalping-knife, of the
back of a man, the heart of an In-
dian, the eyes that stare their own,
and tried to close their own, and

they repeated the prayers taught
them at their mother's knees.

Where is the sentinel? There were
two wagons. Neither of them shows
in the picture. He stood or sat be-
tween them, as much for the com-
pany of the inmates as for their pro-
tection. At midnight the guard is
changed. The full moon is now sink-
ing in the West. In front of the
watcher is a large cactus—the ugly,
useless plant which thrives best
where the hand of man can neither
cultivate nor ornament. It stands
ever as a sign board of desolation. It
is a mile-stone to mark the sufferings
and despair of men who have been
lost on the sterile and inhospitable
plains of the West.

All has been quiet up to midnight.
The relief takes up the same position
as his predecessor did. He notes the
same surroundings. The only change
is in the position of the moon, which
has been sinking away until the big
cactus now throws a dark shadow to
the east. That shadow is the black-
est spot in all the foreground, but it
excites no special attention. Why
should it? What should there be
about a shadow cast by the June
moon to create alarm?

It is 1 o'clock.

Though standing on his feet the
sentinel had nodded—almost slept.
He rouses himself with a shake, turns
to every point of the compass to peer
and listen, but all is quiet.

The shadow! It has grown many
feet longer in the hour, it is like a
great black tongue thrust out to-
wards him from the base of the plant,
but his eyes do not dwell upon it.
The wagons also cast shadows to the
east, so do the horses yet standing on
their feet. Shadows are but shadows.
The perfect silence of the night lulls
the watcher into a feeling of security,
and he says to himself that the night
will pass without even an alarm to
wake the lightest sleeper.

"Ha! What's that?"

A movement, a rustling, a faint
noise as of something stirring. A
prowling wolf or coyote—that's it!
The beast is dodging about in hopes
to pick up something from the even-
ing meal of the emigrants—that's all!
How silly to be startled by the sound!

The shadow! It has grown until
it now almost touches the sentinel's
feet. Will he take warning now?
Will he heed the black object which
has been creeping forward as the
black shadow crept—noiseless as the
footfall of a spectre, fierce as the
growl of a wounded tiger? No! He
takes a step or two to relieve his
limbs, glances over at the horses,
wonders if his two hours are not up,
and—

From the blackness of the shadow
a dark figure rose up and sunk his
tomahawk into the sentinel's skull,
and next moment a horde of dusky
demons were in the camp—shouting,
shouting, tomahawking, using knife
or war-club. Ten minutes later
there were no more victims to kill.
Thank God, none were carried away
to torture and captivity!

A few minutes more in which to
hack and mutilate, to plunder, to re-
joice, and then the camp of the dead
was left for the dead to guard. The
wolf came creeping down to the
horrid feast, his eyes blazing with
greediness and his yellow fangs sharp-
ening as he drew closer and closer.
Half a mile away, on the limb of a
dead tree, the vultures crew their
heads from under their wings and ut-
tered a hoarse croak! croak! They
could not fly in the darkness, could
not be present with the wolf to gorge
themselves, out morning would do!
There would be plenty left!—New
York World.

Treachorous Snow.

One of the perils which the cham-
ois hunter must face is that which
lurks in the snow. Mr. Buxton, in
his Short Stalks, tells the story of
Herr S—'s adventure, which graphi-
cally illustrates this danger. He
was following with one companion,
in the depth of winter, the trail of
a wounded chamois. The track led
them across a steep contour filled
with deep, loose snow, into which
they plunged up to their middles.

When half way across this mass
parted just above them, and moved
downwards with ever-accelerating
speed, sometimes covering them deep
with a surging mass, and then again
tossing them into the air.

At last S— felt himself suddenly
and violently arrested by some pro-
truding substance, which afterwards
proved to be a broken stump of a
tree. After a time he recovered con-
sciousness, and succeeded in shaking
himself free.

The first thought was for his
friend, of whom nothing was to be
seen. But as he gazed over the waste
of snow, he saw at a distance a twig,
which had been pressed downwards,
recover itself and spring up.

Thinking it might be the sign of
some life he made his way to the
spot, and close by it found a boot
protruding from the surface. Scrap-
ing the snow away as best he could
with his naked hands, he at length
uncovered the body so far as the face.

The man was a parently dead, and
his face was almost black; but pres-
ently he came to, and was little the
worse, while S— himself, in turn,
fainted from the injuries he had re-
ceived, and was laid up for six weeks
before he recovered.

The Photograph.

A "Photo-corrector" has been in-
vented, and is in practical use, by
which the dimensions of any part of
a photograph can be altered—and the
whole made harmonious." A person
five feet and a half in height can be
made to look five feet or six feet
high, as desired, and hands, feet, or
any other part, can be similarly cor-
rected.

Whom is the laziest: a male shoe
or a horsehoe?

SOME ARE HARD TO PLEASE.

**A Pious Music Teacher Who Didn't Care
Much About Eating.**

"A pious lady down south had a
husband who was rich, but an athe-
ist," says the New York Tribune.
"A conference of ministers was being
held in the town near this Colonel
B.'s fine plantation, and Mrs. B.,
when she started in the morning to
attend the conference, told her hus-
band that she would like to bring
back a lot of the holy men to din-
ner with her in the evening. She
thought secretly that they might
convert the Colonel. He agreed to
welcome them and Mrs. B. ordered
the cook to prepare a dinner accord-
ingly.

"After she had gone the Colonel
asked the cook what Mrs. B. had
ordered. He found that one turkey
was all that she had thought neces-
sary and his big southern hospitality
was shocked at the idea. He did not
like preachers as a class, but if they
were to eat at his table all at then
they should be treated in a way to do
credit to the plantation and the fam-
ily. Accordingly he ordered ducks,
geese, chickens, pigeon, turtle, lamb,
mutton, beef, veal, pork, oysters and
trout, besides the turkey. He ordered
vegetables and pastry in proportion,
and by the time it was all on the
great table, set out with the family
silver, there was almost enough for
forty preachers.

"Presently the Colonel's wife re-
turned and with her was only one
little, wizened, long-haired, freckled
young man. She introduced it to the
big Colonel, who could only gasp,
'Is that all, Claribel?' 'All the
preachers I found had previous en-
gagements,' whispered his wife in a
disappointed tone, 'but this young
man is a music teacher, who led the
choir at the convention. He is very
pious and gives promise of great
things. I hope you won't use any
bad language while he is here, Col-
onel.'

"Well, they sat down to the loaded
table, the Colonel, his wife, the
organ player, and the Colonel's son
Rob, aged 13, sturdy, violent, un-
tamed, a careful observer of his father's
ways, and gleaner of his father's
oaths, a constant source of worry to
his mother, and the idol and king of
every negro on the plantation.

"Will you have some turtle soup,
sir?" asked the general Colonel, beam-
ing with pleasure as the darkies re-
moved the covers.

"No, thanks," replied the organ-
player. "I never take soup."

"Some oyster then,"
"Same answer."
"Trout?"
"No, thanks."
"Pigeon?"
"Never eat pigeon, thank you."
"Lamb?"
"Same answer."
"The Colonel's smile disappeared,
and he began to look troubled. 'Beef
then?' he said.
"Same answer."
"This veal," said the host plead-
ingly, "is excellent—my own raising.
Try some?"
"I never eat veal, thank you."
"Turkey?"
"Same answer."
"Duck?"
"No, thanks."
"Goose?"
"Not any."
"Only the pork was left now, and
the Colonel was in despair. What
sort of a man was this, anyway?
What did he eat? The thoroughly
disappointed Colonel was just about
to offer the last dish when his son
Rob, who had been listening with
open-mouthed wonder to all these re-
fusals of the good things of this earth
until he could hold himself no longer,
blurted out:
"Say, pop, p'raps the durned lit-
tle snipe would suck an egg."

Modified Prescription.

Mr. Oscanyan, in his book, "The
Sultan and his People," says that a
Turkish physician was called to visit
a man who was very ill of typhus fe-
ver. The doctor considered the case
hopeless, but prescribed for the pa-
tient, and took his leave. The next
day, in passing by, he inquired of a
servant at the door if his master was
dead.

"Dead!" was the reply; "no, he is
much better."

The doctor hastened up-stairs to
obtain the solution of the miracle.

"Why," said the convalescent, "I
was consumed with thirst, and I
drank a painful of the juice of pickled
cabbage."

"Wonderful!" quoth the doctor;
and out came the tablets, on which
he made this inscription: "Cured of
typhus fever, Mehemed Agha, an up-
holsterer, by drinking a painful of
pickled cabbage juice."

Soon after, the doctor was called to
another patient, a yaghlkgee, or
dealer in embroidered handkerchiefs,
who was suffering from the same mal-
ady. He forthwith prescribed "a
painful of pickled cabbage juice."

On calling the next day to congrat-
ulate his patient on his recovery, he
was astonished to be told that the
man was dead.

In his bewilderment at these phre-
nomens, he came to the safe conclu-
sion, and duly noted it in his memo-
randa, that "Although in cases of
typhus fever pickled cabbage juice is
an efficient remedy, it is not to be
used unless the patient be by pro-
fession an upholsterer."

Cruelty to Tortoises.

The obtaining of tortoise shell in-
volves intense cruelty to the tortoise.
When the creature is caught it is
fastened down to the ground and cov-
ered round the shell with leaves and
grass, which are set alight. The heat
forces the scales of the shell to sepa-
rate and they are then cut off with a
knife. The poor reptile is then re-
leased to grow fresh scales.

Why Mottos Were Adopted.

One practice of feudal times has
survived the disappearance of most
feudal things. It is the custom of
using or choosing family and personal
mottos. In America, at least, peo-
ple who do not inherit a coat-of-arms
or a crest are free to adopt one at
their pleasure, and to put upon it
whatever motto or ensign armorial
they choose.

In this country the use of a crest
or coat-of-arms upon a seal or at the
head of letters is sometimes a matter
of honest family pride, and some-
times, beyond a doubt, of pure van-
ity. There are some Americans who
feign an appearance of aristocratic
descent by making use of heraldic
emblems to which they have no right
what ever by inheritance.

But the adoption of an original
emblem or motto of one's own, quite
regardless of what's ancestors may
have been, is entirely a matter of
personal taste. Many people make
use of such emblems; and the prac-
tice, supposing it really to represent
personal tastes, preferences, and char-
acter, is a pretty one.

Nearly all the ancient mottos
which in the course of time became
badges of aristocratic descent had
their origin in mere whim.

Some of them commemorated an
act of firmness or courage which the
hero wished to perpetuate in his en-
sign. A marshal of France, for in-
stance, Bugeaud by name, who added
extensive agricultural operations to
his reputation as a soldier, took the
device, Ense et aratro: "By the sword
and the plough."

Another motto, typical of the old
nobility, is upon the crest of the aris-
tocratic family of Uzès in France:
"By iron, not by gold."

Modern mottos are sometimes iron-
ical and intentionally humorous. A
celebrated singer, M. Capoul, has
placed upon his seal the figure of a
duck, with the motto, "Quack!"

Satirical mottos, too, are occasion-
ally bestowed by wits or wags upon
other people. A French General,
who had been defeated both in Ger-
many and in Italy, found one day
that, while he was absent from his
house, somebody had decorated his
door with an armorial bearing rep-
resenting a drum, upon which was
inscribed this motto, "I am beaten on
both sides."

The mottos chosen by authors are
occasionally apt and interesting. The
famous poet of Southern France,
Mistral, the singer of the "land of
the sun," whose works have been
beautifully transplanted into Eng-
lish, had for his emblem a locust,
with these words in the Provencal
dialect: Lou souleu me fal canta,
"The sun makes me sing."

A motto expressive of worthy sen-
timent is an excellent thing to have,
provided one bears it in mind, and
"lives up to it."

Made to Repent.

When one feels that he has been
harshly treated it is perhaps natural
that he should wish to make the door
of the injurter regret his action.
The best way to accomplish such a
result is to merit a different kind of
treatment; and this may be done in a
way to display as much courage and
spirit as would be required for a less
justifiable revenge. In his memoirs,
the Marshal de Luxembourg relates
an incident bearing upon this point.
The occurrence took place during his
service in the army of Flanders.

Noticing one day on a march that
several soldiers were not in their
places, he sent an aide-de-camp to re-
call them. All obeyed promptly ex-
cept one. The marshal, then Count
de Boutteville and a lesser officer,
hastened to him, stick in hand, and
threatened to strike him.

"If you do that you will repent it,"
cried the soldier.

Boutteville struck him several
times, and forced him to return to
his regiment.

Two weeks later the count offered
a large sum of money to any man
who would execute a perilous errand
for him. A soldier who was consid-
ered the bravest in his regiment pre-
sented himself for the commission,
and acquitted himself with great suc-
cess and courage.

Boutteville praised him highly, and
presented him with the reward which
he had offered. The soldier immedi-
ately distributed the money among
his comrades and said:
"I did not serve you for money;
out if you think I deserve some re-
compense, will you make me an
officer? Do you recognize me, sir?"

The count replied that he had
never seen him.

"I am the soldier to whom you gave
a severe beating two weeks ago. I
said that you would repent it."

The count embraced him with emo-
tion, promised to be his friend, and
the man received an officer's commis-
sion that very day.

She Could Tell.

A French chronicler records an in-
teresting and, perhaps, valuable dis-
covery on the part of a child of a
means of ascertaining whether people
are young or not. This child,
a little girl, had been playing merrily
in the country with a gentleman who
was known to have come very close,
to say the least, to his fiftieth year.

The little girl's mother, seeking for
her, came up just as she left this
gentleman's company.

"What have you been doing, my
dear?" the mother asked.

"Oh, I've been playing with that
young man over there."

The mother smiled. "What is your
way of telling when people are young,
dear?" she asked.

"Oh," answered the little one,
"young people are those that have a
good time!"

It is a queer thing that after a
girl has consented to fly with a man
she usually has to walk.

WONDERFUL POWER OF KIND- NESS.

**Flinders Petrie's Way of Getting His Work
of Exploration Done.**

The Myddoun pyramid stands in
the burying ground of oldest Egypt
and there, day by day, are conducted
most careful explorations under the
management of Flinders Petrie, says
the Gentlemen's Magazine. Thus
does the tomb yield up its secrets,
but these are not more interesting
than the facts demonstrated through-
out these operations that even the
idle temperament of Egyptian work-
men is more powerfully influenced by
love than by fear. At Luxor a swear-
ing bully of an overseer hustled the
children, with their palm baskets
of mould, from pit to bank, lashing
them mercilessly at times and flick-
ing his elephant-hide whip for pure
cruelty at the half-naked bodies of
the poor little boys and girls, who,
in the name of science, were working
like slaves, through heat and dust,
to bring back the colossi of Rameses
the Great, or the temple of his father,
Seti, from the grave of centuries.

It was a sight to make one's blood
boil to see the lash curl with a crack
round the leg of a lad or the naked
ankle of a girl as they toiled up the
steep bank with a heavy palm basket
on the head. Sometimes it would
bring the poor creatures to their
knees, but when I remonstrated I
was told: "It matters not. No whip,
no work."

Now Mr. Petrie gets twice as much
work out of his men and boys as does
this bully at Luxor, and yet his inter-
course with them is uniformly gentle
and serene. It was refreshing to sit
there in the shadow of those vast
mounds, at the building of which the
land had groaned and the lash had
been busy, and to see how men to-
day labored with the same tools,
dressed in the same way, had much
the same simple wants to satisfy, and
the same home to return to at even-
tide.

A light was in their faces and a
smile on their lips, for they toiled for
honest bread at honest prices, and
their master was a friend. That
evening I heard a boy's voice and saw
a boy's hand thrust through the tent
where we sat. Mr. Petrie cut a piece
of soap in two and gave the lad half,
saying, quietly: "I find there's noth-
ing like soap for sore heads." Soon
another voice piped in the darkness,
and the same knife now dived into
a pot of ointment and spread some
carefully on a bruised face.

Presently, with a low salaam, a
dusky man with an ache in his dusky
stomach, applied for cure. The
paraffine lamp was kindled, a cup of
coffee was made, and a spoonful of
pepper stirred therein. The poor
fellow swallowed it with a gurgle, and
turned to go. "May God increase
your goods exceedingly!" were the
words of thanks, and the grateful
ones went back to their reed huts,
their burnuses and sandy beds for
the night.

Texas Railroad.

"There is some queer railroad-
ing down in Texas," said W. A. Shaw,
as he stood in the Laclede annex and
gave his glass a peculiar circular motion
calculated to make the sugar and pep-
permint sociable. "There is a
road down in the southern part of the
State fifty-three miles long, whose
cannon-ball covers the distance in
just four hours, if it has an excep-
tionally good run of luck. Trains
are run each way three times a week,
if one doesn't chance to get lost and
so blockade traffic until a hand-car
tracer can be sent out for it. There
are no telegraph or telephone stations
on the road, and when a train leaves
the terminal where the general offices
are located, the conductor is master
of the situation until he gets back
again. Sometimes the pneumatic
tire comes off the sulky of the man
employed to ride ahead and drive the
cattle off the track, and the train is
a week making the round trip. I
rode over the road once, then walked
back, because I was in a hurry. On
the trip out we picked up a drunken
farmer who had laid down on the
track. The conductor chanced to
know him, and held the train while
he carried him to his home a mile away.
In about an hour the brakeman re-
turned with an invitation from the
farmer's wife for crew and passen-
gers to come over to supper. We
went, and after the repast an old cot-
ton-field African with a cracked fiddle
was introduced and we had a dance.
The conductor then wanted to pro-
ceed, but the engineer, who was sit-
ting up to the hilarious farmer's
buxom daughter, said the boys had
rooted out several cross-ties down be-
low the water tank, and he was ap-
prehensive of a repetition of the Ash-
tabula disaster if we attempted to
run over that part of the road at
night. So we staid and danced until
daylight. We got off after breakfast
next morning, and the farmer's
daughter was a passenger. She wore
a big sunbonnet and a large tin pail.
Three miles out we stopped and the
crew helped her pick wild strawber-
ries enough to fill her pail. Then we
backed up and the engineer carried
the bucket of berries over to the
house for her. When he got back he
discovered that he was out of coal and
couldn't budge. The farmer kindly
donated enough fence rails to pull us
out of the difficulty and we got
through by great good luck, in just
twenty-eight hours. Oh! some of
those roads down there are light-
ning!"

A Tree on a Tower.

Seeds of trees taken by birds, or by
winds, frequently lodge in some de-
caying mortar crack on the tops of
high buildings, and will grow out and
make quite large trees. One of these
is in the city of Utica, N. Y., where
on the top of a city church tower is a
mountain ash, which, about fifteen

or sixteen years ago probably sprouted.
It still continues to grow, and has
now reached a height of about seven
feet. The roots push their way into
the cracks and crevices of the mason
work. During the last two or three
years it has blossomed and borne
clusters of scarlet berries. It is said
by some friend to be one of the in-
teresting sights of Utica.—Meehan's
Monthly.

The Profits of Monte Carlo.

Some remarkable facts were dis-
closed at the half-yearly meeting of
the shareholders of the Societe
Anonyme des Bains de mer et du Cer-
cle des Etrangers de Monaco. The
total revenue from the tables during
the last year has been a little over
23,000,000 francs, or about \$4,600,000,
which is a million francs more than
the receipts of the previous year.
The capital of the society is 30,000,-
000 francs, in 60,000 shares of 500
francs. Each share carries an inter-
est coupon of 2 francs per annum, or
5 per cent upon the original value.
The dividend is distributed early in
May. This varies according to the
takings at the table. Last May it
amounted to 165 francs, making a
total revenue 190 francs per share, 38
per cent upon the original value.
Since marriage the present Prince
has never touched the 1,250,000 francs
which the gambling society contracted
to pay annually for the concession to
the ruler of Monaco. This \$250,000
per year has been spent in improve-
ments at the palace, in building the
fine Cathedral, erecting new schools,
and the like. When 1903 arrives the
principality will have some stately
edifices to call its own, and the Prince
and Princess will rule over a domain
as magnificent in its outward sem-
blance as it is beautiful in its natural
position. In addition to the sum
paid out as the Prince's share of the
profits the society bears all the ex-
penses of governing the principality.

Blinding a Shark.

A successful diver must possess
great courage and nerves of steel.
Such a man, connected with a large
wrecking company, was visiting the
pearl fisheries in the Gulf of Calif-
ornia. On one of his trips in quest
of the pearl oyster he had a narrow
escape from a fearful death. Frank
Leslie's Magazine tells the story.

He had been instructed never to
stir from the bottom until he had
looked up and around. Fortunately
he heeded the advice. Having filled
his bag, he glanced quickly about,
and caught sight of a huge shovel
nosed shark watching him.

In an emergency men think fast.
Near the diver was a large rock. He
moved quickly to the other side of it,
hoping to dodge the ferocious mon-
ster. But the maneuver did not
work; the shark watched every move-
ment, changing his position by a
slight motion of his powerful tail.

Time was precious, and the diver
conceived the idea of blinding the
shark by stirring up the mud. Under
cover of that he might escape. He
worked for dear life, and had the wa-
ter thick with mud in less than half
a minute.

Slipping around the rock again, he
rose to the surface, having barely
strength enough to reach the side of
the boat, and was hauled on board
just as the voracious man eater made
a rush for him.

A Ghastly Joke.

Biff! and a young medical student
went to mother earth. It happened
at the University of Cincinnati. A
young man was desirous of experienc-
ing the horrors of a real dissecting
room. A friend of his is a student,
and to him the young man applied
for the necessary membership. The
friend assented and so managed it
that his friend got into the room
where the festive students are sup-
posed to hold high riot over the
bodies of the unfortunates who, in
death powerless to help themselves,
are hurried to the deal-houses of the
college. While in the room a sly but
not very popular student slipped an
ear from the subject into his pocket.
It was the ear of a woman. The vis-
itor was as mad as a hornet. On ac-
count of the unpopularity of the prac-
tical joker he had little trouble in
finding who did it. He hunted and
found him, as the whole class was
leaving, in the vestibule of the col-
lege. There the scene suggested in
the opening lines was enacted. The
practical joker is not much of a
fighter and made his exit very quickly
to a chorus of students horse laugh—
Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Word's Loss of Caste.

Words have their destinies as well
as books. Mr. Darcy Lever, in an
amusing article on this subject, la-
ments that the "good old English"
word "fiddler" should have utterly
lost caste and dragged down "fiddle"
with it in its fall. "Fiddle" and
"fiddler" have certainly been names
of scorn since Mrs. Plozz's second
husband was contemptuously com-
pared with her first husband, Mr.
Thrale, and dismissed as "a fiddler."
Mr. Lever might have cited an earlier
example in the case of Lord Chester-
field, who, it will be remembered,
remined his son that a gentleman
never fiddles. Had his lordship lived
to these days he would have ac-
knowledged that Princes and Prin-
cesses take delight in this instrument,
though, to be sure, they call it a
"violin." But the question is why is
the word "violin" respectable, while
the old word "fiddle"—which has a
respectable derivation and means the
same thing—is clothed with mean
and ridiculous associations? This
question Mr. Lever confesses himself
compelled to leave to "sharper wits."
—London Daily News.

We have noticed that it is always
the girl who prettiest name who
marries a man with such an ugly
name that the legislature should be
called upon to change it.