

OUR STORY TELLER



THE "SKIP'S" STORY

DANNIE McLEAN, known to his intimates of the curling club of Bytown, Nova Scotia, as "Dannie, the Skip," is a Scotchman by birth, a mason by trade, and by choice a devotee of the game called "curling," which is played on ice. The fountain of gladness for him freezes up with the thawing out of the pond, and thaws with their freezing.

The game is in itself an excellent one, but it too often leads the players into Scotch "conviviality," an possibly Dannie, who is "skip" or captain of a "rink" or side, became confirmed in drinking habits by sedulously attending all the feasts of the Bytown club. Be that as it may, he no longer drinks intoxicants, and I think many people will be interested in an account of the occurrence that made him an abstemious.



"WE CLUTCHED AT THE BRICK."

Last summer, he said to me—for I shall try to tell his story—in his own words—I took a contract to build a tall chimney for the tanning company at Millville. It was to be eighty-two feet high, and they wanted the job hurried through. The bricks were up at a great rate.

The foundation and lower part were plain sailing; but as we got higher I had trouble with my help. The local men became frightened, and left one after another.

At last I had to send back home here for Charley French. Charley and I got on pretty fast, and one Saturday afternoon we were putting on the finishing touches, over eighty feet above the ground, when the thing happened I'm going to tell you about.

You see, at that height load-carrying was out of the question, so we had a block and tackle rigged, and lifted all our stuff by horse-power. The upper block was fastened to one of the upright posts of the staging; the lower one to a post sunk in the ground.

It was not a very safe arrangement, as we could not make the staging very secure. But we got a quiet, steady horse, and a cautious chap for driver, and didn't feel as though there was much danger.

There were six uprights in the staging. Of course each of them was not all one stick. They had to be spliced about every twenty feet. This made three joints in each upright, and they were far from being firm.

Down nearer the ground, where the brickwork had hardened, and the staging was well fastened to the chimney, was all right; but the upper part of it was decidedly unsteady. The posts creaked and vibrated more or less every time a tubful of brick or mortar came up.

We had made a bet of a bottle of brandy with the manager of the company that we would finish the work by Saturday evening. At dinner time that day it was so certain we were going to win easily that Charley suggested to the manager that he had better pay half the bet in advance, in the shape of a flask of brandy. He agreed; and we took the flask up with us to finish off on.

We had drunk most of it, and had only one more course of brick to lay, when the son of the manager made his way up beside us. He was a wide-awake, independent-looking youngster, fourteen or fifteen years of age, but he had no right to be there. He would have been sent down in a hurry if the brandy hadn't made us a little too easy-going.

As it was, we both had sense enough to order him to leave at once. Instead of obeying, he put his hands into his pockets, eyed us knowingly for a moment and remarked:

"Say, aren't you two a little high, for eighty feet above the ground?"

We laughed and let him stay. He moved around the staging, not in the least disturbed by the elevation. Finally, when he got tired looking, he

picked up a hatchet which had been in use for driving nails, and began chipping at one of the posts.

In the meantime the last brick was laid. We finished the brandy, and gave three cheers, while the boy stood watching us with anything but respectful eyes. Charley French was leaning against the chimney with the empty flask in his hand, looking somewhat tipsy.

"See here, Danny," said he, solemnly, "there's the old horse down yonder, and we've forgotten all about him. He's seen us right through this job, and he hasn't been offered so much as a smell of the brandy."

"Hello, old chap! Here's the flask for you, anyway," he suddenly shouted, as he gave it a toss.

It went flashing and circling through the air, and fell with a crash on a big stone just behind the horse, whose driver was with a crowd of loafers some twenty or thirty yards away.

The horse gave a frightened leap, and galloped off at a speed that I hadn't thought was in him. The rope whizzed over the pulleys, and the half-filled tub shot up towards us like a rocket.

It came against the upper block with a crash that threatened the overthrow of the whole staging. Posts swayed and bent at their joints; boards, loose brick and tools slipped from their places and went rattling down below.

We clutched at the top of the chimney as the steadiest object within reach. But the newly-laid brick moved under our hands, and gave little promise of holding us up.

The horse was checked for a moment when the tub came against the upper block; but he bent wildly to his traces, and the fastening of the lower block gave way. He had now a direct purchase on the upper corner of the staging.

The only thing which saved it from being torn away at the first tug, was the horse being unable to bring his full strength to bear. The rope ascended at an angle which lifted the traces above his back, and shifted the strain from his shoulders to his neck. He was half choked and thrown to the ground.

The staging groaned and reeled as he struggled to get on his feet again. His driver stood stupidly looking up at us without moving a step. The whole thing happened in so few seconds, that it is not much wonder the man's presence of mind left him. The horse scrambled to his knees, then to his feet, and pulled frantically. The strain at the top of the chimney became frightful. It seemed that not only the staging, but the whole upper part of the chimney would be pulled away and fall at the next plunge.

Neither Charley nor I had spoken a word. We just held on, and gasped and wondered how it would feel when everything gave way. And we forgot all about the manager's son until he spoke up behind us:

"Say, it's about time to cut this rope, ain't it?"

Before we could turn our heads there was a sharp click on the block. The clean-cut end of the rope shot downward.

The boy stood with the hatchet in his hand watching the horse. Of course



"THE HORSE GAVE A FRIGHTENED LEAP."

at the moment the rope was cut the straining animal pitched forward. Then taking fresh alarm he ran from the place with the ungainly movement of a runaway truck-horse.

"It'd be a good thing for you two men if you were just as frightened of rum bottles as old Dobbin down there seems to be," remarked the boy, calmly, as the horse disappeared round the corner, while the rope trailed behind him like a long snake.

Charley and I were both sober enough by that time, and we wanted to shake hands with the manager's son, but he refused.

"No use making a fuss," he said. "I

happened to have your hatchet in my hand, and I cut the rope. That's all. Another yank from Dobbin would have brought the whole thing down, and that'd have been about as rough on me as you."

So you see I came near not curling any this winter, concluded Dannie, but as it is, I'll just quit the "conviviality" of the game.—W. E. Maclellan in Youth's Companion.

RAT IN THE CHURCH.

London Congregation Broken Up by the Appearance of a Rodent.

The Wesleyans of London have great distinction in that city just now because one of their chapels was invaded a few Sundays ago by a large gray-whiskered rat, who, according to the New York World, provoked a disturbance and brought about a scene that, so far as known, is absolutely unprecedented in religious annals. It was directly in the midst of the service that the rodent appeared, and for a time passed unnoticed, confining himself to surreptitious wanderings in the pews.

At last he ventured out into the aisle, and then he was seen of all men and women. Encouraged by the excitement he was creating, he gambolled fearlessly about, leaping from seat to seat and wildly waving his tail. The congregation was at once in a ferment, and the service came to an abrupt stop.

Armed with long sticks, the vergers and ushers tried to chase him out, but he dodged them, keeping well beyond their reach. Finally, as a last resort, an officer of the church who was full of expedient slipped away and borrowed a small but energetic terrier. What the vergers had been unable to do the terrier did.

It was a long and exciting chase, and during its progress the rat showed evidence of much military strategy. Eventually he was brought to bay directly under the communion table, and in a few seconds more the dog had shaken the life out of him. Then the ladies who had been standing on pew seats smoothed down their frocks and settled themselves, the chapel resumed its normal condition of quietude and the services were continued.

A HUMAN SNAKE.

A West Virginia Boy with the Characteristics of the Reptile.

Little Jim Twyman, a colored boy, living with his foster parents ten miles from Shepardstown, W. Va., is a wonder. He is popularly known as the "snake boy." Mentally he is as bright as any child of his age and he is popular with his playmates, but his physical peculiarities are probably unparalleled. His entire skin, except his face and hands, is covered with the scales and markings of a snake. These exceptions are kept so by the constant use of Castile soap, but on the balance of his body the scales grow abundantly.

The child sheds the skin every year. It causes him no pain or illness. From the limbs it can be pulled in perfect shape, but off the body it comes in pieces. Always his feet and hands are cold and clammy. He is an inordinate eater, sometimes spending an hour at a meal, eating voraciously all the time if permitted to do so. After those gorgeings he sometimes sleeps two days.

There is a strange suggestion of a snake in his face, and he can manipulate his tongue, accompanied by hideous hisses, as viciously as a serpent.

Interviewed a Man with Tremens.

A journalistic feat of no little novelty has just been accomplished at Vienna, where a reporter succeeded in having an interview with a man suffering from delirium tremens. The result of the experiment throws even Zola's description of Coupenin in the shade. The patient, a broken-down actor, declared that he was Baron Rothschild, and that his constant craving for dainty dishes made it necessary that he should take weekly trips across the ocean to New York, a city built on beer bottles, unfortunately all empty. Drinks were not to be had in New York, and therefore he was obliged to take as much as he could carry before starting in his balloon, and from which he shot flies, Benedictine rabbits, and other game, which were brought to the car by flying retrievers. The man is now an inmate of the Metropolitan Hospital at Vienna.

Did Not Reach His Own Standard.

The late Professor Bishoff, of the University of St. Petersburg, left a sad memorial of his greatness. He had opposed the admission of female students into the university on the ground that a woman's brain, being much smaller than a man's, it was not fair to put her on an equal footing with her superior. When Bishoff's brain was examined it was found to weigh less than the average woman's.

Military Drills.

Considerable comment has been aroused by the emphatic stand against the introduction of military drills in schools taken by so eminent an authority as Dr. Sargent, physical director of Harvard. He asserts that such drill not only does not develop the body, if used without previous physical training, but, on the contrary, inclines those taking part to contracted chests and round shoulders.

Curious Astronomical Calculations.

A European astronomer has recently made some remarkable calculations. He figures that if all the living representatives of the human race were strung out in space, and separated from each other by intervals of a mile, the line would reach one-third of the distance to the planet Neptune. If separated by distances as great as that between London and Constantinople the line would reach half way to the nearest star!

Love cannot die, but he sometimes wishes he could.

WOMEN AT HOME



MRS. ASTOR AT THE HELM.

HE Chicago women who have any time for recreation at all appear to give little attention to yachting, despite the superior facilities which Lake Michigan offers for the sport and the growing enthusiasm manifested in the pastime by men of the city. Some say that the Chicago girl is so pronounced a land lubber that she is afraid of the roasting life inseparable from yachting, while others are of the opinion that the newly found fad of bicycling alone is responsible for her indifference to lake pleasures. Whatever the reasons may be, in Chicago, they do not seem to obtain in the East. In New York City the yachting woman of 1895 is an entirely different creature than she was last year, or in any other year in the history of the sport. She does not sit under an awning in a luxurious chair on the quarterdeck of a palatial yacht, resplendent in a \$400 gown fresh from the modiste, and go below the moment the wind begins to freshen and the salt spray dash about. This year she is a regular jacker, and the woman who can't handle a cranky catboat with the skill of a Cape Cod fisherman finds that her social education is far from complete. This change began to make itself felt during the closing days of the Newport season last fall, when a series of catboat races were sailed, the skippers being the dashing young matrons and vigorous maidens of Swellmond. Mrs. John Jacob Astor and Miss Sands carried off the honors of the regatta, and plaudits were showered so generously upon them that other women were immediately fired with an ambition to go and do likewise. This year the number of society buds and blooms who will handle the tiller of the speedy cat promises to be quite extensive, and a rich harvest is in store for the Newport sendogs who will be hired and paid fancy prices to teach feminine swellmond blow to sail without mishap. The girl who can tuck a four-in-hand, play golf with a score of ninety and volley tennis ball with the skill of a professional will be nowhere unless she can sail a boat under double reefs with the lee-rail awash and the wind blowing a baby gale.



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Miss Rockefeller's Sense.

Congratulations to Miss Edith Rockefeller. Her \$25,000,000 would have procured for her any variety of foreign titles with the same amount of "golden sorrow." Instead of making this kind of an investment, this very sensible young woman has concluded to combine her millions with those which Harold McCormick, the second son of the millionaire of reaper fame, holds in prospect. It might have been better, perhaps, had Miss Rockefeller accepted one of young McCormick's classmates with equally as much brains and a much smaller purse, but as it is, we can find no excuse for fault finding.

Young McCormick is an American, and a Westerner at that. He is a typical American youth, who has made a record for himself on class day as well as field day. He knows enough to label a fossil and makes an admirable quarterback. His father's fortune was made in legitimate industry, and the genius of his family has done much toward developing the agricultural resources of the United States. If the Rockefeller millions are to be married off, let us hope they will go toward expanding the facilities for the manufacture of agricultural implements, and let us rejoice in the assurance that they will not be utilized for lifting foreign gambling debts.—St. Louis Republic.

The Beautifying Bath.

The temperature of a beautifying bath should be from 70 degrees to 75 degrees, and it should be of daily occurrence, writes Eloise Perdrix under the title "Little Means Toward Good Looks" in the Ladies' Home Journal. Ordinary water, that is, water neither particularly hard nor soft, is not considered sufficiently cleansing to the skin, and a French firm has lately introduced dainty bags containing almond meal, oat meal and orris root to be placed in the water a few moments before the bath is ready. This renders the water very milky and has a wonderfully softening and whitening effect. Baths in which milk, bran or starch has been placed are found to refine or whiten the coarsest, reddest skin if persistently used. Softness and firmness of skin may be obtained by the use of a simple unguent made famous by the Greek and Roman women, who centuries ago set us the example of perfect personal cleanliness as the road to beauty. The following can be made

with very little trouble, and it is delightfully exhilarating after the bath: Best white vinegar, one pint; rosemary, rue, camphor and lavender of each, two drachms. Let the herbs soak in the vinegar for several hours, then strain. Rub thoroughly all over the body and a deliciously comfortable feeling and a dainty perfume will remain with one all day long.

Atlanta Woman's Building.

The Woman's Building is to be one of the most beautiful features of the whole Atlanta Exposition. It is a colonial structure and has been designated by Miss Mercer, of Pittsburg, Pa. The building is arranged for the work of woman, including a library for the books written by women, their musical



WOMAN'S BUILDING AT ATLANTA.

compositions and magazines. Patents and inventions by women will also have a prominent position. The artistic work of woman is specially desired. The cooking school and kindergarten exhibits will be interesting features of woman's work. The work of the women of South America, Mexico, Austria, France and Italy will also be well represented in the Woman's Building. This building will remain as an art building after the exposition is over, and the New York room will be used as an exchange for woman's work. The leading women of the South are working with a will to make their share of the exposition a success and to show to the world what the women of the Cotton States can accomplish.

Wrinkles May Be Removed.

Skin removing for beautifying purposes is having a great vogue among the New York women who can afford it. At present the price for making over the face of a woman under 50 is \$50. An older subject who is greatly wrinkled has to pay \$100. The operation confines one to her room for five days, and is somewhat painful, but not unbearably so, as the skin-removing paste contains cocaine to numb the surface it rests upon. An odd thing is that if you have your wrinkles removed before you are really an old woman they will come again as you advance to the wrinkled age, but if you have them removed after you are as wrinkled as you are ever likely to be, they do not return. And a danger of the operation, so far as its complete success goes, is that you will move your face while the paste is getting in its deadly work. If you do a wrinkle forms and cannot be gotten rid of. Literally, you must bear the pain with an absolutely placid countenance. Even a grin is detrimental.



WITH THE DRESSMAKER.

Many of the feather wings are white pointed. The chip hat has large chiffon rosettes and many ostrich feathers.

Plaid waists have a large collar of yellow Valenciennes lace and nainsook. Silk crepe and silk nun's veiling is the correct fabric for summer mourning.

White and black striped waists have chine designs and are trimmed with Dresden ribbon.

"How long," asked the young man, "do you think the women's sleeves will continue to increase?"

Figured velvet is again popular, a very handsome dress is made of crepe-wool goods and very stylish, and as the materials are handsome, is necessarily very elegant.

An admirable quality in the new alpaca is its failure to wrinkle. It is known as silk alpaca, is pliable, graceful and serviceable. Few fabrics equal it for traveling gowns.

Black shoes are the right thing only for carriage wear. Russia leather "tan" shoes are correct for walking, and tan no longer implies color, for these light shoes come in all soft shades of dull mode, brown and brown gray.

One of the favorite forms of ornament for the hair this year is a jeweled aigrette fastened to the top of a forked pin, and hinged so that the aigrette may be set to the proper angle with greater ease. The stones of which these aigrettes are composed are mounted on wires as fine as threads.

New York City has \$10,000,000 invested in school sites and buildings.

EGG AND WHISKY.

A Sunday School Scholar with a Knowledge of Practical Life.

The 250 pupils of the Sunday school of the Fifteenth Street Christian Church had gone through their lessons, and most of the children were shifting their feet uneasily when Supt. Ernest Forbes announced from the pulpit platform that Attorney W. O. Thomas would make a short address and then the benediction would be said. Attorney Thomas mounted the platform with a slow movement and a thoughtful air, and 500 eyes watched him as he fiddled his chin and remarked that he would say a few words about the damage that whisky would do to the brain when it was taken into the stomach.

"Now," he said, "is there a boy or girl here who can tell me what is the principal constituent part of the human brain?"

That word constituent befuddled most of the little minds present, but one girl, who attends the high school on week days, raised her hand and said: "Albumen."

"That is right," said the lawyer. "Albumen forms the principal part of a man's brain. And now can you tell me what forms the principal part of an egg?"

The same girl answered "albumen" again, and the lawyer looked pleased as he pronounced the answer correct.

"Now," he continued, as he laid the forefinger of his right hand in the palm of his left, "now, to show you the effect of whisky on the brain, suppose I break an egg in a glass. Are you listening?"

Two hundred and fifty heads nodded earnestly.

"Well, I break this egg in a glass and pour in some whisky on top of it. What do I have then?"

Attorney Thomas expected the high school girl to reply that the whisky would turn the egg white and spoil it, but she said nothing. He repeated his question: "What would I have if I poured the whisky in the glass with the egg?"

"Eggnog!" shouted a little fellow on the front bench.

For a moment there was a breathless silence, and then the high school girl snickered and the whole school, teachers and all, burst out into the heartiest laugh that ever echoed from the walls of the church. Amid the din Attorney Thomas gracefully retired, and Supt. Forbes dismissed the school.—Portland (Ore.) Telegram.

FURNISH NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS

The Business Has Grown to Great Proportions in New York.

There is a peculiar industry in Gotham which has grown to astonishing proportions. This is the business of furnishing newspaper clippings to individuals, firms, and corporations. There are half a dozen of these firms in New York, which supply customers not only in the United States, but in all parts of the world. One of these newspaper clipping bureaus received an order the other day from the Hawaiian government to send President Dole all the notices, editorials, cartoons and other published matter regarding Hawaii, its government, and its affairs. This is one of the largest orders ever received by a clipping bureau, and it will require the labor of half a dozen bright young women to call the clippings from newspapers to fill this order. Every prominent author, politician and professional man is now a subscriber to one or more of the clipping bureaus, and a busy man finds the system very convenient, for he is enabled, as it were, to read his newspapers by proxy.

The manager of a New York clipping bureau, in speaking of the peculiarities of his business, said yesterday: "Many of our customers are folks with fads and hobbies. A man sent us an order recently for all items about two-headed calves, three-legged chickens and other monstrosities. A leading politician ordered 100 Memorial day addresses, from which he could compile a Fourth of July oration which he had engaged to deliver. Society belles are beginning to make scrap books of their newspaper notices, and the custom will doubtless become a regular social fad in time. The wives of public men are among the best patrons of the clipping bureaus. About the strangest order we have is that of a dealer in tombstones and monuments. He takes all the death notices."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

A Means of Disinfecting Walls.

Heavy rains are apt to contaminate wells and spread disease, hence Dr. Franck has brought under the notice of the Polytechnic Society of Berlin a means of disinfecting walls, which he employs with success. It consists in suspending in the mouth of the wall an earthenware dish containing 50 to 100 grams of a gramine is about fifteen grams) of bromine, which, being volatile in air, forms a dense vapor that fills the well, and is absorbed by the water, thus disinfecting it. The water, it is true, has a slight taste of bromine for a time, but is wholesome enough.

Next Year.

Next year will be the last leap year of the century, and another will not occur until 1804. The year 1900 will not be a leap year. The unusual occurrence is due to the fact that the addition of one day to each fourth year more than makes up the presumed deficiency in the calendar year, and consequently the world is constantly losing time, as a watch loses it, and therefore there was danger that in the course of a few thousand years the Fourth of July would come on Christmas.

Big Pay Roll.

The salary list of the Bank of England, including pensions, aggregates £200,000 per annum. There are 1,100 employes in the bank.