

WHEN LOVE CAME TO ME

The world was dark, 'twas clothed in night,
When love came to me,
And Venus' fairy light
Shone through the forests soft and bright,
And filled my soul with pure delight.
I was alone and knelt to pray,
When love came to me;
The darkness went; 'twas bright as day
And I was clothed in white array.
But, ah! the dreams came not to stay.

It was a dream, a fairy goal,
That brought love to me;
And in my heart it gently stole
And woke the passions of my soul.

'Twas love for all that lives and dies,
True love that came to me;
'Twas love for pleasant summer skies,
'Twas love for Nature's laughs and signs,
'Twas love for tearful, smiling eyes.

A QUIET LIFE.

The Phillistine announces that the mercury has reached the 100 mark. It is too warm to philosophize, or to get indignant, or even sentimental. Let me tell you a story. It has no especial merit, except that it is true.

The Ohio river was, at a time not far back in the dim vistas of the past, just a succession of shallow ponds and far-reaching banks of sand. Blennerhassett or Daniel Boone would have been ashamed of it. Large boats could not run, and the little ones, which tried to fill their places, but only succeeded in rattling around in them, were unspeakable craft. That especial one which the fire tender was forced to patronize was named the Betsy Jane, and it is to be hoped that Betsy Jane's equal for dirt and general dilapidation does not exist elsewhere. It had a solitary and dejected smokestack, which leaned like the tower of Pisa. At the stern was a broken and shabby wheel, which turned slowly in the water, like a sick fish trying to be sportive. There was a square inch of dirt for every square inch of space.

In the ladies' cabin, called that in a lofty spirit of courtesy, was a sheet-iron stove, heated to the last degree of redness, toward which spat at irregular intervals several hollow-eyed and cadaverous mountaineers from "up-Sandy." An odor of onions and poor whiskey added its charms to the elevating scene. A ragged pallet was spread upon the floor, and upon it lay a young person in the last stages of a wearing illness, whose delicate features were shadowed by evidences of approaching dissolution. The squalor of the surroundings can not be described, and the poor sufferer feebly tried to lessen it by driving away the October days. "Poor girl," whispered the fire tender, raising a fan and for a half hour doing battle with the insects. At the end of that time the "poor girl" aroused from an uneasy doze, fished from under the pillow a piece of plug tobacco and bit off a mouthful. "She" was a boy. The father of the lad, a little the worse for liquor, and steadily growing more so, here appeared upon the scene and launched forth into a recital of his woes.

"That there boy," he said, "ain't no poor white trash. His mother was a Breckinridge. She had to finish all the pedigree for the family. She and I run off to Ohio and got married. She died when he was two years old, and I raised him. She left some property, fixed so I could not get it. He's educated. I ain't got no paper collar, but he could buy me out if he wanted to. He right stingy, but I don't begrudge him nothing. I ain't got no paper collar."

"Pardon me," broke in the fire tender, "but you informed me of that once. How long has he been ill?"
"Oh, about two years. Six doctors have given him up. I'm taking him to Cincinnati to have an operation. Say, Jimmy, take your medicine." The father produced a bottle containing a white powder, and the boy, with a supreme effort burst forth:

"Say, miss, I won't take it. Don't let him give it to me. It's morphine. He wants to quiet me so he can get the money."
"Jimmy," said the bear-eyed parent, with a dignity which would have been amusing under less pitiable circumstances, "ain't you ashamed? I reckon the lady knows you're fooling."

Jimmy clutched a worn pocketbook more tightly and went on:
"I'm not fooling. He makes me take it, then he gets the money away from me and buys liquor. Do something for me, miss. I'm going to die. I know I'm going to die. Tell the captain. Tell somebody. Oh, I won't take that awful stuff. Don't let him—"
He fell back exhausted, and the pocketbook dropped to the floor. The father tried to grasp it; so did the fire tender. He was slow and tipsy; she was agile and sober, and won the game.

"If you wasn't a lady," said the man, "I'd have the law of you. I ain't got no paper collar—" But his auditor was flying to the captain.

"You don't know what you've done, miss," said that official, "that man's a McCoy, almost the last one left. I suppose you know about the feud. He'd shoot you if you wasn't a lady. A lady's a lady down this way. Holy smoke! Think of monkeying with a McCoy! Did you see them guns in his hip pocket?"

It is needless to say that the lady had not. The captain took possession of the money and locked it up in the safe, but not wishing to "monkey with a McCoy," promptly produced it again at the first demand of the gentleman with the guns, who thereupon proceeded to get so drunk that it took four deck hands to hold him.

"I ain't got no paper collar—" were his last words to the fire tender, who was saying good-by to the boy.
"You could not help it," whispered

Jimmy. "He'd have got it somehow and it doesn't matter." She understood.

A dweller in Dreamtown has found a out and thus takes issue with me. It is just a question of the point of view," she says. "You have only a frowning acquaintance with most of us. Four talk about our freedom from fashion and the 'brooding silence' and the flowers of peace and the gentle voices is pretty enough, but you have made too great a requisition upon your imagination. Fashion enslaves us as it does other daughters of Eve; the flowers and the inhabitants go to seed together; silence broods in a very noisy manner, and the voices are just United States voices and deal with prosaic topics. When the weather is hot we broil; in winter we hibernate. We 'ply the oar,' to be sure, but instead of chanting boating songs we 'say things' about the mosquitoes. If we 'know no procession of time' it is because our watches have stopped and the town clock does not exist. If we do not buy and sell it is for the reason that it is more convenient to borrow. And we do not dream to any great extent. We are obliged to be awake for the boats need to be baled out, and the 'gentle bovine' has a fashion of kicking over the pail of milk, and even flowers of peace need weeding. As for the sun dial, the small boys, headed by the village terror, broke it long ago. Come and stay a year and then write another rhapsody—if you feel disposed."

A REMARKABLE CASE.

The latest report of General Shafter army in and near Santiago contained one detail which is causing considerable commotion among physicians. It was the report that Harvey Atkins, of company I, Second Massachusetts Volunteers, had died on July 25 of nostalgia. The fact that nostalgia as a disease is rare, being an acute form of melancholia, especially induced by simple homesickness, and is but seldom fatal, has led to much conjecture among the medical men. The disease, according to the medical reference books, has been of such rarity among men that statistics concerning it are not available. Among women the disease is of greater frequency, though seldom accompanied with fatal results. The fact that a man should die from an attack of homesickness is considered, therefore, to be remarkable, but the additional fact that the man was a soldier of an active army makes the case of Private Atkins even more peculiar.

In speaking of the soldier's death, Dr. R. S. Tracy, one of the leading physicians of the New York board of health, said that never before had the case of the death of a man from nostalgia come to his notice.
"Of course," he said, "nostalgia is simply another name for homesickness. Homesickness, as nearly every one knows, is a very disagreeable feeling, but, excepting in the case of women, it is rarely of such strength as to cause prostration. The action of the malady is to first cause mental depression, and this in turn acts upon the physical body. Food, if taken, is not properly assimilated, and weakness is fostered. The continuance of this would, of course, cause death through heart failure, induced by lack of nourishment. But the idea of a soldier dying from such a cause seems almost incredible. Private Atkins may have lived in a rural part of Massachusetts, and country people are more liable naturally to homesickness than city bred persons."

Dr. Z. Taylor Emery, formerly health commissioner, was also impressed with the peculiarity of the case. He said, however, that he could possibly understand it, as he had lived in a climate similar to Cuba, that of Costa Rica, for ten years, and he, too, had been homesick, though he had not incurred nostalgia.
"I once saw a case of nostalgia," he added, "the only one ever under my notice, while in Costa Rica. A poor native from the Canary islands, who had been forced to live in Costa Rica, was the subject. He was always pining for his native island, and talked and planned to get back. One day as I was riding past his rude home I saw him dispossessed and his few belongings confiscated. The blow was too much, and he reeled to the roadside and sat down on the stones in a daze. I dismounted and was approaching him when he looked up, oh, so despairingly, and with a soul-rending cry fell over on his face, dead. That was a case of 'nostalgia.' It is akin to a 'broken heart.' I think. Neither is it in reality a disease, but such conditions seem to occur. It shows the influence of the mind on the body."

Farmer Broadbelt of Berwyn, Chester County, Pa., has a very good claim upon the title of champion sambambulist. One morning Broadbelt arose from his bed at 2 o'clock, and, without stopping to change his night robe for more suitable attire, went out to his barn and milked all of his sixteen cows and prepared the milk for market. This took considerable time, of course, but after that was done he hitched up the horse and wagon, and, loading the milk cans upon the latter, drove off to the station. There he unloaded the cans, according to his daily custom, and drove back home.

The dawn was just breaking when he drove the wagon into the barnyard. He was sound asleep, and had been so during the entire performance. His return to consciousness was due to a vigorous shaking administered by his wife, who, having missed him from his bed, had dressed and sallied forth to find him. Inasmuch as this story is vouched for by Broadbelt himself, it is clear that he is unquestionably the champion sleepwalker—or something else.

SINNER THAT REPENTED.

There were some symptoms in Lady Brixton's illness which made her doctor fear the worst. Yet he clung to one important fact in his hope that all might be well, and it was this: The German faculty had of late come to consider a particular symptom as decisive, for or against the patient, according as it was absent or present; now, fortunately in this case, it did not appear. Old John Graham, the doctor alluded to, laid great stress on this point in the lady's illness which he prepared for Sir Walter McMahon, the specialist, whom he persuaded her to consult.

He had himself some hope of a comparatively favorable verdict. Great was his surprise, therefore, to hear that Sir Walter had brushed away the one favorable fact as nonconvincing, and had given Lady Brixton to understand she was condemned. Two months passed, and during that time, feeling she was doomed, Lady Brixton tried to make such amends for her past recklessness as lay in her power. She dismissed the man with whom she had had every intention of eloping, gave her intimate friends to understand that she realized what a selfish and undisciplined wife she had been; joined every charitable association she could afford to subscribe to, and admitted to her husband how she felt she had been wanting in her duty. In her case, as in some others, the very recognizing of there being such a thing as duty was a severe trial.

One morning she was sitting in her drawing room when old Dr. Graham, who had known her since she was 5, entered excitedly. He seized her by the shoulders—rather a rough old doctor, this.

"Eva," he said, "I—I can hardly speak, I am so out of breath; but I am the happiest man alive! You are safe and will not die! It is not what we feared; you will not die. McMahon admits that he was wrong."

Lady Brixton did not faint; but she turned deadly pale, and remained staring at Dr. Graham inquiringly. Was it going to turn out to be a dream? No; the jovial old doctor, very red and hot, still sat there, out of breath; but with his face beaming joyfully and refusing to melt into thin air. Gradually her heart settled down to its normal beat. Presently she spoke.

"Say it again, Dr. John! I am not quite sure that it is all right. Say it again, and that you are sure."

Dr. John said it again, and that he was quite sure, then he added:

"For just three minutes I am going to enjoy your happiness. After that we had better shake hands as old friends parting. The fact is that, tho' I have no bad news for you, I have to tell you something that will make you terribly angry. Angry, did I say? Indignant, horrified, scandalized beyond all measure. Yet, if you will believe me, since all has turned out well, you should remain calm."

Eva simply sat still and looked at him; she was not quite certain yet that all was right.

"I have said that, as far as we doctors can tell now, your affection is not a malignant one; not what we feared. Hold tight to that happy circumstance while I have to tell you that Sir Walter knew it from the first."

He waited nervously, yet with determination, for the result. It is a mistake to think that ladies cannot use "straight" language. After all, are not their feelings as intense as those of anybody else?

"The cowardly cur!" she said. "Has he no shame to have made a woman suffer as I have suffered? Oh, I will make him—"

"Pooh, my dear! I have known you for 30 years. Why can't you be a woman for once—that kind of person who, though men will never retaliate upon her, if they can help it, always wants her revenge. Yes, though you have turned me out of the house the next minute, I am going to have my say. Don't you know that the worst thing that has ever happened to you is that you have never been punished for anything—have always got off scot-free?"

"How dare you, Dr. John?" interrupted Eva, weeping. "If you were not my oldest friend—"

"I would not dare. But if I don't, who is going to dare? You may be differently of late, but formerly, if your husband had spoken like this, you would not have stayed to hear him, and would have fudged up some case of cruelty out of it into the bargain, to be used when wanted. But there, I won't say anything more about you; I would only say what would happen to a man, probably if he had done, for a man, the sort of thing you have done, I fear, as a woman."

"I will hear this once what you have to say. What do you mean?"
"He would be assailable at three points. First, the law, damages to pay—perhaps worse, to say nothing of the caustic contempt of virtuous society paper editors. Secondly, getting his head punched; I conclude nobody has threatened you with that, or will. Thirdly, short answers from some of his acquaintances, a dead cut on the part of others. These things do not happen to a woman; certainly not to one in your position. No, to quote your own sex, 'not if it were ever so.' I promise, dear young lady, I will never speak again like this. You must forgive your dear old doctor, who is really attached to you. Besides, again, I say, if I don't do it, who is there to speak? Now, for auld lang syne, just answer me one question. After the changed life I hear you have been leading, when the dread of what was going to happen was still in your mind, had you, or had you not, some consolation that you never felt before?"

"Oh, yes, in a way I was quite happy sometimes! All the same, how dared he? The reptile!"

"Well, you see, it was not absolutely certain, at first, that you were all right, as you call it, though now I am sure it is. There is something to be said against raising false hopes; and then—well, it is a long story, but he knew you long ago."

"Knew me?"
"Well, by sight, or something of that kind; at all events he knew of you. At that time he was in a very humble position, and as a result of boyish false shame, was going under the name of Walter Mack."

"Oh, yes; I remember him."
"Whether you ever took any notice of him in those days, or even spoke to him, I can't say; but he used to admire you very much at a distance, I believe. Afterward—there is no accounting for what some men will do or think—he got it into his head that if opportunity ever offered he would do something to prevent people talking of you as they did, I fear."

"Do not speak of it."
"Well, it seemed to him lately—for he had never forgotten his resolution—that there was a way turning up in a most unexpected manner. After a tremendous struggle with himself he decided to give you the answer that he did—for the best."

"But he must have known that I should suffer in mind."
"True, and I won't ask you, after what you have gone through, if you never made any one else suffer in mind. Believe me, however, consider him a madman, ruffian, what you will, but his object was not revenge or cruelty. He knew you would suffer mentally—he has said as much to me—but he thought you could bear it for a short time. It would only last a short time, probably. He had made much of that point. By the by, I was to tell you from him why he considered you could bear it for a short time, mind."

"Why?"
"Because he has that fatal malady himself."

THEY HAD NO CASE.

At 10 o'clock, just as we were getting ready to go to bed at the tavern at Green Springs, thirty men rode up on horseback with a great clatter, and a minute later half a dozen of the mob came rushing into the hotel. The landlord was acquainted with the leader, and at once called out:

"Now, then, Joe Taylor, what's all this row about?"

"We are after Henry Smith, of Lone Top," was the reply.

"What's he bin doin'?"

"Owned the bank over there, and yisterday he skipped out with all the money. He's here, and we want him."

"Goin' to hang him, I s'pose?"

"You bet! Tell him to prance right out yere and get ready for a neck-tie social!"

"Wall, don't shout yer lungs out, and don't destroy any furniture. Mr. Smith has jest gone to bed, and if he's to be hung there 'needitn' be no great fuss made over it."

Five minutes later the banker appeared. He was cool and calm, but the men at once seized him and hustled him out of doors. There was a lone tree almost in front of the tavern, and it wasn't five minutes before they had him up on a barrel with a noose bait his neck. They seemed bent on hanging him as quickly as possible, but the landlord went down among them and elbowed them around and said:

"You fellers must be spring chickens at this business. Dont you know that you've got to give him a chance to make a few remarks before he goes!"

"Yes, let him talk," chorused three or four voices, and presently the banker worked his neck about in the noose until he felt more comfortable, and then asked:

"Maybe some of you critters will tell me what this is all about?"

"You were skippin' out!" was the reply.

"How was I skippin'? Didn't I take the stage at home, with all of you looking on?"

"But you cleaned out the bank."

"And whose bank was it? I set up that bank three months ago with \$5,000. The only business I did was to change a \$2 bill for one of you and lend 50 cents to somebody else. Nobody deposited a dollar with me. Hadn't I a right to take my own money with me?"

There was silence for a minute, and then the leader of the mob queried of the landlord:

"What d'ye think about it, Tom?"

"You ain't got no case," was the reply. "That's jest like you fellers over at Lone Top—allus mixin' things up and missin' a good thing. When you first struck the town we had a hoss-thief in jail, and we'd bin glad to have you pull him up. While you was wastin' time over this case he dug out, and now you ain't got nuthin'."

Chicago Post: "Have you decided what you are going to make of the baby yet?"

"Oh, yes," replied the father promptly. "That's all settled."

"Well, I think his voice qualifies him to be a Barker for a museum."

It was two whole days after this before the baby's mother consented to get on speaking terms with the baby's father.

A bronze column, inscribed with a treaty between the Aetolians and Arcarnanians made in the third century before Christ, has been found in the Doric temple discovered at Thermo by the Greek Archaeological society. The terra cotta groups that adorned the eable ends of the temple have also been found.

IN THE COILS OF A SNAKE.

Close Call in Cuba By a Man who is Now a Millionaire.

Five years ago James F. Burns was working as a plumber in Colorado Springs, and thanking his stars he was able to earn \$22.50 a week. Today he is worth between \$5,000,000 and \$10,000,000. He is president of the Portland Mining company, the richest concern of the kind in Colorado, perhaps in America. And he is 35 years old.

Twice before he was a rich man, and twice he lost all he had. His third fortune, he says, nothing can wrest from him.

It was in Cuba that he had a terrible experience, and if you hear him tell of it, see the beads of perspiration that form on his brow, the agony in his voice, you can understand how real is the memory of it.

It occurred in Cuba, about fifteen miles from Cienfuegos, where the foliage and underbrush are deeper than on any other part of the island. He and some companions were looking for a suitable spot in which to start a sugar refinery. One night, when the heat was almost unbearable, he left the tent and went to a spot about a hundred yards distant, where there appeared to be a better breeze. It was just daylight that he felt that he was awake although he was really having a nightmare, to which he was more or less subject. You shall read his own words:

"I felt that I was in the basement of a building twenty stories high, and that it was gradually sinking upon me. Every avenue of escape was cut off. The walls appeared to be cutting into the earth like a knife. I lay there paralyzed with fear and the sense of helplessness. I could not move hand nor foot.

"The stone floor above me seemed to sink an eighth of an inch at a time. Nearer and nearer it came until I could touch it above me. I shouted. There was no noise, no creaking, nothing but a horrible silence and the sinking of the building.

"I could no longer stand erect. I lay on the ground and waited, now and then shrieking in horror. I saw the old farm, I saw my mother standing at the kitchen door.

"The building seemed to settle more swiftly. I stretched myself prone on the floor. I could feel the weight upon my head and chest. No human being can know the awful agony of it. I felt myself plunged into the abyss of death and—then I awoke.

"The awakening was more frightful than the dream. I found myself in the coils of a huge constrictor! The monster snake had wound coil after coil about my body and was slowly and surely crushing the life out of me.

"I tried to raise my voice. The pressure about my lungs made my voice as weak as a babe's. I could see the slimy thing forming another coil and drawing tighter and tighter about me.

"A boyish habit of curling my left arm under my head for a rest while I slept saved my life. My left arm was free. The other was in the coil of the snake. I reached for my hunting knife, which was in my belt, forcing my hand over and around the body of the snake. It seemed hours before I could reach it. Then it was but the work of a minute to sever the constrictor's body. Even then I was not free. It was half an hour before I cut the coil from my body. I was drenched in blood.

"When I went to sleep that night there was not a gray hair in my head. That morning it was as white as you see it now."

Burns left Cuba soon after that experience. As he expresses it, he found that luck was against him and the extortion of the Spaniards was more than he could stand.

His experiences would fill many pages of this newspaper. But the manner in which he gained his present wealth is most remarkable. It is known to every one in Denver. Burns had drifted west and five years ago he was working in Colorado Springs as a plumber's helper. It is interesting to know that he was a good workman. One day he happened to overhear a young man talking to another. The accent was music to Burns' ear.

"Excuse me," he said, "are you not a 'down Easter?' You talk like a Maine man."

"From Portland," said the other. He was James Doyle, a printer.

This was the beginning of a strong friendship. When the gold discoveries in Cripple Creek excited the world the young men determined to seek their fortunes there. Burns borrowed two pack mules and with \$40 worth of provisions they went forth.

Doyle walked behind the mules as they slowly made their way up the Cheyenne canyon, where Helen Hunt Jackson is buried. He stopped to look at the valley of the Arkansas, Manitou and the Garden of the Gods.

"Let's stop here, Jimmy," said Burns; "I'm fagged out. I'll go on that hill and you go on that one yonder and we'll each locate a claim and be equal partners."

They were still five miles from Cripple Creek, but they thought the soil looked promising. Burns named his claim "The Professor," because he had met a man who was prospecting who said he had been a professor of an eastern college. Doyle found only a fraction of a claim, a strip 75 by 111 feet, that had been overlooked. He named his claim the Portland in honor of his old home. The next day they pushed on to Cripple Creek.

At the end of two months they gave John Harnas a third interest to assay

the claims. This consists of digging two holes 10 feet deep and testing the ore. During the next two months Burns and Doyle worked wherever they could get a job. They were hard pressed at the end of six months, and tried to sell the claims for \$50, but could find no purchaser.

"After awhile a tenderfoot came along and offered \$500 for the claims—\$50 in cash. They were sold, but the claims reverted to the men who had located them because the other \$450 was not paid. They sold those claims no fewer than four times, and each time they reverted to the original owners because of an unpaid balance. The region was getting richer every year. The last sale was for \$75,000, with a cash payment of \$10,000, the balance to be paid at the end of the year. When the year was up again the balance was not paid. Burns and Doyle proceeded to develop the Portland, which had proved to be the most promising.

Within ten days they had uncovered a bonanza.

Burns was afraid to let any one know of their luck. The Portland had been sold and resold so often that the title was clouded. He knew that if it were known that they had ore running into the thousands per ton the working of the mine would be enjoined. After a hard day's work they would pack 100 pounds of ore down the steep grade under cover of night to the railway track two miles away. No one knew that the Portland had pay ore until Burns and Doyle had more than \$100,000 in bank.

Then a stock company was organized and the storm broke. There was injunction after injunction, orders to show cause, orders of arrest and all manner of legal proceedings. At one time there were thirty-seven suits against the Portland's owners. Burns detailed an armed squad of miners around the shaft house, and no one could break through, either sheriff or lawyer, armed with an order from the court.

Owners of adjacent claims said that their ore was being taken out through the Portland. By this time Burns and Doyle had half a million dollars at their command. Every adjoining claim was purchased, and Burns carried thro' every suit successfully. The result is that Burns and Doyle's claim of 75 by 111 feet has developed into the Portland Gold Mining company, of which Burns is president, with a capital of \$14,000,000, owning 129 acres of the richest gold mining property in the United States.

Burns is a man of strong convictions.

During the strike a lynching party assembled on Battle mountain with a victim. Burns rode up to the mob and talked to them.

"Boys," he said, "I know nearly every one of you and I know what you are going to do. If any harm happens to those two men I'll spend my last cent to run you all to earth."

The lynching was promptly abandoned and the prisoners released.

There is a saying about Cripple Creek that "Jim Burns never goes back on his word."

Information Parties.

Information parties are one of the latest devices for driving away that dense, appalling stillness which often settles down like a fur cape on verandas of seaside and mountain cottages after nightfall. Information parties are designed to include all those persons of both sexes who usually decline anything in the way of a game on the plea that they "are not intellectual, you know," and "have only time to read the papers." To read the papers is all that is required, and to be intellectual is rather a drawback than otherwise, for one cannot be really intellectual—in the sense the term is understood by the summer boarder—and practical at the same time.

The war information is the favored branch of this interrogative game. To begin with, you must have a good memory if you want to take the head prize, and of course you do, particularly if the head prize is a silver belt buckle, and you are a man, or a shavmg mug and you are a woman. No civil service examination is required to test the said quick memory—its presence or absence will be divulged later on.

The first person begins by asking some leading question, as "Who was the Spanish admiral at Manila?" calling upon some one in the party to answer. If answered, the interrogated one asks one in her turn; if unanswered, she continues asking until she finds a ready response.

Of course it is understood that no one may ask a question he or she cannot answer. You may think you know all the war to its minutest details, but you will be surprised to find out how little, after all, one knows as to necessary details.

Another branch of this game is the locality branch. Questions relative to the nearest and cheapest way of getting from one point to another, say from Bath Beach to Glen Island; the streets in New York named for trees, such as Cherry, Elm, etc., the crookedest streets, and so on.

Any number of improvements may be tried and the prizes given according to desert. Lots of useful knowledge and fun may be obtained, and it is surprising how the quiet man who hasn't said very much and didn't apparently know whether it was good form for a man to wear a soft silk belt and displayed a lamentable ignorance of the last new dancing step is here in his element, and puts a ball in every hole.

In moving the battleship Temeaire in the Devonport dock yard her bowsprit knocked to pieces the big sixty-ton shears in the yard, which cost \$25,000.