

OLD TUNES.

Old tunes, old tunes! How memory creeps  
Their rhythm through my soul tonight  
Of joy repetitive or pathos sweet,  
In scenes that charm my raptur'd sight  
In scenes that charm my raptur'd sight

A Leviathan's Revenge.

By M. Quad.

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We were bound for Alljos Island, off the coast of Lower California, in the bark Dolphin, to look for an old wreck of 40 years before. One day, when yet 200 miles to the north of the island, a whale suddenly breached within 200 feet of our craft, which was making only about three knots an hour under a light breeze. The monster of the deep shot to the surface and above it as if propelled by an engine of 1,000 horsepower. At least 40 feet of his great body was in the air when he came down with a crash, and the fall kicked up such a sea that the bark was boarded by three waves in succession. Instead of sinking out of sight or making off the whale kept company with the vessel and gradually edged down toward us until a man could have tossed his cap over the rail on the broad back covered with patches of barnacles. Almost as the whale shot up from the depths of the sea our mate, whose name was David, cried out:

"Before heaven, but that's old Sam Patch, and he's after me!"

We had come out of a California port with a picked crew, excepting the mate. I mean by that that Captain Chambers knew his men personally, most of whom had sailed with him before. At the last moment the old mate of the bark had met with an accident, and David had been given the berth at an hour's notice. He had been found to be a man who thoroughly knew his business, and it was understood that he was an old whalerman. He had spun no yarns of his adventures, however, and now for the first time, as the whale kept pace with us and the frightened crew tiptoed about the decks, the mate gave us a brief outline. He had been whaling in every sea, both in sail and steam vessels, and had been ashore after his last cruise only a month when joining us. Three years before in a whaler out of London they had lowered for a monster whale off the Madelras and fought him for four hours. The Leviathan had smashed two boats and killed five men. David in his boat had got him fast, but the whale sounded so deep they had to cut the line and let him go. Three months later 700 miles to the north the whaler encountered the same fish and had another boat destroyed and two men killed. Again David got fast, but after being towed 15 miles to windward had to cut loose. Six months later, down off the coast of Brazil, he had his third fight with the same whale and got in a third harpoon.

"That's old Sam Patch, and he's after me!"

During the next two years David sighted that whale, which had come to be known as Sam Patch, off the Cape of Good Hope, off the coast of Peru and off the coast of Mexico, and on each and every occasion at least one boat was smashed and some one killed, and the mate also made fast and had to let go again. The whale had scars by which he could easily be identified. He had always been known as a wild fish, and that he should rise so near our bark and keep company with us for hours was more than a mystery to the mate.

"I'll tell you what it is," he said after leaning his elbows on the rail and taking a long look at the vast bulk almost rubbing our starboard side; "that whale is after me. He knows I'm aboard here. Six of my harpoons are rusting in his carcass, and though I'm not after him on this voyage he wants revenge."

We laughed at the idea, but the mate clung to it. He was an intelligent, fairly educated man, and it was evident that he fully believed in his own words. Perhaps it was his earnestness that made us also come to believe that there might be something in it, although it looked absurd at first sight. When the whale had been keeping company with us for three hours, we let the bark go four points off her course, thinking to quietly steal away from him, but he changed his course and kept with her. Then we shortened sail, but he slowed up. For an hour we worked to part company, but he

was up to all our tricks. For seven long hours he hung to us, and then of a sudden he sank out of sight without so much as a splash. We argued that he had gone for good, and it was a weight off our minds, but David shook his head in a mournful way and replied: "Sam Patch came here after me, and he won't leave for good till he gets me. He's only off to feed."

We reached the island without having seen more of him, however. As we came within a mile of the north shore the bark was thrown into the wind, the boat lowered, and David was to be rowed in to sound the depth and find a safe anchorage. Three sailors took their places at the oars, and the boat shoved off. It was a sunny sky and a calm sea, with never a thought of danger, but the yawl had not pulled above a cable's length from us and every man in the bark had his eye on her when she suddenly rose in the air with a crashing, rending noise. Below her appeared the great head of Sam Patch, and it was thrust upward until the stove boat was lifted 30 feet high and then slid off. When ten feet more of the body was exposed to view, the whale fell over with a mighty swash, rolled his great body over and over three or four times and then disappeared beneath the surface.

We had a second boat down in no time to pick up the men, but while four had gone in the boat there were only three to rescue. The trio were more or less knocked about and almost frightened to death, but they had come off better than the mate. Whether the whale seized him in its mouth or drowned him as it rolled we could not say, but our search for the body was in vain, and Sam Patch disappeared to trouble us no more.

The Fate of the Fly.

At one of the English-German schools in the city a teacher recently announced to a class of very young girls that they could have 20 minutes to write a composition on any subject of their own selection. A bright girl, whose head is adorned with a liberal supply of beautiful auburn hair, handed in the following:

"Flies from Flyland.—Mrs. Fly had a very great deal of trouble with her children. They worried the old lady so much she did not know what to do. One little fly—Worst One by name—never did obey his mother. Now, of course, there never yet was a case of disobedience which was not punished in some manner. If you do wrong and nobody is around to punish you, you usually knock against something or fall down and hurt yourself.

"We will see now what little Worst One did and how he was punished. One day he and his brothers had a chat, and in it they spoke of the jam that the cook left standing on the kitchen table, and they all determined to get just the tiniest bit of it, and they went. Now, the mother knew of this, and she went with them, and of course she did not scold. Oh, no! 'Why, every fly eats jam, but you must not go inside the jam jar, as no one knows what will happen to you if you do. Just rest on the top,' the mother said.

"The others were all afraid and did not go in, but little Worst One, he did not care; he was going in, and in he went in spite of what his mother said. And what do you think happened to him? Never before in the history of flies did such a strange thing happen. You think he died and remained there, don't you? You are mistaken. They did get him out, but he had a terrible punishment, and he had to carry it with him ever afterward. His hair had turned red with fright. I believe after that he obeyed his mother."

The teacher gave this composition "100."—Baltimore Sun.

Queer Nests of Fishes.

During a summer vacation the rare opportunity was given me of studying the nest building habits of a small flat fish that frequents the shallow places in Lake Sunapee, N. H.

My fish had selected a quiet cove within a few feet of the shore and quite near a row of cottages. Presumably they were less in fear of man than of the fny tribe. Their nests were circular in form and about the size of a bushel basket. They were hollowed out in the center like a saucer and were kept in perfect shape and beautifully clean by a swift, fanlike motion of the tall fin of the fish, held in a perpendicular position. The bottom of the lake being of a dark color and these nests made of white sand, you could easily see what a neat house-keeper this little fish was. Each nest had its owner, who fought for her "hearth and home" with great valor, chasing off every intruder and seldom being vanquished in the fray.

This pugnacious creature was essentially a home body, seldom leaving a nest except to dart off a few in quest of food or in hot pursuit of an invader. This little fish is a bold robber as well as a valiant fighter. I noticed one of the largest specimens drive a smaller one from her nest again and again and then take possession of it, spending her time between her own nest and the one she had robbed. I counted three dozen of these nests, not more than a foot apart. Some of these fish were beautifully colored.

GREEN TOMATOES.

A Number of Good Things That Can Be Made With Them.

Pie.—Line the pie pan with rich paste and put three large tablespoonfuls of sugar and one of flour, well mixed, on the bottom. Over this spread a good layer of sliced, cooked green tomatoes, then two tablespoonfuls of good vinegar and one of lemon extract. Bake with an upper crust.

Preserves.—Take small, even sized green tomatoes, wash and cook in plenty of water till the skin loosens, then peel and drain. Make a sirup of the weight of tomatoes of white sugar and a little water and add a sliced lemon. Cook slowly until thick.

Sweet Pickles.—Slice and slightly salt each layer of green tomatoes; let stand overnight, then drain off all the juice. Make a pickle of three pints of vinegar to two pints of sugar, with spices to suit, and pour over the tomatoes boiling hot. Next day drain and heat again and pour over as before, repeating for three days, and then seal.

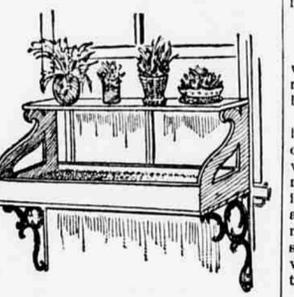
Chowchow No. 1.—One peck of green tomatoes, three onions, six green peppers, Chop fine and scald in their juice, then drain. Scald three quarts of vinegar in which are two cups of sugar, one small cup of ground mustard, one tablespoonful each of cloves and allspice and five tablespoonfuls of salt. Put all together and scald two or three minutes. In making chowchow one can add or take from any ingredient to suit the individual taste. Chopped cabbage, cucumbers, a few pieces of horse radish and a few pieces of chopped tart apples will not only improve the flavor, but keep the vinegar free from mold.

Chowchow No. 2.—Chop fine green tomatoes only, salt slightly, add a large cup of brown sugar to two gallons of the mixture and let ferment, keeping a weight on it, as in cabbage. Do not use brass or iron or any metal in cooking green tomatoes. Use earthen or porcelain.—Good Housekeeping.

A Neat Window Arrangement.

To make the ends of this combined window box and plant shelf The Ladies' World directs to select two pieces of half inch board 12 inches wide and 18 inches long. Mark out the curve in the front edge with a pencil and follow on the board the lines of the inner open spaces.

The board can be cut on these lines with a sharp jackknife, but if one has one of the very narrow "keyhole" saws that carpenters use the work can be done very quickly. When one end is cut out, it can be used as a pattern for the other end. A bottom and two nar-



WINDOW BOX AND PLANT SHELF.

row side pieces are then nailed on, and a shelf is fitted to the top. Let the bottom of the box and the shelf at the top project a little to give a finish, the edges being neatly rounded for this purpose. The box and shelf will of course have to be made of a length to fit the window for which it is intended. The whole is supported by two bronze brackets, to be had for a trifle at the hardware stores.

If the window box is to contain plants that need quite a good deal of moisture, a zinc lining can be procured at the tinmith's. If care is taken in supplying no more moisture than the earth can readily absorb, a wooden box without lining will answer very well, especially if the inside is thoroughly painted before putting in the earth.

Regard for the Fox in Japan.

All over Japan you will see images of foxes—old foxes, with their noses clipped and their ears broken off; older foxes still, with a growth of moss on their backs; sly, alert foxes, with noses perked smartly in the air; great foxes and little foxes, sages and clowns, all kinds and degrees, showing the prevalence of this belief in the land of the wistaria and the fan and also showing in what respect the fox is held. It is curious to note that in all countries the fox, above all other animals, has been considered to exert great influence and power. All nations have legends of which the cunning and intelligence of the fox are the theme.

Charity.

Every good act is charity. Giving water to the thirsty is charity; removing stones and thorns from the road is charity; exhorting your fellow men to virtuous deeds is charity; smiling in your brother's face is charity; putting a wanderer in the right path is charity. A man's true wealth is the good he does in this world. When he dies, mortals will ask, "What property has he left behind him?" But angels will inquire, "What good deeds hast thou sent before thee?"—Mohammed.

Lucky Heistation.

"I never was glad for this impediment in my speech but once," said the man from Dearborn, who was in to see the town.

"When was that?" "Fe-fe-fellow asked me h-b-how much I would take for a horse, and while I-I-I was t-trying to tell him e-sixty dollars, he offered me a hundred."—Woman's Journal.

The first electric railway in the world was built in Ireland, from Bushmills to Giant's causeway.

A Football Incident in New York.

Mr. Frank W. Graves during his newspaper career witnessed many singular scenes, but the oddest one happened, according to Mr. Graves, in the old days when the big college football teams played their star games on the New York polo grounds on Thanksgiving day.

On the occasion mentioned Yale and Princeton had played and Yale had won.

Going up Broadway there walked a dapper young Princeton man and a girl. Going down Broadway at the same moment were eight victorious young Yale men. They were happy, but silent, and they came straight down the street until they spied the Princeton pair.

Then still in silence, moved by a single purpose, the Yale men formed a circle, and as the other pedestrians made way for them they went around and around the Princeton pair. At first the young man was surprised, then angered, and at last he raised his cane and made a dash for liberty, whereupon the Yale men stopped and, without a word, fell upon him as they do in football, quietly, heavily and quickly. Then, straightening themselves again into a line, the eight Yalestans stopped a moment and in concert raised their hats to the thoroughly frightened girl and silently resumed their march down the street.—Saturday Evening Post.

Not Too Dead.

"I am not prepared to state that the dead can come to life," said a Pennsylvania man, "but the experience of a friend of mine in a Pennsylvania German town would seem to incline one that way.

"In the town where he was visiting he became acquainted with the local undertaker and in that way was enabled to be present at the funeral of a young woman who had expired from shock at seeing her husband fall from a load of hay. He was not hurt at all, but she was, to all intents and purposes, as dead as the proverbial door nail. The body was laid out in the parlor, and all the relatives and friends had assembled to pay their last respects to the dead.

"As is customary in that locality, a big funeral dinner was served. In the midst of the meal the parlor door opened and in walked the corpse. It didn't take a minute to clear the room, leaving the intruder from the spirit world in sole possession. The undertaker finally plucked up courage to return to the dining room and found his subject enjoying a hearty meal after her enforced fast.

"Her first question was, 'Was Jake hurt much?'"—Philadelphia Record.

Liszt's Feat of Memory.

In The Century William Mason, the veteran American musician, tells of a remarkable feat of memory performed by the composer Liszt.

My friend knew Liszt very well, and having taken a fancy to a composition of mine, "Les Perles de Roscoe," which was still in manuscript, he said: "Let me have it for publication. Dedicate it to Liszt. I can easily get Liszt to accept the dedication. I am going directly from here to Welmar and will see him about it. At the same time I will prepare the way for your reception later as a pupil."

Not long afterward I received a letter from my friend in which he told me that when he handed the music to Liszt the latter looked at the manuscript, hummed it over, then sat down and played it from memory. Then, going to his desk, he took a pen and accepted the dedication by writing his name at the top of the title page.

Patience and Sympathy.

There is nothing harder for a young mother than to find herself suddenly so placed that she is unable to come and go freely, as was her wont in the early married days before the baby came, while the father comes and goes as ever and is not tied down at all. The father must be very patient and sympathetic while the mother adjusts herself to this new life of hers, as a sweet woman soon will learn to do, for if he is thoughtful here he is planting seeds of failure which will grow to gigantic proportions. He must keep in touch with the mother in these days, that they may walk together later and all through even to the end.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Mired the Press Censor.

The average newspaper man is usually about as quick witted as the next one. This was pretty well illustrated when the Chicago Record was placing its foreign correspondents. George Ade was sent abroad by Victor F. Lawson for that purpose. Ade did all right until he got into Serbia. There he found all the newspaper men in jail for political offenses. He was in a quandary, so he cabled to Mr. Lawson: "Newspaper men all in jail. Press censor very strict."

Lawson promptly cabled back: "Make press censor correspondent." And Ade did it.—Inland Printer.

A Close Estimate.

"I don't want to hear anybody sayin that our boy Joslar doesn't earn his salt," said Farmer Cornstossel. "You said it yourself once," said his wife. "Well, I take it back. I don't want to do the boy any injustice. I have been lookin over these market quotations, an I over have concluded that Joslar does earn his salt, jest about. But if they'd 'a' said he didn't earn his pepper I reckon I'd have to give in."—Washington Star.

Boarding House Pleasantry.

"Will some one please chase the cow down this way?" said the funny boarder, who wanted some milk for his oatmeal. "Here, Jane," said the landlady in a tone that was meant to be crushing, "take the cow down where the calf is bawling."—Chicago News.

THE WELL DRESSED MAN.

A Few Valuable Toilet Hints For Men of Limited Means.

It is, of course, a man's duty to appear as well as possible at all times in the presence and society of others. For him of little money there must be such a thing as dressing for occasions—that is, gauging his clothes according to what he expects to do and the people he expects to meet. It is far better to wear one's old suits to one's business, provided they are not shabby, and one's less expensive ties, and one's somewhat worn gloves, and to keep one's newer and more expensive clothes for the socially side of life.

The man of limited income will find it is better policy to look badly at the times when it counts least and smartly at the times when it counts most than to take the middle course and, as a result, look neither one nor the other at any time. Always keep one or two good suits, a pair of fresh gloves, a few pretty shirts, etc., in reserve, and then if a man says to you on Saturday morning, "Come out this afternoon and spend Sunday with me," you may accept without misgivings as to how your clothes look and what kind of an appearance you will present.

Whenever a suit is taken off it should be well brushed, the coat and waistcoat hung carefully over the hanger, the trousers neatly folded and put away. Shoes should be cleaned of mud or dust by the use of a damp cloth if necessary and always kept on trees, which can be bought for \$1 a pair at almost any bootshop. Once in the course of every two or three weeks one ought to give one's wardrobe a thorough and critical examination, with a view to discarding not only whether any buttons need tightening, any small spots need removing, but also what collars, ties, gloves, shirts, etc., would better be dismissed entirely or called from the reserve ranks into regular service.

Just a few words as to the buying of ready made clothes. One may often see an inexpensive suit or coat of good cut and finish, he tempted to buy it without much regard to the quality of the material or much thought of how it will wear, and find that after a few weeks it looks shabby in spite of the best of care. This is rather apt to be the case with mixed materials, and in purchasing inexpensive suits it is always best to get plain black or dark blue clothes.—Vogue.

A NEW YORK CIRCUS.

Egyptian Caravan Trip That He Projected and Abandoned.

"Some years ago," said a St. Louis man, "I spent a winter in Cairo, Egypt, and while I was there a young New Yorker arrived who was the talk of the place as long as he staid. He had nothing but money, was not afraid to burn it and was exceedingly fond of the smell of the smoke it made. A diverting series of balls, dinners and slumming parties followed his advent, and he finally announced his intention of bringing his pyrotechnic career in the country of the pharaohs to a fitting close by making the journey to the second cataraet of the Nile. No dababneh being available to make the trip in by water—they all having been engaged by more farsighted travelers—the young Croesus perforce elected to make his trip by caravan and straightway started out to make it the most gorgeous and complete caravan that had ever crossed the desert, and he succeeded. For days all Cairo talked about it, and the morning set for the leave taking all Cairo turned out on the outskirts of the city to see the start. It went off with great pomp and circumstance, and as the camels disappeared over the desert sands, we made our way back to Shepherd's hotel.

"On account of the great heat of the middle of the day in Egypt a caravan journey in the early morning and in the evening. During the heat of the noon hours the tents are pitched, and men and beasts get through it as best they can. Judge of our surprise that evening when that gorgeous caravan again appeared in Cairo and announcement was made that the trip had been definitely given up. One of the guests explained the trouble later. It seemed that when luncheon was served the best drink off a glass of champagne and jumped to his feet in a rage. 'Where's the tea?' he demanded of his terrified valet, who was acting as butler. 'See, sir! How can you get tea in such a place as this?' replied the servant.

"Do you mean to say I've got to drink hot champagne for two months?' his irate master demanded. And upon being informed that he had he promptly ordered the caravan back to Cairo, despite the protests of his guests and that by so doing he had expended \$10,000 for nothing."—New York Tribune.

A Sensitive Policeman.

An irascible policeman of Paris arrested a peaceful citizen for calling him a "geometrician." The citizen was talking rather loudly to the proprietor of an old curiously shop with whom he was at variance as to the value of alleged antiquities offered for sale in the establishment. The policeman, in an excess of zeal, entered the shop and expostulated with the citizen for shouting at the top of his voice.

"You are a geometrician," was the retort of the person addressed. "What is that vile name you called me?" queried the policeman. "Go and study Euclid," replied the other, who was then seized by the collar of his overcoat and marched to the station. There the too sensitive policeman was informed by his superior officer that there was not even a shadow of a case against the person arrested.—London Telegraph.

Settled It.

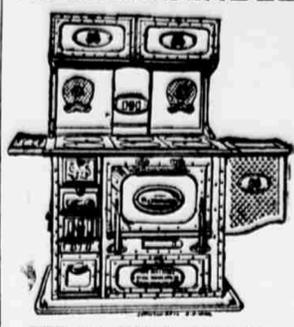
Fudge—We came pretty near having a quarrel at our house. It was all along of a cat and a dog. We had a cat that my wife thought everything of, and when I brought home a dog she said it couldn't stay, and I said that the cat must go.

Budge—And how did you settle the dispute? Fudge—Oh, we didn't settle it at all. The dog did that. He killed the cat.—Boston Transcript.

As It Seemed to Her.

A little girl who was in the habit of tearing her dolls to pieces to see what was inside somewhat surprised her Sunday school teacher. "What was Adam made of?" asked the teacher. "The dust of the earth," glibly answered the child. "What was Eve made of?" "After a moment's hesitation, 'The sweat of the earth.'"—New York Tribune.

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