

Discrowed.

While yet the lagging Summer lifts the glow of her glad vintage, pledging all who drink A reign that's ending, at the boater's brink The lunge of the Autumn blow and blow, So death the lagged Summer, startled, turns To see the trait he dupes affray.

A CLOSE SHAVE.

BY E. W. THOMPSON.

Last summer, in the clubhouse of the Knotts-shoan bait fishers, a well-known Canadian lawyer told the following story:

"Some years ago, while out for an afternoon's fishing with my son Harry, who was then ten years old, I anchored our skiff off the northeast or lower end of Gomezak Island, where one division of the St. Lawrence runs in a deep groove, seldom frequented by channel craft.

"Stagnant water piled through the channel where we floated, though the surface of upward bound boats disturbed the water slightly as they swung back and forth, about three hundred yards down river, to enter the southern and straight, though shallower, channel, which most pilots prefer.

"Harry found the occasional rocking by steamboats a pleasant variation from the nearly perceptible motion with which we drift—only one of our sixty-pound weights being out as a bow anchor—against the gentle current, under the pressure of a breeze up stream. The sharp stern of the skiff floated free, and, riding with forty feet of line out, she swung from side to side of the deep water, which never furnished me with better sport than on that day.

"The big, dun-backed, yellow-bellied, strong, clear, tentacled fish took my minnows eagerly, and fought in a highly satisfactory manner for their own lives. So it went on, till Harry, who had come out with emphatic observations that he would gladly fish till midnight, disclosed a keener enthusiasm for something to eat about tea-time than he did about the fish. I was catching, and often inquired anxiously when I intended going home.

"I lingered, however, for 'just one more bite'—taking four fish by the day, till the sun sank slowly behind the island. Then glancing under my eyebrows at Harry, who was stooping to impale a new minnow, his well-behaved little face gave me a more distinct thrill of compassion, and, flinging away the bait, I said: 'Well, small boys mustn't be made too hungry, I suppose. We will go home now, Harry.'

"I was rather astonished that his face, which had brightened with my face, suddenly clouded, and he looked keenly down the river. Then the explanation came.

"Oh, there's another steamboat coming up, father!" he cried. "Do stay a little longer! I wish you would stay till we get her well!"

"It was to me a striking illustration of how curiously and wonderously boys are made. Here was a lad too hungry to enjoy the deep and philosophic pleasure of fishing, but not hunger enough to forego an obnoxious dreg in being reeled by a half a dozen steamboat rollers! However, his request coincided with my inclination, and, pointing out a new lead, I engaged again in the most soul-satisfying of human pastimes.

"That in this boy, with my face up stream, Harry watching, with big eyes, the oncoming steamer, the intermittent rumble of whose paddle wheel became momentarily more distinct, till the slap and thrust of each boat could be heard close behind. Suddenly my little boy jumped up and exclaimed, in a tone of much surprise:

"Why, father, look at the steamboat!"

"I turned to see in this twilight the big, white steamer, not three hundred yards distant, not swinging into the south channel, but coming at, about half speed, straight at where we lay!

"Dazed, I sat silent for a moment, then roared at her, 'Ahoy, Theban, ahoy!' with all my power of lung, searching my pockets at the same time for my cheap knife to cut the anchor rope. There was no time to haul in the weight; to cut away was the only chance of escape.

apparently, not another soul was on board.

"She did not slow down in the least, though I continued to yell madly. The roar of her paddle wheels was terribly loud.

"Harry's childish treble shrieked through my hoarse shouts, but there was no sign that we were seen or heard. Yet it was impossible to believe the pilot unaware of the boat in his course, and I could not think it was, and deep as were the shadows of the island.

"On she came, during the few seconds while those observations went through my mind, straight at us. The swamping of our skiff in the steamer's roll was certain now, even should she sheer off as much as possible in passing; certain, even if we had been suddenly freed from the anchor line.

"I had passed it through the ring of the painter before the bow, and secured it to the seat. This fastening I tore away with one jerk, but there were 50 feet more rope in the coil lying at my feet. To run that out through the ring would require more time than we had, and to row off rapidly with the rope dragging across our bows was impossible, even though many minutes had been to spare.

"Feeling very helpless and desperate, I went through all my pockets for the knife, till it flashed on me that, some time before, it had dropped from the gunwale in which I had sunk it, and was now lying out of reach under the footboard. Harry began to cry loudly, calling, 'Oh, what will mother do!'

"The confusion that preceded a large steamer rocked us. Raising my eyes from a vain endeavor to get a glimpse of the knife the steamer seemed a vast upon us. I never saw a vessel so close so monstrously at the distance! So close was she that in the twilight I could clearly see the red paint of her run gleaming in the water about her.

"With the quick dexity and lightning activity of despair I seized an oar, and, kneeling on the bow, with one downward drive of its handle knocked the staple that secured the ring clear away and with another motion hung out the coil of rope into the water.

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"The poor little man behaved splendidly after that, but by several slight immersions had lost his senses in a hot-drowned fat before I managed to get ashore. I had, however, no great difficulty in restoring him. Fortunately there was a house on the island, and there we spent the night.

"You may be sure that I lost no time in investigating the conduct of the Theban's pilot. The man denied all knowledge of the occurrence, and I could see that he was really surprised and shocked; but that he felt in some degree guilty, I could also perceive. Not one of the deck-hands, none of the officers, would confess any knowledge in the matter, and not till the cross-examination of the crew on my suit for damages against the steamboat company did the truth come out. Then a clean breast was made.

"The pilot had secretly brought a jug of whiskey aboard, and while the captain was below at his tea, the mate and the whole watch, defying all the rules of the company's service, had taken occasion to finish the liquor. As for the pilot, he explained that he had been too drunk to do more 'n steer, sir, and could just only see my land marks. I took the oath channel," he concluded, because I wanted folks to know that I was patently sober." — *Earl's Companion.*

The Biggest Bicycle.

Jack Simpson, who runs a lodging-house and restaurant in Bangor, Me., owns a bicycle which he declares is the largest in the world. This wheel is 86 inches in diameter. Simpson is an Englishman, and for many years traveled with circuses and other shows, having been one of the three "Dionna Brothers," famous a dozen years ago for their aerial bicycle performances. They gave exhibitions at the Crystal Palace, London, at the Cirque Fernando, Paris, and at other amusement centers in Europe and the United States. On one occasion Simpson gave an exhibition on his big wheel on a wire suspended 20 feet above the water at Rocky River, Ohio, and it was called a very daring performance. The big wheel, which has been around the world, was built at Birmingham, England, at a cost of \$300, and although its diameter is so great, a double system of pedal cranks enables a common cyclist to ride it. — *Chicago Herald.*

An Ornamental Lamp Shade. The fancy lamp-shades, if at all pretty, are so expensive to purchase, that we all welcome a new design. A fourteen-year-old girl of our acquaintance has just made a very cheap and effective one. Her wire frame, of the size to fit your lamp, and cover it with coarse milliner's net. Take a piece of imitation lace of any pretty design, and measure loosely around the bottom of the frame the width of the lace from the bottom. Then allow about a quarter of this for fullness, and gather it slightly on a piece of ribbon of such length as will fit snugly around the frame at this point. The ribbon is then gathered to fit the top of the frame, a narrow piece of lace filled around to stand up. A bow of ribbon is placed at the side, and a fringe of embroidery silk finishes the lace at the bottom. — *American Agriculturist.*

A Dog That Loves Chickens. Mr. Benjamin, the dyer, of Orem, Florida, has a beautiful and intelligent little dog, to whom he is very much attached. He also has a hen. Not long ago that hen hatched some chickens. By some incomprehensible mental process that the dog intuited that she was the mother of the chickens, and she could not have been more affectionate to a litter of her own pups than she was toward the little chicks. She coddles and fondles them every day, and attempts to defend them from all intruders. When taken away from the brood she whines constantly, and when released at once goes back to them. The hen is completely unphased, and Mr. Benjamin is almost as fully puzzled. The little dog and the chickens are the only ones who seem to understand the situation. — *St. Louis Times Democrat.*

Stormy Partners. Peter's Cat's chickens, as they are more commonly called, follow the out-bound vessels in large flocks, gathering about as soon as land is lost to view and remaining until the land is once again sighted, unless a violent storm drives them away. For the most part they feel no return toward the vessel, but are never fat and always hungry. Hovering over the food by patting the water with its webbed feet and quickly flipping its wings, it appears to stand on the water and follows the food as it drifts about. Sailors regard the bird with great superstition, believing some calamity will follow its wanton killing. — *Pittsburgh Courier.*

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

At evening when I go to bed, I see the stars shine overhead; They are the little stars of heaven; That dot the midnight of the night.

And when, when I'm dreaming, And in the sky the moon will glow; It is so lovely, sweet and fair, Who comes to gather daisies there.

For when at morning I arise, There's not a star or left in the sky; No's picked them all and dropped them down Into the meadows of the town. — *The Independent.*

FRANK LINCOLN. A young lady had gone out walking. She forgot to take her pipe with her and had no money in her pocket. Presently she met a little girl with a basket on her arm.

"Please, miss, will you buy some things from my basket?" said the little girl, showing a variety of book marks, watch cases, needle books, etc.

"I'm sorry I can't buy anything today," said the young lady. "I haven't any money with me. Your things look very pretty." She stopped a moment and spoke a few kind words to the little girl; and then, as she passed, she said again: "I'm very sorry I can't buy anything from you today."

"Oh, miss," said the little girl, "you've done me as much good as if you had. Most people that I see say: 'Get away with you! You've taken my money and I don't want you.' But you have spoken kindly and gently to me, and I feel a heap better."

That was "considering the lot." How little it costs to do that! Let us learn to speak kindly and gently to the poor and suffering. If we have nothing else to give, let us at least give them our sympathy.

RAY'S BARK. How many a plank of the great barn floor, a piece just large enough to hold the three inches of hazelnuts which Ray had picked and carefully hoarded there, and this was the bark.

"If folks would only take every year, they'll have money to spend when they are old," papasays. So I'll put not eat all of my nuts right up, and keep some for next winter," said Ray, sofly.

Such and the squirrels would together, through the brilliant autumn weather. He was as busy as they, and hoarded his winter store as carefully, so when the crimson and gold leaves turned to brown, his bark was full.

Every day he went to peep into it, and he went with much to visit at grandma's. They stayed two weeks, and what a long time it was to the little boy with a bark to look after!

Grandpa's nice, sweet apples and grandma's brown, twisted doughnuts didn't taste half as good as they generally did.

Grandpa and grandma, and all of the uncles and aunts, worried and wondered, and said he was surely sick, but then they didn't know about the loose plank in the great barn floor, and the store of wealth under it, and what a care it was!

It was the first thing Ray thought of when he got home, you may be sure. And this is what he found there—empty husks!

As if some one had filled his bark with counterfeit money while he was away. His bark had failed!

"A family of chipmunks has been very busy here for a week," said papa. "I shouldn't wonder if they were the thieves, and I think that their bark is under that old pine tree that I'm going to cut to-day."

And there it was! Under the great, twisted roots he found another bark, filled to the brim with the wealth of his.

So he was more successful than some bank officers, but he had, gravely, as he stored his nuts away in a safer place: "After all, papa, I don't believe banks are a sure, solid thing, do you? Some men are as bold as chipmunks, you know. I believe the best way is to try and 'joy things as you go along, and make folks happy as you can, 'stead of putting lots of money in the bank to lose, or be quarrelled over when you are gone!"

Wise little Ray. — *Franklin's Companion.*

An Island's Queer Plight. A queer state of affairs is described by the Portland Oregonian: "Brown's Island, a few miles up the river from Suva, formerly belonged to Polk County, but now the main channel of the Willamette has changed and inseparably welded the island to the main land in Marion County. Some of the residents don't appear to know just where they should vote, pay taxes and send their children to school, but unless the river changes again they will have to bid farewell forever to all rights as citizens in old Polk and make the best of it in their new home."

UNDER WATER.

Some of the Terrible Experiences of a Diver.

Meeting the Swollen Forms of Drowned Men.

"Have you ever reflected on the queer nature of a diver's business?" says a writer in Ocean Week. "Here, where I live, there is a famous man in this line, whom we will call the captain. He is helpful and big-hearted in his life above water; and his body is big, too; so large, that you would suppose he would find it hard enough to walk and work on land, without going to the bottom of the sea for exercise. But a chief part of his occupation is to sink himself out of sight under the waves, and go perambulating about in that mysterious region which the rest of us never visit if we can help it. He puts on a large, thick diving suit, which is water-tight and air-tight, with a big helmet—containing glass eyes or little windows—crowded on over his head; the whole giving him the air of some fabulous monster, and swelling him up to considerably more than his naturally big bulk. Then he is lowered into the depths, with a tube attached to his helmet, through which he gets air enough to breathe, and a long cord for signalling to those above when he wants to be hoisted up again. Thus prepared, he has explored a large part of the bottom of Long Island Sound, where he once hid, far down in the ribs, the concrete foundation of Race Point lighthouse. He is also sent for, far and near, to inspect and raise sunken ships, imagine what strange, alarming or ghastly sights he must encounter in that dismal green world under water, infested by clammy crawling or swimming creatures; where perhaps he suddenly comes face to face with the staring eyes and swollen forms of drowned men, caught in cabin doors or jammed amid the wreckage of lost vessels.

Most of us would hardly feel tempted to remain in surroundings. But sometimes there are easier jobs for the divers; such as working around the piers of bridges; and then the river bed may be transformed into an amusement ground. I know of two divers who were employed on the under-water construction of some bridge piers in summer, and they spent so much time there—paid for by the contractor—that the matter had to be looked into. It was found they had invented a new sport. They caught two crabs; marked off a race-course on the mud; and then, putting the crabs on the starting-line, they laid bets, and sent the clawed things crawling off side-by-side in competition. But the captain is much more seriously occupied. And he once went through a particularly serious experience worth describing. He had gone down in his diving suit, to attend to some job on the bottom of a harbor. It was a fine, sunny day; and the captain could see the brightness at the surface, above him, as he sees the light glowing through a cloudy sky. Suddenly he became aware of a heavy, threatening shadow, which advanced rapidly along the top of the water. He realized instantly that a large canal-boat, in tow, was about to pass directly over the air-tube which connected him with his assistant's boat above. The tube was rather long, and came so near the surface just there, that the chances were the keel of the canal boat would cut it in two. If that should happen, the captain would be a dead man, his diving suit no better than a shroud. He no dare to stir, not even to signal his assistant by means of the cord at his waist; for the slightest movement in a wrong direction would only hasten the disaster he dreaded. On and on came the shadow, swift and huge; and while the captain waited to see whether it would destroy him or not, it seemed to him that years, instead of minutes, were elapsing. The big shadow came right over him at last, and he felt his air-tube grating against the uneven edge of the keel. Scrape—scrape it went, here and there, and once the captain thought it had surely caught on a projecting bit of metal, or a bolt. If that had, it would have been dragged under in a jiffy. But, luckily, the tube did not catch. The awful shadow passed. The captain pulled his cord, was raised to the surface—glad enough to be in the air again—in the world above the water! It was a narrow escape.

Inviting Sympathy. A little fellow between 2 and 3 years old was punished for some misdeed when his papa was at work. After crying savagely for a few moments he ran to the window, and, looking through his tears into the street, called out: "Papa, papa, come in and see the baby cry." — *Tobias B. Hale.*

Riding on Elephants.

After a couple of comfortable nights in the train we reach a small terminus in India, from which a five-mile ride on an elephant leads us to what is known as the Nepal-terral. The elephant on which we ride is a small one, and is supposed to shake the rider, as little as possible, but to avoid the shaking is far from being a gentle one. At a word from his "mahout"—a wild-looking creature who sits between the elephant's ears and prods him with an iron staff—he goes down on his knees, and one climbs on to his back as best one can, holding on by his tail with both hands and trying to get a footing on his slippery quarters. At last one manages to scramble up, and one finds one's self on a square cushion, almost as slippery as the elephant's back. The first time, when the great beast rises on his fore legs, then on his hind ones, it is all one can do to hold on by the ropes which are fastened to the sides of the pad, but practice makes perfect, and in a short time one learns to adapt one's self to the curious motion. A good small elephant will shuffle along easily at the rate of five miles an hour, climbing steep ravines and other obstructions, so that the rider often finds himself hanging on in an almost perpendicular position. No animal is so well adapted as an elephant. He will climb steep banks, and slide down into river-beds, with as much ease as an Irish pony, but he particularly objects to a bog, and he no one attempt to ride him over one; for if he finds himself sinking in, his first impulse is to drag the rider off and put him under his feet, by way of having something to stand on—a proceeding one would hardly approve of. — *Nineteenth Century.*

The Flood Cure for Baldness. In a letter received by Dr. M. M. Marbury, residing at the corner of Independence avenue and Locust street, this city, is related an incident which is indeed marvellous, and, coming directly as it does, is beyond all doubt true. The letter is from Mr. Frank Marbury, a cousin of Dr. Marbury, who is just recovering from a frightful experience in the Johnston flood. For seven long hours he battled with the waters for his life. Every hour seemed a mile, but at last he was rescued several miles from the place where the hotel had stood.

The strange part of the story is yet to come. Mr. Marbury is 38 years of age, and for 12 years he had been entirely bald, and the top of his head had become quite popular with the flies in a summer resort. He had used the wonderful hair restoratives people read about in the hopes of starting the hair, but all to no purpose; it refused to grow. Two days after the flood he noticed a downy substance all over the hitherto bald head. As time passed the down became hair, which grew remarkably fast, and now has reached the length of one inch all over his head.

Largest Elm Orchard in the World. The largest elm orchard in the United States is about to be set out in Panama valley, Cal. It is to be the property of a syndicate composed of two wholesale fruit dealers in Chicago and one in Philadelphia and two fruit growers in Panama. The land has been contracted for, and planting will begin next winter, when the land will have been prepared.

The syndicate has had two men making experiments growing fig trees in Southern California for nearly two years, and is convinced that California figs will in time crowd all foreign figs from the Eastern market. The orchard will consist of 11,000 rows of planted fig trees and 5,000 rows of fig trees already existing on the acre, on 2,000 acres. Later a building will be erected for drying and curing figs for market. — *San Francisco Chronicle.*

Substituting on Dried Coca Leaves. The dried leaves of the coca plant, which is cultivated on the slopes of the Andes, form an important article of international trade among the various native tribes. It is estimated that not less than 3,000,000 pounds are consumed annually. After the morning meal men and women alike take a mouthful of the leaves mixed with a little lime; fresh leaves are added throughout the day, and without any additional food the consumer is enabled to do a hard day's work.

A Man of Family. Prody.—"I hear you've been getting married." Tooker.—"Yes." Prody.—"Whom did you marry?" Tooker.—"My J. J. me, her mother, her step-father, and two maiden aunts."

Division of Labor. Natalie.—"Oh, Mr. Decourcy, I am tired of this frivolous life! How fatiguing to sit and read one's hands all day." Mr. Decourcy.—"Why not have some one to hold them for you?" — *McClary's Weekly.*

The Stage Coach.

Tornished and battered and old, He artlessly hidden away, Left to the moth and the mould, Lackluster and dust and decay. This was the grade of his doing. Now all its glory is o'er.

Patched and patched for aye; Here are the driver and four! How shall its story be told? What shall a song of it say? Once it was brilliant as gold, Once it was gold and gay, Fine in their forest array, Many the trials that it bore.

Now are they wrinkled and gray; Gone are the driver and four! Long through the heat and the cold, Ever from May until May, Over the highways it rolled. Time has now made it its prey. Never a stately old play, Never a dash as of yore, Never a swing or a sway; Gone are the driver and four!

Over now roads that run dry, High with wind with rattle and roar, Only sweeten our eyes stay; Gone are the driver and four! — *David Chatham in Harper's.*

HUMOROUS.

A police court might well be called a fine institution. A horse may pull with all his might, but never with his name. When the barber talks too much, his stories are generally illustrated with cuts.

A Michigan girl goes about smashing window glass. There seems to be no record of any girl who has smashed a looking-glass. Bigger—A thousand thanks, my good sir, for the splendid coat you have given me; but I cannot wear it. It would ruin my business—not a soul would give me a farthing!

A floating newspaper paragraph says that a lady, aged 80 has just been taking piano lessons. Even the old and feeble can get square with their neighbors when they go about it right. Some, the garden of a country villa. — *Parsbury at the gate:* "Gardener, what is the matter up at the house—that terrible screeching?" Gardener putting his hand to his ear to listen: "I can't make out exactly. Either the only is pecking singing, or some vile animal has got into the hen-house."

An Unavailable Vacancy. A naval officer tells a good story on a certain subject a funeral. He was a chronic applicant, and as he was not thought to possess sufficient wit, talent or ability to fit him for any responsible place, his wants were seldom honored with the giving. He applied for everything in sight, sometimes for two or three things at once, and as he was often on waiting orders around Washington he had good opportunities for reading the papers. He sought vacancies in advance, and would often apply for three months ahead of time. One of the best of surgeon-general was vacant, but not being a "doctor" the admiral was vetoed out. He was sitting in one of the navy department rooms one day eating, hidden by a desk, when a passing officer stopped to chat with the desk who asked them:

"Who's to be made surgeon-general?" "I can't say, sir." "What is it?" "Of course," was his half laughing reply of the clerk, ignorant of the presence behind him. "By Jove!" cried that person himself, springing to his feet. "You don't mean it. When was it done?"

It took some time to convince him that he had not been made a surgeon-general, despite his failure to make application.

On another occasion he was chatting with another officer at the navy yard, digesting the news of the day, which he had read out piecemeal from a newspaper. Suddenly the reader started and lowered his paper.

"Heavens and earth!" he exclaimed to a startled visitor, "there's a vacancy or you at last!"

"What is it?" was the excited response. "Quick, tell me what it is!" "The Empress of Russia is dead!" the officer managed to ejaculate between his shrieks of laughter.

The digested water never survived the title of "The Empress." — *Washington Herald.*

His Heart on His Right Side. Frank Havens, aged 28 years, dropped dead recently at Council Bluffs, Iowa. A post mortem examination disclosed an abnormal arrangement of the vital organs. The heart was on the right side, the apex lying against the second rib. About two quarts of blood surrounded the heart. The liver was on the left side of the abdomen and the stomach on the right. His lungs were only one-third the normal size, and were pressed upward. How the man could have lived any length of time after birth seems a mystery to the surgeons. The coroner's jury returned a verdict that death resulted from a rupture of the heart.