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HOW CANNON ARE BORED.

It Takes Eighteen Days to Go from Nose to Breech Through One Kind.

At last the cannon is turned down and is ready to be bored inside. In this operation it must be bored so straight and true that the boring tool, entering at the exact center of the small end of the cannon, will come out precisely at the center of the large end, seventeen feet away. The boring tool, or "bit," is held firm and motionless, while the great mass of steel to be bored turns around. This plan is found to insure steadiness of the "bit." It would be almost impossible to make this bit firm and solid enough to do its difficult work and yet free to turn around in the cannon.

The bit attends strictly to business, and steadily bores its way through the steel. The boring tool is called a "hog nosed" bit, and it roots up that cannon as if it enjoyed the operation. No long, graceful curls come from this boring, but small, crisp shavings that are removed as fast as they accumulate in order that the boring tool's work shall not be interfered with. The bit is going into the steel at the rate of three-eighths of an inch for every turn of the cannon, and it is making a round hole almost large enough for a boy to put his head in—five and three-quarters inches in diameter. As the round hole grows deeper the heavy bar, on which the bit is fastened, advances into the cannon steadily, moved by a number of wheels and screws that form part of the lathe.

I must not lose sight of the shavings, the little ones that come from the inside, and the long, spirally twisted ones that are turned from the outside of the cannon. A military looking man, standing near the lathe, does not lose sight of these shavings or trimmings, either. This man's business is to carefully inspect the borings and trimmings. That is what he is paid to do. Uncle Sam pays him and expects him to earn his salary. The cannon is being made for Uncle Sam, and he intends to find out all its qualities, whether good or bad. So the man eyes the borings carefully. Now, if with a plane or your knife blade, you will cut a thin shaving from a bit of wood, it will show any little flaw existing in the wood from which it was sliced. The tiniest knot hole or crack will show in the shaving much more plainly than in the wood itself.

So it is with a cannon's shaving. It is a dreadful tell tale, and the fault finding man beside the gun knows this perfectly well. He examines the spiral turning, or the little piece of boring, and finds no evidence of a flaw or crack. The long spiral strip is as smooth as glass and as glossy as your sister's curls.

Into the solid steel the hog-nosed bit roots its way, until it is in so far that a little electric light must bear it company, to show the workmen how matters are progressing in the heart of the cannon. After eighteen days of steady boring the bit lets daylight into the bore of the cannon by emerging at the other (or larger) end, seventeen feet away.—St. Nicholas.

Turkish Baths Are Dangerous.

I was conversing today with a prominent physician concerning the case of a well known real estate dealer who was prostrated with apoplexy several years ago by taking a Turkish bath, and he was telling me how dangerous a thing such a bath was. "I know this by experience," he said, "as well as from reading and observation. Some years ago I took a Turkish bath myself, and the result was a severe attack of pneumonia which confined me to my bed for three weeks. Even when I was able to get about, my health was so shattered that I had to spend a year traveling in Mexico and other southern countries before it was fully restored. Now I do not say that a Turkish bath may not sometimes be taken with impunity, especially if it is adapted in intensity to suit the bather's constitution, for I have taken them myself since my sickness. But I never resign myself into the hands of my attendant to do with me as he pleases. Any one who does that, or who has not sufficient judgment to temper the bath to his physical constitution and present condition, runs a terrible risk every time he takes such a bath. He may escape for years and then lose his life by it. The human body is not constructed to stand such extremes of heat and cold without producing weakness and liability to colds and deadly congestion."—Chicago Journal.

Scotch Names the Queerest.

In England there is a great variety of personal nomenclature, and, though we have plenty of Smiths, Browns and Robinsons, we have nothing approaching to the poverty, in this respect, which characterizes many localities in North Britain. In certain parts of Scotland, not only have the surnames been few, but there has been a strong disposition to ring the changes on a very few Christian names, with the result that the community, in its desire to distinguish between persons of precisely the same name, has been obliged to provide each with a special label, or "to-name," by which he can be known. A contributor to The Scotsman says that in the official list of voters in a Scotch fishing town occur such "to-names" as "Deadly," "Pum," "Den," "Cock," "Post," "Bo," "Sandyke," "Helen's James," and so on.

Such appellations as these are not necessarily nicknames, as we understand them. Sometimes they are patronymics, sometimes they are local in allusion, sometimes they refer to individual occupations, sometimes they are personally descriptive, sometimes they are mere identifications, "signifying nothing."

Occasionally they are simple variations upon a single Christian name. Thus it may be, one John Bruce, popularly called "Jock," has a son named William, who becomes "Jock's Wull." His son, again, who is called William, becomes "Jock's Wull's Williamie," while the last named's son, if also called William, becomes "Jock's Wull's Williamie's Wullsie." A further form is "Wullsikie," but that, probably, is rarely used. The system still obtains in Scotland, and if it were introduced into this country it might prevent some of the confusion which exists among our John Smiths, Thomas Browns and William Robinsons.—London Globe.

The "Driver" Ants.

The most formidable of the insect pests that affect the dwellers of the West African coast is the "driver" ants. These insects move in vast armies of several millions, marching in a dense column two feet in width, at a uniform pace, and in a straight line.

If a native hut lies in their path, and the inmates fail to prevent the ants from gaining the threshold, the hut must be vacated till the long line has passed through and consumed everything eatable within the building.

The author of "Glimpses of Feverland" says that the only thing which will stop the "drivers" is a large fire directly in their line of march. A native, when he discovers in time that the ants are marching towards his hut, kindles a fire in front of the advancing column. It turns neither to the right nor to the left, but plunges into the flames, for every ant seems impelled to go forward, no matter at what cost.

After the "drivers" have walked into the fire for an hour or two, and several hundred thousand have been consumed, their sturdy stoicism weakens. They deflect their line to the extent of a few feet, and, passing the fire, set out on a fresh path of destruction, which leads them clear of the hut they had threatened.—Youths' Companion.

Neuralgic Persons

And those troubled with nervousness resulting from care or overwork will be relieved by taking ***Brown's Iron Bitters.*** Genuine has trade mark and crossed red lines on wrapper.

LOST, A LITTLE CHILD.

How the City's Waifs Are Cared for Until They Are Called For.

A great policeman, big enough and strong enough to have felled a horse with a single blow, carrying in his arms a little golden haired girl, upon whose sleeping face the tears had washed clean places in the dust and grime, walked briskly down Houston street toward police headquarters. The child was slumbering as comfortably as though she had been in the little crib at home, and the officer was as tender as if the little one was his own and helped make sunshine in his home on his days off duty. Half a dozen children of the street, quick to catch sight of the pair, followed closely on the big policeman's heels until he went up the steps of the marble building in Mulberry street, and was lost to view behind the swinging doors.

Bluff Sergt. Kelleher was on duty, and when he saw the little bundle of humanity brought in, he sat down at his desk and began to turn, in a businesslike way, the leaves of an enormous book which lay in front of him. He kept turning until he came to the page where he had written last. Then, after carefully adjusting his eyeglasses, and dipping his pen in his big inkstand, he queried:

"Boy or girl, officer?"

"Girl."

"How old?"

"'Bout 4 years."

"Where did you get her?"

"Sixty-fifth street and Third avenue."

"Take her upstairs."

"Upstairs" meant to the top floor of the big building, where Matron Webb presides and acts the part of foster mother to the waifs and strays and foundlings of this big city who are picked up by the police.

The same scenes are enacted every night, and each day sees the pages of the big book, which Sergt. Kelleher keeps, fill up one by one with the brief stories and records of lost children.

Every night in the year fathers and mothers visit police headquarters and ask for the children who have been lost during the day. On pleasant evenings they sit on the stone steps and wait if the child has not already been found, and on stormy nights they go home, to return again later on.

A woman comes running down the street. She is one of the East Side poor. A shawl answers the purpose of cloak and hat. She stops long enough to ask of an idler on the corner:

"Where is the headquarters?"

"Down where you see the green light" is always the answer, and she is off again. Up the steps she runs eagerly. As she passes the swinging doors she almost runs down Old Joe, the doorman, who keeps a little private record on a slate of the children who are brought in during the night. Joe's voice is gruff, but it belies his nature.

"What's the matter?" he growls.

"Have ye found me baby?" and the toil worn hands clutch nervously at the frayed edges of the old red shawl.

"Boy or girl?"

"A little girl with light hair."

"Go up stairs and look—top floor."

The stairs are steep and tiresome to climb, but mothers on such errands don't tire easily, and up she goes. Five minutes later a step is heard on the stairway. She is coming down again and the red shawl is the background for a head of golden hair. Two dirty, chubby hands are about her neck. The woman is smiling now. She is about to go out to the street, but Old Joe again is in the way.

"Go in there and give your name," and he points to Sergt. Kelleher, and chirrups at the baby.

The sergeant takes the woman's name and address, and, hugging the lost one tightly, the woman passes out into the street.—New York Evening Sun.

Why He Went Out.

A good housewife at the Highlands wished to surprise her husband by giving him some of a particular kind of cake of which he was very fond. She took great pains with the mixture, measuring out each ingredient with the utmost care, for she was determined to produce the best loaf she ever made. When the good man came in to tea and saw the handsome loaf, his heart went out towards his wife in renewed affection. The cake was finally cut, but the first mouthful he took made him look puzzled, and soon he left the table. The wife was curious to know why he went out, and noticing that he had left his cake almost untasted she broke off a little piece and put it in her mouth. "Horrors! cayenne pepper! where did I get that?" and she made a bolt for the kitchen. Going into the pantry she looked at the box where she got her cinnamon to put in the cake. There stood the box, but the word "Pepper" was so big that there was no mistaking the contents. She says the next time she makes a loaf of cake she will taste of everything before she puts it in, and her husband says he doesn't know but she'd better.—Springfield Homestead.

What Has Happened in June.

Historically considered, June is for Great Britain perhaps the most famous month in the year. It is the month of Bannockburn, Naseby and Waterloo—all of them battles of liberation and for the extension and establishment of freedom. In other respects June figures handsomely in the calendar. It was in June that Magna Charta was sealed; and it is the birth month, among others, of Dr. Arnold, of Rugby; Charles Kingsley, W. H. Smith, Lord Dufferin, Lord Wolseley and Mr. Spurgeon. June is generally also famous for its deaths, among them being those of Mohammed, Joseph Smith, the Mormon prophet; White, of Shelbourne, and Garibaldi. It has been remarked that the natal is also the fatal month of a certain percentage of distinguished men, and we observe that Dr. Arnold died in June. One of the most notable of modern June events is the coronation of Queen Victoria, which took place in 1838, just about fifty-one years ago. But undoubtedly the two big events of June are Waterloo and Bannockburn, the latter being to Scotchmen the greater of the two.—Glasgow Herald.

Watered Milk.

The milkman who waters his goods generally does so under the impression that the water poured in incorporates itself with the milk and cannot be detected except upon chemical analysis. This shows gross ignorance. The milk will hold only its own fluid; all foreign fluid will be precipitated if the mixture is allowed to stand for a couple of days. Any housewife may spot a dishonest milkman with very little trouble. Let her take a long slender bottle, cleanse it thoroughly and let it dry out. If, then, it is filled with milk and allowed to stand in a cool—not cold—place for forty-eight hours, all the foreign fluid will be precipitated—that is, it will settle to the bottom of the bottle. The soured milk will then fill the middle of the bottle and the fatty substance will be floating on top. Sometimes the top will be a layer of cream, then will come a layer of albumen, another artificial device to make the milk look rich; then will come the soured milk and at the bottom will be the foreign water. The whole scheme of deception can be read by a glance at the bottle after one has had a single lesson in the rudiments of milk inspection. This sort of work is not scientifically satisfactory, but it will always develop the fundamental fact—whether or not the milk is normal.—Interview in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

FOR DYSPEPSIA

Use Brown's Iron Bitters.

Physicians recommend it.

All dealers keep it. $1.00 per bottle. Genuine has trade-mark and crossed red lines on wrapper.

A SONG OF SATISFACTION.

I will not chide because the day
Is dark and cold;
For 'yon the clouds of deepening gray,
I know are struggling shaft and ray
Of sunshine's gold,
That for me tireless warfare keep,
And, peradventure, should I weep,
Just when my eyes were filled with tears
So full I could not see,
Victoriously might gleam their spears,
A victory gained for me—
Who blinded by a childish woe,
The conquest hour might never know.

I will not doubt because my heart
Waits love delayed;
But hold in check the words that start
With promise false to ease the smart,
Their intent to upbraid;
For but to harbor in my mind
A faithless thought, a word unkind,
A fear—a dread—of impish birth—
That time might make me rue,
Would so detract from my poor worth,
And brand my heart untrue,
That all my life would leaven be
By this one hour's inconstancy.

Lo! I'm not false that I should fear
My life's reward,
Nor doubtful that I crave to peer
Beyond the view assigned me here
To stray abroad.
What care I, who am heir to all,
For whom the lights and shadows fall,
For whom the servant seasons turn—
For one brief hour's suspense?
I will not fear, if I must yearn,
But smile with joy prepense,
That my small life is of such cost,
No heart beat will be vainly lost.

Anna K. Kelledy in Times-Democrat.

THE LAST CRUISE.

On the day when I landed at Annobon, one of the natives particularly attracted my attention. He was a man past middle age, his woolly hair sprinkled with gray. He was of commanding stature and very erect. He spoke excellent English, and his conversation showed that he possessed some advantages of education which placed him far above the plane of his semi-barbarous fellow islanders.

His history had been an eventful one. When he was 16 years old the captain of a British vessel had taken him to London, where the ship's owner gave him employment as a porter in his warehouse. The boy, who was bright and active, received the name Albert Johnson; he became a favorite, and one of the clerks taught him to read and write. He remained five years in London, and then returned to his island home.

As I looked through the open doorway of his dwelling, before which we stood while he told me the story of his early life, I saw what I at first thought was an idol, but a second glance showed it to be the figure head of a vessel.

It had represented, in high relief, a female clothed in a flowing robe, with one arm folded across the breast and the other pointed upward. The lower limbs were broken, the hand of the uplifted arm was missing, and a portion of the nose was gone. There was little left of the gilding that once embellished it, but the lines were gracefully drawn, and it had evidently been executed by an artist in wood of no mean pretensions.

"What ship did that belong to?" I asked.

"That was the figurehead of a schooner that was lost on the island many years ago," Johnson replied. "It's a long story and a sad one, too," he continued, as he gazed wistfully toward the mutilated figurehead.

He hesitated a moment, and then mentioned me to a seat upon a palm log which served the purpose of a bench in front of his hut. He seated himself by my side, lighted his pipe and told me this story:

"One morning, just after sunrise, in October, 1847, about a year after my return from England, a sail was seen standing in toward the island from the eastward. Soon afterward one of our people, who had climbed to the top of a cocoanut tree to have a look, sung out to us that it was a topsail schooner. The wind was fair and she came along at a lively rate until she was quite close, when she clewed up her topgallant and gaff topsail, threw her topsail aback and lay to not above four cable lengths from the beach.

"A beautiful craft she was; her long, black hull lay low in the water; her masts, tall and tapering till they looked not bigger than this pipe stem, raked way aft; they weren't stuck forward as if they wanted to tumble over the bow, as is the fashion nowadays. Her rigging was as trim as any man-of-war's, and there was a crowd of men on her deck.

"'A slaver,' said I.

"'Yes,' said my father, who stood at my side, 'and she's got her cargo aboard, too.'

"As he spoke, a boat was lowered from the schooner, and pulled for the shore. A tall, longfaced man, whom I took for a Yankee, and who was evidently one of the mates, sat in the stern sheets. When the boat touched the sand, the crew sprang out, while the mate rose to his feet, and looking at our people, who stood in a great crowd on the beach, said in Portuguese: 'Who's king here?'

"All looked toward my father, and moved back a little, leaving him standing almost alone a foot or so in front of the others.

"'We have no king in Annobon,' said my father; 'what do you want?'

"'Ha!' and he ripped out a big oath. 'I've heard of you Annobon niggers,' he replied; 'what we want is water.'

"'How much water do you want?' asked my father.

"'Enough for our crew and passengers.'

"'Passengers!' exclaimed my father, making believe he was astonished, though he knew all the time what the mate meant.

"'Yes, passengers; we have a lot of gentlemen and ladies aboard there, who who have taken passage on board our schooner for the Brazils, and we hain't got enough water to last 'em the voyage.'

"My father hesitated, and then said, 'I'll go on board and see the captain. I s'pose you ain't him?'

"'No,' was the reply, 'I'm second mate of the craft.'

"My father stepped into a canoe, beckoned to me and half a dozen others, and we pushed off toward the schooner, my father calling out to our people in their own language not to leave the beach until he came back. Passing under the schooner's stern to get around on the starboard, I read her name, Clelise, of Bordeaux.

"At the starboard gangway stood a small, slender built man whom we found to be the captain. He wasn't more than five feet and a half high, and his face was as smooth as a woman's; he had a large nose and light gray eyes. Dressed in a blue cloth jacket with white duck trousers, and a jaunty little cap on the side of his head, he looked more like a smart young naval officer than the captain of a slaver.

"As we drew alongside he sung out to us not to come on board, and asked in Portuguese, which he spoke with a French accent: 'Is the chief in that canoe?'

"'You can speak to me,' replied my father; 'what do you want?'

"'I want water for my schooner, and I want you natives to help my men get it on board. Where is the best place to anchor?'

"The decisive manner in which the little captain spoke made it clear that he would have his way, and my father agreed to help fill the water casks. But he asked how it was that the vessel on her way across the Atlantic came to Annobon, 300 miles off the coast of Africa, without a supply of water.

"The captain then told us that as his vessel had lain in a lagoon near the mouth of the river Lage, with only part of her water on board, an English man-of-war, a brig, had been sighted, and he had been obliged to ship the 'cattle,' as he called the poor creatures in the hold, and run for it, leaving behind over a hundred of the 'cattle' in the barracoon.

"He slipped out of the lagoon at night, and just before the day broke there fell a calm, with the 'infernal' brig, as he called her, not more than four miles away. He expected that she would attempt to capture him with her boats, but with the sunrise a light breeze came off the land, and the brig being to leeward he managed to crawl off, keeping away to the northward as the breeze increased.

"The brig stood after him with all the canvas she could swing, and she sailed so fast as to worry the captain of the Clelise, who had never before met anything he couldn't run out of sight in four or five hours. But when the sun went down a fresh topgallant breeze was blowing from the southeast, and the brig was seen from the masthead just a speck on the horizon.

"He stood on his course until midnight, then kept dead before the wind two hours, and then hauled away on the other tack to the south'ard and west'ard. At daylight nothing was to be seen of the brig, and he shaped his course for the island.

"The schooner had been drifting a little since she first hove to, and my father told the captain that he was in as good a place to anchor as he could find. The captain then gave the order to clew up the topsail, the anchor was let go, and the craft swung with the tide very handy to the watering place.

"'Send two men aloft, Mr. Silva,' we heard the captain say to the first mate, 'and mind they keep a good lookout to seaward.'

"My father having agreed to help with our canoes to tow the water casks from the beach, hoisting tackle was got out, a raft of six casks was dropped over the side and, towed by two of the slaver's boats, was soon making good headway toward the mouth of the fresh water creek.

"The party was in charge of the second mate, and hearing him speak to one of the crew in English, I addressed him in the same language, which seemed to surprise him. He told me he was born in America, in Maine, I think he called the place. He talked a good deal, and from him I learned much about the schooner and her people.

"He said she was of 170 tons burden, had been built only about a year and a half, and had just got back from a run to Cuba, where she had landed nearly 400 slaves in good condition. They now had 300 slaves on board, and had intended to take on a hundred more, but the English brig had scared them off.

"One hundred and seventy of these slaves were men, and the rest were women, with the exception of two boys, five or six years old. One woman, he told me, had a young baby.

"The crew numbered forty-two, all told. The captain, he said, was a Frenchman from Marseilles, named Glanvil, the smartest sailor and the most daring fellow he had ever been shipmates with. All these particulars turned out to be important.

"My father told me he should like to have the slaves detained as long as possible, as it might happen that the English brig or some other man-of-war would come along. He had sent one of our people part way up the mountain above the town to keep a lookout, and let him know if he saw a sail.

"It was past 9 o'clock before the first raft of filled water casks was alongside the schooner. The water was pumped from them into empty casks in the lower hold.

"The poor black people between decks kept up their cries, praying to be let out. None of us were allowed on the schooner's deck, but I could see from the canoe that a sentinel with a musket on his shoulder, and a cutlass stuck in his belt, stood all the time by each of the hatchways ready to shoot down any slave who should succeed in reaching the deck.

"The heat was oppressive; the wind had died away and the air was heavy. A little after noon a light breeze sprang up from seaward, and with it came a heavy swell that made it difficult to tow the casks filled with water from the beach to the slaver.

"It was perhaps 2 o'clock when, just as we were about to push off from the watering place, the man whom my father had sent up on the mountain side to keep a lookout came running along the beach and spoke to him. My father, who was with our people helping the slaver's men to fill the casks from the creek, said to me, in our language, 'He says there is a sail in sight.'

"We had got within about three ships' lengths of the slaver when we heard the voice of the captain singing out to Mr. Smith, the second mate, to let go the casks and hurry on board. I looked aloft and saw that the recall signal was hoisted, and when I turned my head over my shoulder toward the shore I could see the men getting into the boat and starting to pull off. Two hands ran aloft on the Clelise forward, and soon loosened the top-gallant sail and topsail, which had been furled when she dropped anchor.

"As the mate let go the casks he cast off the line by which our two canoes were towing, and the one I was in paddled alongside the schooner.

"The vessel's crew were working lively, I can tell you. There was a gang at the windlass and the anchor had already broken ground; the topsail was hoisted and ready to be sheeted home. The schooner swung with the wind, and a man took the wheel just as we got abreast of the gangway.

"The little Frenchman was walking the poop furiously, looking toward the shore from which the boat was coming, then out to sea. When he saw our canoe he took hold of the main rigging with one hand and leaning over the rail said, in a low voice, like a hiss: 'How close in can I go to there?' pointing to the large, high rocks that we call the sail rocks, at the northeast end of the island.

"'With a steady breeze you can run in so you can throw a biscuit ashore,' said I. 'There is plenty of water there, but when the tide is running you want to allow for it.'

"Then he asked, very sharply, if I was a pilot.

"'No,' I replied; 'but why so much haste, captain?'

"He cursed me and yelled: 'You ask why I hurry—look yonder!'

"As he spoke he pointed seaward. Coming down before the wind, with royals and stuns'ls set, was a vessel. She was not more than six miles away, and was no doubt the English man-of-war brig. It was the sail my father had told me of as I was leaving the beach.

"The second mate's boat was hoisted, and when the flying jib was set the topsail and topgallant sail were sheeted home, and the schooner began to move slowly through the water, but not so fast but that the other boat, which was now alongside, was hooked on and hoisted up, the crew clambering out by the main chains and on to the deck.

"Capt. Glanvil had got somewhat cooled down, and was giving his orders in a clear and quiet tone. The fore and main sheets were slacked off, the gaff topsail set, and the slaver headed a little west of north, with the wind abeam, a course that took her along the east end of the island and at a right angle to the course steered by the brig.

"We paddled to the shore as fast as we could, and had just reached the beach and turned to have a look at the chase, when what should we see but the brig, which had now come quite near, headed up into the wind.

"Her yards were alive with men, and what but a moment before had been a beautiful, trim pile of canvas from deck to trucks was now a mass of flapping sails and flying cordage. Everthing had been clewed up and let go, and the crew were trying to hand the sails, though they flopped so loud that they sounded like a volley of muskets to us on shore.

"I looked over to the schooner, but she was holding on to everything, though she keeled over so far that her lee rail was under water, and her crew were hanging on the weather rigging and fife rails like so many flies on a ceiling.

"The wind now began to come in gusts and the air grew cold, and it chilled me as the fog used to do in London. There was a dash of rain, and it got so thick that we could not see either vessel.

"There was a flash, then a crash of thunder, and it lightened for a moment. Then we saw that the slaver had taken in his flying jib, his topgallant sail, and his gaff topsail and was settling away his topsail, and a crowd of men were crawling up the ratlins to reef it, though how they could expect to hand the sail in such a gale I could not understand.

"The brig, under close reef topsails, was standing away from the island and steering nearly south. Her yards were squared, and then I saw that the wind had shifted round to the north'ard and that the slaver was close hauled and dipping her bow under so that it seemed as if she must be buried every plunge she made.

"Then came another squall of wind and rain, and the air grew almost as black as night.

"'The wind is heading him off,' my father cried, placing his voice close to my ear. 'He will never get past the rocks.'

"Again there was a flash that almost blinded us, a crash that seemed as if the world had come to an end. Then the air lighted up so that we could see the poor Clelise. Her mainmast was gone and had carried with it the foretopmast. I thought I could see the men that had been on the topsail yard struggling with the wreckage to leeward, but there was little time to think of them. The craft was not a ship's length from the sail rocks, and headed right between them.

"A great sea came rushing toward her. Oh! I shut my eyes. There was a crash that we heard above the roar of the storm.

"There was another volley of wind, of rain, of light, of thunder. Then it cleared again. The wind blew a steady gale and the rain fell more regularly. We could see the rocks and the ocean, but that was all. The slaver had disappeared and the brig was not in sight.

"The gale continued until the sun went down, but with the rising of the moon, which was at its full, it subsided, and by 8 o'clock in the evening the sky was as clear and the stars shone out as steady and bright as if all the world was at peace and all its people happy.

"The storm had done much damage on the island. More than half our huts had been blown down, a number of the canoes had been dashed to pieces on the beach, and many of our finest cocoanut trees were lying upon the ground.

"All that night our people spent in going back and forth upon the beach, and many a terrible sight they saw. With the flood tide, which began to turn a little before midnight, the bodies of the black people and of the slaver's crew came floating in with the wreckage of the vessel. We looked for some signs of life among them, but all in vain.

"About 3 o'clock in the morning one of our people found the body of the captain. His heart still beat and he breathed faintly, but he died before we got him upon the beach. He had a frightful gash in his forehead and both legs were broken.

"Just after the finding of the captain I came across the body of a woman with a baby in her arms. The little thing had its face against her breast, and when I felt it I found that it was warm. I took it up and gave it to my wife, who carried it to our hut. She rubbed it and held it by the fire and in a few moments it gave a low moan, then opened its eyes and began to cry.

"My wife and I took good care of the little thing; it was a boy, and we brought it up. You saw him on board your ship this morning. Surf Johnson, for so I christened him, and that figure-head you see in there, are all that is left to remind us of the Clelise, of Bordeaux.

"The next day we buried the bodies of ninety-eight persons, black and white, that were washed ashore. The rest were swallowed up by great Father Ocean, and, as the Good Book says, we shall never see them till the judgment day.

"We heard afterward that the brig rode out the storm and reached Sierra Leone in safety."—W. A. Boyce in Youth's Companion.

Seen in a Dream.

In 1868, Lizzie M. Trask, of Vienna, Me., was dressmaking in Lewiston. She came into possession of a gold twenty-five cent piece with a hole in it. This she showed as a curiosity to her friends. At that time she had a little niece 2 years old, daughter of Jonathan P. Trask, now the wife of Leman Butler, trader in Mt. Vernon. The little coin Lizzie once showed to her niece Addie when she was a very small girl, telling her that she would give it to her when she was old enough to take care of it. Lizzie died twelve years ago. In her possession was a lady's wallet with several compartments. This wallet her mother used until her death, seven years ago.

Then James, a brother of Lizzie, had it, and it has been in constant use almost daily ever since, either by him or his wife. The little gold coin was never seen after Lizzie's death or before for several years by her friends, and its whereabouts was not known, and, in fact, its existence had passed from their memory. A few days ago Mrs. Butler made her parents a visit, stopping with them several nights.

While there she dreamed that she saw her Aunt Lizzie's wallet, and that it was faced with green, and in a certain compartment she found the little gold coin which she saw so many years ago. On telling her mother her dream she was informed that Lizzie did have a wallet which answered her description, and that her Uncle James had it. The wallet Addie had never seen. She then visited her uncle and told her dream to her aunt, who laughed at the idea of anything being in it other than what she and her husband had placed there. But at Addie's earnest solicitation she produced it, and as soon as Addie saw it she exclaimed: "That is the same wallet that I saw in my dream!" and pointed out the compartment that held the treasure. She then took a needle, and, running it to the bottom, she drew forth a newspaper, and in it was, indeed, a gold quarter with a hole in it, wrapped, no doubt, by the hand of her aunt at least twelve years before, where it had lain all this time, without the knowledge of any one, until Addie's dream caused it to be brought forth.—Augusta (Me.) Age.

The Jasper Industry.

Within two years the jasper industry has been developed, and there are now four quarries, employing nearly 1,000 men, in operation about Sioux Falls. The market extends from Chicago to Kansas City. Sioux Falls' streets are paved with jasper, and her four story buildings are constructed of it. The stone is susceptible of a high degree of polish, and when finished looks much like the red granite of Missouri. The pioneer in the jasper industry discovered not long ago that the dust of the jasper, which is half as hard as diamonds, would polish the famous petrified wood of Arizona, and make of it table tops and ornaments more beautiful than agate or onyx. The petrified wood is now brought from Arizona to Sioux Falls by the carload, and polished in a variety of forms. To the jasper industry, the city has added the manufacture of chalcedony. There is a scientific mystery about this so called jasper. Practically it is all right. Its utility has been established, but geologically there is no little uncertainty about it. Those who know the most are the least positive in discussing its character. Some of the scientific men who have looked at it call it red quartzite. Professor Winchell says it is the hardest stone in the United States that has been used for building purposes. The grain is very close. The only element to which it succumbs is fire. It will stand a good degree, but crumbles like sandstone or limestone under too intense heat.—New York Sun.

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BALTIMORE & OHIO RAILROAD

SCHEDULE IN EFFECT, MAY 12, 1889.

LEAVE CAMDEN STATION.

For Chicago and Northwest, Vestibuled Limited Express daily 10 20 a. m., Express, 8 00 p. m.

For Cincinnati, St. Louis and Indianapolis, Vestibuled Limited Express daily 2 00 p. m., express 10 40 p. m.

For Pittsburgh and Cleveland, Vestibuled Limited Express daily, 10 20 a. m., Express, 7 40 p. m.

For Washington, week days, 5 10, 6 20, 6 30, 7 15, 7 20, 8 00, (45-minute train) 8 30, 9 15, 10 20, (45-minute train) a. m., 12 15, 1 45 (45-minute train,) 2 00, 3 00, 4 05, (45-minute train), 4 15, 5 00, 5 00, 6 30, 7 40, 7 45, 8 00, 10 05, 10 10 and 11 00 p. m. Sunday 6 30, 7 15, 8 30, 9 15, 10 20 a. m., 12 50, 1 45, 2 00, 4 15, 5 00, 6 30, 7 40, 7 45, 8 00, 10 05, 10 10 and 11 00 p. m.

For Way Stations between Baltimore and Washington, 5 10, 6 30 and 8 30 a. m., 12 15, 3 00, 5 00, 6 30 and 11 00 p. m. On Sunday 6 30 and 8 30 a. m., 12 50, 5 00, 6 30 and 11 00 p. m.

Trains leave Washington for Baltimore. 4 00, 5 00, 6 40, 7 20, 8 30, 9 30, 9 45, 11 00 a. m., 12 00, 12 10, 2 05, 2 30, 3 15, 3 25, 4 25, 4 30, *4 35, 5 30, 6 30, 7 00, 7 30, 9 00, 10 30, 11 30, p. m. Sunday, 4 00, 7 20, 8 30, 9 30, 9 45, a. m., 12 00, 1 15, 2 05, 2 30, 3 25, 4 25, 4 35, 6 30, 7 00, 7 30, 9 00, 10 30, 11 30 p. m.

For Principal Points on Metropolitan Branch †5 10, *8 15, †5 00 and †4 15 p. m.

For Annapolis 7 20, 9 15 a. m., 12 15, 4 15 and 6 30 p. m. On Sunday, 9 15 a. m. and 5 00 p. m.

For Ellicott City, Mt. Airy and way points, *4 00, †8 35, §9 30 a. m., †1 10, ††4 25, *5 25, *6 35 and *11 15 p. m. a Stops only at principal stations between Relay and Frederick Junction.

For Frederick, 4 00, 8 35 a. m., 1 10, 4 25 and 5 25 p. m. On Sunday, 9 30 a. m. and 5 25 p. m.

For Virginia Midland Railroad and South via Danville, *9 15, a. m. and *8 00 p. m.

For Lexington, Staunton, 9 15 a. m. daily except Sunday.

For Winchester, †4 00, †9 15 a. m., †4 25 p. m.

For Luray, Roanoke and all points on the Shenandoah Valley R. R., *4 00 a. m. and †8 35 a. m.

For Hagerstown, †4 00, †8 35, †9 15 a. m., †4 15, †4 25 p. m.

For Curtis Bay and intermediate points, 6 30 and 10 10 a. m. and 2 20 p. m. Sundays, 8 20 a. m., and 4 40 p. m. Leave Curtis Bay, 7 00, 11 50 a. m., and 5 50 p. m. Sundays 9 00 a. m. and 6 00 p. m.

Trains arrive from Chicago, Columbus and the Northwest, daily 12 45 and 5 15 p. m.; from Pittsburgh, *8 20 a. m.; *7.50 p. m. from Cincinnati,