



CHAPTER XXXV.

"With to see his lordship?" exclaimed the footman who, at Herrick Hall, answered the doorbell, and who stood again at the authority of a second Earl Wyvern.

"I do desire," said Earl Wyvern, replied Obadiah, who was the applicant for admission. "I am little used to trouble the mighty of the earth to listen to my words for my sake; but I come on business, to attend to which, unless I judge wrongly, any lord of the earth would gladly rise, even from a king's feast."

"What name, please?" "I am Obadiah Jedson—Captain Jedson they call me," answered the jet hunter, impressively. "Tell the Earl that I can throw light upon what happened here in Horseshoe Bay seventeen long years ago. Sir William Herrick, your master, can hardly fail to have heard of Captain Obadiah Jedson, the jet secker."

The footman capitulated, and went in to Obadiah's errand. In a few minutes—fewer minutes than the gaunt old chief of the jet hunters' company had reckoned on—the footman came back.

"Sir William did know of you, Captain," he said more respectfully than he had spoken before, "and so did her ladyship. I please step this way. My lord will see you in the dining-room."

Thither Lord Wyvern quickly came, somewhat of a frown upon his brow. "Mr.—or Captain Jedson," he said, "you have evoked very painful recollections—I trust not on frivolous grounds. If you have anything to tell which is worth the telling, I am prepared to listen to you."

"Lord earl," replied Obadiah, confronting the peer with a grave dignity that challenged respect, "I forgot neither what is due to a nobleman's rank nor to a father's heart, when I ask your lordship to hearken to a rough man like me. I am a jet hunter—a captain of jet hunters. It seems to me but yesterday that I was pitched on a king's feast, in Horseshoe Bay, hard by. It was seventeen long years ago. It was summer weather. It was the day of a sharp and sudden storm."

"Well!" said the Earl, as his lips quivered, and the lines that furrowed his broad white brow seemed to deepen. "My lord," Obadiah resumed, "I am not one of those who believe in luck—heathenly so called. But there is a guidance, if we could see it aright. On that day of sudden storm on the sands, close to the leaping waves, on the inner side of the black rocky headland, I came out into the sea, and cut off the bay from Shrapton and the coast line, we saw, as if it had dropped from the sky, the figure of a child."

"Alive?" asked Lord Wyvern, hoarsely. "Alive," Obadiah hastened to say, "and well and fearless. A beautiful boy, with silken curls and great dark eyes, richly clad, faintly upon his face a little peace from a palace, and set there on the desolate sea beach, almost within reach of the furious sea."

"Of what age was the boy?" asked the Earl, quickly. "An hour or two ago, lord earl. I knew not of your loss," answered the jet hunter. "The overbearing of a chance conversation—if there be such a thing as chance, for I hold that what is written that shall be has brought home to me, after all these years, that our founding, and my own foster-son, the little fellow whom we adopted among us, was no other than your long-lost son."

The tears that started to Earl Wyvern's haughty eyes and the deep sob that shook his frame were answer enough. "Is he—my boy—yet living?" asked the Earl, and it was with almost an imploring gaze that he fixed his eyes on Obadiah's rugged face.

"He is—he is, my lord," the jet hunter made haste to say. "Roughly as we reared him, and poor as we were, he grew up to be as handsome and as noble a youth as ever gladdened a father's eyes. He still goes by the name of Don—Mr. Don they call him, for he is a gentleman, and a gentleman's child from the first—and a braver lad, or a gentler, never won the praise of high and low along the coast here."

"Don! Yes, it was a name the Italian servants gave him at Naples, where they called him Don Lionello—Lionel Arthur Wyvern was his real name—and I, too, called him nothing else," said the Earl, thoughtfully. "I saw a young man, and a singularly handsome one, at Woodburn Park, some years ago."

"Why, that must have been our Don—pardon me for interrupting your lordship—since Mr. Langton taught him, and liked him well, until that business came up about Miss Mowbray."

And in a few words Obadiah recounted how Don had become a clerk in Lord Thorsdale's land office, how he had won Violet's love, but at her guardian's bidding, had been banished from the house. "We may remedy that," said the Earl, smiling. "But I forgot. Have you preserved, Captain Jedson, any of the clothes which the child wore?"

"I have carried them with me, under lock and key, in all my wandering career," answered Obadiah, as he undid the bundle, and laid it on the table before him. "Here, my lord, are the boy's clothes. This fine green velvet tunic, as you see, frayed and whitened now, but with the silver buttons yet bright, for I have burnished them at times; and here are the rest of the boy's clothes, shoes and all, and the belt, with its clasp of silver—that is bright, too—and a coral thing that hung by a thin gold chain."

"That," said the Earl, "is a Neapolitan charm against the Evil Eye—a mere toy. But the belt—did you not wonder at what you found written on the clasp of silver?" "Indeed, no, I doubt if I understand you, my lord," said Obadiah, wondering in his turn.

"I will see," said the Earl, "if I have forgotten," and after one or two attempts he pressed a secret spring, when instantly a silver plate flew open, revealing within a cavity that contained two tiny locks of hair and certain graven letters.

"This must be stopped," said Lord Wyvern. And then Sir William Herrick was taken to consult with a council and a messenger was dispatched to Shrapton to bespeak a train to be in readiness in the morning to set off at an hour sufficiently early to render it possible to intercept Don at an important junction, at which he must necessarily stop during his journey to the South coast, and the steam packet, West India bound, that was to waft him across the Atlantic toward Vera Cruz.

CHAPTER XXXVI. The fly which was to convey Don and his security luggage to the Daneborough station arrived very early at the old steward's house at Thorsdale Park, and Don's young fellow clerk was still asleep as his office companion started.

"Switchman Junction. Change!" said the guard, going quickly along the line of carriages. Don, with the other passengers, got out and waited. Suddenly there was a little bustle on the platform.

"See all clear there! special coming, as telegraphed from the north!" bawled a deputy inspector, and there was a moment of confusion on the platform. "My lord!" said a strange voice, in a tone of deferential eagerness, so close to Don's ear that the young man could not but start and turn his head.

"I beg your lordship's pardon," said the man, raising his glossy hat. Don stared at him in very natural surprise. "This is some mistake," he said, tolerantly. "No mistake at all, asking your lordship's pardon for the liberty," said the stranger. "We have followed your lordship from the north by special train, and am speaking, I hope, to Mr. Don?" added the man servant, rapidly, and with some anxiety.

"For whom do you take me?" "For Lord Ludlow, my lord. I am here by orders of your lordship's father, my lord, and—"

"Don, my dear boy, the man tells the truth, strange and passing strange, as it may sound in those young ears of his," said Don, as he saw at the towering form and striking face of the aged captain of the jet hunters.

"Your father's child!" began Obadiah, "when first you came—a very thing—to break our bread and warm your little limbs beside our camp fire, I knew from the first that you belonged to gentle-folks. You were like a tiny eagle that had dropped down from the eyrie aloft, and less eyes of what race you came. At last the truth is known. Your father, who grows impatient as he waits yonder to press you to his heart, is a grand nobleman, a belted earl, my lad."

"His name?" Don asked, as his breath went and came more quickly than usual. "His name is Earl Wyvern, my lord. You are yourself, it seems, Don, a lord, and your true name is Lionel Arthur, Lord Ludlow."

The end of the colloquy was that, as fast as the special train could hurry him along, Don sped over the iron road to Shrapton.

CHAPTER XXXVII. Sir William Herrick, who was the soul of hospitality, had thoughtfully provided that Don, on his arrival at the Hall, should be ushered at once into the presence of his father. In the library, a large room where well-shelved shelves alternated with the branching antlers of stags slain long ago, and with armor kept bright by the care of sundry generations of servants, the Earl received the long-lost son whom he had so long sorrowed for as dead. All Lord Wyvern's pride, all his habitual haughtiness, in his manner gave way at once, and he did not even try to hide the unwonted tears that dimmed his eyes, as, opening his arms, he pressed the young man to his breast.

"My boy!" he exclaimed, pushing Don from him a little way, with a hand upon his forehead, as if to see how he felt, "you cannot tell what this meeting is to me! To find again, as if the very grave had, through heaven's mercy, yielded him up to me, the little child—all that my Maria left me—and to find in him a man grown, and a son of whom any father would be proud to boast!"

Sir Richard, finding himself a detected forger, suddenly disappeared. He was reported to have closed his London house as summarily as he had put down his establishment in Yorkshire, and to have sailed for Demerara, where rumor alleged him to have a small estate, inherited from his father.

The grim old captain of the jet hunters, to whom both the Earl and Don felt they owed a deep debt of gratitude, refused the liberal offers of money which Lord Wyvern pressed upon him.

But Don's knowledge of the old man's peculiarities prevailed, and Obadiah accepted the gift of a small farm which Earl Wyvern had purchased for him in Beckdale, the place of his birth, and of some such freehold as that which the veteran jet hunter—descendant of a race of yeomen that had sunk into poverty—confessed himself to have been all his life ambitious to be the possessor. So the famous old company of jet seekers were broken up, most of its members turning their attention to more prosaic forms of bread-winning.

Glitka, the baronet once gone, found her former sojourn in England unendurable, and much regretted by her partial mistress, Lady Thorsdale, returned to her native Hungary.

The wedding bells rang gayly, and flowers and lace and jewels sparkled and rustled, and the fairest and freest consent of all concerned, Violet and Don—Miss Mowbray and Lord Ludlow, in newspaper parlance and drawing-room and club-room gossip, but to each other Don and Violet eternal—were married in the spring.

of Wyvern—let them be Don and Violet to us still—talk with affection and gratitude of the good old man, and marvel at the tallness of hidden happiness for them that lay within the clasp.

THE END. Heat Dries Up Four Englishmen. Uncle Robert William Quimby of Lewiston says that he has traveled in all the warm countries of the globe and that he has been in the coldest latitudes. He does not think that we have such very hot weather. If people would make provision for the hot days as they do in India he thinks we should not notice it so much.

"But," says he, "the warmest weather that I ever experienced was on a small island called John's Biscuit, off Cape Gracias, on Honduras. The Elizabeth Jennings, on which I sailed in 1870, from Portland, stopped there for water and a boat's crew went ashore for it. It was a little volcanic island and awful dry and hot. We didn't know whether there would be any water there or not, but we did find a spring with a stream as large as a broom handle pouring out all the time. And do you believe me? The water was dried up and soaked up before it had run four feet in the sand. The place was covered with dried trees and a little distance away was what looked like a hut—a habitation for man. We went in and found the shrunken remains of four men, sailors, probably, who had died in one night, to judge from appearances. One was sitting leaning against the wall in a sitting position. There was dry food on the table, dry meat in a box and everything was burning dry."

"A letter in the pocket of one man was dated Liverpool, 1846, and on the table was a bottle with a note in it, evidently intended to be cast adrift. It said they were four English seamen, marooned by a captain, left to die. The note was dated 1846, and I suppose they had been there dead in that hut for over thirty years, and they must have died of heat one day and dried right up. We left them where we found them."—Lewiston Journal.

Giants Survived the Flood. Among the many queer stories related in the old Jewish Talmud is one concerning the action taken by the great race of giants at the time of the deluge. According to Rabbi Eliezer, when the flood broke upon the earth, the giants exclaimed "If all of the waters of the earth be gathered together they will only reach to our waists, and if the fountains of the great deep be broken up we will stamp them down again." The same writer, who was one of the compilers of the Talmud, says that they actually tried to do this when the flood finally came. Eliezer says that Og, their leader, "planted his foot upon the fountain of the deep and with his hands closed the windows of heaven." Then, according to this same queer story, "God made the waters hot and boiled the flesh from the bones of Palestine also says that the waters of the flood were hot, and that the skin of the rhinoceros lies in folds because he was not allowed to enter the ark, but saved himself by hooking his horn under the sides of the vessel and floating with it. But the water which was directly under and at the sides of the ark was not hot—the rhinoceros loosened his skin swimming from a mountain peak to the side of the vessel. One account says that Og and another giant named Lamel also saved themselves by taking refuge in the cool water under the edge of the ark's hull, along with the rhinoceros. One rabbi, authority quoted by Gould in his "Patriarchs and Prophets," says that Og saved himself by climbing upon the top of the ark, and that when Noah discovered and tried to dislodge him, he swore to be a slave to Noah's family forever, if allowed to remain.

Underlaid with Gold. Percy F. Marks, one of the proprietors of the London Financial News, one of the recognized authorities on financial matters, arrived in San Francisco last week on the Monowal. The paper was founded in 1883 and is owned by himself and his brother, Harry H. Marks, a member of Parliament. This brother, previous to embarking in this London enterprise, obtained his journalistic experience on American papers.

Mr. Marks has been in Australia making a careful study of the gold fields in west Australia, New South Wales and New Zealand. As these mines develop, which they are now doing very rapidly, he predicts a very remarkable increase in the supply of gold, amounting, in fact, to a glut of the yellow metal in the market. The mines of west Australia are particularly rich and extensive, but have the disadvantage of being in a country scantily supplied with wood, water and means of transportation. These disadvantages are being rapidly overcome. The government is extending the railroad which runs from Perth to Coolgardie on to Kalgoorlie, better known as Homanus, twenty-five miles, an extraordinarily rich mining region. The government has also asked Parliament for \$5,000,000 for the purpose of laying 300 miles of water pipe. In many places drinking water sells for 50 cents a gallon. From here Mr. Marks goes to Cripple Creek to investigate the mining prospects there. His paper, he says, has always had a favorable opinion of Cripple Creek fields.—Los Angeles Express.

Early Almanacs. The history of written almanacs dates back to the second century of the Christian era. The Alexandrian Greeks in the time of Ptolemy, A. D. 100-160, used almanacs. Prior to the written almanacs of the Greeks there were calendars of primitive almanacs. The Roman fasti sacri were similar to modern almanacs. Knowledge of the calendar was at first confined to the priests, whom the people had to consult not only about the dates of festivals, but also concerning the proper time for instituting various legal proceedings.

Sundowners. "Sundown doctors" is the appellation to be applied in the city of Washington to a class of practitioners who are clerks in the government offices and who have taken a medical degree with a view of practicing after the hours of their official work are over.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

ITEMS OF TIMELY INTEREST TO THE FARMERS.

Cultivation in Apple Orchards.—Profit from the incubator.—Feeding Wheat.—Farm and Garden Notes.

ROLLING LAND AFTER WHEAT SOWING.

This operation is hardly ever desirable; it may be before the sowing, to break down the clods, but a good harrowing should be given immediately after. Then the seed should be drilled in or sown; in the latter case the seed should be well harrowed in. It is best to leave whatever small clods may be on the ground, as these attract moisture, and so help the seed to sprout if the weather is dry after the seeding. Later, these clods, if only small, will be a protection to the young plants. The effect of rolling land every time and under every condition is to cause the soil to lose its moisture and not to retain it. The more the surface is loose and open, the less it dries out; the harder and more crusted it is, the more moisture it loses by evaporation. —New York Times.

PROFIT FROM THE INCUBATOR.

In the twenty-one days that it takes to turn a perfectly fresh fertile egg into a chick there is more profit in proportion to the capital invested than in any other farm operation. So the old lady was not far out of the way when she said she would not sell eggs under twelve cents a dozen, or a cent each, because it didn't pay for the hen's time. If an egg is worth one cent, a lively young chick, newly hatched, is worth at least six cents, if not ten. Six hundred to 1000 per cent profit in twenty-one days' time is not to be sneezed at. There is another side to this, of course, when sickness or something else thins off the young chicks, and their dead little bodies are not worth even the cent that the egg cost from which they were hatched. It is by looking on all sides that conservative farmers usually called rather slow are saved from enthusiasms in the egg and poultry business that have deceived and disappointed many who have gone in without experience, and have come out with more experience than they wanted.

HOW MUCH HAY TO FEED.

Farm horses, almost without exception, are fed too much hay. One exception may be noted: A horse of nervous disposition, inclined to scour, should have all the hay he can be induced to eat in addition to the grain ration. The horse of this character will not usually eat more than ten to twelve pounds of hay daily. Again, you find some horses that you are almost compelled to muzzle to keep them from stuffing the bedding.

It is difficult, on account of the difference in uses to which horses are put, to tell what amount should be given them. Opinion is divided on the subject. One stockman says that four tons of hay will be enough for a 1000-pound horse a year. Another says that a horse should have from eighteen to twenty pounds a day. The stage driver insists that twenty pounds a day is none too much. We believe that each horse should be considered by himself, and fed accordingly.

It is better to give not more than one half of the amount in hay, where twenty-five pounds of feed a day is allowed, the larger amount always to be given at night.

The grain ration should be adapted to the individual horse and the work he is required to do.—The Silver Knight.

PINE CASES BAD FOR EGGS.

The trouble with pine for egg cases is that it is very liable to impart a bad flavor and smell to the eggs. This occurs in the presence of moisture. When eggs come out of a cold refrigerator car into a warm atmosphere they become damp, often wet, from condensation; so does the case itself. This causes the pine to emit a strong, pungent odor which taints the eggs. The same effect is noticed in damp and muggy weather.

We have observed a number of instances lately where eggs in pine cases have been returned by buyers on the ground that they were "tasty" though apparently fresh and sound. Investigation has shown that the trouble was due entirely to the absorption of the pungent pine aroma from the wood.

For holding in ice house the pine case is absolutely tabooed; and even for ordinary use in marketing stock for current demands, it is a detriment under any but the most favorable conditions. It is best to pack stock in such a way as to give it the benefit of every outlet, and so as to avoid all accidents.

The white wood case is far the best case made and should be universally adopted, at least for packing stock of first quality. A white wood case with medium fillers and a No. 1 filler as top and bottom layer, is free from objection, and if properly packed should prevent many of the losses which often harass the less careful packer.—New York Produce Review.

CULTIVATION IN APPLE ORCHARDS.

Regarding the cultivation of old apple orchards which have been a long time in sod, the general consensus of opinion among leading horticulturists of the country is that it is not best to attempt to plow up these orchards and improve them by cultivation, but rather to depend upon surface mulching and feeding for their maintenance. But a few days ago, in visiting the farm of a friend, who is a great lover of fruits and flowers, I have found that his apple orchard, which has been planted in sod for many years, had last spring a small strip of land plowed and thoroughly manured all around the outside of the orchard and been planted to flowers and various small fruits.

Through the summer they have had the liberal culture necessary for their best development, and while from appearances these well reared apple buds put upon them the difference in the

foliage of the apple trees and the appearance of the fruit on these outside rows is such as to warrant the belief that the increased value of the orchard will many times repay the culture, which was never intended for the apples at all. It looks to me that if the whole orchard was put under the same treatment, it would be a decided benefit. I do not know the exact age of the trees, but judge it to be an orchard of upwards of forty years' growth, and even though it has been in sod for a good many years past and had better treatment than the average orchard, and been profitable in its returns, I am sure it can be made more valuable in the future by judicious plowing and cultivation.—Hartford Courant.

FEEDING WHEAT.

D. E. Salmon, D. V. M., Chief of the Bureau of Animal Industry, Department of Agriculture, recently said in regard to the relative value of wheat and corn for feeding purposes: "When wheat and corn are the same price per bushel, it is preferable to feed wheat and sell corn. First, because wheat weighs 7 per cent heavier per bushel than corn; secondly, because wheat is weight for weight, an equally good grain for fattening animals, and better for growing animals; and, thirdly, because there is much less value in fertilizing elements removed from the farm in corn than in wheat."

There are certain points to be borne in mind when one is commencing to feed wheat. Our domesticated animals are all very fond of it, but are not accustomed to eating it. Precautions should consequently be observed to prevent accidents and disease from its use. It is a matter of common observation that when full-fed horses are changed from old to new oats they are liable to attacks of indigestion, colic and founder. If such results follow the change from old to new oats, how much more likely are they to follow a radical change, such as that from oats to wheat? For this reason wheat should at first be fed in small quantities. It should, when possible, be mixed with some other grain, and care should be taken to prevent any one animal from getting more than the quantity intended for it."

At a meeting of the Kansas State Board of Agriculture, Mr. J. W. Kirby said:

"The wheat that is being fed to farm animals is mostly soaked. I have fed large quantities and it appears healthy and nourishing. Hogs fatten on it about one-third better than on corn, making about sixteen pounds of live pork per bushel. When a mixture is needed for fattening hogs, oats are equal excellent. Wheat mixed with an equal measure of oats is fed to work horses, and this ration maintains strength and flesh about the same as corn or oats. For feeding horses, wheat is worth about thirty-three per cent more than corn. Wheat is selling here at thirty-eight and corn at thirty-five cents per bushel. It would pay better to feed the wheat than to sell at forty cents and buy corn at thirty cents per bushel, but to sell wheat and buy bran or shorts at current prices, would be doubtful profit for the feeder. I feed brood sows and sucking pigs on soaked wheat, giving them all they will eat, and keep plenty of water in the feed trough to prevent the feed from becoming dry. Older hogs, with plenty of green feed or running in pasture, are fed dry wheat, which they seem to masticate and digest better than when soaked.—Farm and Fireside.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

Special care should be given to young fowls to keep them growing, so as to get them in good shape for the winter. If fowls do not moult well look for lice. Put a little drop of sulphur in their food and a little iron in the drinking water.

For good results in egg production, the hen house during the winter should not be allowed to become colder than 40 degrees.

The natural heat of the sheep is about 100 degrees. Any dip that may be used should never be more than 20 degrees above this temperature.

In preparing lambs for show it is essential to have many kinds of green fodder. Rape, green clover, cabbages, roots or green fodder are excellent.

Breeders report an unusually good demand for rams, especially of the mutton breeds, from the West. The work of improving the mutton quality of range flocks is apparently going on rapidly.

The yards and houses should be made ready this month for winter. This work should not be put off; cold weather will come and catch some without proper preparation. Do the work now.

Every breeder should take his best birds to his home county fair. It will help to make a good fair, and also incidentally help the breeder by advertising his business. It pays in more ways than one.

Success in sheep husbandry is not a matter of luck. The "lucky" sheep farmer is none other than the pains taking, humane, enthusiastic shepherd, whose success turns upon his attention to details.

It has been found that a late dipping in the fall has such an excellent effect upon the skin that the growth of the fleece is more than sufficient to pay all the cost of it, not to mention the comfort to the flock of a clean skin free from the tormenting ticks and the surety against scab.

If eighty or ninety pound lambs are the favorites of the present somewhat fastidious market, it may be well to remember that up to this fashionable weight the lambs of the heavy breeds have been mainly raised on mother's milk, and has cost the feeder but a trifle beyond the expense of the mother's keep.

A Train Robber's Bequest.

Polk Wells, the noted train robber who died in the Iowa penitentiary a few days ago, willed his heart and skeleton and the bullets found in his body to the man who married Polk's divorced wife.

A STONE WITH A HISTORY.

The Old "Postal Stone," Where Sailors Used to Leave Their Letters.

A stone has just been unearthed in South Africa which bids fair to take its place among the historic stones of the world, in the estimation of the people of that part of the globe at least. It is called the old "Postal Stone," beneath which, for at least two centuries, the mariners who touched at what is now Cape Town were wont to deposit their letters to await the visit of the next homeward or outward bound vessel.

It is of hexagonal shape, about five feet in diameter, and bears in old English lettering the date of 1622. After this homely auxiliary to the precarious letter carrying service of the time was superseded, and Cape Town sprang into being, it was lost sight of until the other day. Now it will be placed in a museum.

There is no doubt about this stone being authentic, in which respects it differs from many another reputed find, like that, for instance, of the Runic stone, which was dredged up in the harbor at Havre not long ago. This at first excited no end of speculation and controversy, as it was thought to be a relic of the old Viking settlers of Normandy. It subsequently transpired that it had formed part of a Norwegian exhibit at the Paris Exposition in 1867, and had been lost overboard on its return to Norway shortly afterward.

Though the Barney Stone—the only one of its kind—was reported to have been at the Chicago Exposition, and is said to be yet in this country, the one in the castle wall of Blamey, which has been sanctified by the kisses of so many generations of pilgrims, is still on view, as it has been near three hundred years, since Cormac McCarthy's soft promises and delusive delays made him the besieger, the Lord President, the laughing stock of Elizabeth's court.

Another example of the occasional fallacy of lapidary legend is furnished by the so-called "Stone of Job," situated not far from Damascus. From time immemorial it has been asserted that it was upon this hard couch that the Patriarch rested in the course of his wanderings. It was only recently that its inscription was deciphered and found to refer to Rameses II., of Egypt, who flourished after Job had been dead and dust two hundred years.

Probably there is no stone in the world about which more legend clings than that upon which the rulers of England have been crowned since the days when Edward I. brought it from Scotland to Westminster. This coronation stone is also called "Jacob's Pillow" and the "Stone of Destiny." According to the most ancient traditions it was the stone on which Jacob slept when he had his dream of the ladder, and was originally preserved in Solomon's Temple, whence it was conveyed to Egypt by Jeremiah.

A SLIGHT INTERRUPTION.

Incident of a Reporter's Visit to a Fire Engine House.

A reporter who had sought at a fire engine house information on a point concerning which the driver could best inform him, stood talking with the driver by the stall of one of the horses. The horse was secured by a tie strap commonly used in the department. One end of the tie strap is made fast by a staple driven into the side of the stall, while the other end is passed through the throatlatch of the horse's bridle, and held on a pin that rises in a little recess in the side of the stall. By means of a simple mechanical contrivance the pin is pulled down at the first stroke of the gong when an alarm is sounded, the tie strap is released and the horse is set free. As the driver and reporter talked, the horse, in a friendly way, bent his head down toward the driver.

Suddenly an alarm was sounded and the horse was transformed and diked by the driver. The horse's head went up and he was alert in every fibre. At the first stroke the pin had dropped and the horse was free. With a single bound he cleared the stall and made for his place by the engine, with the driver beside him. The two other horses of the team—this was a three-horse team—were clattering forward at the same moment. At the front of the house men were sliding down poles like lightning.

There were a few sharp, quick, snapping sounds, as the men already there snapped the collars together around the horses' necks, and over it all the booming of the gong.

In all the newer fire houses of the city the stalls of the horses are placed as nearly as possible abreast of the engine, so that the horses shall have the shortest possible distance to go. In some of the older houses in which there is less room the stalls are at the rear. That is where they were in this house.

Surprised a little, the reporter had lost a second or two in getting to the front. When he got there he saw the driver in his seat, holding the lines over the team ready to drive out, and waiting only for the last stroke on the gong.

All fire teams are hooked up on every alarm; on first alarm they go out only to fires within their own district. This alarm was for a fire outside the district. Unhooked, the horses trotted back to their stalls; descending from his seat the driver took up the interrupted conversation just as if nothing had happened.—New York Sun.

A New Plant.

The cultivation of the cassava plant, has been begun in the United States. It is a shrub from six to eight feet tall, and bears large tubers underground. These are first heated to drive off the poisonous hydrocyanic acid, and they are then made into tapioca and dextrine. It is said that the latter can be more easily manufactured from this plant than from corn.

Mentality During Sleep.

There are many authenticated examples of increased power of mind during sleep. One of the best known is that in which the great naturalist Agassiz successfully reconstructed the gilded apartments of Versailles. The mind was white and had been brought to him all the way from Siberia. Latent, in the Pastille, made companions of twenty-six rats which occupied his cell.

THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Analysis—Blessed Reassurance—The Modern View—A Matter of Taste—No Use—A Matter of Taste—They Knew Her—Etc., Etc.

ANALYTICAL. "What does Slyker think about this silver question?" "There's no telling. All we know is what he says."

BLESSED REASSURANCE. Mr. Frost—"I must turn you away; I have no work for you." "Rugged strong—"Bless yer, air; bless yer."

THE MODERN VIEW. Mamma—"Why were the five virgins whose lamps lacked oil called foolish?" Tommy—"Maybe they had their bikes with 'em."

DEFINED. "What is an accommodation train, papa?" "An accommodation train, my son, is one that stops at every station that you don't want to get off at."

RAD RESULTS. "Binks is a sort of photographic lover, isn't he?" "Photographic? What do you mean?" "Why, he's always bringing out negatives."

A MATTER OF TASTE. Customer—"You are using a different kind of soap from what you were, aren't you?" Barber—"What makes you think so?" "It doesn't taste the same."

FAIR ENOUGH. His Fiance—"Are you sure you would love me just as tenderly if our conditions were reversed—if you were rich and I were poor?" He—"Reverse our conditions and try me."

LONG DRAWN OUT. "How did you feel when Charlie was proposing?" "I felt sure I'd say yes if he ever got through."

HIS OCCUPATION. "What are you doing down there so long?" Shouted the proprietor to Rastus. "Helpin' 'Lias, sah."

"What's 'Lias doing?" "Nuffin."

LEFT IT TO HIM. Jones—"Hello, Smith! Got home again?" Smith—"Suppose so. I don't look as if I was out of town, do I?"

AT THE INQUEST. Coroner—"Is this man whom you found dead on the railroad track a total stranger?" Witness (who had been told by the company to be careful in his statements)—"No, sir. His leg was gone intirely. He was a partial stranger."

THEY KNEW HER. Mabel—"How many engagements did it take you to bring back from the seashore?" Gertrude—"None."

Mabel—"Why, how did that happen?" Gertrude—"Unluckily, I got in with the same crowd that I met last year."

AVAILABLE EITHER WAY.

Helen—He is extremely reticent about his family.

Her Brother—Him—must be a good man of bad family or a bad man of good family. You had best encourage him.

NO USE. The conversation dragged. "You are worth your weight in gold," he ventured to observe to the girl he so madly loved.

"Excuse me," she replied, freezing, "but