

THE DOOMED THIRTEEN.

That I am superstitious quite For such a stark, prosaic wight I can not mend deny.

Among the others who sat down Were Smith and Robinson and Brown, Tim Black, Bill Stiles and Hobbs,

The others of the doomed thirteen Were Captain Alexander Green, A military elf,

A baker's dozen round the board We all observed with one accord And blanched each visage there;

But backward now I turn my gaze, And mingled horror and amazement Creep o'er my forehead brow.

Poor Smith and Brown and Robinson Each reached the age of eighty-one; Then died (excuse this brine),

Then Black and Stiles and Hobbs, poor men, Died—no apparent cause—

White took to crime; in jail he lies, While Dobbs to Canada must flee,

Though superstitious I may be, Oh, do not, prithee prate to me,

That dread fate, worse than death, There's Phildike, he is said, you know, And Little Stokes has asthma so,

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done mischief enough for one morning," screamed Sabriny, her black eyes flashing angrily, as she struggled into an upright position, scornfully refusing the assistance proffered by 'Slah.

"I think I'd best, Sabriny, as it looks as if you meant me, as well as old Toby, I've not intended to insult you, an' my errand over this mornin' was to see if we could't jine forces.

"'Git out, an' quick! I mean you, 'SP Leeds, an' not old Toby! I s'pose you're offering me the chance to become Miss Leeds, and to desert my pore Miss Penelope, I'm a woman, an' one of the stubborn sort, as don't desert old friends, an', at the drop of a hat, go over to the enemy.

"'Tis she dangerous, Doc?" inquired 'Slah, softly, falling to work with renewed energy, chafing the cold slender hands, after reading his answer in Digby Hale's brown eyes.

"After a time Miss Penelope 'came to,' and realized the situation, and not (as Sabriny feared) turning from her physician, who soothed her as if she had been a tired child.

"'The law suit! To-day is the one. I can't go to—the—"

"'Of course you can't. Suppose we settle it in another and more peaceable way—quash it, or withdraw the suit, or somehow, and I pay all the costs, fines or fees—all the expenses, any way," said the doctor, incoherently, then adding:

"'We'll look after it in the future. It shall never trouble you again. You may have it, to plant in roses or strawberries. I'm sure I never wanted it."

"'You—you are—so good, and I have called you such miserable names, a schemer, selfish, even a vil—vil—villain, and I really meant it, too," sobbed Miss Penelope.

"'There, there, little woman, don't cry. You weren't wrong when you called me so. I have been all of them, I think, in that thirty-foot transaction.

"'I s'pose," said 'Slah to Sabriny, as they sat out under the shade of an apple-tree, which showered down great mellow bell-flowers upon the grassy carpet covering "that thirty foot" one clear sunset, "that Doc an' Miss Penelope are obeying Scripture by living out the commands to 'love one another,' an' 'love your enemies.' I think the endin' of all this readin' poetry 'toid together, an' 'carryin' over flowers and fruit'll end in a weddin'.

"'I can't get in a word edgewise. I haven't been promis'n anybody to marry 'em yet. You'd best get my agreement to such a proposition before you fall to makin' weddin' preparations," retorted Sabriny, sharply.

"'Oh, now, Sabriny, we understand each other, an' it's no use to say we don't. Doc'll be wantin' to move her over to his house, as it's bigger an' han'somer, an' has all the improvements in it. We can move right in Miss Penelope's goods an' keep things goin', same as usual, an' yet work for Doc. It'll be dreadful handy. I never had things so good before. I'm tickled as a boy with a new whistle," said Josiah, smiling broadly.

"'You haven't got things that way yet, 'Slah, an' that's slips between the cup an' the lip. I do wonder if Doc and Miss Penelope will marry. They're both up in years," mused Sabriny.

"'So are we, my dear, but we'll be married, and so will that happy pair. Do you mind my tellin' you I'd never cross over that thirty-foot lot until you asked me to do it?" said 'Slah, triumphantly.

"'Well, if that isn't mean! throwin' up to me that I've done the askin'."

"'Yes, I know, Sabriny, that if you hadn't needed help at midnight you'd gone an' called Doc Winn instead of our good friend. I'm glad you had to ask me to cross it, for I was just dyin' for a chance, but you held out so gritty I didn't dare to try."

"'It's better than lawin'. What's his will be hers, an' vice versa. They'll both get a clear title to that thirty-foot lot an' a lovin' companion the rest o' life's journey to boot."—Ella Guernsey, in Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

Twelve o'clock came, and still Dr. Hale unsuccessfully courted sleep, when suddenly there sounded a loud and quick rapping upon the kitchen door, and Sabriny's voice called:

"'Slah, 'Slah, wake up! Call Doc; Miss Penelope's dyin'. Tell Doc to come, an' not stop for nothin'."

"'Yes, coming, Sabriny," responded 'Slah, and shortly Miss Penelope's castle was invaded by the enemy, who immediately set about restoring the little woman who lay in an insensible condition to consciousness.

Miss Penelope required the combined efforts of the three, Dr. Hale, Sabriny and 'Slah, and continued unconscious so long that her faithful attendant wept bitterly, giving it as her opinion that "Miss Penelope'd got her death-blow, an' would soon be free from her sorrows."

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THE MEN WHO STAY.

Some Excellent Advice to Ambitious Young Mechanics.

Young mechanics make a very egregious mistake when they begin to think that they do too much for their employers when they work a few moments overtime to complete a small task they are performing just at the time the whistle blows to quit work.

Employers watch the movements of young men very closely, and the least little thing oftentimes places them in an unfavorable light before their employers. It is the young man who studies the interest of his employer, and is not afraid to give him a few moments, that gets the rapid advancement. He is the young man selected when any favors are to be granted.

I can tell in twenty minutes in any work-shop the young man who is most likely to succeed in his trade. He is the last to leave his work, and is always prompt in beginning it. These fellows that drop their work at the moment the whistle blows are always the ones that the employer is ready to discharge when business gets a little slack.

The young man who takes the interest of his work at heart, and his employer into consideration, is very rarely laid off in slack times.—Builders' Gazette.

AFTER A GORILLA BRAIN

A Missionary's Efforts to Oblige a Philadelphia Scientist.

Rev. Dr. R. H. Nassau's Narrative of His Own Expedition to the Anthropoid Organ—His Trials in an Unaccustomed Pursuit.

Hunting nine years for a gorilla brain, camping for weeks in dense African forests, chasing gorillas through thick underbrush and losing them, meeting the ugly animals face to face and battling with them, and still not able to secure the brain of one of them.

Those were the first gorillas that were ever seen in this country, says the Philadelphia Press, and they were the subjects of great attention from medical men. After the gorillas' bodies had been dissected by Dr. Leidy and Dr. Chapman and Dr. Morton, the latter told Rev. Dr. Nassau that he wanted a gorilla's brain.

Since that time Dr. Nassau has been prosecuting his quest. After nine years he has written to Dr. Morton telling him that he has abandoned all hope of having his diligent hunt rewarded. In his letter he gives an interesting account of his chase. He writes from the head of 35-year-old Ogore river, Gaboon and Corisco Mission, West Africa. He says:

"The getting of a great hope is like the setting of the sun," says Longfellow in the opening page of his Hyperion. I quote his sentiment apropos of my giving up the hope of obtaining you a gorilla brain.

"After hunting vainly for a brain in August, 1889, he determined to go into the gorilla region: "I made all my plans with great forethought as to detail," he continues. "The season would be the cool day when I could hunt with less discomfort. There are scarcely any gorillas in this Talaguga region. I know of but two being killed in the eight years I have been here, so I closed my house and went down the river seventy miles to Kanzwé. There I chose a good crew of eight young men. Your carboy of chloride of zinc had been carefully kept all these years. I took a jugful of it. Not to waste my alcohol, which was to immerse the brain as it should finally go to you, I took along several gallons of whisky. I took my Winchester and double-barreled gun and united with me M. Gacon, a Swiss sharpshooter. The native hunters were also armed.

"We took a six-oared gig at Andinde and went twenty miles down the river to the village of a man named Aveya. There we ate dinner and took a man to guide us among the innumerable islands of Lake O-Nange and Ogeme. The islands are all covered with heavy forests growing out of volcanic rocks. The lake is very deep in places and most of the approaches to the islands very rocky and unsafe. We found an island protected with a cove and smooth sandy beach. There we pitched our tents and took our supper. The island was small and uninhabited. No wild animals—perhaps snakes. Startled at our camp-fires, the hippopotami snorted in the lake shallows. They attack in the water only when wounded or while in charge of their young. They never leave the water to attack ashore. We arose early and moved on to another island where we were given lodging by a native Okendo.

"M. Gacon and Ogula went on a hunting expedition and returned with the report that they had seen signs of gorillas, but not the animals themselves. A council was held in the evening with the villagers as to time, route and the art of hunting gorillas. Some two or three old men and a half dozen young men, whom I did not know, voluntarily attached themselves to our party, evidently for gain, and eventually I forbade them following us, for they hampered us. Everybody was sure I would not be in the village four days without succeeding. They told wonderful stories of the numbers and audacity of the gorillas. Not two days passed but some one saw them in the gardens. As the garden work is done principally by women, it was they who most frequently saw them, sometimes actually meeting them in the paths and being pursued by males. From all their accounts, the gorilla is full of arts and tricks of the monkey tribes—quick to read faces. The women being unarmed and afraid, the animals were more daring to them than to the men.

"But they all said we white people would have no chance of getting so near that the animals would detect our strange odor and fear our white faces. They hoped we would kill many, for their gardens were devastated by the gorillas, pigs, oxen and elephants. Most of the men said though they often saw these animals they were afraid to shoot with their flint locks that often uncertainly flashed in the pan, or whose slug shots were not immediately fatal, for then they were at the mercy of the wounded beasts. They warned us that if we met with a male who dared to face us, not

to fire till only a few yards distant, and even then not to aim at the head, for the animal had the art—being acquainted with guns and all having informed each other (as the sailors believe)—of ducking its head down at the click of the trigger. We were to aim at the abdomen, which from its size could not fall to be injured, and the head or chest would probably be pierced by the animal having ducked his head down to dodge a shot aimed, as it supposed, at its head.

"The next day we all, some fourteen men and eight dogs, went in the boat to a large island shortly after sunrise. My own crew of six were afraid and I left them in the boat, and Ogula described the lay of the land so they were to follow around to another part where we would probably emerge. The rest of us entered the thicket, very dense. It grows up on wherever there are abandoned plantations. The original forest is easily threaded, for the dense foliage of the tall trees kills out by its shade the underbrush. But the gorillas are looked for mostly in the plantations, old and new. But after four hours of search nothing was heard or even seen except the tracks of wild pigs.

"We returned to dinner. In the afternoon Okendo, whose plantation is on another part of the island we had been at, came in frantic haste, saying a gorilla was just then seen by his wife. We went. Sure enough, there were the pieces of sugar corn the beast had chewed and spat from his mouth still wet with spittle, and the broken branches of cassava marked his exit from the garden. We divided into three companies, to the right, to the left and center. I was in the center. M. Gacon went to the right with Ogula. Ogula saw the gorilla, a female, but it disappeared before he could draw on it.

"On the following morning M. Gacon and three men started at five a. m. in a canoe, and I followed an hour later in my boat with four men. We went in the general region of the previous afternoon and found plenty of signs. The thicket was impossible to be passed by a human being in any other than the too noisy way of cutting, or by crawling on our bellies under the mass. The masses of vines, bushes and, worst of all, grass growing many yards in length, whose long, narrow leaves were on their edges as sharp as knives. The density of the growth alone killed out the leaves lower down, and the thicket was tunneled with many passages, intersecting and opening out into spaces of a square rod or two, where might be a clump of trees and where the animals had their sleeping places on the lower branches. You perceive, even if a gorilla was heard or sighted in such a thicket, while we were crawling on our bellies, it would get away before we could snatch our gun into position; and if the animal should only be wounded we would be in a very ugly place for defending ourselves.

"The trail became so hot we were sure the animal was near. We divided, M. Gacon going with Ogula to one side, I and another hunter to the other. Suddenly we heard the dog Hector barking sharply and shortly after the screams of a young gorilla. The voice did not seem to be forty or fifty feet from us. We could see nothing. The barking became more savage, the screams more agonized, and as we tore our way through the thicket there was added the angry howl of a parent gorilla. Everybody took his own way, losing sight of each other, following the sounds along the several radil to that fierce center. But the bark ceased with a yelp, the screams and howls rapidly receded—faster than we could follow.

"I emerged into a small open glade, where stood Ogula, M. Gacon and Hector. The dog had come upon a mother and child at the foot of a tree in a hollow, which was still warm. The mother had fled, but had returned at the screams of the child which the dog had seized. It was just at that moment that M. Gacon and Ogula saw them. The mother slapped the dog with her hand and the dog had dropped the child with a yelp of pain. Ogula had allowed the precious moment to pass fearing to kill the dog with the slugs of his musket. M. Gacon was in his rear, and emerged on the scene just as the mother, who had picked up the child, disappeared. He had not a moment to get his rifle into position.

"On our way back to the boat we came into a large glade, where evidently there must have slept that night not less than twenty animals. It was very exasperating. All our hands and faces were cut and bleeding by that fearful grass in the frantic rush, and I had hurt my knee by a fall over a log. We returned and rested. The next morning at three o'clock we started out again—this time to a new place, where a gorilla had been reported the previous afternoon. We had an exhausting day, but did not accomplish any thing. After several days of fruitless search I gave up the hunt and returned home.

"In all these years, however, I have had a hunter employed. He brought two carcasses to me, but the brain was spoiled. His last effort was eight months ago. It was a very large old male. He had made a desperate effort to reach here with it safe. He arrived here on a Sabbath morn. I did not go to the water side to see it. My principles would not allow me to work on it on the Sabbath. I went early Monday morning and got the brain out, but it was too soft. I was very sorry, and told the man to give up the hunt."

At the time Dr. Morton received the bodies of the dead gorillas, in 1878, he had them photographed, and the illustrations accompanying this article are taken from those photographs. The adult female, when alive, was about 5 feet tall, girth of chest, 41 inches; length of the arm, 38½ inches, and circumference of arm, 11½ inches; length of leg, 21½ inches, and weight estimated at 120 pounds.

HEAD OF 35-YEAR-OLD GORILLA.

HEAD OF FIVE-YEAR-OLD GORILLA.

USEFUL AND SUGGESTIVE.

Boil clothespins in clean water once a month and they will be much more durable.

Berry Pudding.—One cup molasses, one cup milk, one egg, one teaspoonful cream tartar, one teaspoonful soda, flour to make stiff batter, and berries. Steam one and a half or two hours.—Boston Globe.

Apple Charlotte.—Grease a pie-dish, place a layer of bread crumbs, then one of apples pared and sliced; sprinkle sugar over, and a little grated nutmeg, a few small bits of butter, then a layer of crumbs, another layer of apples, with sugar, nutmeg and butter, until all the apples are used up, leaving crumbs and a little butter for the last layer. Bake about an hour in an oven not too hot, but the pudding must be nicely browned.

Housekeeper.—The following is a good recipe for scouring boards and keeping them a good color: Three parts of sand, two parts of soft soap, one part of lime. A little of this mixture should be well rubbed into the boards with a scrubbing-brush, and then they should be washed with clean water and rubbed dry. The tables can be scoured in the same way, and a good plan to keep them clean is to have triangles of wood made on which to rest the saucepans and kettles.—Household Monthly.

Pear Kloss.—(A German dish). Peel, core, and chop up fine, half a dozen ripe pears. Mix with them half a grated nutmeg, two ounces of butter, sugar to taste, four well-beaten eggs, and finely grated bread to make the mixture stiff and smooth. Mold into egg-shaped balls with the bowl of a large spoon, drop these in boiling water and simmer half an hour. Serve on a hot dish with powdered sugar and a pinch of cinnamon. Send milk sauce to the table with them.—Demorest's Monthly.

When putting away clothes for the season, if wrapped up, one often has the trouble afterwards of opening a number of parcels before finding the needed article. Such parcels should not be laid away without a list of their contents being written on the wrapper. In the case of cotton dresses, which are always folded in paper when laid away, I pin a bit of the stuff of which the dress is composed to the outside; then a single glance tells the contents, and one avoids the necessity of a long search.

This is the sort of weather that makes a deodorizer essential for health as well as comfort. The compounds known to housewives are innumerable, but more or less valuable. One of the best is lavender salts, which any one can prepare. In a bottle, with an open neck, drop lumps of ammonia and pour over the bicarbonate as much spirits of lavender as the vial will hold. When a closet or apartment needs refreshing remove the stopper. The evaporation will not only sweeten the atmosphere, but clean and purify it. Fifty cents' worth of material will furnish purgents for five apartments.

A PECULIAR SECT.

California Aesthetics Who Refused to Answer Census Questions.

Census enumerators in Southern California have run across a queer settlement near Anaheim. They are purely vegetarians, and refuse to acknowledge any Government, church or law other than Jehovah's, and flatly declined to give any information to the census men, so it was necessary to arrest the entire party of fifteen. They still refuse to give an account of themselves, claiming that they are not citizens of the United States, but of the world, and that no power has authority over them save the Supreme Ruler, and they will probably receive the full penalty of the law.

This sect has many queer ideas, and started about fifteen years ago when George P. Hinde, an Englishman by birth, located near Anaheim. He gave it out that he was desirous of demonstrating that man could live without animal food; that he could exist alone on nuts and vegetables. The result has been that he has gathered about him a colony of about fifteen, most of whom are men, although women are admitted to the faith. All property is held in common. It is invested in land which belongs to the sect. They raise considerable produce, for which there is always a market, and in this way make a living. In the past they have lived quietly with and among themselves and public attention has never been directed to them until now. At present Walter Lockwood Tiales appears as leader.—St. Louis Republic.

The Happiest of Women.

One of the most successful women in society is the woman who absolutely knows nothing—that is, in the ordinary acceptance of the term—but whose nature is so nicely adapted to the needs and requirements of this life that she makes no blunders, and hurts the tender feeling of no one. It is a matter for us to reflect upon, and it should incite us to help our children to cultivate that spirit of kindness which would just as readily speak well of people as ill, if not to prefer to do so. We might teach our daughters that to listen patiently to the praise of others will not detract in the least from their charms. Those happy women who are capable of honest and hearty admiration for persons of their own sex are and always have been admired and loved, though without accomplishments or graces save this one of inborn charity and good will.—N. Y. Ledger.