

A BLAME' FOOL.

Blame' fool!—Wall, mebbe so, but then, he wa'n't all alone. For they's lots o' folks thought death a song...

HELD BY THE HEEL.

An Awful Night's Adventure on a Railroad Track.



T was a few years ago on a dark summer night that the adventure I am about to relate befell me.



I uttered shriek after shriek. Junction, eight miles beyond, board the train there, and be in the city at daylight.

However, and whistled along merrily enough. The highway ran along the east side of the track for nearly half a mile...

I began to grow excited, and twisted and pulled my foot recklessly and violently until nearly exhausted.

To escape from this trap, I found I must make the matter more coolly. By a strong effort at self-command I became calm again...

I then cut deeply into the plank where it held my heel. But in my eagerness I overestimated the strength of the knife...

I now became thoroughly desperate. I reproached myself again and again for not having been wise enough to cut off the shoe.

All became still again, save for the thrumming of the telegraph wires overhead, which to my startled imagination seemed like the sound of spirit voices warning me of doom.

Despair gave me mightier strength than hope, but unguided by reason. Again I put forth almost superhuman efforts to escape.

I lay prostrate and closed my eyes. A mild and pleasant intoxication seemed to take possession of me, much like that produced by morphine.

I tried once more to release myself, but my foot was held fast as ever. I was convinced that further effort was useless.

Again the shrill whistle sounded out upon the midnight air, this time nearer and more distinct. They were whistling for the station, and in a hundred seconds would be upon me.

Nearer and nearer flew the train. I heard the singing of the rails, and shuddered. The sound of the monster's approach was swelling from a growl to a mad roar.



I LAY PROSTRATE.

tried to raise my hand to my brow, but could not move it. The strain was terrible. It was agony. It seemed that I must die even before the express dashed upon me.

Just then, amid the clanging of the bell and the thunder of the train, the great Cyclopean eye of the engine shot full upon me, blinding me with the glare.

Before speaking I looked down at my feet. To my surprise they were both there, though one was minus a shoe and began to pain me.

I understood at once. I had had all my excitement and mental suffering for nothing. There was nothing to do but to put a short face on the matter, and laugh with the rest.

Then followed many reminiscences of adventures on the rail, some similar to what had befallen me, in which the poor fellows had not got off so easily.

ORIGIN OF THE WAKE.

English Festivals Which Have Been Held for Many Centuries. The wake is the popular English equivalent for the ecclesiastical term vigil.

To remedy some of the more glaring evils, Edward I., in 1285, passed a statute forbidding them to be held in church yards; and in 1449 Henry VI. enacted that no display of wares and merchandise should be allowed on the great festivals of the church.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—He who fights and runs away, may get shot in the back.—Texas Sittings. —We saw a bald-headed man in the very last row, but it was at church, not the opera.

—Spontaneous combustion is sometimes caused by an accumulation of oiled rags and sometimes by a collection of insurance policies.—Elmira Gazette.

—Miss Plaingirl—'I sometimes fear that he doesn't love me; yet he kissed me last night.' Miss Prettyport—'Then you may rest assured that he loves you.'—N. Y. Sun.

—Mother (of spoiled child)—'I am greatly obliged to you for bringing my little boy back.' Organ Grinder—'I fraids he techa munks beda tricks.'—N. Y. Weekly.

—Snooper—'It's no wonder they are always finding microbes, bacteria and such things in France.' Simeral—'Why?' Snooper—'Because France is just the place for Parasites.'—

—The Young Veteran—'Smithers? Smithers is a retired artist.' 'Retired artist, eh? Why, he is only twenty-eight years old.' 'That may be; but you don't have to be very old to retire from art.'—Puck.

—The scene is a Roman studio: 'How do you know that old fellow is an American?' 'Because he asked the price of that Madonna. Any other but an American would have asked who painted it.'—Society.

—'Judge of my horror, madame, as I yesterday caught my little Otto, aged three, in the act of tearing my newly written poems into fragments.' Lady—'What! Can the little fellow read?'—Journal Amusant.

—It is not impossible to say many more original things about original sin, and the fashionable preacher would do well to pound some of the fashionable sins of fashionable sinners of the present time.—N. O. Picayune.

—A—'A more deserving medical man than our friend Richard does not exist. He very frequently accepts no fees from his patients!' B—'You don't say so?' A—'For he generally settles with the heirs.'—Fliegende Blätter.

—The academy committee have a grudge against you, haven't they?' asked one disciple of the brush of a brother in art. 'Why, no. They accepted my marine.' 'So I saw. If they were well disposed they would have it sent back.'—Detective (to country grocer who had been robbed)—'What kind of goods did the burglars take?' Storekeeper—'No goods; only money. Didn't even touch my cigars.' Detective—'Ah, there's a clew. Must have been somebody who knows the place.'—N. Y. Tribune.

—'Did you ever see any thing like this name?' said a clerk in a railroad office. 'It's Russian, isn't it?' 'I don't know what it is; but it looks as if two sections of the alphabet had run into each other and got telescoped.'—Washington Post.

—Miss Goodley—'I do not think so much of Jack Rounton as I did.' Miss Gale—'Why not?' 'I went to church with him last night and he volunteered to find the text.' 'Well, what has that to do with it?' 'O, nothing, except that I can't say that I have much respect for a man who hunts for the Epistle to the Romans in the Old Testament.'—N. Y. Sun.

—'What must I do to awaken a true appreciation of my work?' asked a poet, speaking to a publisher that has just brought out an edition of Ibsen. 'You must write dramas without beginning and without an end—dramas from which the principal characters disappear, without warning, never to be heard of again.' 'I have done that,' said the poet, 'and yet no how is raised over my work. What else must I do?' 'You must sit down and wait until you are sixty years old.' 'But suppose I should not be recognized even after I have attained that age?' 'Well, if you are not, you will then know that you are a failure.'—Arkansas Traveller.

Cow and Pig Make Friends. A peculiar case of brute attachment came under the notice of Miss Freddie Lehman not long since. A little stray pig about as big as a bar of soap, that had become lost from its mother, took up with one of Miss Lehman's milch cows, and the cow and the pig became wonderfully attached to each other.

Her Duel with the Doctor. An extraordinary duel is reported to have taken place in Vienna. A few days ago a young doctor, who had offended one of her friends and refused to apologize. He was challenged in the usual way by two seconds, a student and an officer of reserves, and when he ridiculed the idea the girl threatened to horse-whip him publicly. The challenge was then accepted, and a meeting with spoons and doctors took place in a hired room in a Vienna suburb.

What Pope Could Afford. It is not infrequently happens that physicians base their advice to patients, at least in part, upon the latter's financial condition. A case in point. A friend tells me that his daughter consulted a physician the other day, and the latter, having satisfied himself as to the difficulty, suggested a trip to the Yosemite.

—'But my father can not afford that,' said the young lady. 'In that case,' the doctor replied, 'ask him to buy you a pony and a village cart and take a long drive every day.' 'I am afraid,' said his patient, 'that papa could not afford that either.' The doctor was equal to the occasion. 'Then take a good long ride in an open horse-car every day,' he said. 'It will do you just as much good.' My friend's daughter is now engaged in exploring the suburbs by open street-cars and is improving rapidly under this 'treatment,' which costs but ten cents daily.—Boston Post.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—The sales of Dresden china at the works in Meissen last year amounted to \$475,000, the greatest sum ever realized in a single year.

—To coat tin dishes to withstand the action of chemicals used in developing and toning photos, use a quick-drying asphalt varnish, as that for bicycles.

—The highest military authorities have determined to build in the neighborhood of St. Petersburg a large factory for the use of smokeless powder.

—One hundred boys and girls of Woodland, Cal., whose ages range from twelve to nineteen years, have formed a Co-operative Fruit Canning and Drying Union.

—It is reported that an effort is being made at Atlanta, Ga., to organize a company with \$500,000 capital to establish a newly-invented system of electric motive power.

—It has lately been shown that if two coins are placed on opposite sides of a plate of glass and electrified for two minutes they will leave a perfect image of themselves upon the glass.

—Herr Meyer, in a recent address in Heidelberg, announces that he may reasonably expect that chemistry will teach us to make the fibre of wood a source of human food. Wood fibre consists essentially of cellulose, from which it is hoped to make starch.

—A thermometer valued at ten thousand dollars—the finest in America—is among the instrumental resources of Johns Hopkins university. The graduations on the scale are so fine that a microscope is necessary for reading them.

—The latest report states that twenty-one observatories are now engaged in the international undertaking of photographing the entire heavens. Each observatory will have to take about 700 photographs in the zone assigned to it, and it is hoped to finish the work in three or four years.

—There is talk in France of utilizing watercourses as a railway motive power. It is proposed that the track shall be laid on an embankment in the middle of the current, and that the locomotives shall have two paddle-wheels dipping into the water and revolved by it.

—In his electrical treatment of a wart, Dr. Patzek, of Opepla, first moistens it with a warm solution of salt, then thrusts both needles through it just above the skin, and gradually turns on the current until pain is felt. Five cells are sufficient battery. In most cases two sittings of five minutes each destroy the wart, which gradually dries up and falls away.

—M. de Malacour recently informed the French Academy of Sciences that the use of the metric system had in 1887 become compulsory in countries having an aggregate population of 395,000,000, being an increase of 55,000,000 persons obliged to use it in ten years; and was optional in countries having nearly 97,000,000 inhabitants; and it was legally admitted and partially applied in countries having an aggregate population of 595,000,000.

—An important advance in surgery—the successful substitution of catgut, ivory and bone for defects in bone, muscles and nerve sinews—was illustrated by Prof. Gluck at the surgical congress at Berlin. The inserted material sucks up the juices of the body, establishing the junction of the separated ends without any shortening of the part.

—The value of bananas as food is not generally appreciated. Ripe bananas are among the most wholesome of foods and their nutritive value is very high, affording all the elements necessary to life. According to table of relative food values, it appears that a pound of bananas is almost equal to a pound of lean beef.

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—The people in and around Quito live almost entirely upon bananas. It may seem rather surprising, but an acre of land, well utilized in raising bananas, will sustain more people than if devoted to any other product. Of course the bananas which reach our market are quite inferior to those fully ripened upon their native soil; still, if selected with care, they will be found very wholesome and reliable.—Dr. J. H. Kellogg.

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FIRESIDE FRAGMENTS.

—Cocoa should never thicken in the soup; if it does it shows the presence of starch of some kind.

—Hash Roll: Take a rich biscuit dough, roll into a long sheet and spread it with butter and finely hashed ham or beef already cooked. Roll up, place in a deep plate and steam nearly three hours. This needs a good brown gravy in serving, and it makes an admirable supper dish.—Western Rural.

—To avoid the odor which too often fills the house when cabbage or other green vegetables are boiling, follow these simple directions: Put your cabbage in a net, and when you have boiled it five minutes in the first pot of water, lift it out, drain for a few seconds, and place carefully in a second pot, which you must have full of fast-boiling water on the stove. Empty the first water away and boil your cabbage till tender in the second.—Boston Budget.

—Blackberry Tapioca: Wash a cup of tapioca through several waters and cover with cold to stand several hours. Then set over the fire, add a pint of boiling water and let simmer slowly until the tapioca is perfectly clear. Sweeten a quart of blackberries, stir in the tapioca, take from the fire, pour in a dish, stand aside to cool and serve very cold with cream and sugar.—Farm and Fireside.

—Cucumber Fritters: Peel and grate full grown, tender cucumbers. Press all the juice from the pulp, and add to one quart of pulp half a teaspoon of rich, sweet cream, half a pint of flour, one gill of melted butter, salt and pepper to taste. Beat four eggs separately, very light, and add to the batter which should be very thick. Have ready a kettle of boiling lard, and drop in one large spoonful at a time, removing as soon as crisp and brown. Serve as you would fried oysters, which they very much resemble.—Ladies' Home Journal.

—Did you ever notice a boy whose father always treated him as if he were a man, talking to him sensibly, putting confidence in him as if he were much older than he is? If you have, you have seen a boy that was very manly even at six or seven years of age. Now all the difference in the world between a boy and a young animal, in the matter of training or education, is in the boy's susceptibility of a higher degree of education. Both are pliable when young; both can be readily molded.—N. Y. Witness.

—Curry of Spring Chicken: Cut up a young chicken; put two ounces of butter in a frying pan, cut a small onion in slices, and add it with the chicken to the butter, and fry a golden brown; take up the chicken, put it in a saucepan with a little water, season with salt and let simmer gently for fifteen minutes, then add a teaspoonful of sugar, and the juice of a small lemon. Mix a table-spoonful of curry powder and one of flour with a little cold water, and add to the chicken. Stir until it boils. Serve with boiled rice.—Ladies' Home Journal.

THE KHOJAK TUNNEL.

A Wonderful Engineering Feat on an Asiatic Railroad.

An article in the Allahabad Pioneer gives some interesting particulars concerning the tunnel that has just been completed through the Khojak, on the railroad from Quetta to Candahar. The Khojak Pass is 7,000 feet above the sea, and about 2,800 feet above the level of the surrounding country.

The tunnel pierces the range at right angles, and its course is therefore due east and west, and it enters the hill about 1,000 feet below the crest of the pass. The tunnel is 13,500 feet, or two and a half miles approximately, and it will carry a double line of rails. For the first half the floor ascends about 1 in 100, and for the second half of the journey it descends at an incline of 1 in 40.

There are two main shafts, one 318 feet and the other 395 feet deep, which were sunk in order to facilitate the construction of the tunnel. The chief obstacle to progress arose from the flooding of the tunnel at more than one point. A large spring was cut and the water flooded the shaft on the Candahar side to the depth of 180 feet.

It took ten weeks to pump out the water, and in the western heading as much as 500 gallons a minute were constantly rushing out of the west mouth. In order to overcome this difficulty a side cutting had to be made. The magnitude of the work is testified to by the banks of shale and rock at the mouths of the tunnel and at the pits, which are said to be quite altering the landscape in places.

One curious discovery made during the progress of the work, as the result of an investigation into the cause of certain mysterious explosions, was that it was proved that 'combustion had arisen inside a case of blasting gelatine.'

Mr. Francis and His Island. J. J. Francis, B. C. of Hong Kong, can be, like Defoo's immortal creation, monarch of all he surveys when he lands upon the island of Balambangan, off the coast of North Borneo. The island was conceded to Mr. Francis during a holiday visit which that gentleman paid to Borneo last year, and is described as being close upon fifty miles in circumference, and lying about ten or eleven miles off the extreme northern point of Borneo. It is 130 miles from the port of Sandakan, and has no inhabitants, nor any trace of any.

The northern half of the island is a sandy plain, well suited for pasturing cattle or for coconut planting. The other side consists of a dense jungle of large trees, something after the style of the dark forest which so impeded Mr. Stanley in his last journey across Africa. The shore, as is common in the tropics, is fringed with mangroves. There is an abundance of sea limpets on the hills, the highest of which reaches over 400 feet, and in the valleys is still evidently very suitable for coffee planting. There are two good harbors. Wild cattle are apparently abundant, and there are three species of deer, and plenty of wild pigs, but no crocodiles. So far Mr. Francis has formed no definite idea as to what he shall do with Balambangan, but he intends to send a competent man down in a cutter and report upon the place.—Colonialist.