

AFTER A WHALE.

Remains of an Almost Extinct Industry on Long Island.

Following the Cry "There She Blows."

Whaling on Long Island is not an extinct industry. Sag Harbor is the last of its prestige in this respect, and Amagansett has succeeded to the place of being the whaling headquarters of Long Island. There the primitive conditions of the old-fashioned whaling prevail to a greater extent than elsewhere, and whaling captains and crews live and die in that old-fashioned way as they did of yore in Sag Harbor.

Whaling on the shore at either end of Amagansett stands a tall, shabby, with a rude shanty construction, in rambling fashion at the shore.

It is rarely that any flag floats from these poles, and yet every day the whaling men glance a dozen times at the flag, hoping to see the fluttering ensign.

Walking along the streets one day in a town where we were giving an exhibition the old man saw in a laundry window a sign reading, "Collars and cuffs 2 cents."

"Do you take any kind of collars at that price?" he asked the laundryman.

"Yes, oh yes," said the laundryman; "everything goes here."

"Five o'clock," he said, when the man asked when it would be ready, and at five o'clock the man found it waiting for him done up in a roll about as big as a stovepipe.

"How much?" he asked.

"Two cents," said the laundryman, and he swept the two cents off the counter into the drawer without saying a word; he was game clear through.

But the old man was no chump; he sent the laundryman a dollar, which was about what the work was worth, and a couple of complimentary tickets.

That night the laundry man came to the exhibition. He was just as cool as ever, but you could see that he was pleased, easy enough, when the giraffe came out wearing the collar that had been done up in his laundry.—Youth's Companion.

Pretty High Collar.

The New York Sun quotes the following little reminiscence of a "retired circus man." It is particularly seasonable in this day of big collars.

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To Cure Mosquito Bites.

"There is no absolute remedy for the bites of mosquitoes or other insects," observed a physician; "that is, nothing that will make you as good as new, instantly, but I have found that the ordinary household ammonia is as good as anything else. It should be applied freely to the bite except in cases where the bites are above the eyes. In such cases I would not use it, for the reason that should any of it get in the eyes it would give considerable pain. For the bites of bees, hornets or wasps apply the ordinary bread soda dampened by water in the form of a paste or ammonia. Allow it to remain on the part affected as long as possible, and at least for ten minutes.

"The alkali in the ammonia or soda neutralizes the poison in the bite, which is generally acid. The witch hazel, which is much used now, is also good for bites of any kind. It neutralizes the irritation and will do considerable in the way of keeping children from scratching the bites or irritated places."

A Mexican Execution.

"There is a law in Mexico called 'la ley fuga,'" said Peter Negro, an old mining man from Minas Prietas, Mexico, as he sat by a window in the Baldwin Hotel and watched the cars and the people come and go on Powell street. "It is the runaway law for the execution of murderers. The man is escorted out into the hills and then he is set free. But all about, secreted in convenient places, are armed men, who shoot him down before he can escape. They do not hang murderers in Mexico. Then they dig a hole and bury the man right where he fell. The whole country is remarkably law-abiding now, and this practice has not been resorted to very lately. There is little crime, and robbery, except petty thefts, is almost unknown in my part of the country."

The Beaver Hat.

The origin of the beaver hat is located somewhere in the twelfth century. It was not until later, however, that the style became a favorite. The Puritans of the reign of Charles I adopted steeple hats with enormous brims. In the course of time these brims were slightly curled into a suggestion of the modern beaver. The evolution of the beaver, therefore, has been a somewhat gradual and tardy process.

Children's Column



THE CHOO-CHOO CARS.

Two little tots went out for a stroll, And they wandered near and far Through the mystic breath of an unknown land.

In search for the "choo-choo" car, Walter was only three years old, But Roy, he was four, and a man, And that's how it all began, my dear, That's how it all began.

Then an angel sailed from the land of light, And he followed them as they went, And he took them up in the soft, sweet grass.

When the summer day was spent, And the stars came out, and the moon she smiled.

As only the moonbeams can, And that's how it all began, my dear, That's how it all began.

The great big city had sunk to rest, And the world was hushed in prayer, But the angels came, and in turn by turn They guarded those infants there.

The morning sun it frosted the east, With its wonderful golden bars, And the little ones slept in the sweet, soft grass.

And rode on the "choo-choo" cars. —Detroit Free Press.

A MOTHER'S BITE.

When a South Sea Island mother wishes to chastise her child she seldom resorts to slapping, and slippers, of course she has none. Instead of using the forms of punishment customary among civilized mothers, she pulls the child's hair and bites some part of the body generally the fleshy part of the arm. When a mother wishes to caress her child she deftly draws her thumb across its eyebrows or cheek or gently seizes its cheek between her teeth. The rubbing of noses is also a mark of affection among the Kingsmill Islanders, as it is among the Maoris of New Zealand.—St. Louis Star-Sayings.

HE NAILED HIS SISTER DOWN.

Tommy Teale was just six years old. Today was his birthday, but instead of having a good time to celebrate such a grand event he had to take care of the baby. His mother had gone out on some errands and left him alone with his little sister. Tommy felt very badly to think such a thing had to happen on his birthday, and, besides, little Nellie cried a great deal.

He did not know what to do with her; of course he loved her dearly, but did not enjoy taking care of her when she was fretful.

As he stood at the window Ned Brown came out to play on the sidewalk.

"Come out, Tommy!" he shouted. "I can't!" shouted back the little prisoner. "I've got to 'tend the baby."

"Shut the door tight then she can't get out," screamed Ned.

Tommy thought it over. He knew more about babies than Ned Brown did. He thought Nellie might burn herself on the stove, or pull the cover off the table and break the lamp, or some other thing that babies seem to love to do. Ah! a bright idea came into Tommy's head. He ran quickly to the closet, got the hammer and tacks, and then went over to his baby sister and drove three tacks right through her pretty little dress, fastening her down tight to the floor.

When this was done he ran out of doors as fast as his little fat legs could carry him. In such a hurry was he to get to play that he neglected to shut the door tightly.

In about an hour Tommy's mother returned, and, much to her surprise, she found her baby daughter out on the top step. But her chubby arms and dimpled neck were bare, for she had no dress on. Her mother picked her up and carried her into the sitting-room. There was the little frock, nailed to the floor, in torn condition, showing how very hard baby must have struggled to get away; and, of course, it had to be put into the rag bag.

Tommy came in soon after, and was very much astonished at what his mother told him.

"I never did see such a baby," he said, "I thought you only wished to keep her out of mischief, and I felt sure the nails would do that!"

Tommy's mother shook her head, as much as to say, "I never did see such a boy!"—San Francisco Call.

BOLD SWEDISH SAILORS.

Many of you have probably read of the arrival across the sea of the two bold Swedish sailors who have made the journey in a small open boat. Think of it! Three thousand miles in a rowboat with the only propelling power the stout arms of the two occupants! It is the most remarkable water feat that has ever been accomplished, and the pluck and skill of these two sailors will go down into history. One of the men, Frank Harbo, was the originator of the expedition. He was an expert sailor, brought up on the sea almost, for before he was sixteen he had been graduated from a sailor's school in Sweden and had started on his first voyage. When he was eighteen he came to America, and in the fourteen years of his residence here he has followed sea work for a living. He had long had the idea that he could cross the Atlantic in a row boat, and last winter he determined to carry it out. He had his boat built here under his especial supervision. It is eighteen feet long and weighs 250 pounds. Without its load it drew only three inches and loaded only seven inches. It had no cabin, but there was a water tank fitted in each end of it to hold fresh water, and a canvas stretched over one of the tanks served as a place under which the men slept. Having got his boat ready Harbo found a friend, George Fox, another Swede, who was as eager as himself to make the adventurous trial. On the 6th day of June last the men rowed down the bay followed by cheers of thousands of spectators along the shores, most of whom were free to predict that the men would never be heard of again. The men were very sure, however, that they would reach the Scilly Islands, off the coast of France, in forty or forty-five days. They did reach there August 1 fifty-five days from the start, which is quite as near accuracy as could be expected, considering no one had ever tried the trip, to know how long it might take or if it could be done at all. The men rowed all night, taking turns in sleeping five hours each in the daytime. In stormy weather each man had a stout line tied around his waist, the other end attached to his seat, so that if the boat should upset and drift off on a big wave he could quickly pull himself back to it. The accounts of their trip have not yet been received, but it is already reported that they upset only once, and that beyond being somewhat exhausted after their long pull they are quite well. They carried canned meats and vegetables and plenty of oatmeal. This latter food can, it seems, be used with half salt water, probably because it absorbs so much salt, and they thought if their supply of fresh water ran low the oatmeal would prove very useful. Of course the season at which they crossed was the time when the ocean is its calmest; but July storms, if short, are often severe, and if any of you have ever watched a rowboat on the waters of the East or North River on a rough day and noticed how slow was its headway and how carefully it had to be managed to keep from upsetting, you may have some idea of the extraordinary sailing skill which has been displayed by these Swedes, to say nothing of the courage which was needed to undertake the trip. Of course the trip was foolhardy and unnecessary, for no one expects that rowboats crossing the ocean will become common. But the daring and expertness of the men cannot be questioned, and they and their staunch little boat will be objects of interested curiosity wherever they go. Of one thing, however, you may be sure—they are not going to row back.—New York Times.

Had Set Him on His Feet. The late George Augustus Sala in his early days was most impecunious. At some festive gathering where Mr. Sala was present Mr. Attemborough, the famous pawnbroker, was also a guest. They recognized each other, and shook hands. "How do you do, Mr. Attemborough," said the journalist. "We have met often before, but I think this is the first time I have ever seen your legs."

Her Reply. "Are you a daughter of the Revolution?" he asked. "I think I am," she answered feelingly, "I ride a wheel."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

Affectation is trying to make brass pass for gold.

A lie never stops running when truth is on its track.

Shallow men believe in ink; strong men believe in cause and effect.

Thoughts shut up want air and spoil like bales unopened to the sun.

God gave manhood but one clue to success—utter and exact justice.

If the power to work hard is not talent, it is the substitute for it.

The shortest way to do many things is to do only one thing at a time.

There is no substitute for thorough-going, ardent, sincere earnestness.

He who waits to do a great deal of good at once, will never do anything.

The doorstep to the temple of wisdom is a knowledge of our ignorance.

He who can take advice is sometimes superior to him who can give it.

The humblest individual exerts some influence, either for good or evil.

If you want your boy to stay on the farm, don't make him work with the dulllest hoe.

What a bright world this would be, if people were as ready to give gold as good advice.

The man who loves his neighbor as himself, will be slow about going to law to get wrong things made right.

If the troops are not trained when there is no enemy in sight they will not behave well in the day of battle.

Proposed on a Postal Card.

"I was reading a story in the Star about a mean man," said A. F. Lleyellan of Lincoln, Neb., at the Riggs, "and I could not help wishing that the writer of it had met Elias Wilton of my city. Wilton inherited considerable property and made some money, after which he removed to Lincoln, and lives as an elegant gentleman of leisure. He loans money at ten per cent a month, and has in that way succeeded in becoming possessed of a fine wardrobe, any article of which, however, he is perfectly willing to sell at any time. But is not of this I intended to speak. The meanest thing he ever did, and one that I believe entitles him to the title of meanest man in the United States, was a few days before I left home. Wilton had fallen in love with a young lady from Hastings, who was visiting in Lincoln, and his attentions were favorably received up to the time she returned to Hastings. Wilton concluded to propose. He had no stationery, and went to a store to get proper paper and envelopes. They asked him three cents, at which he was indignant, remarking that a postal card would do as well, anyway. So on a postal card he wrote his declaration of love and proposal of marriage. The missive was answered by the brother of the young lady in person, and Wilton will pay full postage on his next love letter.—Washington Star.

Decrease in Insanity.

If recent statistics are to be relied upon, as interpreted by experts, insanity is not increasing. Owing to the fact that patients who formerly were allowed to roam at large or were cared for at home, are now placed in asylums where better care is given, the increase in society which has been noticed is only apparent, not real. It has been supposed that our high pressure living was driving into insanity an increasing number of people yearly. It is good to know, if these more recent statements are true, that more scientific methods of living and better sanitation are more than a match for overwork in the matter of dementia. This is another instance of the truth that while it is all very well to obtain statistics they are only of highest value when interpreted correctly.—Baptist Standard.

On a Long Journey.

Tramp—"Please, mum, I can't git work at me trade now anywhere around here, and wud you be so kind as ter help me along on me journey to a place where I can find work?"

Lady—"Poor man! I didn't know business was so dull. Where do you expect to find work?"

"Considerin' the time o' year, mum, I'm afraid I'll have to go a long ways north of here."

"Indeed! What is your trade?"

"I'm a snow shoveler, mum."—New York Weekly.

Aesthetic Cows.

A society woman of this city, who has acquired some literary fame, has a country place on Long Island, where her cows go about with pink and blue ribbons tied to their horns.—New York Journal.

Eventide.

Over the river the twilight broods, And the trees on the current seem to swim, And the orioles flash through the solitudes, And the purpling sky has a jeweled brim; And a rustle stirs the heart of the woods And the silence throbs and the day grows dim. —Emma Playter Sabury.

HUMOROUS.

"Willack says his word is law at home." "He does? Well, if that is the truth, his wife is an Anarchist."

Hazel—I wonder why he has never said that he loved me? Natte—Perhaps he has not dared to interrupt you.

Joe Cocs—So she cast you off forever? Bill Dun—Yes; at last she said she would marry me when I was able to support a wife.

Police Justice—Did you recognize your assailants? Van Dunsap (indignantly)—Most assuredly not!—they hardly belong to my set!

Egbert—They say that Chilson is going through his fortune awfully fast. Popson—Yes, I notice that he keeps his bicycle in excellent repair.

Friend—What does the doctor say? Patient—Oh, he seems to be in great spirits because he has the fever nearly down to where it was when he started.

Mamma—You know, Johnny, when mamma whips her little boy she does it for his own good. Johnny—Mamma, I wish you didn't think so much of me.

Friend—It must be awful to have the newspapers keep saying such things about you. Political Candidate—Yes, but supposing they didn't say anything at all!

Mrs. Warem—How do you like your new handkerchiefs, dear? Mr. Warem (a chronic fault-finder): Pretty well; but some of 'em's got the mark in the wrong corner.

Professional Courtesy—"Crowded out to make room for more interesting matter," observed the gallant editor as he gave his seat in the car to the young woman with soulful eyes.

Cobwigger—Didn't you think it rather foolish for her to ask you if her hat was on straight? Merritt—No; it was on a railway train, and we had just come out of a long tunnel.

Critic—That villain in your story is a perfect masterpiece. Where did you get the character? Novelist—I imagined a man possessed of all the forms of wickedness which my wife attributes to me when she is angry.

"I may open my mouth a good deal." The mermaid glanced at the reflection of herself in the mirror, which every good-looking mermaid carries. "I may open my mouth a good deal, but I never put my foot in it."

A letter from a lady at an inland watering place to her husband contains the following passage: "In your last epistle you sent me \$50 and 1,000 kisses. I should be glad if, in future, you would send me more money and fewer kisses."

"Come, old man," said the kind friend "cheer up. There are others." "I don't mind her breaking the engagement so very much," said the despondent young man. "But to think that I have got to go on paying the installments on the ring for a year to come yet. That is what jars me."

Ostrich Outran the Cyclist.

Donald Menzies, a cyclist of Cape Colony, South Africa, had a peculiar experience recently. He was riding along the main road from Cape Town to Somerset, West Strand, when an ostrich, attracted apparently by what was in his eyes a novel vehicle, commenced to walk around the bicycle. After a few preliminary antics, the bird took it into his head to pace Mr. Menzies, and so long as it abstained from using its wings, the cyclist and the ostrich managed to run a dead heat. However, after covering about half a mile in this way, the ostrich utilized its stumpy wings and spurted away at record-breaking pace, leaving the cyclist far behind.—Self Culture.

Took 25 Years to Get His Money Back. If we only could recognize them, promptly we should be surprised to see how often a piece of money returns to us; and wouldn't it be interesting if we could trace their travels? A Vinland merchant has thought of this several times lately as he looked at his favorite pocket-piece. He stamped his name on it twenty-five years ago, when a young man working at Harriane, and sent it out on its wanderings. He did not see it again until a few days ago, when somebody gave it to him in exchange for a bag of fruit. He does not plan to part with it again.—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.