

### THE COAST PATROL.

Draw closer your oleikn jacket  
To battle the swirling snow,  
For to-night's storm is the fiercest  
That ever the cape did know.

The fiery eye of the lighthouse,  
That flashes its warnings far  
Out where the pillow breakers  
Are pounding the seething bar,  
Has been fast closed by the pelting  
Of snow and blinding sleet.

Where the sea gives up its dead;  
Perchance there will be one living  
When the hungry waves are fed.

Go up on the reeling headlands,  
Where the sand and sleet fly fast,  
Propelled by a thousand furies,  
Pursued by the shrieking blast.

And list for the boom of the cannon  
When the tempest has paused for breath;  
Where the mad waves are frightfully leap-  
ing  
There are men face to face with death.

Then fight your way to the life crew,  
Those seamen true and brave,  
Who will battle the wildest billows,  
Fear not! there are lives to save.

May the God who rules above us  
Save to-night from the storm's wild  
wrath

Both the sailor and lonely surman  
Patrolling his wreck-strewn path.  
—George A. Cowen, in Boston Transcript.



### CHAPTER XV.—CONTINUED.

A few inquiries informed him where Bowers had deposited his source of supplies, and he watched until the miner went for a fresh portion one evening. Rider was helplessly intoxicated, and Bowers had been indulging freely himself. He placed a little pouch containing about \$300 in dust in his pocket, and reeled out in the darkness without the faintest thought of danger.

A heavy blow behind the ear suddenly sent him to his knees, and a pair of strong hands grasped his throat at the same moment, but the owner had no easy task to accomplish his object. The realization of his danger fully sobered Bowers, and with a stifled curse he tore the grip from his throat and gained his feet by main strength.

It was too dark to see his assailant, but Hank Bowers was no coward, and instead of attempting to flee or call for help, he grappled silently with the would-be robber.

It did not last long. Once his arms were about his enemy, Bowers was master of the situation. Inch by inch he bent the other back until human endurance could bear no more, and with a groan the man's muscles relaxed and he fell heavily with Bowers on top of him.

It did not take long to accomplish this, and then Bowers said:  
"I'll furnish the outfit an' take yer where the game is ter be played. You git one-third of ther swag an' I git two-thirds. That's fair, ain't it?"  
"I can't kick on that."

"All right. Now we'll git some sleep an' to-morrow we'll see if ther's any hosses ter be got. If I hadn't been a chump I'd held on ter what I brought in with me when I come."

On the following day, however, he took a different view of the matter. It would be impossible to start off on the trip without arousing the suspicions of Obed Rider, and Bowers decided that he must be of the party.

"He's just the chap ter split on us if we happened ter have a scrimmage an' ther was any fuss here over it. I dussent leave him behind. We'll take him an' then he'll hev ter keep his mouth shut when he's in the same boat with us."

But after two days' search he was unable to procure a single horse, so great was the demand. His gold was running low besides, and at last he dared not wait any longer. Each man took as much provisions as he could carry on his back, and, early one morning, they started over the trail, armed with rifles and revolvers.

When they had proceeded a few miles on their way, Bowers said:  
"Now, pard, we're out fer big game an' we've got ter be mighty smart, if we want ter come out all right. We're likely ter meet some of the party we're after any time. They can't tote all ther dust in on ther backs an' then ther's that girl. They must hev 'bout enuff by this time an' they'll like enuff send one of the men ter Dyea after hosses fer the gang. See?"

"That's hoss sense," replied Turner. "Wall," continued Bowers, "we must keep our eyes peeled that we don't let ourselves be seen by any sech man. I'll spile everything if ye do."

"It was well for his plans that he did keep a sharp lookout, for before night he saw a speck far ahead on the trail which he knew at once to be a man. He was standing on the edge of a piece of woods, and his companions were behind him at the time. Stepping in the shadow of the trees, he explained:  
"Thar's a man comin', an' I'll bet it's one of them we're after. He may hev seen me, an' it won't do fer us ter hide. He won't know you, Turner. You keep on an' pass ther time o' day with him. Yer bound fer the fort, yer know. Keep right on, an' we'll hide till he's out o' sight, then we'll overtake yer."

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### PLAYING ALONE.

I have some building-blocks, and play  
The jolliest games with them all day.  
I pile them high upon the table,  
And make the mighty Tower of Babel;  
And then I build a railway train,  
With coal for freight and bags of grain.  
I'm passenger and engineer,  
And I'm conductor, too—that's queer!  
But when I play alone, you see,  
I am obliged to be all three!

### MAN NEVER SATISFIED.

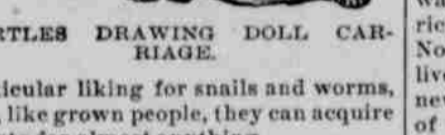
The Perversity of Human Nature  
Crops Out Even Under the Most  
Advantageous Circumstances.

How true it is that what man cannot get he desires most. From the little lad of a few summers, to the aged gentleman of 80 years, there is no one to whom this truth does not apply. The boy sees a toy and he wants one like it. The world will never be right with him, he thinks, until he has a jack-in-the-box like that of his playmate whom his mother takes him to visit once in awhile, and then its glory fades, and he must needs have a set of blocks and build houses with them. He builds houses for a brief space, then sees something else and wants that. Dresses must soon give way to short trousers or he will never be satisfied. He is finally put into short trousers and for a few days he is quite the proudest creature in the household. But the pleasure he gets in thinking what a man he is soon gives way to his desire to go to school; that is followed by his anxiety to get out of school and to college. But a few years of college life, notwithstanding its freedom from care, and its delightful friendships, cannot keep away the restlessness to get out into active life and to become a man of the world, taking part in its struggles and its progress. And then ambitions of one kind or another come to him and in that until he has attained his desire. But the attainment thereof does not bring with it the happiness he had anticipated. He must become rich, or he must make an artist, or a physician, or a literary man out of himself. But when he has done so there seems to be just as great a distance as before between him and his long-pursued happiness. And thus it goes the whole life through, one thing following another, and each one seeming to be the great object of living, that upon which he must center all his energies. This is "divine unrest."—Detroit Free Press.

### UNIQUE-FOUR-IN-HAND.

New Jersey Girls Have Trained Some  
Turtle Pets to Draw a Doll's  
Carriage.

There are four girls in New Brunswick, N. J., who devoted a good part of their leisure time to rearing and training turtles. They have about three dozen of them now, and of these four were so intelligent that they were trained to do all manner of queer things. Among other things they were harnessed together like a four-in-hand and made to draw a doll's baby carriage.



TURTLES DRAWING DOLL CAR-  
RIAGE.

particular liking for snails and worms, and, like grown people, they can acquire a taste for almost anything.

Last summer, when strawberries were plentiful, these three dozen turtles made away with two quarts of them, and then, by way of an entree, they disposed of 217 angleworms which a boy had been specially hired to dig for them. So you see, catering to a turtle is not the easiest thing in the world.

### ANIMAL LIFE-SAVERS.

How a Pet Pony Saved His Master  
From Drowning and a Cat Rescued Her Mistress.

An interesting incident was that in which a pet pony was the direct means of saving his young master from drowning. The two had been out together for some miles for the usual morning ride, and on the return journey rode through some fields, wherein were some ice-covered ponds. These the venturesome lad attempted to cross, but in the center of the largest the ice gave way, and both pony and rider were immersed. The pony scrambled out somehow, and gained the ground; but returned to the aid of its young master, who, by holding tightly to its ample mane, was dragged, safely to shore.

In another notable incident a young girl was rescued from what might have been a dreadful death by the action of a pet kitten. The two had wandered from their cottage home into the woods, where the curious girl had inspected the hollow trunk of an old oak tree from the top end, and in so doing had slipped down into the deep cavity, and was unable to extricate herself therefrom. The kitten, which appeared to understand the trouble of its youthful mistress, returned home, and mewed piteously until it induced a member of the family to go with it to the wood, where the cause of its distress soon became apparent. Help was soon forthcoming, and the girl was saved from what might otherwise have been a living death.

Un satisfactory.—Have you read my last book, Miss Brisay?  
Miss Brisay—How can you ask such a question, Mr. Scowells? Believe me, I lost no time doing that.—Brooklyn Life.

### DOG FOUGHT INDIANS.

Newfoundland of Pioneer Days  
Whose Memory is Honored in a  
Kentucky Family.

Mrs. Mattie Gilbert, living near Woodland, Ky., is the possessor of an oil painting, the subject of which has an extraordinary history. The painting depicts a Newfoundland dog standing near the open doorway of a pioneer cabin. This dog, "Tom" by name, was the property of Mrs. Gilbert's grandfather, Peter Patrick, and, with the latter, figured in the early Indian wars in Ohio and Kentucky. He was in the battle of the Sandusky, in which Col. Crawford was defeated; in Gen. Harmar's defeat at old Chillicothe; in Gen. St. Clair's defeat, and in Anthony Wayne's great and victorious battle on the Maumee. "Tom," though wound-



TOM, THE INDIAN FIGHTER.

ed many times, lived to a great age, and to his death was a beloved and honored member of his master's family. He despised an Indian, and it is said many a red man fell a victim to his ferocious attacks.

The last engagement in which "Tom" figured was probably in 1795, when a band of Indians attacked a small settlement of whites in the eastern portion of Nelson county. In this attack many of the settlers were massacred and a number were made captives and taken to the Indian towns in Ohio.

During this fight "Tom and his master did yeoman service, but finally, seeing that all the odds were against them, they fled to the dense forest surrounding the settlement. They were pursued, however, by a couple of Indian warriors and an encounter took place.

"Tom" sprang upon one of the Indians, and notwithstanding the latter was a brave fellow, soon made short work of him. The dog's master, Peter Patrick, had not been so fortunate. His adversary had closed in upon him and had nearly overpowered him. At this juncture the faithful dog attacked the Indian from the rear. The latter turned upon the animal and struck him a vicious blow upon the head with his tomahawk. This momentary diversion gave Patrick an advantage, and he drove his knife to the hilt in the Indian's heart, killing him instantly. "Tom" and his master then succeeded in making their way to Lynn's fort, and in time Patrick became an honored citizen of Nolan county. "Tom," though he lived for several years afterward, never fully recovered from the effects of the blow he received at the hands of the Indian.

The picture of this remarkable dog here shown was photographed from the painting in the possession of the venerable Mrs. Gilbert. — Louisville Courier-Journal.

### THE BITER BITTEN.

How Coco, a Mischievous South  
American Monkey, Lost His  
Long, Graceful Tail.

In South America there once lived a young monkey named Coco, who spent his time in playing pranks, and even perpetrating cruelties upon his friends and neighbors in the forest. All the animals feared him so much that they organized picket service.

The birds took turns in perching upon the high branches of the trees, and whenever the young monkey made his appearance shrill cries of "Look out! here comes Coco!" resounded on all sides. So he soon found himself deprived of his accustomed pleasure—the plucking and torturing of animals smaller and weaker than himself.

One afternoon, however, he thought he saw one of the sentinels asleep on the branch of a tree that overhung a stream. He stealthily approached, glancing from right to left, but there was not a cry of alarm.

"At last I shall avenge myself," thought Coco.

He climbed noiselessly to the top of the tree, and, hanging by the end of his tail, let himself carefully down to the branch on which the bird was perched. It was a huge gray bird, with an enormous beak. Coco balanced himself and with one paw seized the bird's tail and pulled out all the feathers.

The bird screamed and the monkey laughed, but the laugh was suddenly cut short. The bird, at first stupefied by the sudden attack, quickly recovered itself, and, turning, it bit Coco's tail off. Howling with pain Coco fell into the water.

As he limped sorrowfully home he was greeted on all sides by the hissing of serpents and the mocking laughter of birds. His mother dressed the stump of the tail, and tried to console him for his loss by planning the fine revenge they would have.

"No! no!" said Coco; "they might cut off the little that remains of my tail the next time."

The lesson had been profitable. The bird's tail grew out again, but Coco's remained short; and he was always sad, for he was very ugly without his long, graceful tail. — Cincinnati Enquirer.



"Well, what made yer tackle me?"

apparent that the others had come to regard it as a foregone conclusion that the young couple had met their fate in each other.

Taylor was some ten yards ahead of his party when suddenly a man hurried out of the woods at his left and came directly toward him, shouting:  
"Stranger! Hold on!"

Checking in his horse, Taylor allowed the man to reach his horse's side and then exclaimed:  
"Who are you and what do you want?"

By this time the rest of the party had reached the spot and halted.  
"There's a man back in the woods a little way here that is hurt bad," replied the newcomer. "Won't one of yer come an' see if sumthin' can't be did fer him? He's in a bad way."

Taylor looked hard at the stranger. He was apparently about 40 years old, rather tall, a scar across his thin nose, which made his eyes seem close together. It was not a face to inspire confidence, but Dick Taylor had not the slightest suspicion of danger as he asked:  
"Who is the man and where did he come from? What's the matter with him?"

"He's a sailor sort of a chap an' his horse throwed him, he says. Then his pardner skipped off an' left him ter kick ther bucket alone."

As the man spoke Taylor suddenly remembered his face.

"Didn't I meet you not long ago on this trail?" he demanded.

With a well-assumed air of surprise the man drew nearer and stared at him a moment, then exclaimed:  
"Right yer are, stranger! Yer was bonn' fer Dyea afoot an' I was comin' this way. Didn't know yer at first. Yes, I got 'long here an' found this feller most dead. I knocked up a sort of a shanty in the bush an' got him into it, but he's dyin' sure's yer born."

"What's his name?" asked Avery, "and who is he?"  
"Says his name's Rider. Obed—" "Obed Rider!" cried Tom and the second mate, simultaneously.  
"That's it! Dyer know him?" asked the stranger, looking at them with well-forgotten surprise.  
"The scoundrel!" cried Tom, jumping from his horse. "Come, Green, let's go and see if it is really him!"  
But Avery spoke up at this point and said:  
"Hold on, boys! Don't go rushing off like that! I don't take much stock in this story. Suppose it is some sort of a trap? Remember what we are taking with us."

"It's all right, boss," urged the newcomer. "You needn't be scared o' no man. This Rider begged me ter stay with him an' I hadn't ther heart ter

### WHEN FEET MADE HISTORY.

Bismarck's Anger at French Women Who Laughed at His Wife.

Princess Bismarck changed the political history of France unwittingly, and for her the Franco-Prussian war might never have existed. Women create history when they least suspect themselves of creation, and they alter a destiny when most unmindful of their deed. Bismarck was unfriendly to France, but Empress Eugenie hoped with her beauty to influence him so that the little trouble with France and Germany might be smoothed over. She therefore invited the German prince and his wife to visit the court of France, and Prince and Princess Bismarck arrived in great state at the Tuileries.

That evening there was a grand reception and Eugenie received the guests in a gown which made her so ravishingly lovely that even Prince Bismarck, German, stolid and in love with his wife, stood and gazed upon her with admiration. And Eugenie was not slow to observe the effect of her beauty upon him. She called him to her side, and Bismarck came, with his wife upon his arm.

Now, Princess Bismarck was tall and gaunt and ugly, and her feet were generous. As she walked she showed a great deal of sole.

While Bismarck stood talking with Eugenie an audible titter was heard along the line of ladies. Bismarck, who was quick as a flash, followed the glance of their eyes and saw them rest upon the feet of his wife.

That settled the matter. The political history of France was altered from that moment. A year later when Paris was besieged Bismarck himself fired a cannon over the ramparts and those who were near him heard him shout: "Take that for the feet of Princess Bismarck!" The slight was avenged. — Philadelphia Press.

### Four Husbands, but No Bigamy.

The marrying of four husbands, being tried for bigamy and yet to escape the clutches of the law is not a very common occurrence. A Blackpool woman married her fourth husband and was tried for bigamy, because her third husband was alive at the time but she proved that her first husband whom she had legal grounds for supposing dead when she married her second, was really alive when she married the third, making that union invalid and the marriage of the fourth valid which goes to prove that the maxim that two wrongs do not make one right does not apply in English law, at any rate. — Paris Herald.