THE FEAR OF SOLITUDE.

woke at dawn and, risen from my bed, Gazed at the new born day serene and suave. Silver and gold and pearl were overhead Like some sea shell new garnered from the wave, And such faint music from the morning sped As mourners' singing by a distant grave.

Far out at sea a beating vessel bore Westward with scarce discoverable speed, Creeping athwart a distant island shore That traced an outline faintly filigreed ith creviced mountain whose low summits wore cloudy chariot yoked with fleecy steed.

foot a little bay lay cradled deep Thereon the idle fishing fleet was drawn, pple hurt the waters' quiet sleep at lay as peaceful as a garden lawn; hthouse at the harbor mouth did peep shing eye of red upon the dawn.

voice I heard nor any certain sound. Save when the hungry seagull cried awhile; All was hushed and lonely that I found A nameless fear in all this silent isle, As though the very sea might rise and bound And overwhelm me. Lo, his treacherous smile!

Some men there be who glory in such case, A riountain top immutable-a throne. I am not such, and I am face to face With this fierce question now immediate grown I dare not venture in such place alone? -Henry Bell in Spectator.

The Hornet Of the Sea.

BY HARRY E. ANDREWS.

A Thief Was Stopped In the Nick of Time by a Stingaree.

"It's a coyote!"

"No coyote made that mark-it's a greaser!" And, lowering his lantern, Fritz Krantz pointed to the broad print made by a bare foot in the sand. "I guess you're right," said Will, the younger brother, while Middy, the setter, who had been barking furiously, added, "I'm sure of it!" with a sniff and a wag and an eve flash.

The boys had been called out of bed by Middy's noisy alarm and the loud commotion among the fowls in the corral. They owned a chicken ranch in southern California, near the bay of

San Diego. Their invalid father had come with his family from the eastern states a few years before and started this little adustry. He did not live to see it pay dividends, but he told his boys that if they would "stay with it" it would support them and their mother, and "always remember," said be, "that the Lord helps those who help them-

selves." The young fellows mastered the hen problem. They bred those famous "mortgage lifters," white leghorns. The boys' broilers were the first in the market, their layers had scientific care and did business when others didn't. and their income from their enterprise was growing every year.

"He's got nothing," said Will at last, with an expression of relief.

"Good dog, Middy! Good fellow!" exclaimed Fritz fondly, patting the setter. "We can go to bed all right with you on guard."

But before going in, they could not help giving another look at the roost where perched drowsily their pair of pet cockerels, the pride of the coops and the hope of the young ranchers.

"Do you think they are winners, Will?" asked Fritz, as he cast a lantern glow over the plump, contented

"I'm sure of it," said Will. "There isn't a pair in the country that can begin with them. Everybody says so." The county fair was near at hand. and these young roosters were candidates for the special prize of \$50 of-

fered by an enthusiastic fancier for the best pair of white leghorn cockerels. "Mucho bee-utiful!" cried old Esteban, the Mexican egg buyer, when he came around a few weeks later. "They win sure. Ay, la blancura! Only one pair come near them. They Manuel's,

cross the bay, but not so white, no!" They were beauties, every one could see that. Yes, they were rare and almost perfect specimens of their strain and fully deserved old Esteban's eulogy.

One afternoon the boys had gone back on the desert to hunt cottontail rabbits, which their mother knew how to fry so temptingly, and they were returning with full bags, Middy trotting along a few rods in advance.

As they neared their home in the little settlement by the sea, where only a few cottages stood, and those far apart, Middy came rushing back as fast as he could gallop, barking like mad and beside himself with excite-

They soon ascertained what had excited the dog. There was a great hue and cry in the poultry yards, and one of the pens had been broken.

"That thieving ser again, and in broad dayligh time!"

They hurriedly took a census of their

stock. "None missing here," said Fritz. "No, they count up all right," replied

Will, "and there are both the prize cockerels over yonder." Fritz paused a moment and turned

"But what's the matter with them?" he exclaimed, and both boys anxiously

rushed to the birds. "They're not our cockerels," cried Will "See those yellow feathers!" "And the white in their faces!" said

Fritz. "I see through the trick. That greaser has swapped with us!" "He's taken to the beach. See Middy! He knows. You go down by the

old road and I'll take the steps. We'll The little colony sat on a bluff rising lmost perpendicularly from the beach. There were two paths to the sea, one

by an easily inclined road which wound around the cliffs, and the other by a long, steep flight of steps that scaled the face of the bluff.

Fritz and Middy anxiously scanned

the heights and beat about the little her too much!"

Comparative "Waiter, this steak is badly burned." "Yes, sir; but you hadn't oughter

eucalyptus grove before scrambling down the steps, but discovered nothing to encourage them. Will, who had made the long detour of the winding road, arrived at the foot of the stairs almost as soon as they did, hot and breathless, but with no trace of the fugitive to report.

"I wonder what that craft is about?" asked Fritz, pointing to a fisherboat, lying to, a short distance down the coast.

They hurried down the beach and at the same time the little craft hoisted a rag of sail and made toward them. She was almost opposite when Middy, who had been jumping around like a crazy dog gave out a loud yell and *0*0*0*0*0*0*0*0*0*0*0*0 started back as if he had been shot.

The boys wheeled around and stared. "Look!" they shouted simultaneously, o

and started after the dog. A bare legged and swarthy Mexican had emerged from one of the large hollows worn by the sea in the bluff and was running down across the sand straight for the surf. They could see tnat he had a large sack in his hand.

Meanwhile a fresh breeze had struck the dory and it was making good headway in his direction.

"We shall lose him!" said Will. "He's going to swim for it."

"After him! Go for him, Middy!"

bounded down the beach and took to summer that mother and I wanted to the water after the man with the bag, paper the sitting room, though father already in the surf and the boat was she had asked for it, heads didn't rounding to, just outside the breakers. | count. It was money we needed, and good a start."

from the surf, followed by another still and mother at first, I carried the day,

gered in the deep water that was now spare room. Unless you have done the above his waist and turned and limped same thing at some awful crisis in toward the shore, howling grievously your life you can never for a moment as he slowly retraced his steps.

Fritz. "The thief has a hot barb in "Phoebe Knapp." his heel and it's cramped his leg. We have got him!"

as far as he could into the sea.

dog to wait for any command to swim ment, the rest and quiet you offer will for it and bring it ashore, and it was be a great boon to me." safe in his mouth before it could sink. found their precious cockerels in the the fifth time.

the wound, gave him back his substi- flippantly, I fear. tuted birds and sent him home vow- This unknown was beginning to take ing solemnly to keep at an honest dis- a sort of weird possession of me. It and I spent a good deal of time furwith the burning smart of his injury should turn upon the movements of a for many days to come, for the barb of wherever I turned I could not help see-

the "stingaree" is steeped in poison. beaches is its favorite abode. It is a ready engaged. round, flat fish, varying in diameter

neat groove on the top of its tail. up as if the indignant sting ray had touched a spring and lodges in the unlucky beel or ankle.

Of course the Krantz brothers' cockapproached their merits and magnifi-

tle home on the bluffs.-Boston Globe.

He Fights the Crows.

pugnacious bird, may be found in Mrs.?" fields and along the roadsides. He is commonly perched on a post or low answered mother in that awful stage sudden dart into the air or down to the into fits whenever she tries it. But our ground, followed by a return to the boarder did not seem to notice. I made post of observation, is extremely chara a venture on a bold stroke. "I shall acteristic. Sometimes one may even call her Mrs. Knapp, and then she can hear the click of the bill which an- correct me if she doesn't like it. I've He is with us from May until Septem-

The king bird owes his name to the fact that he is the one small bird who ventures to attack the marauding crow, and that he always comes off victorious. Rising above his foe, he drops upon his back, attacking him with beak and claws until the unlucky intruder makes off in ludicrous consternation. The nest is usually placed at a moderate height on the horizontal bough of a tree in the orchard or by the wayside. Eggs are laid early in June. The note is a sharp twitter, often somewhat resembling that of the swallow.-Denver Republican.

A Brave Little Heroine.

Among the stories told by certain aged physicians at a reunion of medxcal men of the times when surgical/operations were conducted without anaesthetics none was more to ching

than the following: A little girl, not more than old, was injured in such a wix that it was necessary to amoutate on legs. She proved to be of wonderful pluck, and instead of binding her, as was customary in such cases she was given her most cherished doll to hold. Pressing it in her arms, s he submitted

to the amputation without a single cry. When it was done, the physician in charge, seeking to brig aten matters up with a pleasantry, said, "And now, my

dear, we will amputate your doll's leg."
Then the little girl burst into tears. "No, no!" she gas sped between her sobs. "You shall no it! It would burt

Passe Along.

Young Man-Wi I you be my wife? Young WomanTHE EARTH.

With gathering years the earth has not grown

In man's firm clasp a mere imprisoned ball, Though conquering feet have trodden nearly all, And even the uncharted has received a name; There still loom heights deserving of man's aim; Forbidding isles still lie beyond his thrall: The silent polar doors heed not his call, And inmost tropic wilds ne scarce dare claim.

Yet, when at last the globe is mastered quite, And prving man has left no inch unscanned. He still must pause before earth's moods of might That lift the sea and toss the desert sand, That set the dread volcano's torch alight And send strange tremors through the startled

-Meredith Nicholson in New York Sun.

THE LATE MR. KNAPP

A STORY WHICH GOES TO SHOW THAT YOU CAN'T ALWAYS TELL WHAT PEOPLE

MEAN BY WHAT THEY SAY.

*O*O*O*O*O*O*O*O*O*O*C*O* You see, she was such a queer little thing that we couldn't help taking her to our hearts at once. But there, that's just the way with me. It always seems to me as if everybody ought to know

ular explanation. The dog needed no urging, but Well, it was just this way: That The tide was out, but the fellow was would have given mother his head if "No use," said Will. "He has too of that he had none. Then after much hard thinking I devised a plan, and, Just then a shrill cry of pain came though it was a great shock to father and the upshot of it was that we ad-The fugitive had halted. He stag- vertised for a summer boarder for our imagine, O reader, the awful mixture "What is it?" asked Will in amaze- of hope and fear that held place in our hearts until we received a neatly writ-"I know-it's a stingaree," exclaimed ten, briefly worded note signed

Mother was taken with it at once, and as she delights in all things miser-With a cry of rage the fellow lifted able because she can make them feel the bag above his head and flung it better, she was especially captivated by the closing sentence, which ran, But the setter was too good a bird "Having recently met with a bereave-

"Widow, likely," said father as we

sack, frightened half to death and "Miss or Mrs., Katie?" asked mother, their white plumes dripping, but not although we both knew the signature beyond recovery of animation or fam- by heart-"Yours sincerely, Phoebe Knapp."

As for the thief, the boys cut the "I'm sure I don't know. I can't read barb out of Manuel's ankle, dressed between the lines," I answered, rather

to remind him of a virtuous resolution stranger whom we had never seen, and ing a silent figure in a long crape veil It is the wasp of the sea, the sting lifting its hand and commanding me to ray, and the warm surf of the Pacific do this or that, upon which I was al-

However, we were all ready for her from a few inches to a foot, with a at last, and when father came from barb an inch or two long reposing in a the station and deposited upon the front piazza a tiny little woman of The sting ray employs this weapon about 50 years of age, with big, frightonly for defense or retaliation. When ened gray eyes, and delicate, sensitive a bather steps on the fish the barb flies features, a creature that would have looked small alongside a robust child of 10, the contrast between this little object and the commanding figure of my imagination was so great that I erels took the \$50 prize, as no rivals almost had a fit of hysterics on the spot. I took refuge in flight, while mother cooed and coddled the "poor This victory added to the fame of the dear" and took her up to her room. young breeders, and eggs for hatching You see, mother was just in her elefrom their pens, now command a pre- ment, while I had all my notions to mium, adding much to their revenue readjust to existing circumstances. and many to the comforts of their lit- My flights of fancy will be the death

I caught mother on the stair a moment as they were coming down and The king bird, a most active and breatned softly into her ear, "Miss or

of me some day, father says.

"I don't know. I couldn't find out," bough on the lookout for insects. His whisper of hers that sends me nearly nounces the fate of the unhappy insect. always heard that it gives a middle aged married woman much greater offense to be called 'Miss' than it does to address a single sister as 'Mrs.,' so

here goes.' "I hope you had a pleasant trip down, M-m." I said pleasantly, allowing my them). voice to die away on the last syllables as I found my courage oozing out at the tip of my tongue. I couldn't say Mrs. Knapp after all, to save me.

I noticed with much amusement that father and mother avoided the pitfall as successfully as I did, during that first meal, and we all went out on the piazza after supper to enjoy the sunset. Here our guest set our minds at rest.

"How James would have enjoyed and exclaimed she softly, as if half to herself. Mother nodded so vigorously and triumphantly behind her back that I was afraid she would notice it and so hastened to nod in reply. We knew now. She was a widow. "He loved to sit beside me and watch the setting sun, even in the city." she went on softly. "It seems terribly lonely without him. Oh, if I could only have brought him out into such a peaceful place as this, he might be alive now! That last hot spell was so hard on him. I thought perhaps he had a sunstroke,

but I could not tell." Mother's eyes filled with sympathetic tears, and as she laid her hand gently over that of Mrs. Knapp she inquired tenderly, "How long is it since he died,

dear?" "Six weeks," answered the widow. "He was all that I had in the world, and I have been so lonely ever since. But. plase, Mrs. Curtis, I cannot talk shout itanite ret."

EXTREME ECONOMY. Ida-Thit family in the brownstone sion is ery economical, I hear.

make a fuss, sir; that man over there's am engaged myself, but you will like had their ast winter's furs made into mufters, there is but one Pain-Killer, by immortality he calmly consummy sister just as well. ______ ders for heir footman and coachman, ______ Perry Davis'. 25c and 50c. ______ mated his sublime self-sacrifice for the

Nevertheless, she did "talk about it" quite a good deal in the days that followed, with the effect that I, who was a wide awake girl at that time, peculiarly susceptible to first impressions, imbibed an impression of the late Mr. Knapp's eccentricities that was not altogether complimentary to

the departed gentleman. "Poor dear!" said she one day. "He tried so hard to speak. If he only could have told his wants!" We never asked her any questions. We just let her talk on, feeling that this was the kindest and best. I inferred from this last remark that her husband had been affected by paralysis, particularly as she had said on another occasion: "I used to sit at my window, and James sat at his, I sewing, he looking out of the window at what was going on in the street. He seemed perfectly happy as long as I was there. But then we can never tell. I often wish now that I had done more for him or could have learned better what he wanted."

"What did the physicians say or do?"

"They said it was the breaking up of the system by old age. I never felt

that they quite understood the case." Poor little thing! Married to an aged the people I know, without any partic- paralytic and yet regretting his death as the breaking up of the one tie on earth! What desolation-what utter desolation her case seemed to me! I was moved to take her in my arms and weep with her, which was a great deal for me.

Not only was the late Mr. Knapp old and imbecile and paralytic, but he had other traits which must have rendered him highly objectionable as a daily

companion. "Just about this time every afternoon I always gave James a bowl of cream with fresh sponge cake in it. He would not touch it unless it was in a certain bowl nor unless it was fresh from the baker's. And yet they tried to persuade me that he didn't know anything!"

From which I inferred that, added to his other peculiarities, the late Mr. Knapp possessed an extremely un-

pleasant temper. "And, oh, Mrs. Curtis!" she wailed, "after the poor dear was dead and gone, they wouldn't let me bury him in the family lot." From which I inferred that the dear departed had come of a family of unpleasant tempers. Such heathenish doings I never heard tell Hurrying to meet him, the boys read this note aloud in his presence for of. Surely, however they felt toward him during his life, nothing but a fiend would deny him the family resting

place after he was dead! But I forgot my interest in Mrs. Knapp and her affairs by reason of some of my own. I had a delightful letter from Toth Dixon, saying he would be with us for a week. Now Tom was a favorite cousin of I might look my very best when he came. And then, I was putting finishing touches to Tom's room, too, until an immense sheet from his body. the minute he arrived, so that I really had no time to talk to Mrs. Knapp or

Dear old Tom! How good it was to see him that day with his blithe ways and "bonny brown hair!" We talked and talked till supper was called, and then we still talked all the way to the dining room door, and yet we found time to say nothing about any one but ourselves. As we seated ourselves at the table I was a little late) and realized that I had not mentioned her presence in our household.

"Why, we have a boarder, Tom." I began, in answer to his look of inquiry at the empty place. Just as I spoke she glided in.

thought of finding you here?" and he shook her hand in a grasp so hearty that I could see it was painful to her. She colored faintly and said a little unsteadily, "This is indeed a surprise. Mr. Dixon," and I read between the lines that the surprise was not an al-

together agreeable one. But Tom didn't seem to notice anything (most men are dumb about such things, you know), so I kept my eyes and ears open and waited for develop-

At last they came and in a most

startling manner. "So I hear poor Jim is gone at last?" said Tom, turning to Mrs. Knapp as he buttered his seventh biscuit (Tom always was rather a greedy youth and enjoyed most heartily the good things of this life, mother's cooking among

"Oh, Mr. Dixon, how can you speak of him in that way!" exclaimed the widow, hurrying from the room in a fit of sobbing.

Tom stared "Well, I'll be darned! What under the sun is the matter with the woman

anyway?" he exclaimed. You ought to be ashamed of yourself," replied I severely. "No wonder the poor woman is shocked to hear you speak of her husband in that way after he's dead and goue."

Tom stared again, And then he broke into such spasms of laughter that I thought he had suddenly lost his mind. I had heard of such things, but I had fortunately been spared the sight of them so far.

"Her husband!" he exclaimed, when he could catch his breath, as he wiped the tears from his eyes. "Her husband! She hadn't any husband. She never was married. Jim was her old black cat!" And then he went off again

No wonder the hard hearted relatives had objected to having all that was mortal of "the late Mr. Knapp" laid in the family lot!

Mother and I looked at each other and said nothing. What was there to say? But we thought things. I don't know whether they were the same things or not, but we certainly thought things .- Ohicago Times-Herald.

After a Cold Drive a teaspoonful of death of Dr. Pestana at Lisbon. Pain-Killer mixed with a glass of hot shows how up to the last moment he water and sugar will be found a better noted the symptoms of the plague,

nature Assisted.

Nature for the lack of a little assistance often gets out of gear. Like a mill dam that springs a leak, if it is not properly and promptly repaired, the leak enlarges until for lack of water the mill stops.

Every little irregularity of the system is a drain on your vitality. What in itself seems slight may cause a distressing disease.

Abbey's Effervescent Salt gives health to the system by helping nature to help herself. It starts in at the seat of the trouble, and cures the cause of disease, and by aiding the organs of the body to do their work properly, it eliminates all illness and disease from the system. Abbey's Effervescent Salt enables the system to obtain the maximum of nourishment from the food digested.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS. Price, 60 cts. per large bottle. Trial size, 25 cts.

MAN WHO SHEDS HIS SKIN.

Curious Phenomenon Exhibited by a Butte, Mont., Miner.

A man who sheds his skin in its entirety cace a year, and who has done so regularly for the last forty-three years, is one of the curiosities that Dutte, Mont., boasts of, says the Den- ful sufferings experienced by him did ver Evening Post. The man-J. M. not affect his coolness. Still ten min-Price, a fairly well educated miner-is tance from other folks' chicken coops, seemed uncanny that everything nishing up my little belongings so that curious pastime of skinning himself, geon. Five minutes before his end he The method he adopts is to first skin his hands and face and then strip it in

The process of skinning his hands and face was completed recently, and it came from the face like a mask. to listen to her if she wished to talk to The skin from the hands resembles a pair of gloves, and was exhibited on the streets yesterday. The toughness is something remarkable, and two men tried with might and main to tear They were not successful, although the skin is not thicker than the leather of a man's street glove. Price talks freely about the matter, although he is rather tender about any publication in the newspapers. Many physicians have examined him during the period saw Mrs. Knapp's vacant place (for she of skinning, but no one has been able was a little late) and realized that I to solve the problem. In speaking of

the matter recently Mr. Price said:-'My mother told me that she first noticed the trouble when I was sin months old, and regularly every year since then I have shed my skin. It is a penomenon that no physician yet satisfactorily explained, although hundreds have made examinations and "Why, who on earth would have investigations. The fact is that I shed my skin and that is all there is to it. Regularly on the 24th day of July of symptoms, and on a very few occasions has it missed the 24th day of that month. The first thing I feel is nausea, and then I know that I am fit for The skin becomes perfectly dead and the perspiration that should come through forms in blisters under it, and the whole thing becomes loose. generally cut a circle around my wrists, and with the aid of a lead pencil strip it off whole for the purpose of preserving it in the shape of a glove. I take off from my face in the same manner, but am compelled to remove it from my hair like dandruff. I took a long walk this morning for the purpose of getting up a perspiration, and, as see. my whole body is blistered. I will strip it off to-day or to-morrow. It comes off in great strips, as you can see by this photograph, which was

taken last year. There is no particular pain accompanying the operation, although the new skin is very soft and tender during the first week or ten days. I have to lay off for about two weeks each year to attend to it. My children do not inherit the disease from me. There is one of them, and she is nine years of age, and there has been nothing of the kind ever noticed with her. Several years ago I was in San Francisco when I shed my skin. and the doctors there preserved it in its entirety and then stuffed it. I am miner, but my work in the mines does not affect my condition in any way that I can see. My general health is good, even if I do have skin to throw at the birds.'

A Thrilling Peath Scene.

From the London Times.

Our Paris correspondent telegraphs: -Mme. Sarah Bernhardt has been interviewed by a Matin reporter on her return to Paris after a five or six months' tour through countries neve perhaps before visited by a Frenci tragedian. This prolonged absence was necessitated by the renovation of the theatre in the Place du Chatelet bearing her name. It will be temporarily opened with a revival of Hamlet. but the real opening will be with M. Edmund Rostand's new piece L'Aiglon The hero is the Duc de Reichstadt, and Mme. Bernhardt will take that part. The piece, according to those who have heard pertions of it, is worthy of the young dramatist who has already achieved the greatest dramatic success of the age. I have spoken of the interview because Mme. Bernhardt gives a thrilling description of the heroic

good of mankind. Such a scene is an encouragement amid the constant meanness of the world, it reconciles us to life, and Mme. Bernhardt's narrative is stamped with simplicity and emotion. She says:-"Queen Amelia was present till his last breath and related to me his last moments. The unfortunate man was admirable. From hour to hour he indicated the symptoms of the contagion which was carrying him off. 'I have still twenty minutes to live,' he said; 'note these symptoms. This is how I feel.' The fearutes. This symptom seems to have ill-described. Note it accurately,' said he to the weeping h felt that death was there. Without moving a muscle of his face, turning to the sobbing Queen, 'Adieu, madame, said. 'I am very grateful to your Majesty for coming to my bedside. 'Have you noted everything! Adieu. he said again to the house surgeon. Describe minutely the convulsions which you will presently see.' Five minutes afterward the hero was no nore. He was thirty-five years of age. Portugal will long mourn him.'

he Fride of Mank ood.

From the Memphis Scimitar. The happiest time in a boy's life is the day that he dons his first short trousers. Mrs. Poyser's bantam cock, which imagined that the sun rose every morning to hear him crow, could not strut with more conscious pride than did this little fellow, and he felt the importance incident to his first pair. Finally, he stopped in front of his

little sister and delivered himself of these indisputable facts:-"Sister, you can't never wear ponts! Sister, you can't never have a mous-tache!" and finally as a complete clincher:-"Sister, you can't never be a

Overcome with the gloom of her future, "sister" burst into an uncontrollable flood of tears.

One Grateful I essant ant "This." said the guide, "is the grave

of Adam!' Historic spot! With reverential awe, nay, with a feeling of deep thankfulness, the wealthy merchant tailor on his first trip to the Orient drew near and cast a flower on the tomb. "Erring ancestor," he murmured, "I

should be the last man on earth to revile your memory! To your sin I owe my prosperity!" "Rob Peter to pay Paul." That is what they do who take stimulants for

gives true nerve strength.

weak nerves.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

7 hem New-fangled Notions Recently two gentlemen, ariving along in a wagonette, were smoking, when a spark falling from one of their pipes set fire to some straw at the bot-The flames soon drove them from their seats, and while they were busy extinguishing the fire, a countryman who had for some time been following them on horseback, alighted to

assist them. "I have been watching the smoke for Why, then, did you not give us notice?" asked the travellers. 'Well," responded the man, "there

TINY TIM.

are so many new-fangled notions now-

adays, I thought you were going by

licious hour with Dickens' little "Tiny Tim." He pleased us because he was for ever helping, or ready to help

some unfortunate. Dr. Hope's TINY TABLETS are doing exactly the same thing. They are helping thousands of unfortunate nervous, broken-down people to get

strong. One little TINY TABLET after each meal and before retiring wil give you new life. If you feel tired

