

**HEADQUARTERS FOR THE
MARITIME COOK.
ALSO**
Large variety of Ranges, Cook, Parlor
and Office STOVES.



The Mate Knew his Business.

A small fishing schooner was crawling along the shores of Puget Sound, driven by a light breeze, one day recently says the Seattle Press. She was an old fashioned craft, manned by two men, a captain and a mate. The mate, who was stationed at the bow of the vessel, suddenly espied a tide-rip ahead, and, thinking it was evidence of a sunken reef, hastened toward the stern of the vessel.

"Capt. Blank, there is a reef dead ahead," reported the mate.

"Humph!" replied the captain, with out changing the course of the vessel.

The mate went forward and watched the tide-rip disappear for some time, finally he returned and said:

"Captain," said he, "we are getting dangerously near that reef."

"Dr. Mr. Mate," growled the captain, savagely, "you take care of your end of the vessel and I will take care of mine."

The mate said nothing now, but going forward, he seized the anchor and threw it overboard. It caught on bottom and the vessel swung around, bow to the wind, with everything shaking.

"Captain," said the mate, as he again went aft, "I have to report that my end of the vessel is at anchor."

The Immensity of Space.

For a long period astronomers have unsuccessfully endeavored to determine the distance between the stars and the earth, and it is only within a comparatively short time the interesting problem can be said to have been solved. The distance which separates us from the nearest star is, according to a recent lecture by Prof. Nichols, about 206,000 times greater than the distance from the earth to the sun or 95,000,000 of miles multiplied by 206. Alpha in the constellation of the Centaur, is the star nearest the earth; its light occupies the whole year in travelling the distance, which separates us from that little, twinkling star.

bulking orb, or, in other words, should Alpha be blotted out of existence to-day, the world would be no the less a member of 1893 before the inhabitants of the mundane sphere would be aware that Alpha no longer existed. Yet light travels so rapidly as to occupy no perceptible space of time in flashing around our globe. If the sun were transported to the place occupied by this the nearest star, the vast circular disc which in the morning rises majestically above the horizon, and in the evening occupies a considerable time in descending entirely below the same line, would have dimensions puny in their insignificance. Colossal as the sun appears to us, it would, were it possible for it to change positions with Alpha, take the Lick

Taking \$1,000,000 is called Genius.
 Taking 100,000 is called Shortage.
 Taking \$50,000 is called Litigation.
 Taking \$25,000 is called Insolvency.
 Taking 10,000 is called Irregularity.
 Taking \$6,000 is called Defalcation.
 Taking \$1,000 is called Corruption.
 Taking \$600 is called Embezzlement.
 Taking \$100 is called Dishonesty.
 Taking \$50 is called Stealing.
 Taking \$25 is called Total Depravity.
 Taking one bean is called War on Society. — *Washington Post*.

Unsafe.

Some people seem to have a special

hilarity of bumping their heads, stubbing their toes and falling over things. With the Vernons this might fairly have been called a family trait. The father, the daughter and the two boys literally went stumbling through the world, Mrs. Vernon herself being the only one whose feet did not appear to be all the time standing in slippery places.

Once there was a singular crisis of accident in the family, a veritable epidemic as it were.

Mr. Vernon gave himself a black eye on the corner of the basement door when

up the corner of the basement door, coming up from a visit to the furnace; Hattie, in opening the stubborn sliding doors of the library, was thrown against the wall in their sudden liberation under her efforts and hurt her forehead; John rushed against his bedroom door in the darkness on his way for his slippers, and was upset with bruises, and Frank tripped over the cat, these three little accidents

Mrs. Vernon administered arnica and sympathy for two days; then she quietly made a trip to the upholsterer's, and one evening that same week, when her family arrived from office and school, they found portieres instead of doors all through the house.

"They are very pretty, mamma," said her husband, "but why such a sudden innovation?"

"I've long wanted them myself," answered Mrs. Vernon, "but I felt at last

that they had become a necessity. Dear, literal old Mrs. Hochkins was in to see me the day after you all got hurt, and I was giving her an account of your woes, and she said: 'Well, now, I must say, Miss' Vernon, that with a family like yours, doors are dreadful dangerous things to have in the house!'

Children of the Future.
It is a dreadful point about microbes that the only way to avoid having them in a virulent form is to have them in an artificial or attenuated form. The children of the future will not run through the present gamut of infantile disease, but they will probably be subjected to inoculation with various microbes every six months.

Pasteur institute to have a mild form of rabies. Next they will be given a dose of the comma bacilli to prevent cholera, and so on through all the overgrowing series of disease microbes. Oh! luckless child of the future! you will never be ill

ated for smallpox, they will be vaccinated by the Government. You have recovered from that which will be taken to the Pasteur institute to have a mild form of variolæ. Next they will be given a dose of the comma bacilli to prevent cholera, and then the virus of the foregoing series of disease microbes. O sickless child of the future! you will never be ill and never be well; your health will be weakly monotonous; you will never know the joys of the first night of a new year, or the joys of the first night of a new season. It will be so nice to sit in mother's lap and feel her cool hand on your forehead; you will never know the joys of convalescence, when oranges are sent you and every one was kind to you because you were ill. Your future end will be to die of debility. How sad we are that we live in the present, with all its ups and downs of health to us, and variety to life and death.—Hospital.

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