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THE MAN IN UNIFORM

WOES OF A NAVAL OFFICER ON THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE PLATFORM.

Mistaken For Station Master and Reviled Accordingly-Appealed to and Abused by Helpers and Indignant Citizens-Fled at Last From a Baby.

A man in the navy rushed aboard his ship in the Brooklyn navy yard the other day as if something terrible was after him. The men in the wardroom looked up amazed as he entered and sank down on the leather couch. "What's the matter, old man?" asked

ane of the officers. "Why, where are your friends? I thought you got permission to eave the ship to go to the Brooklyn bridge

"I did," came a response in a muffled olco. "That's where I've been."

"But where are your friends?" persisted "I don't know, for I didn't wait for

"Didn't wait for them?" exclaimed a chap whom they all call Lord Chesterfield. chap whom they all call Lord Chesterfield.

"Why, that was a beastly thing to do."

"Blankety, blank, blank," exclaimed the exhausted one, jumping to his feet.

"Walt till you hear my side of the story before you condemn my manners. I look as if I might have been bunkoed, sandbagged or set upon by a gang of street thugs, don't 1? Yes. Well, I haven't been. I merely made the mistake of going ashore in uniform.

"You see, I'd been very busy working all

morning, and when I looked at the clock I found that I barely had time to get to the bridge to meet these friends, much less to stop to put on civilian's attire. I got permission to leave the ship and started on a run, without once thinking of my uni-form, but when I got in the car I had time to realize what I was wearing. 'Oh,' I thought to myself, 'I have on my service dress uniform—plain blue trousers, a rather neat but not gaudy blouse, with considerable black braid on it, and an anchor on the collar. Good. This won't attract much attention.' Then I looked at my cap, with its sloping visor and its broad gold band around the front ornamented with the crossed anchers, eagle and shield wrought together. 'Fine,' I said to myself. 'Nobody will guy me. I'm sure, though, I did wish I had thought in time to put on my

"When I landed at the bridge, I got permission, as a special favor, to go up on the second story landing to meet my friends as they got out of the train. Sev-eral people piped me off as I went up the steps and that was the beginning of my finish. I stood there gazing at two trains as they disgorged themselves without be-ing interfered with. When the third one came up, a man got out, came up to me Which is the way to the Kings Coun-

'I don't know,' I answered.

Why don't you know?' he asked. "'I don't know that, either,' was my reply, and he passed on, glaring back at me as if he would enjoy nothing more than taking my scalp. By this time the next train was in, and a woman got out and made for me.

" Which way do you get to the navy yard?' she asked. yard? she asked.
"'Go down stairs and take the car un-der the bridge to your right, madam,' I

'Can't you go down and show me the way? she queried next.
"'I'm sorry I can't,' I answered, and I'll be blamed if she didn't let in and say that I was a disgusting thing and asked

me what I was paid for: "I straightened up as high as I could, thinking that if I assumed a military air it would be a protection, but it didn't work. Although standing with heels and knees together, toes out at an angle of 40 chest out and shoulders thrown back and chin held high in the air, my posture didn't produce the desired effect. Soon I became aware from a series of short whistles, such as are commonly used to summon a bootblack or cabby, that some one in the crowd from the next car was making persistent efforts to attract my attention. It was a man. I turned to cast a withering glance. He grabbed me by the elbow with his umbrella handle, harnessed me up to him and said: 'Although there are signs in the cars prohibiting people from indulging in a certain pastime, either in the cars or on the platform, the man who sat next to me coming on the bridge spit on my foot, and I want to make a spit on my root, and I want to make a complaint against him. There the son of a gun goes now.' I thought of what Bill Nye said when he was writing about, one of his personal difficulties with an enemy: 'I clinched my teeth and struck him with a bed slat. If you don't believe it, I can show you the clinched teeth and the

"The fellow had his foot there all right. and he thought he had his man, but he could prove nothing. I told him that I ould say nothing except that I regretted the occurrence, and I promised him that it should never happen again and reminded him that, although the offense was a helnous one, there was no specific penalty for it. I was unable to arrest the offender and would have to let him go. He thank-ed me again and again and said he was glad to know that, along with other im-

provements, the bridge officials had secured such intelligent employees. "I was about used up by this time and kept wondering if my friends would ever come. Surely they'll be on the train just coming in, I thought. It came to a stop, and a young, fairly well dressed woman motioned to me from the platform. Not noticing anything unusual, I hastened up to the car and found to my distress that she had a baby about 3 months old in her arms. She said she had a very heavy basket in the car and rather suggested by a motion toward the baby, as she drew up to me, that I take that while she went in after the basket. But I didn't catch on and rushed in and grabbed the basket by

'When I came out with it, she said she thought she'd better take the basket down the steps as it had some things in it that she wouldn't have broken for the world, and finally insisted on my swapping is for that darned brat. What did I de? I dropped the basket at the top of the steps, shook the woman, baby and all, and made

tracks for the navy yard.
"So here I am, or at least all that's left

"So here I am, or at least all that's left of me. As to my friends, I don't know where they are. I've been pulled and tugged this way and that and yelled at in the last half hour until I feel as if a battle would be too tame."

"I told you young fellows about going out in your uniforms in the United States," mid a gray haired man.

"It works in every other country, but it don't go in this." And the young officer grouned.—New York Sun.

For Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum, Cramps, Colic, Diarrhoea, Dysentery and Summer Complaint, Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is a prompt, safe and sure cure that has been a popular favorite for nearly 50 years.

RACE ABOUT EXTINCT.

Few Survivors of the South African Bush

One of the most interesting races in the world, from an ethnologist's point of view, is on the point of extinction. For many years past the bushmen of South Africa have been dwindling in numbers till the survivors may almost be counted on one's fingers. The bushman is first cousin to the diminutive race of pygmies found by the great explorer Du Challlu in the coastlands of western Africa, near the equator, and closely resembles the dwarfs found by Stanley in the great Aruwhimi forest. In all probability they are the remnants of the aboriginal race of Africa which has been driven into the corners of the African earth by successive invasions of Hottentot, Bantu and negro tribes. Their existence in Africa is mentioned as far back as 1586 by Andrew Battell, due of the earliest of Africa's English explorers. He describes them as "no bigger than boys of 12 year old, but very thick, and they live only upor flesh, which they kill in the woods with their lover and their lovers.

sheir bows and their darts."

The bushman is one of the lowest types of humanity, not many degrees remove from the animal. He is of small stature but not dwarfed, and, with high cheek bones, his deep set eyes have an exceedingly cunning look. Bushmen are troglodytes, and, remaining in their caves by day, sally forth at night from their mountain fast forth at night from their mountain fast nesses and harass the nearest farmers by slaying their stock with arrows composed of reeds tipped with bone or iron saturated in the fatal juice of the euphorbia tree mixed with the poison of snakes and spiders. So troublesome did they become it. Natal during the early history of the colony that a special fort was built—now known as Fort Nottingham—whence expeditions were organized against these diminutive marauders. Still later a war of exterinination was waged against them of extermination was waged against them by a band of farmers under the Drakens berg, who raided their haunts in the wild mountains and succeeded in freeing them-selves from this troublesome pest. Every bushman fought for himself, and they recognized no chief, much less any primitive system of government such as prevails among the Bantu race.

It is a singular thing that, though so-low in the social scale, the bushman possesses the power of illustration totally unknown to his more civilized successors, and very creditable representations of elands, dingos, snakes, and even scenes of hunting and battle are to be found in the caves Drakensberg, above the sources of the Bushman river. Several of the drawings have been removed to the library at Pieter maritzburg, where they form a valuable collection for the colonial antiquary. The bushman's language is mainly composed of clicks, of which there are six distinct kinds, but it is impossible on hearing one of this pygmy race talk to do otherwise than set him down as an animal. There is a local tradition in Natal that "the last of the bushmen" was a farm laborer at one of the homesteads under the Drakensberg. and, falling sick of a fever, his end was de voutly looked for by a local scientist, who on the desired consummation, obtaine his bones and forwarded them to England. where they are now exposed to public gaze in the South Kensington museum.-Chi cago Chronicle

NIGHT IN THE DESERT.

The Gloom and Silence of Nature Have Painful Effect on Humanity.

R. Talbot Kelly, the English artist who illustrated Slatin Pasha's "Fire and Sword In the Sudan," has written a paper for The Century which he calls "In the Desert With the Bedouin." Mr Kelly has drawn a number of striking pictures for the article. A bit of his description is as follows: Night in the desert is very solemn. Surrounded by these sandy wastes melting in the gloom, the silence of nature is almost painful, and the occasional howl of a jackal or neigh of a horse only serves to accentuate the succeeding stillness, while the wonderfully rare atmosphere makes the stars appear of such unusual size and nearness that one feels oppressed with a se of lonely littleness. I am often asked how I occupy my time in the desert. My reply is, "Painting." Everything is paint able, and the desert is always beautiful Infinitely varied in texture and local color prolific of wild flowers and insect life, its interest is unending, while its trackless expanse undulating to the horizon seems like an ocean suddenly petrified into absolute rest, and impresses the mind with a sense of vastness and repose which noth ing, in my opinion, can equal.

Again, as the effects of varying weather pass over the silent land, how perplexing are the quick transitions from gray to gold as passing sunbeams play hide and seek among its billows, or when the white heat of day gives place to the violets and yellows of sunset! Added to the intrinsic beauty of the desert itself are the innumersble "subjects" always ready to hand-now a goatherd watching his flock, or a party of Arabs exercising their horses, about the tents domestic duties in full swing, a negro slave roasting coffee over a fire of cobs, black robed women flitting from tent to tent, or a group of gayly dressed children, the girls playing "knucklebones" in the sand, the boys as usual indulging in the mischief readlest to hand. Everywhere a picture! An artist's para disc indeed, the only drawbacks of which are one's utter inability to accomplish a tithe of the subjects surrounding one, and the discomforts and hardships of its life.

What Made It Yawn?

Travel, which adds charm to the con versation of an agreeable person, some-times renders a bore more tiresome than

'And there I stood, Aunt Susan," said Miss Porter's slow speaking but long wind ed nephew who had been droning on, about his summer 'n Switzerland, for some hours since the old lady's eyes had begun to droop in the lamplight—"and there I stood. Aunt Susan, with the abyss yawning in front of me.

'William." said Aunt Susan, speaking as one who has long kept silence. "was that abyss a yawning before you got there or did it begin afterward?" -Exchange.

Stockades.

In "The Voyages of Captain Cook" there is a statement to the effect that in New Zealand the towns of the natives were all protected by stockades. In some cases these were formed of double or triple rows of trees, the spaces between being latticed with wickerwork and filled with earth.

Tortoise shell combs are generally cut by hand. Bone combs are machine made. The teeth of fine combs are cut by very delicate saws. Metal combs are nearly al ways made by machinery.

In the second century a formidable line of fortifications was constructed by the Roman emperors from the upper Danubs Roman emperors from the upper Danubi to the upper Rhine to keep out the Ger-



QUAIL ON TOAST

IT LEADS ALL OTHERS.

- MANUFACTURED BY O'BRIEN BROS. CHATHAM, ONT.

Four little sunbeams came earthward one day, Shining and dancing along on their Resolved that their course should be blest.

THE FOUR SUNBEAMS.

Let us try," they all whispered, "some kindness to do, Not seeking our own pleasures all the day through.
Then meet in the eve at the west."

One sunbeam ran in a low cottage door,
And played "hide-and-seek with a
child on the floor,
Till baby laughed lond in his glee,
And chased with delight this strange
playmate so bright,
The little hands grasping in vain for
the light

the light That ever before them would fiee. One crept to a couch where an invalid lay, And brought him a dream of the sweet

summer day, Its bird song, and beauty and bloom; Till pain was forgotten and weary un-And in fancy he roamed through the scenes he loved best, Far from the dim, darkened room.

One stole to the heart of a girl that was sad,
And loved and caressed her until she was glad.
And lifted her white face again.
For love brings content to the lowliest lot. And finds something sweet in the

dreariest st

And lightens all labor and pain, And one, where a little blind girl sat Not sharing the mirth of her playfel-On hands that were folded and pale, kissed the poor eyes that ne'er had known sight.

That never would gaze on the beautiful light
Till angels had lifted the veil. At last when the shadows of evening were falling, the sun, their great father, his

children was calling,
Four sunbeams sped into the west.
Il said: "We have found that in seeking the pleasure Of others we fill to the full our own measure"—
Then softly they sank to their rest.
—The Doll's Dressmaker. She (at the fire)—Horrors Look there! A man is trapped on the top floor of the burning building.

He—What in thunder is he excited about! The fire won't reach him for several years yet. That's the beauty of these tall office buildings.

Do you think there is any such thing as cleptomania?" asked the nervous man's wife.

"I'm convinced of it," was the reply.
"And if I could get into the room of
that man who practices on the trombone, iI'd prove it." Will you have the chicken dressed?"

asked the poulterer. "No," replied the young Mrs. Hunnymoon; you may send it to me—er—in the altogether.



Delay Means Death. One Dose Relieves -A Few Bottles

Brown—I wonder why Paynter was so angry when I asked him what school of art he belonged to? Smith—What school? That implies that he has something to learn.

"It is said that we shall all pass away as a tale that is told." "That sounds all right; but tales that are told don't pass away—they are forever being told over again."

"For ten years I have suffered greatly from heart disease. Fluttering of the heart, palpitations and smothering spells have made my jite miserable. When dropsy set in my physician said I must prepare my family for the worst. All this time I had seen Dr. Agnew's Heart Cure advertised. As a last resort I tried it, and think of my joy when I received great relief from one dose. One bottle cured my dropsy, and brought ne out of bed, and five bottles have completely cured my heart. If you are troubled with any heart affection, and are in despair, as I was, use this remedy, for I know is will cure you."—Mra. James Adams. Syracuse, N. Y.

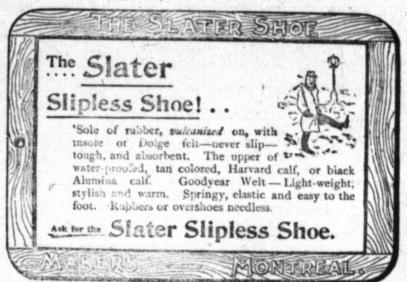
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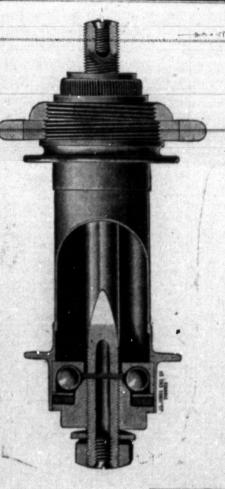
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