

KEPT HIS SEAT.

During a naval engagement some time back, an American sailor by the name of John Davis performed an act of bravery that has rarely been equalled. While the battle was at its height, a shell entered the *Valley City*, of which ship Davis was gunner's mate, and exploded on the berth deck, setting it on fire.

The commander of the vessel jumped down into the magazine, and while directing his men to extinguish the flames, passed up with his own hands the loose cylinders of powder. The fireworks on board became ignited. Rockets whizzed and blue lights blazed up in the very midst of the ammunition. The shell room caught fire, and it seemed as if the *Valley City* must be blown to pieces.

John Davis, appreciating the danger, and desirous of doing all in his power to avert it, jumped up on an open barrel of gunpowder and sat down on the head, covering it with his person as well as he could to protect it from the showering sparks.

The captain seeing him quietly seated while everybody else was at work, ordered him in preeminent tones to "get down and help to put out the fire."

The young gunner's mate stayed where he was, and replied calmly:

"Don't you see, sir, I can't? I'm on a barrel of gunpowder. If I get down the sparks will fall on it and we shall all go up!"

Notwithstanding the danger, the captain could not repress a smile, and Davis's heroic action was rewarded after the battle by immediate promotion.

BEST THINGS SAID BY ARTEMUS WARD.

When the war broke out I was among the first to stay at home. * * *

Rather than see the war stopped I would sacrifice all my wife's able-bodied relations. * * *

DECIDEDLY AWKWARD.

A phrenologist who had been touring the country and giving lectures in the art, tells the following story against himself: He was in the habit of inviting people of different avocations to come upon the stage, and he would dilate upon and expound the peculiarities of their cranial construction. He had come to that portion of his lecture where he dealt with the criminal form of the cranium, and addressed the audience:

"If there is any person present who at any time has been the inmate of a prison, he will oblige me by coming upon the platform."

A heavily-built man responded to this invitation.

"You admit that you have been in prison, sir?"

"I have, sir," was the unblushing answer.

"Would you kindly tell us how many years you have spent behind prison bars?"

"About twenty years," unhesitatingly replied the subject.

"Dear, dear," exclaimed the professor. "Will you sit down, please?"

The subject sat down in a chair in the centre of the stage. The professor ran his fingers rapidly through the hair of the subject and assumed a thoughtful expression.

"This is a most excellent specimen. The indications of a depraved character are very plainly marked. The organs of benevolence and esteem are entirely ab-

sent; that of destructiveness is developed to an abnormal degree. I could have told instantly without the confession of this man that his life had been erratic and criminal. What was the crime for which you were imprisoned?"

"I never committed any crime," growled the man in the chair.

"But you said you had been an inmate of a gaol for twenty years."

"I'm a warder in the prison."

AROTIC JOURNALISM.

We have before us a copy of the *Klondyke News*, published at Dawson City, Vol. 1, No. 1.

We do not envy the *News* the climate of Dawson, or the prevailing prices for groceries, but we do envy it its subscription rates—\$20 per annum (invariably in advance); single copies, seventy-five cents!

If we could but get the above rates for the *Honest Injun* we would soon move into a larger office, hire a stylish typewriter, and make a rapid fortune before next fall.

The *News* has a splendid field before it, even if there are chunks of ice on it, and at twenty dollars a year subscription, with advertising rates in proportion, there is no fear of the wood box ever getting empty.

The editor says: "It is not an easy thing to serve as editor, compositor, reporter, business manager, and devil on the only paper in a town of five thousand inhabitants." He is right. But resolution and sand will overcome great obstacles; and a newspaper man who carries his printing plant ashore, builds his office out of logs, and brings out his first number single handed is not likely to fall by the wayside, unless shot by robbers on his way to the bank with an oil-can full of nuggets. We applaud the *News* man for his enterprise, and wish he would take us into partnership.

LOST UPON THEM.

A late judge often allowed his keen sense of satire to induce him to sum up ironically. A man was once brought before him charged with attempted burglary. He had entered the house from the roof, taking the precaution of leaving his boots on top.

His defence was that he was in the habit of taking midnight strolls on the roofs of houses, and that he was tempted by curiosity to descend and have a look at one of the interiors. In summing up, his lordship said:

"If, gentlemen, you think that the prisoner considered the roofs of houses a salubrious place for an evening walk; if you suppose that the temptation to inspect the interiors beneath him was the outcome of a pardonable curiosity; in that case, of course, you will acquit him and regard him as a thoughtful and considerate man, who would naturally remove his boots before entering the house, and take every precaution not to disturb his neighbours."

To the judge's amazement, the jury took him literally, and promptly acquitted the prisoner.

ON THE STEAMER TO KLONDYKE.

Claude:—"Oh, Clarence, I saw a fellow at the table to-day take mustard on his mutton!"

Clarence:—"Good Heavens! Did it kill 'im?"

EFFECTUALLY CURED.

A certain captain in the army was extremely fond of playing practical jokes, but occasionally he met his match.

He was staying in a country house, and one of the party, a hunting gentleman, came down to dinner the first evening attired in a red coat. The captain chaffed him greatly, and dared him to put on the conspicuous garment another evening. Nevertheless the following night the red coat re-appeared.

This time the joker said, "I say, Smith, if you put on that coat again, I'll take a knife and slit it up the back from top to bottom."

"Very well," said the other quietly; and the third night he again re-appeared in a red coat.

Thereupon the Captain snatched up a carving knife, went behind him and divided the coat in two. The gentleman merely smiled and went on calmly eating, to everyone's surprise. At last his persecutor said:

"Why don't you get in a rage or do something?"

"I do not mind," was the calm reply, "it's your coat!"

The Captain never repeated a joke of that kind.

WORSE THAN HE THOUGHT.

The following story will remind the reader of a very old one. It has a point that will bear well illustrating.

The case being argued was old Farmer Closegrip v. a railway company for damages sustained in a collision. The old man's counsel was making a pitiful appeal to the jury.

"Gentlemen of the jury," he said, "just gaze upon the true, honest, time-beaten face of my client, and suppose he had been fatally wounded; think of the sad blow that his loving wife and little innocent children would have to receive; but, thank heaven, it is not so bad as that."

"But, oh, how he must have suffered during the long days of his illness! How the heart-stricken companion of his life felt when they brought him home, bruise and mangled! Now, tell me, shall this poor, old man go down to his grave a maimed and helpless creature without some aid from the cause of his affliction?"

During this delivery, Closegrip was noticed to be very much agitated, and rising as the advocate finished, he sobbed:—

"My lord, 'scuse my breakin' in, but I must speak."

"Go on," commanded the court.

"I didn't know it wer so bad as it air till the gentleman thar sot down, an' ef ye'll let me, I'll—I'll"—Here he faltered.

"You'll what?" asked the judge.

"Just raise them figures on the railway to a few pounds more—make it a thousand instid o' five hundred, won't ye, my lord?"

It is needless to add that the judge didn't.

"What a wonderful painter Rubens was!" remarked Mr. Jones at the art gallery.

"Yes," assented Mrs. Jones. "It is said of him that he could change a laughing face into a sad one by a single stroke."

"Why," spoke up little Johnny in disgust, "my schoolmaster can do that!"