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" I love God and little children."-JEAN PAUL

## Birds Warn a Vessel.

APTAIN HENRIKSEN, of the Norwegian steamer Panan, on reaching Philadelphia after a recent voyage, told a reporter of a Philadelphia exchange the following remarkable story

We loaded coal at Cape Breton. one of the wildest and most inhospitable spots in North America, and on January 24th weighed anchor and steamed slowly out to sea in the face of weather conditions which, to say the least, were alarming. That night the gale increased in fury until it blew at the rate

of sixty miles an hour.

Its direction changed also, to make matters worse, and blew on shore. This part of the Atlantic coast has been but imperfectly surveyed, and almost as soon as night closed in we were in doubt as to our exact location. The lead was cast for several hours and varying depths were recorded. Toward eight bells we were in seventy fathoms. with ample room under the keel, and as we seemed to be off the shoals, the speed was increased.

"While moving along at an eightknot speed on a course west by southwest, and with the assurance that the land was no more to oppose us, the man on the lookout forward suddenly heard a confusion of sounds resembling

the humming of millions of bees. The headway of the vessel was at once checked, and then the noise resolved itself into the voices of birds. " It was an immense volume of clum-

ing and rustling of wings, which could be heard distinctly above the roar of the storm. In the succeeding moments of fear and doubt, the Panan was allowed to drift, while we sought anxiously to pierce the intense gloom of the night. Then the motion became easier

and the anchor was dropped.

"When morning broke, an astonishing spectacle greeted us. Scarcely a quarter of a mile away was an immense towering rock, which, had the vessel struck it, would have dashed her to fragments in an instant. Stranger than all, the vast granite pile was inhabited by myriads of white birds, which reposed on its barren pinnacles and fluttered about the lonely apex. It was their warning cries, resounding through the night, which had saved the steamer." One of the sailors would have tried a

shot at them, but the captain would not permit it, simply as a matter of sentiment. He recognized the birds as of a species which frequent the rocky Newfoundland headlands in great numbers during the winter season.

## Grandpa Learns the Bike.

DON'T see the cause of all this awkwardness, "said Grandpa Dubbins, who had lived in the country in earlier years; "the rising generation seems to require more time and practice to learn to ride a bievele than a Chinaman would want to learn to dance a hornpipe. "

Johnny. "But it's hard work, grandpa.

"Hard fiddlesticks! Did you ever see anybody break in colts?" " No. sir."

"Well, I used to go into the field where the colts were playing, catch 'em, bridle and ride 'em!"

"Was it difficult?"

"Well, I should say it was. They would plunge, kick, bite, rear, and roll yet you had to stick on. It was the only thing to do!"

"P'r'aps it wasn't as hard as learnin to ride a bike."

"Don't talk to me, you young jack anapes! Why, boy, a colt is a living. thinking, reasoning animal; while your bicycle is an inanimate thing at

best!" " Did you ever try to ride one, grand-

"No. indeed. Why should I waste time on such nonsense? But it's just

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