

## ADRIFT IN MID-OCEAN.

### Picking Up a Brig With Only One Soul Aboard.

On the 6th day of April, 1883, the London Times had about twenty lines of matter on the strange case of the brig Little Queen of Sydney, Australia. It was stated that she had been abandoned in New Zealand waters and picked up by the bark Union of Melbourne, but no particulars were given. I purpose to give them to you now, and to tell you an interesting story just as it occurred.

In November, 1882, I was mate of the bark Union on a voyage from Melbourne to New Caledonia. She was commanded by Capt. Thomas Davidson, and was a snug, staunch craft and well found in all particulars. I had made two voyages in her from Australia to New Zealand, and no sailor could ask for a better berth. We were now filled up with dry goods, groceries, hardware, seeds, boots and shoes, and other goods in demand by the islanders to the northeast, and were to make a trading voyage.

When I came on deck at midnight on the night of Nov. 26 to relieve the second mate, I found the bark drifting about like a log. There wasn't a breath of air moving, and the ocean was quiet except for the ground swell, which is ever at work. It was a starlight night, and yet there was a haze which darkened the stars and circumscribed the vision. The man at the wheel had nothing to do, and though the lookout was wide awake, as I convinced myself as soon as I took charge of the deck, there was no reason to believe that anything short of a sudden breach by a whale would put us in danger. I had killed about half an hour's time when I was hailed by the lookout. As I went forward he said:

"Mr. Haskall, it seems to me that I catch queer sounds over the starboard bow, and I wish you would listen with me."

"What do you mean by queer sounds?" I asked as I went forward to the heel of the bowsprit with him.

"Why, sir, it's like a man crying out for help, only he is a long ways off. I heard it as soon as I came on watch."

All the others in my watch had tumbled up when I did, but with the exception of relieving the wheel and look out there was nothing to be done, and the others were sleeping as they sat with their backs against the bulwarks.

I listened intently for four or five minutes, but caught no sound, and was about to turn away when the lookout raised his head in warning, and I plainly heard the sounds he had referred to. As there was no air stirring, it was difficult to locate them. As they came but faintly, it was hard to judge what caused them. On shore you might have called them the cries of night birds or the croakings of frogs. At sea, when such sounds come to your ears, you instantly think of wrecks drifting about or people dying of hunger and thirst in small boats. I remained right there until the sounds were repeated twice over, and then I agreed with the lookout that they came to us over the starboard bow. Being satisfied that the cries were from some one in distress, I called the Captain, and he ordered me to send up two sky-rockets and burn a port fire. These things would be a reply to the castaways, and if they were on a wreck and could not reach us they would feel assured that we would stand by them and begin a search as soon as daylight came.

All the men in my watch were aroused, and all gathered in the bows to listen for any further calling. The sounds came every few minutes, and in about an hour it was evident that the castaways were coming nearer. In fifteen minutes more we could make out a man's voice shouting: "Bark ahoy—ahoy! For God's sake, don't go away and leave me!"

I now burned another port fire, and before my two hours were up we could faintly make out a craft of some sort to the west of us, while the voice of the man sounded almost as plain as if he were aboard of us. He shouted the same thing over and over, and I finally answered him and asked him to be patient for an hour longer. We might have lowered a boat and made an investigation, but to tell you the truth every one of us was nervous and the thing had an uncanny look. We didn't propose to run into any trap in the darkness. After my answering the man became quiet, and we heard no more from him for a long time.

Although my watch was up at 2 o'clock, not one of us turned in, and the old watch also kept the deck. We wanted to see daylight come and investigate the situation. Between 2 o'clock and daylight the strange craft we had sighted through the gloom approached us so near that we could have thrown a stone aboard; that is, the two crafts approached each other, drawn together by that peculiar magnetism of the salt waters on two wooden bodies which men of science cannot explain. I have seen the same thing in the case of two water casks, two small boats, and even of two dead and floating human bodies.

When daylight finally came, there she was, only 300 feet away, broadside on, but her bows pointed the contrary way. She was a small, snug brig, with all her canvas properly stowed and everything afloat and aloft in trim condition. A man was leaning over her low bulwarks, looking full at us, as we were at him, and not a word was spoken for five minutes. From the moment we caught sight of him we decided that he was all alone on the brig. By and by Capt. Davidson called to him from the quarter deck:

"Brig ahoy! What brig is that?"

No answer from the man leaning on the rail.

"Brig ahoy! What's the matter?"

The man moved a bit, but never opened his mouth to speak.

As the brig had no signal of distress flying, and was apparently all right, the conduct of the man struck us as most singular.

After a brief consultation with me the Captain hailed again:

"You there, on board the brig—what do you want? Have you gone daff that you cannot understand and answer me?"

If the man had been a stone figure lashed to the rail he could not have remained more quiet, so far as we could see.

"Lower the boat and board him, Mr. Haskall!" snapped the Captain as he lost his patience. "He's the queerest sailor and this is the queerest adventure I've had to do with. Better take your revolver along."

In ten minutes we were under the bows of the brig. As soon as we left the bark the man suddenly disappeared. As I caught

her chains and began climbing up he appeared on the bows with a capstan bar to oppose me. However, when I covered him with my revolver he retreated, and as I reached the deck he disappeared down the companionway. I called up two men and followed him. They armed themselves with belaying pins, and after a search of the main cabin we found the fellow stowed away in the Captain's stateroom. He made no resistance, but we no sooner had him out than he began weeping and begging of us not to harm him. For a time we thought he had lost his reason, and I believe he had a close call for it. After a couple of hours, however, during which all of us treated him with the utmost kindness, he began to mend, and before the day was over we had the most of his story. But for the proofs at hand we should have passed it by as a yarn to amuse sailors.

This was November, as I have told you. Eight months previously the brig had sailed out of Sydney on her way to New Zealand. After leaving her port she had not even been spoken, and weeks before we found her she was listed as probably lost. Everything went fairly well aboard for the first week out, though the winds were light and contrary. Then the mate of the brig, who, from all accounts was a brutal fellow, began knocking the men about in a way which bred a mutiny. The leader of the mutiny was perhaps hoping for trouble, and perhaps he schemed to bring it about, having plans of his own to further. At any rate a mutiny took place, but without bloodshed. The Captain and mate were adrift in the gig, having food and water to last them for two weeks, but provided only with oars. They were never heard of again.

The second mate knew a little something of navigation, and though he was not the leader of the mutiny he joined in with the men and was afterward made Captain. The idea was to have "a good time," and the brig was headed up for the Feejee Islands. There were five men, a boy, and the cook in her crew, and the first move after securing possession was to serve out rum. It was nothing short of a miracle that the craft was not lost. Some of her men were more or less intoxicated all the time, and disputes and fights were of daily occurrence. Unless there seemed to be positive danger of disaster the sails were not handled at all, and much of the time the brig took care of herself while the men ate, drank, and played cards and ended up in a fight. Sails were sighted now and then, but none passed near enough to identify her.

About two weeks after the mutiny the leader, whose name was Ross, who had come out to Australia as a convict, decided that the apprentice boy, who was only 14 years old and on his first voyage, would be a dangerous witness against them in case they were overhauled. He had said to one of the men that he would tell the truth if opportunity was given, and after holding a council over his case it was agreed that he must be got rid of. It was at first decided to kill him, but two or three of the crew opposed the murder, and he was turned adrift on a small raft with a limited quantity of provisions. The weather was very fine and the sea calm, and he was in sight for hours. One of the singular things in this story is the fact that the boy was picked up two days later by a French schoolship and was landed after some months at the Cape of Good Hope.

After weary weeks the brig reached the islands and gave out that she was a trader. She did little trading, however, and when the suspicions of the natives on one island became aroused she sailed for another. At every stop two or three natives were picked up to do the work aboard, and sometimes the whole crew lived ashore for a week or two and let the brig ride at anchor and take care of herself. She was at anchor at one of the Friendly group named Joseph Island, and the crew were camped on shore, where one of them, named Hastings, went aboard after something. Being half drunk at the time he fell asleep, and when he awoke it was night and the brig was adrift. Her cable had been weakened by grinding on the corals and had finally parted. This was the man who stood looking over the rail at us when we sighted the brig on that November morning.

The craft drifted to the east with wind and current, and finally entered the south Pacific. All sail had been taken in, and Hastings could do nothing to check her drift. She drove as the winds and currents happened to catch her, but mainly to the east. Time and again the lone man contemplated suicide. He no longer cared for rum, and as soon as night had come he was afraid of his own company. There was never a night when he did not hear the boy on the raft hailing him and begging to be taken aboard. Once, driven to distraction by the loneliness of his situation, he leaped overboard, but the thought of being devoured by a shark brought about a reaction, and he rescued himself. He clearly remembered the day and date when the brig went adrift. He had been aloft just sixty-three days when we sighted him. During the first two weeks he had watched the compass and noted the general direction of his drift, but after that he lost all interest. He must have gone to the southeast or he would have brought up among some of the islands of the Paumotu group. With a change of wind and current he had been slowly returned south of his track. He was going to the west when we found him.

When asked if he had sighted no sail in his long drift, Hastings replied that he had seen half a score, but all afar off. The brig, having no sail set, could have been passed very close without being noticed. Once a ship passed him within two miles, but as all the flags had been taken ashore to decorate the camp he could not set a makeshift signal until too late to attract attention. Now and then he made a flare at night, but nothing ever came of it. He finally gave up all hope, and a week longer would doubtless have driven him to insanity.

We took the brig into port and made a nice bit of salvage money by it, and, as in duty bound, turned Hastings over to the law to deal with. He died, however, before going to trial, and so far as I know none of the other mutineers were ever found and punished, though search was made for them by a man-of-war for several months.

### Looking at the Graffiti.

Mrs. O'Toole—"An' phwat is that, Dinny?"

Mr. O'Toole—"That? That is an ostrich."

Mrs. O'Toole—"Ostrich! Phwere's the feeders, thin?"

Mr. O'Toole (in disgust)—"Don't show yer ignorance off, dummy. Th' bard is moultin'."

## HOUSEHOLD.

### Flowers From Home.

Where passed the hours a childhood's dream,  
Where youth and happiness abode,  
Where leads the old familiar road,  
And flows the broad and placid stream:  
There in the well-remembered shade  
By ample boughs and grapevines made,  
In simple grace half hid from view,  
These blossoms grew.

And, oh! they bring a radiant scene  
No walls of brick or stone can hide,  
No dusty street with throbbing tide  
Of busy life can intervene.  
These dear, old-fashioned blooms have  
taught  
That yet for me—oh, grateful thought!—  
Beneath the universal dome,  
Remains a home!

—Good Housekeeping.

### "Up-Stairs and Down-Stairs and In My Lady's Chamber."

There is no theory of system and order and no expenditure for labor-saving utensils and material that can make the annual siege of house cleaning other than a disagreeable and wearisome duty for the majority of housekeepers. And yet when it is completed, and cleanliness predominates "up-stairs and down-stairs" and out of doors, and all our old furnishings have been renovated and made to look their very best, if we can invest in a few, or even one new thing to add to the comfort and attractiveness of our home, the disagreeable features of the work are soon forgotten.

With the majority of housekeepers this last-mentioned outlay must be small, and months of hoarding are often necessary to the accumulation of even a few dollars (for dime savings banks are teaching economy to many adults as well as children), and their expenditure should always be given proper consideration.

Whether it were better to invest it all in some one article, or to spread it over several rooms, each housekeeper must decide for herself. Sometimes there is no one prominent need, and the expenditure of a dollar here and there will give the whole house a "dress-up" air.

If it is a carpet you need, buy the best of its kind, or none. A nice quality of matting is pretty and serviceable for chambers, but do not purchase any but the best quality of ingrain carpet for a living or sitting room. Better turn and patch the old one or hide its worn places with rugs for another year than to waste your money on hemp or cheap ingrain carpets; and if by Brussels or moquette are beyond your means, get ingrain for the parlor also. They are woven in Brussels design, with borders to match, and in all the beautiful art shades of the most expensive carpets, and a tapestry Brussels is a delusion and a snare.

A border adds somewhat to the expense of a carpet, but gives it a decidedly more finished, handsome look. The custom now prevalent and gaining in favor, of leaving a space of form eight to twelve inches between the edge of the carpet and the baseboard, is one of the most sensible ones possible; and all rooms in ordinary use should have a border painted or stained to correspond with the ground work of the carpet and be treated in this way. This leaves no place for dust to lodge, and by expending five minutes each day in running a sweeper over them, no weekly upheaval of a "sweeping day" is necessary.

The feeling that prompts every housekeeper to want a handsome parlor and guest-chamber is a laudable one, but do not put these wants before the needs of yourself and family. If a new clothes-wringer or carpet-sweeper is needed to save your already overtaxed strength, do not, I beg of you, do without them and buy lace curtains or plush-cushioned rockers.

If the "home force" can compass the hanging successfully, there is nothing that, for the same expenditure, will beautify and furnish a house as effectually as well-selected wall-paper, and with this, as with carpets and nearly all fabrics, as artistic designs and colors are used with cheap as expensive qualities. After repapering a room, if there is no picture molding you can easily add one. And either wood molding to match the finish of the room or a metal one costs but a few cents a foot, and are a wonderful convenience.

### Some Cake.

To those housewives who keep cake constantly on hand, who get tired of the common kinds, baked over and over again, and who do not care for or cannot afford rich cooking, raised cake may present a gratifying change. It keeps moist longer than the other kind (except the very rich cakes, which always keep well), is more easily freshened, and is quite as appetizing, besides being much more digestible by the average stomach. The following excellent and many-times tried rules deserve a trial:

**DELICIOUS RAISED CAKE.**—Three pounds of flour, one and one-half pounds of sugar, twelve ounces of butter, seven ounces of lard, one and one-half pints of milk, one coffee-cupful of yeast, two nutmags, a teaspoonful of mace, three eggs, one pound of raisins, four ounces of citron and a teaspoonful of salt. Scald the milk, lard and a pint of sugar together. When cool, stir in the flour and add the yeast. Set in a warm place until light. Then add the butter and sugar beaten to a cream; eggs, fruit and spice. Let it rise a second time. Then divide and put it into pans, and after setting it in a warm place for half an hour, bake slowly for an hour.

This makes quite a quantity, and if desired the recipe may be halved, or thirded, but the cake will keep a long time—indeed, it improves by keeping, and is most convenient for unexpected company. It will be found much more delicious if old-fashioned hop yeast is used, although the proper proportion of a yeast cake may be used as a substitute.

**RAISED CAKE.**—One cupful of raised dough, one cupful of molasses, one cupful of sugar, one-half cupful of butter, one cupful of sour milk, a little grated nutmeg, a cupful of raisins, a teaspoonful of soda, two teaspoonfuls of cinnamon, one-half teaspoonful of mace, one teaspoonful of cloves, three and one-half cupfuls of flour. Bake slowly.

**LOAF CAKE.**—Two cupfuls of light dough, two cupfuls of sugar, one cupful of butter, one cupful of cream, two eggs, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one cupful of raisins, one cupful of currants, a teaspoonful each of ground cinnamon and mace, and a grated nutmeg. Work well together, and add sufficient flour to make it stiff. Shape in loaves put into pans, raise, and bake slowly.

### Buckwheat and Buckwheat Cakes.

There is some question whether, scienti-

fically speaking, buckwheat can be considered a cereal, but as it is so nearly allied to various other grains in its nature and uses, it may properly be treated briefly here, before we turn to casual mention of such cereals as are nearly or quite strangers to the United States. This grain is supposed to have been a native of central Asia, from which it reached Europe, perhaps by way of the Moors, through their occupancy of Spain. It was brought to the American colonies by the German and Swedish settlers of what are now New York and Delaware, and its principal cultivation has been in the New England and Middle States, Virginia, Wisconsin and Michigan. The total area under cultivation is less than a million acres, and the yield is at present some ten or twelve million bushels annually.

Buckwheat can hardly be called a bread-making grain, though a baked buckwheat cake is by no means unpalatable, and is exceptionally wholesome. Battered cakes made from the flour are favorites in many sections, and it is in that manner that it is principally consumed by human beings. The whole grain forms a valuable food for poultry and other fowls, and is greatly liked by wild pigeons. In the earlier times, many farmers annually cultivated a small tract of buckwheat in some remote corner of the farm, near to woodland, to serve as a bait for these birds. As the grain approached maturity, the neighboring trees would be occupied every morning, soon after daylight, by flocks of pigeons, while the farmer with his gun, stealthily creeping within range, took that means of providing a choice dinner. The flowers of buckwheat yield an abundance of honey, though dark in color, and the bee-hunter, as well as the pigeon-hunter, profited by the attraction of the field for the winged gatherers of sweets.

### Deeming the Murderer.

Speaking of the man now under arrest at Melbourne, Australia, for wife murder, a London correspondent says: "Deeming, one might say, is quite a characteristically British person. In the course of his evil career he seems to have handled a hundred times more ill-gotten money than Ravachol ever saw. He has a distinctly Anglo-Saxon turn for finance and large swindling operations. His darling ambition was to pose as a wealthy, well-born gentleman, which probably is the most generally controlling instinct implanted in the insular breast. This wild spirit of vaunting, of showing bank notes, proclaiming his riches, jingling jewelry in the ears of entranced rustics, really led to his final downfall. No doubt it also served enormously and falsely to inflame the record of his career which the press of three continents is now laboriously compiling. Every day brings a fresh story from some English hamlet where the landlady of an inn recalls a stranger visiting the place some years ago, bragging about his fortune and displaying fabulous sums of money. These are all unhesitatingly put down to Deeming. On the other hand, if he realizes the medieval conception of a ferocious and boastful islander, there is something very striking about the thought of him at work in the darkened cabin of the Ballarat all night sawing with a piece of broken eyeglass at his heavy moustache and pulling out hair by hair what he failed to cut off. One cannot imagine Ravachol subjecting himself to such sustained cruel torture even to save his neck. Up to the present it is probable that the newspapers of England and Australia combined have paid something like \$100,000 of cable tolls on account of this phenomenal assassin. Before he is finally put out of the way this expenditure will doubtless reach the neighborhood of \$250,000, which, I dare say, is more than all the London press telegraphic expenses of the Franco-German war up to the capitulation of Paris. It is a commonplace to say that the telegraph never before played such a strangely interesting and important part in a criminal investigation. A more curious phase of the business is the sensation of reading cabled accounts by Australian reporters of how Deeming looked, what he said, the demeanor of the crowds, etc., which are wholly unlike what the dull British reporter would write, but read exactly as if they had been written in Denver or Kansas City. This whimsical likeness is carried out to the detail of describing the detective in charge of the prisoner, quoting his remarks, stupid ones and all, and generally elevating him into a kind of a hero. English reporters would think it undignified to invest a mere policeman with a distinct personality."

### True Service.

The whole sum of this title of life is service. Service to others and not to self. Self is a narrow space. I wish to speak to the young men who have just opened the door of life and to the old men who are just before the door that opens to a life beyond. Life is not an existence for self. It is this service that is the grand exponent of a successful life. To determine what success a life may attain is to see how much a life may accomplish for the bettering of humanity. I wish I had the power to convince everyone of my hearers of the importance of service. In service you throw yourself into another life. The other life becomes part of yourself, you part of that other life; you are one. You work together for the bettering of the world. Just so you enter into God and the divine life enters into you. You do not surrender to pope, priest or church, but still have your own independence. You simply surrender to God.

"To make life as successful as you can, you should not go away by yourself and say that you will lead a good life, and then do nothing else. To cherish self is not the way to do service. You must lose self. Make yourself so strongly a part of the whole world that you influence all the other parts, and the more strongly cement them together. Take in some other life. Serve it and show it that there is a divine image hidden in it. Develop that image, and in so doing you beautify your own life."

### Just as God Leads.

"Just as God leads me I would go;  
I do not ask to choose my way;  
Content with what He doth bestow,  
I know He will not let me stray.  
So as He leads I onward move—  
A child, confiding in His love.  
Just as God leads me I would go,  
Though oft 'mid thorns and briars keen,  
He does not yet His guidance show,  
But in the end it will be seen  
How, by a loving Father's will,  
Patient and true He leads me still."

It is needless to say that this was a stock story of the King's ever after.

## EARTH'S AWFUL GUNS.

### They Hurl Rock Projectiles of 160 Cubic Yards 16 Miles High.

In 1738 Cotopaxi ejected its blazing rock-ets more than 3,000 feet above its crater, while in 1757 the flaming mass, struggling for an outlet, roared so that its awful voice was heard for more than 600 miles. In 1797 the crater of Tunguragua, one of the great peaks of the Andes, discharged torrents of mud and lava, which dammed the river, opened new lakes and made a deposit 600 feet deep and 20 miles long in a valley averaging over 1,000 feet wide.

The molten stream from Vesuvius, which passed through Terre del Greco in 1737, contained 33,000,000 cubic yards of solid matter. The year 1793 witnessed the destruction of Terre del Greco the second time from the eruptive action of Vesuvius, when the mass of lava amounted to 45,000,000 cubic yards. In 1760 Etna poured out a blazing river that covered 84 square miles of surface with boiling lava from 10 to 40 feet deep. It was on this occasion that the sand, ashes and scoriae formed Mount Rosini, near Nicolissa, a cone-shaped structure, two miles in circumference and over 4,000 feet high. A stream of lava thrown out by Etna in 1810 was in motion at the average of one yard per day for nearly ten months after the eruption.

Vesuvius in A. D. 79 vomited forth an amount of matter whose bulk far exceeded that of the mountain itself. In 1769, Etna disgorged more than 20 times its own mass, Syria, Egypt and Turkey have received contributions of ashes from Vesuvius. From this crater were hurled stones of 800 pounds weight to Pompeii, a distance of six miles, during an eruption in 79 A. D. Cotopaxi has cast a rock containing 100 cubic yards a distance of nine miles, and which, calculating from the angle of ascension, must have reached an altitude of 16 miles. On more than one occasion this volcano has shot up a solid stream to the height of over 6,000 feet. In 1815 a volcanic eruption in Java covered 400 square miles with ashes and lava, and out of a population of 15,000 only 20 persons escaped with their lives.

During the terrible earthquake of 1883, not less than 20 large and small Javanese volcanoes were vomiting at the same time. Fifty square miles of land and two villages entirely disappeared and a section of a mountain chain, 65 miles long 20 miles broad, was wholly swallowed up, leaving a lake instead. It was the vapor from this eruption that caused the remarkable after-sunset glows over the greater part of the earth, during the fall of 1883. The same country had another destructive outbreak and a series of earthquake shocks in 1891.

The Hawaiian group of islands in the South Pacific Ocean is wholly volcanic. They appear where the ocean is from 16,000 to 18,000 feet deep, have bases that are conical, and have diameters ranging from 10 to 60 miles. The peak of Mauna Loa, on one of these islands, is 13,000 feet above the sea, thus indicating a mass of uplifted matter 31,000 feet above the ocean floor.

These illustrations will suffice to convey an idea of how permanent matter is belched onto the surface from the interior of the earth, but the volatile substance, the gaseous matter, cannot be easily estimated; yet this is the vehicle, the motor, the active agent in all these processes. Here we have a clear and altogether logically physical explanation of the causes that underlie the formation of mountains.

The primary cause of volcanic outpourings is the pressure of the cooled shell of the earth on the gaseous and molten interior. As these interior substances come forth the shell generally settles, and, as it has to accommodate itself to a slowly decreasing interior, a wrinkle, or a number of wrinkles on the shell, is the inevitable consequence. These wrinkles we denominate mountains. We can readily account for the "chain" system in mountain formation and can also understand why they are so generally parallel to coast lines, and also why they occasionally disregard the chain formation and display themselves conspicuously.

But whence comes this incandescent interior? This is still primeval heat—the fiery, glowing condition which is the incipient stage of nearly all bodies in space.

If we inquire into the relationship between volcanic action and earthquakes, we shall find such relationship to be very intimate. The earth's crust is too thick and the rock stratification affords too much resistance for an outbreak to occur wherever there chances to be a more than ordinarily heavy pressure. This overpressure, then, may exhibit itself in various ways on the surface, depending on its internal environment. This greater pressure of a certain area, in obedience to the law that impels force to follow the lines of least resistance, may extend laterally into a region of lesser pressure, with or without a perceptible rumbling or jarring of the surface. The variation in the phenomena, however, will be due to the many varying factors, which can only be determined by a careful analysis of the action and referring it back synthetically to such causes as would necessarily produce such action. An earthquake then is only the premonitory disturbance that indicates an increasing or a readjusting pressure and which, in the fullness of its time, will expend itself in an emission to the surface. This may sometimes involve centuries and large areas that are jarred may never realize more than such jarring, as weaker localities, or localities having rents, may experience the result of the final action.

Earthquake and volcanic action are then a necessary consequence from the physical constitution of the globe and such manifestation may be expected long after the sphere is at all habitable. The universe knows of no such thing as absolute unending terra firma.

### Business About to Pick Up.

"Wilkins," said the proprietor of the green-house, "how are we off for flowers this morning?"

"We've got a pretty good supply," replied the junior florist.

"Plenty of 'Jack' roses, American Beauties, violets and lilies of the valleys?"

"Lots of 'em."

"Raise the price of them twenty-five per cent, and engage an assistant. They've got another wife-murderer in jail."

### Could Wait a Little.

Peddler—"Is your mother in?"

Little Girl—"I haven't any. She's dead."

"How long has she been dead?"

"'Bout a year."

"Is your stepmother in?"

"I haven't any yet."

"Well, I'll wait."