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Should take with them a supply of Dr. Fowler's Ext. of Wild Strawberry.

Those who intend going camping this summer should take with them Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry.

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THROWING THINGS AT CATS.

Mr. Glimmerton Notes That the Custom Has Not Been Abandoned.

"It's a long time," said Mr. Glimmerton," since I've read anything in the papers about throwing things at cats. There used to be frequent mention about how men threw bootjacks, boots, water pitchers, coal scuttles and fire tongs at them. I knew a man myself once that threw a lighted lamp at a cat on a fence. He never touched the cat, but set the fence afire and had to pay $7.

"But the custom has not fallen altogether into disuse. There is a cat in our neighborhood that walks along the back fences at night, weeping and wailing in a manner most distressing to hear. For a long time these unpopular concerts were not disturbed, but night before last we heard the sound of a mighty blow upon the fence; it sounded like the crash of an immense rock. It evidently missed the cat, but it ended the concert. The cat didn't come back that night—we hope it never will. How the man got the rock over there, we don't know. Surely he never could have thrown it that distance. He must have rigged up a catapult of some sort; a catapult would be very appropriate for the pur-

Jeremy York.

Eight months have passed, and the scene is now on the broad equinoctial ocean, with the fiery atmosphere of the Antilles in every cat's-paw that tarnishes the polished heaving mirror let the faint air blow whence it will; a sky of copper brightening into blinding dazzle round about the sun, that at his meridian shines almost directly over the mast-heads, and transforms the vast spread of sea into a sheet of white fire, trembling into the blue distance faint with the haze of heat.

There was a small West Indiaman named the City of Glasgow, that had been lying stagnated on these fervid parallels for hard upon four days. There was no virtue in awnings, in wetted decks, in yawning skylights, in open portholes, and the heels of windsails to render the atmosphere of the 'tween-decks and cabin tolerable to the people aboard the ship. The air was sickly with the smell of blistered paint, the brass-work was fiery hot, and took the skin off the hand that for a moment unconsciously touched it; ther pitch was like putty between the seams; the fresh water in the scuttle-butts was warm as newly-drawn milk, but quite without dairy fragrance. It was time, indeed, for the wind to blow. The mere detention was nothing in those pleasant times of groping. In cooler climes the mate would have been satisfied to whistle for wind for a month, and go below every time his watch was up with a feeling that he had done everything that was necessary and that all was well. But the heat made an enforced resting-place off the Cuban heights insufferable.

It was half-past eight o'clock in the morning watch; the hands had come up from breakfast and were distributed on various jobs about the deck. There was not a breath of air; but there was a run of glassy folds from the south-west, which within the past hour had somewhat increased in weight; and upon these long-drawn heavings, the ship, that was a mere tub in form, as all vessels were in those days, saving, perhaps, the piratical barco longos, rolled as regularly as a pendulum swings, swelling out her canvas to one lurch, only to bring it in to the masts again at the next with sounds like the explosions of nine-pounders in the tops.

The captain of the City of Glasgow was a small fiery-faced man, with deep-set eyes that glowed liked cairngorms under the shaggy thatches of the brows, a nose that not a little resembled a small carrot both in shape and hue, and a mouth with a set of the lips that indicated a highly peppery temper. He walked to the mate, who stood near the wheel fanning himself with a great straw hat.

"When is this going to end, sir?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Blood, sir! Is there no limit to calms? Thunder and slugs! If this goes on, we must tow—d'ye see, tow, I say—get the long-boat over and crowd her with men. What though they frizzle? We must get out of this, or"—

He was probably about to launch into a piece of profanity, but he was interrupted by a cry coming down from aloft, delivered by a man who had been sent on to the mainroyal yard to repair some defect that the vigilant eye of the boatswain had detected, 'Sail ho!"

The little fiery-faced captain started and looked as if he scarcely credited his hearing; then running to the rail, he thrust his head clear of the awning and bawled up to the fellow, "Where away?"

"Right astarn," was the answer of the man, swinging with one hand from the tie as he pointed with the other directly over the taffrail to the gleaming haze of sea-line there.

"Well," said the skipper, "that should be a sign there's wind somewhere about."

"It is some craft," said the mate, "that may be bringing a draught of air along with her."

"Don't talk of a draught of air, sir," said the captain passionately; "what we want is wind, sir, a fresh breeze—a gale—a howling hurricane, by thunder! H'an't we had enough of cat's-paws? Draught of air!" he muttered under his breath with a look of loathing in his eyes as he made them meet in a squint upon the compass card.

But the mate was right on one side of his remark at all events. What the fellow aloft had sighted proved to be a ship climbing the shining slope to the impulse of a breeze; but it was not until her royals were trembling like stars above the horizon, with nothing else under them showing, that the people of the City of Glasgow caught sight of the line of the wind darkening the waters in the south-west. In half an hour's time it was blowing into the canvas of the West Indiaman, raising a pretty tinkling sound of running waters all around her; and though it came warm as the human breath yet, after the long spell of hot and tingling calm, it put a sense of coolness into each fevered cheek turned gratefully to the quarter whence it came. If ever the crew of the City of Glasgow desired an illustration of the ponderous sailing qualities of the clumsy old castellated wagon that navigated, they might have found it in the rapid growth of the stranger astern. By noon she had risen to the reefband of her forecourse, with her flying jib yearning fair over the water-line. She was clearly making the same course as the West Indiaman. Indeed, it took rather the form of a pursuit, for, when first seen, she was apparently headed to the north-west; but scarcely had the West Indiaman to the first of the breeze trimmed yards for the north-east, than the stranger was observed to also haul her wind.

The fiery little captain did not like it. What was she? A Spaniard? A Frenchman? A Dutchman? He packed on studding-sails, but to no purpose, over hand, as though her crew were warping her up to a stationary object. Presently she was showing fair on the water, a big yellow craft, with great curling headboards and a double line of batteries. Then, when she was plain in view, puff! blew a white ball of smoke from a forechaser, followed by the dull thud of the distant gun; and a minute after, the mate, who was working away at her through a long perspective glass of the period, cried out that she had hoisted the Union Jack at her fore.

"Well, and what's that to me?" bawled the fiery little captain.—"Anybody observe if that gun was shotted?" There was no answer. "What do they mean by shooting at us? Wounds, but it may be a trap! Hoist away our colors and keep all fast.

Five minutes later, the stranger fired again; but observing that no notice was taken of the summons, she waited until she was within range, then, yawing, let drive with such good aim as to bring the West Indiaman's mizzen topgallant-mast down with a run. The sight of the wreckage struck a panic into the soul of the little fiery captain.

"Down stun'-sails; man the braces!" he roared; "bring her to, or he'll founder us."

In a few moments the City of Glasgow lay with her foretopsail to the mast, docilely waiting for what was to happen.

It was not long before the ship had ranged alongside, and she then proved to be a great fifty-gun man-of-war, an Englishman on a West Indian cruise, with crowds of pigtailed heads looking over her bulwarks forward, and a quarter-deck brilliant with the quaint naval uniforms of that day—if, indeed, it can be said that any approach to a uniform was then established. A stout man in a cocked-hat, white silk stockings, handsomely laced coat, and a big white wig, mounting on to the rail of the man-of-war, clapped a huge copper speaking-trumpet to his lips and bawled out, "Ship ahoy! What ship are you?"

The little peppery captain sprang on to a hencoop and answered. "The City of Glasgow of London, from Havana."

"Keep your topsail to the mast; I'll send a boat," cried the other.

"A boat?" cried the little chap, turning to his mate. "What does he want to send a boat for? Does he question my papers?—Zounds! if there be any sort of law still agoing in the old country, I'll make him pay for that mess up there;" and he sent a fiery glance at his topgallant-mast.

The boat plunged from the man-of-war's side; a crowd of sturdy fellows armed to the teeth, jumped into her; a young marine exquisite, with a hanger on his hip, and a cambric pocket-handkerchief in his breast, his laced hat airily cocked upon his head, and a flash of jewels upon his fingers, took his place in the sternsheets, and with a few sweeps of the long oars, the boat was alongside. The dandy lieutenant stepped aboard.

"Why did you not heave to," he exclaimed in an affected drawl, "when you were summoned by our cannon?"

"How did I know what you fired for?" cried the irritable captain. "Look how you've served me;" and he pointed aloft.

"'Pon honour!" exclaimed the lieutenant, "you deserve that we should have sunk you." He applied the scented pocket-handkerchief to his nose, as though he could not support the smell of the hot pitch and blistered paint rising into the atmosphere from off the Indiaman, and exclaimed in a voice as if he should swoon, "Muster your men, sir, and for the Lud's sake be quick about it."

The little captain fully understanding the significance of this order, was about to remonstrate, but seemed to change his mind on catching the glance that was shot at him from under the seemingly sleepy lid of the languid, perfumed sea-dandy, and repeated the lieutenant's order to his mate, turning sulkily on his heels afterwards, and starting off into a sharp fiery walk betwixt the binnacle and the mizzen rigging.

The boatswain's pipe shrilled to the silent hollows of the canvas aloft; the men stood along the deck, and the lieutenant with six armed seamen at his back fell to picking and choosing. The man-of-war wanted twenty men to complete her complement, and of these the Indiaman must contribute ten. There was no help for it; and the little captain had presently the mortification to witness ten of his best seamen descend the side with their bundles and bags and enter the boat, which forthwith carried them aboard the fifty-gun ship.

One of these ten men was a tall handsome young fellow, whom no one who had before known him could have failed instantly to recognize as Jeremy York, spite of his assumption of the name of Jem Marloe, of his long hair being cut short in front and rolled into a tail down his back, and of the hue of it, that had been a sunny auburn, being now whitened as though dusted with powder. He was the second of the ten men to step on board. It was not only that he was the most conspicuous of them all by reason of his stature and beauty—for his frame had long since erected itself into its old manly port out of the stoop and depression of ill health; he was specially noticeable besides for an air of profound indifference. Most of the others glanced insolently and mutinously about them, savagely resentful of this impressment and of their liberty as merchant seamen being abruptly ended without regard to wages, to cherished hopes, to their homes, their wives, their sweethearts, their children ashore. A number of the ship's crew stood near the mainmast watching the new hands as they went forwards marshalled by the boatswain. On a sudden Jeremy York was seen fixed upon one of these sailors; his bundle fell from his hand, his face turned to a deathlike white, shiver after shiver chased his form, they saw his fingers convulsively working, and his eyes, filled with horror, dismay, incredulity, seemed to start from their sockets with the intensity of his stare. They believed he was seized with a fit and would fall to the deck in a minute; and amongst those who sprang to his assistance was the fellow on whom his gaze was riveted. He shrieked out at his approach, and fell upon one knee trembling violently, swaying to and fro, to and fro with his hands pressed to his eyes in the posture of one wild almost to madness.

"Is the man ill?" bawled a lieutenant from the quarter-deck. "If so, bear him, below, and let the surgeon attend him."

York staggered on to his legs, and looking at the man at first sight of whom he had appeared to have fallen crazy, he cried, in a weak, faltering voice. "Your mame is Worksop? You were bo'sun of a West Indiaman."

The other, full of amazement, with a slow bewildered stare at York and then round upon his shipmates, answered in a hurricane note, "That's so: I ain't ashamed. My name's Worksop, and I was bo'sun of a West Indiaman, as ye say."

"Look at me!" cried York. "O man, look at me! What have I suffered through you! Do not you remember me?"

Anyone would have laughed outright to have witnessed the perplexity that lengthened yet the longdrawn countenance of Worksop.

"What's all this?" cried the lieutenant in charge of the deck, coming forward angrily.

"Sir," shrieked York. "I have been hanged for the murder of that man!"

"Mad, by Heaven!" cried the lieutenant, sunstroke, no doubt. Take the poor devil below, and see to him."

"Sir," cried York, clasping his hands, "I beg you to listen to me one minute. I am not mad indeed. Mr. Worksop there will remember that one night more than eight months ago he gave me a share of his bed at an inn at Deal called the Lonely Star."

Worksop started and looked intently at the speaker.

"I quitted the bed to get some water; when I returned, my companion was gone. Blood was found in the bed; there were bloodstains down the staircase, along the roadway to the beach; there was blood upon my shirt, although as God is my witness, I knew not how it came there. They found his knife upon me, which I had taken from his pocket whilst he slept to prise open the door with; and also a gold coin belonging to him they found, though how I came by it, I vow, before Heaven, I know not; and on this evidence they hanged me!"

He faltered, hid his face, and fell to the deck in a dead faint.

"Hanged him, hanged him for me!" shouted Worksop in the voice of a man about to suffocate. "Hanged him for me!" he repeated. "But, lor' bless my soul and body! I was never murdered, mates!" and in a very ecstasy of astonishemnt, he hooked an immense quid out of his cheek, and flung it overboard.

"Rally this poor fellow, some of you," exclaimed the lieutenant, and hastened aft to the captain to make his report.

A bucket of cold water topped with a dram of rum served to restore York to consciousness; and when he had his wits, he and Worksop were conducted by a midshipman to the captain's cabin.

"What is all this?" inquired the gray-haired commander, levelling a piercing glance at York, as though he made up his mind to be confronted by a madman. "D'ye mean to tell us that you've been hanged for the murder of yonder seaman alongside of you?"

"Yes, sir; I've been hanged as his murderer;" and thus breaking the silence, York proceeded. He told his story in good language, plainly and intelligently, with an occasional catch of his breath and a sob or two when he spoke of his sweetheart.

"You were hanged," cried the commander, watching him with a fascinated countenance, for the corroborative looks and nods of Worksop as York delivered his tale had soon abundantly satisfied the captain that the poor young fellow was speaking the truth—"you were hanged," he repeated, "strung up by your neck in the customary style, I suppose, and left to dangle for the usual time. And yet you are alive!"

To be Continued.

"A BIRD."

A parrot, in a remote country district, escaped from its cage and settled on the roof of a laborer's cottage. When it had been there a little time the laborer caught sight of it. He had never seen such a thing before, and after gazing in admiration at the bird, with its curious beak and beautiful plumage, he fetched a ladder and climbed up it with the view of securing so great a prize. When his head reached the level of the roof the parrot flapped a wing at him and said: What d'ye want? Very much taken aback, the laborer politely touched his cap and replied: I beg your pardon, sir; I thought you were a bird!

A young doctor and a girl of nineteen committed suicide in a Vienna hotel, having first bequeathed their jewelry, which they declared was "imitation," to the chambermaid who attended them. The latter cared so little for the trinkets that she bestowed them upon a friend. The friend has discovered that the jewelry is genuine, and worth almost $5,000. The chambermaid has begun suit for the recovery of the gifts, declaring that they were given away under a misapprehension of

HERE AND THERE.

Interesting Information from all Parts of the World.

Most of the patients in lunatic asylums have brown or black eyes.

Everybody in Denmark, over [illegible] years of age, can read and write.

Up-to-date suits for divers have a telephone attachment, so that the submerged person can converse with his aids at the surface.

A friendly wrestling match between brothers, John and Frederick Sh[illegible] in Webster City, Iowa, resulted in the death of the former.

Twenty-five years ago the United States supplied 15 per cent. of the world's coal consumption; now it supply 30 per cent.

The champion sneezer is John Sp[illegible] of Yonkers, N.Y. During a sneezing he sneezed so violently that he dislocated his right shoulder.

The coarsest human hair is that of [illegible] and blonde hair is the finest. The thickness of human hair varies from the 250th to the 600th part of an inch.

An uncommon disease caused the death of Mrs. Rose Funk, a resident of Bloomington, Ill. Portions of her flesh had become as dry and hard as bone.

The longest tunnel in the world is that of St. Gothard, and on the line of the railroad between Lucerne and Milan. Its length is nine and one-half miles.

The value of human life is not very high in Connecticut. A jury in that State awarded ten dollars to the relatives of a man who had been killed on a railroad.

The highest active volcano in the world is that of the smoking mountain, Popocatapetl, in Mexico. It is 17,784 feet above the sea. Its crater is three miles in circumference, and it is 1,000 feet deep.

Farm hands in Yucatan wear clean garments of spotless white. When they become even slightly soiled they hasten to change them. Work is plentiful there, farm laborers are well paid, and they can afford to be tidy.

The explosion of a soda fountain in Avon, N.Y., resulted in fatal injuries to George Hunt, a druggist. A bolt three inches in diameter was torn in his right chest, his left arm was broken in two places, and his right arm was left hanging by shreds of flesh.

Queer things happen in Chicago. Not long ago the Chicago River actually burst forth in flames, and the bridge at Kinzie street took fire from them and was damaged to the amount of $1,500. A fire boat had to play a stream on the river, which at the time had its surface covered with oil.

An immense tarpon was caught by J. O. Mygott, at Boca Grande Pass, Florida, and he was trying to haul it into his boat. In its vigorous efforts to escape it made a high leap, and as it fell into the boat its tail struck Mr. Mygott, knocking him senseless. He remained unconscious for three hours.

There was great fun at Keitbach, Switzerland, a short time ago. A prisoner escaped from the jail, and the warden let out about fifty convicts to hunt for him. The people of the town supplied intoxicants to the prisoners, and they became so gloriously fuddled that they were unable to find the fugitive, and had to be escorted back to the jail.

A very peculiar lady and a rather queer horse were referred to by an advertiser in a Sacramento paper. He announced that a good price would be paid for "a horse for a lady of dark color, a good trotter, and of stylish action." The advertiser further stipulated that "the horse must be young and have a long tail about fifteen hands high."

A man with a poor memory dwells in McPherson, Kansas. After buying a safe, for the storing of his valuables, he penciled the combination on the plastered wall near the safe. A few days later he sent a kalsominer to whitewash the walls, and of course the penciled figures were obliterated. He had to have the safe blown open, and his wife blew him up for his stupidity.

Forty-eight years ago, in Akron, Ohio, Col. E. P. Warren and Miss Fanny Lentz were sweethearts. A lover's quarrel caused them to separate, and several years later both married other partners. In time they became widower and widow, and recently the old lovers again met, and they have just been married, at Cameron, Ohio. He age is sixty-eight and she is one year his junior.

A joker in Paterson, N.J., contrived to have a love letter placed where a jealous wife would find it—in her husband's coat. The wife read the amorous missive from some unknown lady, and it caused the separation of husband and wife. Remorse struck the joker, he confessed that the unknown lady was a myth, and that he was the author of the letter. The wife begged forgiveness from the husband, and the latter, at the point of a pistol, forced the joker to eat the letter.

Several nephews and nieces of Alexander Dewitt, of Poughkeepsie, N.Y., turned the cold shoulder to him when they learned that he was needy, and for many years he lived upon the bounty of his friends. One nephew, Amos Harrison, of Tonawanda, N. Y., although poor himself was kind to him, and once gave him $15 to buy a suit of clothes. This proved a good investment, for when the uncle died he left $93,000 to his charitable nephew, and to the others only $100 each.

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