

FUGITIVE SPAR BUOYS

Rescuing These Stray "Sticks" Is Perilous Work.

SIGNBOARDS OF CHANNELS.

How These Mariners' Guides Are Anchored and How They Sometimes Break Away and Are Hunted Down by the Lighthouse Service Tenders.

When the winter gales begin to blow, the tenders of the lighthouse service turn their stows toward northern seas to hunt stray spar buoys.

Although passengers in the boats that ply the waters of New York harbor, Long Island sound and other waterways along the coast see many spar buoys, they give them little thought.

These sticks are put down with heavy iron anchors and sometimes great stone weights. One would suppose that so fixed they never could get away.

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GAVE THE ANSWER.

A Soldier Who Followed the Orders of General Jackson.

Illustrative of the exasperating ease with which chickens occasionally "come home to roost" is this story from "A Soldier's Letters to Charming Nellie."

On a day in June, 1862, in the early part of the civil war General Hood of the Texas brigade limited each regiment in turn and gave his orders.

The general reined in his old sorrel horse and in his customary curt tone asked: "What are you doing in that tree, sir?"

"I don't know," replied the Texan. "What command do you belong to?"

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"I don't know," replied the Texan. "What command do you belong to?"

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ERRATIC SCIENCE.

Some Wonderful Answers by School-room Small Boys.

"Mushrooms always grow in damp places, and so they look like umbrellas," wrote a small boy in the science examination.

"Air is the most necessary of all the elements. If there were no such thing as air I would not be writing this essay now, also there would be no pneumatic tires, which would be a sad loss.

"Electricity and lightning are of the same nature, the only difference being that lightning is often several miles in length, while electricity is only a few inches.

"Air usually has no weight, but found to weigh about fifteen pounds to a square inch.

"The axis of the earth is an imaginary line on which the earth is supposed to take its daily routine.

"The difference between air and water is that air can be made wetter, but water cannot.

"Gravity is chiefly noticeable in the autumn when the apples are falling from the trees.

"Things which are equal to each other are equal to anything else.

"A parallel straight line is one which if produced to meet itself does not meet.

"The blood is putrefied in the lungs by inspired air."

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THE WITCH'S CURSE.

A Bucksport Legend of Colonial Days in Maine.

Close by the road on the outskirts of the old seaport town of Bucksport, on the Penobscot river, is a small family cemetery.

The largest and most conspicuous monument in the cemetery is a tall granite shaft, which is in plain sight of the highway.

The story is that Colonel Jonathan Buck was a very harsh man and the leading spirit in his day and generation.

He was an out and out Puritan, and to him witchcraft was the incarnation of blasphemy.

Thus, so the story goes, when a certain woman was accused of witchcraft, at the first clamorings of the populace Colonel Buck ordered that she be imprisoned, and later she was sentenced to be executed as a witch.

The execution day came, and the woman went to the gallows, cursing her judge with such terrible words that the people shuddered.

She then turned to her executioners, and another act transpired to make a part of American colonial history.

The "witch curse" had been almost forgotten until the monument was erected to the founder of Bucksport.

It had been in position hardly a month when a faint outline was discovered on it.

It grew more and more distinct, until some person made the discovery that it was the outline of a foot.

The old legend was revived. They said that the "witch's curse" had been fulfilled.

An attempt was made to remove the stain, but every effort only tended to make it plainer.

The imprint of the foot is there today as plain as ever.

Amateur photographers have taken pictures of it, and a visit to the Buck cemetery to see the "witch's foot" is one of the pastimes of every summer visitor to the pretty little town.—New York World.

Encouraging the Boy. "Son," remarked Mr. Erastus Pinkley, "I done heard you talk 'bout being a great hunter."

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A ONE NIGHT CONVERT.

Incident in the Temperance Career of Father Mathew.

In 1843, when Father Mathew was crusading for total abstinence in London, he created no small amusement for a large party at the hospitable mansion of an Irish nobleman by his attempts, partly playful, but also partly serious, to make a convert of Lord Brougham.

"I drink very little wine," said Brougham, "only half a glass at luncheon and two half glasses at dinner. And, though my medical adviser told me I should increase the quantity, I refused to do so."

"He was wrong, my lord, for advising you to increase the quantity, and you were wrong in taking the small quantity you do," said Father Mathew, "but I have my hopes of you."

And so, after a pleasant resistance on the part of the learned lord, Father Mathew invested his lordship with the silver medal and ribbon, the insignia and collar of the "new order of the Bath."

"Then I will keep it," said Brougham, "and take it to the house, where I shall be sure to meet old Lord — the worse for liquor, and I will put it on him."

The announcement of this intention was received with much laughter, for the noble lord referred to was notorious for his potations.

Lord Brougham was as good as his word, for on meeting the veteran peer he said, "Lord —, I have a present from Father Mathew for you," and passed the ribbon rapidly over his neck.

"Then I tell you what it is, Brougham. I will keep sober for this night," was the peer's unexpected response. And he kept this vow, to the amazement of his friends.

The Fare. This is how a driver of the prison van, known as Black Maria, distinguished himself. A would be wit on the causeway hailed him:

"Got any room inside, Robert?" "There's room for one," replied the driver. "We keep it for you."

Not entirely disconcerted, the wit made another shot. "What's your fare?" he asked. The answer entirely extinguished him.

TIPS IN SCOTLAND.

An Example of How Some Servants Win Their Wages.

A gentleman was invited to a shoot in Scotland at two places close together. He arrived at the first place, and immediately after his arrival at the first house received a telegram calling him back to town.

On his arrival there after his visit to town he found his gun, etc., had not arrived, whereupon he wrote to the keeper, asking him to forward it at once, and he received a reply stating that when he (the keeper) had received the other 24 to which he was "entitled" the gun would be forwarded. It was detained till payment was made.

The gentleman wrote to the keeper's master and received a reply that "he (the master) never interfered between his guests and his servants in the matter of tips." The gentleman ascertained that the master in question paid the keeper no wages, but left him to get what he could out of the guests.—London Times.

Luck In Horseshoes.

The superstition about luck in horseshoes dates back too far for record, but it was not always confined to the horseshoe. Any piece of iron found in one's path was accounted a sign of good luck, and as horseshoes were more commonly picked up than any other article of that metal that particular object at last became the standard emblem of good fortune and the supposed defense against bad luck.

One Thing He Could Not Have. Although there was no sort of toy which could be bought and for which Harold had expressed a desire that was not in his possession, he still had his unattained longings.

Bouncing Betsy. There is an old fashioned flower called "Bouncing Betsy," which every one should love for one trait. We have noticed that it grows on all neglected graves, as if trying to cover up the fact that some one who once lived is forgotten.

Her Latest Luxury. "Young man," said the heavy father, "do you understand the style in which my daughter has been accustomed to live? She has always had every luxury she wanted."

Time's Changes. "Before we were married you said you'd lay down your life for me," she sobbed. "I know it," he returned solemnly, "but this confounded fact is so that there's no place to lay anything down."

Needed a Starter. One night little Margaret, on kneeling by her mamma to say her prayers, finished, "Now I lay me, and forgot. "Mamma," she said, "you just start me, and then I can go a-whizzing!"—Delineator.

Qualified. Caller—Is the lady of the house in? Waitress (who has been given notice)—She's in, but she's no lady!—Life.

The world is upheld by the veracity of good men.—Emerson.

He Hits Back.

There had been a domestic spat at breakfast. "You monster!" snapped the matron, who was always scolding. "You are not like my two former husbands. They were tender men."

Pat's Services. Clergyman—Pat, there's a hole in the roof of the church, and I am trying to collect money sufficient to repair it. Come, now, what will you contribute? Pat—Me services, sor. Clergyman—What do you mean, Pat? You are no carpenter. Pat—No, but if it rains next Sunday O'll sit over the hole.—Pearson's.

Put in More Words. "Now, Peters," said the teacher, "what is it makes the water of the sea so salty?" "Salt," said Peters. "Next," said the teacher. "What is it makes the water of the sea so salty?"

Don't Get a Divorce. A western judge granted a divorce on account of ill-temper and bad breath Dr. King's New Life Pills would have prevented it. They cure Constipation, causing bad breath and Liver Trouble, the ill-temper, dispel colds, banish headaches, conquer chills, 25c at Dr. W. E. Brown & Co., and J. E. Arant.

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