## KATRINKA.

Katrinka, fresh as the morning,
Gazed from her casement low.
Far off the great sailed windmills
Stood darkly in a row,
And the sky with the changing splendor
Of dawn was all aglow.

"I wonder," thought the maiden,
Thrilled with the glorious sight,
"If all the beauty around us
And all the love and delight
Comes flooding the earth at sunrise
To bide with us day and night.

"I wonder if all the goodness
That makes us steady and true
Glides softly in with the dawning
To gladden us through and through—
To lift our hearts to the Giver
And help us in all we do.

"Yet, whether we lose it or keep it,
Depends upon many a thing—
Whether we're lazy or busy,
Whether we grumble or sing,
Whether our thoughts are noble,
Or whether they grovel and sting.

"Oh, the wonderful sky!" sighed Katrinka.
"How grand! But the day has begun
There's breakfast and spinning and mending,
And kettles to shine—one by one.
Goodby, you dear, beautiful morning!
There's so much to do; I must run"

Bright little maiden, Katrinka,
In the land of the dyke and the sea.
They who live in the glow of the dawning
Are, all the world over, like thee.
Bearers of sunlight and gladness,
Faithful in shadow and sadness—
The path of the day is diviner
Wherever their light may be.
—Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge in St. Nicholas.

# A ROYAL FLIGHT.

The great winter palace by the Zatun Zee was filled with guests. A few months before Augustus, the young elector of Inselsland, had been betrothed to the Princess Irene, the only daughter of the margrave of Hesselstadt and the margravine, an astute politician who had brought about the match had arranged that he should entertain a large party of relatives for Christmas at the magnificent Zatunhof, which had been untenanted since the early days of his minority.

A week had passed, and the margravine had begun to doubt the wisdom of her plan in throwing the young people so much together before their marriage, for the elector, an earnest and conscientious sovereign and a man who hid an extreme sensitiveness and deep affection beneath a reserved demeanor, proved himself but a lukewarm lover, while the princess seemed utterly indifferent to his presence.

One afternoon the Princess Irene stood upon the terrace of the Italian garden overlooking the lake, upon the frozen surface of which the winter sun was casting long rays of crimson light. She looked eagerly among the groups of skaters and then at the open tent, where her mother and her ladies were sitting round a flaming brazier. An expression of intense disappointment crossed her lovely face; then she smiled contemptuously, and when her skates had been fastened by an attendant said indifferently to her lady in waiting, the Countess von Vogel, "Have you seen the elector?" But her fingers were nervously closing and unclosing upon a little note hidden in her muff.

"No, madame," the countess replied, looking inquiringly at her mistress. "I heard that a dispatch had come from the capital, and probably"— But the princess had glided over to her mother, to whom she repeated her question.

The margravine looked anxiously at her daughter, but answered her lightly: "You must not be too exacting, Irene. The prime minister arrived after luncheon, and Augustus is probably deep in politics."

"His serene highness is not skating this afternoon," said a handsome young man standing behind the margravine's chair. "There is a question of a new tax to be settled, I believe."

The princess smiled brightly. "More taxes," she cried, "in this weather! There will be a revolution. What a pity," she added to her mother, turning the hidden note in her fingers, "that Augustus should lose this afternoon! The ice is in splendid condition, Baron Hederich," turning to the young man who had spoken. "Will you teach me that new figure you were describing yesterday?"

Baron Hederich von Egidy bowed, and, slipping on his skates, joined the princess. They passed among the other skaters, and after several turns gradually made their way to a remote part of the lake until at length they stopped beneath the shadow cast by overhanging trees that grew down to the water's edge. They had scarcely spoken, and now there was a silence which Baron Hederich broke, his hitherto courtierlike manner giving way to the tone and bearing of a lover.

"Did my note reach you, madame?" he asked softly in French, taking her hand.

"Yes, the Countess von Vogel was a trusty messenger," the princess replied, frowning. But she did not withdraw her hand.

"Then—then I may still have hope?"

"Hope! Where would your hopes lead you?" she asked coldly, taking the note from her muff and tearing it into little pieces and scattering them on the ice.

"Beyond the limits of audacity," he answered, smiling into her eyes, "for I can scarcely believe that you would discourage me—now."

Again there was silence, the princess skating in widening circles round and round a twig frozen in the ice, like a homing pigeon that hesitates to alight upon the cot. Suddenly above their heads came the sound of an ax being struck fiercely upon a tree, the ring of the metal vibrating through the still air. "Shall we skate on?" Baron Hederich asked, still in French, as the broad shoulders of a peasant showed for a moment between the trunks of the trees.

"No!" the princess replied decidedly, a bright color flaming in her cheeks. "It is much safer here, and besides," she added meaningly, "he will not understand."

"Irene!" cried the baron, raising her [illegible] "My darling!"

caress. But her voice to the baron seemed louder than was its wont. "I am only a human chattel to be handed over to the highest bidder—a creature to be sacrificed to political expedient—a puppet to be made to marry, and to die, perhaps, at the bidding of a statesman."

"Then let me free you," cried Baron Hederich passionately. "The elector neglects you, even before he marries you. To me, who have loved you madly for three years, your future seems a living death. Think"—

"I have thought, I have thought, and—I want love, to give love, to be loved. If a woman has made a man's life happy, whether he be prince or peasant, she has not lived in vain, and I—but how can I expect love—I whose marriage has been made, not ordained?"

"By making my life happy, Irene," whispered the baron, "a love song to the end. Ever since I joined your father's suit I have loved no other woman save yourself. But I have never dared to speak until we came to Zatun and I thought you seemed to care for me."

The princess hesitated. "But how is it possible?" she murmured.

"Tonight," replied the baron, "a carriage will be waiting outside the private entrance to the palace, near which, you know, there are no sentries, and the men at the outer gates will be told the prime minister is returning suddenly to the city. If you can arrange to leave at midnight, we can catch the train for Paris at a small station outside Elbersdorf, where I shall be waiting for you, and then, Irene"—

"I understand," said the princess slowly. "I am to sacrifice everything."

"If you will have it so, yes," he answered, with an odd narrowing of his eyelids. "But you gain what you crave—love."

The princess looked up the bank. "Yes," she cried suddenly as she saw the glint of the peasant's blue dress through the trees, "yes. No sacrifice is too great for love. I will be at the private entrance at midnight."

"And then for Paris—and happiness," whispered the baron as they skated away.

When they were out of sight, a man in peasant dress slipped down the bank, and, carefully collecting the fragments of the note the Princess Irene had torn and flung upon the ice, placed them in a little book which he had taken from a pocket in his blouse.

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The Princess Irene of Hesselstadt had never been in such brilliant spirits as upon that evening, and the young elector hovered about her chair in a corner of the great white drawing room after dinner with an almost lover-like fondness. But she turned from him with an indifference that became so marked that the margravine in despair asked her to sing. Waving aside a lady in waiting, who rose to accompany her, the princess sat down at the piano and ran her fingers, flashing with jewels, lightly over the keys.

Raising her eyes from the keyboard for a moment, a malicious smile crossed her face. By a strange coincidence the elector and Baron Hederich were facing her, standing together beneath a pier glass, in which she saw the backs of their heads reflected. "Their characters are written upon a square of looking glass," she said to herself as she noted the almost massive proportions of the elector's head standing out in sharp contrast with the alert poise of that of the baron.

Then she began to sing—to sing with a passion and a meaning that were unmistakable, Grieg's love song, "Ich liebe dich," her eyes more than once meeting the baron's as the refrain rang through the lofty chamber. The margravine moved uneasily in her carved oak chair, feeling conscious that a mystery was on foot which even her astuteness could not fathom, and when the song ceased there was a significant silence which the elector himself broke by leading the applause.

"The princess sings well," he remarked to the baron meaningly.

"Yes, sir," the baron answered, looking him full in the face, "and with great feeling and true expression."

For a moment the eyes of the two men met, the elector's inquiringly, the baron's contemptuously, yet with a lurking fear in their depths.

"You are an excellent critic, baron," the elector said slowly. "Her serene highness sings with true feeling, as you say. But it is not always wise to express our feelings in public." Then he joined the group gathered around the princess.

To Hederich von Egidy the brilliance and warmth of the superb room where the court was gathered suddenly grew gray and cold. A moment before, intoxicated by the acquiescence of the princess in a scheme ambition alone had prompted, and not the love he had so fervently protested, he had allowed his gratified vanity to betray him. For a moment he stood irresolute beneath the glowing candles on the pier glass, prudence counseling the abandonment of the elopement, ambition urging its attempt. Prudence had conquered when the Countess von Vogel came up to him, and, whispering, "At the private entrance at 12 tonight," began to talk of irrelevant matters. Baron Hederich's courage returned, and catching a glimpse of his handsome face and superb figure in its tight fitting uniform in the mirror his optimistic dreams of his future as the husband of the Princess Irene returned.

"Even if the margrave refuses to support us," he thought, "Irene is rich, and once her husband"— But the countess was asking him a question and his pleasant reflections were interrupted.

The clock in the great square of the Zatunhof had scarcely struck midnight when two veiled and cloaked figures crept through the small door of the private entrance to the palace and as silently entered the waiting carriage which was drawn up in the shadow of the portico. The wheels moved noiselessly over the thick snow, but the rattle of the horses' harness filled the two women with alarm. "We shall be discovered," [illegible] as the equipage stopped the carriage at the bronze gates of the outer court. "We shall be discovered."

For answer the Princess Irene placed her hand over the trembling woman's mouth and dragged her back into the shadow. "His Excellency Prince Schaumann is recalled to Ellersdorf," said the coachman. The sentry hesitated, and the countess almost screamed with terror.

"The password!" the soldier shouted. But before the coachman could reply a ray of light from the guardhouse fell upon the carriage door.

Pass," cried the sentry, saluting as he saw the royal arms upon the panel. The massive doors opened slowly, and the carriage rolled swiftly into the snow clad country.

Mile after mile slipped away, and the cold grew more intense. Twice the horses stopped and twice the countess implored her mistress to return. But the princess maintained an absolute silence until, as they were nearing their destination, he said, "I wonder what we shall do if we miss the train?"

"Pray God that we do," moaned the countess from her corner. "I have been a fool."

"No," said the princess, touching her hand, "you have been an angel, for perhaps you have given me happiness instead of a crown." But the countess could not see an odd little smile that played about the princess' mouth.

The frost was so thickly incrusted on the carriage windows that they had no idea they were near the railway station until the horses drew up with a jerk. Muffling themselves closely in their furs, they hurried to the little waiting room, which was empty save for a peasant, whose face was hidden by the lappets of a large fur cap, and who was carefully inspecting the advertisements with which the room was hung. After a few moments of breathless silence, during which the countess could not repress her violent trembling, Baron Hederich von Egidy entered hurriedly, a rush of cold air following him.

"Ah, I have kept you waiting!" he cried, clasping the princess' hands in both his own and frowning at the peasant who stood with his back to them. "My horse fell, and I was delayed. How good of you, Irene! How shall I ever prove my gratitude to you for your sacrifice?"

"By taking the train for Paris, baron, that is due in ten minutes and remaining in that pleasant city," said a voice behind them. And, turning, they both recognized in the peasant the elector of Inselland.

Von Egidy started back with an oath, but the princess made a profound courtesy, saying mockingly, "Since when has your serene highness added the role of detective to your many accomplishments?"

"Since I have found it necessary to protect my honor and yours, madame," was the answer, and the princess flushed and bit her lip.

There was a painful silence, only broken by the unrestrained sobbing of the countess. The baron fidgeted with the cap he had taken off when he recognized the elector and threw imploring glances at the princess, whose eyes were resolutely fixed upon the floor, but her lips were smiling. The elector regarded the baron with open contempt.

"The carriage is waiting," he said at length, offering his arm to the princess, but turning to Baron Hederich she said, "What do you advise one to do?"

"I think, madame, that you had—better return," replied the baron weakly, and to his bewildered mind it seemed that her smiling face was not that of a woman whose brightest hopes had suddenly been shattered.

"Ah, baron," replied the princess amiably, "your advice is sounder than your protestations, I fear!" But a sting lay behind her words, and Von Egidy winced.

Still smiling, the princess took the elector's arm, and the slamming of a carriage door sounding through the still air as the Paris train rumbled in the distance told the baron that his house of cards had tumbled about his feet and that he was an exile.

The return journey to Zatunhof was performed in silence, and it was only when they reached the foot of the grand staircase that the princess spoke. "Is it up or down, sir," she asked flippantly, her foot upon the lowest step, "to the deepest of your dungeons or to my apartments?"

"The Countess von Vogel will conduct you to your rooms, madame," the elector replied coldly, and bowing profoundly he disappeared down a corridor.

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The next morning a letter was brought to the elector from the Princess Irene asking for an interview, and with a grave face the young monarch immediately went to her boudoir, the Countess von Vogel leaving as he entered.

The princess rose to receive him with a shy awkwardness in her manner that he had never seen before.

"I know you must be thinking very ill of me," she said, looking away from him as he stood with his hand resting upon a table, "and now that everything is over I—I want you to know—that—that—I am not so foolish as I appear to have been."

"I am afraid that I do not grasp your meaning," the elector said coldly.

The princess moved nearer to him, and as she came into the light he saw that her eyes were swollen with weeping.

"It is very hard to tell you," she said, her voice breaking, "you are so cold, but I felt I could not leave Zatunhof without telling you that I never had any intention of eloping with Baron von Egidy."

The elector started. "What was your object, then," he said, adding with a kinder note in his voice, "in allowing matters to go so far?"

The princess blushed, then grew pale. "I cannot tell you," she stammered.

For a moment the elector looked at her intently. Then crossing to her side he took her face between his hands and looked into her eyes. "I think I understand," he said softly. "Irene!" And as he put his arms around her she buried her head on his shoulder, passionate sobs shaking her slender figure.

"I never knew you cared," the princess said later as they were sitting in the window seat. "I—I liked you from the first. You were so different from other men. But you always were so cold, so reserved, and I felt that you would never love me—never."

"And you were so merry, so bright, Irene, that I felt you could never think me anything but a dull and tedious bore, but"—

"Yes, there are a great many 'buts,'" interrupted the princess with a touch of her old gayety, "and I must make my confession. The poor baron was a tool, and when I saw that I could not provoke you by my open interest in him—well, I lost my better sense. His note making an appointment was a terrible shock to my pride, but when I found you were not upon the ice that afternoon I kept it. I had determined to end the matter at once, but catching sight of a peasant cutting down trees I recognized you, and remembering your favorite hobby and disguise I determined to consent to the elopement and to arrange the plans in your hearing simply to see whether you cared for me sufficiently to prevent it. I knew it was madness on my part, for if you had not come"—

"The end in this instance, Irene, justifies the means," said the elector, kissing her, "for if I had not overheard the baron's plans as you intended I should never have known how much you loved me."

"And if you had not loved me," echoed the princess, "you would not have saved me from my folly."

"Yet you played a desperate game."

"Yes, but the stakes were happiness—and you."

"And the baron?" asked the elector playfully.

"Ah," the princess replied, smiling, "he, too, played a desperate game! But he forgot that his opponent was a woman, and a woman in love."—Frank Hird in St. James Budget.

### Hints on Retouching.

It often happens that there are spots on a negative—caused by specks of dust on the plate, air bubbles in the developer or an unlucky scratch in the handling—which, if not covered in some way, make a black spot on the silver paper and mar the beauty of what would otherwise be a fine picture. With a little practice one can learn to fill up these defects so that they will be scarcely noticeable in the print.

Take a drop or two of the retouching varnish on the end of the finger and rub it lightly and evenly over the places which are to be retouched. Put to dry in a place free from dust. It will be dry enough in three or four hours. Place the retouching frame on a table by a window with a good strong light, close the blind or lower the shade over the upper part of the window and place a sheet of white paper under the frame on the table. Place the negative in the frame, and over it put a piece of opaque paper with a hole an inch or two in diameter opening over the place to be retouched. This also protects the film and shuts off all light except from the points to be treated. Now, if the hole is a large one, take the brush and moisten it and rub a little of the lampblack from the cake of water color on it. Then with the greatest care touch the spot directly in the center with a bit of the paint. Rinse the brush, and, turning it till a fine point is obtained, work the paint carefully toward the edges of the spot, taking care that it does not touch the film, but comes close to it. Let the paint dry, and if the first application has not made the spot of an equal density with the surrounding film repeat the process. If the operation is not successful, the paint can be removed by applying a little turpentine on a soft cloth.—Harper's Round Table.

### Not a "Peach."

It is said that Stuart, the celebrated portrait painter, had small patience with the fault finding of those sitters who preferred flattery in a portrait to an exact likeness. He was not slow to speak his mind to such patrons as displayed this feeling.

At one time a man and wife came to him to have their portraits painted. The lady was a woman of much character, great kindness of heart and withal possessed of a fortune which perhaps had helped her husband to discover and appreciate her many virtues, but she was extraordinarily plain in her personal appearance.

When her portrait was finished, the husband was not pleased. He wanted some of the peculiarities of her face softened on the canvas, though in the original nothing could be done to improve them.

Stuart, with unusual forbearance, did his best to accede to his patron's wishes and yet preserve the likeness. When he had done all that seemed to him could possibly be done in honesty to his sitter, he sent again for the husband.

To his disgust, the man expressed himself as still dissatisfied with the result. At that Stuart, throwing up his hands with a gesture of despair, began to pace his studio and at last broke out into a soliloquy.

"What a miserable life the artist's is!" he cried. "Worried to death by the demands and complaints of his patrons! Here is a man who brings me an excellent potato and finds fault because I cannot turn it into a peach!"—Youth's Companion.

### Eve Tempted With a Banana.

Venerable antiquity hangs about the banana, and by some it is believed to be the fruit which tempted Eve, while others think that the great cluster of grapes brought by Jewish spies from the valley of Eschol—so heavy that two men were required to carry each—were in reality bananas, says an exchange. Chittagong, Philippine islands, Siam and Ceylon were the original homes of this fruit.

## A DISH OF SNAILS

**Profits In Snails of More Than 1,000,000 Francs Annually.**

It may surprise many readers to learn that the common garden snail, regarded as an unmitigated pest by agriculturists in this country, is used for food by thousands of persons, and when properly cooked is esteemed a dainty dish by epicures in all the great cities of the world. Not only is this the case in foreign countries, where the overcrowding of the population renders it obligatory that everything edible should be eaten, but here in America, where in New York the arrival of the French steamers with their cargoes of snails is an event of importance in gastronomic circles, and the leading French restaurants advertise the dish as a special attraction. Like other homely animals which serve for food, the snail changes his name when he comes to the table and takes the French title.

Thus, as the pig becomes pork, the ox beef and the sheep mutton, the snail figures on bills of fare as l'escargot, a much more imposing designation. Like many other dishes esteemed by epicures, it comes to us by way of France from Italy, for the French, who are the masters of the world in cookery, learned the art originally from the Italians. The ancient Romans, whose emperors and nobles lived to eat, and who not infrequently spent a fortune on a single feast, considered l'escargot a choice delicacy. Pliny mentioned it as among the table luxuries of his day, and Apicius, in a treatise on cookery, enumerates several ways of cooking the dish, the most extravagant being with a sauce of sweet herbs, milk, butter, cheese, boiled wine, wheat flour and saffron.

L'escargot has always been regarded as nutritious and wholesome. In the middle ages he was used as medicine and pounded in a mortar. Stewed in milk, he was regarded as a specific in lung diseases. He has always been eaten in the south of France, where he does immense damage to the vines, and the grape growers are glad to be rid of him and make money at the same time by sending him to market. Indeed, he forms an important source of revenue, and his yearly sales in Paris alone are said to approximate 1,000,000 francs. While he feeds chiefly on the grape leaf, he is also fond of cabbages, and, indeed, will eat any green herb or tender leaf. For this reason the snails, when gathered, are always placed in casks and kept without food in a cool place for at least two months in order to purify them. They have a fancy for both hemlock and belladonna, and cases of poisoning sometimes occur as a result of eating snails which have not been properly cleansed—i. e., starved—before being brought to table. He is classed by the dealers as among shellfish and is in great demand as a Lenten delicacy. Heaps of them are exposed for sale on the counters at the halles, side by side with lobsters and crawfish, for the crawfish is another French dainty. It has long been the custom in Bordeaux to go on Ash Wednesday to the commune of Canderan, which is noted for its escargoteries (snail farms) to feast upon escargot by way of winding up the carnival and beginning Lent.

Along the Cote d'Or and in the lower Alps snail picking furnishes employment to hundreds of people and is carried on much as berry picking. In the early morning, when the slimy trail of the snail glistens wherever he has crawled during the night, the pickers go forth with baskets and pails. They find the snails in damp places, resting on the under surface of leaves and veins and gather them just as the farmer's boy picks dewberries or huckleberries. These are snails of natural growth, wild snails, we would say.

But snails are largely cultivated for the market, and one farm near Dijon is said to clear 7,000 francs a year from its snails, which are fed upon cabbage and clover. There are many large snail gardens in the cantons of Switzerland, and Ulm has for many years been famous for its escargoteries. Great numbers of snails come to Spain, and the Midi from the African states bordering on the Mediterranean, bushels of them being exported from Algiers every week during the season.

You will find them on the bill of fare in every restaurant in Paris, or you may buy them in the markets, either alive or boiled in strong salt and vinegar water and drawn from the shell all ready for cooking, in which state the Parisian housekeeper prefers them, and in which she pays a cent apiece for them.—What to Eat.

### The Care of Parks.

A point to be insisted upon is that it is not sufficient to purchase land for parks. They must be planted with care and maintained with taste, and to keep them in condition renewed expenditure is necessary. They cannot merely be purchased and left to nature and the public. They must be cultivated, pruned, policed, and the expense of preserving their beauty and usefulness must not be begrudged by taxpayers who reap such great advantages from them. Too many have the idea that the purchase of a park is the end of the matter. This is far from being the case, and exertions must constantly be made to secure liberal appropriations for its proper maintenance. Much difficulty exists in impressing this fact upon citizens, but in time they will realize that a great art demands continuous liberal support, and we may be sure that they will then be as generous in maintaining and improving the parks of the country as they have proved to be in purchasing them.—Mary C. Robbins in Atlantic.

### A Proper Protest.

"Sir," he shouted, "do you not realize that your actions place me in a bad light before the public?"

Though overcome with confusion, the property man managed to get the glare of the calcium on the center of the stage, where strode he who had just spoken.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

# THE MODERN JONAH.

## STORY OF AN ENGLISH SAILOR SWALLOWED BY A WHALE.

**The Account Bears Some Resemblance to That In the Bible, Though James Bartley Was Not So Long In the Whale's Belly as Jonah Was.**

John Townshend of 302 West Seventy-third street gives information that the story of the sailor, James Bartley, supposed to have been swallowed by a whale and rescued alive, was printed in detail in The Mercury of South Yarmouth, England, in October, 1891.

Bartley sailed on the Star of the East and is supposed to have met with his adventure in the vicinity of the Falkland islands. Mr. Townshend says the story is a good seaman's yarn, whether one chooses to believe it or not.

According to the story, which is told in great detail, "the ship sighted a whale one morning on her starboard quarter. Two boats were manned, and in a short time one was near enough to spear the whale, which was an unusually large one. The fish made a terrific fight. Both boats got spears fastened in it and were dragged some three miles.

"Finally, when the whale came to the surface, it managed to strike one of the boats with its nose. The boat was upset. One man was drowned, and another, named James Bartley, disappeared. It was supposed at the time that he, too, had been drowned.

"The whale gave up at last and was taken back to the side of the ship. The crew went to work with axes and spades to secure the fat. They worked all day and a part of the night and resumed operations the next forenoon. They had now reached the stomach and were clearing it to hoist it on deck when they were startled to notice something inside of it which gave spasmodic signs of life.

"The vast pouch was hoisted to the deck and cut open, and inside was found the missing sailor, doubled up and unconscious.

"He was laid out on deck and treated to a bath of sea water, which soon revived him, but his mind was not clear, and he was placed in the captain's quarters, where he remained two weeks a raving lunatic. He was carefully treated by the captain and officers of the ship, and he finally began to get possession of his senses. At the end of the third week he had entirely recovered from his shock and resumed his duties.

"During the brief sojourn in the whale's belly Bartley's skin, where it was exposed to the action of the gastric juices, underwent a striking change. His face and hands were bleached to a deathly whiteness, and the skin was wrinkled, giving the man the appearance of having been parboiled.

"Bartley affirmed that he could probably have lived inside of his house of flesh until he starved, for he lost his senses through fright and not through lack of air. He says that he remembers the sensation of being lifted into the air by the nose of the whale and of falling into the water. Then there was a fearful rushing sound, which he believed to be the beating of the water by the whale's tail. Then he was encompassed by a fearful darkness, and he felt himself slipping along a smooth passage of some sort that seemed to move and carry him forward.

"This sensation lasted but an instant. Then he felt that he had more room. He felt about him, and his hands came in contact with a yielding, slimy substance that seemed to shrink from his touch. It finally dawned on him that he had been swallowed by the whale, and he was overcome with horror at the situation. He could breathe easily, but the heat was terrible. It was not of a scorching, stifling nature, but it seemed to open the pores of his skin and draw out his vitality.

"He became very weak and grew sick at the stomach. He knew that there was no hope of escape from his strange prison. Death stared him in the face, and he tried to look at it bravely, but the awful quiet, the fearful darkness, the horrible knowledge of his environment and the terrible heat finally overcame him, and he must have fainted, for he next remembered being in the captain's cabin.

The account further says: "The health of the man does not seem to have been affected. He is in splendid spirits and apparently enjoys all the blessings of life that come in his way. The whaling captains say they never knew a parallel case. They say that it frequently occurs that men are swallowed by whales who become infuriated by the pain of the harpoon and attack the boats, but they have never known a man to go through the ordeal that Bartley did and come out alive."—New York Times.

### His Awful Cheek Did It.

It was in the cabinet maker's shop, and a party of strangers were looking at the different labor saving devices. One gentleman, very shortsighted, had tarried at the bench across the room. He was examining a circular saw that was whirling its teeth with lightninglike rapidity.

Absorbedly interested in the piece of mechanism, his face drew nearer and nearer to the cruel teeth tearing round and round with remorseless energy. At this instant his friends turn about. They see his danger. Inevitably the gap grows smaller and smaller. Spellbound, they are unable to utter a sound. They cannot endure to see their friend torn and lacerated. Instinctively they shut their eyes.

Then comes the awful jar of the collision. There is a whirling sound and a crash. A shudder runs through them all. The next instant they hear the voice of the cabinet maker:

"Of course you will pay for that saw, sir?"

Their friend had escaped uninjured, but the saw was shattered—it had struck his cheek.

He was a commercial traveler.—Pearson's Weekly.