

THE ORINOCO COUNTRY.

Explorers in South America Discover a Wonderful Waterfall.

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The party continued through the jungles for 100 miles, and one day the sound of a mighty cataract came to their ears. The exploring party was then in the Imataca mountains. The sound of the falling water was pursued, and in an hour or two the party came in full view of one of the most wonderful sights ever seen by man. Coming from a height, which then could only be guessed, was a mighty torrent. It was following the precipitous sides of the mountain, which rose to an angle of about 85 degrees. The water followed a multitude of channels, and its rush churned it into white foam. Thompson says the cascade looked like a great sheet of animated white lace with intricately woven meshes. After standing spellbound the party advanced to explore the cascade. They climbed up the side to a height of 600 feet, but still the waterfall towered an equal distance above them. Mr. Thompson believes the water falls a distance of 1,100 or 1,200 feet.

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Sunken Treasure Ships.

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The Modern Shark.

The modern shark is deteriorating. In ages gone by there were ferocious sharks, such as would make a mouthful of anyone without blinking, 70 feet in length. Plenty of their teeth have been found which are five inches long, whereas the biggest of the teeth belonging to sharks that exist at the present day are one and one-half inches long.

THE MOST VIOLENT BRUTE.

Peccaries Are Absolute Strangers to the Sensation of Fear.

"The most vicious and fearless of the brute creation is the peccary, or wild hog of Mexico," said C. W. Bartlett, of Laredo, Tex. "This animal seems utterly devoid of the emotion of fear. I have never seen it turn a hair's breadth out of its path for any living thing. Man is its special bete noire. It displays an intelligence in fighting the human strangely at variance with its apparently complete lack of any mental attributes, save the very lowest order of instinct. They are rarely found singly, but go in droves of from hundred to thousands. Their ability to scent men is particularly marked. I have known a drove of them to scent a man a mile off and strike as straight for him as the arrow flies. There is no use to try to frighten them with guns. The canooding of a full battery would have no more effect on them than the popping of a firecracker. The only thing to do when they get after you is to run away from them as fast as a horse can carry you. And then there is no certainty that they won't catch you. They are nearly as swift as a horse, and their endurance is as great as their viciousness."

A friend of mine encountered a drove of them in a wild part of Mexico a few years ago, and his escape was miraculous. He very foolishly shot and wounded a number of them. Then he took refuge in a tree. The peccaries kept him in the tree all that day and through the night. They circled around the tree, grunting and squealing their delight at the prospect of a feast. He soon exhausted his ammunition, and brought down a peccary at each fire. But this had no terror for the beasts. Along toward morning the brutes began to eat the ones he had killed, and when they thus satisfied the cravings of their stomachs they formed in line and trotted off. If they had not had some of their own number to devour, they would have guarded that tree until my friend, through sheer exhaustion, dropped from his perch and allowed them to make a meal of him. The wildcats and tigers that infest the Mexican wilds flee from the peccaries with instinctive fear, and even rattlesnakes keep out of their path."—*St. Louis Republic.*

BUILT BY BEN FRANKLIN.

A Journalist Tells of Working an Ancient Printing Press.

Once worked a printing press that was built and operated for a long while by Ben Franklin," said Col. Charles Gontier. "The machine was quite a primitive affair, but it answered the purpose. I was then a boy in Lancaster, Pa., and was learning the printer's trade in the office of the Lancaster Union. John F. Forney, now one of the most influential newspaper editors in the United States, and who has made a success of the Philadelphia Press, was a 'prentice with me, and we took turns working the old Franklin press. It was made entirely of wood except for a marble slab that answered the purpose of a bed. On the slab the forms of type were placed, and they would have to be inked with a long, clumsy roller before each impression. One day Forney would wield the roller and the next day it fell to my turn to smear on the ink. We could print about 50 or 75 sheets an hour. The work was laborious, but we performed it cheerfully because of the knowledge that Ben Franklin had done the very same work on the press many days before we were born. James Buchanan used to come in occasionally and encourage us at our task and predict a brilliant career for both of us if we stuck to the trade we were then learning."

"This was 'way back in 1841, and I'm a young man yet. I hope Forney is no older than I am. The events that are crowded in between the years 1841 and 1897 contain the history of the building of one of the most powerful nations the world has ever known, and the processions of men that have passed in review since then call for the pen of another Plutarch to portray. And that cramped, rickety little Franklin press that John W. Forney and I used to work played a big part in the making of the nation, and the making of the processions of men. Still I am not old."—*St. Louis Republic.*

Manna in Australia.

True manna has been found on blue grass in Queensland. It appears on the nodes of the stems in masses as large as marbles. It is sweet, and nearly three parts of it consist of manna, which, though sweet, is not a sugar. It also contains a ferment which has the power to decompose cane sugar without evolving carbonic acid or any kind of gas. The grass is indigenous in Australia, but is found also in tropical Asia and Africa.

Mis Frank Friend.

"They tell me, Boomly, that Rappy is a friend in need. You are to be congratulated."

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BREVITIES OF FUN.

"Read the news about the war in Europe, Dolan?" said Mr. Rafferty. "Twould be no use o' me thryin'" was the reply. "There's too many words in it I only know by sight. Ty moind the way they got mixed up an' the retreats ought to teach 'em a lesson."—*Washington Star.*

In the Chemical Laboratory.—"Professor, what has become of Tom Appleton? Wasn't he studying with the class last year?" "Ah, yes, Appleton—poor fellow! A fine student, but absent-minded in the use of chemicals—very. That discoloration on the ceiling—notice it?" "Yea." "That's him."—*Tit-Bits.*

"I presume," said the talkative man to his seat mate in the railway train, "from your manner and conversation, that you have family ties." "Yes," replied Mr. Meekton, "I pose you might as well call 'em that. I buy 'em for myself, but my wife and the girl wear 'em whenever they feel like it."—*Washington Star.*

A prisoner at the sessions had been duly convicted of theft, when it was seen, on "proving previous convictions," that he had actually been in prison at the time the theft was committed. "Why didn't you say so?" asked the judge of the prisoner, angrily. "Your lordship, I was afraid of prejudicing the jury against me."—*Household Words.*

A Modern Idea.—"Yes," said the wealthy member of congress, "I will name your charitable institution in my will for a considerable sum of money." "You are very kind," said the philanthropist, "but—" "Speak frankly, I beg of you." "We need the money now, and I called to see if we couldn't devise an arrangement by which the bequest could be made retroactive."—*Washington Star.*

No Wonder He Looked Sad.—"May I ask what is going on in the village?" inquired the observant stranger. "We're celebrating the birthday of the oldest inhabitant, sir," replied the native. "She's a hundred an' one to-day, sir." "And tell me, pray, who is that little man with the sad countenance who walks by the old lady's side?" "That's her son-in-law, sir. He's been keepin' up her life insurance for the last 30 years."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

IN FUTURE WARFARE

The Electric Current May Play an Important Part.

There has been considerable discussion recently about the application of electricity in naval construction; but this use of electricity has been more as a matter of convenience and speed in operating naval vessels and their guns and mortars. The other branch of the service has not utilized the current as largely. It may be that our present mode of warfare will be entirely revolutionized. Recently, while target shooting in Switzerland, the sportsmen noticed that the steel tipped bullets were largely deflected toward some adjacent telephone wires. The matter being brought to the attention of the federal authorities, thorough experiments were undertaken to test the influence of electricity in deflecting bullets, with the result that at 275 yards the deflection from the straight course was no less than 75 feet toward the charged wires. In a trial of the slender Japanese bullet the result was startling, "the minute bullet went straight for the wires, broke two insulators and followed along the course of the electric wires, finally wearing out its energy with the friction."

The conclusions reached by these experiments were that by means of an electric current generated by dynamo or accumulator it would be entirely feasible to protect troops from rifle fire at a distance of 300 yards, and that at from 900 to 1,400 yards, artillery would thus be rendered harmless.

It would appear that the advance guard of an army should be electrical engineers to erect not breastworks of earth, but to string wires and thereby render the murderous missiles of the enemy harmless. That cities, now fortunately abundantly supplied with electric potential, could render themselves immune from hostile naval attacks by erecting wires to deflect and neutralize the enemy's projectiles. Coast cities could thus be protected much more cheaply than by frowning forts. I fancy before long that the water approaches to our coast cities will be so guarded by submerged electro-magnets as to bring a hostile armor plated vessel to a complete standstill far beyond the danger line.—*St. Louis Republic.*

I think the retreat from Larissa was the most natural thing."

"Why?"

"As soon as Turkey made it hot for Greece, why, of course, the latter ran."—*Philadelphia North American.*

Where the Trouble Came In.

Spikes—Do you have any trouble meeting your creditors?

Spokes—Not at all. I find my trouble in getting rid of them.—*Detroit Free Press.*

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