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AN ATHLETE TALKS.

SENSIBLE ADVICE FROM THE LIPS OF A PERFECTLY MADE MAN.

How a Perfectly Made Man Is Constituted—Why It Is That Girls Are Often More Healthy in Appearance Than Their Brothers—How to Be Healthy.

The little boy ran to church. As she walked home she looked up and saw Maldoon.

From the very beginning women have liked the men—men who are physically big—and when they by some accident do care for little men it's ten to one the brains are big. In every woman, and women is at least an unselfish creature, there is a certain pleasure in the knowledge that a man can, if he wants to, kill you with a blow. The woman who has not had the sensation is the one who has cultivated the original woman out of herself and is later searching for fresh emotions. Consequently Hercules is to a woman more beautiful than Adonis, and if she admires a man who mentally is strong, a thousand times more does she care for the man who can if he will possess his physical strength and become what Hookmore calls "King of Pain." You can't deny this, nor explain it, but it's true.

The chuckling young woman who met Mr. Maldoon was impressive, and she made up her mind that she was going to get some points on biggest and beauty from him; so with the audacity of the fox terrier, the dog of the day, she asked:

"Mr. Maldoon, what constitutes a perfectly made man?"

"Men whose nerve, lungs and calves all measure the same."

It was a bit impertinent, but that is the prerogative of a woman and so she asked, "Do yours?"

And he quietly answered, "Yes."

Then she inquired, "What is the reason that as one walks in New York one notices that the women are larger, look more healthy, walk better, and from a physical standpoint are better specimens than the men?"

"Well," said he, "the trouble begins with the care of the boy when he is a little chap, everything here is sacrificed to the cultivation of the intellect, and the small boy's physical condition isn't paid much attention to. You see the sons of rich men who are weak, miserable specimens, killing themselves with cigarettes, smaller and less strong than their sisters and having no strength physically. A good many of them are cowards. Train a boy morally and physically first, and his brain will respond when you call on it. Train the brain at the expense of the body and you have just such specimens of manhood as you laugh at."

"Mr. Maldoon, when you get a man down and you are looking him straight in the eyes and know that you have him almost in your power, what are you thinking of?"

"I am thinking only of one thing, and that is where I can hurt get a hold of him and how I can best keep him where I want him to be."

Then he was asked, "How long have you been an athlete?"

"Since I was fifteen years old, and I am now forty-one. I weigh 213 pounds in my clothes, 206 in fighting trim, or as the boy in the south said, in the buff. After I was thirty-five years old I allowed myself to gain ten pounds, because after that age I think a man needs a little more flesh. I have never had tobacco and I don't drink."

"What do I think of women? To be quite honest, I am a little afraid of them. They are not so trustworthy as horses or dogs! What kind of a woman do I like? I like a womanly woman, a woman who is gentle and affectionate and who don't look. I like a woman whose face is clean, not daubed all over with soaps and powder. I like the woman who has a little bit of consideration for a man, and who, while he is willing to give her devotion and love, is ready to return it with affection and kindly thoughts.

"But do you want me to tell you what is killing half the population of this country?"

The inquisitive one said she did—she was a seeker for knowledge.

"It is the vile air that is in the cars, boats, hall the houses and hotels, and in all the places of amusement. You get in a public car. There is one person in that car an invalid, or a woman, who insists on having all the ventilators closed, and you have got to sit, possibly sleep, in that foul air, breathing in the diseases that everybody else has. If they would spend less money or making a car handsome and more on making it healthful, there would not be half as much whiskey sold as there is, for when men and women are reasonably well there is not much chance of their going wrong."

"But about women?"

"I think there are 100 good women to one good man, and when a woman makes a mistake it usually is the fault of a man. It is perfect nonsense, however, shooting such creatures, as we have heard of lately. They ought to be sought by the sage of their peers and hoed out of a window and left to get along as best they can."

"Who is your favorite actor?"

"Mr. Booth."

"Who are your favorite flowers?"

"Violets."

"What is your favorite color?"

"Pale blue."

And then, with a characteristic farewell from Hookmore and when the inquisitive one asked, "At a price Aged do they spill much blood?"

"No," said Maldoon, "the amount of blood spilled is usually very much exaggerated. When Sullivan fought Kilrain, on July 8, 1889, he had heard two hours and eighteen minutes, and there wasn't enough blood shed to entirely fill a pocket handkerchief.—A Woman in Now York Sun.

EFFECTS OF A WAVE.

A STEAMER STANDS HIGH AND DRY OVER TWO MILES INLAND.

A Tidal Wave That Leveled Almost Everything but a Lighthouse and Scattered Over 40,000 Lives—The Greatest Israel has Had in the Midst of a Jungle.

Tourists this time last Saturday morning are quite out of the fashion if they fail to make the passage through Sunda strait and see all that is left of Krakatoa and the origins of the ruin brought by the terrible eruption of 1883. If they push up the Bay of Lampung, on the Sumatra side of the channel, they are likely to land on the low shore occupied by the village of Telok-betung, and 400 acres for a short hour into the interior, and when they have gone about two miles they will come to take in the curious scene provided for them to wonder at the most interesting conflict the great world has witnessed.

There was just one sign and all that will some of death and devastation who was not experienced in the common run. He sampled while 40,000 perished. He was the lighthouse keeper, he lived alone on an isolated rock in the strait. It was broad daylight when Krakatoa burst asunder, but in a few moments the heavens were suddenly shrouded by that, and and amidst that the darkness of midnight was covered all the island. The guardian of the lighthouse was in the lantern 150 feet above the sea level. Here he remained safe and sound in the midst of the terrible commotion.

He felt the trembling of the lighthouse, but it was so dark that he could not see the threatened danger. He did not know that a tremendous wave had almost overwhelmed the lighthouse, and that he had had nearly touched the base of the lantern. He did not know it because he was deafened by the awful detonation of Krakatoa.

In a few minutes the wave, over a hundred feet in height, had swept along a coast line of a hundred miles on both sides of the strait.

Scores of populous villages were buried deep beneath the avalanche of water. Great groves of cocoanut palms were leveled to the ground. Promontories were carried away. New bays were cut out of the yielding island. Every work of human hands except that lighthouse was destroyed, and 40,000 persons perished in the deluge that occurred from the sea or smooth the tale of woe that filled the breeze.

A little cottage beached island was borne on the top of that wave through forests and jungle, over two miles into the country, and was left as the wave receded. It will be remembered that for weeks before the first outburst at Krakatoa, the volcano was in a state of eruption. Pleasure parties were made up at Batavia to visit the volcano. Not a few people landed on the island, little suspecting that in the twinkling of an eye two-thirds of it was to be blown into the air as though that thing were. They wished to get as near as they thought they might safely venture to the growling, seething crater.

This little steamboat, on the day before the explosion, carried one of these parties to the island. There were only twenty on board besides the crew. They spent a couple of hours around the island and then steamed up the deep and narrow Bay of Lampung, and it is supposed they anchored for the night in front of the big town of Telok-Betung, which was one of the largest settlements on the south coast of Sumatra.

The ill fated pleasure party was never heard of again. It is supposed that the boat was turned over and over like an eggshell in the surf. It had every appearance of such rough usage when it was found some months later. The boiler, chimney and furniture were badly broken and were strewn about in the greatest confusion. But the vessel held together, and was finally set down in good shape, aground on hard soil.

Only two bodies were found in the vessel. They were, of course, below deck. As it was morning when the wave picked up by the waves it is supposed that nearly everybody was on deck. Not a vestige remains of the villages that lined the water edge. But the hills of this little boat still stands, battered and broken, though so exact as when she plowed the channel, and she is the most curious and interesting relic of the greatest volcanic eruption of modern times.—New York Sun.

The Venom of Snakes.

As to the venom of serpents, no discovery recently made has not been detected in it, though each thing seems to, seeing that the effect of the saliva of different poisonous snakes is different—the blood coagulating after a fatal cobra bite, though after that of a rattlesnake or a viper. It is also now ascertained that if the blood of a poisonous animal be injected into a healthy one the latter will be poisoned in the same way as if it had stuck fangs, lancet, or thrust its fetch may be eaten with impunity.

It is a mistake, however, to suppose that a snake's poison can have no effect unless actually mixed with the blood. It will act after being absorbed through such delicate skin as that which lines our lips, though its action when thus received is less powerful.—Quarterly Review.

An Important Amendment.

A bill was introduced into one of our state legislatures granting permission that the bodies of the Egyptian kings be buried in the crypt of his colonial. One of the members who did not admire the bishop greatly, moved an amendment to the bill that it take effect immediately on its passage.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Reasonable to Do.

"How is that little sinking volume of yours getting along? Are money in it?"

"Any money in it? Well, I should say so! All of mine, all of my wife's and about $2,000 that I got from my friend."

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