

By MAT D. BLOSSER.

THURSDAY, APRIL 6, 1905.

If he happens to win, it is a shrewd investment. If he happens to lose, it is a reckless speculation.

Civilized humanity is coming rapidly to the conviction that Gen. Sherman understated the case.

The statement is made that Russell Sage is recovering from a bad cold—as if there ever was a good one.

The whole Venezuelan army is reported to be in constant movement. He must have a nervous temperament.

When man has finally brought the elements under his sway the Ohio river will have been about the last to succumb.

We regret to report that the esteemed Philadelphia Public Ledger starts off an able editorial by saying "The imagination relucates."

The Washington Post says that Dr. Wiley is writing poetry on the food question. The poison squad seems to be in for a new test.

Fashion notes: Cultivating the "hour-glass figure" does not mean standing for hours at the glass to contemplate one's figure.

Statisticians say the "telephone habit" is changing the American voice. Would give illustrations but alas! they are "out for publication."

Mr. Marconi, who has been going to marry all kinds of people for years past, has actually married, and now the rest of us can be at peace.

Nearly \$50,000,000 a year is said to be spent on golf. This is hardly to include the amount spent on those cute little golf stockings, however.

Naval recruiting officers are insisting that only men with good teeth shall be taken as sailors. This does not promise well for the nations.

Our valued Hellenic contemporary, the Parthenon, invites contributions from volunteers. Write only on one side of the paper in correct Greek.

A Wilmington, Del. man was sentenced to five months in jail for swearing at his mother. Good! But why this slighting of the whipping post?

Perhaps the New York millinery firm that has just got a judgment of \$1,050 against Mrs. Chadwick would be glad to settle now for \$10.50 in cash.

Castro enjoys one advantage when threatened by naval powers. He can always save his own navy by mounting it on a flatcar and shipping it inland.

A New York police justice has decided that a woman's tongue is a concealed weapon. It is a pity New York women can't use votes as a weapon.

A Reading, Pa. paper compliments Gov. Pennypacker by saying that he "rode like a Centaur." But let's see, Centaurs were not built for riding, were they?

Prof. Grigorii Nikolaevitch Potanin has been arrested by the Russian government on suspicion. His name is regarded as strong circumstantial evidence against him.

Society began with the monkey dinner, science followed with the dinosaur tea, and now sport comes forward with the rhinoceros banquet. Financiers regularly on laah.

So far, the prayers of the Philadelphia people for Mayor Weaver apparently have accomplished much, but it's a good thing for the people of any city to get the praying habit.

Those waves that rolled over the Cedre may not have been a hundred feet high, but when a wave is coming at you there is no time to take an accurate geometric measurement.

In France women can wear trousers by paying \$10 a year. Consequently, as a rule, they do not care to. Perhaps this is fortunate, considering the American habit of following French fashions.

The distinguished mortality is large in Monte Carlo this year. From a strictly scenic standpoint it is the most beautiful spot in the world in which to die. In other respects it is less attractive.

A man named Adams, who recently died, is referred to as "the inventor of chewing gum." Gum from the succulent spore-tree was no doubt chewed in the days of Adam and Eve—especially the latter.

The Watertown Standard solemnly declares: "The blackness of the kettle is in no way removed by reference to the sinner who is in the pot." No, but when the pot goes into oratory what it says will not wash, unless it does.

New York is impressed with the horror of the latest tenement fire, in which a score of lives were lost. How many times it would have to be multiplied to equal the horror of the battle of Mukden, which is actually too great for the world to realize.

With singular avoidance of the ordinary course of things the Utica Observer says concerning charges against a public man: "As soon as he has recovered his health he would be made to meet his fate." Obviously those who have utter loss of their health are solemnly warned to meet their fate.

Perhaps that American girl who is "bearing Europe with a pet pig sitting on her in her motor car" merely wishes to show that she is not ashamed of the origin of her father's wealth.

Salmon the "Staff of Life" of the People in Far North—Other Foods, Strange to White Men's Palates, Much Relished.

(Special Correspondence.)

You are indebted to recently returned explorers from Eskimo land north of Kotzebue Sound, Alaska, for information on this article.

A whole winter spent near the villages of these curious people afforded an intimacy in regard to their regular bill of fare which in some respects is new to us. It is hardly consistent with the truth, however, to mention "table fare" in this connection, since tables there are none.

Each person eats from his hands, nor are finger bowls to be mentioned, for use either before or after meals. There are circumstances incident to meal time in an Eskimo igloo which, to a refined stranger, are surprising.

The process of mastication is carried on with faithful observance to gastric demands, and in utter oblivion to the presence of others than the performer. The teeth of the men and children are good, while those of the women are notably poor.

Salmon is the staff of life to the Eskimo. In the absence of cereals of any sort, it is corn and wheat. During the three or four months of summer time the fish are caught in nets and harvested.

Another bird which the native Eskimo eats is the spruce grouse. It subsists upon the spruce buds and the flesh is highly flavored with this.

During the winter prospectors drink freely of spruce tea, believing it to be preventive of scurvy, though they could be induced to partake of spruce grouse only with difficulty.

When Food Supply Is Short. The Eskimo ate sometimes neglected in harvest, and their supply of food runs short.

Little cooking is ever done, much of the flesh of beast or bird being taken raw. When on a journey up or down the water's edge, it is no great trouble to row ashore, draw the kayak up on the beach, invert it for a roof, and under its cover prepare dinner or supper.

One of the white men whom I know spent a night in a native igloo and was walled upon by the "lady of the house" in true hospitable fashion. After the dried salmon had been divided and handed around among a half dozen Eskimo and the one white man stranger, this "lady of the house" dropped down on her knees, crawled through the low, long entrance to the igloo, and returned with a birch-bark basket.

Glancing at the stranger with an assurance that "the best on the scaffold was at his pleasure," she proceeded to break in pieces the contents of the basket. It was frozen huckleberries in chunks, for even seal oil cannot resist a temperature of 70 below.

She reached into a corner and brought out a true white man's frying-pan, which she put over the fire and into it dropped the chunks of preserves. As it melted, she stirred the mass with her fingers, now and then putting them, dripping with the purple oily juice, into her mouth, and sucking them with a peculiar sound of satisfaction.

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Electricity Has Not Been Welcomed in the Sultan's Domain.

Among other curious features which make Turkey an anomaly in Europe and among modern governments is the ban against electricity in the dominions of the sultan.

There are no electric lights, yet there are gas plants; there are no telephones, yet the Turks utilize the telegraph, and the first electric railway is to be built.

It will not be long, however, before this barrier to progress will be removed, for, according to United States Consul Ravinal, plans for an electric railway and for electric lighting at Damascus are under serious consideration.

That such a project should be taken up in this, the oldest surviving city in history, indicates that Turkey is about to keep step, in this respect at least, with the modern world.

High government officials are interested in the Damascus lighting undertaking, for which \$200,000 is to be raised.

Ahmed Zeki Pasha, second secretary to the sultan, and his brother, Mustafa Bey, have both promised to take stock, as has also the council of the province.

This should prove the entering wedge, which it seems, there is a field for the immediate attention of American electrical engineers, manufacturers and promoters.

ANGORA GOAT FARM PAYS. Maryland Boy Winning Fame and Fortune Raising Them.

William J. Cahill, son of School Commissioner Edwin P. Cahill of Hancock, Md., is winning fame and making money by raising Angora goats, says the Baltimore American.

Although only 17 years of age, he has been engaged in breeding Angora goats for seven years, and is thoroughly familiar with all of the details of goat culture.

When he engaged in the business seven years ago the goats were purchased primarily for the purpose of having them clear the underbrush from a large tract of mountain land belonging to his father.

Today the tract is set in apple and other fruit trees, which will soon be in bearing condition. The flock of goats has been added to until now young Mr. Cahill has several hundred Angoras, some of them blooded stock.

At the St. Louis exposition his exhibit of goats won \$100 in gold, and in addition he received an order from Hagenbeck, the animal trainer, for eight of his best Angoras.

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BELLE OF BUBBLY CREEK

Portrait of a Lady—A Memory of Boyhood

How pretty those piquant graces, How delicate that girlish air, As the rose her flower-like face is, Blushing with its beauty rare?

Dark those eyes—the Muse confessed— As dim, dusky, veridical gloom; Soft as silk those tangled tresses, Braided with fragrance and perfume.

Here's a piquant, pensive maiden, Glancing as soft summer night, When the breeze, with balmy laden, Sweeps the willows in its flight.

How describe that liquid laughter, Gurgling like a mountain rill, Soaring, ringing, with the rafter, And your heart's strings will thrill!

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WHAT MODERN SURGEONS DO.

Make it Possible for Man to Live With a Hole in His Heart.

Members of the medical profession have had their attention drawn to the peculiar case of a marine engineer.

At the inquest at Penge it was stated that he fell off an omnibus with his feet weight on to his arms.

The wonderful skill of modern surgeons has proved that it is possible for a man to live with a hole in his heart.

Some time ago it will be remembered, a remarkable operation was performed upon a male patient in the London hospital, who had been stabbed in the heart in a street brawl.

The success of this case was attended to almost immediately after the wound was inflicted.

Modern surgeons have learned their share of the lessons of the South African war.

Patients were received in the hospitals with the most extraordinary wounds.

A soldier entered one of the London hospitals with a wound on his upper lip and another at the bottom of the left shoulder.

He said a bullet had entered his mouth when he was lying down and had passed clean through his body, injuring some of the arteries near the heart.

Only after a few days he was able to get up, and he was discharged.

Miss Gerda Walde, prima donna of the Vienna stage, Louis Treumann, the popular comedian of the Carl Theater, Edward Eysler, the composer, and Alfred Deutsch-German, the playwright, are among the performers.

The incognito of the celebrated band remained undiscovered and the day's takings aggregated a paltry \$500.

It is interesting to find out how the principal streets of the city, the composer, Eysler, performed the duties of organ-grinder, while the others sang a repertoire which included such well-known songs as "Geb, Macht Dein Fenster Auf" and "Open Your Window."

Two women, one having business ability, and the other artistic talent, started out some little time ago to earn their living.

They chose the manufacture of rag dolls, they took a room on a business street, and began to supply the dolls by the wholesale to dress who would sell them at retail.

The artistic woman painted the faces, and the companion did the more practical part of forming the bodies and making the costumes of the dolls.

The business grew. The price of the dolls rose in proportion to the elaborate makeup of the doll, till some of them brought \$8 to \$10.

The young women no longer could do all the work themselves. They began to give out the little garments, caps and socks to be made by the dozen.

This business has progressed until now two floors in a building on a public street are utilized. Quite a staff of helpers is employed.

The success of the firm has come from the practical way in which the members went to work, their reliability and the excellence of the article supplied.

Hew Salmon Are Matched. The Oregon State fisheries exhibit, which will be located in the north end of the forestry building at the Lewis and Clark exposition, Portland, Ore., will be one of the most interesting.

The exhibit will show the methods used in catching salmon, the chief fishing resource of Oregon, and there will be many specimens of the "lordly chinook," the king of fresh water fishes.

Enthusiasm Holds Off Age

"I know I'm getting old," said the little woman with the sunny smile and the gray streaks on her temples.

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Oomiak, or Woman's Boat.

Here digs the sod, with hanging head, One crust of gold to toll for bread.

The whelp of toll, the wolf of want, Aye, snap his heel, grim, hungry, gaunt.

Against his dim, dull, weary eyes, The Sword of Flame shuts Paradise.

With weary brow, rough, grizzled hand, He drives the plow, he tills the land.

His labors yield no fruit, seem vain; He toils in field of blood and grain.

So vital seed in fertile earth, He sows his seed in barren earth.

Upward he dreams, strange visions rise, Of wondrous realms, so dim, so shy.

These walls are woods, these roofs the sky, While peaceful herds browse vernal date.

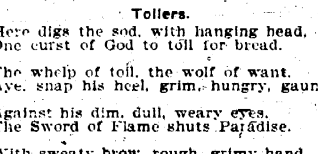
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When all is over, their lowly cry is, God, how poor, how crust an I.

Yet each has served his fellow man; Their last reward will be, "Well done." —Charles E. Mills.

Flick's Time of Surprise. "Of the many things that have taken place during my baseball career, I think the one that has most forcibly impressed itself upon my memory is the fact that I-subbed for Larry at second base last season."

"Made a Great Laugh." There are conversational "bluffers" who are sometimes reduced to such



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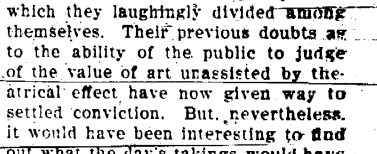
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Great Mind's Last Lament

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Development of Liquid Air

A liquid air demonstration is a short visit into the fairyland of science.

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SQUIRE JOHN

A TALE OF THE CUBAN WAR

BY ST. GEORGE BATTORNE

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CHAPTER XXVIII.

Senior To's Little Game.

What Smithers says is exactly to the point.

Around the quarter where the head of the military forces in Cuba is receiving those who desire to shake his hand the scene is indeed a brilliant one.

Looking in every direction the same bewildering crush meets the eye; banners wave in the electric glow and when the band temporarily ceases for a breathing spell, the murmur of thousands of voices can be heard.

Suddenly Travers utters an exclamation.

"You have seen her, too. I just discovered her presence. Something must have drawn our eyes there at the same time," says Smithers.

"Yes, I could tell Lola Montez even at this distance. She is looking unusually beautiful to-night," remarks his companion, keeping his eyes upon the further side of the ring below.

Smithers smiles grimly.

"Yes, but Lola is hardly as beautiful as her inflated mother. I doubt whether a being ever existed with a face and form more perfect," is what he says in a half-meditative way.

"You knew her, then, Smithers?"

"Well, yes. She was my brother's wife."

"Ah, then this girl is really your niece?"

"It is true. I promised you the story, Senior Jack. It concerns one of the blackest spots in the history of Cuba's last war for independence.

"The girl favors her mother altogether, and as you see, has adopted her name also. Although my name, I frankly tell you, is a little more classical than Smithers, she prefers the Spanish.

"She has much wealth, which came to her in a remarkable manner since you met her out in Santa Fe, New Mexico. At that time she was living with some relatives; but when Fortune poured riches in her lap in the shape of gold mines in Mexico, the girl gave herself wholly over to the cause of Cuban liberty, and since that day she has spent her income for those who fight under the flag of the Lone Star. Ah! I could talk to you for hours, telling you she has done, Cuba owes her much, and the name of Lola Montez will never be forgotten by those for whom she has labored.

"I have read her secret, my dear sir, and I realize that it is impossible. You must not think badly of her because she looks upon you as little less than a god. Remember how on several occasions you have appeared to her in the role of a hero—twice you saved her life. It would be very strange indeed if she did not regard you as one far above other men."

"I am sorry it is so. Perhaps, if I had never met Jessie Cameron—"

"You would have madly adored Lola—you could not have helped it, sir. Look yonder, Jack; they meet face to face."

Travers holds his breath.

He sees that what Smithers says is true. Over yonder, among those who gather about the arena, listening to the band discourse national airs, Jessie and Lola have been brought together.

And Jack stands there and watches them pass each other haughtily—stands there and even experiences a miserable feeling of exultation at noting the manner of the woman he adores, since it tells him plainly she has not escaped unscathed when the little god was sending his arrows about.

All this, however, is suddenly forgotten.

Above the clash of musical instruments sending forth their notes of harmony—yes, even above the thunderous sound of the big drum—comes a fearful crash that reaches every ear. It is as if an explosion has taken place, and many timid people imagine this to be the truth.

Jack and Smithers know better. They see the shattered boards that formed the door of the bull-pen fly in every direction and a great black object lumber into view. Taurus has done it.

Frenzied shouts burst out from scores—yes, hundreds of throats. The animal pays no heed to the tumult—indeed, he may liken it to the clamorous applause which accompanied his victory of the afternoon, so that he is only spurred on to do his best.

As his special hatred seems to be aroused in the direction of the band, he turns his attention toward that quarter first.

The horrified people are struggling to leave the ring—and, as is quite natural under such conditions, blocking the only means of exit, so that no one is able to utilize the black beast makes his charge upon the unfortunate drummer, who was the misfortune to be so attacked

shining instrument chances to attract the attention of the charging beast, as it lies there upon the tan bark, and he halts long enough to send it whirling after its gifted owner, as if to emphasize his utter contempt for all military bands in general, and this one which had endeavored to play his funeral march that afternoon in particular.

Even this small thing is a point in favor of the runner.

The time is too limited for Jack to head the animal as is his earnest desire; but he has been able to cut down the brute's lead considerably, which may count for something in this scene in the exciting drama has closed.

As he runs, Travers shouts at the top of his voice, hoping in this manner to attract the notice of the bull toward himself.

Under ordinary circumstances he might be able to accomplish this, but there is now so great a clamor on all sides that Taurus pays not the slightest heed.

The animal has apparently mapped out his duty, which is to clear the arena of all specimens of the genus homo, and this he sets out to perform with amazing zeal.

Having disposed of the most obnoxious performer in the military band, he proceeds to chase the other wretched members hither and thither around the limits of the ring.

Ah Sin usually manages to have a hand in most things as they come to pass, though in this case it is much against his will that he is made acquainted with the raging beast.

Instead of attempting to escape by means of climbing the barrier, he has made for the common exit, and finding that blocked by the half-crazed mob, the Chinaman runs along the fence, seeking a refuge in one of the little niches placed at intervals to afford the torreadors a haven of safety in case of being too hotly pressed by the beast.

Every niche he looks into seems to already have an occupant. His confusion increases, and he darts hither and thither, much after the fashion of a chicken with its head cut off.

And his eccentric movements speedily attract the very attention he would avoid, so that almost before he realizes his danger Ah Sin has a risk in the world.

Perhaps he clings to the long horn of the animal, thus destroying the charm of the arch his body might have described. At any rate, to the astonishment of the crowd, and doubtless to his own consternation, Ah Sin lands plump upon the back of the raging terror, straddling the beast as a cavalryman might a horse.

One action follows another with such lightning-like rapidity that almost before the multitude can realize that the terror of the arena has a rider on his back, Ah Sin, finding himself near the barrier, makes a desperate lunge and throws his form half-way over the fence, having escaped destruction in a miraculous manner.

What next?

The bull is not at all weary of well doing—in fact, he appears to have only made a start, and having finished the Celestial, as he believes, surveys the field for new victims.

There are plenty left.

Alas! most of them are of the gentler sex. Sad to relate, in this tremendous excitement, the gallant beast who promenade with their sweethearts in the arena have been horrified to discover the entire absence of suitable weapons among them. At least, it would be charitable to believe that the frenzied rush toward the noble cavaliers made to secure weapons, and be the first to face Monsieur Taurus.

Some scramble up the pallisade; others fill the niches that might better have given shelter to helpless women; and not a few, urged on by this heroic desire to save the poor creatures in danger of being trampled and gored, finding the exit blocked, climb over the heads of those who fill the gateway. Their ardor and gallantry may not be balked by trifles.

Alas! for the helpless women thus left to the mercy of a maddened beast.

The night is enough to stir the blood in the veins of any man worthy of the name.

Senior Jack has seen it all.

He suddenly remembers his words to his companions when discussing the same matter. The time has come for him to make his boast good—the time when helpless ones are in deadly peril, with no man's arm to stand between them and destruction.

It flashes upon him that when last he saw Jessie Cameron she was in the arena. He arouses himself—he clambers over the seats in front, and while all other men have been leaving the bull-ring in mad haste, Jack Travers drops from the barrier into the open space.

Well Won.

No sooner does Jack feel the soft tan bark under his feet than he takes in the situation. In the few seconds that have intervened the bull has started upon his crusade again.

His horns are no longer shiny black, but dulled with the lifeblood of one poor woman whom he has gored and tossed aside.

Again he turns to bear down upon the defenseless flock, huddled yonder, like sheep without a shepherd, exceptible only of uttering piercing shrieks of terror.

Jack's heart almost freezes within him as in front of all the others he discovers the one in whom his life's happiness is bound up.

Yes, it is the maid of Scotland—pale as death, yet not betraying her deadly fear in any other way; facing the onrushing bull with the calm, unflinching heroism that might have been shown by Christian martyrs at the stake.

RUIN WROUGHT BY TIME

Suburbs of New York, Once Homes of the Wealthy and Fashionable, Now Occupied by Grimy Mills and Factories.

(Special Correspondence.)

New York moves with too fast and determined a stride to have much time to spare for sentiment, but for one who is alive to the glamor that hangs over a past that is fast being thrust back into complete forgetfulness this city contains many regions that are peculiarly rich in memories. And one of these has the hand of change pressed more heavily than on the countryside that is covered to-day by Astoria and Flushing.

Fifty years ago this stretch of land, all the way from Hunter's Point to Flushing meadows, was the resort and the home of a society even more select and fashionable than that which now migrates to its Berkshires, its Bar Harbors and its Newport. In their simple, generous way they were the patricians instead of the plutocrats of their day, and one needs only to read such names as La Roque, Black-



The old La Roque house, now a factory.

well, Lawrence, Riker, Rapelye, Holmstrom, Potter, Barclay and Wolcott among them to realize that this little colony across the river was indeed the home of the very leaders of New York. Great weather-worn mansions still stand there to testify how stoutly they were built and on how stately a plan; but they are shut in to-day among cheap modern dwellings, with here and there a mill or a factory. Hardly are the burial places of these old New Yorkers undisturbed. Buildings crowd in on them on every side and the whole Astoria district is taking on the appearance and the air of a city.

The completion of the Blackwell's Island bridge, which will open this section to great development, will hasten the transformation which now is under way.

Of the hundreds of persons who pass along the main thoroughfares in the changing trolley cars only an occasional antiquarian understands why the entrance ways round out and wide gateways sweeping inward, through which the road runs on under an avenue of stately shade trees to a pile of modern brick. Only he cares to read the story told in the view of a weather-beaten old house with Corinthian columns and spacious porticoes, jammed in among lumber yards and factory walls. Yet it is safe to say that between Newtowna Creek and Hallett's Cove there are still standing more than 200 of such old mansions, all of which are deserted save for a few Italian squatters. Most of the buildings date back to the early forties, which is about the time that

English troops, who used it as a saloon and inn.

His Envious Estate.

"When I come into my landed estate I'll bet nobody will put me out," said a Broadway philosopher after listening to a tale of woe by a friend who had recently lost his place in the country through the foreclosure of a mortgage.

"Why, I didn't know you owned any real estate."

"I don't know, but I am very positive of having some later on. It will be a very snug retreat, too—absolutely private, although in a populous neighborhood. There will be several other advantages, too. It will be free from taxes and I'll be exempt from jury duty."

"Isn't that fine? I congratulate you. Wish I could inherit something like that. Where is your place?"

"The grave."

The other man said nothing further about the injustice of foreclosure mortgages.—New York Herald.

Little Now Left but Memories.

There are few left now who remember this district in its palmy days, when the only roads were driveways of green oak and beech that led to great country houses, set in the midst of cedars of Lebanon and there some old inhabitant whose memory of the place carries him back fifty or sixty years will point out to you a block of buildings and tell you that there was the home of a famous banker; while beyond it, where a bit of bluff reaches out into the water, was the home of an old-time merchant prince. Wonderful gardens had they both, the beds of old-fashioned flowers fringed with hedges of box, while over veranda and pillared portico wistaria and a wealth of fragrant creepers clung. Of all this little but the memories remain. Masters and gardens have long since passed away.

"That large gray house," the old-timer will say, "which is now used as a school house, was built originally on an island, but the channels were filled up long ago and streets made up of dump and the city's refuse run where once the clean tides swept to and fro. Those big pillared houses on the hill are where the Blackwells went to live

Edison Dined Without Dress Suit.

Thomas A. Edison was riding on the cars the other day in New Jersey. The train was passing the country residence of H. McK. Twombly. Just previously the inventor had been reading a part of the printed controversy going on about the right of a \$15-a-week man to wear a dress suit.

"Once said, pointing his finger over toward the big house, 'That stable there looks like a high school building. But as I was saying, I was especially invited to a dinner there one evening. When I appeared without a dress suit case, the butler who received me stood aghast."

"My host summoned me to a room, and then summoned a valet. He stood before me, obsequious, smiling. 'Will you have your bath now, sir,' he asked, 'and dress, or will you wait?'"

"Dress!" I answered, 'ain't I dressed now? How many more clothes would you have me put on? And I have had a bath once to-day and that is quite a sufficiency—quite.' And I sat down to dinner in my old Prince Albert."

The Head of the District.

Ruel Darke held the politics of Sullivan county, N. H., and especially of Croydon, in the hollow of his hand, and was to the aspirant for office who did not first consult him.

A man who wanted to be speaker of the House, and who had been looking the ground over for the anticipated harvest, cornered Ruel one day and enlarged upon his qualifications at great length.

"Now, Ruel," he said at last, "can't you help me to be speaker?"

"To an' about yit, Levi," said Ruel. And when the March elections came Levi "wa'n't chose."

When their island was bought to be turned into a prison house.

Houses of Dutch Settlers.

"Through the thick smoke you can see Riker's Island. There stood the old Riker homestead, close to the shores of Bowery bay, and there, too, overlooking the broad sweep of the East river, is the inclosure where the Rikers laid their dead. Bisming above this cemetery now is a rising stone factory, and near by is what was once a beautiful Sanford point, at the mouth of Flushing bay.

"Scattered here and there may still be found some of the quaint relics of the first settlers—Dutch built houses with their long sloping roofs and cozy nooks and corners—but these, too, will doubtless soon go to make room for the flat houses and other graces of modern life."

The old Wolcott manor house was a of the finest in the district. It

OUT OF THE ORDINARY

Pro and Con.

In the days of the creation, Says the scientist's relation. There were creatures of the most appalling kind.

Even the fabled Ichthyosaurus. Would be like an anged chorus. It would seem the creatures Adam must have seen.

And I pity Mister Adam. If the fellow ever had 'em. After having sundry drinks of forty per cent. in visions terrific. Must have seen some things worse than these really were.

I should deem it rather risky. After prehistoric whisky. Having Ichthyosaurus before his eyes. He must have a bromo seltzer. Manufacture something else, or. Have a head next morning of tremendous size.

There was still this one advantage. In that no-coat-shirt-or-vest age. Which, I fear, he didn't quite appreciate. When he called for number seven. At a minute just eleven. There was no one then to tell him, 'Just too late!'

—Harvard Lampoon.

Food of Various Nations.

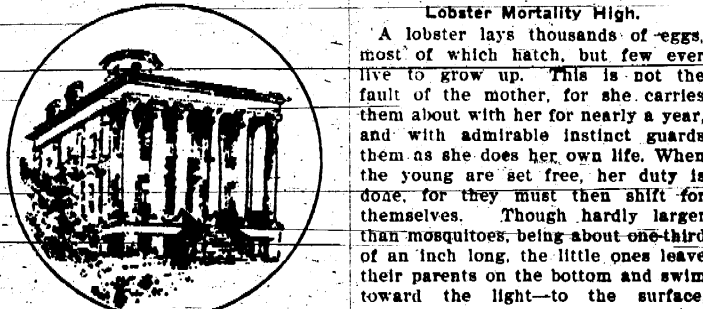
In France the sea anemone is used as food—stuffed like peppers and boiled. It calls to mind crab or crayfish. The echini of various species is also used, cooked in the shell, like an egg, and eaten with a spoon. In nearly all the old countries of Europe of the type of Spain and Italy, the poor are so poor that everything in the nature of food is utilized. Absolutely nothing is wasted and meat is rare. The writer recalls the surprise of an Italian fisherman who landed in California after a trip around the Horn, and was amazed, not at the country, but with the abundance of food. He found his countrymen eating meat twice, perhaps three times a day, when he rarely had it once a month. He saw hundreds of pounds of fish wasted, and discarded, merely because the people did not care for it, when in Italy even the heads would be boiled and eaten. He saw big tunnies towed out to sea and thrown away because they were tough, when in his own land every scrap of this fish was saved. America was indeed the land of plenty to the poor of other nations.—Montreal Herald.

Lobster Mortality High.

A lobster lays thousands of eggs, most of which hatch, but few ever live to grow up. This is not the fault of the mother, for she carries them about with her for nearly a year, and with admirable instinct guards them as she does her own life. When the young are set free, her duty is done, for they must then shift for themselves. Though hardly larger than mosquitoes, being about one-third of an inch long, the little ones leave their parents on the bottom and swim toward the light—to the surface, where, for one or two months, if fortune favors them, they lead a floating life. The open sea is a nursery for such weaklings, which become the sport of every storm and the prey of numberless hungry mouths. Out of a brood of 10,000 it would be a rare chance for more than one or two lobsters to reach maturity or finally to end their career in the kitchen or the chafing dish.—St. Nicholas.

Queer Tricks of Engine.

"One of the strangest mishaps I ever saw on a railroad happened to a train I was riding on, bound from Augusta to Bath," said the old railroad man. "This was a good many years ago when the engines were not built as they are to-day and such an occurrence now would be a wonder of the age. We had been going along at a good rate of speed when the train suddenly came to a stop. I knew we were not near any station, so I went ahead through the baggage car to the engine to see what was the matter. Well, sir, the drive wheels on one side of that engine lay in the snow alongside the track, still, connected with the engine by the piston rod, but the axle, which were nearly six inches through and solid iron, were snapped off short. The engine was still on the iron and did not appear to be injured in any other way. We got word to Brunswick and were towed in after a few hours' wait.



The home of the La Roches.

Woman Knows Value of Health.

"I have just met one of the finest specimens of young womanhood," said a woman, "and I am wondering how long she will be that. She is devoted to athletics, and although she has recently acquired a husband and new home, she allows nothing to interfere with her habits. A 7-o'clock breakfast does not stand in the way of her cold morning bath. She simply gets up a little earlier, that is all. As her husband does not get home for luncheon she eats that meal with relatives or friends, tramp long distances with a total disregard for weather. She has a chest expansion like an athlete's, and if she keeps up her present habits she is bound to remain healthy to the end. I am afraid she will unconsciously fall into slacker ways, as other women have done under similar circumstances, but I shall watch her with a deal of interest."—Chicago News.

Fares Better.

"The late George Glasing," said New York publisher, "wrote dismal novels because his life was dismal. Glasing, in his youth, suffered from poverty dreadfully. It is sad to think of the ignominy and the pain that this young man for a number of years endured."

"He was a little embittered by all that wretchedness. He was seldom gay, seldom sanguine. In after life, I remember, when Lombroso's book on 'Genius' came out, a characteristic remark that Glasing made about it."

"Lombroso," you remember, said in this book that there is no difference between genius and madness."

"Glasing said: 'No difference between genius and madness? Ah, but there is a difference. Madness gets three square meals a day.'"

Worth Trying.

"Say, I'd give anything to be as strong and healthy as you are," remarked the lazy dyspeptic. "What do you live on?"

"Nothing but fruit," answered the other.

"What kind of fruit?" inquired the L. D.

"The fruit of industry," was the brief but significant reply.

Many Lemonades in This.

Mrs. J. H. Spear of Shutesbury, Mass., has picked from her Ponderosa lemon tree a lemon measuring 14 1/2 inches around the smallest part and weighing 1 1/4 pounds. The tree is only three years old and has had more than 100 blossoms the past season.

Strange Comparisons in Mails.

Extremes sometimes meet in the mails. In a recent pile of exchanges the Yukon News, from Dawson, Yukon territory, was in juxtaposition with the Isle of Pines Appeal from Santa Fe, Isles of Pine, and the Freethinker of London lay cheek by jowl with the Christian Intelligencer of New York.

Young and Enterprising Editor.

Maine's youngest and most enterprising editor is probably Harry M. Bellamy of Ellsworth, aged 15. His publication, the Ellsworth Times, is the only penny weekly in the state and its four pages are well filled with local news, advertising and editorial matter.

THE STRAIN OF WORK.

Best of Backs Give Out Under the Burden of Daily Toil.

Lieutenant George G. Warren, of No. 3 Chemical, Washington, D. C., says: "It's an honest fact that Doan's Kidney Pills did me a great lot of good, and if it were not true I would not recommend them. It was the strain of lifting that brought on kidney trouble and weakened my back, but since using Doan's Kidney Pills I have lifted 600 pounds and felt no bad effects. I have not felt the trouble come back since, although I had suffered for five or six years, and other remedies had not helped me at all."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N.Y.

Two Wise Reflections.

If it be my lot to crawl, I will crawl contentedly; if to fly, I will fly with slacency; but as long as I can possibly avoid it I will never be unhappy. If with a pleasant wife, three children and many friends who wish me well I cannot be happy. I am a very silly, foolish fellow and what becomes of me is of very little consequence.—From a Letter by Sydney Smith.

Indifference may not wreck the man's life at any one turn, but it will destroy him with a kind of dry rot in the long run. To keep your mind already made up is to be dull and foolish; not to be able to make it silly; not to be able to make it sublime. Up at all is to be watery and unripe.—From Bliss Carman's "Friendship of Art."

EFFECTS OF PROSPERITY.

In the six years of the country's greatest prosperity, from 1897 to 1903, average prices of breadstuffs advanced 65 per cent., meats 23.1 per cent., dairy and garden products 50.1 per cent., and clothing 24.1. All these were products of the farmer and stockman who profited more than any other class of the community by these advances. The miner benefited 42.1 per cent. by that advance in the average price of metals. The only decrease in the average price of commodities in that period was in railway freight rates which decreased from 798 per ton-mile in 1897 to 763 in 1903—a loss of 4.4 per cent. The report of the Interstate Commerce Commission shows that the average increase in the pay of railroad employees in the period was a trifle above 8.5 per cent.

Value of Time.

There is nothing so valuable to the man who is going to carve out his own fortune (and the fortune that is not carved out by oneself is not worth having), as time. Minutes, hours, days; they are things the value of which man cannot compute. They mean everything to young men. They are tides that come and go and leave him a wreck or carry him along with them to success. They can spell ruin just as well as they can spell hope; they will see a man fall just as readily as they will see him rise. One hour may mean an era of mental advancement and development to the man who spends it profitably. It may mean simply sixty minutes of time passed in shooting pool or billiards. You take your choice and you reap accordingly.—Chicago Tribune.

Women's Trousers at Hyderabad.

The first time I was introduced into the harem of one of the noblemen of Hyderabad, in the Deccan, I was surprised to find the Begum and her ladies dressed in tight-fitting trousers made of rich damask silks. It being the fashion to have these trousers as close-fitting as possible, they are actually sewn on, and are taken off and changed about once a fortnight.—London Daily Mail.

If You Would Sleep Well.

Form a habit of throwing off, before going to bed at night, all the cares and anxieties of the day; everything which can possibly cause mental wear and tear or deprive you of rest.

Quicksand.

Quicksand is sand readily moved; generally it is a mixture of sand and water. Tunnels have been pushed through quicksand by first freezing the mass of quicksand.

CHILDREN AFFECTED.

By Mother's Food and Drink.

Many babies have been launched into life with constitutions weakened by disease taken in with their mother's milk. Mothers cannot be too careful as to the food they use while nursing their babies. The experience of a Kansas City mother is a case in point:

"I was a great coffee drinker from a child, and thought I could not eat a meal without it. But I found at last it was doing me harm. For years I had been troubled with dizziness, spots before my eyes and pain in my heart, to which was added two years ago, a chronic sour stomach. The baby was born 7 months ago, and almost from the beginning, it, too, suffered from sour stomach. She was taking it from me!

"In my distress I consulted a friend of more experience than mine, and she told me to quit coffee, that coffee did not make good milk. I have since ascertained that it really dries up the milk."

"So, I quit coffee, and tried tea and at last cocoa. But they did not agree with me. Then I turned to Postum Coffee with high expectations. It proved to be the very thing I needed. It not only agreed perfectly with baby and myself, but it increased the flow of my milk. My husband then quit coffee and used Postum, quickly got well of the dyspepsia with which he had been troubled. I no longer suffer from the dizziness, blind spots, pain in my heart or sour stomach. Postum has cured them."

"Now we all drink Postum from my husband to my seven months' old baby. It has proved to be the best hot drink we have ever used. We would not give up Postum for the best coffee we ever drank. Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a Reason.

Get the little book "The Road to Wellville" in each pkg.

