THE WIND.

Have you ever heard the wind go "Yooooooo." 'Tis a pitiful sound to hear! It seems to chill you through and through With a strange and speechless fear.

It's the voice of the night that broods outside When folks should be asleep.

And many and many's the time I've cried To the darkness that brooded far and wide

Over the land and deep;

"Whom do you want, O lonely night, That you wail the long hours through?" And the night would say in its ghostly way: "Y0000000 ! Y0000000!

My mother told me long ago

(When I was a little lad) That when the night went wailing so, Somebody had been bad; And then, when I was snug in bed, Whither I had been sent, With the blankets drawn up round my head I'd think of what my mother said And wonder what boy she meant! And "Who's been bad to-day?" I'd ask

Of the wind that hoarsely blew, And the voice would say in its awful way : "Y0000000! Y0000000!

That this was true I must allow-You'll not believe it though l Yes, though I'm quite a model now. I was not always so. And if you doubt what things I say, Suppose you make the test; Suppose when you've been bad some day And up to bed are sent away From mother and the rest-Suppose you ask "Who has been bad?" And then you'll hear what's true; For the wind will moan in its ruefulest tone:

"Y0000000 ! Y0000000 Y0000000 !" -Eugene Field.

A WAR TIME CASUALTY.

The Major had received his first commis sion from the ranks, for active service rendered his country. The Captain had received his first commission from the four hundred, for active service rendered one of the country's representatives. The Major was a gentleman by instinct and inclina-tion. The Captain was a gentleman by birth and education. The Major admired the Captain tremendously, although he would have been shot before admirting it even to himself. He admired his graceful elegance at official balls, and the careless ease with which he responded to a toast. The Major's wife admired him also. And that was where all the trouble began.

The Major's wife was a provincial belle,

the reigning beauty of a middle western town. She had first met her husband, when, as a captain he had been sent there on recruiting service, and she had married him partly through flattered vanity, partly because it is rather nice as one progresses in married life to speak of one's husband, in married life to speak of one's husband, successively as "the Captain," "the Major" "the Colonel," and perhaps ultimately as "the General." Anybody would have picked the Major out for a soldier if they had seen him masquerading in any costume under the sun. He had a way of standing with his weight on both feet, and wearing his chest in front that was unmistakable. his chest in front, that was unmistakable. When he told a person to do a thing, they did it first and questioned it afterwards. hound, that still had a few stiff runs left The Major's face was not pretty. His hair was grizzled and scrubby, with a cowlick over the occipital bone, his brow was prominent, his eyebrows a bushy gray and under them shone a pair of clear gray eyes. He had a typical Western American nose, high and acquiline, from the alae of which there ran deep wrinkles to the corner of his month. The month itself, firm and concise, was hidden beneath a long fierce grey moustache, with a corkscrew twist in it. The Major was a good officer, soldier. a nervy poker player and drank straight rye, which never intoxicated him.

The Captain was the kind of a man that you may see in a club window on Fifth Avenue between three and five. A pretty good sort, as a rule.

There is one particular kind of endurance requisite in the makeup of a soldier, that is harder to acquire and less anticipated by the average newly commissioned officer or enlisted men, than all of the others put together. That is the endurance of monotony. Boredom up to a certain point becomes almost a dementia. One realizes that if they don't get diverted in some way they will get crazy. When the regiment reached the Philippines there was a good deal for them to do for the first six months, and they did it well. After that, as about twenty per cent of them were on sick report, different companies were sent around to towns in the interior for garrison duty. This is not an exacting occupation as a rule.

The Major's battalion was sent inland to

a peaceful little village known as Moban. You won't find it on the map. There are You won't find it on the map. There are many things in Filipino campaigning that are not to be found in print. Then the Major did the most foolish thing in his whole military experience. He sent for his wife of seeing nothing but natives, and her duties in the hospital grew more and more perfunctory, and as her interest in her surroundings grew less, her interest in the

pretty good time. There were many attractive men, and few American or European women. Balls were frequently given upon the different Men of War, also at the hotel. Tourists were beginning to arrive at the "Diamante" and "Esmerada" and every evening she could drive out on the Tuneta in her little victoria. This was by Tuneta in her little victoria. This was by far the most interesting part of the day's program. She was living in the Ermita with a friend, the wife of a Captain man, and at six o'clock his little Filipino coachman would come around, gorgeously arrayed in his white livery, with diminutive top hat and bare brown legs. Then she and her friend would drive down around the loop, past the campus, where in the former of the Spanish occupation the wealth and beauty of the city were wont to assemble to witness the execution of "los insurrectos," then along the south walll of the city and back to the music stand, where three nights in a week there was a rather good concert given by one of the regimen-tal bands. After the concert was over they would return to their casa and have a jolly little dinner. Often some of the officers stationed in the neighborhood would drop in to spend the evening. Yes, Mrs. Major had a very good time at Manila. In Moban she only had the Major. When the Major told the Doctor that he was going to send for his wife, the latter looked grave.

"I wouldn't if I were you Major," he said. "A garrison town in this damn country is no place for a woman. She'll be 'She needn't stay if she doesn't want too," replied the Major. "Anyway, that's what a woman's got to expect when she marries an army man."
"But this is different" said the Doctor.

'Why man, there isn't another white woman in the place. Women crave women's society more than they do men's. Why don't you put in for two week's leave and run down to Manila. That's a much bet-

ter plan."
"Yes, and the minute I left Morley (the Captain) would have the battalion out on a hike and raise the deuce around. It's all I can do to keep him from starting a war

on his own hook now."
"Well, I don't believe they'll leave us here much longer, anyway. We've been out almost a year now. The men are all dying of dry rot. The old man will surely call us back before the rainy season sets

"That won't be for three months yet." "Well, suppose we were to have a row here, what would you do with the missus? You can't ever tell what these niggers may take into their heads to do next. They're just as apt to come down on us some night as not. The outposts have held up several of those gents with the triangle tattooed on

of those gents with the triangle tattooed on their chests lately."

"No danger, Doctor, I'm watching 'em and if there's any sign of a muss, I'll send the missus down to Manila."

"Well, have it your own way, old man, but I'm against it. Of course it would cheer us up a lot to have the little woman out here, but I think that's a selfish view

"The last letter I got from her." said the Major, "she wanted to come down and see the place. I think we can manage to give her a good time."

So, two weeks later, when the quartermaster's steamer arrived in — the Major's wife and Filipino maid were landed, and the Major met them with an ambulance and a mounted escort. His wife was delighted. It was exciting to ride through the palm groves with the knowlthrough the palm groves with the knowledge that at any moment one might get a fusilade from the bamboo thickets. She had never admired her husband so much as now. He rode along side on the big American charger and twirled his long moustache as he told stories of the country, and listened to the letter news from Manila. ed to the latest news from Manila.

For the first two weeks the Major's wife found much to interest her. They had only been married about three years and during that time her husband had been stationed near a city. During the Spanish-American war, she had returned tempora-rily to her father's home, so that this was her initiation into army, or rather garrison life. Every morning she would take a horseback ride with one of the officers of the battalion, always, however, accompan-ied by an armed escort. There was a convent not far from the post, where the na-tive women did the most beautiful drawn work in pino cloth, and wove exquisite silks upon hand made looms. The middle of the day was spent in a siesta, on a cane bottomed couch, which she had drawn out upon a tiled veranda, just outside her rooms, in the upper story of the former President's house. When the late afternoon sun begun to shimmer through the myriad little square shells that served as window panes, she would get up and take a refreshing bath in a big osier, that was always kept filled for her use by the chino coolies. Then she would dress in one of coolies. Then she would dress in one of her many dainty tropical gowns, and stroll over to the market place and play with the little brown children. She rather enjoyed the interest she excited on the companies was Captain Morley's. The column left Moban about an hour bethe interest she excited among the native population, most of whom had never seen a white woman before. Their unrestrained admiration of her beautiful golden hair was

as pleasant as it was sincere and ingenious. Then there was the hospital. She was a kind hearted little woman, and the sight of poor emaciated fever and dysentery patients lying uncomplainingly upon their hard little cots, was more painful to her than to the men themselves. She would hustle the hospital coolies out after fruit and cocoanuts, and many an afternoon, would forego her siesta to read to the poor home sick boys or write letters for them to their friends and families. The men idolized her and would discuss her among themselves with the quaint affectionate humor to be found in only the American

"Jack," remarked a blonde giant, with skin the color of amberoid, to a mate who was readjusting a bandage on his ankle, "did you ever think what heaps of good women there is jes goin' to waste, back in the States ?"

"Yes," replied the other, "an if this yere little woman hadn't married the Major, and come out here she'd probably be jes settin' on the sofy in the parlor eatin' carmels and readin' novels. An' now look at her. Why she's bustlin' roun' here like a hen that' been chucked off the nest, bilin' soup, and cheerin' the fellers an' doin' no end o' good. She sez ter Bill this mornin', when she seen the scar where that mauser plowed along the side o' his head las' Friday, 'why' says she, 'you did have a close shave didn't ye?' 'Yes'm,' says Bill. 'Another half inch and she'd missed me, and then I couldn't a had you dress it.' It seemed to

tickle her right smart."
The Major watched her with his heart in his eyes, waiting to detect the first symptoms of ennui, nor in vain, for after the

roundings grew less, her interest in the Captain increased. She was a Western woman and had the true Western contempt and admiration for the more refined production of the Eastern States, and the Captain's easy assumption of superiority annoyed and attracted her. When an argument arose, his indifferent silence after she from over their heads. They had been much together of late and the intimacy had nearly reached its proper limits. Both were silent. The woman was thinking of the Captain and herself, and how it was all to end. She was wondering if it would not be better to tell her husband that she was tired of the place, and return to Manila, rather than let this fast growing attraction ripen into something more serious. She thought how he would miss her and wondered if she could not keep things as they were. The Captain was thinking what a bore it all was and how intolerable it would be if he did not have this pretty little woman to amuse him. He smiled at the thought of how diverted his friends at home would be if they knew how he had been dancing attendance on this little provincial hoosier.

She glanced at him and saw the smile. "What are you thinking of?" she asked, "you look pleased." "Of you, of course, is there anything else in sight to make a man happy?"
"What a pretty speech; I don't see where you get the inspiration in this stifling

"If I could always have inspiration so near me," he answered, looking at her tenderly, "I would be willing to endure a much hotter place than Luzon."
She flushed. "You shouldn't say things

like that " "I shouldr't feel them either, I suppose but I can't help one any more than the other. One's self restraint is weakened in the tropics. The ten commandments were never intended to apply under twenty degrees North. Out here, one is obliged to modify their daily habits to fit the place. Why shouldn't we modify our code of ethics as well? Anything, rather than notony.

"Do you find it so monotonous?" "Not when I'm with you. But it makes the moments when I'm not, all the harder

She looked at him tenderly. How he would miss her, she thought. The Captain sighed deeply.

"Come," he said, "it is getting late. The Major will be worrying about you." He glanced at the watch on his wrist and de-

glanced at the watch on his wrist and decided that it would be necessary to push along if he wanted to mix himself a tepid drink before retreat.

"Poor fellow," she thought. "He doesn't dare trust himself to say much more." She smiled at him and touched her pony with

the whip. The Major had noticed the fast growing intimacy between his wife and the Captain and at times a thought would come that deepened the heavy lines across his cheeks. Once he glanced at himself furtively in the

little cracked hand glass that hung over his

teak desk. He noticed the scarred weather beaten skin, hacked and crossed with a thousand little lines, and thought of the Captain's smooth, handsome features. A few weeks later an ugly story reached his ears. Then he overheard a conversa-tion. The lines grew deeper, but he held his peace. At last the crisis came. There had been a rumor afloat of a possible uprising among the natives in the vicinity, and one night the Major went out in per-

practice and study.

"No, Isidro," said a low voice, that h recognized as that of his wife's native maid, "that is not the way. Kiss me thus, as the wife of the senior commandante kisses the

"Does she indeed love the Captain? I do not wonder, for the senior commandante is old and ugly." "Yes, caro mio, she loves him madly.

handsome Captain."

Whenever the senior is away they are to-"Be off there, damn you." The Major's

voice cut the soft night air like a rusty Three days later the Major received information of an armed band of insurgents who were coming from the North. He left fore dawn. Late in the afternoon they came upon the enemy, who were strongly entrenched just outside Loiban. The following morning the Major requested Captain Morley to ride a little way from the lines with him to make a reconnaisance. behind. When they had ridden across the rice paddies and down into a little hollow that hid them from the

"It is a pity, Captain," he said, "but one of us will be killed by the insurgents The Captain looked at him in astonish ment, then laughed. "Are you a fatalist, Major ?" he asked.

company, the Major turned to the Captain.

'Sometimes," said the Major, grimly. The sergeant of the company looked after the disappearing officers with great disap-proval, as long as they were is sight. Then he gave a grunt and expectorated upon a

iizard with great accuracy.

'Now that's a piece of cursed foolishness,' he said, to the men around him. 'How do they know but what these bamboo is full er niggers? An they ain't got nothin' but their six shooters.'

Ten minutes passed. Then suddenly two shots rang out, followed by a third and a fourth.
"'What'd I tell ye," yelled the sergeant,
as he scrambled to his feet. "Come along,

They dashed through the bamboos and cross the rice field, and then they saw the Major. He was sitting on his pony with a smoking revolver in his hand. About twenty feet from him was the Captain lying on the ground. Nothing was to be seen of the enemy, but then, the insurgents

use smokeless powder.

The men approached warily.

"I'm afraid the Captain's done for," said the Major, gravely. 'Sergeant, detail twenty skirmishers to beat out that thicket. The rest of you men fall back behind the rick dike. Steward, carry the Captain to the rear. Here you," to a private of the hospital corps, "just throw a bandage around my arm." He held out a bloody arm, and the man broke out a first aid backage and bound it as directed. The hospital steward was leaning over the Captain. There was a great bloody hole directly over his heart and his hand still

A few weeks ago Geronin clutched a smoking revolver.

"Must have been a Remington," said the "corps man;" "too big a hole for a Mauser. A week later some friends of the Captain were sitting around the fire place of their

club on Fifth Avenue and discussing his untimely end. "Well," remarked one of them at last, 'its tough luck, but I hope when I go my finish will be as good a one. Beatum es pro Patria mori." By Henry Cottrell Row-

The Marriageable Income.

land, M. D.

The question asked by one of our correspondents and discussed by others of them, if an income of \$20 a week is enough for a young man to marry on, is answered by the great majority of married people in this city and this country, and the answer is emphatically, Yes! Twenty dollars a week is \$1,000 a year. The households from which proceed the best moral influences and in which are nurtured and developed the virtues which keep aware and fluences and in which are nurtured and developed the virtues which keep sweet and pure and vigorous our American society are maintained on incomes more often less than greater. A thousand dollars a year is a grand foundation for a house and all the varieties of furniture that matrimony brings to it.—N. Y. Sun

Gerenimo In His Old Age.

The Noted Indian Chief a Good Indian at Fort Sill. And Yet He is Far from Dead. He Would Like to do Some More Fighting, but ia the Meantime He is Getting Many of the White Man's Dollars. One Daughter at Eastern School.

Although by no means a dead Indian or likely to be for a long time to come from all appearances, Geronimo, the famous warrior, is a good Indian nowadays. Not from choice, however, for it bores him extremely. The reason he is good is that, as a prisoner of war at Fort Sill, Oklahoma, he has to be. He who was once the meanest and most blood-thirsty Indian chief that ever fought the government, now leads a quiet and peaceful life that is in striking contrast to the old days. In fact he is rather proud of it. In moments of conrather proud of it. In moments of confidence he admits that he would like to do it all over again. One of the things over which he gloats is that he personally has killed ten whites in a single battle. It is also a matter of pride to his old age that he has led forays wherein as many as 500 palefaces were slaughtered. He has a deep-set, bred-in-the-bone taste for murder.

Such is Geronimo's English that it is

well to hire an interpreter if one desires to get an intelligent talk out of him. Also it get an intelligent talk out of him. Also it is necessary to hire Geronimo. He does not talk for nothing, a fact of which the writer was apprised immediately upon questioning him. A dollar bill loosened his tongue, but to the first question asked how he liked his present position, he gave answers rather difficult to reconcile.

First, he liked the place. Then he said that the soldiers treated him badly. As a corollary, he added that he wished to die. In the subsequent conversation his allega-tions of ill-treatment and his pining for death cropped out with suspicious frequency. It is said by the officers that he repeats this to all white visitors, whereby their pity is aroused, and they buy his beadwork and trinkets at an advance over

the market rates.

Apparently the old chief has an easy and leasant life. The officers at the fort treat him with kindness and consideration, al-lowing him all the privileges possible under the rules governingthe conduct of prisoners of war. His position is peculiar in this respect, that although a prisoner he is also a paid employe of the government. He and one night the Major went out in person to inspect the outposts. As he was returning, he cut across the grass plot behind the President's house. Suddenly low voices reached his ear; he paused to listen. The voices were those of natives and they were speaking in Spanish. During his service upon the Mexican border, the Major had acquired a knowledge of the Spanish language that he had later perfected by practice and study.

makes no less than \$2,000 a year. When asked if he had any money laid by for a rainy day, he replied in his guttural En-

"Me no save money. Me spend it for Eva, squaws and heap gladness. Me like to have gladness and see fun." Eva is his favorite daughter. By squaws

he means his wives. In the Indian vernacular gladness is synonymous with gamb-ling, and a great deal of the old man's money goes into the game and never comes out again. He is a very poor gambler, so far as winning goes, but he plays with that unfailing courage which, when coupled with skill, make the most successful game-

He is a reckless better and runs a strong bluff. He never hesitates about a bet and if you raise him he will look you straight in the eyes and if he thinks you are bluffing will raise you a stiff sum. One can never read by his face whether or not he has a good hand. But the weakness of his poker game is that he almost invariably overbids his hand. Poker and monte are his favorite games and the Geronimo tepee is the scene of many highly exciting sittings. with the Indians.

One curious trait of the old chief is that when he makes a big winning at cards or has a large sale of trinkets he gives the proceeds to the little children in camp to spend for school books. Much of his money goes to his favorite daughter, Eva, and his favorite squaw, Ketona. The daughter of Ketona gets little love from her father. This is because she married a white man, and what was still worse in the eyes of the

father—a cowboy.

Geronimo is said to be 80. He does not know his age. He was with Victoria when that chieftain went against the Mexicans and later he developed into a leader himself. He is a born leader of redskins for the reason that he is not only a fighting man but also a medicine man, and it takes a man who can talk with unseen beings to make a really deep impression on the Indian.

Geronimo is small in stature, pos of a keen face and a pieroing eye. The blue in his eye is of that peculiar steely color that arouses unpleasant sensations in the mind. His face is wrinkled and his hands are small and rough. His color is a dark red. Geronimo smokes cigarettes these days and would drink fire-water had he the privilege. He has six wives, but lives with none of them. His favorite daughter, Eva, lives with him when she is at home. He gives her sufficient money to send her to an eastern school eight months in the year.

Geronimo does not work; that is, such as raising a crop of corn or millet. He gets rent free a two-room house to live in, but he keeps his ponies therein and resides, himself in a tepee. All of the Apaches who are held as prisoners live in tents and keep their horses in the houses furnished to them. The Apache village is on an open plain in sight of Fort Sill. In summer the tepees catch all of the dust and in the winter the snow flurries into the doors. It would not be a white man's notion of com-

A few weeks ago Geronimo's daughter Eva was taken ill with some skin disease and was placed at the government hospital at the fort. A large boil appeared on her neck. Geronimo told the white physician in charge that it should be opened. The white medicine man told Geronimo that it should not. When the doctor was not watching the old warrior pulled out a jackknife and opened the sore. The soldiers placed him in the guard here for three days, but the girl improved daily thereafter. Among the Apaches Geronimo is called an excellent doctor and they will have no

While little in sympathy with modern civilization, the old chief appreciates one of its inventions, the camera. He charges \$5 for his picture.

He always looks his toughest in his pictures. He likes to strike an attitude of devilish ferocity when being photographed.
The older he grows the greater is his desire to make a fiendish appearance. Five years ago, when he first came to Fort Sill, he was content to wear white men's clothes and consented to have himself photographed wearing them. Now when he poses he looks like the old-time redskin of the Apache tribe. This is because he sees that nis war clothes attract more attention from white visitors. He does his best to give

spoke in the Apache language to this ef-

eot:
"I do not know how many white men I have killed. It must be hundreds. I have killed many women, too. But I never killed a white baby. I like children. I will fight some more some day. I am good for five years more on the battlefield. I will get out of this some day and then will go back to Arizona and kill some of my enemies."—New York Sun.

Natives Plants of Hawaii. Randalwood Once Abounded, But the Supply Exhausted by Excessive Cutting.

A description of the native plants of the Hawaiian Islands is contained in a bulletin in course of preparation by the Department of Agriculture, says the Washington Star. Of these, it is said, the most important are the woods of the islands. They tant are the woods of the islands. They served to make the enormous canoes, in which the natives crossed from island to island of the group, and occasionally made voyages to other islands in the South Pacific. Others were used for outriggers and masts. Idols were carved from the softer as well as the hard woods. The hardest varieties furnished the mallets for hardest varieties furnished the mallets for beating kapa cloth. These mallets were elaborately carved and of a different pattern on each face. They were used in such a manner as to stamp the pattern upon the cloth. From the forests came the bark, leaves and fiber out of which kapa cloth, mats, fishing lines, nets, etc., were made

From the various trees came the dyes which they used in coloring the kapa cloth, and in tattooing their skins. The materia medica of the kahunas, or native doctors, was gathered exclusively from the forests

The islands once abounded in sandalwood, but the great demand for this wood in Canton, China, for incense and for the manufacture of fancy articles caused a trade which quickly destroyed the forests of this tree. Between 1810 and 1825 this trade in sandalwood was at its height, and while it lasted brought great wealth to the King and chiefs in guns, ammunition, liquors, boats and small ships, which they received in exchange. It brought from 6 to 10 cents per pound. It was the first export that attracted commerce to the island. So great was the destruction of these trees that it was found necessary to lay a "tabu" on the few remaining ones. A great many sandal trees have since sprung up in the islands, trees have since sprung up in the islands, but nowhere in such quantities as to justify a revival of the trade. After the sandal-wood was exhausted there was exported to China a false sandalwood, called by the natives naio. The wood and roots of this tree, when dried, possess a fragrance strongly resembling that of the sandalwood. It

ing qualities, and is used for torches in ebony. For fence posts the wood of the mamame is said to be the most durable, while it is also a good firewood. The halapepe was once used by the natives, who carved their idols out of its soft wood. So, also, was used the wood of lehua, the most generally prevailing tree on the islands. It is very hard, is a good building material and the best of fuels.

An Avalanche of Letters Prospective Homestead-Seekers Anxious to Settle

Not less than 10,000 letters of inquiry have been received at the interior department from persons who want to know about the opening of the Kiowa and Comanche Indian reservation.

Secretary Hitchcock gets as many as 75 a day marked "personal," many of which are from old soldiers who wish to learn whether veterans of the Civil war are to have special preference over other would-be settlers. Nearly all inquire whether it

is true that a lottery system is to be em-ployed in place of the usual rush. The reservation will be thrown open to settlers not later than August 6th, and some method of admitting settlers other than the "rush" will be discovered by the secretary of the interior. A number of plans have been discussed, but none has appeared entirely satisfactory. As to the veterans' preference, he has one under the law as it stands. He is permitted to make his original entry by agent, not being required to enter in person until six months later. In case of entry by rush, this will be an advantage to him; but if a system of drawing lots is adopted, it is thought that some other regulation ought to be made for the old soldier. There are to be alloted 14,000 quarter-sections, one to a settler; but it is certain that the applicants will

number 75,000. When these questions are settled the President will issue a proclamation setting forth the terms of entry. Meanwhile the department is working under pressure to get the Indians settled as required by the treaty. There are about 5.6% conversible. treaty. There are about 5,652 square miles e reservation. There is much good land for agricultural and grazing purpe and for agricultural and grazing purposes, and the report that valuable minerals have been found in the neighborhood has attracted many prospectors, some of whom have gone upon the reservation without permission

Sheep Raising by Electricity.

A machine for aiding in the raising of sheep is being experimented with at the agricultural experiment station of Michigan, at Lansing. Two lambs and part of the time an old ewe have been pastured in the pen during the summer. The field is planted with lucerne, growing thick and heavy. The pen is so arranged that it crawls the full length of the pasture in one month, traveling about two feet an hour; at the end of this time it is switched around and travels back again. As it moves the sheep eat every bit of the fodder, eagerly cropping next the forward side of the pen as it runs over new ground. A bit of canvas duck is hung over the corner of the pen, so that the sheep may be well sheltered, and, curious as it may seem, they have become so accustomed to the moving of the pen that when they lie down to sleep they snuggle up close to the forward end of the pen so that they may lie as long as possible without being disturbed by the rear end of the pen as it creeps toward them. When the pen has passed, of course, the lucerne that has been cropped by the sheep immediately grows up again, and by the time the pen has made its monthly circuit the pasture is again in good condition. The advantages of this electrical pen lies in the advantages of this electrical pen lie in the fact that the sheep are kept from running over, half eating, and tramping down a large amount of pasture, and it keeps the sheep quiet, so that they lay on flesh rapidly.

The Mighty Pen.

More steel is used in the manufacture of them their money's worth and to live up to their expectations.

In talking about his war experience he pens than in all the sworld and gun factories in the world. A ton of steel produces about 10,000 gross of pens.

In talking about his war experience he pens than in all the sworld and gun factories in the world. A ton of steel produces about 10,000 gross of pens.

The Death of a Deer.

A Picturesqe Fight Between a Buck and Two Dogs. A heavy storm swept over the forest, A heavy storm swept over the forest, sifting a new layer of snow upon the frozen world. After it, the sun peeped out, it grew warmer, and there was a new gurgle and clinking in the ice-armored brooks. Listlessly the deer shuffled up and down the yard, but the warmth had hardly stirred them when the wind lifted anew, blowing with a savere hitteness from the red them when the wind lifted anew, blowing with a savage bitterness from the north. At dawn the snow had crusted, and when the big buck tried to tread down new paths, he cut himself unmercifully about the hoofs. With lolling tongue he was looking out along the forest, debating, when a wild cry—a sharp querulous howling—lifted above the murmuring of the wind among the trees. Quot—acceptant wind among the trees. Ooof-ooo-oooo! W000-00f--000!

It was a dog. He drew himself together with a shock. Nearer came the sound. With wild eyes he looked along his trail. The dog was in the yard. It was coming! Turning on his heel, he fled, and at the instant the voice of another hound was added to the clamor.

The buck shot down the open path, starting the other deer. He dashed among them, pushing right and left; agonized in the effort to escape, yet still intent to lose his track among theirs. But at that in-stant a hound appeared in front; there was a wild babel of dreadful sounds. He saw the dog spring upon the fawn. It fell, struggled madly, and then the hound worried it upon the ground.

Frenzied, the buck turned aside. The

dog was in his path, and one stroke of his sharpened hoof would have slain the creatsharpened hoof would have slain the creature at its work. But his own precious life was at risk. He fled, and, unconsoious of the cutting crust, crashed through the forest. Bump—crash—bump—bump! In mad terror he raced along. Once he heard the fawn blat piteously, and the cry quickened him. But he had hardly reached the crest of the slope, when again he heard a hound give tongue. He was pursued the hound give tongue. He was pursued. He saw the hound leap from the last path in the yard and come racing after him, some-times galloping along the crust, and again breaking through. The buck was almost spent; the hound drew nearer, its tongue hanging from its red and dripping jaws. At every step it gave tongue 'til the forest was filled with the sound.

The buck could go no farther. He turned, his neck ruffled, a red, ugly gleam in his eyes. He was cornered, driven to his last stride, and must fight. Boo-ooof! roared the hound. It sprang at his throat, but the treacherous crust gave way, and there it lay at the feet of the buck, wallowing and defenceless.

ly resembling that of the sandalwood. It For an instant there was silence. The has also good building and excellent burndog, bewildered, lay there, the buck looming above it. Then the deer, lifted both ing qualities, and is used for torches in fishing.

The ohia-ha is a durable timber, and is used for railroad ties and posts, while kela is a very hard wood, closely resembling on—a wild remorseless destroyer. Before long the huddled bundle of fur beneath his feet neither moved, nor made sound, yet still he kept on. He saw nothing, heard

nothing. Fury possessed him.

A man appeared in the brush. He held a striving hound in leash—the mate of the one lying dead in the snow. At sight of the stamping buck the man shouted, while his dog made strenuous efforts to break away. "Down there!" cried the man beating the creature about the head, but its efforts only grew more frantic. It whined, trembling with eagerness, and then bayed

At the note the buck halted an instant, staring about, his awful fear renewed. He saw the hound break from the leash a spring toward him. Then wheeling, fled away again.

His only chance was to regain the yard, to find the tracks of the other deer, and to turn the dog upon their trail. But as he circled down the slope, the inexorable creature at his heels gaining at every bound, he felt his strength deserting. He plunged on, his tongue out and his eyes wavering. He reached the yard and raced along the path. At the turn he almost fell upon the fawn's inert body. Recoiling in horror, he turned down another path. It ended against a wall of snow, and the dog was close at his heels. There was no retreat. He leaped again upon the crust, and wallowed into a nearby path. Down this he raced, and again it led to the fawn. He tried another path, yet could not shake the hound from his heels nor find where the other deer had left the yard. Once more he tried and failed—and the hound had him by the throat. Blindly he struggled, striking out with both feet, One crushing stroke fell upon the dog; it gave a long drawn howl and fell before him. Again he fell upon the enemy, striking and slashing him with his sharp fore-feet, and as he stood crushing it beneath him, a rifle cracked in the woods. Then he died.—
Maximilian Foster in Everybody's Magazine

Farm Labor in Paerto Rico.

The difference between the daily life of a farm laborer in Puerto Rico and of one in the United States is, according to Secretary Wilson, very marked. The usual hours for work in the field for Puerto Rican farm hands are from 6 a. m. to 7 p. m. farm hands are from 6 a. m. to 7 p. m. Most of them begin in the morning without having eaten anything. What's more remarkable, many of them eat very little till the close of the day. A few take early coffee. At 11 o'clock a half hour is allowed for those who wish to eat breakfast, and can afford to do so. This meal consists of rice and beans, bread and cheese, or sweet potatoes and fish. Where the plantation boards the hands, as sometimes occurs in the sugar-harvesting seasons, the daily ration consists of one-half pound of rice and one-fourth pound of beans, or three pounds of sweet potatoes and a half pound of dried fish, or one pound of bread and one-fourth of a pound of cheese. The laborers on the coffee estates rarely eat meat, except on Sundays.

Tragedy at a Wedding.

While One Sister was Being Married Another Lay Outside Church Dying.

While Miss Lizzie Mitchell, of 112 Atwood street, was being united in marriage to Thomas Mee, a well-known man, of the West End, at St. James' church, Pittsburg in Main street, at 8:30 o'clock Tuesday morning, her sister, Rosie, who was hurrying to the wedding, fell and broke her neck. The accident occurred in Mill street just outside the church.

Persons who saw the woman fall hurried to her assistance and carried the body into the home of Mrs. O'Dowed and the doctors were summoned, who pronounced the young woman dead. A messenger had been dispatched for Father Price, who was performing the wedding ceremony, to attend the dying sister. The newly married couple were not told of the accident until they had reached the station to take the train for a wedding trip, which was indeed to