

LOVE'S PLEASURE HOUSE.

Love built for himself a Pleasure House—
A Pleasure House fair to see—
The roof was gold, and the walls thereof
Were delicate ivory.

Violet crystal the windows were,
All gleaming and fair to see—
Pillars of rose-stained marble upbore
The house where men longed to be.

Violet, gold and white and rose,
The Pleasure House fair to see
Did show to all, and they gave Love thanks
For work of such mastery.

Love turned away from his Pleasure House
And stood by the salt, deep sea—
He looked therein, and he hung therein
Of his treasure the only key.

Now never a man till time be done
That Pleasure House fair to see
Shall fill with music and merriment
Or praise it on benched knee.

—(Philip Bourke Marston.)

"SHORTY LOCHINVAR."

BY E. J. KETCHUM.

I think it may be stated, without fear of successful contradiction, that at no period of a man's existence does Cupid strike so deeply and so surely as when sloppishness at the age of one score or thereabout. I have known quite a number of young men of about that age to be deeply, passionately, desperately in love, and ultimately to recover and go through similar but less agonizing experiences several times thereafter. But, as I said, they never, in a single instance suffered half so much from subsequent attacks as from that first experience. Not that they love less, but their capacity for suffering has diminished—which is something to be thankful for, for a man who could suffer at each recurrence of the complaint as much as he did at the first, would die of the second or third relapse.

The victim of this first attack is a pliable creature, particularly when there are "obstacles" which usually cause a young man to feel sorry for a chap in this sort of a pickle, and I felt particularly sorry for poor Shorty Fleming. I know I ought not to encourage him, but he was such a good little beggar, and so much in earnest, that I would have defied a far more severe man than his brother Jack for his sake. Besides, Shorty was not one of the chaps who get over anything easily, and I know failure would go hard with him. Moreover, Jack was not the only "obstacle." Sam Parker, Shorty's Nettie's papa, also objected. He was not a stern, unreasonable parent, by any means, but his objections, even if presented good-naturedly, were none the less formidable. Parker was a shrewd Maine Yankee, with a total disbelief in the ability of womankind to use reason, and a record of some sixty years of devotion to an earnest hustle for the fascinating but elusive American dollar. Nettie was the only daughter and the youngest child in a family of seven, and the old man, close-fisted as he was, had spared no expense in educating her liberally. It was only natural, therefore, for him to object, especially as Nettie was barely eighteen, and had only been out of school a few months.

He called on Jack one afternoon, not casually, as he usually called, on his way to or from town, but with a direct purpose. Jack was under the weather, and lay on the sofa. I was reading to him when Parker walked in.

"Howdy, Flamin'; laid up, air ye? Howdy, Faber; purty warn, ain't it? Thanks, I will set a spell." And he sat down on the edge of a chair and began tracing figures on the floor with his big spur. He seemed nervous, and I rose to leave the room, but he waved his hand and said: "Set down, Faber. Set still. Guess I ain't got nothin' to say but what ye mouz ez well hear."

Here the old man stiffened up in his seat and stated the object of his mission, in a good natured but thoroughly decided way, closing with:

"Now, Flamin', I ain't no 'bjection t' th' little feller—not one mite; he's a tip-top good boy, an' all that. But 'tain't in reason th' I'm goin' t' spend more'n three thousan' dollars educating a young 'un, an' then let 'er go an' marry 'nother young 'un, 'thout air red. An' that's what'll come tew, fast thing ye know."

Now, Parker's remarks were in the nature of a relation to us. Of course we knew Shorty had put in a good many evenings at the Parker ranch, but we had never guessed that his visits there had any significance. A courtship, too, with six big brothers loafing around, is a difficult matter. It is easy enough to fall—just fall—in love with a girl if there is no one to hinder. But with six young men, with whom one is on good terms, sitting around and occupying a large portion of one's attention, it is a matter of getting in love, which, accomplished, is rather more serious than a mere fall into the same.

Fleming sat up and ran his fingers through his hair gravely. Then: "I quite agree with Mr. Parker. I don't know what to say to Percy, but I will try a little strategy and see if he can't be kept at home more. If that don't do I can talk to him."

And here began my connection with Shorty's love affair. That evening I was writing busily when some one opened the door of my den and walked in. It was Shorty. He sat down quietly and took up a paper, which he looked at for several minutes, while I scratched away at my work. Then he threw down the paper suddenly, and turned to me with: "Faber, what was old Parker here for to-day?"

I tried to dissemble, but Shorty is nobody's fool, and interrupted: "Oh, rot!" said he, "I reckon you think I'm a sucker. Now, honestly, what was he here for?"

Finally I told him about the conversation between his brother and Parker. He sat silent for a few minutes. I could see his face twitch. Then he turned his eyes to my face and said, slowly: "Faber, I know I'm young and all that, but—I know my own mind. Jack's a good brother and feels in duty bound to take care of me, but I guess I can't tend to that myself. I've made up my mind to marry that girl, if she'll have me, and

all the Jacks and Sam Parkers in the world can't stop me." And Mr. Percival Fleming set his mouth hard and walked out. He called at Parker's the next evening, despite Jack's "strategy."

There was another caller at Parker's that evening, in the person of Morris Cottrell, a wealthy rancher from up the "Five-Mile." Shorty, when he got home, mentioned this fact to me, with some feeling in his tones. Cottrell was no old duffer. He was a man of thirty, and well-read, and a gentleman, and the prospect of having him for a rival would have sent despair to the heart of any penniless young man less determined than Shorty Fleming.

For two or three months Shorty continued his calls at Parker's, growing more and more gloomy and savage as the days went by, for old Sam Parker was something of a strategist, and managed to keep the poor lad from getting a single private interview with Nettie, thereby giving Cottrell a clear field, which was evidently satisfactory to the latter, although he did not seem to make much progress.

One evening Shorty came to my room in a state of mind. He had seen Sam Parker that day, and the latter had told him, as gently as possible, some galling truths about his age and his penniless condition, concluding with the cheerful information that he "reckoned Net had 'bout decided t' take up with Cottrell, anyhow."

Of course Shorty was despondent, but he was none the less determined. "Faber, I'm going to see her to-morrow afternoon, and—ask her."

The time and the hour favored Shorty, but I hardly think Nettie knew her own mind. The boy who came riding slowly home through the shadows next evening was a very much downcast boy, indeed.

He told me all about it later; how Nettie had wavered, and finally told him that she could give him no answer. She cared a great deal for him, she said, but she was not sure she cared enough for him. Besides, her father objected to him, and she could never cross her father's wishes, when he had done so much for her.

Sam Parker must have heard of this interview, and made up his mind to something. Although he was usually so good-natured he was as determined as a bull-dog, and I think he used some influence in deciding matters, for, two weeks later, he "dropped in" to tell Jack that Nettie and Cottrell would be married on Thanksgiving Day, two months later.

Shorty must have seen news in my face, for after supper he drew me aside and asked what I knew. I hated to tell him, but did so, the best way I could. The poor lad stood still as stone for several seconds. Then, with a shuddering sob, he turned away. In the morning he was gone with his horse and clothes, leaving no word.

Jack and Joe, the other brother, were much worried, but, as Jack for the first time acknowledged, "the boy could take care of himself."

Jack and I talked it over during the day, and he expressed a great deal of regret, thinking, however, that Nettie had decided for herself, and that Shorty had no one to blame for his failure. "If it had been different," he went on, "and Percy had persevered and won, I would have given in, and I think Parker would, too, for next year Percy will come into about fifteen thousand. You see, I've never told him of it because I wanted him to grow up on his own merits, and be self-reliant. I think it has been for the best. Joe never knew until he was of age, that he had anything, and we didn't tell Percy of it then, because he was only seventeen. Joe put his money into the ranch here, and kept quiet about it."

He sat silent for a minute, then continued: "Of course, this is between ourselves. But—do you know, I wish the boy had won. He's a good deal of a man, and now I come to think of it, the affair has hit him hard. They could have waited a couple of years, you know." And Jack walked off slowly, taking long whiffs at his pipe.

Several weeks passed, during which I saw Nettie Parker several times. She seemed different. Her laugh was not the jolly laugh I had been accustomed to, and she seemed pensive at times. Was it her approaching wedding, or Shorty? I hoped it was Shorty. But somehow when people pine they seem to lose color and get thin, and Nettie Parker did neither. And still no word from Shorty, and the day for the wedding only a week away.

It was Wednesday of Thanksgiving week, and there had been great preparations at Parker's. The people for miles around were invited to the wedding, which old Sam "loved" would be "th' bawzi-uppest thing they ever had in th' kentry." I rode into town on behalf of Jack and myself, something to present to the bride-elect. In the post-office some one tapped me on the shoulder. I turned. It was Shorty Fleming—Shorty, with a handsome moustache, and smiling quite happily.

"How long before you're going out?" he asked.

"Right now."

"Bully! Faber, go and borrow a horse until to-morrow—tell 'em yours is lame, and you'll have to lead him. Nobody has recognized me back of this overcoat collar and the hirsute adornment, and I don't want 'em to. I'll walk out and head up the road. Hurry up with the horses!"

In about twenty minutes I was following him, riding a horse I had borrowed from my friend the doctor, and leading my own. I soon caught up with Shorty, and we walked on. Shorty showed me a letter signed "Nettie," and proceeded to unfold a plan he had in mind, which, for the quality of pure "nerve," I had never heard surpassed.

There was nobody at the house but Manuel, the cook, and Shorty soon had him sworn to silence, after which he proceeded to camp in the cold, little upstairs store-room off my den, where nobody could find him. Jack was not to know of his presence, he said, because "Jack is so thundering honest and persnickety, and would squeal or spoil the job."

The half-hundred guests at Parker's had been enjoying Thanksgiving Day to the full. All of Mrs. Parker's good things had been stowed away where they would do the most good. The minister

from town was getting ready for the ceremony, and the guests were bustling about, amid some confusion, trying to find the best points for observation. Nettie Parker, pale for once, stood near the front door, pulling her fingers nervously, waiting, supposedly, for her father.

Some one knocked at the door. Nettie pulled it open, gave a little cry, grabbed a man's hat from the back of a chair and rushed out, slamming the door. Everybody who saw the performance stood still, dazed. Then, as we heard horses' hoofs clattering up the road, there was a rush for the outside. Up the road, disappearing fast, were two horses, whose riders were evidently in a hurry. There was another rush—this time for the stables—led by old Sam Parker. But, somehow, the doors would not open. They had been nailed up, very securely, by a person who was at that moment making hypocritical efforts to get one of them open.

When they finally succeeded in mounting two or three men for pursuit, the runaways had three or four miles start. At this juncture, Cottrell, as cool as if he had never thought of attending his own wedding, came up and spoke quietly to old Parker, who was so dazed that he had not opened his mouth so far.

The old man started. "By gorry, Morris, mebbe thers c'rect. No use youin' over spilt milk. Come on, boys." And they rode off, but not very rapidly. "I told the old gentleman," remarked Cottrell to me, as we turned toward the house, "that it was no use trying to head them off. They'll be married inside of an hour." Then, in a tone that contained no trace of bitterness, he continued:

"It is far better to have happened now than—than later. And—as it is—I think maybe there will be only one unhappy person, instead of three." That was Morris Cottrell—philosopher and man. Mr. and Mrs. Percival Fleming were met at the justice's office by old Sam Parker, who remarked: "Wa-al, I s'wore! Yew air a nerry boy! Ain't ye both ashamed on't?"

No, they were not; and, after Nettie had had a good cry in her father's arms, the runaways were escorted back to the Parker ranch to receive the congratulations of their friends, foremost among whom was Morris Cottrell.—(The Argonaut.)

A Lion and Lavender Water.

Wishing to test for himself the reputed fondness of many animals for perfumes, a visitor paid a series of visits to a menagerie, provided with bottles of scented and a packet of cotton wool, and there tried some harmless experiments, which apparently gave great satisfaction to the inhabitants of various cages. Lavender water was received with particular favor, and most of the lions and leopards showed unqualified pleasure when the scent was poured on the wool and put through the bars. The first leopard to which it was offered snood over the ball of cotton, snatched it, opened its mouth and screwed up its nose. It then laid down and held it between its paws, rubbed its face over it, and finished by lying down upon it. Another leopard sneezed it and sneezed, then caught the wool in its claws, played with it, and lay back and rubbed its head and neck over the scent. It then fetched another leopard which was asleep in the cage, and the two sniffed it for some time together, and the last comer ended by taking the ball in its teeth, curling its lips back and inhaling the delightful perfume with half-shut eyes. The lions and lioness, when their turn came, tried to roll upon it at the same time. The lion then gave the lioness a cuff with his paw which sent her off to the back of the cage, and she sniffed it for herself, and hid his head on the corner of cotton and purred with satisfaction.—(New York Recorder.)

How Judges Treat Children.

There is one time when the Judge loses all his apparent severity. It is when a little child is brought before him on habeas corpus proceedings. Although there is a great fondness for following the course of the old English law, it is not followed in a case like this.

According to the English law a father has the right to the custody of his children, without regard to the welfare, through the bars. The first inquiry is made to decide whether the child would be better off with its father or with its mother. Therefore it happens that when there is a dispute between parents as to the custody of a child, and one of them gets out a writ of habeas, the lawyers are secondary personages.

The Judge talks with the child if it is old enough to be talked to, and finds out as well as he can with which parent it would prefer to stay. Then he talks with the parents, and finally makes up his mind as to which is the proper person to have the charge of a little child. It frequently occurs that in making his decision awarding the custody of the child, he advises the parents that it would be much better if they could make up their differences and live together again. This advice, unhappily, is seldom paid much attention to.—(New York Times.)

An Elegant Pig Str.

One of the most expensive, and we may say curiously constructed pig pens in Pennsylvania, or perhaps in the United States, has just been completed at Economy. The cost of the pen or nursery up to date is \$3,000. It is constructed not only on sanitary principles, but with special regard to the comfort of each and every pig which finds a place within its walls. It is heated by two large stoves and the entire pen is covered with a glass roof with proper ventilation. The eating room is separated from the rest of the pen and everything is kept scrupulously clean by two attendants, whose sole duty it is to take care of the pigs and look after the heating and ventilation of the building. At present the pen contains 300 as fine young porkers as can be seen anywhere. They seem to thrive in their well-kept home, and appear to realize their superiority over a new-comer, which they eye with disdain.—(Beaver Falls (Pa.) Journal.)

A WAR STORY.

Incidents in the Career of the Late General Barnum.

In talking with Colonel James E. Jones, one of New York's port wardens, it came out that he had been in the United States army service during the civil war, with the late General Henry A. Barnum, about whom he told me an incident which came to his knowledge from the General himself. General Barnum was in command of a brigade under General Fitz-John Porter at the battle of Hanover Court House. Among the prisoners captured was a Confederate surgeon, Dr. Deshay, who was mounted upon a magnificent white horse. It was the custom of war not to hold surgeons as prisoners, and Dr. Deshay was brought before General Barnum for disposition. The soldiers in the meantime had taken his horse from him, and an excited sergeant was riding it back and forth within plain view of the two men, about a mile away. The animal was clearly being abused, and when General Barnum greeted the surgeon with courtesy, and inquired what he might do for him, Dr. Deshay replied, as he pointed to the animal he had just been riding: "That white horse, which one of your soldiers is abusing, was given to me by my wife whose pet the animal was when I came into the service. I would rather lose an arm than that horse." General Barnum gave immediate orders for the restoration of the horse to Dr. Deshay, and on closer acquaintance found him such a pleasant gentleman that he went with him to the outer lines of the army when the doctor was permitted to go back into the Confederate lines.

The sequel of this episode occurred in Richmond. General Barnum was wounded and captured at Malvern Hill. The wound which he received at this time was from a bullet which passed entirely through his body, and did not heal to the day of his death, but required a rubber seton for its constant drainage. Owing to his official rank, which was shown by his uniform, General Barnum had been taken to Richmond as a prisoner. He lay on a cot which was placed on the sidewalk outside of Libby prison, where the sun beat down on his face until it was blistered and maggots gathered in his frightful wound. A Confederate surgeon coming along stopped suddenly in front of the General's cot. It was Dr. Deshay, and he recognized his friend. He secured a parole for the General, took him to his house, nursed him through what would otherwise have been a fatal injury, and finally secured his exchange for a captured Confederate officer. General Barnum was wont to speak of this incident as one of the touches of war life which demonstrated that all men are full of humanity.—(New York Press.)

A Singularly Litigious People.

The Cinghalese, of Ceylon, are a singularly litigious people, and this characteristic is developed to an extravagant extent by the land tenure, and the property tenure generally, which prevail there. The minute subdivision of land of course encourages disputes and lawsuits. So also with regard to property in cocoanut trees and groves. A man may hold a one-hundredth interest in a tree, and this system again leads to litigation. Perjury is so common that justice can hardly be administered, and an instance given by Miss Cumming is so capital an illustration that we will mention it. A Cinghalese began suit against a countryman for the payment of a large sum of money lent on bond. He produced the bond and a string of witnesses to swear to the signature, and it looked as if there could be no defence to the action. But when the plaintiff's case had been presented the defendant calmly produced a written formal receipt for the money alleged to be owing, and brought forward another crowd of witnesses to swear to the signature of this instrument. So the plaintiff was, much to his surprise, non-suited; and now what were the bottom facts of the case? In truth there had never been any debt. The plaintiff had forged the bond and invented the story to injure an enemy. The defendant on learning the nature of the suit, and of course knowing the bond to be forged, had drawn an arrow from the quiver of his adversary, and prepared a forged receipt wherewith to meet the other fraudulent document. What can judges do with litigants who resort to such devices?—(New York Tribune.)

How Clogs are Made.

Clogs are made at a number of places in this country. One family in Philadelphia, five in number, including boys and girls, are expert makers of these articles. Clogs, which are known also as pattens, are wooden soles to which shoes or boot uppers are attached. In the midland counties of England large quantities of them are produced. There the sole and heel are made of one piece from a block of maple or ash which is two inches thick and a little longer and broader than the desired size of shoe. The outer side of the sole and heel is fashioned with a long chisel-edge implement called the clogger's knife or stock.

With another instrument a groove is made about one-eighth of an inch deep and wide around the side of the sole, and by means of still another tool, called a hollower, the contour of the inner face of the sole is adapted to the shape of the foot. The uppers of heavy leather, machine sewed or riveted, are fitted closely to the groove around the sole, and a thin piece of leather binding is nailed all around the edges, the nails being placed very close in order to give a firm, durable fastening. These clogs are also worn by people whose calling brings them into damp places.

Expensively made clogs are in demand. These have finely trimmed soles and fancy uppers, while there are clogs used by dancers on the stage which cost from \$2.50 to \$6 a pair.

The towns of Meude and Villeport are centers of wooden shoe manufacturing in France, and here about 1,700 people find employment in this industry.—(Scientific American.)

A Jerusalem Hostelry.

In Jerusalem the finest, and, in fact, the only hotel, is kept and owned by a Philadelphian. Several years ago he visited the ancient city and saw that a good hotel would pay, and he at once erected a first-class hostelry. Pilgrims from every land bound for Jerusalem were only too glad to find a clean, comfortable hotel so far away from home, and it is now royally patronized by travelers. Guides are kept who are experts in Biblical history and who pilot guests to all points of interest. The discussions around the hotel tables, in which Moses, Jacob, Pharaoh, Paul, John and other figures of sacred history form the chief staple of conversation, are said to resemble very much those of a minister's weekly meeting.—(Philadelphia Record.)

How to Prove It.

A rash assertion cannot be made strong by simple repetition. If we say a thing is true in its action and its effects are permanent, there should be evidence to support the assertion. That evidence should be without a flaw, like the following: January 17th, 1883, Messrs. Geo. C. Osgood & Co., Druggists, Lowell, Mass., wrote: "Mr. Lewis Dennis, 125 Moody St., desires specially to say: 'Orin Robinson, of Granville, Mass., a boy of twelve years, came to my house cured by the number of 1881 walking upon crutches, his left leg having been bent at the knee for over two months. I had some St. Jacobs Oil in the house which I gave him to rub on his knee. In six days he had no use for his crutches, and went home well without them, and he has been well since. St. Jacobs Oil cured him.' After an interval of about four years Messrs. Osgood & Co., on June 15th, 1887, were asked about the condition of this case and they replied: 'Lowell, Mass., July 9th, 1887, 'Gentlemen: Mr. Lewis Dennis has just called and informs me that the boy Orin Robinson, who was a poor cripple on crutches and was cured by St. Jacobs Oil in 1881, has remained permanently cured. The young man has been and is now at work every day at manual labor; a case certainly which proves the efficacy of St. Jacobs Oil. Mr. Dennis tells me also that he had rheumatism; that he tried many remedies that were of no use, and that St. Jacobs Oil cured the rheumatism permanently, as it has not troubled him for years.' Geo. C. Osgood, M. D.

Bethany, Mo., August 4th, 1888: Suffered for years with neuralgia; but was finally cured by St. Jacobs Oil. T. E. Slinger.

In the spring of '76 I was taken with lumbago; was bed-ridden and given up by physicians. I suffered one year was cured by St. Jacobs Oil; cure has remained permanent. Mrs. L. Powelson, Gann, Ohio.

Your friends may sometimes get mad because you do not come to see them, but they are not as mad as they seem.

Best of All

To cleanse the system in a gentle and truly beneficial manner, when the Springtime comes, use the true and perfect remedy, Syrup of Figs. One bottle will answer for all the family and costs only 50 cents; the large size \$1. Try it and be pleased. Manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only.

If you have a Jonah among your friends don't sit down and cry about it; be a whale.

There is more catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally, it acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for circular and testimonials. Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

There are few defects in our nature so glaring as not to be visited from observation by politeness and good breeding.



Mrs. W. E. Francis is the wife of one of the best known pharmacists in New Haven, doing business at 141 Dixwell Avenue, and ex-President of the Connecticut Pharmaceutical Association. He says: "My wife was for several years in bad health, due to a complication of disorders. Friends persuaded her to take Hood's Sarsaparilla; she is certainly a good deal better since every day."

For Ladies.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is especially adapted, and will cure almost any ailment of the sex. Read this: "I've over 20 years I suffered with a

Complication of Diseases

all kinds of ailments, including blood poor, appetite gone, bowels out of order, and miserable in mind and body. I read of such wonderful cures performed by Hood's Sarsaparilla that I thought I would try a bottle, as, if it didn't make me better, it could not make me worse.

It Did Make Me Better

and on my third bottle I found myself almost a new woman. I will gladly convince any lady, as I have proved myself, that purifying and enriching the blood, which

Hood's Sarsaparilla

does to perfection, is the best Constitutional Treatment, and in many cases does away with all local treatment in the many diseases with which women are afflicted." Mrs. MARTHA REED, 1523 Ramsey Street, Baltimore, Md.

Habitual Constipation is cured by Hood's Pills.



There's nothing left of Catarrh, when you use Dr. Sago's Catarrh Remedy. With the poisonous, irritating snuffs and strong, caustic solutions, a good deal is left. They may, perhaps, stop it for a time, but there's danger of driving it to the lungs. They work on false principles.

But Dr. Sago's Remedy cures it, no matter how bad the case, or of how long standing. Not only Catarrh itself, but Catarrhal Headache, Cold in the Head—everything catarrhal in its nature. The worst cases yield to its mild, soothing, cleansing and healing properties. So will yours. You may not believe it, but the proprietors of Dr. Sago's Remedy do.

And to prove it they make you this offer: If they can't cure you, they'll pay you \$500 in cash. It's a business proposition from a responsible house.

But do you think they'd make it if they, and you, couldn't depend upon their medicine?

HUNTING THE ELK.

Royal Sport in the Picturesque Valley of the Far West.

Here is a specimen story, by way of illustrating the sport to be enjoyed by hunters in the territory contiguous to Fort Crescent.

William Ginger, who lives about five miles above Beaver Prairie, on the Soleduck River, took his rifle from the cedar pegs over the door on which it rested and mended forth to slay or be slain. In Mr. Ginger the instinct of the huntsman is largely developed, and he sniffed sport in the air that morning—and sport he "saw signs," too, that convinced him that there was what the picturesque Georgian would call "woodies" of elk in his immediate neighborhood. The mountains that form the background for Mr. Ginger's homestead had been covered with snow for several days, and more snow, and considerable of it, had fallen on the range the previous evening and the air was deliciously crisp.

There were tracks—elk tracks, and fresh ones, too—all about, and it wasn't long until the eager Mr. Ginger had struck the trail of what he knew must be a big hand of the game he was after. He had gone but a few miles when he caught sight of a band of elk numbering thirty-five, and to his infinite delight they were slowly passing through a little open valley but a short distance ahead of him, feeding as they went, and all unsuspecting that a rancher with a rifle had camped on their trail.

Here was Gunner Ginger's inning, and he knew what to do with it. Making a detour, he struck in at a point a considerable distance ahead of the band—one that the elks would have to pass as they headed for the mountains.

On they ambled gently, while Ginger, his heart in his mouth and his rifle at his shoulder, awaited their approach. The leader of the herd, a big, noble fellow, with all the pride of his brief tailed race centered in his antler adorned head, came within range and died. But he didn't die the death of a common, sorrel belled, short legged plug.

His death struggle was a dramatic piece of business, from which Sarah Bernhardt could flinch points for her Camille. The bullet struck his kingship just above the heart. Springing into the air with a wild cry, that rang through the valley and was echoed back from the cliffs, he staggered along for twenty feet on his hind legs, and then whirling and facing the startled creatures that knew him as their leader, he tossed his beautiful head aloft, proud but tottering monarch that he was, and with a second warning cry he reeled forward and fell among his herd, every member of which, quivering with a nameless terror, sprang past him a moment later, in a wild dash for life and safety.

Three times in rapid succession Mr. Ginger's rifle again rang out, and before the fleeing band had passed three elk were lying dead along the trail to keep their fallen leader company.

Delighted with his day's success, the hunter went home, taking with him some choice cuts of elk steak. The next day, with a neighbor, Carl Oberg, he returned to the woods to pack home as much of the best portions of the elk he had killed as they could.—(Fort Crescent Leader.)

Good in Bridge Building.

With the aid of compressed air a German military engineer drives cement to the bottom of a stream, the water at once hardens it, and the bed of the stream becomes stable enough for foundation purposes.

ONE Enterprising Agent (male or female) wanted in every town or village to take orders on "A STUDY IN NATURAL HISTORY" and a pretty performance (combined). Every lady, I assure you, they are quick sellers at 10c, 25c, and 50c each. Samples mailed at either price or 4c. via. the Agency's outfit of three. Liberal discounts to authorized agents. \$2.00 to \$5.00 a day in 10 to live agents. Send postal notes or apply in person to

BUFFHAM BROS., 2 St. Paul St., Baltimore, Md.

THE KISS IN THE DARK.
Sentimental Song. Price 25 Cents.
JOHN CHURCH CO., Cincinnati, Ohio.