TO AVOID DANCER.

Would you love me, my darling, my sweetheart.

Would you love me as dearly as now, If the fortune I have were to dwindle, Or slip through my fingers somehow-If the millions my grandfather left me Were ruthlessly taken away

Would you love me, my sweetheart, my darling.

With the love that you give me today?

SHE.

O. I'd love you as dearly as ever If you hadn't a dollar to claim; But why not get rid of all danger By putting your wealth in my name?

I'd love you, I know, just as foudly, If I had to be put to the test-But, dearest, suppose that I carry The pocketbook-that'll be best!

The Trouble at Van Dorn's

BY C. T. JACKSON.

The "troubleman" sat on the washbeach on the sunny side of the operator's shack at Van Dorn's listening to the drip of water from great drifts of snow that crested the cabin and gazing over the valley and all the country, which, buried by the four days' April blizzard, glared in white splendor that pained the troubleman's eyes. Van Dorn's camp was the temporary terminus of the new railroad. Since the close of tracklaying in the previous Wardwell, lineman and general man in had hibernated together in the bliz. try to save those men.

high ridge that the track skirted.

ended. Then an engine and snow-plow the avalanche? then whistled to Jim and the snow- line. plow crew, who sat around the stove. Then the sharp metallic clicking of

pose is up? Circuit's broken between the darkness with an awed cry. bleman must hunt it up."

on his first season, and at the announce- beyond Elwood who was talking. ment of "trouble," he was in a fervor curs. Although Jimmy was division in: superintendent as well as lineman, trouone hundred yards from camp all win- less too late-too late." ter. By way of pastime, he had imator before.

"You can't do much with it, lad, if did not understand. it's a break," said the operator, "but, just locate the trouble, and when the crew gets in, there'll be help to raise the wires through those drifts. No train, quick, get out?" need to worry, for the train will have a clear run from Elwood."

So Jimmy tramped gally down the cot with his lineman's kit and a pocket relay, which linemen seldom carry, as few of them understand telegraphy or have need to tap the wires. Halfway around the curve, where the rock wall rose almost to the top of the pole, the young man found his trouble. A branch of a gnarled oak on the hillside had split from the trunk and had borne the wire down into the cut and buried it in the snow.

"I can't do much with that," said Jimmy, "but I'll climb the pole and look over the country."

While he was strapping the steel spurs around his ankles, he noticed that the billside snow frequently overhung the rock wall, and was dropping in sodden masses into the cut. When he had climbed to the cross arms of the pole and glanced up at the shining driving at, but you'd better run in fields of the hilitop, four hundred feet above him, a small cottonwood tree halfway up the slope cracked sharply in the silence, and crows flew caw.ng from the leadess branches.

"It looks queer!" said the lineman. "I do believe the whole hill is coming down!"

Far up the dazzling bluff beat a white surf of heavy snow. It grew swiftly to a crumpled, rolling wall, with the tangled brush and timber disappearing beneath it. Along the wall about Jimmy great drifts were falling sutlenly into the cut; but it was not until the perch, to be buried be seath the dirty tensely malarious.

avalanche which ended its wild career on the icebound river below. All traces

The young lineman was senseless for a little while. When he recovered consciousness, he perceived nothing but vague darkness about him. His body Regarding the Filipino as a hunter the was numbed by the pressure of the writer says: snow, but his arms and head were free. His head struck the trunk of a tree of a vegetarian, the abundance of tropwhen he struggled to sit up, and all ical fruits and the blood-heating propback the snow until he could drag his diet, he keeps his family supplied with timber had fallen to form the narrow ous sport, he hunts the bear, wildcat crevice which had saved his life.

A stealthy creaking and settling of is called. the mass, with occasional slight falls "It is not child's play to drop a caraof snow and fragments of rock and bao with an ancient carbine of the bark, made Jimmy think it would be flintlock type; neither is it easy to lay dangerous to attempt to get out. But him low with a bamboo arrow, a spear the April sun would swing around the or a polo. The carabao dies hard, and western slope that afternoon, and so has a way of returning the compliment, soften the snow that the masses above when attacked, putting up a fight that him would inevitably fall. Now or would do eredit to the African spenever he must get out. He crept along, cles. In fact, he is liable to see you ders, until his head had struck a cold, without further ceremony. He has no taut wire running diagonally from the speed and he knows it, so he employs oak branches up along the wall.

tion train! Had it left Elwood? Around the great base of the hill and you have to do is to let him know that into Van Dorn's cut it might be speed- you are in the neighborhood, and he ing, with the ninety men of the outfit, will do the rest. Rushing through the to be hurled over the bank into the bamboo, tramping underfoot the nepa river or dashed against the rocky wall. grass, he comes at you like a Philip-The slide had come just where the pine typhoon, snorting and shaking his sharp curve hid the track ahead, and great head in fury. When within a few there could be no warning before the feet of you-if you are still there-he train dashed into the barricade of logs, lowers his colossal horns for the toss. snow and boulders.

The lineman lay face down, thinking of the jovial, red-shirted crew who him by a well placed ball between the November, the operator and Jimmy had welcomed him kindly and considerately when he came, a "tenderfoot," charge of the newly constructed line, into Van Dorn's rough camp. He must

Jimmy tried to crawl back, thinking The last mile of the line was a cut dizzily that he might find an outlet around the base of a mighty hill, and and flag them if not too late. A mass the cut made a curving terrace, with of snow fell heavily into his former the Root river below on the one side resting place, and he dug his way up smallest is the cherrotain or mouse and the rocky wall on the other. The over it until he struck the telegraph deer, not much larger than a house distance to the last station was four wire again, and attempted to tear it cat." miles, if one went straight over the away from his path. He took the clippers from his kit and snapped it off, Today the ticker had joyously told and then a new idea flashed through his the two men that their hibermation was mind. Was the wire still intact beyond ness shooting them."

had pushed through the cut and to Which way did it lead from his dim the siding at Van Dorn's, where the ex- tomb? If it was unbroken and free pectant men greeted the crew with a from contact with everything except cheer and a boiler of hot coffee. A the dry snow, he might use it to avert construction train, with men and ma- evil. Jimmy took the fittle relay from terial, was due in a few hours, and the its case, and pressing out the snow train-despatcher had wired instructions about him, quickly wound the loose to hold the snow-plow at Van Dorn's end of the wire around the connecting until the construction train should have post of the instrument. Then he conarrived. The instrument on the table nected the section of wire he had cut was still clicking merrily some further off to the other brass post, and buried message, but the ticker suddenly stop- the tree end in the ground underneath ped, and no assuring response dashed the snow, knowing that to ground the back. The operator watched the sound- current beyond his relay would comer, tested the instrument carefully, and plete the circuit with any station on the

"Trouble on the line, Jim, somewhere the keys came with such startling -line is dead. Now what do you sup- swiftness that Jimmy shrank back in

here and Elwood. Something more "Train due Elwood 1:45. Through about the work train he wanted to say. there to Van Dorn's without shtop, as Jimmy, lad, here's your first job this instructed before. What's the matter season-trouble, trouble, and the trou- Van Dorn's? Nothing from there since

snow-plow arrived? Now Jimmy was a young lineman It was the man at the last station

The operator at Elwood began to reto be up and doing, as lineman must. ply, but Jimmy Wardwell, with a cry course, a pest to be dreaded, but the "Troubleman" is the term applied to as if the instrument could voice his the men on each division who hasten impotent protest, seized the relay with to repair the wires wherever trouble oc- trembling fingers on the keys and broke

ble at Van Dorn's was scarce, and there Slide on the track in cut. This is Van had not been enough to take the boy Dorn's-Wardwell. Flag that train un-

Then the clicking sounder brought proved himself in the art of clicking Elwood's message: "What's that? the next few years. The man behind keys, although he had been a fair oper- What's matter with you? Train com- the gun is no longer entirely safe in ing in past siding now." He evidently Jimmy flashed back one more des-

> perate appeal: "Slide in cut. Track destroyed. Flag

"No answer came, and in the darkness the lineman hammered unintelligibiy on the kays. "He'll do it, he'll save 'em!" he muttered, deliriously; and the man beyond Elwood began to ask what it was all about, as he had not interpreted all of Jimmy's messages. Then Elwood clicked back the glad news that he had held the train, and an excited demand for an explanation was

coupled thereto. Ten minutes later the operator rushed out to the engine, where the gang foreman and the engineer were arguing whether the high bit of work shead was through brown sandstone or just ordin-

ary limestone. "Great Scott!" he cried. "There's been a slide somewhere in the cut, and that pink cheeked boy at Van Dorn's swears that he's telegraphing to me from under the top of the whole blamed hill. I don't understand what he's

slowly and see what's up." The ninety men of the construction gang spent the rest of the afternoon in finding what was "up," or rather down. When they had traced Jimmy's hiding place, by means of the wire, and had carried him back to the station, it was commonly agreed that the troubleman at Van Dorn's had undergone an experience interesting and unusual in a lineman's first year .-- Youth's Compan-

Bombay, India, receives its water pole that the lineman dropped from his their supply from a region that is in- no use in trying to bridge. Good day." Ress, causes the snake to lase its body was killed by a boy, and the nest was The lawyer who attends to his own

THE FILIPINO IN SPORT.

of the railroad track were obliterated Plenty of Game to be Found in the Far-away Islands.

In Outing appears an article by Edwin Wildman on the Filipino in sport.

"Although the Filipino is something about him the tangled branches held erties of meat recommending such a bruised body along the side of the wall, deer, pheasant, snipe and duck on fast where he saw dimly that the brush and days. But when he goes out for serior carabao, as the wild water buffalo

crushing the snow down with his shoul- first, in which case he opens the ball his talents that nature provided him The wire! It recalled the construc- with, and holds his ground.

"If he does not discover you first, all Then is your chance-your last chance, I might say-for, if you don't stop eyes, or in that vicinity, your danger

is extreme." Mr. Wildman then says of the other varieties of game: "There are three varieties of deer, two of them distinctly peculiar to the islands, small and flat footed, something like the little fellow found on the plains of India. The

"Snipe, quail and wild duck inhabit the marshes and the rice fields, but are so plentiful that it is rather tame busi-

The writer says that fishing is well suited to the temperament of the Fillpino, the heat of the sun having little effect on his exposed cranium. Also that the hunting of beetles he finds lucrative, as they bring a good price in the markets, being regarded as a great delicacy.

Mr. Wildman says that the national sport is cock-fighting, and amounts to a passion with the native; that he may be's named for you!" neglect his family, but he attends to the diet and housing of his fighting cocks with scrupulous care, and that the government might as well try to argue the Tagalog woman out of chewing the betel nut as to abolish cockfighting.

He says that racing and fencing, which General Luns introduced, are the sports of the higher class and the rich Regarding the pests of the islands,

the writer says: "Little fear of the snakes need be en tertained, despite the stories that have been circulated. There is but one poi sonous reptile known, and the natives have made war upon it until the species is nearly extinct. Mosquitoes are, of foreigner in the Philippines, when he goes out for a hunt or a pilgrimage packs his mosquito netting before he buckles on his revolver. In the north "Flag that train! Hold that train! of Luzon, where the altitude is higher

the mosquito is less vicious." In closing Mr. Wldman remarks: "I do not think that shooting will be popular nor game abundant in Luzon for the interior and the man without one would speedily forfeit or realize his insurance policy."

No Private Interview.

"Could I have a few minutes' private conversation with you?" he asked as he stood at the open door of a lawyer's office in the Loan and Trust Building the other afternoon.

"Can't you speak right out from where you are?" asked the lawyer in reply after looking the man over. "I'd rather make a private matter of

"What is the nature of your busi-

"Confidential-strictly private and confidential, sir." "Well, I have no time to grant you

a private interview. If you have anything to say, you can let'er go right here. Now, what is it?" "I-I wanter the loan of a quarter,

stammered the man. "Oh, you did! And you wanted private interview to ask me that?"

"Yes, sir. I knew that it would hurt both our feelings if I were refused in public-yours because you couldn't afford to loan me the money and mine because I couldn't get it. Can you grant my request, sir?"

"No. sir." "And does it burt your feelings?" "Not a bit. You are mistaken on that point."

"And my feelings are the only or hurt?"

"Yours alone." "Just so." said the man as he bowed and backed out. "I beg your pardon. I was mistaken. You have the money and no feelings, and I have the feel--Washington Post.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

When All the World is New. If you were a little girl again, Mother Mahone, Mahone, What would you do the long, long day, Playing alone, alone?

If I were a little girl again, Nora, my own, my own, With just one long, long sunny day To play alone, alone,

If I were a little girl again, And fairy folk were true, If paper dolls had human hearts," And all the world were new, Ah, listen, listen, little one,

I'll whisper what I'd do:

To the violet's lips I'd put my ear And hush my heart that I might hear The secret of its sweetness: I'd search beneath the fungus shelves

Or chase it to some witch-kept nook, bird

word; Full length upon the moss I'd lle, Content beneath the changing sky

In that one day's completeness. If I were a little girl again, Even as you, as you, If fairy folk were truly folk,

And all the world were new, I'd just be happy, little one, Till the long, long day was through. -Mabel Leta Eaton in St. Nicholas.

- Joe and His Little Dog.

The teacher of a district school in Maine tells a story that reminds one charmer now tapped the snake on the of Mary and her little lamb, only it is tail, causing it to turn angrily, but of Joe and his little dog.

Joe was a boy about eight years old, necessity of leaving the dog at home. For several mornings the teacher al- quick leap to one side. lowed the puppy to remain at Joe's feet under the desk.

small dog could not be kept quiet, but caused a rabbit to sit up in his tracks frisked about to the delight of the school and the dismay of the teacher.

take the dog out." Joe looked at her mournfully, but

The Muskrat's "Banana." In the department of "Nature and Science" in the St. Nicholas, we find

the doings of a muskrat; of muskrats—and if you don't know ice every Sunday during the summer. said: you can easily find out; any farmer or One Sabbath the vicar on going up to

there at twilight and calling them out. reposed a robin red-breast. Squeak like a mouse, only louder, and if there is a pointed nose in sight, mak-

muskrat has got into trouble. ing a duck's egg along on the water's like bananas, you may sometimes smack your lips at seeing him eat his banana in his own way. This is how

he does it. First, he goes to the rushes, and, diving down, bites off the biggest one close to the bottom, so as to save the soft, white part that grows under water. Then he tows it to his favorite eatingplace. This is sometimes the top of a bog, sometimes a flat rock on the shore, sometimes a stranded log; but to wait.

sits up straight, holding it in his fore white, luscious pith remains. This he again, until there isn't any end left- erably. exactly as a school-boy often eats a banana. Then he cuts off a second piece, if the rush is a big one, or swims and gets another, which he treats in the same way.

And if you are a boy watching him, go and cut a rush for yourself, and eat It as Musquash did. If you are hungry it is not very bad.

Snake Charming in India-

With a musical instrument made of playing a peculiarly droning melody were posted, and which was cleared tomobiles in the procession. that, according to its quickness or slow- daily. Unfortunately one of the birds and savay its head above in time with not finished. In 1889 a pair completed business is a sort of legal tender.

flerce snake.

dian service tells how a big cobra was ters."-Atlanta Constitution. found at the bottom of a well near his headquarters. The soldier hurried to get his gun and a crowd of natives remained to pelt the hated snake with Vance Gives Conclusive Proof That He Did stones. In this way they drove it into an opening in the brick-work of the well. Two snake charmers were sent for. They were let down into the well For glimpse of goblins, gnomes, or by means of ropes, and one of them began to play a shrill and monotonous I'd run a race with the laughing brook, tune on a sort of bagpipe. His companion stood on the other side of the Whose spell would stay its fleetness; hole where the snake was hidden, and a few days before and was engaged I'd hide in the haunt of the mocking- held a long pole with a slip noose attached to its end ready to noose the turesque pastime of painting the county Till I learned its melody word for snake as soon as its head should appear.

For a time the snake appeared unconscious of the seductive music, but in about half an bour, during which the playing had been constant, the cobra was heard to move, and soon out slowly came its ugly head. In an instant the slip noose had done its work and the snake was a dangling prisoner. After being hoisted from the well the snake chaurmers carried their prize to an open place and released it. The ugly snake made a rush at the bystanders and sent them scattering. The piping hearing the subtile music the cobra colled up and lifted its head in the and was devoted to a small, lank striking position. But it did not strike. puppy. Out of school hours boy and The head swayed a little from side to dog were inseparable, and Joe appar- side, and not till the music stopped did ently could not reconcile himself to the the creature spring at the musician. who barely escaped being struck by a

Many of our own wild creatures are singlarly affected by certain notes re-Then there came a day when the peated in succession. Often have I by whistling in a low tone some simple tune. The squirrel will chatter from "Joe," she said, firmly, "you must his treetop if you whistle to him. But gradually work his way down to the he asked a spectator to suspend a picked up the pup, and with its head trunk of the tree and will crouch there hickory nut from a thread. Walking against his cheek started for the door. and listen as if spellbound. Try whist- off thrty feet, be wheeled and at the The boy's feelings were evidently hurt, ling a simple warble near a catbird. first shot, cut the thread. Taking six but be said nothing until he reached The impudent little fellow will ruffle tacks be placed them closely in a piece the door, then giving the teacher a re- up his feathers, cock his head on one of wood. This he placed against a proachful look, with a pitying glance side, listen attentively for awhile and post 25 yards away. Borrowing a toward the dog, he said slowly, "And then will try to imitate the sound .-Chicago Record.

Queer Homes of Birds.

In a sleep old village in England miss. there is a quaint little stone church this account, by William J. Long, of which has stood for more than one cen. in open-mouthed wonder. As Vance If you know where there is a colony songsters, and many birds attend serv. the judge, and tapping him on the arm, hunter will show you their village of the reading desk was astonished to see taken. That man wasn't shooting at grass houses by the river-you can that under one cover of the open Bible me." have no end of enjoyment by going was a newly constructed nest, in which

hide and squeak a few times, when two ing. The vicar could not bear to dis- pore Free Press:

man brethren,

and though the cannon was fired twice came to the conclusion that he was a day, it did not deter her from bring- 'off' the menu of the day." your mouth begins to "water," and you ing up a healthy family of young sparrows, none of whom seemed to mind a home which was even noiser than a New York flat!

the music, or to lie quietly, with dull it and laid seven eggs, and were sitting, eyes watching the immovable musi- but one day an unsual number of postcian. Gradually the player may draw cards were dropped in, nearly filling the poisonous cobra de capello to his the box, and causing the birds to desert side without danger so long as the it, when the nest with the eggs were music lasts; but many snake charmers, removed. In 1890 a pair built a new either through carelessness or fatigue, nest, the hen laid seven eggs and suchave lagged with the music and have ceeded in rearing five young, although been struck and fatally poisoned by the the letters continued to be posted daily, and when taken out were often found Many are the stories told of the pow- lying on the back of the sitting bird, ers of these snake charmers, however. who never left the nest. The birds A General Campbell of the British In- went in and out by the slit for the let-

THE COWBOY AND HIS PISTOL.

Not Try to Shoot a Brakeman.

Jack Vance, a cowboy from the ranch of the Butte Creek Cattle Company, was on trial at Alliance, Neb., recently on a charge of shooting at a brakeman on the Burlington railroad with intent to kill him. He had received his pay at the time of the shooting in the pic-

Vance vehemently denied any intent to perforate the brakeman. He told the court that while it was true that he did take out his revolver and shoot after the brakeman had pushed him off the train, he was merely giving a prearranged signal. He and a friend had been down the road a few miles and wanted to ride back to the nearest station to the ranch. Realizing that if they were found by any of the train crew they would be put off, they had arranged that if one was put off the train he should notify his partner by firing his revolver once.

The trainman, with visions of what he firmly believed was a narrow escape from death, shook his head and the judge looked unbelieving. Vance's cowboy friend corroborated the story, but seeing that his tale failed to receive credence the defendant asked the court to please step outside. The judge asked what for.

"I'll prove my innocence, your honor,"

Vance said. The court was curious, and went outside. So did the sheriff, lawyers and spectators. Vance pulled out his revoiver, and holding a postage stamp between the fingers of his left hand, clipped off each corner in succession. Next if you keep it up the little fellow will hickory nut from a thread. Walking watch from a bystander be opened it, and using the case for a mirror, shot with his back to the mark and drove each tack into the wood without a

The brakeman had been looking on tury. It is a great place for feathered concluded the brakeman stepped up to

"Yer-yer honor, I guess I was mis-

A Python Loose on a Gunbont.

Early in the week she and her mate | An exciting and amusing affair which must have settled on this place as a recently occurred on board H. M. S. ing a great letter V in the water, it congenial home and during the days Rattler, and while it lasted gave the turns instantly toward you. And if following had worked might and main ship's company a lively quarter of an the place is all still, you have only to get things in shape for housekeep- hour, is thus described by the Singa-

or three muskrats will come out to turb the robins, and so he procured "There are two pets on board, a big see what the matter is, or what young another Bible, allowing the pious birds Borneo orangoutang, and the other a to reside in their chosen home for the line sample of a python about nineteen If you go often and watch, you may rest of the season. Another pair of or twenty feet in length. This creasee a good many curious things: see robins started nest building between ture, which had dined heartily on a "Musquash" (that's his Indian name) the antiers of a stuffed stag's head, deer about three weeks before, had bedigging a canal, or building his house, which was placed in the main hall of gun to feel its appetite come back or cutting wood, or catching a trout, a country home. Unfortunately for again, and in searching about its box or cracking a fresh-water clam, or roll- these birds they littered up the hall so for an exit found a place in the side with straw and dried leaves that the in bad repair. His snakeship was edge, so as not to break it, to his little fastidious housekeeped banished them through that in a twinkling unobones in the den far below. And if you and they had to seek a home elsewhere, served, and, seeing the orangoutang, Still another robin tried housekeep- who was chained up a few yards off, ing in a disused tea kettle, which had invited himself on the spur of the mobeen flung out in a corner of the gar- ment to potluck upon that unfortunate quadruman. The python at once coil-Birds who shirk their natural duties ed for his spring-his mode of saying are quite as apt to suffer as their hu- grace before meat-when suddenly the quartermaster, Dickson, taking all this The cuckoo makes no nest of ber in in a glance, promptly cut poor exown, but watching her chance, lays her cited Jack loose, who was up at the relatively small eggs in the nest of a masthead in a brace of shakes. Lieut. more industrious member of the bird Larking, the proprietor of the orangfamily. Once a mother cuckoo man- outang, the quartermaster and another wherever it is, he likes to eat in that aged to insert'an egg in the nest of a of the crew, who were all on the scene, one place, and always goes there when redstart which was in a small hole in flung themselves instantly on the hunhe is not too far away, or too bungry a wall. The aperture was large enough gry python, one at the head, another at for the redstarts to go in and out of, the tail and one in the middle. Then Crawling out to his table, he cuts off but when the baby cuckoo burst from the band began to play, for the python a piece of the stump of his rush, and its shell and was strong enough to try wanted to get one of the aggressors in and shift for himself, he found he was his coils, cuddled up against something paws. Then he peels it carefully, pull- too big to get out and so was a prisoner hard, and the others meant to keep him ing off strip after strip of the outer for life. His foster parents fed him straight and free from such uncomforthusk with his teeth, till only the soft, till they thought he was old enough to able kinks. But reinforcements arrived earn his own living and then they left in hot haste, and abut twenty sturdy devours greedily, holding it in his paws him, so the poor cuckoo, through the bluejackets, each embracing a foot of and biting the end off and biting it off laziness of his mamma, perished mis- python, reduced the reptile to comparative quiescence. The procession march-Perhaps the most absurd place for ed back to the python's box, coiled him a nest ever discovered was in a cannon down inside, and shut him up. But box, located at an army post. A spar- Jack sat like a little cherub aloft at row was the bird to make this choice, the masthead for a long time before he

Automobile Funeral.

An unexpected field for the automobile is in the funeral cortege, but, ow-I am indebted to an English corre- ing to a strike of cabmen in Buffalo, spondent for the following anecdote: | N. Y., the other day, a funeral in that "In the year 1888 a pair of great city was dependent upon automobiles, reeds or bamboo the Hindu, or native tilts built in a wooden letter box which In the absence of a hearse the corpse of India, manages to soothe the evil stood in the road in the village of Row- was carried in a self-propelled underspirit of the deadly Indian serpents, fant, Sussex, into which letters, etc., taker's wagon, There were fifteen au-