China exports 15,000,000 fans every Yet her financial condition shows that she cannot raise the wind, no matter how hard she tries.

The segregation of criminals in our prisons that is now in progress is a good thing. Beginners in crime should not be thrown into company with hardened ruffians. Imprisonment should be reformatory, not ensouraging to or instructive in crime.

Well, the mule has come out of it all gloriously. His war career, begun magnificently at Matanzas, closes prosperously at Chattanooga, where 800 of his kind have just been auctioned off by the government for \$20,000. The price is unprecedented for so large a lot, and proves that kistinguished service is highly apprecieted in Tennessee

The decision of Lord Kitchener to abandon Omdurman and lay it waste was due, it is said, to the outbreak of cerebro spinal meningitis caused by the unsanitary condition of the town. That is also said to be the reason why the Khalifa evacuated Khartoum and built Omdurman in the first place. It is not at all unlikely that the Soudanese tribes have been doing this for centuries, and that this fact, quite as much as incidents of war and weather, accounts for the relics of ruined cities of which the desert is full. The natives simply stayed in a place until they produced epidemics, and then they moved to some new spot and founded a city there.

Formerly tubercular lung trouble, or consumption, caused one-quarter of all deaths that occurred. Now it is estimated that the proportion has been reduced to one-seventh or eighth. There has been a steady decrease in its ravages all over the world since 1883. Two years before that time Koch announced his discovery of the tubercular bacillus, the micro-organism that causes consumption. The press took up the subject, announcing everywhere that the old-fashioned idea of the contagiousness of the disease was absolutely correct and urged the utmost precautions against the spread of this portable and communicable disorder. The lesson was quickly learned. Today, in the most contracted city home, health officers and inspectors find a surprising knowledge and alertness. All discharges from the respiratory tract are quickly burned, the sufferer has a bed to himself, and all possible care is taken to spare others and mitigate personal

As intelligence, culture, and the conception of human brotherhood increase in a community, it becomes more and more difficult to secure ve 'dicts of "guilty" in murder trials. when juries know that death is to be the fate of the poor wretch in the prisoner's box. It was an easy matter a hundred years ago for a judge on a single circuit in Ireland to sentence 98 persons to death for various crimes. 97 of whom were executed. But to day, in Great Britain and in this country, it is almost impossible to anforce the law against murder. There are about 2500 murders annually in the United States, and only about 100 hangings and electrocutions, with an other 100 lynchings. The fact is that men shrink from fixing the irrevocable doom of a brother man, and convictions where death is the penalty are exceedingly difficult to secure.

Boston is educating more persons to be teachers than it has use for, and education and the superintendent. It appears that there are annually falling vacant, on the averege, about fifty places in the primary and grammar schools, of such a character that it is safe to appoint to them beginners at teaching, such as the graduates of the normal school. But there are now in attendance at the normal school 261 pupils. This is an increase of 79 in four years. In other words the mere increase in the number of normal school pupils is enough to more than fill all the probable vacan cies for a year. At the present time, not only most of last year's graduates, but a majority of those also of 1897 and considerable numbers of those of earlier years, are waiting for opportunities which do not come. The su perintendent's sensible remedy is to limit the annual admissions to the normal school to seventy-five, these to be chosen by competitive examination He argues logically that if there is to be disappointment among those aspir ing to be teachers, it is better that i be faced at the threshold of the norma school course than at its conclusion. Much weight attaches also to the eco nomic argument that the public mone; should not be wasted in the prepara tion of teachers for whom the city has no need.

The governor-general of Guam, th newly acquired possession of Uncl Sam out on the Pacific, is very nicel: located. He has the island for building spot and the ocean for an out

More than 15,000,000 visits are paid annually to London pawnbrokers, or to be more exact, 41,000 a day on an average. The number of pledges de posited throughout the country is said to amount to 190,000,000 every year.

M. Jules Clarette, the director of La Comedie Française in Paris, France says there are in all Europe at the present moment 1061 theatres which comparison would place in the firstclass. France leads the list with 394 Italy comes next with 388; then Ger many with 264: the United Kingdom 205: Spain, 190: Austria, 182: Russia 99: Belgium, 59; Sweden and Norway, 46: Holland 42: Switzerland, 35 Portugal, 14; Denmark, 13; Turkey, 9; Greece, 8; Roumania, 7; and Ser

There is an interesting item in the report of the librarian of Bishopsgate institute, London. According to the reading done in the free library of that building for one day there were 543 persons who chose works of fiction, 51 who selected books of travel and history, 36 biography, 25 natural sciences, and so on down the list to philosophy and religion, for which there were 15 readers. There is something very significant in a comparison between the nificant in a comparison between the save a few ponies, the log house they extremes. Scarcely a century ago the lived in and the Indian title to a tract order would very likely have been reversed.

Of land above the village.

Although but 15 years old, Autoine,

Secret service men always have an inclination to emphasize the importance of their work, and when they deal with counterfeiters their published reports have a sensational flavor that sometimes tends to make them excellent literature for "green goods" swindlers. Notwithstanding this tendency, the capture of a gang of counterfeiters in Pennsylvania, together with their materials of manu. facture, must be regarded as a creditable achievement. The detected conspiracy is remarkable for its elaborate organization, extensive plant and the lived merrily and sometimes amused youth of its members

When the flying machine finally flies, the world will exclaim at no one's having discovered the right way being, when Antoine had come in to fore—as the Spanish court exclaimed warm his hands by Charbonneau's at Columbus's egg. Each mechanical step, so plain, once it is taken, looks beforehand like a leap into the unknown. It is a phase of evolution as Pierre, as one surely as the natural weeding out stopped to exa method of nature with animals; and were it not for rust and the melting crucible, generations to come would stumble across thousands of skeletons of machines that had to succumb to other more capable machines, just as we stumble across the bones of the mastodon, who died out before his mimbler opponents.

Charbonneau upon the floor.

Antoine's French-Indian blood got the upper hand of his school training

For some reason the south pole has never had the attraction for people that the north pole has. Yet more remains to be discovered, by far, at alarm. the southern than at the northern end of things. Perhaps that is it. The Antoine's wrath quickly subsided. The goal has been so nearly reached at the north, and so great a reward will be his, who makes the final step, that all neau's goods.

are striving to do it. An Englishman The matter would have ended amicaare striving to do it. An Englishman has just given \$25,000 toward a British Antarctic expedition, and that will choleric as her husband and probably give a powerful impetus to the interest in the southern axis of the earth. Commercially speaking there is not much to be gained by these expeditions. But they will conwhile the virility remains in the northern races; and what they do not accomplish in practical value they make ap in picturesqueness.

Some writers of natural history books for youth say that the serpent always devours its own kind, when so inclined, tail foremost. This peculiarity has been so often repeated that it is generally believed. At dinner time the other day in the reptile house of the London Zoological Garden a live rabbit was fed to a boa. The reptile crushed his prey and then began to devour it in the usual fashion, but before it had entirely disappeared down his maw a huge python shot forth and seized the half engulfed rabbit, and, after swallowing it, began on the boa. The head of the boa and a good portion of his body had disappeared before the keeper came to the rescue and attempted to withdraw the smaller reptile from his unusual retreat. As this mode of procedure failed to make the python disgorge, the latter was seized and beaten with a whip. This was more to the point, and the boa finally wriggled free and betook himself to a corner of the cage, minus, however, his dinner. This little incident goes to show that reptiles, under extraordinary circumstances at least, will swallow their kind head foremost.

"If I were a man," the woman said,
"I'd make my mark ere I was dead;
I'd lead the world with a battle-cry,
And I'd be famous ere I should die—
If I were a man."

"If I were a youth," the old man cried,
"I'd seize all chances, I'd go with the tide; I'd win my way to the highest place, and stick to honor, and seek His grace— If I were a youth." "If I were rich," the poor man thought,
"I'd give my all for the poor's support;
I'd open my door, and I'd open my hear
And goodness and I would never part—
If I were rich."

And lo! if all these ifs came true,
The woman a man, the man a youth,
The poor man rich—then in all truth.
This world would be, when we gotthrough
Just as it is!
—James Oppenheim, in New York Sun.

## \*\*\*\* THE EXPLOIT OF ANTOINE AND PIERRE.

By Franklin Welles Calkins

This is the true story of an exploit of Antoine and Pierre Le Beau, lads who were born in the little French-Indian village of La Saussail. Their father, Baptiste Le Beau, was a trader trust him with no more horses. father, Baptiste Le Beau, was a trader in peltries and their mother a half-blood Mandan woman.

to school in St. Louis, where he re-mained until his father was killed, an accidental victim, in a fight between Red Dog's and Three Feathers' bands of Bois-Brules.

Antoine found that during the four years of his absence the fur trade had been ruined. Settlers and stockmen had come into the country across the river from La Saussail. He found river from La Saussail. He found Charbonneau, his father's partner, in possession of the store and his mother and Pierre with nothing left them

thrifty and clever, saw his opportunity in the control of the land, which in-

cluded some excellent grazing ground.

The stockmen across the river had great droves of horses and they were already crowded for room. So Antoine took horses to herd. He succeeded in gathering 300 during the first spring and received two dollars per head for the season. He lost but two out of this "bunch," and the animals did so well that more than 500 were placed in his charge the follow-

ing year.
So the Le Beans were again highly important among the people of mixed complexion of La Saussail. Pierre wore the gayest of blanket jackets, himself by going fishing. He loafed much in Charbonneau's dingy store, which smelled of hides, dried fish and

stale tobacco. Now it happened one chilly morn fire, that a couple of young men from the settlements were in the store seek-

ing to buy rope and blankets.

"This old rope—no good," said
Pierre, as one of the newcomers ed to examine a coil upon the
"My brudder Antoine, hees buy some of dat rope las' summer, and de knots dev rot off hees picket-pins." At this Charbonneau flew into a

rage, called Pierre some hard names in French and ordered him out of the store. Then, as Pierre merely grinned, Charbonneau rushed at him and flung

He seized the irate trader by at this the beard, thrust a pistol in his face and said such emphatic things that Charbonneau's legs shook like willows

knew Pierre had been impertinent in talking to customers about Charbon-

bly but for Charbonneau's Ogalalla wife, who was of a temper quite as choleric as her husband and far more steadfast. She was greatly enraged when she learned that Charbonneau had been taken by the beard, which she seemed to consider a most humil-

When the first warm days came after the going out of the ice Madame Char-bonneau gathered her small effects and departed in a cynoe with her children. a well-grown boy and girl. This little family paddled far down the Missouri and thence up White River to the big Ogalalia towns.

Whether the angry squaw-wife appealed more signally to the spirit of revenge or of cupidity among her friends is not quite clear, but certain it is that shortly after her appearance among them a party of Ogalallas set out across the great stretch of plain to the northward, descended upon Antoine's horse-corrals one night in June

and drove off all the herded stock.

Antoine had built his corrals a mile Antoine had built his corrais a mile above the village. As these horses were under "sacred medicine" and in charge of "one of the blood" there was no danger that they would be stolen by Cheyennes, Gros Ventres or other tribes of the upper reserve. Another and final element of safety lay in the fact that most of the horses were of a large breed not much in use, except for beef, among the Sioux. Thus Antoine had felt doubly secure in leaving the animals at night unguarded in the corrals. He could not watch all night and work all day, and Pierre could not be depended on for guard duty.

On the morning of his loss he rode home from the broken corrals with despair in his heart. His occupation and his reputation were gone unless he could recover the stock. The owners of his herd and other whites across the

Diood Mandan woman.

Pierre was two years the older and very Indian and lazy by nature. Antoine was more like the French, and clever, and therefore was sent and paddled across the river to sale of the sale of t Pierre, he suddenly awoke to the importance of doing something. His Indian blood was aroused, and he readily joined Antoine in an arduous chase

joined Antoine in an acceptance of the borse thieves.
Sunrise saw the brothers well mounted and galloping hard to westward. The broad trail of the herd ward. The broad trail of the herd led straight away toward the Bad Lands of the Little Missouri. The animals had evidently been taken from their corrals in the early night and were being pushed hard, for when the pursuers had mounted the bluffs above the Missouri they saw no cloud of dust upon the miles and miles of nearly level plain. At night they passed down into the valley of Thunder Creek, which marked the limit of the country which marked the limit of the countr they knew. They camped on creek, nearly 70 miles from home.

They were up and off again at break of day, and night brought them to the breaks of the Bad Lands-warm, a ast, upon the trail of the stolen stock. Hitherto they had passed three camps where the Ogalallas - more than 20, as the brothers had made out sign-had halted to rest and graze the stock, and at one of them the skull and freshly picked bones of a horse were found.

Just before sunset the brothers rode to the summit of a red butte and looked back over their trail. Were the stockmen following the stolen horses? On all the vast stretch of sun-baked plain there was no slightest cloud or trail of dust to cheer the boys with hope or aid from the settlements. In another direction lay rough ridges of chalk cliffs and a narrow, gorge-like valley cast in forbidding shadows. At some point or turn in that tortuous. fading canyon the stolen horses would be guarded for the night. But dared any two pursuers venture their lives

in that narrow pass?
Did the brothers turn back? Did the lazy Pierre, dust-begrimed, choked by thirst and half-famished from a slender diet of dry, chopped beef, want to go home? Not he. The Sioux's persistence and the white man's boldness had seized upon the lads and urged them on to a deed almost inedibly daring and yet planned with great shrewdness.

From the appearance of the trail below they knew the stock thieves were two hours' ride in advance and that they would go into camp soon after dark. So, with plans already formed, the two role down the red bluff into the narrow valley.
Upon reaching the creek—a swift

Upon reaching the creek—a swift, shallow stream—they turned their ponies loose, quenched their thirst and immediately set out to search the banks. They found a bog hole where were tufts of old dry grass which had escaped the fall fires. Of this they gathered enough for their purpose.

With dry twigs and bark of willows

they twisted dry grass ropes some two inches in diameter and half the length of a lariat. To prevent these ropes from untwisting they tied them here and there with interlacing twine.
The task finished, the brothe

brothers ate or an hour or so of rest.

Thus refreshed, they remounted and rode leisurely and cautiously along the trail. Turn after turn of the narthe trail. Turn after turn of the row valley was made. They moved in a silence broken only by the light footfalls of their ponies. Their animals were kept at the shuffling, nearly noiseless trot characteristic of the In dian-bred pony.

On either hand loomed the chalk

cliffs; fringes of cottonwoods and willows marked the crooked channel of the creek. The trail, a broad swath in the thin, tall grass of the bottom lands, was easily followed.

The thieves were depending upon their advantage in start, their celerity of movement and the unlikelihood of

pursuit except from fort or settlement This they hoped to elude finally among the intricacies of the Bad Lands.

Leaving the trail, the boys hugged the little stream, keeping well within the shadows of its bordering trees. It was after midnight that the rustling their ears. Quite plainly now they could hear the trampling of a herd, hungrily cropping the coarse, thin grass. But no fires, no sign of Indians or of horses could be seen in the

The brothers dismounted and led their ponies deeper within the shadows of a cluster of cottonwoods. They stripped the animals of saddles bridles and turned them loose. then wound his sureingle and grass rope about his body and slid softly down the ditch-like bank of the creek. They left their saddles under the

trees and carried their rolled blankets

under their arms. They followed the creek channel, hugging the bank, half creeping on the shore or wading in the water with great caution where there was no foothold on land.

Just then what the lads had calculated upon had happened. Their own ponies had come on and joined the herd. There had been a momentary alarm as the animals had passed Inlarm as the animals had passed In dian guards and camps. In the dark-ness there was little danger that the incident would excite suspicion. The savages would simply conclude that ponies had strayed and returned or been left behind in some shelter of brush or trees.

In the meantime the lads had disovered the Sioux's camp and their first outpost. Fortunately, horse stealers do not allow dogs to follow them, and Antoine and Pierre were in no danger of discovery from these sentinel pests of an ordinary Indian camp.

nanks to the shelter of the creek bank and its fringe of willows, they passed this camp in safety. The passed this camp in safety. The horses were farther on. Presently the brothers ascended the creek bank upon the grass land and were in the midst of the grazing herd. They walked carelessly among the animals, talking in low tones and in the Sioux tongue, which they spoke with a perfect accent.

They were some time in finding rid-They were some time in initial rating points among the herd. At last, by cautious and friendly advance, each secured a pony, bridled the animal, strapped his blanket upon its back and mounted. They rode together boldly along the creek bank. As they passed the limits of the herd a Sioux from the grass a few yards distant and hailed them. Antoine replied.

"We go to the hills," he said, gruffly, "to look for pursuers when light comes."

The Indian grunted approval, and the riders passed leisurely on. This simple, bold proceeding, and the noise and confusien of the stamping, snorting herd, saved an alarm. Its success, and the knowledge that the Indians were herding their booty unmounted, filled Pierre and Antoine with elation. The Sioux, as they had hoped, were giving all of their ponies complete rest for the night.

The daring riders passed on down

the valley until they were well out of sight and hea ing of the herd. Then they hobbled their ponies and flung themselves upon the grass. Here they waited, resting and talking in sub-dued voices until that darkest hour which comes before the dawn. they remounted, uncoiled their grass ropes and 10de back toward the herd. They approached, riding cautiously, until warned by coughing snorts that the horses were near at hand.

There was no longer the rustle of trampling feet-the herd were lying at rest. So much the better for the plan the boys had adopted, a plan sim-ple and bold, requiring dash and courage beyond ordinary conception. They were to stampede this herd of 500 horses and ride at its heels directly through and over an Indian camp. Truly, it was to be neck or nothing with them! They rode a dozen rods apart and halted. They scratched matches under the cover of their horses' flanks and lighted the frayed ends of their grass ropes.

In the next instant Antoine fired

his revolver in air, and with terrifying whoops the daring fellows rode at top speed directly at the sleep-ing herd. They whirled their lighted rope ends, fanned to flame as their animals ran, and rushed in upon a startled crowd of horses, encircled in hissing, writhing coi's of fire.

Pierre rode like one possessed and elled like a veritable war fiend. As yelled like a veritable war fiend. As the herd broke away in his front he ran plump upon an Indian guard.
The Sioux was directly in advance

and running, but turned to shoot. As he did so Pierre, whirling his fire rope, swept the blazing end directly into the savage's face, thrust out a foot and left him, sprawling and blinded, in the grass.

Then there was a wild and most exciting rout. The whole herd of horses fled like mad things before those circling, shrieking snakes of fire.

Despite a mob of yelling Indians, aroused from their blankets and rushing frantically hither and thither, the horses, gathered in a flying swept resistlessly on, taking own back trail instinctively.

Antoine and Pierre galloped into the Sioux camp ground, riding at the heels of the herd and in a smothering cloud of dust. They were fired upon by several Sioux, whom they nearly ran down as they came together at the tail of the berd; but bullets aimed chiefly at whirling streaks of fire and in dust and darkness, went amiss, and the daring stampeders came off with-

out a scratch.

They yelled and whirled their fire ropes until those effective torches had burned nearly to their finger ends, and when that happened they were beyond the Sioux camp and had the whole herd—with 26 Ogalalla ponies beside —in front of them and going like the wind. A score of disconsolate Sioux bucks were left to make their way on foot to the Niobrara country.

Four days later the French-Indian

boys drove the recovered stock, minus four or five head killed and strayed, down the bluffs at La Saussail. The owners of the stock had not

The owners of the stock had not thought it worth while to follow the Indians, but they were delighted with the exploit of Antoine and Pierre. Even the lazy brother was a man of consequence thereafter and was allowed to assist in looking after the

This recapture of stolen stock was piece of daring so admired by the most renowned Sioux braves that even Crazy Horse and Sitting Bull always spoke of the Le Beau boys with some envy and great respect. — Youth's Companion.

ANOTHER CASE OF MAUD.

Maud Muller went on a summer day. To try the old racket of raking hay. She'd heard how it snared a Judge, and thought
There might be another to be caught.

and oft she glanced down the lane's long

Course To see if he came on his piebald horse. But the Judge came not, nor a sleet course clerk.

Nor a constable to get in his work.

Nor even a chronic juror came To ask her to share his oft called-name.

Yet she raked away with a tireless will, For Maud was a stayer from Stayerville!

Great blisters rose on her hands so fair, And hayseeds lodged in her wind-tossed hair.

But nary a Judge came riding by, and her swollen bosom was filled with sigh.

One spark of hope in said bosom burned, That mebbe the court hadn't yet adjourned.

Or he might have halted to feed his face With a lawyer who'd got away with a case

And yet she raked with untiring zeal, The damp sweat trickling from head to heel. The spur-grass pricked at her zebra hose 'Neath the southern bound of her Sunday clothes.

The breezes blew on her bloomin' cheeks
And scattered the sweat into criss-cross
streaks.

The sun sank lower adown the west, And the hope-star dittoed in Maudie's breast.

One last glance fired she along the lane, Then sank on the stubble with moan of pain! But she rose again with impromptu spring, For the stubble was sharp as a hornet's sting!

Then cried, as to splinters she stamped

the rake:
"This hayfield racket's a bloomin' fake! "The feller that writ that portry ought To be taken out an' fatally shot!

"Don't think no gal ever made a play To rake up a feller this-a-way!"

And she said as she limped to her home again,
Her accents keyed to a note of pain:

"Of all darned suckers that ever bit,
I've a sneakin' idee that I am It!"
—Denver Evening Post

## HUMOROUS.

Old Lady (at insurance office)-I want to take out a fire insurance policy at once. Our house is on fire.

"Conversation is only the art of talking back." "Not much; conversa-tion is the art of getting somebody to to listen to you."

"Some men can take new furniture and make it look as if it was made a century ago," says a journalist. So can some children.

"A man has to die to make any-thing out of life insurance," said the citizen. "Oh, no," replied the insur-ance agent, blandly; "I never died vet." vet. Watts-They tell me that there are

more than 50,000 tramps in this country. Dismal Dawson—Don't you believe it. More'n half of 'em is only imitations. "Where are you going my pretty

maid?" "I am going a-shopping, sir," she said. "I wish you'd go buy me, my pretty maid." "I intend to go by my pretty maid." 'you, sir," she said.

A Irish man-servant was discovered in a lie. On being accused by his master of stating what was not the truth, he excused himself by saying. 'Please, sur, I lost my prisence of mind."

Any man is nerved for battle, Fearless facing strife and scars, Who has borne the crash and rattle Of the deadly trolley cars.

"Riches take unto themselves wings and fly away," said a board school teacher. "What kind of riches is teacher. "What kind of riches is meant?" And the smart boy at the bottom of the class said, "They must be ostriches."

Uncle Rich-It seems mighty hard when a man has accumulated a competence to have to die and leave it all. Ben Poore (his nephew)—Oh, I don't know. Don't you think it depends a good deal upon the point of view?

Laughin' Time-Jock's sweetheart wrote from town: "My Darling Jock -I have no time to write; be sure and write a long letter." Jock wrote: "Dear Jean - If you have no time to write, you can have no time to read."

A clergyman's bright little boy has a remarkable faculty of quoting Scripture. One morning he spilled his cup of milk on the tablecloth, and, anticipating a reproof, he dropped his head instantly, and murmured, "My tup runneth over."

Miss Homewood-Oh, Sue, don't you want to join our new society? It's going to be very exclusive. Misa Point Breeze—What society is it? "The G. W. N. K. H." "What do these letters stand for?" "Girls who rever bised Helson." never kissed Hobson."

Teacher—Now, Thomas, the hypothenuse of a right-angled triangle is equal to the sum of the squares of the other two sides. Do I make myself plain that way? Thomas—I guess sa—ma says too much eddication is what makes you so homely.

## Most Fragrant Flowers

It is an interesting thing to know that 4200 species of plants are gathered and used for commercial purposes in Europe. Of these, 420 have a perfume that is pleasing and enter largely into the manufacture of scents and soaps. There are more species of white flowers gathered than of any other color—1124 in all. Of these, 187 have an agreeable scent, an extraordinarily large proportion. Next in order come yellow blossoms, with in order come yellow blossoms, with 951, seventy-seven of them being per-fumed. Red flowers number 823, of which eighty-four are scented. The blue flowers are of 594 varieties, thirty-four of which are perfused, and violet blossoms are pleasantly odorlfereus. -Tit-Bits.