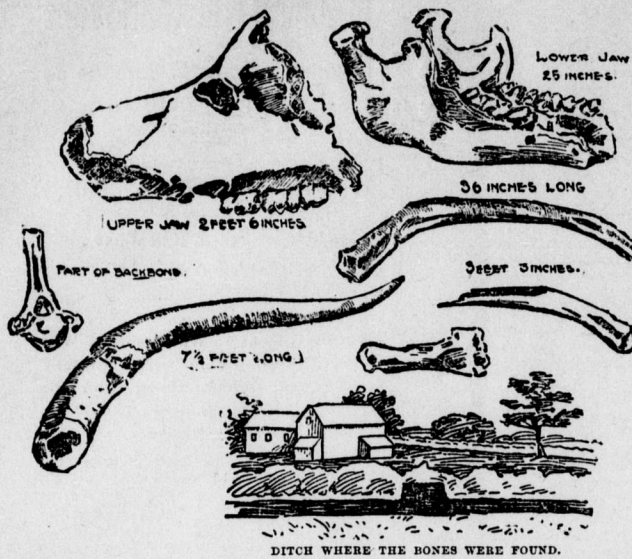


REMARKABLE MASTODON BONES DUG UP.



The remains of another mastodon have been discovered in Orange County, New York. This is the eleventh discovery of the kind since 1794, and Kentucky is the only other part of the country that can match Orange County in these pre-historic relics. The bones of this mastodon were first brought to the surface of the ground on the farm of Fred W. Schaefer, about one mile west of Newburg. The bones consist of the head, one tusk, the lower jaw, with the teeth intact, sixteen ribs, two sections of the vertebrae, a part of the shoulder blades and a number of smaller bones. The place where the skeleton was found was once the bed of a lake which has been filled by vegetable mould and washings from the hills.

Busy Days at the Recruiting Stations.

How Uncle Sam Picks Out His Men For the Philippines.



UST now, by order of the President, ten new regiments are being raised, equipped and sent out to the Philippines for immediate service. There is no difficulty in making up these regiments. From all the various recruiting stations established in the United States comes the reassuring report that the only difficulty is that of selection.

Among the applicants there is of

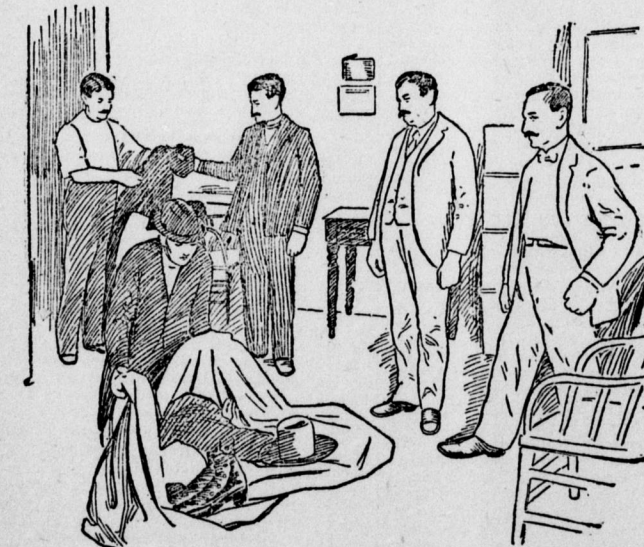


WOULD BE RECRUITS QUIZZING THE CORPORAL.

course a certain contingent from that large, floating mass of waifs and strays who have not yet reached the stage of tramping, but who live as best they can, with no settled home or calling. So it requires nice judgment to pick out the right ones from the mass.

Then, there are tramps open and self-confessed, or if not actually confessed by word of mouth, self-evident. When the evidence takes the form of an over fragrance of breath or an over rosiness of nose they are promptly dismissed. Stalwart and vigorous as many of them are in appearance, alcoholism is sternly barred by the army regulations. Permanent and professional tramping would in itself be an insuperable obstacle, but tramping that is only a recent accident in an otherwise orderly life may be overlooked if the applicant has excellent qualifications in other respects.

Then there is the large army of the unemployed who have no vagrant habits save those entailed in the dreary pursuit of work. These are what the French call conscripts de faim—conscripts of hunger. Though they are nominally volunteers, they



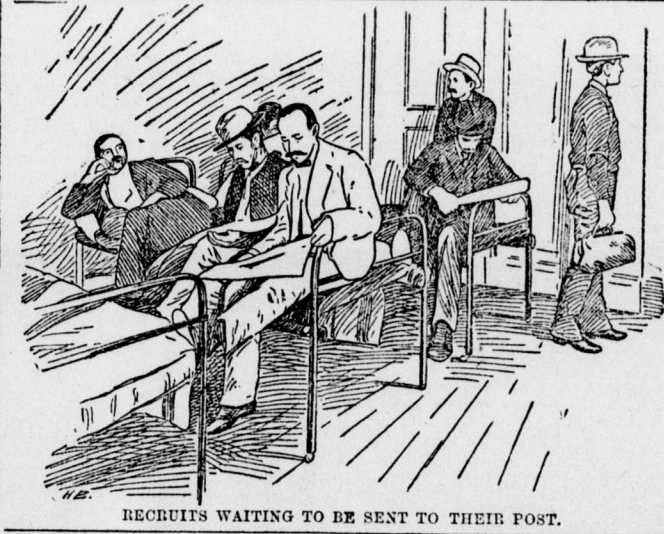
SERVING OUT EQUIPMENT TO RAW RECRUITS.

are driven into enlisting by that hardest form of compulsion—starvation. For one that wants to fight, ninety-nine simply want bread. But if they have been earnest and willing and honest in their search for bread, if they have always purchased it by the

sweat of their brows, and if they have the mental, moral and physical qualifications for fighting Uncle Sam will not deny them the bread which they are more willing to purchase with their blood.

But not even these form the best material which Uncle Sam has thrust upon him for selection. Better far are the brawny, brainy and eager youth, from town and country, who, fired with the true soldierly spirit, unforced by emptiness of stomach, come with hearts and heads full of patriotism and generous ambition and high ideas to offer their services to their common uncle.

The hardy backwoodsmen of New England, the daredevil cowboys of the Western plains, the stalwart farm hands in the great agricultural dis-



RECRUITS WAITING TO BE SENT TO THEIR POST.

tricts all over the United States—these with a little training develop into the finest soldiers in all the world.

There are three recruiting stations in New York. I have stood in all three of these places and watched the crowd of applicants streaming in, a panoramic study of human nature in its highest and its lowest forms, of alert and splendid youth, of depressed, disappointed and degraded maturity. In all of these stations the method is the same.

A sergeant sits at the desk in the room into which the applicant is ushered. He is patient, but shrewd; kindly, but firm-willed. He does not balk at any untruthfulness in manner or speech.

He is not offended, even by the freshness of the lad who blantly declares, "Say, captain, I want to enlist," or even the unconscious rudeness of

alert for at the start. This is untruthfulness. Lies about the age are most usual. The age limit is from eighteen to thirty-five. But boys under eighteen must have permission from parent or guardian, duly sworn to and attested by a notary public. If a boy of obviously not more than eighteen or nineteen declares that he is over twenty-one the chances are that he is on the lookout for a long truncheon from home.

But if the sergeant was satisfied that the applicant was neither too young nor too old for service he must be examined as to other points of qualification. The requirements exact that if he be a candidate for the regular army he must be a native born or naturalized citizen, able to speak English and to read and write; if for the volunteers it is not necessary that he should be naturalized or know how to read and write, but he must speak English.

These points are easily passed upon. It is most difficult to determine whether his habits are orderly, his character good, if he is out of work, whether it is his own fault that he is so, and whether he is unmarried. No married man is accepted. The shrewdness of the officer must supplement the answers he receives, and must further be called into play to deter-



THE MAJOR ADMINISTERS THE OATH.

mine at a cursory glance whether his physical characteristics are sufficiently near the mark to make it worth while submitting him to the necessary examination by the army surgeon.

If he succeed in passing the sergeant, this examination is the next step before his final acceptance. Every morning beginning at half-past eight the applicants who have passed the preliminary examination are mustered

before the surgeon. Tests are made of the heart, the lungs, the eyes, the teeth, the hearing. The body is stripped and the individual is made to go through calisthenic exercises.

It is a curious fact that more people fail through defects of the teeth and of the eyes than any others. Uncle Sam requires a good digestion and good eyesight. The applicant must have at least two sound pair of molars, each directly above the other, so that they can properly perform the function of masticating the food.

The eyes must be at least three-quarters of the normal. Printed test cards are placed at a distance of twenty feet, and the man is made to read letters of varying sizes. Many learn here for the first time, to their dismay that their eyesight is defective.

It is really pitiful to hear the excuses, perfectly honest to themselves, which they make for what they deem to be a mere temporary lapse. They had been anxious; they had been nervous; they had not happened to sleep well the night before.

"Give me another trial," pleaded a man, who bore every other appearance of robust health. "I'll be all right tomorrow."

But the flat had gone out. It could not be recalled. He went out angrily, rubbing his eyelids, as though they were rebellious children who had wilfully brought their parent to shame.

To all the men, indeed, who fail in the final test, just when acceptance seems in sight, rejection is a crushing blow. They who survive are proportionately jubilant. To each of these is given a meal ticket and a comfortable cot in a room back of the recruiting office which he makes his headquarters until he is sent off to camp for the training which will turn a member of the awkward squad into a soldier. Then he is ready to be shipped to the Philippines.

From two hundred to three hundred men a day apply to the three stations in New York, but rarely have more than twenty-five or thirty been selected.

In the first half of the year the insurance companies lost by fire in the United States and Canada \$65,695,750, an increase over the same period of last year of \$7,462,000.

The fraternities of the United States have 6,000,000 members. Masons lead 768,508.

THREE WOMEN SOLONS.

Their Busy Careers as Members of the Colorado Legislature.

Three women are members of the Colorado Legislature. Their official actions have demonstrated that women can fill offices of trust and respon-



DR. MARY T. BARRY.

sibility with credit to themselves and benefit to the people they represent.

Dr. Mary T. Barry has served the past year as a member of the House from Pueblo County. In 1887 she graduated in medicine from the Northwestern University of Chicago. After one year in the preparatory school she attended in the hospital for one year as house physician, after which she practiced medicine for two years in La Crosse. Since 1894 she has been in active practice in Pueblo, where she served as county physician during the years 1896-97.

Mrs. Harriet G. R. Wright, one of the two women representatives to the Twelfth General Assembly from Arapahoe County, located in Colorado twenty-seven years ago, and has lived in Denver seventeen years. Her family consists of a husband and three grown sons. Mrs. Wright is a recognized social and political leader, and



MRS. HARRIET G. R. WRIGHT.

enjoys the confidence and friendship of very many people. Her husband, Henry Wright, was one of the pioneers of the State, having gone to Colorado thirty-eight years ago. Mrs. Wright is a descendant on both sides from early colonial settlers of America. Two ancestors in her mother's family, John and Jacob Reeve, came over in the Mayflower. Her father was a pioneer in Wisconsin, as she has been in Colorado. He was a Presbyterian clergyman, and one of the earliest advocates for advanced education for girls. He founded the Wisconsin Female College, the first college for women in Wisconsin, and was the president for many years. Mrs. Wright's interests were all along educational lines in her girlhood, and she has never changed in that respect.

Mrs. Frances F. Lee, the other woman representative from Arapahoe County, is the wife of Frank W. Lee, of Denver. Mrs. Lee is the mother of five children, of ages ranging from three to eleven, and has always had them in personal charge, and even now, while in attendance at the State House, helping to frame laws to im-



MRS. FRANCES F. LEE.

prove the present labor and municipal conditions, is never too preoccupied to look after the interests of her family. Mrs. Lee has a well selected library, and through all the labor of personally caring for her home and children, she manages to keep informed concerning all the leading questions of the day. She is amply qualified to act in the responsible position she now occupies. She has introduced five bills. She is a strong advocate of pure air and proper ventilation in school rooms, and considers that much improvement can be made on the present system, to which she attributes the death of many children.—Elnora M. Babcock.

For every dollar expended for spirituous and malt liquors in this country twenty cents are spent for tea or coffee.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

Tomorrow Land.
Somewhere westward of today
Lies a country far away,
And its name explorers say,
Is Tomorrow Land.
There, across the starlit wave,
Little people all "behave"—
Girls are good and boys are brave
In Tomorrow Land.
Lessons are not left undone,
And although there's lots of fun
No one teases any one
In Tomorrow Land.
"Shan't" is a word no lips repeat,
Temper are serene and sweet,
Hands are washed and clothes are neat
In Tomorrow Land.
Bedtime doesn't bring a frown,
And when some one tumbles down
Outerlies do not rouse the town
In Tomorrow Land.
Could we emigrate to there,
Good resolves their fruit would bear,
Mother wouldn't have a care
In Tomorrow Land.—Felix Leigh.

The Story of Bullfinch Day.

"Bullfinch day," observed at Merton college, England, has a quaint origin. When Charles II was king of England he sent his wife, Katharine, to Oxford, bidding her not to reappear in St. James for a full year. The warden of Merton entertained the queen during the time, and the rooms which she occupied in the quadrangle are still shown. One day as she sat working at an open window, a bullfinch flew into the room. The queen caught it and held it until a cage of hemp and rushes was made. Some weeks later, as she was leaving, the bird escaped and flew away. On her departure from the college gate Her Majesty said: "Mr. Warden, in remembrance of my happy visit, I pray you always liberate, hereafter, a wild bullfinch on this day." So it is that on this day every year the warden comes out into the quadrangle at 11 o'clock, holding a little cage of hemp and rushes in which is a bullfinch. The junior bursar, who has been awaiting his arrival, then advances saying, "Mr. Warden, is this Queen Katharine's bird?" "Aye," the warden replies, "this is Queen Katharine's bird!" The bursar then opens the cage and claps his hands until the bird flies away. During the rest of the year the cage is kept on a pedestal in the senior common room.

Life of a Famous General.

General Ulysses S. Grant, who was the eighteenth president of the United States, was born at Point Pleasant, Clermont county, Ohio, April 27, 1822, and died on Mount McGregor, near Saratoga, July 23, 1885. The house where he was born was a little log cabin. As Ulysses was the eldest of six children and the family were very poor he was compelled during his boyhood to work hard assisting his father on the farm. The elder Grant also owned a tannery which in time yielded the family a good living. Ulysses attended the village school until the spring of 1839, when he was appointed a cadet to West Point. He had been named Hiram Ulysses, but the congressman who made out the application for his appointment, knowing only that he was called Ulysses, and supposing that his middle name must be that of his father, Sampson, wrote out the name Ulysses S. Grant, and so it always afterward remained. He graduated in 1843, standing twenty-first in a class of 39. He served in the war with Mexico and at its close went to St. Louis, where he married Miss Julia B. Dent, the sister of one of his classmates. He resigned his commission in the army in 1854 and settled on a farm near St. Louis. He worked in the Illinois hardware and leather store of his father as a clerk when the civil war broke out. He at once raised a company of volunteers in Galena and offered his services to the government. He entered the war as colonel of the Twenty-first infantry; at its close he was the general, the head of the army. On March 4, 1869, he became president.—Trenton (N. J.) American.

A Racing Bird of the Southwest.

When first I saw it the bird looked like a faded-out and moldy streak of blue lightning darting across the trail through the chaparral thickets. This was in western Texas several years ago. A minute or two after this first sight of the "road runner" it appeared in the trail forty or fifty feet ahead, stopped, looked back at me sanely and began to trot down the road in the most leisurely manner. The chaparral clumps were small and far apart. The open was covered with hairlike mesquite grass. Here and there a net of orange-blossomed cactus stood anchored among the limestone rocks on which "mountain-boomer" lizards flattened in the sun.

The day was sweltering, but the sight of that impudent bird trotting along ahead made me eager for a chase. So I dug my heels in my broncho's sides and loosened the reins. With a leap the horse shot ahead, almost trampling upon the road-runner before it recovered from its surprise. We never got any nearer to that bird. Down the trail it ran like an arrow, whizzing close to the ground, its speckled shape of blue and black and brown looking more like a shadow above the sand than like a living thing. After perhaps an eighth of a mile of this queer race the chaparral cock gave a cry like a scream of jesting laughter, made a flying leap to the top of a high bank, poised there for a moment and then sailed away on rigid wings and disappeared behind a thicket several hundred feet away from the trail. That was the last I saw of that particular bird but the

species is common in the southwest, where the bird is known under many names, such as "snake-killer," "lizard-bird," "ground cuckoo," and so forth.

The bird is a famous killer of rattlesnakes, which it tosses into the "prickly-pear" or cactus nests, where the snake is impaled on the long spines and soon becomes exhausted from thrashing about and wounding itself. The road-runner also feeds on the tender lizards that are found everywhere in the southwest. Its wary game makes the creature stealthy and silent of habit, and it steals about like a small boy searching the pantry for forbidden jam. The road-runner is over two feet long, including its long neck and still longer tail, and its body is remarkably slender. The creature cannot fly better than the ordinary barnyard rooster, but it is a great sailor if it gets a good start from a high place.—Chicago Record.

More Faithful Than His Master.
About the year 1850, a personal friend of the narrator, residing in a remote New England town, left his young wife and happy home to seek his fortune in California.

On a summer afternoon, nearly eighteen months afterward, as she was sitting on the lawn before the cottage of which she was the sole occupant, and which was situated on a retired road nearly two miles from a small village, she was agreeably surprised by the appearance of an expressman who had brought her \$2000 in gold and a welcome letter from her long-absent husband, the gold being the result of his first year's labor at the mines.

After the excitement of her surprise had somewhat subsided, she began to think that it would be unsafe for her to remain alone in the house with so much money. It was the hard earnings of her self-sacrificing husband, and should be safely kept.

While she was pondering in her mind what to do with the money, and also whom she could get to keep her company that night, she saw her butcher, a resident of the village, riding along the road in his wagon toward his home, and having confidence in him as a trustworthy friend and adviser, she called to him to stop that she might relate to him her good fortune.

The butcher listened attentively to her story of fortune, and said he would leave his faithful dog "Bose," a large mastiff, who, he said, perfectly understood his business when any property was intrusted to his care for safe keeping.

The butcher said to his dog, "Bose, do you lie down on that door rug, and don't let any person come into this house tonight," saying which the butcher rode away.

The lady feeling perfectly safe, thought she would make friends with the dog, and offered him something to eat; but "Bose" would not eat, neither would he take any notice of her, except to occasionally follow her with his eyes whenever she moved about the room. Failing to make a companion of the dog, she began to be afraid, and her personal fear of the dog was now greater than the fear of losing her money.

The lady retired to her bed, leaving the door of her bedroom ajar, so that she could see the dog as he lay on the rug at the sitting room door, and who seemed to keep a constant watch upon her, so much so that she dared not go to sleep, and almost wished the dog was not in the house.

At last she fell into a drowsy slumber, from which she was suddenly aroused by Bose as he sprang from his place on the rug toward the window. She heard him growl and struggle, then all was quiet. She was so much frightened that she dared not move, yet she could not now see the dog from where she lay, neither did she know what had happened.

She lay in terrible suspense until morning, when she ventured cautiously to leave her bed. Going into the sitting room she found the window open, and the body of the butcher lying across the window sill, his head in the room, his feet on the outside of the house; he was dead. He had attempted to rob his confiding friend, in doing which his own dog had seized him by the throat, and caused him to choke or bleed to death. Bose had strictly obeyed his orders and "let no person into the house that night."—Weekly Witness.

A Modern Courtship.

"I suppose that some of her foot-friends must have let it out," laughed the Atwater street commission man, who was at the same lunch table with the baker, "but it's true, all right enough."

"Pretty sharp work, wasn't it?" "Yes, but characteristic of the age and country. It was what you might call a condensed courtship, for there was considerable detail, after all. She's an orphan you know, is a good many removes from poverty, knows her own mind and doesn't have to change it fifty or sixty times before reaching a final determination. She was going east for a visit, and had trunks full of money. On the train a mutual friend introduced us, and it was one of those first-sight cases. And things came our way. We talked last, we had a delightful little luncheon at a no train station, we passed through three travels, had a big box of bon-bons, refreshed with ice cream soda when we reached Philadelphia, and we t from the fountain to the mirror."

"They say your courtship lasted but five hours?" "Yes, about that. But to be absolutely accurate, it was just four hours and fifty-five minutes from the time I lifted my hat at our introduction till I kissed the bride. Millions of men have courted for years and done far worse."