



# Memorial Day

## Jim's Grave

A Story for Memorial Day

PINDLES and looms were hushed, stores and offices closed, and the busy working world at rest and freedom, for it was Decoration Day in a great Eastern city. This was God's day—the day of her heroes; the Union's day—the day of her defenders; yes, Dixie's day—the day of her martyrs. For did they not all suffer and die alike, according to conviction? Was the young life of a rebel worth less to his land—and his mother—than that of his brother or cousin who lived north of Mason and Dixon's line and wore a blue uniform instead of a gray one? Were they not "fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same summer and winter?" And was it not high time, as well as a beautiful reassertment of humanity, that all such supraness of interests was forgotten, and the ugly scar of its former existence covered up with flowers?

It was late in the afternoon. The great city was almost deserted, for its respective millions had flocked forth to the silent, pleading cemeteries, laden with blossoms for the sleepers, heart-



### Put Some Posies on Jim's Grave.

hat bobbed up and down determinedly, and two little hands gesticulated toward the old woman. The carriage turned out of the road, the footman leapt down and opened the door, and a bundle of white skirts, black hose, blue ribbons and yellow curls fluttered over and around the old woman.

"What makes you cry?"

"They didn't put no posies on Jim's grave!" the cracked, pathetic voice answered.

"Who's Jim?"

"My Jim."

"Was he a soldier?"

"Yes, I knowed it warn't fur no good"—by this time a crowd had gathered around the speakers—"when he 'listed. Says I, 'Oh, Jeems, don't go! They'll only put you pore boys in front for the rebels to shoot at. That's all I got! Don't go, Jimmie! But he would go. He had got buttons an' plenty more soldiers in York. You're stripes in his eye, an' off he put, almos' fore I could get his clothes fixed. An' I never seen him no more! He got killed in the fust battle he fit, an' now they don't think enough uv him to put no posies on his grave!" with renewed sobbing.

The child stood like an avenging goddess, her head thrown up, looking at the approaching column.

On her cheeks which started in pity and rolled off in righteous indignation. "It's off a bit to itself."

### He Got Killed in the First Battle.

ence and forget-me-nots. The ceremonies were over, and the murmuring, surging tide turned homeward. In front the Grand Army of the Republic bristled and towered, with ribbons and medals on uniformed breasts; the President of these United (yes, united) States, with Cabinet officers in solemn dignity; the Governor and his staff, scarcely less impressive; and holiday, and then the people—sorrowed veterans, gray-haired and tremulous, buoyed up almost to second youth by life and drum and marshaled parenthood; military companies, rank and file, knapsack, canteen, rifle and accoutred belt, with dusty feet and flushed, tired faces, surface signs of the inward significance of war, discipline, duty, muster and forced marches; Mayor, Council and Aldermen, in staid municipal dignity; mounted police force; distinguished citizens; casual lookers-on in public cabs, chatting and laughing, forgetting that Decoration Day means sought but flowers eager, pushing, crowding, jamming; the mob and rabble—striving, perspiring, toward street car and open highway.

Off from the line of march, upon the dusty roadside, was an old woman crying. Her dress was shabby, hands bare and toll-hardened, her teeth gone, her thin, gray hair disordered. Tears of to-day ran down the beaten track of many yesterdays. And so she sat and wove, while the great people marched, bands played, gaily caparisoned horses pranced and the rabble shrieked and pushed.



### A Bad Result.

One of the results of bad wagon roads is that life on the farm becomes isolated and barren of social enjoyments and country people in some communities suffer such great disadvantage that emigration is checked, energy weakened and industry paralyzed. Common sense sums up for us the benefits of good roads. Like good streets, good roads make habitations along them most desirable; they economize time and force in transportation of products, reduce wear and tear on horses, harness and vehicles, and enhance the market value of real estate. They raise the value of farm lands and farm products to the producer and yet cheapen the latter to the consumer who now buys from the middleman, and they always beautify the country through which they pass; they facilitate rural mail delivery and are a potent aid to education, religion and sociability.

### The child interrupted her.

"That's the reason," she said; "they didn't see it."

She sprang to the main road, where the police had cleared passage for the procession. Up the open aisle she sped, like a bird skimming the ground, and was right in front of the grand marshal before any one could stop her—her hat, fallen off, suspended on her shoulders by its ribbons, the tears still dashing on her flushed cheeks.

"Stop!" she cried, and the grand marshal obeyed, else she would have been trampled to death under his horse's feet. Something in the child's air told him that what she had to say was worth hearing. The column behind had halted and jerked, heads had been thrust out of carriage windows and ordered galloped on ahead. The bands stopped playing, the people listened to hear what the matter was, and the grand marshal's horse pranced and fretted, while his rider asked:

"What do you want?"

"You forgot a grave!" a clear, small voice replied.

"Whose grave?"

"Jim's."

"What do you mean?"

"Jim—I don't know his other name, but his mother does. There she sits crying because you didn't put any flowers on his grave. Jim was a soldier. I told her you didn't mean to slight her. Jim has a right to flowers on his grave, and—ready to cry, but still undaunted—"you'll have to go back and put some on it!"

Then there was a yell. Such a yell of applause! The voice of the people, the keynote of our great democratic Constitution!

The grand marshal called his orderly, and a whispered conversation took place. The orderly lifted the child to his pommel and galloped across to the old woman. Her tottering, ill-clad form was helped into the carriage with the child. Beside them rode the orderly, and behind them the grand marshal, reining in to suit their slower gait his restive, prancing charger. The line of march reversed, the bands resumed their playing, and back it crept—the Great Army of the Republic—to "put some posies on Jim's grave."—Belle Hunt.

### A Broad Spirit.

It is in a broad spirit that the results of the Civil War must now be accepted if the inherent beauty of the Memorial Day ceremonies are to be maintained. The great results of the prolonged strife are now apparent to every one with eyes to see; only the most narrow and bitterly partisan in spirit remain blind to the beneficent aspects of the war. And the God's are in which the dead soldiers lie is doubly consecrated by their dust, while the lesson of their lives is becoming an all-embracing one. What's halloed ground? 'Tis what gives birth.

To sacred thoughts in souls of worth!  
Peace! Independence! Truth! go forth  
Earth's compass round;  
And your high priesthood shall make earth  
All halloed ground!

### TO THE SOLDIER DEAD

By Ernest Neal Lyon

Still, receive our lyric praise,  
Who, o'er battle's fiery sea,  
Through unresting nights and days  
Bore the banner of the free!

Bring us lilies, pure as snow,  
Or the purple of the brave—  
Roses, crimson as the glow  
Of the blood you freely gave.

Violets, with steadfast hue,  
Symbol of unchanging truth—  
All—the white, the red, the blue—  
Speak the flag that summons youth.

Summons youth to dare and die  
For an ungen, ideal thing,  
Living, betwixt earth and sky,  
In that banner fluttering.

May it ever live supreme,  
While, like you, the brave and pure  
See the Vision and the Dream,  
Keep the Flag and State secure!



## Good Roads

### Government Becoming Interested.

THE press dispatches announced some days ago that Postmaster-General Cortelyou had become so far interested in the subject of good roads as to agree to co-operate with officials in Illinois in measures to be taken for their improvement in that State. We are not advised as to the authority the Postmaster-General may have in this direction; perhaps he has none, and only now intends his good offices in the matter, but it is encouraging to the friends of National aid to road improvement to know that so distinguished a member of the Administration is even looking into the subject. This is all that is needed—to get the men of affairs to studying along the line of the Brownlow-Lattimer good roads bill. The necessity for road improvement is everywhere apparent. How to get them improved has been a problem since the country's earliest days. The States have handled the trouble in almost as many different ways as there are States, and yet the roads are no better than forty, fifty or sixty years ago. In fact, many of them have gone from bad to worse until present highway conditions, taking the country over, are simply intolerable, and the time has come—here now—when something must be done to relieve the situation. The annual loss to American farmers because of bad roads amounts to more than one-half billion dollars. Does any sane man propose to say that this fearful drain is not a National menace; that it will not directly destroy National prosperity, and tear down the American farm home—the bulwark of National integrity and of National life? It is time for the people to go for the Nation's lawmakers, the Senators and Representatives in Congress, and press the demand for relief from these unhappy conditions. We shall have no systematic road improvement until we have National co-operation with the States, and we shall not have this National aid until the people demand it of Congressmen and those who aspire to be Congressmen. It is a mighty good plan to ask for a thing when one wants it, and we believe the people have a right to demand expression on this road question before the Congressional elections are held this year.

### The Roads in Florida.

The good beginning is half the battle. When we have a graded highway on the East Coast from Miami to Jacksonville, Palatka and Ocala and Gainesville will hasten to make a circuit by joining connection, there will be an extension to Tampa and we shall have a new Florida as soon as the West sends down her long arm from Pensacola. Do we remember what a boom we had as soon as the system of railways became certain? Expect another when the system of highways is no longer doubtful. Of course, everything would not be done in a day, but Rome would not have been built but for Romulus gone to work and left the plan behind him.

Now don't you forget that it is only the natural kindness of the State Health Officer and his innate gentleness that make him "recommend" the cleanliness that is next to godliness and the precautions necessary for health and useful living. He prefers the gentle touch, but if this is not effective he has the steel glove, and the whole population of this State and every friend of Florida everywhere give weight to the blow when he is compelled to strike. Listen to his recommendations, however, take his advice and he will roar you as softly as a sucking dove and smile as sweetly as your mother while he turns a flood of fire and water on your premises and drives you to the woods with his formaldehyde and other big words. And he is all right every time—better smell than microbes.

A friend from West Florida says he came East to look up those highways we have been talking about. He wanted an automobile, and chose one he would buy if the agent would take him on a spin to Miami by way of teaching the management and proving its usefulness. And then he was amazed to be told that he couldn't go anywhere except on ear or boat—that we had no decent road that would carry an auto out of hearing of Big Jim. And he came around to ask the newspaper boys whether the garage was fooling him for a tunderfoot. Said he: "I thought the East Coast did things, and I first read of this road from Miami to Jacksonville when I was courting my wife." Well, "all things come to those who wait."—Jacksonville Times-Union.

### Not That Kind of Suits.

A dilapidated person rang a West Philadelphia doorbell and asked the lady of the house, a lawyer's wife, whether she had any old suits.

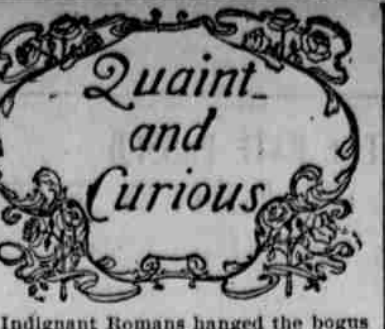
"Go to see my husband at his office," she answered. "His are mostly old. He's had one of them I know for more than twenty years." The tramp looked discouraged.—Philadelphia Record.

### The Penalty.

Pending a settlement of those differences of opinion as to whether or not poverty is a crime, the usual penalty will continue to be imposed.—Puck.

### A Company Has Been Formed to Unearth a Monster Meteorite.

A company has been formed to unearth a monster meteorite which fell at Bolbrooke, Arizona. It is estimated that the meteorite contains gold, silver and lead worth more than \$2,000,000.



## Quaint and Curious

### Indignant Romans Hanged the Bogus Sootsayers.

Who did not predict the destruction of Pompeii and Herculaneum.

### The Making of Lucifer Matches is a State Monopoly in France, Spain, Portugal, Italy, Greece, Roumania and Servia.

The outside walls of many of the houses in Mexico are from three to six feet thick, to withstand earthquake shocks.

### Patagonian Llamas Live for Years without Tasting Water, and a Breed of Cows near Losere, France, and Noted for the Richness of the Milk, Takes it Very Rarely.

Thread made from the spider's web is lighter and stronger than that which comes from the silkworm. In France there is a factory used only for the manufacture of spider thread.

### George Ross, Postmaster at Hancock, Texas, who was appointed by a Republican administration, is a county commissioner elected as a Democrat, a justice of the peace elected as an independent, and a school trustee for the precinct.

### "Kamala" is the vernacular name of the red dye produced from the glands of the mature fruit of a tree named Mallotus Philippinensis. The tree is also called the "monkey-face tree," because monkeys paint their faces red by rubbing them with the fruit.

Henry Heatherfield, of Cardiff, Wales, was accused of stealing lead from a roof, and broke jail and fled. After he had traveled 26,000 miles he surrendered and was tried on the charge of theft and acquitted. But he was held for trial for escaping from prison.

### Mrs. Effie Place, of North Manchester, owns an Easter egg fifty-two years old, says the Indianapolis News. It was colored a dark red on Easter Sunday, 1854, but the color has faded to a pink. The shell is still well preserved and bears the name of her mother, Mrs. Eliza Miller.

### The world's most remarkable book, at least so far as appearance is concerned, is in the National Library of Paris. The letters are cut out of tissue paper with a pair of scissors. Each sheet of blue tissue, out of which the letters are cut, is placed between two pages of white, and so the matter is easily read.

### The tallest people are the Polynesians, that island race which includes the natives of Samoa, New Zealand, the Marquesas and Hawaii. The average man stands five feet ten inches, whereas the average American man's stature is five feet seven inches. The shortest people are the bushmen of Africa, whose height is but four feet four inches.

### Sir John Brunner has arranged for the town of Wilmington, Norwich, England, what is called "a bonus scheme for healthy babies." Every birth will be reported upon, and at the end of twelve months Sir John Brunner will make a grant of twenty shillings to the mother of the guardian of each child that has made satisfactory progress. The object of the scheme is to reduce the infant mortality.

### Cat and Rat Ship's Pets.

A sailor approached the officer of the deck after retreat on board of the Chicago and said, saluting: "Sir, may I have the permission to go to the Saturn?"

"What for?" said that officer.

"To get the cat," was the reply.

The cat is the pet of the ship. When the flagship went to Hilo the cruiser's cat stayed behind to get acquainted with the cats of the tropics. He evidently got pretty well acquainted, for when the cruiser returned and "the cat came back" he was a battle-scarred veteran.

### Beside the cat the battleship boasts a rat. Not a plague rat, but a white rat straight from Bremerston, Wash. That rat is also a pet, and is a glossy, well-fed, well-mannered rodent, as white as driven snow. The sailor who seems to be his special guardian says that the more he pounds the rat the better he likes him. He crawls all over the boys, takes his cigarette smoke like a Spanish senorita and makes himself quite at home wherever he is. But he never gets "shore leave."

### It is a peculiar thing that the cat and the rat are the best of friends. Once in a while the rat gets a little too familiar to suit his catship and bites the cat's lips with his sharp teeth. Then the cat just looks pained and turns up his eyes to the boys for sympathy. He never seems to think of such a thing as eating up his companion. If he did the boys would soon teach him better manners, no doubt.—Honolulu Commercial Advertiser.

### An Indian's Stoicism.

A pathetic story, afterward proved a true one, was the incident told by a party of miners, in which it was related that these miners had come across a space among the trees that was cleared of snow, on one side of which a small wood fire was burning. In the middle of the clearing lay an old Indian, who had been cast aside by his tribe to die. Investigation shows that it is the invariable custom of the Indian tribes that hunt the flats of southern Nevada, when they perceive signs of a final weakness in any individual of their number, to leave him behind to die. They place a small amount of food at his side and proceed upon their journey, while he who is left on the doorstep of the happy hunting grounds obeys his fate with the stoicism of the old-time flagellants. This particular Indian lived for nearly two weeks before death overcame him, steadfastly refusing succor from any and all who sought to relieve him.

### Miss Knox's "Yes, he actually said your cheeks were like roses." Miss Passay (coolly delighted)—"Oh, come, now, that's laying it on pretty thick." Miss Knox—"Yes, he remarked that about it, too."—Philadelphia Press.

### Bobble—"Papa, what is graft?" Papa—"It is getting something because you're in a position to get it." Bobble—"Then am I grafting when you place me over your knee in a position to get it?"—Judge.

### Father (sternly)—"Now, Sophia, something must be done to reduce your expensiveness. You are actually spending more than your allowance." Daughter—"It isn't my fault, father. I've done my best to get you to increase it."—Brooklyn Life.

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### Mr. Titewodd—"Didn't I give you a penny for doing that errand for me?" Johnny Jones—"Yes, sir." Mr. Titewodd—"Well, what do you say?" Johnny Jones—"Please don't make me say it. Ma told me always to be polite to my elders."—Cleveland Leader.

### "What makes you think that Mars is inhabited?" "My correspondence with the editor of the magazine I write for," answered the professor. "He says that is the only view which has any popular interest."—Washington Star.

### Dr. Osler's Rival Raccoon.

Lord Rosebery said years ago at a complimentary banquet to the eminent surgeon that if Sir Frederick Treves were to enter the political arena he would challenge our foremost orators. Sir Frederick was recently setting out for a little holiday to Egypt. Let us hope he will take advantage of his trip to give the world some more of the vivid word pictures which so many enjoyed in his volume, "The Other Side of the Lancers." His address as Lord Rector of the University of Aberdeen exceeds that sustained his reputation as a public speaker. It was at this banquet that a story was told at the expense of that long suffering animal, the London "bus horse. When horses were wanted for the South African War, a lot of animals were sent which had been employed hitherto in the shafts of London omnibuses. The soldiers who had to use these horses for drawing guns found they would not pull with any spirit or energy at the heavy guns. At last one cockney driver found a remedy: he slapped his belt against the gun and shouted: "Benk! Benk! Liverpool street! Liverpool street!" in the familiar manner of a "bus conductor. Instantly the horses plunged forward, and no more trouble with them was experienced.—London Daily News.

### Muskrats Rob Hunter of Duck.

Mr. Elliott, foreman of the Mossman Lumber Company, of this place, shot a wild duck yesterday as it flew over the back water, breaking its wing. The duck plunged headlong into the water. A minute later two muskrats popped their heads above the water and started in pursuit of it. The duck swam and flustered in a circle. One of the rats followed it directly, while the other rat would cut across and head it off. Finally, one of the rats made a dive, and, coming up near the duck, caught it and dived out of sight. The other rat followed and Elliott went home minus the duck.—Jasper Corry spondence Indianapolis News.

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## Popular Science

An efficient tool room is a requisite of a good shop. The machines in this department should be high-class, otherwise their imperfections will be reproduced in the tools. In the larger shops it is the duty of the tool room not only to see that certain tools are on hand for doing the work, but to see what files or other fixtures could be made to cheapen production, and to consider in general the best way to handle any special job.

### Very Important Improvements of the North Sea Canal are in progress and are expected to be completed in the course of 1907. When finished, the canal will be considerably wider and deeper, and altogether better navigable for the largest class of steamers.

### Aluminum and lead will not alloy. They mix when melted, but separate when cooling.

### Canadian mica has been increasing steadily in value from 1895 to the present time, and that of India has been almost as steadily decreasing in value; so that, where in 1895 the imported value of Indian mica was nearly three times that of Canadian mica, in 1904 Canadian mica stood higher than Indian.

### More than sixty years ago Moser noticed that certain bright metals emit rays capable of affecting photographic plates and of passing through thin screens of paper, etc. Continuing the investigation, Professor H. Pitelchikoff, of the University of Charkov, has now found that some metals give off rays that decompose the silver bromide of the photographic film, and others that restore the decomposed bromide. He names these radiations "positive" and "negative." Most metals, including cadmium and zinc, are positive; osmium and tantalum are negative; copper and brass have a neutral radiation, with no action, and gold and mercury give off no radiation at all. The radiation is deflected by air currents, but is not affected by electric or magnetic fields. One suggestion is that it may be a kind of heavy metallic ions penetrating thin metal and human skin.

### Tantalite, the metal recently employed in Germany for making an improved filament for electric lamps, has found another use. Messrs. Siemens and Halske have produced pens of tantalite which are said to be at the same time harder than steel and more elastic than gold. Tantalite is very resistant to chemicals. It is the intention to employ this metal for the manufacture of various kinds of tools.

### Some years ago the addition of moisture to furnace-heated air was found by Dr. H. J. Barnes, of Boston, to make a room comfortable at a temperature several degrees lower. In his recent investigation in Southeastern Nebraska, G. A. Loveland has shown that the air of a house of 14,000 cubic feet should receive from twenty to forty quarts of water daily, and that this evaporation does not increase the relative humidity by more than ten per cent. The humidity indoors should not exceed about forty per cent, otherwise there will be troublesome condensation on the windows.

### LIVES IN THE FOREST OF THE SOUTH AMERICAN TROPICS.

There has just been deposited in the insect house at the zoo a specimen of the bird eating spider, which earns its name by occasionally including in its menu some of the brilliantly hued humming birds and varicolored finches of the South American tropics.

It is doubtful whether the silken threads which he spins in profusion constitute his most effective tackle for securing his prey; indeed, it is more probable that the little birds get caught through alighting upon the haunts and other leaves, in the twisted folds of which the spider makes his home. The similarity of his coloring to the bark of trees, to which he attaches himself, is also a powerful factor in enabling him to approach his prey.

The silken threads which help to ensnare so many beautiful birds are a serious annoyance to the traveler when riding or driving through the less frequented forests. As they continually strike the face, one is reminded of some fiendish motor trap on the Surrey roads.

The bird eating spider is much smaller, although not less ferocious in appearance, than the famous tarantula. The body of a full grown tarantula is as big as a hen's egg, and on an average it gives from twenty to forty yards of silk, the weaving of which was expected at one time to prove a very considerable industry in some of the Australian colonies. The silken output of the bird eating spider is greater in proportion.—London Daily Graphic.

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