

MUSSENTOUCHIT.

was in mamma's basket, and his name was Mussentouchit. Mussentouchit, Mussentouchit, is what the people say. Mussentouchit, Mussentouchit, is what the people say. Mussentouchit, Mussentouchit, is what the people say.

A Run From Comanches.

By Clarence Pullen.

WHEN in the early '70s Edgar Catlett, fresh from college, came to his New York home to Texas for the purpose of starting a cattle ranch...

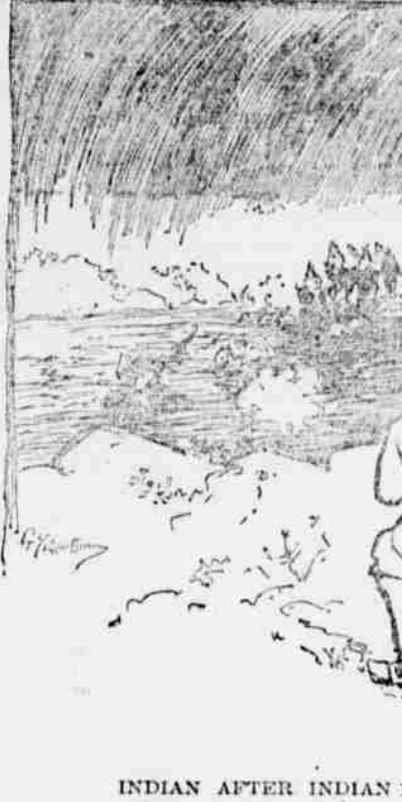
knew that the showers which made the grass green and covered the prairie with flowers brought the Comanches, sure of feed for their ponies, from the reservation, seeking human prey and booty...

To Catlett, with the keen joy in life that comes from health and out-of-door exercise, the expedition was what he called "a good deal of a picnic."

The next day, about the middle of the forenoon, they came to a deep, dry water course, such as the southwestern plainsmen call "arroyos," leading southward from the bluffs.

They crossed the water course and continued on their way until noon, when they halted. They had begun to unsaddle their horses when a sharp "S-s-s-t!" from Bronson called Catlett's attention, and he saw the guide drawing tight the saddle cinch he had just begun to loosen.

"Keep the saddle on your horse and see that it's well cinched. Don't look around as if you suspected anything," Bronson said, without lifting his head.



INDIAN AFTER INDIAN FELL FROM HIS HORSE.

"Nothing much. Only a Comanche's head peeping over the crest of the ridge we're leaving behind," answered the guide, in his calm, matter-of-fact way.

For one instant, following the guide's look, Catlett turned to see a sight that he never cared to behold again—the oncoming of a Comanche war band.

Both the hunters had good horses, and they put them to their full speed. The Indians, in their first rush, came within a quarter of a mile of them, but after that the hunters managed to keep this distance good.

As they rode the thunder growled. Lightning flashed from the dark cloud in the north, and the heavy rain concealed the bluffs from view, while the sky was clear above the stretch of prairie on which the two men and their

pursuers were riding their race for life or death. The horses panted painfully and their aides were drenched with foam when at last the hunters reined them at the brink of the arroyo.

The hunters had lost time in crossing, and they were about 100 yards above the brink as the foremost Comanche got to the opposite bank.

"Follow me," he called to Catlett; and in half a minute more, from the arroyo's brink his rifle was speaking sharply to the Comanches down in the channel.

A Comanche on his guard is a difficult mark to hit. Sitting in his saddle, at the flash of the rifle aimed at him he darts his horse swiftly to left or right; and in battle he uses the animal as a shield, swinging down from the saddle along its side, discharging his rifle or arrows from beneath its neck.

There is a perpetual war between him and the birds. He wanders among the nests at night and appropriates the bits of fish left by the nestlings, and the young themselves, if he can find a mother off her guard.

One of the most beautiful shells found along our coast is that of a large snail which climbs certain trees and grows delicately fat on the young birds.

A Hotel Exclusively for Men. There is a hotel in Philadelphia that is run for the male tribe exclusively. A man is ever welcome, but he can't bring with him his wife, mother, sister or aunt.

After his experience, Catlett decided that the enterprise of stock raising on the staked plain would be to no hazardous. Instead he bought a ranch without in a half day's ride of a schoolhouse, and prospered.

An official Russian trade agency is to be established in London to enable English merchants to learn the requirements of their consumers in the great Muscovite empire.

HUMOROUS.

"What makes you think that Spaldy would make a hustling politician?" "Because he isn't good for anything else."—Detroit Free Press.

"Johnny—'Does your pa ever take you to circuses?' Tommy—'No; he's so near-sighted he says it'd be just like throwin' money away.'"—Chicago News.

"These Boyish Fathers.—'Henry had to buy little Henry another mechanical toy steamboat.'" "Why?" "He broke the first one playing with it."—Detroit Free Press.

"As Defined in New York.—'What is a cosmopolitan?' 'A cosmopolitan is a New Yorker who has been convinced that there is something going on outside of his own town.'"—Chicago Record.

"Nature never makes a mistake in giving the animals on the globe their appropriate location," remarked Uncle Allen Sparks. "If the Asiatic elephant, for instance, had been placed in the north frigid zone, think what it would cost the poor creature for ear muffs."—Chicago Tribune.

At a country fete a conjurer was performing the old trick of producing eggs from a pocket handkerchief, when he remarked to a boy in front, "I say, my boy, your mother can't get eggs without hens, can she?" "Of course, she can," was the reply. "Why, how's that?" asked the conjurer. "She keeps ducks," replied the boy, amid roars of applause.—Tit-Bits.

CURIOS CRABS IN FLORIDA.

They Have Peculiar Shells and Feed on Birds and Insects. Haunting the ravines of the birds in the southern part of the peninsula is a large blue crab. He makes a hole in the ground, usually under a log, and when he hears a noise elevates his head and pretends his eyes with startling effect.

There is a little purple crab along the coast of southern Florida which seems to feel almost entirely upon the fruit of the cactus. This is so much resembles that you are suddenly surprised to see one of the succulent little balls move away from your fingers before you are aware that it is alive.

One of the most beautiful shells found along our coast is that of a large snail which climbs certain trees and grows delicately fat on the young birds. The shell is as thin as tissue paper, oddly curved and almost as transparent as the finest glass.

There is a hotel in Philadelphia that is run for the male tribe exclusively. A man is ever welcome, but he can't bring with him his wife, mother, sister or aunt. Since its portals were thrown open no woman's face has ever been seen in lobby, corridor or dining-room.

Friendly Criticism. Miss Reed—Oh, Mr. Wright, I am delighted with your new novel. It possesses some admirable qualities. Mr. Wright (pleased)—I'm glad to hear you say so. What particular quality do you admire most? "The cover; I think it's just too lovely for anything."—Chicago Daily News.

Wisdom vs. Honesty. The man who carries an umbrella on a pleasant day may be a wise one. 'Tis the honest man who, on a rainy day, leaves his neighbor's in the rack and goes with— den.

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Beware Of the Knife. Mr. Lincoln Nelson, of Marshfield, Mo., writes: "For six years I have been a sufferer from a scrofulous affection of the glands of my neck, and all efforts of physicians in Washington, D. C., Springfield, Ill., and St. Louis failed to reduce the enlargement."

A Real Blood Remedy. SSS is a blood remedy for real blood troubles. It cures the most obstinate cases of Scrofula, Eczema, Cancer, Rheumatism, etc., which other so-called blood remedies fail to touch.

REVIVO RESTORES VITALITY. Made in Wall Men. This medicine is used by thousands of people who are suffering from weakness, nervousness, and other ailments.

MAND THE OLD RELIABLE. THE CRAZER. THE CRAB. This is a product of the Crazer family, known for its quality and reliability.

SPINAL weakness easily cured by Dr. Miles' Nerve Plasters. Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets. Daily service to Denver via The Pacific Limited leaving Chicago 12:30 P. M. will be continued.