

THE MEXICAN BORDER

How Both Sides of the Line Are Watched and Guarded.

UNCLE SAM'S BRAVE RIDERS.

The Work That is Performed by These Well Mounted, Well Armed and Courageous Patrols—The Mexican Rurales and Their Methods.

If business or recreation should take you down to that long line which forms the boundary between the United States and Mexico, you may by chance meet a well mounted rider, armed with rifle and pistols, pacing observantly along some bypath or canyon. He is one of the United States boundary riders appointed by the treasury department to patrol the border on the lookout for smugglers, cattle runners and other persons whose presence on the American side is generally undesirable.

For this position the man selected must possess courage, judgment and no little physical endurance, for his duties may call him forth at all hours and seasons, and he may be responsible for a stretch of border land many miles in length.

For example, in California, Arizona, and Yuma, in Arizona, there is but one boundary rider to patrol a line of over 150 miles, and this is in part over a sparsely settled mountainous region and partly through the waste of the Colorado desert.

As opposite him, on the other side of the line, the Mexican government maintains from fifteen to twenty rurales for the same work, it is a good illustration of the trust reposed in a single American citizen by his government. It is probable there is no other man in the United States whom it would be harder to find at a given moment than the boundary rider of the San Diego-Yuma district.

He may be down on the Colorado desert, watching near some water holes for a venturesome band of cattle runners, or in some canyon of the mountains on the lookout for a wagon load of prohibited immigrant Chinamen; but, wherever he is, one may be fairly sure it is not where the transgressor of the customs laws expect him to be.

That he must possess both judgment and courage the following incident, which took place during the career of the former boundary rider in this district, will aptly illustrate:

For some time a band of cattle runners had been working successfully back and forth over the line in spite of the boundary rider's vigilance. They seemed to be able to divine his movements, so that while he was watching a trail through the mountains they were rushing a bunch of cattle over the desert.

But at last he managed to surprise the band and, rifle in hand, drove two of them into camp.

Then, however, arose the question as to the method of taking them down to the coast. He hired a double seated vehicle, the only one in the place.

But at once another question presented itself. How was he to seat his prisoners, for either they must be placed together on the front or the back seat or separated, both seemingly a hazardous choice?

He finally decided to separate them, and so, with one on the front seat with him and the other behind, he started for the coast.

The two cattle runners managed to communicate with each other by signs and at a rough part of the road made the boundary rider, in turn, their prisoner. Needless to say, they then made the best of their opportunity to escape over the border, but as they fell into the hands of the unsympathetic rurales they would have been better off if they had submitted to the law of their own country.

This brings one of the somewhat different methods pursued by the Mexican government in guarding their side of the border. From a cursory inspection of the line one might suppose that the Mexican side is not guarded at all. You may cross the line ten times at different places and never set eyes on a rural, but it is well known that you have done so nevertheless, and on the eleventh excursion you are likely to find yourself surrounded by a picturesque group, who will carry you off to jail if your explanation is not satisfactory.

As a rule, the rurales patrol back and forth in detachments at a distance of from ten to fifteen miles from the actual border. Many a headlong dash for the American side has been made by perfectly law abiding citizens, with the rurales at their heels, because they have been heedless in obtaining a permission to cross the border.

True, an American citizen may cross the border at will, as far as he himself is concerned, but as he is almost certain to carry some article liable to duty it is upon that charge that he may be arrested.—Michael White in Youth's Companion.

Rural Claims.
Through the influence of the daily press cities and their needs have come to absorb such an amount of daily attention that the importance of the country and its inhabitants to the welfare of the nation is largely overlooked; hence the call to do everything that can be done to enlarge, to refine, to purify and to strengthen the life of our country people. And one means to this end which has not hitherto been used as much as it might have been is the cultivation in the school and in the home of the habit of reading good books.—Bishop of Hereford in Nineteenth Century.

Feminine Intuition.
Hattie—I'm positive George loves me and wants me to be his wife. Ella—Has he told you so? Hattie—No, but he has taken such a strong dislike to mamma.—Chicago Tribune.

The Uselessness of Worry.
Sympathy is loving understanding, and the expression of it helps a lot. Worry is sympathy run to seed—and that doesn't help in the least.—London Sketch.

Occasions do not make a man either strong or weak, but they show what he is.—Thomas a Kempis.

PLEA FOR THE BIRDS.

Why A. H. Howell Urges That They Be Saved.

MANY KILL BOLL WEEVILS.

Biological Survey Expert Tells of the South's Need of Them—Protection to Cotton Industry the Keynote of the Warning From Washington.

Protection for the birds of the United States is being urged by the biological survey of the department of agriculture. The economic importance of such protection to the cotton industry is pointed out in a recent circular prepared by Arthur H. Howell, assistant in the biological survey, who has in recent months made a minute study of the extent to which the boll weevil is destroyed by birds.

Something over a year ago the biological survey took this matter up and sent out literature urging bird protection. It was pointed out that the residents in the northern states could do a great service to the south by seeing to it that the birds that nest in the northern latitudes in spring and summer and fly to the south in winter were shielded from destruction. The interest awakened in this matter was great, and there was eager response from farmers, school children and others.

Now, says the Washington correspondent of the New York Globe, in the light of more recent investigations showing that the boll weevil is destroyed by birds to a greater extent than was at first realized, another plea for the protection of the birds is being put forth.

The region now infested by the cotton boll weevil includes the greater part of the cotton growing area of Texas and Louisiana and parts of Oklahoma, Arkansas and Mississippi. Texas and Louisiana produced in 1906 more than 5,000,000 bales of cotton, valued at upward of \$276,000,000. The loss caused by the boll weevil is variously estimated at from 10 to 50 per cent of the crop, or even more in badly infested areas. Even at the lowest reasonable estimate the loss to the cotton planters of Texas and Louisiana from the ravages of the pest yearly aggregates many millions. As the weevil extends its range eastward into the more humid regions of the lower Mississippi valley, the damage it does will be proportionately greater than in the drier regions to the westward.

Investigations conducted by the biological survey on the food habits of birds in Louisiana in January and February, 1908, showed that more birds were feeding upon the weevils and that many more weevils were destroyed by them than in any of the western localities where birds have been collected at a corresponding season. The destruction of weevils in winter is much more important than in summer, since the death of every weevil at that season prevents the production of a highly numerous progeny in the early summer and postpones the date when the increase will become so great as to destroy the cotton squares as fast as they appear.

The service rendered by the vast army of birds which occupies the cotton plantations of the south during the winter months, says Mr. Howell, "is only beginning to be appreciated. During the first season in which birds were studied in their relation to the weevil only twenty species were discovered to feed upon the insect, and it was supposed the influence of birds in keeping down the pest was slight. Later investigations, however, carried on during several years and at all seasons have shown that no less than fifty-three species of native birds feed upon the pest, many of them destroying large numbers of weevils during the most critical period of the insect's life—winter and early spring.

Various kinds of blackbirds, meadow larks, sparrows, juncos or titlarks, virens and titmice are mentioned as useful in the destruction of the boll weevil, and many other well known birds, such as the oriole, the swallow and the mockingbird, are in the list of those that feed upon the pest of the cotton regions.

A Hybrid Sunflower.
In every respect except one—in leaves, stems and the name on the package—it is a sunflower. But it has no black or red center. It is a mass of fine yellow petals like a dandelion and looks something like a big chrysanthemum. W. F. Johnson of Kansas City planted its seed in his back yard to raise rare Kansas sunflowers. But the result of the seeds was so queer that he took it to forists to find what it was. They said they didn't know, that he could call it anything he pleased. So he has named it the "east side sunflower."

The Airship.
When our good ship speeds on her soaring flight,
And hurra! held fear outraves
Of atmospheric waves
We will sing a song as we float along
Of dreams come true at last.
Of a sea that's kissed by the cloud borne
Of joyful antepast.

For we labored long on the craft we steer
Where plumelike mist foam clings
And fashioned it well as we fought the fear
That only hope had wings.
And now we ride on the pneumoide
That swiftly ebbs and flows,
And we steer our ship where fog waves drip
And stormy petrel goes.

The invisible waves that wash our deck
Will fill the leaks they find,
From the dread of reef or of sunken wreck
We're free as passing wind,
And we spread our sail for the sea or gale.
For sea and gale are one,
And we ride abreast of the storm king's
And sail to seek the sun.
—New York Tribune.

Very Desirable.
On robbin' summer days
What comfort it would be
To have at hand always
An educated tree
To follow us around the town, no matter
Where we strayed,
And furnish us with shade
And, if it were a lemon tree, with lemon-ade.
—John Kendrick Bangs in Harper's Weekly.



ELK HUNT AT TWO OCEAN PASS BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

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WOODY and I started to hunt over the great table-land, and led our stout horses up the mountain-side, by elk-trails so bad that they had to climb like goats.

All these elk-trails have one striking peculiarity. They lead through thick timber, but every now and then send off short, well-worn branches to some cliff-edge or jutting crag, commanding a view far and wide over the country beneath. Elk love to stand on these lookout points, and scan the valleys and mountains round about.

Blue grouse rose from beside our path; Clarke's grouse flew past us, with a hollow, clapping sound, or lit in the pine-tops, calling and flitting their tails; the gray and white jacks, with multitudinous cries, hopped and fluttered near us. Snow-shoe rabbits scuttled away, the big furry feet which give them their name already turning white. At last we came out on the great plateau, seamed with deep, narrow ravines. Ravines of pasture alternated with groves and open forests of varying size. Almost immediately we heard the bugle of a bull elk, and saw a big band of cows and calves on the other side of a valley. There were three bulls with them, one very large, and we tried to creep up on them; but the wind was baffling and spoiled our stalk. So we returned to our horses, mounted them, and rode a mile farther, toward a large open wood on a hill-side. When within two hundred yards we heard directly ahead the bugle of a bull, and pulled up short. In a moment I saw him walking through an open glade; he had not seen us. The slight breeze brought us down his scent. Elk have a strong characteristic smell; it is usually sweet, like that of a herd of Alderney cows; but in old bulls, while rutting, it is rank, pungent, and lasting. We stood motionless till the bull was out of sight, then stole to the wood, tied our horses, and trotted after him. He was traveling fast, occasionally calling; whereupon others in the neighborhood would answer. Evidently he had been driven out of some herd by the master bull.

He went faster than we did, and while we were vainly trying to overtake him we heard another very loud and sonorous challenge to our left. It came from a ridge-crest at the edge of the woods, among some scattered clumps of the northern nut-pine or pinyon—a queer conifer, growing very high on the mountains, its multiforked trunk and wide-spreading branches giving it the rounded top, and, at a distance, the general look of an oak rather than a pine. We at once walked toward the ridge, up-wind. In a minute or two, to our chagrin, we stumbled on an outlying spike bull, evidently kept on the outskirts of the herd by the master bull. I thought he would alarm all the rest; but, as we stood motionless, he could not see clearly what we were. He stood, ran, stood again, gazed at us, and trotted slowly off.

As for me, during the next ten days I killed nothing save one cow for meat; and this though I hunted hard every day from morning till night, no matter what the weather. Our ill success was in part due to sheer bad luck; but the chief element therein was the presence of a great hunting-party of Shoshone Indians. Split into bands of eight to ten each, they scoured the whole country as they slew whatever they could, but by preference cows and calves, and as they were very persevering, but also very excitable and generally poor shots, so that they wasted much powder, they not only wrought havoc among the elk, but also scared the survivors out of all the country over which they hunted.

Day in and day out we plodded on in a hunting trip the days of long monotony in getting to the ground, and the days of unrequited toil after it has been reached, always far outnumbered the red-letter days of success. But it is just these times of failure that really test the hunter. In the long run, common-sense and dogged perseverance avail him more than any other qualities. The man who does not give up, but hunts steadily and resolutely through the spells of bad luck until the luck turns, is the man who wins success in the end.

After a week at Two-Ocean Pass, we gathered our pack-animals one frosty morning, and again set off across the mountains. A two-days' jaunt took us to the summit of Wolverine Pass, near Pinyon Peak, beside a little mountain tarn; each morning we found its surface skimmed with black ice, but the nights were cold. After three or four days, we shifted camp to the mouth of Wolverine Creek, to get off the hunting grounds of the Indians. We had used up our last elk-meat that morning, and

the ready. Thirty yards off, behind a clump of pinyons, stood a huge bull, his head thrown back as he rubbed his shoulders with his horns. There were several cows around him, and one saw me immediately, and took alarm. I fired into the bull's shoulder, inflicting a mortal wound, but he went off, and I raced after him at top speed, firing twice into his flank; then he stopped, very sick, and I broke his neck with a fourth bullet. An elk often hesitates in the first moments of surprise and fright, and does not get really under way for two or three hundred yards; but, when once fairly started, he may go several miles, even though mortally wounded; therefore, the hunter, after his first shot, should run forward as fast as he can, and shoot again and again until the quarry drops. In this way many animals that would otherwise be lost are obtained, especially by the man who has a repeating rifle.

The elk I thus slew was a giant. His body was the size of a steer's, and his antlers, though not unusually long, were very massive and heavy. He lay in a glade, on the edge of a great cliff. Standing on its brink we overlooked a most beautiful country, the home of all homes for the elk: a wilderness of mountains, the immense evergreen forest broken by park and glade, by meadow and pasture, by bare hill-side and barren table-land. Some five miles off lay the sheet of water known to the old hunters as Spotted Lake, two or three shallow, sodgy places, and spots of geyser formation, made pale green blotches on its wind-rippled surface. Far to the southwest, in daring beauty and majesty, the grand domes and lofty spires of the Tetons shot into the blue sky.

That night, as on more than one night afterward, a bull elk came down whistling to within two or three hundred yards of the tents, and tried to join the horse herd. The moon had set, so I could not go after it. Elk are very restless and active throughout the night in the rutting season; but where undisturbed they feed freely in the daytime, resting for two or three hours about noon.

Next day, which was rainy, we spent in getting in the antlers and meat of the two dead elk; and I shot off the heads of two or three blue grouse on the way home. The following day I killed another bull elk, following him by the strong, not unpleasant, smell, and hitting him twice as he ran, at about eighty yards. So far I had had good luck, killing everything I had shot at; but now the luck changed, through no fault of mine, as far as I could see, and Ferguson had his innings.

The day after I killed this bull he shot two fine mountain rams, and during the remainder of our hunt he killed five elk—one cow, for meat, and four good bulls. The two rams were with three others, all old and with fine horns; Ferguson peeped over a lofty precipice and saw them coming up only fifty yards below him. His two first and finest bulls were obtained by hard running and good shooting; the herds were on the move at the time, and only his speed of foot and soundness of wind enabled him to get near enough for a shot. One herd started before he got close, and he killed the master bull by a shot right through the heart, as it trotted past, a hundred and fifty yards distant.

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when we were within a couple of hours' journey of our intended halting-place, Woody and I struck off on foot for a hunt. Just before sunset we came on three or four elk; a spike bull stood for a moment behind some thick evergreens a hundred yards off. Guessing at his shoulder, I fired, and he fell dead after running a few rods. I had broken the luck, after ten days of ill success.

Next morning Woody and I, with the packer, rode to where this elk lay. We loaded the meat on a pack-horse, and let the packer take both the loaded animal and our saddle-horses back to camp, while we made a hunt on foot. We went up the steep, forest-clad mountain-side, and before we had walked an hour heard two elk whistling ahead of us. The woods were open, and quite free from undergrowth, and we were able to advance noiselessly; there was no wind, for the weather was still, clear, and cold. Both of the elk were evidently very much excited, answering each other continually; they had probably been master bulls, but had become so exhausted that their rivals had driven them from the herds, forcing them to remain in seclusion until they regained their lost strength. As we crept stealthily forward, the calling grew louder and louder, until we could hear the grunting sounds with which the challenge of the nearest ended. He was in a large wallow, which was also a lick. When we were still sixty yards off, he heard us, and rushed out, but wheeled and stood a moment to gaze, puzzled by my buckskin suit. I fired into his throat, breaking his neck, and down he went in a heap. Rushing in and turning, I called to Woody, "He's a twelve-pointer, but the horns are small!" As I spoke I heard the roar of the challenger of the other bull not two hundred yards ahead, as if in defiant answer to my shot.

Running quietly forward, I speedily caught a glimpse of his body. He

was behind some fir-trees about seventy yards off, and I could not see which way he was standing, and so fired into the patch of flank which was visible, aiming high, to break the back. My aim was true, and the huge beast crashed down-hill through the evergreens, pulling himself on his fore legs for fifteen or twenty rods, his hind quarters trailing. Racing forward, I broke his neck. His antlers were the finest I ever got. A couple of whisky-jacks appeared at the first crack of the rifle with their customary astonishing familiarity, and heedlessness of the hunter; they followed the wounded bull as he dragged his great carcass down the hill, and pounced with ghoul-like bloodthirstiness on the gouts of blood that were sprinkled over the green herbage.

These two bulls lay only a couple of hundred yards apart, on a broad game trail, which was as well beaten as a good bridge-path. We began to skin out the heads; and as we were finishing we heard another bull challenging far up the mountain. He came nearer and nearer, and as soon as we had ended our work we grasped our rifles and trotted toward him along the game trail. He was very noisy, uttering his loud, singing challenge every minute or two. The trail was so broad and firm that we walked in perfect silence. After going only five or six hundred yards, we got very close indeed, and stole forward on tip-toe, listening to the roaring music. The sound came from a steep, narrow ravine, to one side of the trail, and I walked toward it with my rifle at the ready. A slight puff gave the elk my wind, and he dashed out of the ravine like a deer; but he was only thirty yards off, and my bullet went into his shoulder as he passed behind a clump of young spruce. I plunged into the ravine, scrambled out of it, and raced after him. In a minute I saw him standing with drooping head, and two more shots finished him. He also bore fine antlers. It was a great piece of luck to get three such fine bulls at the cost of half a day's light work; but we had fairly earned them, having worked hard for ten days, through rain, cold, hunger, and fatigue, to no purpose. That evening my home-coming to camp, with three elk-tongues and a brace of ruffed grouse hung at my belt, was most happy.

Pyramids.
The largest of the Mexican pyramids, that of Cholula, has a base measurement of 1,488 feet and a height of 178 feet. The great pyramid of Egypt, sometimes called the pyramid of Cheops, stands on a base each side of which was originally 764 feet long; but, owing to the removal of the coating, it is now only 746 feet. Its height, according to Wilkinson, was originally 480 feet 9 inches, its present height being 460 feet.—New York American.

Teacher.—What little boy can tell me where is the home of the swallow? Bobby—I kin. The home of the swallow is the stomach.

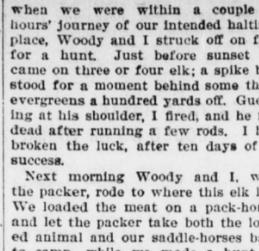
The Reason.
The new directorate gown is expensive, uncomfortable to wear and very striking in its appearance, which is why the dear women will insist on wearing it.

Not So Bad.
Mr. Subbs (after engaging cook)—There's one other thing I suppose you should know, Miss Flannigan—my wife is a chronic invalid, confined to her room.

Miss Flannigan.—That's fine, I worry myself she might be wan iv thim chronic kickers that ar-re confined t' th' kitchen, begobsl!—Puck.

Lacked Relish.
A good many of the Sac and Fox Indians do not talk much, and when they are in a store and see something they want they pick it up and pay for it. When Tom Hall was keeping a drug store an Indian woman entered it and picked up a can of varnish and paid for it. A few weeks later the same woman was in again and Tom asked her if she wanted another can. She said no, they couldn't eat the can she had.—Strand (Okla.) Messenger.

The favor of great men and the praise of the world are not much to be relied on.—French Proverb.



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HIT THE WRONG BANK

Story of the Man Who Wanted to Open a Small Account.

A WALL STREET EXPERIENCE.

The Would Be Depositor of Modest Means Found Himself in a Place For Millionaires—An Official's Courteous Explanation and Advice.

"When," said the man who writes pieces for magazines and things, "by some strange and unprecedented chance, I had got hold of a matter of \$350 all at one and the same time it looked big to me. By an even more curious chance there wasn't anything that I really needed to do with the money, so I decided that I'd bank it.

"Now, I knew in a general way that in order to put money in a bank you've got to be known and give your pedigree and look respectable, and all that, and I hated to approach a bank without any sort of credentials. Therefore I went to the business manager of a certain magazine which occasionally prints pieces that I write and asked him what I'd better do.

"Simplest thing in the world," said he. "I'll give you a note to our bank."

"That sounded fine to me. He wrote me the note, and I started for the bank a good deal tickled over how easy the little depositing proceeding had been made.

"The bank to which I had the note is in Wall street. I asked the uniformed man who was standing around where I'd find the receiving teller's window, and he pointed that window out to me. I got into line and watched the teller take in money.

"I must own that I was a bit stilled to note the great size of some of the deposits he was receiving. Why, fellows were giving the money to him by the satchelful. But I had my note in my pocket, and I remained complacent enough with that consciousness.

"When I reached the receiving teller I passed in my note, and the receiving teller, a decidedly civil young man, opened it and read it. Then he looked at me, after which he read the note again, this time with a sort of puzzled expression on his countenance. I didn't see why the receiving teller should be puzzled over such a simple matter, but puzzled he seemed. He rang a bell, and the uniformed man who'd directed me to that window appeared.

"Show this gentleman to the office of the cashier," said the receiving teller to the uniformed man, at the same time regarding me with a pleasant smile, and the uniformed man led me down the passageway and took me behind a railing where there was a handsome gray haired gentleman sitting at a desk.

"The handsome gray haired gentleman received me cordially and invited me to be seated. I handed him my note, which the receiving teller had returned to me, and he leaned back in his chair and read it carefully. Then he, too, looked puzzled after he'd read the note a second time. Then he looked at me pleasantly over the tops of his spectacles.

"Ahem!" said the handsome gray haired gentleman, not disagreeably, but in a nice, banker-like way. "Might I enquire, Mr. Penphist, without seeming to be unduly inquisitive, as to how—er—large a balance you would usually be carrying?"

"Well, that was a civil enough question, nothing inquisitive about it.

"Why, sir," I said to the handsome gray haired gentleman, "I am opening an account with a matter of some \$350, but I shall no doubt make some additions to that within the next two months, and probably I shall carry a balance of—well, say, \$500 or \$600 right along."

"The kindly cashier with the gray hair fairly beamed upon me.

"Er—just so, just so," said he, twiddling his thumbs. "We feel complimented, Mr. Penphist, we really do, that you should have come to us. And it is unfortunate—er—really unfortunate, that we are so utterly lacking in facilities for taking care of accounts of such a character."

"You see, Mr. Penphist, our institution is of—er—a sort of special character. It is used as a depository by—well, perhaps I should put it in a clearer manner. I say it to you quite in confidence, you understand, Mr. Penphist, but we have only 1,000 depositors on our books, and these 1,000 depositors' aggregate balances amount all the time to a matter of \$110,000,000."

"Well, that was about enough. I saw the light then. I'd drifted into a millionaire's bank on the careless credentials of a business manager who'd written me that note no doubt in a thoughtless mood.

"The gray haired cashier acted bully about it. He recommended a fine bank to me—one that combines perfect responsibility with the necessary facilities for handling accounts like—er—yours, Mr. Penphist," he added.

"For all of the cashier's niceness I walked out of there into the cold gray light of Wall street feeling like a good deal of a human caterpillar.

"I didn't go to the bank recommended to me by the cashier; didn't have the nerve to visit any more banks. I've got \$22 left now of the \$350, but I'm going to use that as a nest egg, and maybe some day even yet I'll have a bank account."—New York Sun.

Art of the Superior Smile.
The superior smile is a useful accomplishment for any young man. It is much in vogue at the universities, where it may be studied at its best on young Don. Many men who learn nothing else at the universities learn this art and find it uncommonly useful in after life. It is an excellent cover for a naked mind and should be sought after by parliamentary candidates.—Oxford Varsty.

Flooring Papa.
Five-year-old Tommy was being put through a Vest in numbers before the admiring family one day at dinner. Finally papa asked him the question that had proved the Waterloo of the older children in past years.

"Now, Tommy," said papa, "how many are two apples and three pears?" "Five fruits!" promptly answered Tommy.—Delmeator.

TO RESCUE NAPOLEON

A Bold Plan That Was Matured In This Country.

IT WAS A DARING SCHEME.

The Enterprise Was Known to the Exile of St. Helena, but Just as the Preparations Were About Complete the Fallen Emperor Died.

Even in "the last phase" our country sustained a certain association with the captive of St.