

THE REALM OF THE UNUSUAL

"Up in the country" a wonderful land! Each bough on the tree is a magical wand...

CHASED BY COYOTES.

"Did I ever tell you of an experience I had with coyotes near Torreón?" asked Capt. John Clayton...

"At 8 p. m. on the 7th I was sitting at my desk in the office, making out my reports..."

"I telegraphed back and asked, 'What is the matter? What do you want?'"

"The moon was in its first quarter and not a cloud was in sight, while the stars in the firmament sparkled brightly..."

"When I mounted the velocipede I felt that I would have fair going and by sunrise would reach the last bridge that had been completed..."

"I was in good shape when I pulled out, and everything went along smoothly until I passed the San Carlos siding..."

"As I passed clear of them they set up the most terrific howling that I ever heard, and caused the hair on my head to stand on end..."

"As they caught up with me some of them rushed past. They snapped at my legs and attempted to bite me; but I kept working the velocipede with hands and feet as hard as I could..."

"By the time I reached the 30-mile post, one of them attempted to spring upon the velocipede, but he missed it and fell in front of it..."

"No sooner did they get the taste of blood than they became more ferocious, and took after me with renewed efforts..."

"As I knew I was approaching a long trestle bridge, and that they could not cross it at the speed at which they were going, I concluded that I

would outgeneral them. If I failed in that all would be lost. It would be goodby John.

"By this time the moon began to drop behind the mountain in front of me, and the darkness increased. The thought of being devoured by those bloodthirsty beasts caused the blood in my veins to become congealed..."

"If I could only reach that bridge before they tired me out, I felt that I had one chance for my life. I figured that when I got on the bridge the coyotes would not dare to follow on the trestlework..."

"It looked to me as if their eyes were as large and bright as the headlights of a locomotive. But I kept pumping away with all my might..."

"I kicked him away and finally, just when I was on the verge of collapsing, found myself approaching a steep grade. Then it was all off with the coyotes..."

"Yes, confound it," replied the captain. "Some green surveyor had had a row with several men over a right of way and didn't have sense enough to wait until next day for me to settle it..."

AN UMBRELLA FOR THE SPHINX. One of Numerous Plans to Save the Old Statue.

For some time past travelers who have visited Egypt have reported that the sphinx, that silent sentinel of the desert, is crumbling to dust because of the climatic change wrought by the irrigation of the sandy wastes surrounding it...

A day or two after the doleful news reached France a few leading archaeologists met for the purpose of devising some effective method of saving the sphinx, and after a long debate they decided that the best thing to do would be to erect a huge umbrella for the monument...

A thorough investigation has shown that insect storms more than anything else are ruining the monument, and "if these can only be warded off," says the archaeologists, "there is no reason why the sphinx should not last until the end of the world..."

If an umbrella is constructed for this purpose it will unquestionably be the largest in the world, for the recumbent man-headed lion which it is designed to protect is 108 feet 9 1/2 inches in length...

Music's Effect on Hair. "Do you know that music has a marked effect upon the hair of the head?"

The speaker, a masseuse, was seated in a theatre, and on the stage a musical comedy was being rendered. "String music," she went on, "has a preserving influence. The harp, the violin, the cello, all tend to give life and strength to the hair..."

"But the music of the brasses causes baldness. Sousa, you will remember, has had nearly all his hair blown out by the blasts of his many horns, and you will find that practically every horn-blower you come across is bald..."

An investigation of the orchestra was accordingly made. The pianist and the violinists all had vigorous, thick hair, but the trombones and cornets and bass horns were bald...



Polite Miss Moore. Miss Marjorie Moore was polite herself, and after the first piece of cake, "No, thank you," she'd say, "That's enough for today. It is all little girls ought to take."

The Wonderful Toad Bone. Many early writers have ascribed wonderful qualities to toads and frogs, and also to the various parts of their body. Ptolemy, an ancient Greek writer, who was one of the leading historians of his time, believed, for instance, that if a toad was brought into the midst of a mob or other large gathering of people, "silence would instantly prevail..."

How to Make a Toy. In vacation time a restless child may be amused and profit, too, by constructing a home made toy. Perhaps mother will be called to aid in this, but she may feel repaid for her assistance. The following instruction for making a tin can locomotive, which is very simple, is given:

The boiler of the locomotive is a baking powder can; the rear wheels are covers of the same; the cab is an oblong box; the smoke stack is a spool. Cut along the lower edge of the tin box only, and turn up the tin for three-fourths of an inch and at right angles to the plane of the box. Bore two holes in the sides of the cab for the knitting needle axle. Bore a hole in the corner of wheels, slip the axle through the holes in the cab, slide the wheels over the ends of this and fasten securely to the axle. Fasten the boiler to the cab, resting the back of it on the turned up tin. Fasten two pieces of cardboard to the forward part of the boiler and bore a hole through the lower ends of these. Plug the holes with wood, place between the cardboard strips wood, place between the cardboard strips and stuck ordinary pins through the holes in the strips and in the center of the plugs for axles...

The headlight is supported on a square of cardboard fastened to the boiler. Carefully fasten a piece of elastic in position as follows: Tie one end around the center to the axle inside the cab, pass the loose end through the long narrow opening in the lower part of the cab, and fasten it with plenty of sealing wax to the front end of the boiler. The elastic band cut in two at one end or a number of small elastic bands tied together will answer admirably. To set the locomotive in motion turn the wheels backward until quite a lot of the elastic is wound up on the axle; then, holding the wheels firmly, set the locomotive on the floor, when it will travel for a distance of twenty-five feet or more. Cars are made of match boxes.—Woman's Home Companion.

Where Coffee is Grown. Coffee, like other things, is not always grown where the advertisements say. When the grocer is asked for a pound of Java or Mocha coffee he pours out several hundred dark brown beans which probably never saw the other side of the Atlantic. If the coffee could speak it would be apt to say it was raised in Brazil, where at the present time the greater part of the world's supply is grown.

The little island of Java, in the East Indies, and the little town of Mocha, with its 5000 inhabitants on the banks of the Red Sea, in Arabia, have now, in fact, if not in name, given way to the great South American republic. Travelers in the state of Sao Paulo, in the southern part of Brazil, tell of enormous coffee plantations, some of which contain more than a million coffee trees.

At Beunopolis, for example, is a plantation which is said to be the largest in the world, and which has 5,000,000 trees. The coffee tree when wild grows as high as twenty feet, but when cultivated it is only half as large, with evergreen leaves and white flowers in the blossoming season.

The fruit is a pod containing one or two beans. The pods are spread out on an open field to dry, and often these drying grounds cover nearly a square mile. When thoroughly dried the pods are run through machinery, which separates the beans into two kinds, those flattened on one side and those of complete spherical shape. The first is called Java coffee and the second Mocha.

The coffee raised on these great plantations of Beunopolis is sent by rail to the port of Santos, on the Atlantic coast, where it is shipped to all parts of the world. Brazil produces each year about 600,000 tons, although the world's consumption is estimated at only 600,000 tons. There is thus at present an overproduction of the coffee bean, which has frightened many dealers of this city to such an extent that recently they met to consider how

they could get more people to drink coffee. They said that there had been so much talk about coffee hurting the nerves that the business, unlike almost every other business in these prosperous times, had been on the decrease. How far this movement to increase the drinking of coffee will succeed is still a question.—New York Tribune.

The Story of Spooks. Spooks is a very black kitten belonging to a little girl who has to stay in the house all the time, or at least, for a good many months, until the hip that hurts so much gets well. Do you wish to know how Spooks first came to his little girl. Well, all right.

One cold morning when papa went to the door to get the bread the baker leaves every day, there, cuddled up to the warm loaf as closely as possible, was a tiny black kitten, too weak and cold even to say "mew."

"Papa brought it in and showed it to Alice—that was the little girl's name—and said, 'Here is both bread and meat. Do you want it?'"

"It just looked at Alice with two solemn eyes, as much as to say, 'You know you need something to play with when the days are so long; I know you are a gentle little girl and will not be rough with me.' Mamma said a black cat brings good luck. So the kitten was taken into the kitchen and given some warm milk."

But the poor kitten was quite sick. Alice felt very sorry and said, "Oh, mamma, won't you give it some chloroform or something like that? I think it would be better for it to die than to suffer so. But mamma gave it a big dose of olive oil and in a day or two it was much better and began to wash itself; then it played a little, and Alice didn't feel a bit lonely any more."

After the kitten was there a few weeks, papa said: "I wonder if it wouldn't sit up when it is fed." Papa used to give her just a little meat every evening. Spooks was very fond of papa, because he was very gentle and played with her; and then, as I said before, he fed her. He just propped Spooks up against the wall a time or two, then she knew what was wanted of her. After that she sat up whenever she wanted anything or thought she wanted it, for she found out it had great effect.

Then one time papa took a sheet of newspaper and tore out the center. He held a small bit of meat in front of it, and Spooks jumped through the paper after it. Papa did that two or three times; then Spooks would jump through without the meat.

But I must tell you another funny thing Spooks did. Alice used to practice an hour nearly every day. At first when Spooks heard the piano she was very much frightened. After a while she got used to it and would go to sleep in Alice's lap while she played.

One night Alice and her papa and mamma were entertaining some friends and were taking tea in the dining room which is off the parlor. When there is any company at the house, Spooks likes to employ everybody's attention. When they were at tea the kitten was forgotten. Do you know what she did? She jumped on the piano and walked up and down the keys three or four times. When mamma rushed into the parlor to see what was the matter, there was Spooks sitting on the keys, crouched to make a spring as she always did when she wanted a romp.

I forgot to tell you that she was growing into a very beautiful, glossy, sleek-looking cat. When she sat before the open fireplace, she looked like one of the cats on those sofa cushions that were in the shop windows just before Christmas. Then Alice would grab her up and squeeze her rapturously. Miss Kitty would get vexed at that, and the stately way she used to walk out of the room would have done credit to a tragedy actress.

Alice had a little girl friend who was a great admirer of Spooks. She used to watch the kitten with envy in her heart and wish so much that she owned her.

Well, one day she did something very naughty. She went to see Alice. Alice was feeling quite ill and was in bed. Alice's mamma let the little girl in, but did not pay much attention to her, as she came in very often. She let her in, then went to look after Alice.

The little girl played a while with Spooks. Then, as nobody was around, she put on her hat and cape, picked up Spooks, and took her away. Spooks knew her and would play with her and trust her.

Well, she took Kitty home, but somehow she did not feel very happy about it. Her mamma asked her where she got the cat and she said she found it on the street. But poor Spooks was very unhappy. She missed Alice, and would not sit up or do any of her funny tricks for the naughty little girl, because she was afraid of the girl's brother who was very rough and made such a noise. Then the little girl got angry because the cat would not jump through the paper, and slapped her. Poor Kitty was miserable then. She was not treated so by Alice. Then the little girl's mamma said, "You must not do that. I don't want that cat here, anyway. You had better take it back to where you found it."

So the little girl put on her hat and cape—it was dark—and asked her mamma if she could go out and take the cat away. Her mamma said she could. She took the cat away and went to Alice's house and put in inside the gate. Then she ran home. Spooks ran up the stairs and scratched at the door, and Alice's mamma opened it. She was delighted, and picking up the cat, almost ran into Alice's room. Poor Alice had felt very badly and cried nearly all the time until she made herself quite sick. You should have seen papa. I think he was as delighted as Alice.—San Francisco Chronicle.

THEN AND NOW.

I. The ancient, dear writers—A wonderful throng! They live in a palace, and die in a garret, To live in a song! They told us the story At which the world thrills, Locked in a rude corner From ballads with bills.

II. The modern, mad writers Who thunder away—They live in a palace, And die in a day! They tell us no story Humanity feels, And ride to Ovelion On automobiles! —Atlanta Constitution

HUMOROUS. Blobs—Football is not nearly so deadly as it used to be. Slobs—Just wait until they get to playing it with automobiles.

Sharpe—Casper's new automobile has run down six people. Whelton—But it is a stylish machine. Sharpe—Yes; perfectly killing.

Hook—What is Wigwag's idea in looking up his lineage? Nye—I suppose to show how respectable he is in spite of his ancestors.

Wigg—Bigheide is the personification of egotism. Wagg—Yes; he actually thinks he deserves the good opinion he has of himself.

Muggins—Was your wife satisfied with the birthday present you gave her? Buggins—Not wholly. She can't find out how much it cost.

"My love for you," he wrote, "is so deep, so vast, so powerful, I cannot express it." "Why don't you send it by freight?" She wrote back. And then it was all off.

"In hard luck again, eh?" "Yes; I'm down on my uppers, sure enough." "Oh, well, we all have our ups and downs. You are down now—" "And I'm up, too—hard up."

Nell—So you were disappointed in the little man, eh? Belle—Yes; you can't expect a man to come up to your expectations who doesn't come up to your shoulders.

"So your town dispensed with the automobile ambulance. Didn't it make better time than the old one?" "No; it had to stop too often to take in the people it ran over."

Helen—Why is it novels always have a good ending? Sue—Well the one I read yesterday didn't have a good ending. Helen—It didn't? Sue—No; mama threw it in the fire.

La Montt—When I first went to engage board they said I would be treated as one of the family. La Moyné—Then why did you not remain? La Montt—I saw what the family looked like.

"We are here today and gone tomorrow," remarked the young man in the white tie. The hotel clerk glanced up from the register, "You are right, sir," he assented; "and—er—would you mind paying in advance?"

"I'll bet you," said the amateur Sherlock Holmes, "I can tell what you had for breakfast to-day." "I'll bet you can't," replied Sluven. "You had eggs. There's a dab of the yolk on your chin yet." "You're wrong. That's been there since day before yesterday."

"Yes, he achieved success so suddenly that we're in trouble. You see, he's a distinguished lawyer, and he's been put on the governor's staff and made honorary head of a yacht club. No one knows whether to call him judge, general or commodore."

Skorcher—He a chauffeur? Huh! Why he doesn't even know the principle of the motive power of the automobile. Miss Ina Sents—And what is the principle of it, Mr. Skorcher? Skorcher—Why—er—it's—er—electricity, you know, and—er—all that sort of thing.

Phyllis—Harry is the most conceited man I ever met. Maud—What makes you think so? Phyllis—Why, he first asserts that I am the most adorable woman in the world, the most beautiful, intellectual, and in every respect a paragon, and then he wants me to marry him!

A Strange Foster-Mother. An extraordinary, but apparently well-authenticated story of a bear's freak comes from a Russian village in the district of Gloff. The village lies on the fringe of a forest, whence it is of frequent occurrence for bears to make prowling excursions both by day and night into the adjacent settlements. Some two weeks ago two young girls, aged respectively five and 13, were surprised by a huge bear at a short distance from the village. The animal seized and carried off the younger child, while the elder, terror-stricken, fled home and gave the not unusual alarm.

An immediate pursuit was instituted, and the search was continued during the evening and the next day, with the assistance of neighboring villagers, a wide cordon was drawn around an extensive tract of the forest, and the searchers closed in. Towards sundown the bear and her booty were discovered in a dense thicket. The child was perfectly unharmed and reclining in a deep mossy couch made for her by the bear.

Although naturally delighted to be released from her strange guardianship, the little girl had got over her first fright, and had subsisted fairly well on the nuts and other forest fruits brought to her laager by the bear. One almost regrets to learn that the freakish but kindly disposed animal was summarily killed by the villagers.

Chicago originated the system of steel frames and the use of isolated foundations which made possible a 20-story building, and revolutionized American commercial architecture.

KEYSTONE STATE NEWS CONDENSED

PENSIONS GRANTED.

Fined \$100 for False Swearing—Law Examiners—Workmen Quarantined—New Bank.

Pensions were granted during the past week to the following applicants: Benjamin F. Dillon, Altoona, \$12; Emanuel Custer, Rockwood, \$6; Thomas A. Braden, New Brighton, \$12; John Tarr, Gosford, \$8; William H. Potter, Platte, \$10; Thomas J. Seaman, Summerhill, \$8; Hamilton, B. McFeaters, Stronkstown, \$10; Joseph Bailey, Larus, \$8; Joseph Ross, Willet, \$10; Henry Houtz, Lindenhill, \$17; William Brooks, Allegheny, \$10; George Garvey, New Castle, \$17; Elizabeth Stine, Warriors Mark, \$8; Grazella A. Stalker, Woodcock, \$8; Elizabeth Smith, Washington, \$12; Martha S. Nichols, Athens, \$12; Sarah Bender, Daley, \$8; Maria H. Young, Hooversville, \$8; Eva C. Hammett, New Castle, \$12; Earl L. Williams, Warren, \$8; John Starlipper, Mercersburg, \$8.

At a meeting of the state board of law examiners at Philadelphia Chas. McKeehan was elected secretary and treasurer of the board. The supreme court approved of the appointment of the following as assistant examiners: James L. Meredith, Williamsport; William Righter Fisher, Philadelphia; Thomas Stephen Brown, Pittsburg; John M. Harris, Scranton; Paul A. Kunkel, Harrisburg. The preliminary and final examinations will be held on the second Tuesday in June and second Tuesday in December.

A negro who at different times gave the names of Brown, Pierce and others is locked up in Gallitzin, near Johnstown on suspicion of being Oscar Cassell, who is wanted in Jackson, O., for murder. The man tells such improbable stories that the officials say that while he may not be the murderer his actions indicate that he fears something.

Four hundred and fifty workmen employed in the construction of the reserve basin for filtered water at Oak Lane, Philadelphia, were placed under quarantine and then vaccinated because of the discovery of smallpox in the family of John Deaden, a negro, who recently came from Pleasantville, N. J. The laborers will be watched for several days.

A railroad war is on between the Western Payette Railroad Company, owned by the Mellon interests, and the Monongahela Railroad Company, controlled by the Pennsylvania, over rights of way for the new 12-mile branch which both companies have projected along Dunlaps creek, from Brownsville, to New Salem.

Mrs. Anna McDermott, at Scranton, was fined \$100 by Magistrate Miller to-day for swearing that her daughter Teresa was more than 13 years old in order to get work for the child in the Dunmore silk factory. The girl testified before the anthracite commission last week that she was only 11 years old.

A deal was consummated whereby Erie is to have a new hotel and theater. They will be combined and a site in the heart of the city at State and Twelfth streets has been secured. The total cost of the improvement will be \$250,000. The building will be five stories high.

It is announced that the Greer tin mill at New Castle will be put in operation the first Monday in January. The Shenango plant will begin operation of 20 of its 30 mills at the same time. The mills have been idle since July. Five thousand men are affected.

The commission to Lieutenant Colonel Rickards, of the Sixteenth regiment, N. G. P., having expired, a meeting of the commissioned officers of the regiment was held at Oil City, at which Colonel Rickards was unanimously re-elected to succeed himself.

Papers have been issued at Washington for another National bank, at Hyndman, to be known as the Hoblitzell National bank. The capital stock is \$25,000, which will be increased. J. J. Hoblitzell, of Meyersdale, will likely be elected president.

By the provisions of the will of Mrs. Sarah A. Blair, of Westmoreland county, the greater part of her estate is to be sold and the proceeds divided between the Lutheran and Methodist congregations at Leechburg.

James Jellison, a farmer of near Blairsville, while attempting to force fodder through a power cutting machine, had his arm caught in the machinery and so badly mangled that amputation was necessary.

Thomas Monagan, an inmate of the county almshouse at Lancaster, was found a half-mile from the institution frozen to death. He was intoxicated when last seen alive.

George Hawley and Joseph Riley were captured at Franklin, as they were coming out of the residence of Postmaster S. W. Waters after having ransacked the house.

Employees of the Wells-Fargo Express Company at Sharon have been granted an increase in wages.

Twenty-five cases of smallpox are reported at Pricedale, a mining village near Bellevue.

E. E. Miller, of Jeannette, has been sentenced to the Western penitentiary for eight years and eight months for killing his wife.

Midnight robbers with the aid of skeleton keys entered a number of Carlisle residences and carried away much loot.

Joseph Hamlich, of Fredericktown, Washington county, was killed by the accidental discharge of a shotgun.

The citizens of Hollidaysburg dedicated the Phoenix Fire Company's new \$5,000 home.