The romance of the East is to receive a shock in the new iron bridge over the Tigris at Bagdad,

Dr. Robert U. Cust states that the Bible, as a whole or in part, is now accessible in 381 languages and dia-

It is said that nickels are to be made of nickel hereafter, instead of an alloy of nickel and copper. They will be bluer in color, and will not wear so much.

Chicago is rejoicing that none of eky-scraping buildings were blown down by the recent cyclone there, and thinks that they are proof against all atmospheric disturbances.

Mexico now wants to come into line in the matter of firearms. It is proposed to arm the infantry, cavalry and artillery with the Mondragon rifle, instead of the Remington, now in use.

The keeper of the Chicago jail has a a sense of humor and a grim one. He showed it when recently he returned a letter that had arrived for a prisoner who had been hanged five days before with the indorsement on the outside, "Present address not known."

At the rate we are progressing in other arts, it is hoped by the Globe Commercial Advertiser, that the culinary art-the most important of them all-will have made such progress during the coming century that the service of soggy, heavy deserts and dyspepsis breeding sweets at the end of the dinners will be a thing of unpleasant memory only. "Americans, especially young Americans, have been handicapped with such fare long enough. They should finish dining with fruit and trifles. Our air is too rarified, our nervous organization too English farmhand ancestry. Our meats do not depend upon the cruets dred and eighty. for their flavor; our sweets, therefore should be made under the modernized formula of the saffron age of cook-

The Manulicher rifle has been used in earnest in Austria in a labor riot near Reichenberg. Three soldiers fired one shot each, and brought down seven people, one bullet actually killing two persons and badly hurting another. These recurring evidences of the deadly character of the new smailbores lend a sickening terror to the forecasts of the next European war. On the other hand, experience in the Soudan and in Matabeleland shows that this modern tiny projectile, despite its hideous velocity and penetrata Dervish or Kaffir rush as the old big bullet. The native comes at such a pace, and with such tremendows force of will power that nothing but the solid impact of a good, sizable chunk of lead will hold him up. He will not stop merely because he has been perforated by a metallic pea. This would probably be true, too, of Russian soldiers.

are forming what is known as "emergency clubs" out in Iowa. The Hawkeye State usually expects a shaking up from old Boreas some time in summer. It is found that the stiffest kinds of tornado insurance policies do not prevent a cyclone from lifting up large sections of the State of Iowa and dropping them in Illinois and Wisconsin. The thrifty and forehanded Iowans, therefore, propose that no tornado, however stealthy, shall catch them napping. The plan is to organize emergency clubs with corps of purses and physicians, equipped with a plentiful supply of ambulances, bandages and medicines, to be made immediately available in case of a sudden visitation from the tree-twisting, earth-scraping elements. This is a wise and commendable exhibition of forethought on the part of the Hawkeye people, maintains the Chicago Times-Herald, and the clubs will no doubt be quite efficacions in gathering together the scattered remnants of those who are not entirely obliterated from the face of nature. But the idea that these clubs can be considered in any way as a safe substitute for the good old-fashioned syclone cellar, now so popular in Kansas, is a fallacy. As a safe refuge for the howling wrath of the unbridled tempest there is nothing comparable to a deep and well-covered cellar. Weather-beaten and storm-tossed humanity is patiently waiting for some genius to invent a weather vane which when properly connected with hinged floors will quietly dump the family into the cellar upon the slightest manifestation of an approaching torsado. Such a device will confer a great blessing just now than Edison's sottled annlight or Langly's flying



# MAUD'S ADMIRERS.

We met by chance, of course; and equally, of course, it was a case of love at first sight. We had no formal introduction, no drawing-room acquaintance. On one of the loveliest lakes in the midst of the Adirondack wilderness Maud's beautiful eyes were first turned upon me.

It was two years ago since Tom Watkins and I, proud of our four years' experience and our brand-new sheepskins, had left Amherst with mingled feelings of joy and regret. Tom went immediately into the office of a famous New England morning paper, and made his way steadily up on its editorial corps.

I had gone into partnership with my father, and worked like a slave, lest he should be ashamed of me; for I had an immense respect for him, and I knew he despised laziness.

Having worked two years without interruption, Tom and I both felt that we had earned a vacation, and, by a little planning, we managed to get off delicately attuned for the pastry of together in September of the comparatively uneventful year eighteen hun-

> We both voted for the mountain instend of the sea, and for New York instead of New Hampshire; so we started out determined to see all that we could of the North woods.

After a day on Lake George we took the eastern route to the woods, spending a night at Elizabethtown. Thence we tramped to Keene, -the clear mountain streams, deep, cool woods, and grand towering peaks, more than making up for the hard roads and thick dust, so that, though tired, we were more than satisfied with our first day's experiences.

As we resolved "to do" the mountains, we climbed the cloud-cleaver, Tahawas; we spent a shivering night on Whiteface; whence we watched ing power, is not so good for stopping | Lake Placid brighten under the morning sun; we picked a four-leaved clover from John Brown's grave at North Elba; we started a deer in the Indian pass, and saw our guide kill it; and, to crown all, we came out of the woods by way of the lakes.

> Our guide was a wiry little fellow,too slight to carry a boat, we thought until we watched him in a wrestlingmatch, when he showed himself tough as whip-cord, and we had no fears.

> Starting from the lower Saranac on dull afternoon, a gorgeous sunset lit up the clouds and lakes as we rowed swiftly along; then, as the rich purple and crimson faded, the crescent moon broke through the clouds, and we had our first experience of "carries" in this uncertain twilight. It was only a short walk, however, and then we glided across the black waters of Round Lake in an utter silence, save for the splash of the oars and the scream of the loon or nighthawk.

Next day we wound along the Raquette river, whose waters were low, and whose shores, even thus early, glowed with autumn color.

Our nights were spent at hotels, which we reached late and left early; our days, in rowing and "carrying." Almost lost under the inverted boat, our guide led us through the rich vegetation of the carries, without wandering even when the fire, still raging, had obliterated every trace of trail to our unaccustomed eyes.

Occasionally we heard the incongruous sound of human voices other than our own and came upon a simiar boating party. Now and then we heard the baying of dogs, and knew that some poor deer was in distress, or we saw an uncommon bird, and listened to its wild note, but for the most part, there were few signs of life of any kind, and the silence was complete; the sense of loneliness, intense.

What wonder, then, that Maud seemed almost fairy-like to eyes long unaccustomed to such beauty.

As we came out upon Raquette lake we feltlas if we were approaching civilization; clearings, with back shanties or more pretentious cottages occupied many of the points; and hark! what sound is that? No heron's screams, or wild duck's screech, but a veritable

steam whistle; and, in the distance we can just distinguish a little tug standing at the dock. Presently, coming nearer, we had a view of the passengers, among whom, with the September sun gilding her brown hair, we first saw Mand.

I say "we," for Tom's subdued whistle told me that his heart had been smitten by this nut-brown maid as well as mine. She was chattering merrily with her brother and father who stood close by. We could hear their voices, and distinguish the names, Mand and Jack, by which the brother and sister addressed each other, but nothing more. Apparently, however, they were talking of us; for, the little tug having started just as we got alongside, our plucky little guide determined on a race. The wind was against him, but he held his own; and, though the steamer passed ahead of us into the narrow Marion river, the cheer of the passengers showed that they considered him victorious, while Maud beamed upon him in a way that made us both wish that we held the oars.

She stood in the bow of the little steamer with the venerable woods behind her; but their green branches and shadowy spaces were for me only a background to intensify the picture of her youth and beauty. With the sight of her I felt that I had had enough of loneliness, and a longing came over me, such as I had sometimes felt in college when the soft tone of a woman's voice reminded me of home.

As we sped along the lily-pads, rich with the same autumn colors which the maples wore, we had the good luck to find several belated blossoms. The tug was making its way slowly, for the channel was narrow and winding; and as we were quite near, I fancied that Mand looked enviously at my treasures. Lifting my hat, I tossed them at her feet.

She did not blush, she did not scorufully east them into the water, nor ask her brother to throw them back to me; she simply nodded her thanks with evident delight, and, with the utmost grace she fastened the lovely lotus flowers in her belt.

Does this strike any one as a bit of flirtation? What man could keep a flower with a lady near on whom he might bestow it? The lilies sought their rightful owner, and I simply helped them on their rightful way, while Tom looked at the three he had gathered as if unwilling to imitate me, and equally unwilling to keep them. "It was a shame to pick them," he said, and laid them back upon the

The steamer now shot ahead, and our guide told us that its passengers would "carry" across to Eagle lake, where another steamer would receive them, while our carry was a shorter one further up.

Tom and I both received the news unwillingly, for we could not bear to have this bright vision vanish so soon. Should we never again see Maud? We looked at each other, but said nothing.

When at length we shot out into Eagle lake after the last of our carries there was no sign of any steamer; and, as we rowed on, the sun set and the moon rose, but we were still alone.

On Blue Mountain Lake we heard the steamer's whistle once more, and in the distance saw its column of smoke and sparks as it puffed off to another part of the shore. We felt like grumbling at our choice of hotels, but it was now too late to change; so, hungry, tired and disappointed, we climbed the steep biliside.

Our appetites did not fail us, however (how could they in that air?), and after supper we walked up and down the broad piazza, looking upon the moonlighted lake and mountains with a tinge of sadness as we thought our onting was so nearly over, ond we mused upon the maiden whose beauty

had charmed us. Next morning we drove a mile in the early twilight in order to take the stage. We found only one unengaged outside seat, and Tom insisted on my taking that. Was he really generous, or did he have an intuition? I asked myself, as suddenly our acquaintances of yesterday came down the steps and entered the stage. Maud wore her lilies and nodded pleasantly as our eyes met, but she took a seat directly opposite to Tom.

It seemed to me a very uninteresting road. I saw little but the blackened trees and the burnt wilderness.

I was sadly bored by a talkative seatmate, but there was no chance of relief until we reached Cedar river, where the stage was exchanged for a The Exciting Scenes Enacted on Concord coach.

I found that Tom had made great advances in the acquaintance of the little party to which Mand belonged, and which I now joined. We all climbed on top of the coach, and though the sun was hotter than ever, and the dead trees quite as ghastly, I no longer objected to riding outside.

Maud's father proved a good-natured man, whose hay-fever had driven him to the woods; and on the shore of Raquette lake, he, with Maud and Jack, had been camping in a bark shanty, and without a guide.

They told us of their experiences in a frank, jolly way, that made camping seem the most desirable kind of life imaginable. Maud looked on us with follow each wagon or outfit. evident pity when she found that we had been less than three weeks in the woods, and our camping experiences had been only with a guide. But we retaliated with a glowing account of our boat trip, which fascinated her, and she immediately implored her father to take her through the lakes next summer. She had learned to fish, row and swim, though Jack laughed at the idea of her swimming where the water wasn't over her head. She got enthusiastic over her rowing, however; and said she could cook fish as well as catch them, and make splendid pancakes! and we doubted none of her accomplishments.

How swiftly our six horses sped over the rough road! Long before Creek, where the railway station made us feel that our happy mountain life was at an end.

We found that our paths would diverge at Saratoga, so we made the most of the few hours left. The car seemed close after our out-door life, and we wondered if civilization were worth while, after all.

As we rumbled along, talking merrily in spite of the noise, a saucy gust of wind caught Maud's hat and whirled it out of the window.

"What shall I do?" she appealed to us; for Jack was laughing, and her father evidently puzzled.

"That's the only hat I had with me, and I can't go bearheaded."

"I might lend you this," said Jack, offering his straw, which was very much the worse for its camping experiences. "I can do better than that," said I,

Jack's suggestion having reminded me of something; and I soon pulled out a skull-cap of the same general color as her dress, "Wouldn't this do? I have some pretty wings if you want to trim it."

She chose a gray one out of my store, with which her deft fingers soon transformed the cap; and when it was on her head she looked prettier than ever. We four admiring masculines congratulated her on her success, and I was in clover. Tom was distanced again, for he, too, had a cap, which he would have only been too happy to see on that graceful head, if he had only thought of it. But there was little time for regrets. Already we were nearing Saratoga, and must part with our friends.

Good-byes are seldom pleasant. Perhaps it is well that they are often hurried. A few words, a touch of the hand, and she was gone.

Did we ever see her again? Which of us won her? Was one made happy, the other heart-broken, and our friendship thus shattered forever?

No, dear reader. It is possible for two men, who have fallen in love with the same girl to be content to hold equal places in her affection-if she is only eight years old,

# White and Green Houses,

"I am inclined to think," said Mr. Bugleton, "that if a man is going to build a house in the suburbs or the country, white, with green blinds, is about as well as he can do in the way of paint, that is, if there are trees around the house; if there are no trees, if the house stands right out by itself, then white would be pretty staring, though, according to my fancy, a bouse painted white and green looks all right anywhere if the paint is kept fresh and bright. I was in the country the other day, and I saw some white and green houses, standing back in yards, surrounded by trees, sunlight touching 'em in patches where it shone through the leaves, houses looking cool and comfortable, and with some character about them. I like it, myself, better than the dull rainbow tints in which many modern houses in the country are now painted; and if I were going to build a house tomorrow in the suburbs, if it was on land where it would be surrounded by trees, I think I should paint it white

# CATTLE ROUND-UPS.

Western Ranges.

Odd Outfits Used in Branding the Calf Crop.

All along the western borders of South Dakota the round-up campfires burn brightly now. The Missouri probable, but it is true. river marks the eastern border of the great western ranges. In the Dakotas alone at least 1,500 riders are now engaged in rounding up cattle and branding the calf crop. Twenty-five outfits have planned and laid out their routes, and at least six weeks of continuous riding will be necessary to do the work. Fifty to sixty riders will

The outfit consists of the mess wagon, drawn by four or six horses, loaded down with provisions necessary to feed its crew; the bed wagon, containing all the bedding and camp equipments; the horse wrangler, who takes charge of the bunch of horses to be used in the work, usually consisting of 200 to 300 horses. These horses are moved with the camp, and whenever a rider wants a fresh horse he throws a rope into the bunch and brings out his animal. Then follows the scene of "bucking" and plunging, for often the broncho has to be "busted" before he can be used on the work. Camp is moved every day, or at least every second day, from five to eight miles along the route. we wished it we rattled into North Every morning the line rider foreman leaves camp with his crew of riders and takes a course at right angles with the route; every half mile or mile he starts a couple of riders to ride parallel with the route, to throw in all the cattle they find toward the ronte and camp. After five or six lines are started out the foreman takes the balance of riders and swings around in front to drive all the bunch-

> for dinner. In the afternoon the same course is adopted in the opposite direction, and both sides of the camp are worked. The cattle gathered are all thrown into one bunch, which is known as the "cavvy," and are moved along with the camp. Calves are branded each day, and every one is branded the same brand as its mother, no matter where or who the owner may be-This part of the work is done with the greatest care, and every cowboy is faithful to this trust.

es gathered toward camp, coming in

Whenever 4,000 or 5,000 cattle are in the "cavvy," and while cattle are on their own ranges, the work of "cutting out" is carried on. In this the peculiar skill and ability of the cowboy is drawn out, and only men of well-known expertness with brands and cattleare detailed to do this work. The cutting horse must learn his part as well as the rider; he must be able to turn about as quickly and on less ground than any other, and dodge the attacks of the wildest steer with as much one and grace as the circus horse. The rider dashes into the "cavvy" and separates the cattle of each particular brand belonging on the range they are passing over. He drives his animal to the outside of the bunch and dashes back after another. On the outside are a number of riders who drive these cattle off to the owner. Each brand held in this way is driven back on its own ranch, for these range cattle become located. This is called working the cavvy, and the main bunch is pushed ahead until everybody's cattle are cut out and the calves branded.

In South Dakota no less than 500, 000 head of cattle will be handled by the present round-up. The country traversed will be upward of 25,000,-000 acres, which constitutes the great South Dakota pasture or range country. Each wagon is assigned its particular route, and the entire country is thoroughly worked. The calf crop will be fully twenty-five percent. larger than last year.

The cattle industry has developed wonderfully during the past four or five years. Over \$1,000,000 worth of cattle are shipped annually to this point. The interest taken in grading up stock cattle and purchasing grade stock increases each year. The industry has paid a yearly profit of not less than fifty percent for the past five years, and the loss of the past year was less than one percent. The Missouri River Stockman's Association has headquarters at Fort Pierre. Its duty is to furnish protection to stock from cattle rustlers on the home range and inspection of all brands of cattle sold at the market points. It has a detective service which hunts down every rustler or person unlawwith green blinds."-New York Sun. fully handling any brands be Boston Globe.

longing to its members. It has done great good. - Minneapolis Journal,

#### Gold in Deer Teeth.

Stories have been told about the finding of gold in the crops of chickens, in the stomachs of fishes, between the toes of wolves and in a variety of odd places, but Frank Dixon, a taxidermist of this city, is the first to find gold on the teeth of a wild deer. This story sounds im-

Mr. Dixon received recently from Colorado a couple of deer heads to be mounted. The first thing he did was to skin the heads. He noticed in handling the skulls that the rows of teeth were incrusted with a brownish vellow substance. In the crevices between the teeth the incrustation was heaviest and sparkled when held to the light. Mr. Dixon knew the deer were killed in a part of Colorado where gold dust had been found. He scraped some of the incrustation from the teeth and took it to his friend, Shirley Millet, dentist, Dr. Millet tested it with chemicals and said it was gold. Mr. Dixon scraped off a lot more and took it to Mr. Lawrence, assayist. Then the taxidermist wrote to Colorado and found out the exact spot where the deer were shot and he began to make preparations to close out his business here and go there to hunt for gold.

"My theory about this thing is this," said Mr. Dixon. "Every herd of deer has a salt lick somewhere, where they go occasionally to lick the earth for the salt there is in it. The herd never wanders far away from this lick. The soil of the lick that was used by these two deer was full of gold dust, and the seid of the deers' mouths held it and incrusted it on the teeth. Or, perhaps, the gold was picked up by the deer in browsing. - Kansas City Star.

### The Mighty Pen.

In Birmingham, England, there are number of factories that make 150,000,000 pens every week. The majority of the workers in these factories are women.

To make 1,000,000 pens fully a ton of steel is needed. There is so much work necessary to manufacture a single pen that if they were not made in such bulk they would be much more expensive.

When the steel leaves the presses it is shaped like a pen, but is flat iustead of rounding. The flat pieces are put in a furnace, where they remain till they are redhot, when they are hammered and stamped.

More steel is used every year in the making of pens than in the manufacture of guns, swords and needles throughout the world. The typewriter has rather checked the enormous use of steel peus, still they lead.

Forty years ago when pens, superceded quills it was one of the mysteries of the day how the slit was made down the center of the pen. Those employed in that part of the work made to take on oath not t veal the process. Now everybody knows that the slit is made by a pair of scissors fixed in a press. Men roll the steel to its proper thickness; then women cut it in strips the width of two pens by means of presses.

"It is not generally known," observed a prominent blacksmith, "that nearly all of the anvils used by blacksmiths in this country are made by one firm in Brooklyn, New York. All kinds of substitutes have been invented and put on the market, but after using them the blacksmith generally goes back to the wrought-iron anvil, which is hand made. There are plenty of cast-iron and steel anvils for sale, but they find but little favor from blacksmiths, who prefer an anvil that sings. The cast-iron anvil has no music about it, and does not give any more response to the hammer than if one was hammering on a stump. It is music, or singing, as the smithy calls it, that is wanted. A blacksmith does nearly all his talking to his helper by the sounds made on the anvil by his hammer. As far as the vilage blacksmith is concerned, singing by the anvil is his constant divertisement. Ordinarily an anvil will last from ten to twenty years, that is, if it is handled carefully, though there are many anvils that are now used by sons which were used by the fathers during their entire life time."-Washington

# Curative.

"That fellow turns up on every "Why don't you get rid of him?"

"How can 1?"

"Why, easy-lend him a dollar!"-