

Petrocar is the latest addition to the vocabulary of motor vehicles, signifying a petroleum motor carriage.

Fur-bearing animals are becoming so scarce that the feasibility of breeding them is being discussed. It is conceded that Siberia would be the most desirable place for the establishment of farms for this purpose.

It appears to be a common practice, about both New York and Boston, not to have school on rainy days. No doubt the objection is that the children catch cold sitting in damp clothes, explains Harper's Weekly.

A schoolmaster in Cleveland, Ohio, offered a prize of one dollar to the pupil who produced the best aphorism. Here is the wise advice that won the prize: "If you have a good temper, hang on to it; and if you have a bad one, don't lose it."

The Charleston News and Courier calls for the protection and preservation of the forests in North and South Carolina. If action is not speedily taken, it says, the streams will dry up and the industrial and agricultural interests of the two states will be seriously menaced.

The Ameer of Afghanistan is a reformer. He has given orders for the introduction of calf vaccination in Cabul, in order to stem the annual ravages of smallpox, which destroys no less than one-fifth of the infant population every time it appears. At a recent public ceremony the Ameer made a speech calling upon the people to aid him in enforcing the universal vaccination of children.

Certain streets in the city of Boston have been in a dreadfully congested condition, owing to the great number of street cars which have been obliged to pass through them. Probably half of the cars make their way through Tremont street and the other half through Washington street. The windings and twistings and the narrowness of the crooked streets often stopped traffic, and the cars would be blocked for several miles through these two crowded thoroughfares. A subway is now being built by means of which a large portion of the street-car traffic will be accommodated and relieve the streets. The cars will enter the subway at the Public Garden and leave it in the extreme northern part of the city. The cost will be, probably, about \$7,000,000, including \$1,500,000 for land damages.

The appearance of the Hon. Henry W. Blair in the Legislature of New Hampshire, after having served as a United States Senator for the same commonwealth, recalls to the New York Mail and Express a long line of famous Americans who likewise occupied places of lesser importance after having filled larger ones. John Quincy Adams went to Congress after having been President, and ex-President Johnson was elected a Senator from Tennessee. Linn Boyd became Lieutenant-Governor of Kentucky, after having served as Speaker in the House of Congress. Henry Clay, John J. Crittenden, Richard M. Johnson, Joseph R. Underwood and David Meriwether all served in the Kentucky Legislature after having held seats in the United States Senate. Jesse D. Bright was a member of the Kentucky Assembly after he had been a United States Senator from Indiana. Caleb Cushing of Massachusetts, and De Witt Clinton of New York, held State offices after retiring from the Federal Senate.

It is claimed in the New Orleans Picayune "that the once famous Henry Clay Dean was the original Reuben who had hay seed in his hair. Dean went to Iowa in the early days of that state and settled on a small farm. The first year he raised a considerable quantity of oats and assisted in cutting and placing them in his barn. After the oats had been disposed of Dean started to dig a well, a task that occupied two or three weeks, owing to its being in a bog before he completed it, nearly burying the orator. Some time after the well was finished he complained of headache, a trouble he seldom had. In a week or two after the headaches started they became so severe that he called upon a physician and was given medicine which did no good. Another visit resulted, and the doctor concluded to examine the head and see where the trouble lay. 'Mr. Dean, go and have it moved,' was his comment. The dirt from the well had fallen upon his head, and the result was a good crop starting in the unkempt hair of the preacher. He had the hair cut, the only time, it is said, that he allowed such an operation after he

# A GOOD STORY



## A CLEVER RUSE.

Wells Compton was telling the story. It was about a duel to the death in which he had engaged while in Arizona, and we all listened attentively. He had told about the cause of the combat. Bill Crookford, the bully of the camp, had thrown a glass of whiskey in his face because he did not like a remark that had been made by the tenderfoot, and Compton had retaliated by striking him a hard blow on the cheek. Crookford was for using his six-shooter right away, but the crowd made him desist and insisted upon fair play.

"I knew the man was likely to kill me before I left the groggery," said Compton, "so I said: 'I will fight you, and fight you now, but mark you, we will fight on something like equal terms. With revolvers I should be nothing but a victim to your skill, so as I am entitled to the choice of weapons, we will use Winchesters, for, although I never fired one in my life, I can use the rifle better than the revolver.'"

"A dead quiet fell on the group as Crookford nodded his head in token of assent. I had, as I knew, chosen the deadliest style of duelling in force out there.

"Old Mottram broke the silence by saying: 'It seems, boys, that this affair must go on. Crookford, hev ye yer weapon here?'

"No, but I will soon bring it," was the response as he turned and walked out.

"I now had about an hour at my disposal, and taking Dalziel aside I asked him to be my second, which he acceded to. I gave him all the money I had on me, some \$600, and told him that if I should be killed he was to bury me decently and that he might keep any balance left over. Then on a sheet of note paper I wrote a brief will, disposing of my interests in certain concerns.

"I did not waste any time in thinking of my poor mother, my sisters, or any dearer one at all. The fact was that I hadn't any sweetheart or relations of any kind save and except my dear old dad, and well I knew that he, a major under the flag of old England, would rather have helped to bury me with his own hands than that his son should turn tail in such a case. Neither was I disturbed in my mind about what some would call the awful responsibility which must rest upon me if I killed this man. No, sir! I just meant to drill as many and as deadly holes in his rascally carcass as good fortune and my skill could together effect. Brutal, no doubt you will say. Perhaps it was, but I was going to shoot to kill for all that, for if ever a man meant bloodshed in this world, Bill Crookford meant it when he went out of that saloon.

"What I did think of, however, was how to increase my chances of success, as I certainly did not want to be killed, or even wounded, so I mentally laid down a plan of campaign, or method of operation as it were.

"There was still about half an hour before my adversary could get back, so Dalziel proposed my having a few shots to get used to the Winchester which I was to use. About 200 yards away stood an old shanty, empty and tumbled down; on this Dalziel stuck the white lid of a box, offering a plain mark of perhaps twelve inches square. I took the rifle and after firing two shots for direction and elevation I walked over to see how I had got on, then came back and resumed firing. When I got through three and twenty cartridges, we all, that is, the rest of the men in the store—with Dalziel and myself, walked over to the target.

"Great Scott!" exclaimed old Mottram, "why, there ain't a single bullet within five feet of that box lid. You ain't got no show at all agin Crooky, an' if I was you I'd own up and apologize."

"I thank you for your advice," I replied. "I believe I have more chance than you fancy, but if I had none, this affair would have to go on, unless, indeed, your man should beg my par-

don for throwing his glass in my face."

"There ain't much chance of that, I fear. He's dead set on shooting yer, sir, but I wish there was some way of stoppin' this affair. It seems onreasonable that you should meet a man sich a tremenjous lot better ner yourself when your life will most likely hev to pay the stake."

"Crookford soon arrived at the store, bringing his rifle with him, and of course a whisper or two from his friends made him acquainted with the results of my target practice. Dalziel made a last attempt to prevent a meeting and addressed Crookford upon the evil of carrying this affair to a termination, which must almost inevitably result in murder, on account of my poor target practice.

Crookford said: "There ain't no particular reason for fighting, if he will apologize for strikin' that blow, but he's got ter do it, and got ter do it humble, too, or else let him git hold of his rifle. I won't say no more."

"I impatiently waived to Dalziel to desist and signed to Mottram to proceed with the necessary preliminaries. Taking the two rifles from our hands he pressed, one by one, into the magazines of each of them seven cartridges.

"Now," said he, when this was done, "you, Crookford, are well posted as to how these affairs are managed here, but for fear that you"—turning to me—"may not be so well acquainted with them I will tell yer the conditions. These two rifles will be laid down on the middle of the road, where it goes over the plain in a straight line, they will be placed over two hundred yards apart, and you will stand each beside his gun. We, that is, Dalziel and myself, will stand between you and to one side. When I throw my hat up you are each at liberty to get your gun and make the best use of it again one another. You may stand and fire, or lay down and fire as you please. You kin run in on one another, or if either of you chooses, he kin run back. There's plenty of road, too; each of you has about fifty miles of straight travelin' behind him if he don't like the looks of things in front; but neither of you must leave the road, and the seven shots in each of guns must decide the affair, hit or miss. Mind, if these conditions are broken by either man, me and Dalziel here are to see fair play, and we have guns, and will use them, too. Without another word we all left the store, and the seconds, placing the rifles on the road beside Crookford and myself, retired to the little hillock to give the signal.

"I perhaps ought to give you a description of my feelings at that moment, but really I can hardly do so, nor do I remember any very predominant emotion, save that I felt a sort of stony calm, mixed with a strong desire to draw a bead on that figure standing quietly beside his weapon some two hundred yards away.

"As I before told you, I had laid down my method of proceeding, and the basis of it was to remain on the defensive, for I felt sure that Crookford, despising my abilities with the Winchester, would advance upon me, nor was I at all mistaken; directly the signal was given he seized his rifle and almost instantly discharging a shot, which passed within a foot of me, he started on a zigzag run toward me. Meanwhile I had gone down flat on the road, bringing my rifle to bear upon him, and getting sight after he had run in perhaps fifty yards, I fired my first shot.

"I shot primarily to stop him, of course, if I could, but also with the intention of throwing a thin cloud of smoke immediately in front of me, beneath which I could again take sight. The day was still, bright and warm, and far away along the road behind Crookford a little white puff of dust told me that I had missed my man. Jerking the lever of the rifle forward and back to its place again, I had my second shot ready for delivery. This time I waited, judging that when he came to a stop, either to lie down, or stand, I should have the best chance I was likely to get, but still my rifle muzzle followed his every movement. On he came, till less than one hundred yards separated us; dropping on his hands and knees, he was just reaching the prone position, when once more my rifle rang out. This time I did not see the puff of dust, betokening a miss, for I had no time to speculate results, but hugging the ground

closely, I jerked the empty cartridge out and got another into its place.

"Zip came a bullet not three inches from my cheek, and again, as I brought my gun up, another struck the road almost straight in front of me and tore its way through the cloth of my coat on the arm. This shot nearly blinded me and rendered it impossible for me to return the fire effectively for the dust, and so I might say for the next two, as both being in front and fortunately a little to one side I absolutely could not see even the end of my own rifle. In a few seconds the dust was cleared sufficiently to allow me dimly to sight my opponent. My finger had almost pressed the trigger when somehow or other I seemed to feel that I need not shoot. There was no motion about my adversary, nor was his face visible, and even at that distance I could see that his rifle was not in position, but was grasped in his right hand wide out from his body. I kept my rifle on him, hesitating what to do. He still had two shots in his magazine, and I had a right to fire on him and make certain; but still, as I say, I hesitated. As I did so Mottram waved me to hold my fire, and leaving their position on the hill the two seconds ran hastily to the silent figure in front of me. A wave of the hand released me from suspense and informed me that the duel was over. On reaching Crookford I found him insensible from pain and loss of blood. My second shot had struck him fair on the left shoulder, shattering the bone at the joint in a terrible manner and flooding the road with blood. Even then the man had, before insensibility set in, managed, goodness knows how, to send those four bullets in rapid succession, any one of which, had it been three inches truer, would have killed or badly wounded me. We got him to the store and Dalziel, who possessed some surgical skill, managed to staunch the flowing blood, and in a day or two he was pronounced out of any absolute danger of his life. Recover he did, although it was three months before he could leave his berth. As the ranch had passed into my hands during that time I saw that he was properly attended to, but when he was able to travel I directed that he be paid up all wages and given an extra \$50, but ordered that he be discharged from the employ. You see, my life felt very unsafe while he was within fifty miles. I heard that he ultimately recovered the use of his arm, but it was a long time before it was anything like sound.

"Little more remains to be told, excepting that I gave Dalziel a hundred dollars for that Winchester as a souvenir of the affair."

"But, Mr. Compton," said I, "how on earth did you manage to make such a good shot at your man on your second attempt when, as you pointed out, you shot so badly at the box lid. Was it simply a fluke?"

Compton looked at me rather curiously and said:

"I notice that you sometimes play at whist, but I don't perceive that you let the adversaries see your hand. It is true that I was never within five feet of the box lid, but then you see I never shot at that lid at all. I aimed at a dozen different parts of the shanty, knots, blotches on the wood, etc., but never at the lid. Knowing what I was shooting at, I was satisfied, because all my shots were within six to ten inches of where I aimed them, and of course, the others thought I was blazing away at the lid all the time, though, mind, I never said so, and Crookford naturally got the impression that I was a very bad shot from what the others told him. I rather expected the result would be that way, and it was unlucky for Crookford."—San Francisco Examiner.

**Eggs Forty Years Old.**  
Dr. C. D. McCoy is exhibiting an egg which he says is forty years of age. It weighs 281 grains, while a sound one weighs 1,100 grains. It was brought to my office by Mrs. Norman Wall of Silvercreek, who tells the following story: Forty years ago her husband built his house. He began it in the fall and finished it in the spring. Last week a large piece of plastering fell from the wall, and Mr. Norman, upon going to repair the damage, discovered a nest full of eggs, which had lain securely hidden and protected for the last forty years.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

**Electric Lights for Mail Carriers.**  
The Belfast (Me.) letter carriers claim they are the first in the country to use electric lights in delivering their mail. They use a small lantern fastened to their breasts, which is lighted by a small battery carried in their pockets. The lights last two hours.—Boston Globe.

## A PERILOUS ROUTE.

### The Unique Mail Service Into the Interior of Alaska.

#### How Letters Are Carried to the Upper Yukon.

The most perilous mail service in the whole world, as well as the most unique and the longest star route service on record, has just been established by the government through the heart of Alaska. A vast part of the territory is wild and uninhabited, but about the recently discovered gold fields there has sprung up a rude sort of civilization and the hordes of prospectors and miners who have flocked there dazzled by the intermittent reports of rich strikes have settled a section of the interior region. The glittering of gold at Circle City, 900 miles inland on the upper Yukon river, attracted a large number of miners and others, who after settling had no regular mail communication with the rest of the world. Compelled to trust to chance in sending out their mail they sometimes paid as much as a dollar a letter for the privilege of sending by persons leaving camp for civilization.

The country was so inaccessible that it was difficult even to secure any accurate information, and the major portion of the vast tract is still as little known in the United States as the remotest parts of the heart of Africa. Postmaster General Wilson, through his assistants, looked over this field and its needs, and after a lengthy correspondence with Governor Sheakley, finally obtained some data. He found that in the vicinity of Circle City there were about 900 people and many more during the winter; that in going over the proposed route, which has now been adopted and is being covered under contract, beginning at Juneau, the mails could be carried by river for a distance of about 100 miles. Then would have to be encountered a difficult portage of over thirty miles. Supplies have to be packed on the backs of Indians over this stretch, at the end of which the upper Yukon is reached.

For the remainder of the distance to Circle City it was decided, as is now being done, to carry the mails on the river in a small boat during a short season when the river is open and at other times by a dog train. This service is now an accomplished fact. The first step was taken by the establishment of a post office named Circle on March 19 last. L. N. Question was appointed postmaster and not long afterward a contract was signed with the Yukon Transportation Company, a Chicago enterprise, for carrying letter mail over the route. The compensation for the service is \$500 a round trip. The first trip was made on June 11, when 1,474 letters were started from Juneau and carried into the Circle City post office on the 14th of the following month. This initial expedition was under the personal supervision of the president of the contracting company, N. A. Bedloe.

The season was very late, and while the snow was too soft to permit the taking of the launches over the Chilkoot pass the lakes were not sufficiently open to allow of their use. To overcome this obstacle lumber was purchased for two boats, to be built on the other side of Chilkoot pass, where they would be launched on the lakes. Half way to the summit of the mountain it was carried by the Indians, when, tired out and exhausted, they absolutely refused to carry the lumber further, and it had to be abandoned. Nothing daunted, the party pushed on with the mail and supplies, and at the lakes logs were cut and a boat built. From there down, going day and night, there was no mishap, but the seething waters of the canyons and the terrible rapids passed through are enough to add years to a man's life. The question now with the little expedition was to get the return mail back to Juneau at the earliest moment possible. It was impossible to start up the river owing to the rapid water. For 500 miles the current averaged eight miles an hour. Then Bedloe concluded that if he remained at Circle City until the end of the month it would take forty-five days to pole the boat up the river. It was, therefore, decided to go on down to St. Michael's and come out through Bering sea. The party finally got back to Juneau, after traveling 3,500 miles, in addition to the regular delivery of the mail.—Washington Star.

**The Last of the Druids.**  
Historians of the present day are never tired of declaring that Druidism disappeared from England many centuries ago. The Duke of Buccleuch, however, can prove that this is not correct, as the last of the Druids still exists in his own person, although he appoints a representative to officiate in a curious old ceremony which has been preserved since long before the days of William the Conqueror. It consists of the payment of what is called "wroth money," the principal householders of the parish in which he is lord of the manor being compelled to pay him a certain sum in silver coins every November. The money is thrown into a hollow cross of Saxon design and collected afterward by the bailiff of the estate. An amusing feature of this old-time ceremony is that any parishioner failing to make the payment is liable to a forfeit of twenty times the amount or is compelled to procure a white bull with a pink nose as a substitute. This curious custom was witnessed a few days ago by a large number of spectators, drawn to the place not so much, I think, by the imposing event as by the sumptuous breakfast provided at the local inn by the Duke of Buccleuch.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

## Popular Expressions.

"Tell that to the marines," indicates the contempt, even to the present day, professional sailors feel and express for the soldiers who form a portion of the complement on board a man-of-war.

"Do at Rome as Romans do," is credited to no less an authority than St. Augustine, who advised a convert doubtful about the propriety of some custom observed at Rome, to do as other people did.

The term "blue stocking" is as old as the year 1409, at which date in Venice a society of literary ladies and gentlemen was organized, the members of which as a distinguishing badge wore blue stockings.

"As tight as Dick's hatband" originated in the days of Richard Cromwell, son of the great Oliver, who, in the humorous parlance of the time, found the crown so tight that he could not put it on his head.

"By the holy poker" is a popular abbreviation of an oath which became common during the crusades. "By the holy sepulchre" was in the mouths of all Englishmen during the centuries that the crusades went on.

"As deaf as an adder" is an allusion to the fact that the hearing of many kinds of serpents is far more acute, owing to the circumstance that their auditory apparatus is covered by the outer skin or epidermis, which is shed every season.

"The dog watch," a term used by sailors, was once the dog watch a short watch being introduced between those longer in duration, in order that too great amount of work should not be put upon the same men in the course of the day.

"To haul over the coals" recalls the former legal custom of trial by fire, the accused walking barefoot over a bed of glowing coals and his innocence or guilt being deducted from the condition of his feet after a certain number of days had elapsed.—Chicago News.

## Outwitted the Detective.

"Moonshiners have great cleverness," said a New York detective who formerly was a revenue officer in the Southern States. "I once received information that a great deal of illicit whiskey and brandy was being made in Polk County, Tennessee, and went over on a quiet reconnoitering tour. Leaving the train at Cleveland I took a horse and started for Polk County, representing myself as a timber buyer. At the first house where I stopped for the night, I told the man that I was looking for timber.

"Yo' ain't lookin' fer no timber," he said; "yo' air huntin' stills. That's several right aroun' hyar an' I don' min' helpin' yo', and I kin git enough men to make up a posse. What'll yo' give?"

"I made him an offer. Next day he and his son joined me, and we destroyed several small stills, but found no large ones. He also gave me information as to who owned them, and a list of witnesses in each case, until I had sufficient to indict forty men.

"Returning a week later, all were arrested and the grand jury indicted them. When the trials were held, however, the evidence fell through and I could not convict a man. The witness fees amounted to several thousand dollars. Subsequently I learned that the man whom I took for an informer was the ringleader of the gang, and piloted me away from all the large stills.—New York Press.