

The way in which American anthropological museums are growing is a source of envy in England, where there is a lamentable indifference to the subject.

The recently deceased son of an English earl was regarded as having disgraced himself because he earned his living as a showman. Nevertheless he earned his living.

The number of schools in Cuba has multiplied 10-fold in a single year. That West Indian invasion of New England has been followed by results of the largest practical value.

Illinois is adopting drastic means to put down hazing and kidnapping. The maximum penalty for the former is a fine of \$500 or six months in the county jail. Kidnaping for ransom is made a capital offense.

The only two six-masted schooners afloat came in collision off Cape Cod recently. This presents the suggestion that those who are fond of monkeying with problems of averages can figure out what the chances are for their doing this again.

Seventeen years ago, Germany, under Bismarck's lead, established the state system of accident insurance and old-age pensions for workmen. It has grown to be a vast machine, and its payments to disabled, sick and aged wage-earners average \$250,000 a year.

The red spiders of California that have inflicted the orange groves to such a fearful extent are in process of being exterminated by a new insect, which has made its appearance. This latest visitor devours the eggs of the spiders. As long as the eggs hold out the new insect will be all right, but after they are gone no telling what he may take a notion to devour.

The hope is held out that we may yet be able to dispense with elaborate cooking. Several chemists are said to be at work on the problem of compressed food, and they expect to compass "in the capacity of a small vial" elements which will sustain life for days. One enthusiast predicts that science will yet be able to extract the life force that is in the heart of the corn, the kernel of the wheat and the luscious juices of the fruits.

The Boston Herald takes occasion to analyze some of the statements concerning the amount of money paid by Americans to foreigners for the service of ocean transportation. It derides the assumption that the sum reaches \$150,000,000 to \$200,000,000 annually, but it does not attempt to make a close estimate of the actual expenditure. One percent of the cost of the goods shipped, it says, would about size up the business. If this is the case, \$24,000,000 would pay for the transportation of our imports and exports. Perhaps the insignificance of the amount accounts for the fact that Americans have not in recent years made any great efforts to secure the oversea carrying trade.

There is some probability that quarries and stone dressers will gradually be crowded out of their occupation by the use of artificial stone. In the manufacture of this stone the sand is heated and the cement added to the amount of 12 percent of the mixture. The steel molds are filled with the dry material and run upon a tramway into an immense cylinder, which is closed and bolted. Boiling water is then turned in under pressure sufficient to force it all through the sand in the molds. The cement slacks, but the steel molds do not permit any expansion to occur, and the stone is formed and dried under an immense pressure. The result is a very hard stone, which can be supplied in shapes desired much cheaper than the natural stone.

It is to be regretted that America has not "launched upon the flood of time" productive intellects of the very highest order. But there is nothing extraordinary and discreditable in the fact, observes the New York Tribune. It was an amazing piece of good fortune for England that Shakespeare was born on English soil to speak the English tongue. Goethe fortuitously conferred unending lustre on the German name. It would be a cause for profound pride and joy if another Shakespeare or Goethe should appear in the United States with indubitable credentials. But in the meantime we cannot admit that we should hang our heads in shame. It would be almost—indeed, for aught we can see, quite—as reasonable to disparage England because she has produced only one Shakespeare in a 1000 years, or to blush for the human race because "within that circle none durst walk but he."

## TID.

By JENNIE DAVIS BURTON.

"Do you be Mr. Kane, sir? It's Mr. Peter Tidmore Kane, in the real estate business, I'm wantin' to see."

The gentleman addressed looked down with some astonishment upon the sharp little freckled visage that was upturned as he replied: "I am Mr. Kane, my boy. What do you want with me?"

"Sure, I'll be tellin' ye, but it's mighty glad I am to see you, sir. Sitake, then! I'm a namesake of yours, though belike you're not knowin' it, and I'm glad that I favor you, now that I've set me two eyes on ye."

"Favor me, indeed, you young scoundrel!"

"On the inside, I mane, and I'd be glad if it was on the outside, for it's a mighty fine-lookin' gentleman ye are, then. They do be tellin' me you have the rintin' of a many of the houses hereabout, and it's to rint the small place at the foot of the hill I'd be askin'." I'll pay you as much as 50 cents a week for it, and work out the rint if you say it's a bargain."

Mr. Kane was growing interested. The small boy had a brisk business way with him, quite out of proportion to his size, which was that of an average 10-year-old.

"It's a little out of the usual line to take work in return—"

"Oh, it will be equally satisfactory if ye pay me in cash, then, Mr. Kane, sir, and 'tis a good bargain ye'll have, wid me mither along wid me, and she that alger to be at rest wanst more. 'Tis the plazed woman she'll be that all's settled so well."

"But hold on!" said Mr. Kane. "I like to know something about you tenants. What security can you give me that I shall find you responsible?"

"Sure, I tould you that I was named after you, didn't I? It's Peter Tidmore Kane Mulligan I am, and me mother says ye'll be sure to mind Biddy Moran that was cook to ye wanst. But I'm Tid for short. We'll move in the day, and I'll just come up for me orders in the mornin'." and Tid walked away as contentedly as if he carried a signed lease in his pocket.

"Biddy Moran? To be sure. She worked for us one summer a dozen or more years ago," said Mrs. Kane, when her husband appealed to her for confirmation of the boy's story. "Not much of a cook, very green and a little queer, as I remember her. I'm afraid they'll be a load on your hands, Tidmore."

"Well, the old shell can't be much worse with them in it than standing empty, and I'll warn them out if they prove a nuisance. The boy will get along if he favors me 'on the inside,' as he says," and Mr. Kane laughed in recollection of the sharp, little, uncoiled figure as contrasted with his own well-favored person.

Sure enough, the first sight that greeted Mr. Kane the next morning was Tid, keenly examining his garden beds, shaking his head portentously over poppies and lilies, and getting down on his knees to sniff at the tomato-vines, with a curious uncertainty, not to say contempt, that sent the garden's owner hurrying down to prevent any possible catastrophe.

"It's a fine lot of weeds ye've saved up for me, sir," Tid greeted him brightly, "but I'm feared they've run over the plants intirely. Or it is a wild garden you do be having here? Me mother tells me that you grow things small in this state, and ye do it uncommon well, I should say. Belike it has to be tuk out of you that way for the big hearts ye've got," with a respectful deference that disarmed his employer's wrath.

"Why, you young jackanapes, where have you seen anything finer, that you should be turning up your nose at my garden, pray?"

"Faix, I think it wor in Californy," hazarded Tid, as if he were drawing his recollections from some deep well of memory. "The tomatoes growed on vines as high as the house, I mind, and there were men up on step-ladders pickin' them, and the lilies and the violets and the poppies all run wild in the fields, they did, and the roses were like to smother the house, and the cucumbers were as long as I am, and a dale longer sometimes. 'Tat's the country, if it's gardenin' ye're after."

"I wonder you left it," remarked Mr. Kane sarcastically.

"I'd wonder that meself, if there wor any show for dancin' Americans out there," admitted Tid. "The pitalans and the grossers have it all their own way. It's quare how there's something forinist wanst most iverywhere in the West. In Nebraska it wor the 'hoppers, and in Kansas the drought. Up in Washington it alther rained all the time or the chinook blasted things, and down in Texas there wor the cattle every which way. It do be good to get home to the states," and Tid drew a long breath of satisfaction. "But this isn't wurk at all, and if ye'll put me to it, I'll be jiggin' in."

Mr. Kane found the boy eager to learn and tireless in his efforts to please, and although he made some blunders by the end of the week he was won over by the favor of the household, and was allowed to make himself useful about the place in very much his own way. This sometimes resulted in queer turns of fancy, according to the Eastern view of things, as when he was found in the early morning sweeping up grasshoppers from the lawn to feed the fowls, and carefully treasuring pocketfuls of gravel while he was still new to the situation.

"Sure, it wor the lashings of 'hoppers we had out on the perraries, but silver a stone to the size of a pea

there. Ye have them better distributed here, and it's a fine country, though the things do grow small," he decided, approvingly, when the waste of his efforts was pointed out to him.

It would appear that the Mulligans had drifted all over the West in an aimless fashion, "saking health, and betterment," as Tid expressed it, till the death of the father left his mother free to return "for the making of me," he confided to Mr. Kane.

"Sure, a lad nades to be looking up to a good man, me mother says, and it's a power of 'achin' I'll nade to come up to me name, I do be thinkin'."

The amusement that Mr. Kane derived from the glorified ideal upon which Tid was basing the formation of his character gave way sometimes to a fleeting wish that he had cultivated more of the virtues which Tid credited him with possessing. There are drawbacks to being held as little less than a saint by even an ignorant Irish boy. Suppose, now, that Tid could look beneath the surface and see the true state of the man within him, how would the revelation affect the lad's moral growth?

Mr. Kane shrugged his shoulders and threw off his uneasiness. It was by no choice of his that he had been held up as a model. Let the effects of the disillusionment fall where they belonged. It was not likely that he was going to change his business methods, his sharp dealing, his keen seizure of apparent advantages, simply to spare the tender susceptibilities of this small vagrant; nevertheless the thought of Tid was at the bottom of more than one reform that he made in these days.

Meantime Tid was cultivating a tender heart among other things, and when he had the misfortune to set his foot unawares on a toad one day, he was the more hurt of the two.

"I'd no more scrunch the creature, and it sittin' by to do me a good turn, than you'd squeeze a tenant, sir," he protested, remorsefully.

"There are some tenants that need the thumbscrews put on them, Tid."

"Of course, just as there are pertabys, bugs and cutworms and squash beetles to clane out. It's a fine thing to have the head to pick and I choose amongst them as I weed out the docks and leave the cabbages, to hold the 'helpin' hand to the wake and nadey, and turn the cowid back on the 'udersarvin'." I'm feared I'll be long learnin' all taut from you, sir."

"Oh, you aspire to a share in the management of the tenants, too?" inquired Mr. Kane, with that sarcastic accent which was quite thrown away upon Tid.

"I'm studying hard to be fit to go in the office come fall, when you'll not be nadin' me in the gardenin'," admitted Tid, modestly. "I'll be worth me keep there outside of me schoolin', I will that, ye'll see."

"Hum-mum!" That Tid was acting like a prickly burr on his conscience, the real estate man knew, and the far-reaching consequences of this proposed move rather alarmed him. He'd be closed up the typhoid well and drained Ague Alley and given a contract for rebuilding Ramshackle Row—all good-paying investments, to be sure, and much-needed reforms—simply and solely through the quickened moral responsibility that the boy had roused in him?

"If this thing goes on," he said to himself, "I'll be renewing the Taft mortgage and letting the Hope farm slip through my fingers. It's sheer imbecility on my part. Who wants an inconveniently active conscience in these days? I'll throw off the yoke before it fastens tighter. I'll discharge Tid and send the Mulligans packing."

But to look into Tid's trustful eyes and make this decision known was more than Mr. Kane cared to do at that moment. It might be better to talk the matter out with Tid's mother, he concluded. A little bribe, now, to persuade her to move on, say, without betraying his part in the transaction, would make everything smooth and easy.

Mr. Kane had not seen Mrs. Mulligan. Tid had caught his fancy, but he had felt sure that the mother would be a bore, and had avoided the house. Well, they had transformed the desolate shanty into rather a picturesque spot by the vines they had trained over it, and the woman displayed some of Tid's own confidence in receiving him.

"Sure, I felt yez comin', sir," she explained. "Be sated, please, I'd pass the chair if I could pass a foot under me, but it was the Lord's mercy that I kept on me legs till we reached ye, that it was, and I've some use of me hands still, so that I do a dale wid them, and I can bitch me chair about while I do me chores quite nate and convenient. 'Tis honored I am to have ye come aakin' me—regardin' Tid is it, then? He's a credit to yez, that he is, sir. He couldn't take after you stronger if he wor your own blood-brother."

It struck coldly home to Mr. Kane's understanding that his task was none the easier for coming here. This little helpless woman, with her useless feet and crippled hands, all gnarled and twisted with rheumatism, and her wizled face beaming with tremulous pride, was scarcely a better subject for his retaliation than Tid himself would have been.

Nettled and disconcerted, but unwilling to retreat, he demanded, sharply: "How did you come by that ridiculous

notion of trainin' the boy after me? Wasn't there any better model to be found?"

"Sure, I'd want no better if I'd a bunder' to choose from," averred the little woman, stoutly, "but I'd none other fit to pattern him by but yerself, that's the truth. You see, it wor this way. There wor me brothers and me cousins in the ould country did be breaking their heads in their fights; and there was Mulligan got so in the way of hating people when he wor on the police that he cudn't lave off his thrick while he lived, and there was you with a good wurrd to the fore, and a joke when a poor garrul blundered, and a gentleman's way, whether it was to the high or the low—and it's the way that comes aisy to Tid, now that he has ye before the two eyes of him," said Tid's mother, proudly, while Mr. Kane groaned in spirit.

How could he make these people understand that their attitude toward him was both unwarranted and unwelcome? Why should he consent to saddle himself with them? It was only his foolish good nature that had got him into this scrape. They had no real claim on him.

"I'm not ivery fine gentleman that I'd pattern him by, that's the truth," went on Mrs. Mulligan. "There's thim, if you'd believe it, wud see but the impudence and niver the honor of havin' a poor by thrained after thim. Like as if Tid wud be walkin' on the creepin' things wud no thought for their hurts, that's how some wud be lookin' at the poor people that's to do thim the good turn."

"Oh, I assure you that I feel the honor of it!" murmured Mr. Kane, ironically; but the struggle to express herself filled the woman's mind, and she went on without noticing the interruption.

"But if he thramped thim all out, he'd be thrampin' on the good friends of him, and thrampin' out the tenderness as wud make the good man of him, and niver know that he wor more hurt by his headlessness than thim. That's why I'm thankful to the Lord that I'd the right kind to pattern him by," concluded the woman, fervently; and no light retort fell from Mr. Kane's lips now.

"What if this were so? What if he were crushin' the better nature that was strugglin' in him when he turned from them? What if the loss were his rather than theirs? What if these people were sent to awaken his conscience and show him where he was driftin'?"

It was a new thought to him that the claim of humanity might work both ways. From this point of view, he might owe something to the Mulligans instead of their owing everything to him. Suppose he turned them out, foreclosed the Taft mortgage, seized the Hope farm, fostered the spirit of greed and selfishness and thrust aside responsibility, as his impulse had been; how would his gain weigh in the balance against—what?

Surely, the opening vista held more than he had considered thus far. It was not only that he would shatter their faith in man's goodness by shattering the idol they had made of him. There was the hardening of his own heart, the wipin' from his chance to become an uplifting force to the people about him. He was no better and no worse than the majority of careless, thoughtless men; but did he not have it in him to be either better or worse? And which should he choose?

He was still wrestling with that problem when a small shadow fell across the threshold, and Tid stood in the doorway. He brightened at sight of the visitor, and turned to his mother in triumph.

"Didn't I be tellin' you he would come wanst? She wor cravin' a sight of ye, sir, that she wor, but we wouldn't be askin' a busy man like yerself to come out of yer way for that."

"It's for the good of ye that he's come now, Tid. He's said as much." "Sure, he's been doin' us the good turn since the day we r'ached him," said Tid, contentedly. "Thrust his honor for that."

Mr. Kane stood up and shook his shoulders as if he were throwing off a lead. To crush out trust like this, to refuse the blessedness of such simple faith and gratitude, surely that was not work for Tidmore Kane. Let the name mean as much for him as for Tid.

"Blarney!" he said, lightly. "I don't want the roof here coming in on your heads and giving you an excuse to sue me for damages. I'll just look around and see what repairs are needed. And, Tid—more slowly—if you feel ready to come into the office tomorrow, I find that I am ready to have you there."

"Hooryay!" shouted Tid—Youth's Companion.

"Texas Her First Love." On a corner stood a little barefoot girl in her rags. Her soiled, pulpy little hands hugged another bundle of rags carelessly to her stained, dimpled cheek, while she enjoyed all her joys of young motherhood. The bundle was her "baby." Tied with a string near one end, the rags formed into a head. Another string about the middle produced the effect of a waist line. A young man saw the happy little mother. "What's that?" he asked, resting a hand on the unkempt hair of the child.

"My dolly," she said, hugging the rags closer.

"Your dolly, eh? What a pretty dolly. And what do you call your baby?"

"O talls it—I talls it—I talls it Bum Annie."—New York Times.

A Nebraska physician keeps in communication by means of carrier doves with patients living over a circuit of 50 miles.

## WHAT TO COOK IN CAMP.

NOVICES ASTONISHED AT THEIR FONDNESS FOR PRIMITIVE FOOD.

Squirrel Stew—Broiling on a Plank—A Man Made Steam—Bread with Staying Qualities—Baking Beans in the Camp—Canoes Filled for the Fastidious.

Plans for the daily bill of fare, while of a far simpler nature, are as necessary in the camp as in the home. For, although conventionalities and ultra-fastidious tastes have been left behind, in their place have appeared unwonted appetites for hearty food that in a party of healthy people can be relied upon three times and more a day. As the object of such a trip is recreation, it is well to heed this fact, for no one can have a good time while he is as hungry as the proverbial bear and sees no good dinner in prospect. People spending their first summer in the woods in primitive fashion are invariably astonished by their sudden fondness for cooking that at the home table would be scorned. Doughnuts and crullers, for example, assume new flavors and, with coffee for the morning meal, in the woods excel the choicest confections. It is a good idea to take along enough of these cakes to last for at least a week, taking pains to use recipes that insure them against drying too quickly. Once there, they can be put in a good bag and kept in a cool, and, if possible, not too dry, place. Waterproof food bags in various sizes are among the conveniences supplied by houses that sell sporting goods. Two or three bakings of molasses and one or two of sugar cookies will also be appreciated.

Among the utensils should always be included a covered iron pot; for baked beans after a long day's tramp, or even for breakfast or dinner, if the supply of game falls short, are not only nutritious but appetizing. The baking is an over night or all day operation.

First dig a hole in the ground that is three or four times the size of the pot. Start a fire in the bottom with pieces of bark, and then fill with good hard wood. Let it burn for two or three hours until the surrounding earth is well heated and there is a glowing mass of coals in the bottom. Have the beans soaked in cold water for a day or a night previously. Then wash and parboil them, throwing off the first water, to which some people add a little soda. Rinse the beans, cover them with boiling water, add a piece of pork (about a half pound or so to every quart of beans), and cook over the range until the skins loosen easily. Remove the pork and drain the beans, saving the liquor. Put the beans in the pot without breaking them, and bury the pot in them. Season the liquor with salt and pour it over them. Sprinkle with pepper, and if molasses is to be had pour a tablespoonful over the whole. Put on the cover, place the pot in the improvised oven, cover with the ashes and coals and some of the earth, and leave for at least 10 hours.

If bread cannot be bought it must be baked. Bread and biscuit can be made the same as at home, the only difference being that they are baked before an open fire, in a pan that comes for the purpose. Compressed yeast cakes that will keep all summer should be among the supplies. A brown bread made of one-third rye, one-third flour and one-third cornmeal, recommended by an experienced camper, has staying qualities desirable for journeys requiring a good deal of physical exercise. It is made like the ordinary white bread.

A broiler in camp is not one of the needfuls, for a few shingle nails and a plank, a clean pine board or even a piece of log will answer its purpose. If fish are to be cooked before the fire nail the heads against the wood, flesh side out, of course, and place them before the heat. A steak, bird, rabbit or squirrel can be prepared in the same way.

For squirrel stew, a famous dish among epicures who haunt forest jeeps, the old admonition to "first catch your hare" should be remembered. If the day's shooting has been a success (from the hunters', not the squirrels', point of view), skin and dress them, cut into pieces, and soak for a time in cold salt water to draw out the blood. Rinse and cook them with a small slice of salt pork in fresh boiling water, and add about 15 minutes before they are done potatoes and onions cut up fine, a pinch of oatmeal for thickening and salt and pepper. A little beef extract improves the flavor of the stew.

Canoes pie, a masculine invention, for those of the party who insist on city ways to the extent of an occasional dessert, excels, so claims its originator, all the oven baked concoctions in the world. That it can be made, providing the material is at hand, on a minute's notice is an undisputed advantage. Have ready a dish of fresh or stewed berries sweetened to taste. Toast pilot bread, reduce it to crumbs, sprinkle it over the top and the pie is complete.

The following menu, a strictly man-made one, is contributed by a frequenter of the wild lands of Maine: Blueberries fresh from the bushes (hand picked by Chandle); dry, hot toasted bread, assorted pickles. Sizzling hot broiled bacon. Cold water, hot tea. Soaked toast with maple syrup. Pine, soft homemade bread, apple sauce. More hot tea. Music furnished by the gurgling Penobscot.

Teplid food and cold grease on the plate do not contribute to the delights of a repast, even in the woods, but to avoid them some ingenuity must be used, for it is a well known fact that to a certain point foods cook quicker in the open air than in the refrigerator. A hot water plate for each of the party is a great convenience; but if these

are not to be had, heat the plates hot. There will be no danger of injury to the polish of the dining table. Keep the dishes that are cooked first-buried in the ashes at one end of the fire until all are done. Then get the crowd together—not the easiest of efforts when all sorts of interests are at stake. When all are seated bring on the hot food.

There is no excuse for poor coffee anywhere. The usual difficulty with it in overboiling and allowing the aroma to escape. For the coffee boil fresh water. Scald the coffee pot, put in a large tablespoonful for every one in the camp and throw in an extra one, according to tradition, "for the pot." Add a cupful of cold water. As soon as it boils draw it to a cooler part of the stove and pour in as many cupfuls of boiling water as there are campers. Fill the spots with soft paper and let it stand where it will keep hot, but not boil, for 10 or 15 minutes. Just before serving turn in a half cupful of cold water and let it stand to settle for two or three minutes. Eggs, with the hens far away, are a valuable commodity and cannot be spared for the coffee, but the cold water will answer every purpose.

Cold water can take the place of milk in all recipes for Johnny cake, molasses ginger cake, plain cake, biscuit, muffins, etc., by adding a teaspoonful more of butter (than the directions require). The water should always be fresh and cold, not tepid, or the production will be tough.—New York Tribune.

## SLIPS OF THE PEN.

Queer Errors Perpetrated by Authors Who Knew Better.

When Mr. Anthony Trollope pictured Andy Scott as "coming whistling up the street with a cigar in his mouth" he not only proved that he had never made personal experiment of the double feat of smoking a cigar and whistling a tune, but he was unconsciously following in the steps of still greater writers who made their heroes do amazing and impossible things.

Those who remember Robinson Crusoe may recall a most wonderful feat of this hero of childhood. When he decided to abandon the wreck and try to swim ashore he took the precaution to remove his clothes, and yet by some strange magic, of which the secret has been lost, the author makes him, when in this condition of nature, fill his pockets with biscuits.

The great Shakespeare himself had a peculiar facility for making the impossible happen in his plays. One of the most remarkable of these feats occurs in the fifth act of "Othello," when Desdemona, after she has been duly smothered by the Moor, comes to life again and enters into conversation quite rationally, even inventing a generous falsehood to shield him from the consequences of his crime before she decides to die. The improbability of a person recovering consciousness and speech after being smothered, and of dying after performing such a feat, scarcely needs pointing out.

Shakespeare, too, had a trick of introducing the most glaring anachronisms—so glaring, in fact, that there is more than a suspicion that they must have been introduced consciously for some unknown reason. For instance, he makes a clock strike in ancient Rome at a time more than a thousand years before clocks were invented, when such an event would certainly have been the eighth wonder of the world.

Quite regardless of the evidence of geography, he transports Bohemia to the seaside, and he introduces a printing press long before the days of Gutenberg. He calmly introduces a billiard table into Cleopatra's palace, and makes cannon familiar to King John and his barons.

Thackeray was no mean rival to Shakespeare in vagaries of this kind; but in his case they appear to have been the result of pure carelessness and forgetfulness. The most flagrant case, perhaps, is where, after burying Lady Kew and effectively dismissing her from the story, he brings her to life again to help him out of his plot, and in other cases his capacity for mixing up the names of his characters is as confusing as it is wonderful.

Emile Zola, in spite of his carefulness, makes the astonishing statement in one of his novels (Lourdes) that the deaf and dumb recovered their hearing and sight, an event which savors very much of the miraculous.

The moon has innocently been the cause of much blundering on the part of authors. Wilkie Collins in some mysterious fashion, made it rise on one important occasion in the west; Rider Haggard in "King Solomon's Mines" contrived an eclipse of the new moon for the benefit of his readers; and Coleridge ingeniously places a star between the horns of the crescent moon as she rises in the east.—Tit-Bits.

An Incident of a Hanging. E. V. Methever, the murderer of Dorothy McKee, a Long Beach girl, paid the penalty of his crime by being hanged in the gallows room of San Quentin prison. Methever was dressed in a sombre suit of black, with a white rose pinned over his heart. It was 11 minutes before Drs. Casey, Edwards and Teaby pronounced Methever dead. In the silence following the springing of the trap a bird alighted on one of the barred windows of the gallows room and burst into song. Its voice for several minutes mingled with the prayers of the priest, and it was not until a slipper from the hanged man's foot fell to the floor with a noise that the feathered chorister flew away.—San Francisco Argonaut.

## TWO BOY HEROES.

Arizona Youngsters Winning Distinction as Trail Hunters.

Two young heroes have been developed in Arizona. They are Dick and Alfred Bosch, 14 and 15 years old respectively, and already they have laid a foundation for fame as Indian trailers and sleuths. These lads have accompanied their father, Pete Bosch, deputy sheriff at Congress, Ariz., on the most perilous expeditions and criminal hunts, never flinching, even under the hottest fire. They are expert marksmen, having been trained to firearms from their infancy. Alfred first distinguished himself two years ago by the capture of Sinovia Garcia, a notorious Mexican desperado, who had shot the husband of a woman of whom he was enamored. Sheriff John Munda, Deputy Sheriff Pete Bosch, and his two sons started in pursuit of the bandit, and, after following the trail for some distance, separated. Several days after Alfred encountered the desperado in a lonely canyon, and succeeded in getting the "drop" on him. Garcia surveyed the dwarfed and youthful figure before him with considerable amusement, and laughed at the boy's assertion that he was under arrest. He reached for his gun, when young Bosch opened fire, clipping off one of Garcia's ears and sending two bullets through his hat. This was convincing proof of Alfred's aim, and the bandit surrendered himself unconditionally. A few months later Dick Bosch was the hero of a capture that was equally as remarkable. Vincente Ortego and two others cut the throat of an Italian and robbed him of considerable gold dust. The lad trailed the murderer over precipitous mountains, and after several days returned with him triumphantly. Ortego is now serving a life sentence in prison at Yuma for his misdeeds. The Weaver district, where the Boschus live, is the heart of what once constituted the bad lands of Arizona. Famous old Geronimo, at the head of the most sanguinary band of Indians then in existence, infested the Rich Hill mountains and the Weaver and Blue Tank districts, firing settlers' cabins, murdering, plundering, robbing stages and bullion trains, and creating a reign of terror that will live in history.

Made \$40,000,000 in a Year. Capt. A. F. Lucas, the discoverer of oil in Beaumont, Tex., who is said to be worth \$40,000,000, was practically penniless a year ago. Though a mining engineer and geologist by profession, he was a railroad conductor for a number of years. After losing his place about two years ago, he drifted about and finally went to Beaumont. He succeeded in interesting some capitalists in the region, and the celebrated Lucas gusher was soon struck.

Public Expenditures in Mexico. The Mexican army of more than 25,000 men is supported upon a trifling more than 1,000,000 Mexican dollars a month. The Mexican congress does not cost \$1,000,000 a year.

God does not expect roses to bloom on bare rocks.

L. M. SNYDER,  
Practical Horse-Shoer  
and General Blacksmith.



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