

WAYS OF THE MOOSE

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE NOBLEST OF ALL WILD ANIMALS.

The Largest of the Deer Family. Living or Extinct—The Alaskan Bull Moose Have the Greatest Antlers. The Cow and Her Ungainly Calf.

Now and then in wanderings through the mountain and forest one comes upon a gigantic blackish brown deer which by reason of the great length of its yellowish gray legs stands higher than a tall horse. It is clothed in coarse, bristly hair, longest on the neck and shoulders, and it has a rather ugly overhanging nose which distinguishes it at once from all other kinds of deer.

The moose is chiefly an animal of the northern woods, the southern limit of its range being the head of Green river, Wyoming. It is also found in northern Maine, New Brunswick, southern Canada, Idaho, British Columbia, Alberta, Athabasca, Yukon and Alaska. It is strictly a dweller of the forest, seldom venturing to treeless plains. It lives for the most part by browsing on the leaves, twigs and bark of trees, particularly young trees.

In May the "cow," as the female moose is called, gives birth to a long legged, ungainly, tawny colored calf, to protect which the mother will fight any woodland creature to the death. She has no antlers, but she can use her great sharp hoofs with the skill of a prize fighter and has been known to pound to death a large black bear and fairly trample his body into the ground. The calf stays with its mother for two or three years, or until he wanders off to seek a mate for himself. One day last summer I came suddenly upon a cow moose standing knee deep in a shallow pond, while from beneath her neck her grotesque looking calf peered out at me with eyes wide open, as if with astonishment. I hurried home and returned with a camera, but when I reached the spot they were gone.

Like all American deer, the "bull" moose sheds and renews his antlers every year. They become full grown, hard and sharp about the 1st of October, the beginning of the breeding season. At this time of year the bulls are very savage and not only fight furiously among themselves, but are apt to attack anything or anybody who comes in their way.

The call of the bull is a long drawn bawl with several low grunts at the end. If there is a cow within hearing she will answer with a low cry, and the bull will come forward to meet her. Hunters often take advantage of this fact and attract the bull by an imitation of the call of the cow, executed on a cone shaped horn made of birch bark. Lying concealed on the bank of a lake or stream, they give out the call, and when the bull comes within range they shoot him. But as this trick is usually played at night and as the bull sometimes never gives any warning of his coming until he is almost on the spot the sport is apt to be dangerous. The bull at such a time is in no mood to be trifled with, and unless the hunter is cool headed and a good shot the moose is not only willing but very able to kill him and a dozen like him if they happen to be on the spot.

Probably the largest moose of which there is reliable record was shot by C. F. Ringius, the animal painter, in New Brunswick in 1901. This great beast stood seven feet high at the shoulders, and the length of its head and body together was nine feet seven inches. The Alaskan moose have the largest antlers, and one pair from an animal shot on the Kenai peninsula has a spread of seventy-eight and a half inches and has thirty-four points. With the dry skull to which they are attached these antlers weigh ninety-three and a quarter pounds, a weight which nothing but an animal of gigantic strength could carry at top speed over the roughest ground and through thickly wooded country.

In the winter, when the snow is deep, the moose, sometimes several families together, will gather in a certain section of woodland and be breaking out paths for themselves over a space of perhaps several acres from what is known as a "yard," where, if not disturbed, they may stay for weeks together. But the moose is able to travel well at all seasons, and even in deep snow his long legs enable him to move at a pace which astounds any hunter who tries to run him down on snowshoes.

A wild, free life is the only one in which a moose can live and thrive. In captivity it is much less nervous than most deer and is disposed to be gentle and affectionate. But, as a rule, it will live but a short time, even though it gets the same food which it had in its native woods. It may appear to relish its food, but it will grow to no great size and in a short time will probably die of inflammation of the stomach.

This is one of the noblest wild animals in the world, and it should be given adequate protection throughout its range.—Bangor Commercial.

FAMOUS ENGLISH WELLS.

Some Whose Waters Are Charged With Magic or Miraculous Power.

Though there are hundreds of wells supposed to possess magical power scattered all over England, the general public is ignorant of their locality or the romantic stories connected with each one. There may be a possible exception in the well of St. Keyne, in Cornwall, for Southey has made it famous in a witty little poem. The magic of its waters is such that the husband or wife who drinks first from it after leaving the altar will have the upper hand over the mate for their joint lives. The bride of whom Southey tells us did not wait till after the marriage ceremony to pay a visit to the well, but took the precaution of taking a bottle with her to the church.

Another well, in Mounmouthshire, which has a peculiar fascination for the unmarried maidens is known as the "virtuous well." For generations the maidens of that locality have credited it with marvelous powers in forecasting their futures. They have only to drop a pebble into its water and count the resultant bubbles, for each bubble represents a month of waiting for the day which will make them brides. In order to precipitate the genius which presides over the well it is necessary to devocate the brambles which shade it with bits of white cloth.

Then there are the so called holy wells which have many medicinal virtues. Such a one is St. Winifred's, at Holywell, which is accredited with cures that are almost miraculous. The legend of its origin is a very pretty one. It is said that twelve centuries ago St. Winifred, the winsome daughter of a Welsh chief, was wooed by Prince Caradoc, a prince of ill repute. She declined his persistent advances, and at last he killed her in a fit of rage. From the spot on which St. Winifred's lifeblood fell there gushed forth a stream of crystal water which has worked miracles in her name for so many centuries.

Practically all the wells to which the flesh is held can be cured by one or another of these wells. St. Ninan's, in Cornwall, is said to restore lunatics to sanity, but the patient must be immersed in the water and hold there until the breath has nearly left his body. This seems a heroic measure. But even this is not so severe as the treatment which must be endured if a madman is to be cured at Llanedoch well, in Wales, for after the victim is nearly drowned he is trussed like a fowl and laid under the communion table of the neighboring church for the night.

THE CHRYSANTHEMUM.

The first chrysanthemum show was held in Norwich, England, in 1820. The Philadelphia Horticultural society held the first chrysanthemum show in the United States in 1883.

The first chrysanthemums brought to Europe were taken from China by skippers of the tea trading ships. After the chrysanthemum is potted leave it for a little time in the shade. Then give it all the sun that is possible. The chrysanthemum was introduced into England 200 years ago from China. It was grown first in Holland after its emigration.

The chrysanthemum is one of the easiest of garden flowers to grow, but it needs careful tending after it is brought into the house in pots when the frost comes.

The Change of a Name.

How family names change in the course of many years is illustrated by the conversion of "Bottle" into "Thynne." An English breed bearing date in the closing days of the fifteenth century shows three brothers then flourishing—John Boteville of Boteville and Thomas and William Boteville. The trio are distinguished from all other Botevilles by the explanation "of the Inne," or family residence, the title to which had come to their joint possession. John's grandson was known as Ralph Boteville-of-the-Inne, from which the transition to Ralph Thynne is easy. His descendants have been Thynnes ever since.

Why Leaves Turn Brown.

The green matter in the tissues of a leaf is composed of two colors, red and blue. When the sap ceases to flow in the autumn the natural growth of the tree is retarded, and oxidation of the tissues takes place. Under certain conditions the green of the leaf changes to red. Under different aspects it takes on a yellow or brown hue. The difference in color is due to the difference in combinations of the original constituents of the green tissues and to the varying condition of climate, exposure and soil. Maples and oaks have the brightest color.

Compromising.

Charles—She is suing her late employer's estate for \$50,000. Henry—On what ground? Charles—On the ground that on four different occasions he said to her, "We are having fine weather," with the accent on the "we."—Brooklyn Life.

A Broad Hint.

The Barber (bathing customer and gazing out of window)—I tell you, sir, the man who shaves himself keeps the bread and butter out of some poor barber's mouth. The Customer (thereby)—And incidentally the latter out of his own!—Puck.

A Big Gorge.

Mrs. Newrich (back from the honeymoon in Switzerland)—Do you remember, dear, that lovely gorge up in the mountains? Mr. Newrich—I do. It was the squarrest meal I ever ate.

Self respect is the cornerstone of all virtue.—Sir John Herschel.

DON'T RECOGNIZE DEFEAT.

Prove Your Manhood by Battling on bravely After Reverses.

After 12,000 of Napoleon's soldiers had been overwhelmed by the advance of 75,000 Austrian troops he addressed them thus: "I am displeased with you. You have evinced neither discipline nor valor. You have allowed yourselves to be driven from positions where a handful of resolute men might have arrested an army. You are no longer French soldiers. Chief of staff, cause it to be written on their standards, 'They are no longer of the army of Italy.'"

In tears the battered veterans replied: "We have been misrepresented. The soldiers of the enemy were three to one. Try us once more. Place us in the post of danger and see if we do not belong to the army of Italy." In the next battle they were placed in the van, and they made good their pledge by rolling back the great Austrian army.

He is a pretty poor sort of man who loses courage and fears to face the world just because he has made a mistake or a slip somewhere, because his business has failed, because his property has been swept away by some general disaster or because of other trouble impossible for him to avert.

This is the test of your manhood. How much is there left in you after you have lost everything outside of yourself? If you lie down now, throw up your hands and acknowledge yourself worsted there is not much in you. But if with heart undaunted and face turned forward you refuse to give up or to lose faith in yourself, if you scorn to beat a retreat, you will show that the man left in you is bigger than your loss, greater than your cross and larger than any defeat.

"I know no such unquestionable badge and emble of a sovereign mind," said Emerson, "as that tenacity of purpose which, through all changes of companions or parties or fortunes, changes never, bates no jot of heart or hope, but wears out opposition and arrives at his port."

It is men like Ulysses S. Grant, who, whether in the conflict of opposing armies on the battlefield or in the wear and tear of civil strife, fighting against reverses, battling for a competence for his loved ones, even while the hand of death lay chill upon him, "bates no jot of heart or hope," that bring victory from the most forbidding circumstances. It is men like Napoleon, who refuse to recognize defeat, who declare that "impossible" is not in their vocabularies, that accomplish things.—Success.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

It is well to take time in thinking before making accusations.

A woman who can use her eyes with effect is a dangerous rival.

Women take fright easily over a lover's compliments to another of the fair sex.

There is a species of treason in carrying water on both shoulders in a love affair.

In every man there is a disposition to do the grand where women are concerned.

It hurts a woman's pride to have another woman share with her a man's attention.

When one man sneers at another it is fair to presume jealousy is at the bottom of it.

When a man regards himself as irresistible it is time to do some quiet thinking and self abnegation.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Correggio and His Life.

Little is known of Correggio, which would argue that he was of a retiring disposition. He was born in the little town of Correggio, twenty-four miles from Parma. In the latter city he was educated, but in his seventeenth year an outbreak of the plague drove his family to Mantua. By 1514 he was back in Parma. For some years he worked here and painted many famous pictures. It may have been because of grief over the death of his young wife, but at the age of thirty-six, indifferent to fame and fortune, he retired to the little town where he was born. All that is known regarding his death is the date, March 5, 1534.—Charles H. Caffin in St. Nicholas.

Play Games.

Games help to form character to a wonderful extent, and I do not know any means by which you can so quickly arrive at an estimate of human character, of individuality, of personality, as you can by watching people at games or engaged in any sport that calls for endurance, patience, celerity of mind and body. The school with a good record for games is almost always in the front rank of scholarship.—Dr. Warre.

Former Experience Painful.

The young woman had just said no. "Have you ever been rejected before, Mr. Huddleston?" she asked sympathizingly and almost tenderly. "Once," he said, a spasm of pain contorting his features at the recollection, "by a life insurance company. I tell you it hurt—that time."—Chicago Tribune.

Help Others.

Help others and bless yourself. Drive the cloud from the brow of a friend in distress, and you open the windows for an effulgence of light upon your own heart.—Detroit Free Press.

His Experience.

His Friend—Money talks. The Promoter—Yes, but sometimes it's mighty hard to get it to listen.—New York Press.

To tell a man with a cold in his head that colds always attack the weakest spot is adding insult to injury.

TWENTY YEARS' SLEEP.

Rip Van Winkle's Case May Have Been More Fact Than Fiction.

Even superficial students of folklore know that the tale of Rip Van Winkle, supposing that Irving really heard it in the old Dutch settlements along the Hudson, is by no means peculiar to that district, but is found in some form or other all over the world. In other words, the idea that it is possible for a human being to survive in a state of unconsciousness for a very long time would seem to be either a universal fancy or to be founded on some actual experience.

Dr. Lancereux in the Paris Bulletin of the Academy of Medicine reports such an experience, the case of a woman who actually did, so far as intelligence is concerned, sleep almost exactly twenty years.

The patient of a neurotic and hysterical family, had always been delicate and nervous. On May 31, 1883, she was severely frightened and fell into violent hysteria, which after twenty-four hours passed into unconsciousness. In this condition, interrupted every month or six weeks by sudden convulsive attacks, she lay until May 23, 1903, kept alive entirely by injections of nourishment.

On May 23 she was seized with hysteria similar to that at the beginning of her sleep, and the next day there was another convulsion. On May 25 she began definitely to recover consciousness and by the next day was able to speak intelligently of events before her sleep and could also remember from day to day since her waking. Of happenings during her sleep, such as the drawing of some of her teeth, she knew nothing. On the evening of May 28 she died peacefully.

The particular case is of interest chiefly to the medical profession, but the general fact of survival in unconsciousness for a very long time shows how such tales as those of the Sleeping Beauty, the Seven Sleepers of Ephesus and Rip Van Winkle, to mention only the most familiar examples, could have originated from actual experience and observation. Very likely such cases occurred more than once.

"Truth is stranger than fiction," runs the old saying. It is undoubtedly more correct to say that fiction is merely enlarged, reduced, distorted and otherwise decorated fact and that without a fact within general knowledge from which to start fiction could not exist. It is entirely safe to conjecture that at some prehistoric period, sleeping not out of doors, of course, but under shelter, and for many weeks and probably months, if not years, there was a Rip Van Winkle.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

"Now, yo' lookey feat, yo' George, I can't fall down an' break dem legs."

"I couldn't break em nohow. Dey is Plymouth Rock aigs, dey is."

It is possible to repeal a law, but not a banana.—Philadelphia Record.

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