

REGRETS

write some gracious... those who mourn... simple, hopeful words... hearts that grieve and...

At the first casual glance she saw nothing unusual in the pattern of pale greens and browns. It looked prosaic enough and familiar, only she had forgotten that Jacob had left that short log lying in the patch of last year's dead grass.

It moved slightly, ever so slightly, as she looked, and she saw the play of tense muscles ripple over it in a kind of expectant quiver. What she had taken for bark was skin covered with sleek, brown hair.

The little fellow turned just then in obedience to his sister's call, and smooth as all the crouching thing glided forward.

The sudden anguish in Mrs. Tyler's heart strove to express itself in a gasping breath that seemed to tear her throat. Maternal rage swept aside her fear, and she flew round the corner of the house prepared, if necessary, to throw herself upon the creature and fight it with her bare hands.

Before she could reach the front she heard the panther scream, the raspy, sudden cry of a creature alarmed and in pain. The next moment she saw its lithe body struggling on the doorstep. The head was hidden. The stout door, directed by some one within, held the animal's neck firmly between its edge and that of the jamb.

"O mother! Quick! Help!"

It was Mercy's voice. The brave little girl had run down from the left just as the panther thrust his head over the threshold, and had succeeded in slamming the door to upon its neck.

"Mother's here!" cried Mrs. Tyler. "Keep the door shut tight, Mercy! Tight! Mother! Help!"

Frantically she looked about for some weapon, a stick, a stone—anything that might aid her. Mercy was sobbing with fright. The snarls of the trapped beast grew more ferocious, and with its long claws it ripped white splinters from the pine boards.

Animal-like, the panther put its whole strength into the effort to withdraw its head, thus unknowingly imprisoning itself more securely. It could easily have overcome Mercy's feeble opposition if it had tried to force its way inward; but it feared to place its body farther within what it naturally believed was a trap.

Mrs. Tyler was at her wit's end when she noticed the reins still hanging from the handle of the door. The ends were close to the creature's hind quarters, but she darted upon them with a thrill of hope.

The musky odor of the beast's heated skin almost sickened her as she caught up the leather lines. Fortunately they were long. She ran back until they were taut in her hands.

"Mother! get the door, dear!" she cried. "Now listen. Make Parley go up into the loft, and then take down your father's musket carefully—it's loaded—and crawl out the back window and bring it to me. Do you understand?"

The panther seemed to realize that his chances for escape were diminishing. With legs braced against the doorstep until the sinews showed like ropes under the skin, he tugged frantically and swung his body from side to side. Blood appeared on the edge of the door, but the animal now seemed insensible to pain. Its hoarse, choked growling expressed nothing but rage.

It seemed to Mrs. Tyler as if Mercy would never come, but presently the courageous little girl appeared around the corner of the house, carrying the gun.

"Mercy," said her mother, "do you think you can shoot him while I hold the dog?"

Mercy trembled. "No, no, I can't do it!" she exclaimed, her face growing a shade paler than before.

"Then you must hold these reins while I do it," said Mrs. Tyler. She saw that the girl was weak from fright, and she added, "You must be brave, dear. See, mother's not afraid."

She forced the reins into the trembling little hands and took the weapon in her own. She was afraid, in spite of what she had said to Mercy. Her heart beat hotly as she advanced toward the furious beast; but nevertheless she walked close up to the lean, panting side. She intended that one charge should finish the work.

She held the muzzle just behind the left fore leg, where the hair was thin, and fired. The panther made a convulsive leap forward, pulling the reins from Mercy's weak grasp, and landed within the cabin. It died, probably, in mid-air, for as it struck the floor its legs crumpled under it, and it fell in a twitching heap.

The ordeal over, Mrs. Tyler behaved in a truly feminine way. She dropped the gun, and putting her hands to her eyes, began to cry hysterically.

"Why, mother," said Mercy, who, on the contrary, felt quite brave now, "it can't hurt you! It's dead."

Mrs. Tyler gathered Mercy into her arms. "I know, dear," she said. "That's my own weak self. I ought rather to thank our Father, who made me strong enough for the moment to meet the danger—and for giving me such a brave, quick-witted little daughter."

Electric Lights For Colorado Canon. South Cheyenne Canyon is to be profaned by a syndicate. Colored electric lights and other "popular" attractions are to be introduced. Possibly Colorado, with her wealth of natural beauty, can afford to endure this desecration of one of nature's temples until a wiser generation restores it as nearly as possible to its original beauty and sanctity.—Pueblo (Col.) Chieftain.

PHILIP NOLAN

The Man Without a Country, the Lost Ship and the Lost Island.

By Dr. Edward Everett Hale, in the National Geographic Magazine.



THE curious paper which Dr. Hague has printed in the National Geographic Magazine for December closes with a reference to a story which I wrote in the year 1863 called "The Man Without a Country."

"I suppose that very few casual readers of the New York Herald of August 13 observed, in an obscure corner among the 'deaths' the announcement, 'Nolan. Died on board the United States corvette Levant, latitude two degrees eleven minutes south, longitude 131 degrees west.'"

I had full right to say that very few readers observed it, because nobody observed it. The story was a fiction, and with the right of an author of fiction I made this statement, which is unequivocally true.

I speak of this with a certain sensitiveness, because I have been accused of being a forger and counterfeit for using such language. But it is one of the privileges of authors of fiction to make their narrative as plausible or probable as they can, if they give sufficient clues to the reader from which he may know that he is reading fiction.

In this case I began by placing the supposed action of part of the book on board a ship which had disappeared more than two years before. I knew that she had disappeared, the Navy Department knew she had disappeared, all well informed readers knew that she had disappeared. Even among 4000 newspapers in the country the editors of two knew that she had disappeared. With my eyes open I intentionally gave this ready clue to any careful reader, that from the beginning he might know that the story was a parable; and if there are any of such croakers left, as I suppose there may be in the office of one newspaper known to me, I will say to them that from the time of the Pharoahs down parable has been a method of instruction employed by teachers, even of the highest distinction.

The Navy Department did not know where the Levant disappeared. All they knew was that Captain Hunt of the Levant was under orders to proceed as rapidly as possible from Hilo to the American coast, and that he started out to obey these orders, and the ship has never since been heard from by any trace whatever, unless it be in certain wreckage found on the south shore of Hawaii in June, 1861.

The Navy Department knew this, but I did not know it. I only knew that she had disappeared somewhere in the Pacific Ocean two years before.

To carry out the specific purpose to which I have alluded I meant to have these latitudes and longitudes indicate a spot high on the Andes. It was over twenty years afterward that I found where the Levant disappeared.

Mr. Hague, however, is kind enough to assure me that if I had a fictitious character, Philip Nolan, ever had some subliminal form, he or his spirit, if they were on the Levant, may still haunt the reef or atoll under the shadow of coconuts or bananas or breadfruit trees. Nolan would have been twenty-five years old in the year 1805. Thus his 125th birthday would be found in this year. If the climate is healthy for subliminal people, Dr. Hague assures me that if I will land with him on that reef I may meet for the first time in the flesh and blood the "some what hended form of my old hero. He will forgive me that I placed him on the Andes, where men do not live so long.

MEAT NOT INDISPENSABLE TO PROPER DIETING.

Man, as His Teeth Show, is an Omnivorous Animal of Amazing Adaptability.

The vegetarian has done us a service in exploding the superstition that meat is an indispensable item in a complete diet. His experience and that of various peoples, such as the Japanese, has indeed taught the teachable that the indispensable article of diet does not exist. In this country we are apt to think of milk as indispensable; yet the Japanese have not used it (possessing very few cows, or, indeed, domestic animals of any kind), and only now is the Japanese soldier being compelled to drink milk and eat much meat—for neither of which, we are told, has he any liking.

Indeed, the great lesson which all must learn who do not wish to become faddy about their food is that man, as his dentition shows, is an omnivorous animal of amazing adaptability. When hard put to it he can make a living out of almost anything; and after a time he can even begin to convince himself that he is better off as he is. This is the reason why all these mutually contradictory food faddists can co-exist. All are right—particularly; and wrong—universally.

If men were designed to live on one particular standard diet such as each food faddist thinks he has discovered they would have a simple, straightforward digestive apparatus, calculated to deal with such a diet without undue complexity or "overlapping." On the contrary, our digestive apparatus is like our teeth, characteristically omnivorous. Pepsin is only one of at least a dozen different ferments, some of which can only act in an alkaline medium, others only in an acid medium, others only in the presence of such and such a body, others only in its absence.

This extraordinary, complex apparatus was not constructed to provide problems for physiologists nor to consume superfluous vital energy. Its plain meaning—if people were on the lookout for meanings—is that the more complex, adaptable and varied the apparatus the fitter is its owner to survive in all dietetic emergencies.—Pall Mall Gazette.

The Bishop's Gaiters. An amusing story is told of Dr. Gore. He was once walking in the street when two little boys were attracted by his black episcopal slippers. "Who's black?" asked one, in surprise. "Oh, 'e's a Scotchman in mourning," was the reply.—M. A. P.

In some inaccuracy of some proof-reader, possibly by some blunder of mine, the spot indicated is in the Pacific Ocean, where I did not know she had disappeared. But also, the manuscript copy is lost, and I cannot find who made this change. This is in point of fact not far from the Marquesan Islands, and, oddly enough, in the story Nolan is supposed to have been at those islands with Essex Porter. But I had nothing to do with this. I placed the ship on the Andes with the specific purpose which I have named.

I should perhaps have never discovered my own error but that many years ago my friend James D. Hague, who knows the bottom of the Pacific better than I do the surface of the United States, called my attention to the instructions which Captain Hunt had on his last voyage in the Levant. I had never looked for those instructions, having no occasion to for my purpose. It seems that Mr. Hague was in Honolulu at the time when the Levant sailed; that Hunt was his friend, and that they bade each other good-by on the day of her parting. As the reader knows, she was never again heard of but from the silent record of the spar which has been found on the island of Kaualulu. But Mr. Hague has brought together in his interesting paper the evidence which shows that almost certainly Hunt intended to sail on a line nearly east from the Hawaiian Islands. In that region on any of the more recent atlases there is a spot of blue water. On the most recent atlas of the world I find not a speck for thirty degrees of north latitude from the equator. On the old Spanish charts, however, and on charts copied from them, Mr. Hague and the officers of marine hydrography have found indications of reefs and even islands. One of the latest of them is De Graves' Island of 1859. Almost anywhere in this area, itself larger than some of the smaller plants of the solar system, the bones of the Levant may lie. In this region five degrees of longitude and two of latitude have now been searched in vain.

Dr. Caldwell's experience in the woods taught him long ago the wisdom of conservative forest management. Thirty years ago, when he came into possession of a tract of about 700 acres near Paducah, he sold a quantity of the timber for wagon stock. At that time forestry in this country was virtually unknown. Dr. Caldwell, however, was sufficiently foresighted to allow no trees to be cut except those which he selected. He went about in the woods and picked out trees whose tops and general appearance showed they had passed their period of greatest vigor, and trees which interfered with promising young growth. His forest has been culled a number of times in the past thirty years, but so wisely has the cutting been done that to-day the land will average from 10,000 to 17,000 board feet per acre. This was an experiment in forestry which has amply justified itself, and shows how a shrewd, far-sighted man may, even without technical advice, secure good returns from his woodland, without impairing its productiveness, and while putting himself in position to profit by the steady rise which is taking place in timber values.—New York Commercial.

DO STRAWBERRIES PAY? Strawberries to weigh an ounce each, sixteen to the pound, is the result of recent "high art" in strawberry growing. They are commercially planted in early spring or late summer, only new plants, those less than one year old, should be used. Distance between plants varies, but rows four feet apart, with a distance of twelve to fifteen inches between the plants, requiring 8712 plants per acre, may be taken as a fair average. What seems to be needed is better cultivation, better fertilization. Use the horse cultivator more, and the hand hoe less, and you will reduce the cost of production.

Of the two systems of cultivation, hill and matted row, it is unquestionably the fact that the former produces the largest and best fruit. Many growers tell me that the prices for strawberries the past season were very satisfactory. They are planting more strawberries to buy more land, and are buying more land to plant more strawberries. Their strong point is the lateness of their fruit, and their great inquiry is for the latest variety. I believe that strawberry culture in the hands of good men could be made to pay better than cows. I believe the very closest man in the world is the one who says he can't spend any more money for strawberry plants, thus preventing his family from enjoying one of the most delicious fruits God, in His goodness, has given us. The question is often asked me what are the best varieties of strawberries to grow? This is difficult to answer, as the soil and climate and distance to market vary so much. What kinds return good profits to me may not succeed so well with you; but the all-round berries, early, medium and late, are Lovett, Haviland, Glen Mary, Burbank, Clyde, Sharpless, Brandywine, Marshall, Leader and Miners Prolific.—Mary E. Cutler, in Massachusetts Ploughman.

Japanese mothers do not kiss their children, though they may press their lips to the forehead or cheek of a very young baby.

After all, the most effective regulation of the use and speed of automobiles is courtesy, caution and common sense on the part of the operator at the lever.—Hartford Times.

Scandal's tongue will wither when ears are turned away. The older a man gets the better he could skate when a boy. The man who is afraid of falling never climbs very high. The man who hunts for trouble never has to follow a long trail. Too many people blame heredity for their personal acquisitions. The best way to solve the labor problem is to do your whole duty. It is a golden rule that works both ways with satisfactory results. The work done to-morrow does not pay the grocery bills of yesterday. When a man is starving it is a poor time to talk to him about his soul. The cloak of religion is transparent when used by a sinner as a disguise. The dollar you give does more good than the millions you wish you could give. Some men who would not steal a pocketbook do not hesitate to steal a State. Those who boast much of their ancestry are not keeping up the average of posterity. A great many things prejudicial to the people are done in the name of party harmony.

Will Be Ladies Now. "I'll mak' the carles lords, but I'll no mak' the carles laddies," said King James IV., in giving the judges of the Court of Sessions the title of "Lord." And it has been so until now. The wives of Scottish law lords have all along been plain "Mrs." an arrangement which has frequently brought about a situation more awkward than pleasant. When a new judge retained his previous name little confusion could arise, it being then a case of, let us say, Lord Wallace of Elderslie and Mrs. Wallace. But when a new judge took the title of his estate the whole aspect of things was changed. It was then Lord Elderslie and Mrs. Wallace; hence a sea of troubles. Now, happily, this fortuitous arrangement, which surely did credit to King James' reputation of being "the wisest fool in Christendom," has been abolished. Henceforth, "By His Majesty's command," the wife of a Judge of the Court of Session will be "Lady."

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PRUNING ROOTS OF TREES.

That the cutting away of a large portion of the roots of trees when the trees are very small may make but little difference, can be understood, but the case is different when the tree is of some size. Nurserymen continually urge their men to be careful to preserve all the roots when digging; customers, too, urge the same thing; and nature itself has provided a certain number to each tree in the belief they are required, and so they are. Roots are for two purposes, the supplying of the elements of food to the tree and the holding of the tree in place. The fact the body of roots is capable of absorbing moisture is well understood. The fibres which push out in spring from the ends of the roots are the principal feeders, but the thicker roots, on which the fibres are, also absorb moisture with which to sustain a tree. How, then, is the cutting off of a greater portion of the roots a helpful proceeding? With a tree pruned of all its branches that but its main stem is left, it can be understood that the preservation of all its roots is not of great moment, still, it must be that the more root the better for the tree. When trees are fall planted it is one by absorption of moisture by the thicker roots—not fibres—that they are kept alive.—Practical Farmer.

AN EXPERIMENT IN FORESTRY. An interesting example of the profitability of conservative forest management in this country is furnished by Dr. S. B. Caldwell, of Paducah, Ky., who has dealt in timber lands for fifty-eight years. "In 1847," says Dr. Caldwell, "I sold timber from a tract of land at \$1 an acre, the purchaser having the privilege of removing what he wanted and leaving what he did not want. He took the choice trees, but left a considerable amount standing. In 1870 I sold the timber from the same tract and got for it \$2 a tree. The purchaser removed an average of three trees per acre. In 1884 I sold the timber from the same tract for the third time, and got for it as much as I had received at the second sale."

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HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS



MIXING MUSTARD.

For table use a highly recommended way of preparing mustard is to mix a teaspoonful of the condiment with one and a half teaspoonfuls of sugar and a little salt. Pour on boiling water and blend to a smooth paste.

KEEPING. Never sweep dust from one room to another nor from upstairs to the lower part of the house. Always take it up with a duster where you have previously placed some tea leaves. This prevents the dust from scattering again and returning to its old haunts.

HINTS FOR HOME MAKERS. Use only what you can comfortably afford in good quality and ample quantity. Let your home appear bright and sunny. It is not easy to be unpleasant in a cheerful room. A certain formality is necessary to save everyday life from triviality and freedom from looseness. Know how to talk and how to listen, how to entertain and amuse. Have many interests. Do not forget your home should not only be a well-conducted dormitory and boarding place, but truly a home, the centre of focus for all interest, pleasure and happiness for everybody concerned with it.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

USEFUL FACTS TO KNOW. Here are a few suggestions in regard to the things which a careful housewife may find it wise to teach the new maid: Teach her to put as much furniture as possible outside the room before beginning to sweep, to brush the rest and cover it with dust cloths. Teach her to soak newspapers in cold water, squeeze them, tear them into bits, and sprinkle on the floor to prevent dust flying. Teach her to rub the carpet well after sweeping with a cloth wrung out of clean ammonia water—one tablespoonful to two quarts of water. Teach her to wipe the polished floor with a damp cloth and then rub with a dry one. Teach her to cover a soft broom with a clean cloth, and brush the ceilings and walls. Teach her to clean the windows while the dust is settling. Teach her to use a flat paint brush for window frames and latches. Teach her to remove the spots of finger marks on white woodwork with a cloth wrung out of warm water and dipped in prepared chalk.—American Cultivator.

A USE FOR OLD NEWSPAPERS. Here is a hint that the writer got from the head clerk of a big hotel at a popular Indiana health resort. We know the germs that lurk in dust, and how disagreeable, as well as unhealthy it is to inhale it while sweeping. Now the way that the carpet sweepers at this resort keep down the dust while wielding the broom, is to wet newspapers, wring them out slightly, and tearing them into small pieces, scatter them all over the surface they are going to sweep. The little dampening brightens the carpets without injuring them in the least, and the moist paper effectually keeps down the dust, or at least the greater portion of it, by catching it on itself. The paper is then burnt, which is the quickest and neatest way of getting rid of it. Where brussels carpet has become somewhat dingy, the water in which the paper is wet might have a little turpentine added to it, as it has a refreshing and brightening effect, and has a tendency to keep the carpet free of insects and moths. One way to prevent the dust from entering the throat and lungs while sweeping, is to tie a small sponge over the mouth and nose. A person can breathe all right through the porous sponge, and it takes up the dust which would otherwise be inhaled.—What to Eat.

HOME REQUISITES. A home may be fitted out in luxurious style, and yet if lacking in small conveniences, be destitute of comfort. No mere artist or furnisher can supply these. The mother or daughters must attend to them, the little things needed in daily experience. From the want of them may result innumerable slight embarrassments or even serious trouble. Anyone who has felt in the dark for a matchbox, only to find it gone from its place, knows the disappointment that ensues. One who has required a string in a hurry understands the perplexity that may arise from the want of a ball of twine or a box or bag filled with short cords. It is troublesome when one wishes to write a memorandum and has no lead pencil at hand. If the pencil be accessible but pointless, matters seem all the worse. How easy it is to take a stitch in time when everything necessary is at hand, and how difficult when the case is vice versa! Spools of cotton of various numbers, silk of different hues, needles of graduated size, wax, emery and sharp scissors—a good supply of these greatly expedite the work of the needlewoman. In the matter of writing, when the desk is well stocked with stationery, pens, good ink and postage stamps, there is inducement to prompt correspondence.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Value of Walking and Riding. A brisk daily walk, or a ride on horseback, beats any more elaborate forms of physical exercise for simplicity combined with efficiency. In walking, especially if the ground is somewhat undulating, a very large number of muscles are brought into natural and easy play, sufficient, at any rate, to stimulate the circulation, which in its turn compels full expansion of the lungs and due aeration of the blood. The professional or business man requires no more than this to keep him fit for his duties, provided he follows the ordinary rules of health in respect of bathing, eating, drinking and clothing. If he is afflicted with a sluggish liver, indigestion or inactivity of the alimentary canal as a whole, a man may derive more benefit to health on horseback, but that is really a curative form of exercise.—London Chronicle.

Adventures With a Tarantula. An immense tarantula caused considerable excitement at the grocery store of J. C. Matzen & Sons last evening. About an hour and a half before the discovery of the tarantula Mrs. Matzen had sold a number of bananas to a customer, and it is supposed that the insect dropped on her dress at the time. She did not notice it until she felt it crawling on her chin and luckily brushed it off before it was aroused. While she was taken to the drug store a consultation as how to capture the tarantula was held, everyone keeping a safe distance away. It was finally killed by pouring hot water on it. The body measured 4 1/2 inches wide by 1 1/2 inches thick by 6 1/2 inches long, and the spread of the front legs was 8 1/2 inches across.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Gun Language. The old buffalo hunters had a fished signal that is yet used by mountain guides, says Ernest Thompson, in Country Life in India. It is as follows: Two shots in rapid succession, a interval of five seconds by which the first shot means "I am here," the second means "I am with you." The answer given is exactly the same, means "I am here," the first shot means "I am with you." But if it means "I am with you," it means, "I am with you." Enough said.—Washington Post.

What Disrespectful? A young man entered a house the other day, and, proprietor, said: "The other morning that I could get a position in your business man said: 'If I had positions I wanted to get one of them to speak of his father's name.' Enough said.—Washington Post.

CALIFORNIA SHIPS THAT DIG UP GOLD.

High Steam Dredges Which Eat Their Way Through Soil and Digest the Yellow Treasure.

Necessity is the mother of invention, and man in his insatiable greed for gold is continually conjuring up some new scheme by which a larger share of the precious metal may be snatched from the earth. The latest one is to employ huge steam dredges which eat their way through gold-bearing soil, digest the yellow treasure out of it and cast the refuse overboard again. It has long been known that in California and other gold-bearing regions, the made land of the river valleys, etc., contained gold, though not in such quantities as to be profitably worked by the old methods. Now a dredging vessel is set to work on these deposits, and it can handle them at a cost of only five cents or so a ton. Where there is no natural body of water for the dredge to float on, an artificial one is created. In a number of cases in California profitable orchards have been dug up by these dredges for the gold contained in the soil. The dredge will handle anything within about forty feet above or below the surface of the water. The soil is scooped up by a chain of buckets, conveyed to revolving cylinders where it is washed, the particles of gold being caught by cocoanut matting, amalgam plates and other devices, and finally dumped overboard again at the rear. All this is done by machinery, thus dispensing with most of the costly hand work of the older methods. Wild tales are being told of the profits to be made in this new kind of mining, and the ever-watchful promoter is abroad trying to rope in new investors in schemes of the sort. As a rule, however, such enterprises succeed only in the hands of experienced men provided with ample capital; and such men are seldom eager to share their good fortune with strangers.

A Japanese Joke. Count Inouye, Japanese Minister in Berlin, was, according to T. P. O'Connor, M. P., once conversing at dinner with the German Chancellor, when Count von Buelow said to the Japanese diplomat: "You must know, Count Inouye, that we Germans are beginning to be quite proud of the Japanese. You have gathered from us your tactics. Your strategy is also German, and so is your artillery. Nearly all your doctors have studied in Germany. You have even initiated us by inaugurating a social democratic movement in Japan."

"Most true, Count von Buelow," replied the Japanese Minister, "but there is one thing we do not share with you." "What is that?" the German Chancellor was rash enough to inquire. "Why, the fear of Russia," dexterously rejoined the diplomat.

Value of Walking and Riding. A brisk daily walk, or a ride on horseback, beats any more elaborate forms of physical exercise for simplicity combined with efficiency. In walking, especially if the ground is somewhat undulating, a very large number of muscles are brought into natural and easy play, sufficient, at any rate, to stimulate the circulation, which in its turn compels full expansion of the lungs and due aeration of the blood. The professional or business man requires no more than this to keep him fit for his duties, provided he follows the ordinary rules of health in respect of bathing, eating, drinking and clothing. If he is afflicted with a sluggish liver, indigestion or inactivity of the alimentary canal as a whole, a man may derive more benefit to health on horseback, but that is really a curative form of exercise.—London Chronicle.

Adventures With a Tarantula. An immense tarantula caused considerable excitement at the grocery store of J. C. Matzen & Sons last evening. About an hour and a half before the discovery of the tarantula Mrs. Matzen had sold a number of bananas to a customer, and it is supposed that the insect dropped on her dress at the time. She did not notice it until she felt it crawling on her chin and luckily brushed it off before it was aroused. While she was taken to the drug store a consultation as how to capture the tarantula was held, everyone keeping a safe distance away. It was finally killed by pouring hot water on it. The body measured 4 1/2 inches wide by 1 1/2 inches thick by 6 1/2 inches long, and the spread of the front legs was 8 1/2 inches across.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Gun Language. The old buffalo hunters had a fished signal that is yet used by mountain guides, says Ernest Thompson, in Country Life in India. It is as follows: Two shots in rapid succession, a interval of five seconds by which the first shot means "I am here," the second means "I am with you." The answer given is exactly the same, means "I am here," the first shot means "I am with you." But if it means "I am with you," it means, "I am with you." Enough said.—Washington Post.

What Disrespectful? A young man entered a house the other day, and, proprietor, said: "The other morning that I could get a position in your business man said: 'If I had positions I wanted to get one of them to speak of his father's name.' Enough said.—Washington Post.