

When the mosquito and the yellow fever germ lock arms, it makes a deadly combination.

A Chicago arithmetician figures that the average drummer talks 12,000 words a day, or in a working year of 300 days about 3,600,000.

While wire was first covered for the use of milliners, it is of record that the first electrical insulated wire was manufactured in Barcelona, Spain, as far back as 1796.

Revolutionary conspiracies are reported in Persia. It is not improbable that they will presently become so serious as to require Russian intervention for the restoration of order. Such things have been known before.

It is interesting to note that the United States Supreme Court is more nearly up with its docket than it has been for almost half a century. This important statement was made by one of the oldest officials of the court, who declared that the tribunal is now only about one year behind in its work.

One of the most important epochs in the history of medicine was the discovery of the tubercle bacillus by Professor Robert Koch, of Berlin, for when the cause of consumption was known the methods of combating it became clear. We now know that consumption is not hereditary or incurable, but is spread by germs in the sputum of those suffering from the disease.

Ten years ago the population of the world was fixed at 1,468,969,000. It is now estimated at 1,540,000,000, an increase of more than 71,000,000. An interesting feature of the statistics is the fact that the Americans are fast catching up with Europe in the gain. The increase in the Americans for the past ten years is 20,000,000, while in Europe it is 30,000,000. It is estimated that the Western hemisphere now contains 142,000,000, about the population of the whole of Europe a century ago. The estimate for Europe at the present time is 390,000,000. Africa is now gaining in population at a greater rate than at any time within a century.

If wireless telegraphy could be so improved upon as to enable people to do away with the use of wires for telegraphic and telephonic purposes within the limits of populous cities it would be a boon, indeed. The tangle of overhead wires and the perpetual digging up of the streets in laying conduits for underground wires are disagreeable and dangerous concomitants of the present systems of electrical transmission, says the Philadelphia Record. Since it has been demonstrated that within a circuit of thirty or forty miles communications can be interchanged without wires our thoughts may fly, as Shakespeare had anticipated.

Upon the slightest courier of the air.

The painful news comes from Paris that there is a woeful shortage of pearls. For several years now pearls have been the fashion, and the demand for them has been much greater than the supply. The consequence is that anyone who wants to buy a string of pearls or a "dog-collared" for his wife or someone else must pay three or four times as much as he did fifteen years ago. There is an exhibition in Paris a pearl necklace containing forty-five jewels, twelve of which are black. It is worth \$88,000, and will be sold, so the French say, to an American. Americans are buying pearl necklaces worth anywhere from \$20,000 to \$60,000 without murmuring. What would the foreign tradesmen do without us?

Dawson City is more than a mere mining camp. It has become the centre of a valuable fur trade in a bleak region embracing many thousand square miles, where an army of trappers bring their peltries to the nearest point for ready export to the great fur markets of the world. The Yukon Sun says: "Beaver, black, brown, grizzly and cinnamon, are found all over the country from March to November. About 3000 skins are shipped in a season. The value is from \$10 to \$25 each. Beaver are numerous on all streams; about 2500 skins are shipped, the price being from \$3.50 to \$7 each. Marten is the most numerous of all the number shipped, being from 25,000 to 30,000. Of red fox, lynx and black and gray foxes there are shipped about 2000 each. Black fox skins are the rarest and most valuable; half a dozen are shipped, and the value is from \$200 to \$300." The trappers are among the hardiest and healthiest of the sons of men, and can only abide living in the open air.



The Cone Mount Captive.

A PAIR of eagles were wheeling in vast slants about the top of Cone Mount, the central Colorado, and I was watching them with delight from the valley on the south side, when the English settler, an "old timer," who was riding the range with me, advised me to beware of the birds. They had brought him into a strange predicament once. As he and I looked up at the precipice of the north side of Cone Mount he began the story.

It was during the summer of 1886, just three years after I came out here. I was very young and rather reckless. Only a few settlers were in this part then, and as I had only a small bunch of cattle I was alone. I had been riding the range one day, and was returning in the afternoon, when I saw those eagles hovering over its crest, as I had seen them a hundred times before—the very same pair we see now, I believe.

Well, I wanted to find their nest. It would not be dark for three or four hours, and as I was on the north side of the hill I could ride some distance toward the summit. So up I went. About half way from bottom to top I tied my horse to a tree and finished the climb on foot.

I lay face down, looking over the edge of the cliff for several minutes, closely scanning its steep side, without seeing anything of the eagles' nest. Then I heard something very different from any noise an eagle ever makes. It was a queer little wail, muffled and catlike, which seemed to come from somewhere near me.

I glanced along the half-way ledge below, and then down among the rocks and bushes at the bottom, but could see nothing. But soon the cry was repeated, this time much clearer, and at once I caught sight of a small yellowish object protruding from the face of the rock wall itself, not thirty feet below me. I had no trouble in making out a pair of pointed black-tipped ears on the head of what I knew must be a lynx cub. The little creature was standing in the mouth of that dark place you see up there, about thirty feet above the ledge. That dark place is a shallow cave.

Naturally I thought no more about the eagles. The cub would make a far odder pet. But how was I to get it?

At the present time there is no way of reaching the cave except by a rope from the top of the cliff, or a ladder from the ledge, but at that time a dead pine, which had grown on the ledge, leaned against the cliff. Its knotty trunk formed a perfect natural ladder between the cave and the ledge below. I saw at a glance that the old lynxes must reach their den by way of the tree. Why couldn't I do the same thing?

A more experienced man would not have tried such a thing in such a place, alone and unarmed—I had shot away all the cartridges in my pistol at a coyote. But the spice of danger did not stop me, although my only weapon was a jack-knife!

I knew how to reach the ledge—any strong young man can easily get down to it where it passes around the eastern side of the hill. After reaching the ledge, I began to wonder whether the old lynxes were not about.

That ledge is a singularly wild and lonely place, with fifty feet of cliff below it and as much towering above. I looked up the winding shelf, very narrow in places, and could not help wondering whether I or a lynx or lynxes would go over if one or more of the brutes should meet or overtake me midway. After I had gone nearly all the way I saw some distinct claw-marks on various bushes, and big foot-prints on some sand, but as there were no other signs of the old lynxes I went on to the dead pine. There the den was more than twenty feet overhead.

The climb up that dead tree was not difficult, but it was alarming; for, although the roots seemed deeply embedded in fissures, there was such an unsound shaking about it that I was glad to reach the top in safety.

The cave proved to be merely a washed-out clay pocket, some five feet high by about seven wide at the mouth, and from ten to fifteen feet from front to back. At the far end was the lynx kitten, crouching among a lot of small bones and leaves, spitting and snarling; its eyes shined like two great balls of topaz. It was no larger than a house cat, but its paws looked as if they were wrapped up in fur mitten three sizes too big.

Before I left the ledge I had cut and trimmed a small sapling, so that I had a stick like a short, stiff fishpole. To one end of this I now tied six or eight feet of the stout cord that I always carried in my "shaps" pocket for emergency repairs and so on. On the lower end of this cord I made a running noose. I hoped to get at the young wildcat. But too late! For exactly what I had been dreading occurred. An alarming scratching sound from below made me face around with a jump, and there, already half way up the tree, was a full grown lynx!

To reach down, grasp the end of the pine trunk and push with all my might was about the only chance left me, and I did so instinctively. For an instant it did not move. The brute was almost upon me. I pushed again frantically. The trunk started a little, then snapped short off at its roots,

high. About the first thing I did was to look for the cub. It was still crouching in the crevice. Therefore I was yet a prisoner—prisoner to a pair of bobtailed cats!

But perhaps I was not. I glanced at the ledge. It was empty. My hopes had scarcely risen, however, before one of the old lynxes appeared, bringing a dead rabbit—the kitten's breakfast! When it reached the spot where the tree had been it dropped the rabbit and ran about it sniffing and calling in great distress. Then suddenly, as if remembering what had occurred, it turned around, bristling all over, and glaring up at me, utter a long low growl—a direct challenge.

As this lynx had been away hunting probably the other was still on the star strand. I had therefore lost an opportunity to escape. Another day might pass before I got the chance again. This prospect was unbearable. So I decided to go down and fight before the other lynx should appear.

My plan was simple enough. I would watch my chance, drop when the lynx should be farthest down the ledge, and by a quick rush attempt to hurl him over the edge.

Keeping my eyes on him I took out my knife and began whetting it along the leg of my calfskin shaps. The big blade was broken, so that the longest one left measured only two inches. Many people thought he was slightly sharp teeth and twenty sharp claws, each an inch long, and as good as a knife! But the advantage in weight was mine.

While I was whetting the point the lynx, as if taunting me with what it would do on my carcass, coolly commenced clawing and mouthing a piece of the fallen tree. Now and again he would lift his big head my way, and on one of these occasions it occurred to me—what a chance for a rope! Of course my larval was tied to my saddle—wherever that might be—but I could not get the idea out of my head—how easy it would be to get rid of the brute if I only had a noose around his neck!

It would only be necessary to choke him, or swing him over the edge. I even thought of curling my shirt into strips to make a rope, but that would be too timid.

All this time I had plenty of the right material at hand—the leather shaps, or trousers, on which I was whetting my knife! They had been worn long enough to be soft and pliable, and although they had cost me \$30 I did not take me thirty seconds to pull them off, nor ten minutes to reduce them to a pile of long, inch strips, which when knotted together made a very tolerable line. I then tied one end securely around a point of rock, and was ready to make my first throw.

But I was so excited that, notwithstanding the lynx never moved when I threw, I missed him altogether. The noose went spinning over his back, down over the ledge. He glared at it for a few moments, then sprang at it furiously. I barely had time to jerk it out of his way. If he had caught it there would have been a sudden end to my hope.

My next throw was better. As he sprang to avoid the loop it caught him fairly. The jerk almost pulled me out of the cave; in fact I had to let go the line to save myself. The noose, as nearly as I could see, was drawn tight around the brute's neck and under one foreleg, but he was jumping and bounding about so that I could not see him well. For the space of perhaps forty seconds there was simply a whirling, snarling mass of yellowish gray, with teeth, claws and spinning rope forming a confusing picture.

Back and forth, out to the edge, then close in again, to and fro in lightning moves he sprang, until at last, with one mad rush, he went flying over the narrow shelf and down out of sight. The leather cord snapped across the sharp edge of the rock near me like a thread, and a moment later I caught a faint glimpse of the terrified creature plunging through the bushes down the hill.

About six feet of the line yet remained tied to the rock. It meant just six feet less for me to drop. I tied it to the butt of my stick, which I replaced in the crevice. Five minutes later I was on top of the hill, hurrying toward home. I found my horse still saddled, vainly nibbling beside the corral, and the calves safe inside.

On the following day I went back with a double-barreled gun charged with buckshot and my revolver, hoping to kill the old pair and capture the cub, but they and it were gone. I have no doubt the little creature jumped down safely and joined its parents. At least I have always hoped so. T. Dwight Hunt, Jr., in the Youth's Companion.

Fame and the Military Officer. A new story about the late Felix Faure is causing amusement in Paris. He invited to dinner one day the military officer in charge of the hotel. The latter was a shy young man and was very uncomfortable. His discomfort increased greatly when the President asked him point-blank: "Am I popular?" The officer, with his presence of mind entirely gone, answered: "I do not think so, M. le President." "Why don't you think so?" asked Faure. Getting hold of himself a little the officer replied: "My father told me one day that he realized M. Thiers's popularity only when he saw his portrait in glycerine bread in all the booths at the fair on the Place du Theatre. I have not yet noticed your portrait in this guise, M. le President." Faure thought over this matter for some time, and then remarked with great gravity: "That's true, I think you. I have not yet thought of that."

A FAMOUS "LOST MINE"

OLD PROSPECTORS FOND OF DISCUSSING THE WHITE CEMENT.

Discovered by Old Man White, Who Disappeared With the Secret of Its Location—Failure of a Scheme to Lease It—Whereabouts—Proof of Its Richness.

The most popularly discussed lost mine among the miners in the Rocky mountain camps, especially those in northern New Mexico, is the White Cement. A few old miners who knew White personally still remain in the Rock mountains, and their narrative of the excitement he caused when he showed his rich specimen chunks of gold ore is always heard with interest. It is safe to say that several thousand men have, at one time or another, hunted for the White Cement mine. The late millionaire silver king, Nat C. Creede of Colorado, spent a year in trying to find it.

White was a New Englander, 60 years old, who was in California in 1847. As a gold seeker he was known and talked about in every mining camp on the coast, and stories were told of his phenomenal luck. He, no doubt, made several small fortunes, but was always poor and prospected about with a lean mule and a half-bred Indian boy, getting supplies where he could. Many people thought he was slightly demented, but he undoubtedly knew more about the gold region than any man living.

One day in July, 1858, White came into Horse Head gulch from northern New Mexico, driving his mule and looking utterly used up. He got something to eat. Some one basted him about his vain searches for a mine.

"Well, just look at that," said old White, handing out several pieces of what looked like hard, white clay, glittering with specks of metal, but White suddenly became mum, and putting his specimens in his bag, went out to find an assayer.

Before night it was known in camp that White's specimens showed 1000 ounces of gold to the ton. Everybody went wild. Nobody slept that night, but sat around the fires and talked "Cement." In the morning a party headed by Senator Sharon's brother Henry called on White, who was sleeping in one of the shacks. He was told that he must pilot the men to his find. He could have the pick of the claims, but go must, and on his refusal was warned that his life would be worthless if he "stood off" the camp. For a long time White gave excuses and declared he did not know where to lead the men to the find. But when the miners showed that they really would kill him if he didn't show them where he got his specimens he finally consented.

A crazier mining camp was never known. Men in Horse gulch, who were a little credulous and not desirous of following White over 300 miles from camp were offered \$1000 and \$1200 each for their camp outfits, consisting of picks, shovels, kettles, pans, greasy old blankets, a bushel of beans and two jackknives. But in two days there was no outfit to be bought in the whole gulch mining camp. Every one wanted his own outfit.

The trail led across the Rockies. It was a very difficult journey, even for the old miners, who seemed never to know what physical fatigue meant. It led along rocky trails, up and down canons, and across mountain crests. The first day was a race, and two-thirds of the men broke down. The Indian leaped ahead like a wolf, and then White followed, his long gray hair flying in the wind. By the end of the second day the party was in the heart of the mountains, in a desert where no human being had ever been before. Many of the animals were lost and the men were haggard with fatigue and excitement. White was told if he played false he was a dead man, but he still pointed eastward.

The old man led his aching, thirsting and worn-out followers into a blind canon, nearly on the boundary between New Mexico and Colorado. There everyone was glad to take a rest by the side of a brook.

"Boys, we'll be there tomorrow. It's about 35 miles over that way," said White, pointing to the northwest. "I've got a little off my trail, but now I've got my bearings. You'll be the richest of any miners alive when you get over where I'm pointing!"

A ringing yell went up from the men, first and almost finished though they were. The camp fire was made, supper was cooked and eaten, the stock was fed, and every one but old White lay down in blankets to sleep and dream of wealth.

"I guess I'll go and see about my horses. I'm too nervous to sleep now that I know I am near to the biggest thing on earth," said the old miner, as he went down the cañon to where the horses were picketed for the night. Every one in camp slept like a log. When daylight came no one could find White. His horse was gone, too. A maddened lot of men tried to trail him but they could not follow the old fellow in that region for more than a few miles.

A council was held. It was realized that the old man had duped his followers. For weeks the country where White had said he had found his rich specimens was vainly prospected over and over. Not a trace of rock like that White had shown could be found. About one-half of the party, after incredible suffering got back to life and civilization, and yet despite their story 100 men started back over the trail two days after.

and again disappeared and from that time to this has never been heard of. He lent \$50,000 to a Mormon ranchman of Provo, Utah, and never went to get interest or principal. The White Cement is still one of the Rocky mountain miners' dreams.

SOME ART IN THE WAX FIGURES.

Skilled Workmen Kept Busy—Dime Museums and Their Prospects.

Although wax-works have been a synonym for uncleanliness and angularity ever since the days of Mrs. Jarley, the men who make them nowadays are somewhat trained in art, and in the intervals of their work sometimes turn out statuettes or decorative pieces of decided merit. So far as the designer is concerned, it really matters little whether his composition is finally to take shape in marble, bronze or wax.

He first makes a rough miniature sketch in modelling wax, then a full sized statue in clay, from which a plaster mould is taken and the workmen do the rest. The hot wax is poured inside the mould to the thickness of a quarter of an inch or so, backed up with the remelted wax from old dissolved figures. The body is of hollow paper mache, and the limbs, if they are to be movable, of wood; if not, of paper, or if they are to show when the figure is dressed, of wax.

Finishing the face is the most delicate work. The eyes, of course, are of glass, and the lashes around them are painted one at a time with forceps. The teeth, when the lips are to be opened, are exactly the same as those used by dentists to replace the natural ones. Human hair is so cheap just now that it no longer pays to use angora or any of the other substitutes once employed. The cheap grades of real hair is interesting to note, coming from China, and are genuine pigstails in fact. The hair is all black and is bleached and dyed in any that desired, and can be crimped more or less, though artists have never succeeded in making it look naturally wavy.

Designers make a sharp distinction between the figures used for displays and advertising and those used for other purposes, museums, for instance. "When you work for advertising," said one, "the more beautiful and the less like nature you get it, the better it is, but for a museum they like it better the less beautiful and the more like nature it is." The regular museums employ modelers of their own, so outside houses get only occasional jobs. Models of fresh, such as two-legged boys, armless and legless men, or pink-eyed albinos, are among the most common articles made to order. The faces of public men are sometimes wanted, too. As a rule this class of business is looked down upon. "Dime museums pay dime prices and they get dime work," said a veteran designer.

The dealers are kept at work making new designs as fast as the old ones can be imitated. One house sent out 70 new models in the past season. In former years, a third or a fourth of that number would suffice, as 800 or 1000 copies were sometimes made from the same mould, and sent out to cities in different parts of the country.

It is not always dime museums, however, that try to get something for nothing. Advertisers often order special figures or groups, according to rent them for a certain length of time, but leaving them afterwards for the maker to pay for by renting them again, if he can. A group showing Faust, Marguerite and Mephistopheles was once made for a linen house at a cost of \$2000 more. The first month's rental was \$200. The owner kept it seven years, and then, despairing of ever finding any one else who wanted the group, broke it to pieces. A most elaborate half life size group representing Aurora, Goddess of Morning, in her chariot, was made some years ago under a similar contract, and is to be had now on easy terms. Another manufacturer has on his hands a mammoth mechanical water lily which is supposed to open and shut at intervals by electricity, revealing a beautiful female within. This has been rented four times, but it always broke down.

—New York Post.

The Deadly Three-Leafed Vine.

A certain little city in Illinois has suffered so much from the poison ivy that its city council has empowered one of its officials to hire a force of men whose special duty it shall be to rid the community of the pest. It is said that at one time there were 200 cases of ivy-poisoning in the place.

It seems strange that any community should suffer to such an extent from a cause that may be so easily avoided. It is, of course, the poisonous vine's resemblance to the Virginia creeper that makes the trouble, and yet a mere glance at it ought to show the difference, for the creeper has clusters of five leaves while the ivy has clusters of three. Besides, the creeper bears purple berries, while those of the ivy are white.

The best way to get rid of ivy—which grows and runs rapidly, and is very tenacious of life—is to pull it up by the roots and burn it in a field. There are some people that are not poisoned by it, and the work should be done by them; and even they should handle the plant as little as possible, and avoid inhaling the smoke when they burn it. They should wear special clothing for the time, and wash the hands several times a day in a solution of sugar of lead in a weak grade of alcohol, say 25 to 75 percent proof. This solution may also be used with good effect by those that have been poisoned by the vine.—Philadelphia Record.