FOR OUR JUNIOR READERS

THE TRUE AND PATHETIC STORY OF CAPTAIN KIDD.

True Story of Capt. Kid.

Out on that billowy, dark green tide
Which rolls away to the trees,
His pirate trade he busily plied,
Freebooter of bluegrass seas.
The flag he carried so bold and black,
His grandma's apron, I fear,
And of dread weapons he had no lack—
They are all on the mantel here.

That was his shining Damascus blade—
Of hoop-iron—on that shelf.
This marvelous two-edged sword he made,
And whittled from lath himself.
The sling he made from a willow wand,
The spear from a water reed—
What weapons more could a pirate fond
Or a jolly young rover need?

That mask he wore on many a cruise;
His mother made it—of dough.
This was the trumpet he used to use
Resistless attacks to blow.
That rooster feather, a royal plume,
In his hat waved wild and free
As the mullein stalks he sent to doom—
This Kidd of the bluegrass sea.

And oft when the sun was shining hot
The chickens had much to fear
From the swift descent and the flying shot
Of this dashing buccaneer,
While Puss would climb to the tree-top tall
Or else in the barn she hid,
When to the foray old Sport he'd call—
This doughty young Capt. Kidd.

. . . . . .

Now I long for the days of Capt. Kidd
Though he grieved me oft and sore;
In vain I sigh for the deeds he did—
He has sailed to come no more.
But it's all untrue, that story told
Of treasure he buried near;
I know I hold all the captain's gold—
These arms on the mantel here!

—Ellsworth Kelly.

The Misanthropic Cow.

A farmer was given a fine St. Bernard puppy by a friend one winter and installed him in a woodshed, near the kitchen. It so happened that two grave old cats, each with a family of kittens, had their headquarters in this same woodshed, and they decided that the puppy was not fit to move in their circle of society, for he was very rude and blustering, as most puppies are. The cats flew at poor Don, as he was called, and gave him a fearful clawing, while the kittens sat on pieces of wood and told their mothers to go ahead and win. Don's master took him to the barn and told him to make himself at home, and Don went up to a giddy young calf and smiled as hard as he could, trying to be friends. The calf was a very silly little thing and cried for its mother as hard as it could. Its mother was tied by a thick rope in a stall, but she broke the rope and showed Don that he wasn't wanted in that barn by tossing him through the open door with her horns. Don never forgave that cow, and he would go into the barn and make faces at the calf, which would shout as loud as it could for its mother to come and rescue it. This would set the cow almost frantic, and she would rip and tear about her stall in a most undignified manner. When at last the calf was sold its mother blamed Don for it, and every time she saw him she would do her best to get at him and hook him. When summer came and the cattle were all turned out in the fields to graze during the day the farmer's small boy had the office of bringing them back to the barnyard at night. The first time he went for them he took Don along for company, and the first cow Don spied was the one that had tossed him out of the barn. He went up to her politely and asked her how she felt that evening, but she evidently did not feel well, for she frowned terribly and galloped at Don as hard as she could, with her horns lowered until they pointed straight at him. Don did not like the look of those horns, and he started for home as fast as he could run to see if supper was ready. The cow galloped after, but she could not run nearly so fast as Don, and he easily got away. The next evening Don went again with the small boy to bring in the cows, and this time his particular enemy was waiting for him. She immediately gave chase, and Don ran just fast enough to keep out of reach of her horns. She followed him clear to the barnyard, where he jumped through the bars of the gate and escaped. He repeated this for several days, and the cow would always pursue him madly as long as he was anywhere near her. After a time Don formed a bad habit of going out into the field in the daytime and getting the cow to chase him. He would run to a fence and slip through or over the rails, but the poor cow, in trying to get through or over, would crash into the fence, breaking it to pieces. She never learned that there was no chance of her catching Don, for he would artfully keep just a few feet ahead of her, barking and flourishing his tail in a most provoking way. At last the cow broke so many fences in her useless pursuit of Don that the farmer sold her and ended Don's fun in this direction.

The Duck-Hawk's Strategy.

The wild duck's lot is not a happy one, at least when a hawk has singled it out as its prey. The wild duck possesses a large bump of curiosity, and may at times be brought within shot by taking advantage of this trait; but, ordinarily, it is "your wits against theirs," and this is the great charm of the sport. It is exciting to watch the duck-hawk in pursuit of his prey. Given an open field with the quarry, it is astonishing to witness the exhibition of speed by these "thoroughbred" racers. The hawk will often overtake and strike a duck in the air, though he seems to prefer to single out one from some flock, and, if possible, force him to dive. As the duck comes to the surface to breathe, the hawk is at hand, and down goes the duck once more. This is repeated until the poor duck is almost exhausted; and when the duck passes a second too long at the surface, the hawk pounces, and the duck is secured. There is wonderful sagacity shown by these birds in forcing a diving duck away from the reeds into open water. They seem loath to exert themselves sufficiently to capture their game on the wing, but will "dog him," as it were, from the shallows to deep water where in sheer desperation the victim dives, fancying that one or two long reaches under water will bring him within the shelter of the reeds. Seldom, however, is he successful in the attempt; fear and exhaustion generally end the matter as the hawk wishes. A great many ducks crippled by gunners will make for the marshes, where they hide; and sometimes if fortunate and not too severely wounded, they will recover. But even here they are not safe; the prowling fox or mink will strike their trail among the sedge, and often catch them when they venture too near the shore. Out in the deeper parts of the marsh ducks must exercise the greatest caution when feeding; for when the dusk of evening settles down on lake and fen, and the mystery of the twilight reigns, a most dangerous foe—the "still-hunting owl"—comes from the darkening woods, and on silent wing the great bird quarters the marsh backward and forward with the thoroughness of a well-trained hound. Still-hunting is the high art of sport, and the big owls are experts in their way.—St. Nicholas.

The Roosevelt Boys.

President Roosevelt's sons were born in New York. The eldest is Theodore, named for his father and grandfather. The second is Kermit, a name taken from remote history of the Roosevelts. The ancestors' on the mother's side may be traced to the Isle of Man. Archibald gets his name from the Scotch branch of the family, and the Huguenot strain in the blood is honored in the baby, Quentin. Theodore, Jr., is fourteen, Kermit twelve, Archibald seven, and Quentin four. Theodore has been attending the Albany Academy, and the boys there will be sorry to lose him, as he belonged to the battalion and was a boy among boys. Kermit was also an Albany Academy boy, and both "Teddy" and Kermit are chips of the old block, not knowing the meaning of the word "fear." They are excellent boxers. A room on the second floor of the governor's mansion at Albany was set aside for their use, stripped of carpets and furniture, and a wrestling mat was put on the floor. Here the boys received instruction in boxing three times a week, stripped of clothing and attired in bathing suits. Every day they had to punch the bag just so long, then take a bath, and finish up with a good rubbing. Probably President Roosevelt will have a similar gymnasium in the White House. The president's plan of the education of young men is to teach them to work, and first and foremost to be American. He says: "Then I have taught them to go in with any person heedless of anything but that person's qualifications, and to work just as quick beside Pat Doogan as the son of a millionaire, so long as the work is good and the man is in earnest."

A Bird Used as a Candle.

Petrels, variously known as witches and Mother Carey's Chickens, are peculiarly oily in their nature and in their feeding. The quantity of this oily matter in these birds is so considerable that in the Faroe Islands the natives use petrels for candles, with no other preparation than drawing a wick through the body of the bird from the mouth to the rump. Petrels have the singular faculty of spurting a quantity of oily stuff through their nostrils upon those who attack their nests or otherwise annoy them; and fowlers who clamber up the rocks for that purpose if not on their guard are often in this manner suddenly blinded by the birds, and, losing their balance, are precipitated down the cliffs.

Girl Who Can Not Laugh.

Susie E. Jenkins, twenty years old, of Philadelphia, says: "I have seen nearly all the funny shows that have come to Philadelphia in recent years, and not one of them could make me laugh. My mother has often tried to make me laugh by tickling me, but even that won't work. Ever since I can remember people have been telling me funny stories and cutting up all sorts of capers in the hope that I could be induced to smile, but all their efforts have been in vain. I have always enjoyed perfect health. I want to offer a prize to anyone who can make me laugh. It must be a queer sensation."

LAKE STURGEON DYING OUT.

Species is Almost Extinct and Caviar is Scarce.

The sturgeon family of fish is practically extinct so far as the lakes of North America are concerned, and makers of caviar are wondering what will fill their cans in the future. With the passing away of the sturgeon comes the announcement that none but "cultivated" lobsters now exist.

When fish merchants took stock with the closing of the season for the Great Lakes they discovered that one of the former substitutes for whitefish and trout during the months of November, when none of these varieties of the finny tribe is allowed to be taken from the lakes, was missing. There is no fresh sturgeon to be had.

The public is already provided with a substitute for smoked sturgeon in the meat of the Mississippi River catfish. True, the flesh of the catfish is about as tenacious as rubber hose, but it looks good. Then many persons prefer the smoked halibut of the Pacific Ocean.

The history of the discovery, introduction into the market and extinction of sturgeon in American lakes dates back twenty-five years. Then the sturgeon was first placed on the market, though few persons ate them. The flesh was not considered very dainty. The big fish could be taken from Lake Erie by the wagon load and sold at a low price.

In fact, the price was so low that few persons engaged in catching the fish. Then some one discovered that the fish was more salable when smoked. Thousands of the fish were smoked and palmed off on the credulous public as smoked halibut, which was quite expensive. The increase in supply of halibut cut off the price of sturgeon to such an extent that the fishermen who had been dealing in sturgeon were threatened with bankruptcy.

It was about this time that caviar became very popular with Americans. Caviar is made from the roe, or eggs, of sturgeon, but it had been supposed until some fifteen years ago that the roe of the sturgeon from Russian seas was the only kind for cavier.

Some one discovered that the roe of American sturgeon made quite as good caviar as did the Russian fish. That was the beginning of the end of the sturgeon tribe. The great fish were hauled in by the boat load, and ninety-five per cent. of those taken were females full of roe. Caviar became cheaper and sturgeon became dearer. From a fraction of a cent a pound the fish advanced to twenty-two cents a pound. Even at the price the Great Lakes failed to produce the coveted fish. Then recourse was had to the lakes of Manitoba, Canada.

Now the sturgeon have been annihilated almost entirely. As the supply of this family became scarcer some one started to substitute Mississippi River catfish. When this rubbery fish is dressed and smoked it looks exactly like smoked sturgeon.—Chicago Chronicle.

A Milk Dealer's Lament.

The milk dealer, who also sells meat and other necessaries of life, sighed as a customer went out indignant because the dealer insisted upon his having a receptacle for his intended purchase of milk.

"They come here," said the dealer, "and expect me to furnish them with milk, bottles and all. But I've gotten tired of that sort of game. Those bottles cost us quite a sum, and in nine cases out of ten where we let them go out we never see them again, notwithstanding the promises of customers to return them. Then, of course, we have to buy more bottles. I was 'easy money' so long that the milk department of the store was cutting into the profits.

"What do they do with the bottles? Why, they use them to put up catsup and fruit. I got after one woman that had been working me for bottles for some time and a search warrant showed thirty-five of my bottles on her preserves' 'shelves.'"—Detroit Free Press.

Sunnite and Shiite Hair Growth.

The Mahometan religion is divided into two principal sects, the Sunnites and the Shiites. The members of these sects can be readily discriminated by the fashion in which the hair grows on their arms, for while on those of the Sunnites the growth turns downward from shoulder to wrist on the interior side and upward from wrist to shoulder posteriorly, the hair on the Shiite arms presents the contrary appearance on both sides of the arms. This singular divergence is produced by the manner of washing their arms as prescribed by the tenets of the sects respectively, for while Sunnites hold it orthodox to stroke their arms, after washing them, from shoulder to wrist on front and from wrist to shoulder on the back, the Shiites abhor this practice and stroke their arms in the opposite ways, and hence the two directions in which the hair is seen to grow on the arms of the two sects.—The Lancet.

Front Door Mirrors.

Recently in passing through possibly the prettiest village in the Cotswolds, I saw an excellent idea that might with advantage be introduced in London and elsewhere. Within the knocker on the front door—which, in this instance, was about on a level with the face of the visitor—was placed a small convex mirror. Supposing the visitor is paying a call of either congratulation or condolence, how advantageous must it be to put the right expression on his countenance—either festive or doleful—before he knocks at the door.—London Graphic.

A HIDDEN MINE.

Two Women Hold the Secret of a Golden Ledge.

Away up in the Medicine Bow Mountains, not far from the Wyoming line, there is a hidden mine for which a generation of men have searched in vain. And it is owned, operated and its location kept secret by two young women, who have kept their secret since one was eighteen and the other fourteen years old. The lode was discovered sixteen years ago by a tenderfoot named Smithers. He was ordered west by the doctors and came to Colorado. Leaving his wife and two little girls at Fort Collins, he went into the mountains to prospect. In some unexplained way he discovered an enormously rich ledge of quartz, and recognized its value. Then he returned to Fort Collins for his family, having been absent about a year. His wife had died during his stay in the mountains, but he found his children in care of a ranchman. The older one recognized him, and they were turned over to him. He took them up into the mountains with him and they have lived there ever since in the cabin built for them.

Smithers cleared off the ranch and did a little farming, got a little stock and raised his own milk and butter and eggs, and lived outwardly like thousands of small mountain ranchmen all over the Rocky Mountain region. But secretly he worked on the ledge of gold quartz he had discovered. He broke pieces from the vein ground them up in a mortar, panned them, and got gold enough to keep him and his children without other work than caring for their little farm. This life began when the children were but seven and three years old, respectively. When the older one was eighteen and her sister fourteen, Smithers died. He had taught them the secret of the hidden mine, and when he was gone the two orphans lived alone in the same manner. They looked after their little stock, tended their little farm and in secret ground up pieces of quartz and panned the gold from it. The ledge must be of fabulous richness, for these two girls, neither of them very robust, and the younger little more than a child when they began, have taken out all the gold they have wanted in the four years they have led their lonely existence. At rare intervals they take their horses and a pack saddle and go down to the nearest town for provisions. They always have gold dust and nuggets to pay for whatever they choose to buy.

H. A. Wells, timber appraiser for the State lands board, was in that section recently and secured $100 worth of nuggets the young women had saved up. One he is wearing as a watch charm. It is a great chunk of native gold, not melted into a button, but just as it fell from the crushed rock. According to weight, its value would not exceed $30, or perhaps $25. But as a fine specimen of native gold and as a memento of the lonely mountain ranch and hidden mine, hundreds of dollars would not buy it. "Never mind," says Mr. Wells. "I'm going to find the extension of that hidden ledge some day."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

The Obliging Office Boy.

An old gentleman came into a busy down-town office the other day and came up to the table where James, the office boy, was reading the next to the last chapter in one of the Deadwood Dick novels. James did not know for several minutes that any one had called, so eager was he to find out if Dick was really going to kill the villain at last and save the blue-eyed Catherine. Looking up just a moment before getting ready to plunge into the crisis, James caught sight of the gentleman standing beside him. In some way the office boy felt that the visitor had been there a long time, and he hastened to make up for the neglect.

"Anything I can do for you?" James asked in the tone his employer uses when he wants to make the best impression.

The old gentleman said nothing, but he looked at James in a strange way that made that young man feel a little ashamed of himself.

"I am very sorry, sir, I kept you waiting. Do you want to see some one, sir?"

Still the visitor was silent. Then the boy raised his voice, and a glimmer of light came into the old gentleman's eye. He took out of his pocket a long tube, put one end to his ear and handed the other to James. "I should like to speak to your employer."

"Certainly, sir," said the obliging office boy; "hold the line."—Providence Journal.

Two New French Caves.

Two remarkable caves have been discovered in France by Messrs. Capitan and Breuil, in which the walls are covered with drawn and painted figures of the paleolithic epoch. These are mostly figures of animals, and some of them have been drawn with striking correctness. In the first cave, at Combarelles (Dordogne), the figures are drawn with a deeply engraved line and are vigorous in execution. They include the mammoth reindeer and other animals extinct in France. In the second cave, at Font-de-Gaume, not far distant from the former, black lines are used, and sometimes the whole animal is painted black, forming a silhouette. Red ocher is also used in the figures, which are sometimes four feet long. Many of the figures are covered with a stalagmite deposit which often reaches an inch in thickness.—Scientific American.

A Philadelphia firm has calculated that there still remain unmined 5,073,775,000 tons of coal in the anthracite regions.

COST OF A MAN'S WARDROBE.

It Amounts to Much Less Than He Pays For Food.

"Comparatively, what a man wears does not cost so much during a lifetime when you come to think of it," said an observant citizen, "and as a matter of fact the average I suppose will be surprised by the figures. Of course, the man who attempts to keep up with the procession of the ultra-fashionables must necessarily spend a good sum of money during his lifetime. He must humor the changing moods of the men who set the pace in fashion. He must have the very latest thing out. His coat must be the proper cut, his hat the proper shape, his trousers just so and his tie the proper color. But there are many men in the world who cannot pay so much respect to fashion, and hence we may strike an average between the two extremes in dress.

"We will put the case hypothetically and assume that a man lives to be thirty-five years of age. We will assume that he will wear the clothes of a grown man for this length of time. On an average, I suppose a man will wear out six shirts during the year, or a total of 210 in a lifetime. Suppose he pays seventy-five cents each for them. This would be $4.50 a year, or $157.50 that he would pay out in a lifetime of thirty-five years. He would wear twelve collars a year, of 410 in thirty-five years, and if he wore the cheaper grade of collars, 15-cent collars, he would spend $63 in thirty-five years. Allowing two whole suits of clothes a year, and at the average of $30 a suit he would spend in this way $1400 in thirty-five years. If we allow him an average of four suits of underwear a year, he would need 140 suits, and at the nominal price of $1 a suit they would cost him $140 in thirty-five years. Two hats every twelve months would mean a total of seventy hats, and if he paid an average of $3 each for them the total number would cost him $210. His shoes, allowing him two pairs a year, and fixing the cost at $4 a pair, would cost him $280 in a lifetime. Now, on the basis of calculation, a man would spend about $2250 in a lifetime for clothes. There are, of course, many men who spend much more than this amount and there are many men who spend much less. But this calculation may be taken as a reasonable average.

"It will be observed that neckties, socks, suspenders, garters and things of that sort are not taken into consideration. Laundry bills, cleaning, mending and other things which increase the cost of a man's wearing apparel are not considered. These costs would probably double the figures, and in some instances, as in the case of shirts and collars, the original cost of the article would be nothing in comparison to the cost of keeping them.

"But taking all things into consideration, a man's wearing apparel will cost him less than the food that he eats. Suppose a man is allowed three meals each day at the nominal cost of twenty-five cents a meal, in thirty-five years he would spend about $3150 for food, or about four times the amount he would spend for clothes."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

English Decadence.

He held an important position on a London newspaper, and yet he was saying, and saying in all seriousness, in naive perplexity:

"Now I can claim, without conceit, that I am more intelligent that the average of my fellow-Englishmen. Otherwise I shouldn't have my present position. I frankly admit, though, that I'm not equal to the average American. But why am I not? Where is the difference?"

What could one say to such meekness? It was fortunate that he went on:

"You say that you don't believe in this talk of English decadence, and you think we're as good men as our fathers. Perhaps the trouble is that we're just like our fathers."

Then, indeed, he hit the toe on the nail, and I agreed with him as politely as possible. The world of the sons, however, is not the world of the fathers, and in nothing is the typical American so sharply contrasted with the rest of the world as in this fact, that while he loves and admires his progenitors quite as deeply, if not quite so solemnly, as the rest of the world, he has a suspicion that the tools and methods his father used are much more appropriate in the cabinet of relics than in the shop which competition is eternally threatening to undermine and absorb.

Because his father thought thus and acted so is to the typical Englishman a most excellent reason for following suit. It is to the American a very strong reason for trying some other way.—Harper's Weekly.

Color of Scots' Hair.

A curious investigation reported to the British Association traces the origin of complexion by the surnames. It was based, according to a contemporary, on an examination of 14,561 school children of East Aberdeenshire, and a calculation of the pigmentation of the hair and eyes for fifty-nine most frequent surnames. The darkest hair and eyes belong to surnames common in fishing communities, verifying the tradition that the fishing population of East Scotland is of Belgian origin. The pigmentation of Highland surnames corresponds closest with that of their districts of origin. The surnames of Wallace, Pirie, Grant, Park and Birnie have strong blond tendencies; those of Cordiner, Cruikshank, Stephen, Strachan, Buchan, Paterson and Whyte are darkest, and Rennie, Scott, Grant and Thompson show most red hair.—London Daily Graphic.

POPULAR SCIENCE

Medical men have noted the injurious effect of the Philippine climate on wounds. The time for healing is much longer than here. In South Africa it is shorter.

The internal heat of the earth is a survival of the time when it was a glowing ball and was turning on its axis with a velocity four times as great as at present. It was slowed down principally by the action of the tides, internal and external, these being one of the results of the moon's attraction.

The rotation of the moon in such a way that is shows to us always the same face was shown to be the consequence of the tides in the molten moon due to the attraction of the earth. The earth has not surrendered itself to the tides caused by the moon because they are relatively so feeble. It will, however, without doubt, ultimately present always the same face to the moon.

A French scientist, says the Pall Mall Gazette, has just drawn public attention to certain phenomena which show that the truism "extremes meet" applies with as much force to physical nature as to human character. He relates that in the mountains near Pontgibaud, in Auvergne, there is formed in the hottest part of every summer a most singular ice deposit which has no existence in winter. The local peasantry have never evinced any acute interest in the scientific explanation of this remarkable natural peculiarity, but they have always, from the first, turned it to practical advantage by using the spot for cold storage for the cheese which is the staple product of the district.

No weather belief is more absurd than that of a "wet moon" and a "dry moon." There is no connection between the position of the moon's horns and the rainfall, unless the same weather recurs at the same time each year, for, as A. K. Bartlett has lately taken the trouble to explain, the crescent moon always appears "upon its back" in spring, near the vernal equinox, and "upon its end" in autumn, near the autumnal equinox. The change of direction in which the horns are turned depends upon the difference in declination of the sun and moon. If the moon be farther north than the sun after the new, the sunlight strikes under her, and she appears with her horns upturned; but if she appears south the light reaches around her disk to the northward, and her horns appear nearly vertical. The line joining the two horns is always at right angles to a line joining the sun and the moon.

Some fresh water fishes can live in salt water, but others cannot. The carp, for example, is found in the Caspian Sea as well as its affluents, but the fresh water eel dies in salt water. Experiments have recently been made by M. Colollian, and brought before the Society of Biology, France, with carp and tench in water artificially salted by the addition of ten to twelve grammes of common salt per litre, that is to say, about half the proportion of sea water. A fish which can live for twenty-four hours in salt water is considered able to bear it permanently and he found that his tench and carp could stand ten grammes per litre but not twelve or thirteen grammes. Another experimenter, M. Larbaletier, found that fresh water fish could live in a stronger solution of salt if they were first accustomed to it by degrees. By increasing the proportion of salt from five grammes to fourteen per litre in the course of twenty-seven days, he kept them alive.

The Red Hunting Coat.

The origin of the red coat is a mystery. There is a story told "that one of the early Henrys was so enamored with the sport of fox hunting as to ordain it to be a royal sport, and the red coat was worn in consequence." This, however, has been pointed at as absurd, as in those days scarlet was not a royal livery at all. One thing there can be no doubt about, and that is that the scarlet coat is very popular for those who hunt regularly. And it must be confessed that it adds picturesqueness to the scene. The question of color seems to be very much a matter of taste; it is looked upon as an indication of social position. In the abstract any one can don the pink, if so desired, but it is considered out of taste for any one to adopt that color if he does not liberally subscribe to the hunt fund. The black coat is considered to come next in social position, and the ordinary mufti garment for those whose subscription is very small indeed.—Tailor and Cutter.

Bog Slide in Ireland.

Following a phenomenal rainfall a terrible bog slip occurred the other day near Liscannor, on the west coast of Clare, and within a quarter of a mile of the scene of last year's slide, when two lives were lost. The slip began on the Garbuddy Hills, says the London Graphic, and the immense mass of semi-fluid bog flowed four miles through the country until it discharged itself into Derry River. The moving mass swept away hayricks, peat stacks, and a number of cows and pigs, which were lost. A farming family, named Killoughry, were compelled to escape by the upper windows, and this they did with difficulty. Several people are practically ruined by their land and crops being covered with the pasty moisture.