

An English judge has decided that the railway passenger who is so unfortunate as to have his fingers in the crack of a carriage door when the guard suddenly slams the door cannot recover damages.

It is said that King Menelik of Abyssinia thinks of visiting the St. Louis exposition. Possibly he has heard of the pleasure which the United States takes in extending courtesies to royalty and does not desire to be left out.

The Constitution of the State of New York provides that no person shall be eligible to the office of Governor "except a citizen of the United States, of the age of not less than thirty years, and who shall have been five years next preceding his election a resident of this State."

In Porto Rico, where illiteracy has been the rule for centuries, 835 new schoolhouses have been opened since the United States took charge of the island, 60,000 children are attending school daily and hundreds of thousands are demanding admission. These figures are from the report of the Commissioner of Education.

Hello! Are we to have wireless telegraphy? The Army Signal Corps experimenters at Washington have succeeded in talking 480 feet apart at an ordinary pitch of voice heard as distinctly as if they were thirty or forty feet apart. The "telephony" of the dreamers seems indeed to have come almost within range of realization.

The Christian Register condemns the so-called "Chautauqua salute," which has been popularized at religious gatherings, and which consists of waving handkerchiefs simultaneously. "Unless all the handkerchiefs are clean," it says, "think of the microbes with which the atmosphere is charged after hundreds of them have been waving in the air of a hall closely packed with human beings."

The ancient town of York, Me., reaches its two hundred and fiftieth anniversary this year, and contemplates celebrating it appropriately. There is only one other town in the State older than it. This is Kittery, the site of the United States Navy Yard. Kittery was settled in 1623, and incorporated in 1647. It is said there is no other town of the name in the world, and the origin of the name is not known.

The dead millionaire who is said to have written on the wall of the debtors' jail twenty-five years ago, "When I leave here I shall become a rich man," achieved his purpose. But if his rule of "trusting no man and allowing no man to trust him," had been generally adopted, New York City would be a village and America a nomad among the nations, remarks the New York Mail and Express.

George S. Boutwell, in his "Sixty Years in Public Affairs," says that there is no form of education that more fully justifies its cost than the education which is gained in a Presidential canvass. The newspapers, the magazines, and, more than all, the speakers—"stump orators," as they are called—communicate information and stimulate thought. The voters are converted into a great jury, and, after full allowance is made for weakness, corruption and coercion, are greatly advanced in their knowledge of men, in their abilities to deal with measures of policy and in comprehension of the principles of government. If the losses in business were as great as is ever represented, the educational advantage of a Presidential canvass are an adequate set-off.

Oh, what a good, an indispensable man is that bachelor who can make a bigger living than he needs, and is always ready to share his surplus; who counsels his nephews and fortifies them with timely remittances; who surprises his nieces with gowns and opportune hats; who has no serious trouble of his own, and is ready always to shoulder such troubles as others bring to him! The trouble with Benedict is that his hostages are given. There are claims upon his heart, his time, his income. He must consider obligations and proprieties. He is a mortgaged man, though he may be ever so good a one. There is no use of spending much affection on Benedict, for he can get it at home, and he can't repay a large investment in kind without incurring domestic hazards. But a good bachelor, what a great property he is, and how inestimably valuable to those who own him! It is a great calling to be a good bachelor, and about one bachelor in a hundred makes a fairly satisfactory demonstration that it is his, exclaims *Slayper's Weekly*.

THE WINDS AT PLAY.

These many days the winds have been at play. And they have swept the sky clear of all clouds that barred their boisterous way. And marred their revelry! With wild delight they yell as on they sweep across the trembling deep. They lash the sleeping ocean into foam, they strip the forest tress, they rudely drive belated wanderers home, they tear across the seas. No rest for them—from dawn to evening their mirth is loud and long!

In rained woods high carnival they hold. The dry leaves pirouette. A giddy whirl of scarlet and of gold! Winds down the rivulet, Full to the brim, the russet spoils and red Are to the ocean sped.

The golden elms to one another bend, The revels wax space, The trees seem to dance from end to end. The beeches interlace! And for the orchestra to this mad crowd The winds are piping loud. —F. B. Doveton, in Westminster Gazette.

AN INDIAN'S GRATITUDE

By Franklin Welles Colkins.

MY friend, Carl Von Eps, was, in his younger days, a rider for the pony express. He rode between Big Springs and O'Fallon's stations on the Patte River. It was dangerous ground, the common hunting-ground of the Sioux, Cheyennes, Pawnees, Arapahoes, and several other hostile tribes.

One afternoon in the late fall his trail was obliterated by the tramping and the dust of north-moving herds of bison. He passed several hunting parties of Indians in the distance, but they were not strong enough or were too busy with their hunting, to attack, and Carl escaped the usual perilous chase to be expected whenever Indians were encountered. The messenger was making his way by his sense of direction through fogging dust clouds, when his pony shied at a lump and battered Indian, attempting to get to his feet in front of it. This wounded hunter was a young Sioux, with a broken shoulder and other injuries got in a mishap of the chase.

For a moment the express rider hesitated. His duty to the company and the knowledge that the injured man's tribesmen would, sooner or later, return to look for him, were balanced against the possibility of his death or further injury under the hoofs of the tramping herds. But seeing that the wounded hunter could not rise to his feet, Carl's decision was quickly made, and the deadly enemy was picked up and given—much to his astonishment, doubtless—a seat behind the messenger's saddle.

Carl was but a few minutes behind his scheduled time at O'Fallon's, where the Indian was grumblingly taken in and fed and cared for until he recovered. Little was learned from the taciturn Sioux except that his Dakota name was, translated, Bear Bonnet.

Some months later, long after the hunter had returned to his people, Carl was swinging forward toward O'Fallon's when an Indian rider appeared, coming out of a bluff coulee to meet him on the pony trail. The messenger eyed the Indian's advance with suspicion, and lifted a pistol holster forward. Then the red man drew near, with a sign of friendliness, Carl recognized Bear Bonnet.

"How-how?" shouted the messenger, motioning the Sioux to wheel and ride alongside. But Bear Bonnet halted and waved his arms up and down with an emphatic motion, signifying, in the sign language, "Halt there! Trouble ahead!"

The messenger drew rein, and there passed a rapid coulee, mostly in the sign manual, between the riders. Carl learned that his situation was one of extreme peril. Bands of Sioux coming on to cross the river, were stretched out for a mile or two parallel with his trail, and some of them were just beyond the river bluffs. Already he was half-surrounded upon his left, and the river, full in the spring flood, was roaring upon his right.

Bear Bonnet urged him to turn at once to the river, not to attempt crossing, but to sink saddle and blankets, and then go into hiding upon one of the willow-fringed islands not far from shore. The Indian said he would swim the messenger's pony across the river himself, and would return the animal to its owner when the danger had passed. "Heap Ogallallas," said Bear Bonnet. "Come so—come so—come so! Ho, colo, git!"

Carl, scanning the bluffs, now noted a faint veil of dust above the high lands in front. His danger was imminent, but his duty to his company and to the mail service was above the consideration of personal safety. He must, as heretofore, "ride it out" at all hazards. The young messenger felt grateful to the Sioux for having ridden ahead of his fellows to warn him of danger. But to Bear Bonnet's urgent counsel he shook his head in smiling negative, and slipping to the ground, tightened his saddle cinches. The Indian followed suit. Then, to Carl's surprise, the Sioux, mounted upon a swift pony, rode at his side and between himself and the bluffs.

Soon there were other Sioux to engage Carl's attention. The swarm coming toward the river were Ogallallas, fierce fighters, and the most implacable hostiles. The messenger rode swiftly, but at first held his horse in careful reserve, noting with shrewd eyes, as he scanned the bluffs, the approach of trailing dust clouds. In the speed, cleverness and endurance of his trained racer lay all his hope to reach O'Fallon's with the mail bags.

arrow to the string. Wonderingly, the messenger swung the muzzle of his pistol to rear. But his quick eyes noted the arrow of his pursuer; it passed to his right at so wide an angle that he gave an involuntary hoot of derision. The Indians upon his left noted the shot, and yelled encouragement to their fellow.

Again, as Carl was about to fire upon him, Bear Bonnet let fly an arrow, and it passed, like the former, far upon the messenger's right. Instantly the flying horseman divined that those bow shafts were launched with no hostile purpose. Bear Bonnet wanted him to turn to the right—to ride to the mouth of Pony Creek!

There, the express rider knew, were an old buffalo ford and a trail which came in at the mouth of the main canon, and so passed by easy stages along the river bluff toward the stage station. The route was at least as near as the pony trail, but the ditch-like canon was so steep that its descent would test the courage of any rider less than reckless.

Little difference need the danger make to him at that moment! He turned his flagging horse toward the mouth of Pony Creek. And now he leaped forward and spurred the animal to a last desperate burst of speed, a final heroic effort to gain fighting cover.

The crowd of Sioux, now fast gaining upon his exhausted mount, yelled their triumph, which shrilled upon his ears and set all his nerves a-tingle. Would they follow him over the precipitous earth-banks of the canon? Ardent he hoped so. At least some of their necks might be broken as well as his own.

He now lay flat upon his pony's back and neck, and the trained animal understanding the necessity, strained every muscle in a last rare spurt of running. Carl did not again look behind until his reeling beast was hurled headlong into the vast ditch of Pony Creek.

Bruised and dizzy, the fallen rider picked himself up, to see his gallant pony lying, heels up and stone dead, in the bottom of a dry run. The mail bags had been torn from their saddle fastenings and lay at the edge of the ditch.

In the same instant he saw Bear Bonnet's buckskin, with doubled haunches plover like a hurled projectile down the nearest slope; saw, with his brain in a whirling maze, the young Sioux leap from his saddle, thrust a lead rope at him, and then swung his loosened mail-bags upon the steaming pony's back. At touch of the mail-sacks, Carl recovered presence of mind, remembering suddenly his peril and the necessity for action. In an incredibly brief space of time he was mounted and off again.

As he fled down the canon, the express rider looked back to see Bear Bonnet break his bow and sling himself face downward upon the bank of a ditch, where he lay as if stunned by a fall from his horse. Cunning and loyal young Sioux—he had paid a debt of gratitude at a fearful risk to himself!

The messenger's new mount jumped fitfully and whirled holes in portions of his quick succession. And now a series of astonished screeches broke out above the head and to the rear, and the bullets and arrows of his pursuers knocked up spurts of dust upon the embankments as he flitted by them. Nor did the Ogallallas fall in daring. They thundered over the steeps and into the canon in a yelling rout.

But in a twinkling Carl had dodged behind a projecting spur and turned his scudding mount upon the old buffalo trail. With each touch of the spur the express rider felt a growing confidence, and in a minute or two of running he knew that he had under him a pony as fresh and swift as that of any wild rider in the chase.

In point of fact, the Indians did not chase him much beyond the mouth of Pony Creek. In five minutes or less after leaving the canon—and much ahead of his scheduled minute—he drew rein at O'Fallon's.

When the story was told to the boss of the station and his men, they said that something handsome should be done to reward that "Sam Patch of a Sioux." They held it pony to the station, hoping that Bear Bonnet would himself come for it, if his tribesmen did not kill him. Then as the buckskin disappeared from the company's herd one night and no others were taken, they knew that the brave young Sioux was alive, but would not come to claim a reward.—Youth's Companion

OUR BUDGET OF HUMOR.

Happy, Nevertheless.
Oh, he was a treated employe, With a life in obscurity spent. He found 'twas his lot To be wholly forgot. Cause he never embezzled a cent. —Washington Star.

Not Well Done.
"She's awfully stuck up." "Is that so?" "Quite true. The only thing she said to me the whole evening was 'No,' and I had to propose to her to get her to say that."—Tit-Bits.

Repertory.
"That girl can't talk a little bit." "Is that so?" "Quite true. The only thing she said to me the whole evening was 'No,' and I had to propose to her to get her to say that."—Tit-Bits.

First Aid to Automobiles.
Haw—We are thirty-two miles from home and this automobile is a wreck. There's only one thing to be done." She—"And that?" He—"Why, seek shelter in the nearest paragonage."—Puck.

Ingenuity in a Flat.
Alyce—"What a lovely cozy corner. Myrna—such a pretty couch." Myrna—"Isn't it? It's made out of five trunks and a hatbox, seven pillows, two bolsters, and an old piano cover."—Detroit Free Press.

Song With Feeling.
"I thought you said she never sang with any feeling?" "She doesn't." "Pshaw! In that last song she was feeling the key more than half the time."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Household Economics.
Husband—"My dear, this is awful! Last year we had acorns with two farms and now we have with ten." Wife—"But don't you think it a good idea to distribute our obligations over a wider field?"—Brooklyn Life.

Her Opinion.
"In some of the oriental countries a woman feels disgraced if she allows her face to be seen in public." "Yes," answered Miss Cayenne, "and after seeing some of their faces I quite agreed with them."—Washington Star.

Showing Interest.
The Kid—"Wot yer lookin' fer, mister?" The Post—"An inspiration, my lad." The Kid—"Say, tell me wot dar is an' gimme me a quarter an' I'll find one fer you."—New York Journal.

The Housing Problem.
House-Agent—"Have you any child den?" House-Hunter—"Yes, but they are very quiet and well-behaved." House-Agent—"Oh, but I mean have you any children living, ma'am?"—Judge.

Easy on the Eye.
"Bunkins takes life very easily." "But he is always telling hard luck stories." "Yes; that shows his shrewdness. If he put in all that time telling funny stories people would say he was loafing."—Washington Star.

He Had.
"Haven't you any occupation?" asked the woman at the kitchen door, after listening to his tale of woe. "Yes, ma'am," replied Toffold Knutt. "I'm a hunter." "A hunter? Of what?" "Grub, ma'am."—Chicago Tribune.

Bad Family Examples.
Brown—"I don't like to read tales which show how geniuses were once unruly children." Jones—"Why not?" Brown—"They merely encourage lazy parents to believe that their unruly children will all turn out geniuses."—Detroit Free Press.

Not the Modern Kind.
"She's not what you'd call an advanced woman?" "Oh, no." "Has no mission in life, I suppose?" "Oh, I believe she claims to have one but it's nothing of any importance." "What is it?" "Just a mission to make some good man happy. I understand."—Chicago News.

A Studio Secret.
"Sometimes," sighed the weary papa, as he tried in vain to quiet the turbulent infant, "I wish I was a photographer." "And why?" nonchalantly asked mamma, as she turned to another chapter. "Because a photographer seems to be the only man on earth who can make a baby look pleasant when it doesn't wish to."—Chicago News.

COUNTRY AND CITY MILES.

Reasons Why One Seem to the Pedestrian Much Larger Than the Other.

"I have observed a curious thing about distances," said a thoughtful citizen yesterday. "and I have heard many persons comment on the same thing, but I have never seen any satisfactory explanation of it. In fact, I suppose nearly every person who has had an opportunity to contrast conditions as they exist in cities with the more open conditions in rural sections has observed the same thing. At any rate, most men are inclined to regard the city mile as somewhat shorter than the country mile. Of course, there are many things which will suggest themselves in explanation of this matter, if we think about it seriously, and yet they are not at all satisfactory when we weigh the problem analytically.

"Suppose we walk the distance. Along the line of the city mile we find many things which will crowd into the mind, pictures along the way, pretty trade displays in show windows, handsome buildings, men and women bustling hither and thither, and a thousand and one other things common enough on the city thoroughfares, things which produce a series of psychological effects which tend to some extent the idea of distance, and, consequently, the city mile is seemingly shortened. On the other hand, the country mile, to the average person who has no taste for the artistic and can see no beauty in the ruggedness of the hedges, is simply a long and barren stretch. But thus far I am thrusting over old straw. This is the common view of the matter, and no doubt these psychological processes play an important part in determining the impressions received with reference to distances under the different conditions assumed.

"But here is the particular thing I would like to call your attention to: The city mile will be made in much less time than the country mile. As a rule, a man will walk a mile in the city in two-thirds of the time it will take him to walk a mile in the country. Ordinarily it would seem that the shoe would be on the other foot. There is much to arrest the attention, to stop him and to consume his time. In the country the way is clear and there is nothing for a man to do but hustle for his destination. Of course, the walking is better in the city because of good sidewalks and the lift of the feet is not so heavy. But the main reason for the shorter time required, in my opinion, is found in the stimulus which the city pedestrian receives from the excitement around him. Everybody is hustling. There is noise and hustle, and in spite of the fact that his attention is arrested, and in spite of being bumped and jostled about by men and women going in opposite directions, in spite of delays at crossings caused by passing cars and vehicles of every kind, the pedestrian is worked up to a quicker pace.

"Excitement is the thing that densens the idea of distance and makes it seem so much shorter in the city than in the country, and excitement is the thing which causes a man to walk a mile in the city in less time than it would take him to walk the same distance in the country, and the difference between a dirt road and a paved street for walking purposes has but little to do with it."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

His Hard Luck.
It is not unusual for persons indicted for crime in this jurisdiction to plead guilty, but very seldom does it happen that a prisoner who pleads out has been rightly accused. He is compelled to enter a plea of not guilty. Such an incident occurred here recently.

It was desired to make a test case in order to secure a ruling from the Appellate Court on a knotty legal proposition. A certain colored individual who was in the toils was selected to furnish the framework for the issue. He was escorted into court for arraignment. Prior to that formality, however, the prosecuting officer took the precaution to remark: "Of course, you are going to plead not guilty." Such a plea was essential in order to take the matter before the higher court.

The response was a surprise and somewhat disconcerting for the attorney and the court were anxious to go ahead with the test proceeding. The prisoner declared: "I'm guilty, an' I wants to be sentenced right here an' now." This disarranged the program very decidedly.

It required the combined persuasive efforts of the prosecuting officer and the counsel assigned to represent the defendant to induce the latter to consent to plead not guilty. As he was led from the court room he shook his head dubiously and murmured: "I didn't want to do it, 'cause I'm guilty all right. Don't know what they're up to, 'deed I don't."—Washington Star.

Requid.
At a certain ball in the country the other evening a gentleman undertook to introduce a companion to a young but somewhat stout lady who seemed to be pining for a dance. "No, thanks, old fellow; I don't care to wait with a cart." A "cart" is understood in the district referred to as a partner who does not do her share of the dancing, but has to be drawn round. A few evenings later the same young lady, who had overheard the conversation, beheld the young man seeking an introduction and asking if he might have the honor, etc. "No, thank you," she replied; "I may be a cart, but I am not a donkey cart."—Tit-Bits.