

The fact that wealth doesn't always bring happiness doesn't make us any more satisfied with poverty.

The electric car and the rush for seats has brought in strange manners such as once were associated only with the demoralization caused by fire or shipwreck, asserts the Christian Register.

The Belgian Government has just issued a statistical report showing that the population of Belgium is the densest in Europe, there being 935 persons to every square mile, as against 410 in Holland and 349 in England. There are still over twelve per cent of Belgian soldiers who can neither read nor write.

National airs are seldom made to order. The committee of the Society of the Cincinnati may select a tune of merit from those submitted and award its medal. It is another thing to get the people to substitute the tune thus approved for the glorious melody which they know as "America," exclaims the Philadelphia Press.

The business of making collars and cuffs, according to the showing of the census returns, appears to be a New York State monopoly. Out of fifty-seven establishments in the United States forty-four are in New York, turning out a yearly product valued at \$15,534,461. The output of the three factories in other States is only \$37,138 per year.

The immigrants arriving now have a low rate of illiteracy. Last year sixty-two per cent of the adult Syrians who landed at the port of New York could neither read nor write. The rate of illiteracy among southern Italians was fifty-five per cent, and among the Greek immigrants twenty-one per cent. Among the Polish immigrants it was thirty-one.

The Galveston News remarks that every farm is a factory in which nature is the boss. The soil and seed are the workman. These workmen should be as skilled in their trade as is the machinist, the printer or the steelmaker. It is come to pass that farming must be done in the most scientific manner in order to insure success.

The returns of official experiments on living animals shows that during 1901 257 licenses performed 11,645 experiments. In Ireland ten licenses performed 237 experiments. The report consists of fifty-four folio pages, gives a great variety of fruitless detail regarding the licensee, and is, to quote the British Medical Journal, "a monumental record of how the state may hamper science, and how jealously the grandmother of parliaments protects the liberty of guinea pigs to the detriment of the overburdened taxpayer."

From Chicago comes the news that woman has conquered still another field, over which man formerly reigned supreme. She is now employed in the stockyards in Chicago, the last place in the world that one would expect to find her. To be sure, she does not actually slaughter the animals, but even that may come in time. In the packing and canning factories some thousands more will find positions. The work is light, is technically called "kitchen work," and consists in the cutting of dried beef, packing of cans, stuffing of sausages, etc.

It is impossible for young people to marry in Germany without the consent of their parents or legal guardians. Certain prescribed forms must be gone through, or the marriage is null and void. When a girl has arrived at what is considered a marriageable age her parents make a point of inviting young men to the house, and usually two or three are invited at the same time, so that the attention may not seem too pointed. No young man, however, is invited to the house until after he has called at least once, and thus signified his wish to have social intercourse with the family.

"What's in a name?" Well, there seems to have been at least Twelve Thousand Dollars in this name. According to a dispatch from Springfield, Mo., Vassar College is to receive \$12,000 under the will of Louise Frisbie, because Lomas W. Holmes of Springfield, to whom the money was left on condition that he change his name to Frisbie, refused to change. The will was a year ago, and the singular condition was given some notice in the newspapers at the time. Holmes had a year in which to make up his mind whether he preferred his ancestral name or the \$12,000. He has now decided for the name, and Vassar will get the money.

### TWO DAYS.

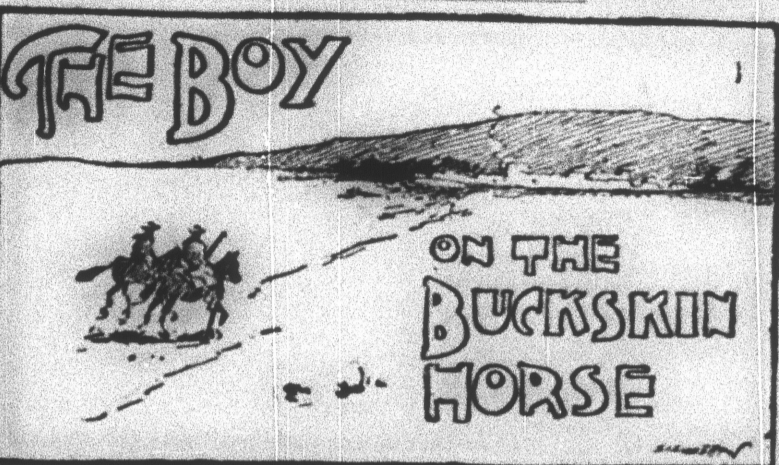
A long and weary day,  
The holiday of doubt,  
Glad was I when it went its way,  
And when the stars shone out,  
For never from its frowning skies  
Came peace or rest in any guise.

What freedom for my soul,  
What uplift for my prayer,  
What larger views, what shining goal  
On moorlands, waste and bare,  
What wonder that I breathed at last  
Thanksgiving when the hour was past.

A brief but sunny day,  
The day of song and toil,  
Was it some angel came my way,  
And touched with holy oil  
My eyes that could no more look out  
Upon the barren wastes of doubt?

The threads run to and fro,  
The wheel of labor turns,  
But in their throbbing must aglow  
The golden banners,  
Faith trims the lamp and bids me view  
Horizons that I never knew.

—Boston Transcript.



"I SEE the smoke of Ojo Caliente, Jim," said the sheriff, lifting his fagged pony with a swing of his bridle, "the line is only five miles off now. See yonder, those bare mesquites on that mesa? That's Mexico."

Jim looked down at the hoof-prints, and, striking his jaded broncho with the spur, said: "If he don't get a fresh horse at Ojo Caliente, cap, we'll catch him in less'n two hours. He's down to a fox trot now."

"There isn't a horse in Caliente, Jim. I think he'll stop there. How many shots have you got, Jim?"

"Seven, cap."

"And four for me. That ought to fetch him." And they sounded over the hot dun hill and down into the squat, red village of adobes.

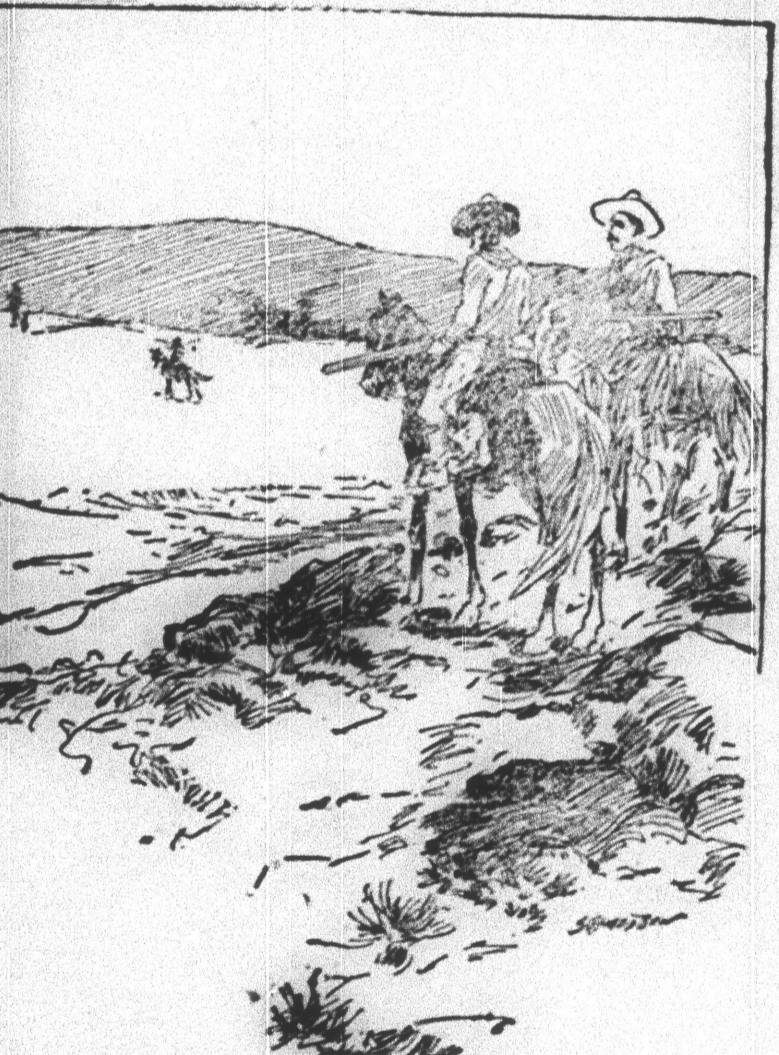
But with all his hard riding Captain Early's heart wasn't exactly "in" this man hunt. He knew Ed Tilbury—had sat in with him at Silver City, Santa Fe and El Paso, served in the same posse with him the time Captain Croy and his rangers crossed the Rio after the rustlers, but murder was murder, and it was "up to" Early to bring Tilbury in. Six axes in one deck was regarded as stealing, even in Las Cruces, and when Ed unloaded his forty-five into Biff Hickey, popular opinion sided

sixty miles toward freedom. But he saw them and was up in a second, his rifle swinging down at them as he rose in his stirrups and the game horse plunging forward as with final desperation.

"He must have ammunition to burn," grunted Jim as a bullet whizzed through his pony's mane, but Early had fired twice and missed before they came alongside the startled stranger.

"Have you got a horse?" the sheriff was yelling. The stranger looked up and said, quite slowly: "Yes, sir. That is, I did have one, but I sold it to—the man you are shooting at. See, here's the money." And the young fellow showed a wad of bills in his hand. Jim grinned a minute without taking his eyes off the vanishing murderer, who was blundering out across the sand toward the south, but the sheriff swore as he roared: "Fetch out your horse, quick. You've sold it to an outlaw. I'm Sheriff Early and I've got a warrant for that fellow. Quick, the horse!"

But the stranger, who looked like a boy, though his face was brown with tan and freckles, ran round into the sheep corral and in another moment, mounted on a bold-going buckskin horse, his Winchester ready in its scabbard, came charging after the fugitive.



"NOW'S HIS CHANCE FOR A SHOT."

with Tilbury and most of the boys disappeared to avoid posse duty. But it was different with Captain Early and his two deputies. Two hours after Tilbury hit the trail for the border they were hot after him with fifteen rounds apiece, good mounts, and no idea beyond the inevitable necessity of bringing back the "murderer" dead or alive.

But Tilbury had one of those Canadian River horses, as fast as a coyote in the sand and a demon for rough going. Ed rode him in the spring from Wichita to Oklahoma City, and "galloped him clean across the panhandle," and then to the Pecos Valley and across the range hills to Las Cruces. So the fugitive's horse was seasoned. But Early and his men changed ponies at Poulter's ranch, roping out their own stock because the outfit was away on the drive, and ran Tilbury to cover before dark in a dug-out by the iron spring. They got the worst of this, however, for the rascal winged Jim's horse and cut a streak across Early's that sent the beast as lame as a barnyard duck. As for Thoroughman's pony, it died at the first shot, and the deputy walked back to Poulter's as mad as a rattlesnake.

But Early and Jim clung to the trail, and now, as they rode into Ojo Caliente, a cluster of weather-beaten hovels of mud, they saw Ed Tilbury at the far end of the single street, standing by a stranger, and in the shadows beside him, almost tottering against the wall, the staggering, dust-covered, exhausted horse that had carried him

"He's for getting the reward himself," shouted Jim.

"Wait! Wait!" bellowed Early. "But the fast-riding youngster, unsaddling his rifle, looked back with a grin and cried: 'I'll get him, cap! I'll get him!'"

"Purty game for a kid," said Jim. But Sheriff Early was furious.

"I'm an ass for telling him. He'll kill Ed or get himself killed!"

As they struggled over the bowdler-strewn trail and slipped haunchwise down into the valley far off on the opposite hill, they could see Tilbury, still looking back, his rifle ready, and between him and the Rio Grande only a mile of knee-deep sand. Then the starting sands of the dried river bed and liberty! But between them and the outlaw rode the boy on the buckskin horse. Each stroke of the nimble hoof sent a fountain of dust into the air, each stride brought him nearer to Tilbury and the back-pointed Winchester.

"Now's his chance for a shot," said Jim, watching the murderer flounder up onto the crest of the final hill. "He couldn't miss him now!"

"He's just loading his gun," cried Early. "See him? He's out of the dust. Hear it?"

And they saw the white puff of smoke, and then, echoing sharp and quick, from wall to wall of the slate-fronted mesas, the crack of the volunteer's weapon.

"Got him, by Jove!" laughed Jim. "I seen his cayuse drop, cap!"

As they saw the fugitive's pony drop

and Tilbury scramble to his feet the sheriff and Jim abandoned their own exhausted beasts, and, seizing their weapons, rushed up the steep hill for the capture. But the youth on the horse went gamely forward, faster and faster, till he, too, toppled the ridge and disappeared in the wake of the dismounted outlaw.

"It'd be murder to kill him now," panted Early.

"It's him or the kid, I guess," answered Jim, and, with dust-smeared faces and bodies muddied with sand and sweat, they gained the outlaw.

Far down below them Jim, breathing the shallow pool of the dwindled summer river, saw the buckskin horse bearing two riders toward the Mexican shore.

"We're done, ain't we, cap?" "Done? We're skinned, stuffed and basted by a blamed kid! That's what we are."

Jim stooped over the dead Canadian—Tilbury's worthless hostage to the law—and said: "Wonder why the kid killed it, cap?"

"Just a bluff, Jim. Cunnin' of him, wasn't it?"

And the sheriff sat down on the corpse and rolled a cigarette, watching Tilbury and his pal disappear into the chaparral which lined the haze-dimmed shore of the "land of manana." They didn't say much as they walked back weary and defeated, to Ojo Caliente, but when they came to the red, warped railroad station and talked to the spout-eyed agent he told them that the stranger, the curly-haired, brown-checked boy, had come to town but an hour or two ago.

"He didn't seem to know nobody," explained the agent, "and the only thing I know is I hear Jim boss-tradin' with that chrap you was chasin'. Just a few minutes 'fore you all id up and begun shootin'."

Sheep-herd Early and his deputy looped about the station till half an hour before the east-bound local came along, and then the agent handed him a small yellow envelope, with: "Either of you men 'Captain Early'?"

And the sheriff read: "Tilbury's wife on buckskin horse shot out to Caliente. Men's clothes. Frank Hickey." "From Biff's brother," said Early, handing the dispatch to Jim.

"She's a brick!" grinned the deputy. "John H. Raftery, in the Chicago Record-Herald."

Flowers of the Swamp.

What a wealth of rarely beautiful wild flowers there are in the swamps and meadows even in July, says Country Life in America—the vivid beautiful cardinal, the false sunflower, or ox-eye, the lance-leaved or fragrant golden-rod, the thimbleweed, the bulb-bearing loosestrife, hardhack, the early purple sax or cocash, the iron-weed or flat-top, the arrow-leaved tearthumb, the sparrowmint, native wild mint and peppermint, the Maryland figwort or bell plant, the great lobelia or blue cardinal flower, the graceful brook lobelia, the soft, feathery, tall meadow rue, the poisonous water hemlock, the blood-thirsty, round-leaved sundew, the wicked strangeweed or common dodder, the gorgeous Turk's cap lily, the blue snake-head or turtle-head, the fragrant bitter almond or rose-pink, the attractive meadow beauty or deer grass, the sea or marsh pink, the marsh milkwort, the marsh St. Johnswort, the white alder or sweet pepperbush, the honest or thoroughwort, the climbing noselet or hempweed, the jewelweed, the pale touch-me-not, the giant St. Johnswort and two exquisite orchids, the yellow-fringed orchid and the white-fringed orchid. The lowest and the highest, the showy or the sober, all await to surprise him who searches.

Old Age and Appetite.

Sir Henry Thompson deprecates increased eating as a means of keeping up the strength of those who are advancing in years, and particularly objects to the repeated and general use of concentrated forms of animal nourishment for the aged. Over-nourishment in old age is apt to lead to pains and aches due to the impairment of excretion, and a long protracted course of overfeeding will in an attack of gout. Even artificial teeth are not to be considered an unmixed blessing, for by a provision of nature the teeth begin to decay and become useless just when the system begins to thrive without much animal food of coarse fibre. Indigestion, says Sir Henry Thompson, is mostly not a disease, but an advertisement. "It is the language of the stomach, and is mostly an unknown tongue to those who are addressed." It means that the individual has not yet found his appropriate diet. "There is no food whatever which is wholesome in itself, that food only is wholesome which is so to the individual."—Baltimore Sun.

Expenses of the White House.

Aside from the President's salary and the expense of keeping the White House in repair, it costs the Government only about \$65,000 to operate the establishment. Of this amount \$50,000 is expended in the salaries of the thirty men of the executive payroll, says the World's Work. These range from a Secretary to the President, with a salary of \$5,000 a year, down to messengers and doorkeepers whose pay is in some instances perhaps one-tenth that sum. This remaining \$15,000 defrays all the other expenses—the replacing of worn-out office furniture, typewriter repairs, stationery and food for the half dozen horses at the White House stables. Of course the executive office has the benefit of many economies beyond the reach of the tariff merchant. For instance, all official mail is franked, saving approximately \$20 a day. Special telegraph and cable rates are also secured.



### He Fought the Bear.

THE overland train we caught at Florence, says 'The World's Work,' was filled with vacation seekers picked up all the way from Boston to Denver, most of them on their way to California, though one hunter of big game with whom we talked and came up from New Orleans to go into the little mountains from Missoula, ambitious to kill a grizzly. A whole party were excitedly going back to their last year's camp.

"Finest spot in the world," said one—which was not quite true, because that spot we found later many miles from Mesker, whither he was headed. He went on:

"No mosquitoes; air's too thin for 'em! Plenty of elbow room! There's a million camps in these mountains, near the railroad; ladies, kids an' all that. Nice enough; they have a bully time. But we like room! Trout! An' deer! An'—any, 'Billy,' tell 'em about the bear."

"Billy" wouldn't. He blushed. Amid the unchecked laughter that rang through the smoking room, he could not save his face. We were mounting the Continental Divide to the Tennessee Pass. Outside the Arkansas boiled over its jagged bed, and all the wonders of red and orange and purple cliffs made a foreground for vistas, dissolving as we rounded curves, of mountain behind mountain sleeping gently skyward or soaring in sheer perpendicular lines to the clouds. East to the Atlantic the Arkansas hurried; beyond the watershed ten thousand feet high, toward which we climbed, we should burst from the long tunnel to run beside the Eagle and the Grand, whose waters reach the Pacific.

"Billy" found an Indian's trail—didn't you 'Billy?' good naturedly jeered the one they called "Perk."

"You see, he thought it was an Indian's, a barefooted Indian's," said he expansively to the room in general, "but it was a bear's"—he said it "bear's," being a native of Wisconsin. "Billy" was death on bears. He used to tell us how his uncle killed a grizzly out Oregon way with a lead pencil—eh, 'Billy?' So 'Billy' took a Winchester an' went bear hunting.

"Fore he got us to help he chased his invisible, but trembling, quarry—let me see—six weeks, I think, it was."

"Three days," said "Billy."

"At last," went on the story, "we went out together and beat up a neck of woods where 'Billy' said the bear had his nest; he said it was a grizzly with fourteen rattles. 'Billy' himself set waiting at the upper end. And we did start the beast. We caught a glimpse of him now and then—like a black pig scuttling through the brush."

"He shot out of the bushes into grass, the sea or marsh pink, the marsh milkwort, the marsh St. Johnswort, the white alder or sweet pepperbush, the honest or thoroughwort, the climbing noselet or hempweed, the jewelweed, the pale touch-me-not, the giant St. Johnswort and two exquisite orchids, the yellow-fringed orchid and the white-fringed orchid. The lowest and the highest, the showy or the sober, all await to surprise him who searches."

"Billy" open like a waddling sky rocket, and, not seeing 'Billy,' he sat up to look back. But 'Billy'! His eyes bulged out like marbles. I tell you, gentlemen, his hair rose so fast his hat went up like a clay pigeon from a trap. He dropped his gun, and in two strides he waded into that bear dead bent for the Kaiser. Excited? He kicked, he punched, he kicked again. His uncle, with the lead pencil and the grizzly, was nothing to 'Billy' here banded, mauling that scared, black, half-grown cub. It wasn't ten seconds before the bear found the mill too hot—he was no prize fighter—and while 'Billy' chased him into the woods, 'rocking' him with everything he could reach, fingers from the ground and laughing. When we came up to 'Billy' he was sitting on the grass with his legs stuck out in front, looking at the rifle—he had poked it up. And crying?"

"Most of that's a lie," said "Billy." "But I guess I did forget the gun," and, brightening a little, "I landed him a couple of good ones, though. And we all joined the mighty laugh that went up."

Two Heroes.

A story of a dog's loyalty and a boy's love that makes life seem richer, fiercer and infinitely more worth while was recently told in the New York Commercial Advertiser.

A small boy, very ragged and far from clean, was meandering along 119th street, near Eighth avenue, the other evening, whistling through his fingers from time to time to a dingy little cur that nosed about the doorways for some dainty droppings from the morning's garbage can. The boy carried a huge parcel of old clothing, and did not look as if the picking of a bone or two on his own account would go amiss.

Every now and then the dog would trot back to his small master long enough to sniff his bare legs reassuringly in acknowledgment of the periodical whistling.

Presently a great mastiff, wild with the thought of an hour's freedom, bounded down the steps of an apartment house and came into violent collision with small boy and bundle, knocking one flat and rolling the other into the gutter.

Quick as a flash the hungry little cur was at the great dog's throat. He was hardly half the size of the mastiff's head, but for ten seconds he did battle, but unworthy his big enemy, putting all the love and loyalty of his homeless little heart into this attack upon the giant that had assailed his master.

Instantly, however, the boy was on his feet, calling him off, and the mastiff walked soberly on. Evidently he had understood the matter perfectly, appreciated the cause of the little creature, and let it pass after the manner of his magnanimous kind.

"Good doggie!" said the boy, reaching one stray hand from the bundle long enough to pat the head of the breathless little dog, who greeted this acknowledgment of his services with ecstatic waggings of his sandy stump.

But there was a sequel. It chanced that this particular cur had some time since been bereft of one eye; and now, as he crossed the street, the oncoming car was at its blind side, and the "T" overhead wiped out all surface sounds. Boy and bundle were half the width of the street behind him when a swoop of the motor-man's hand gave the car a headlong plunge. The fender was hardly half a foot from the unconscious dog when his master, quick as a flash, dropping his load, with one spring seized the dog round his flank body and bounded on the fender, clinging like a crab to the sagging steel bands. Then, as the car slowed up with a screech and a growl from the brakes, master and dog descended and raced back for the bundle again.

Neither seemed to regard the incident as anything unusual; it was all in the day's work of outwitting fate that kept both at their wits' end to stand off starvation and other shapes of death.

Tread by a Buck.

Olen Bowles, of Costello, Pa., will never stop again to be Good Samaritan to a deer in trouble.

He works for the big tannery company here. He was in the woods one day last week looking over a bark contract.

Passing along an old woods road he saw a fawn lying in a clump of bushes. As the fawn did not move he walked up to it and found that it was bleeding from an injury in its shoulder.

With the intention of taking the wounded fawn home with him and doctoring it, Bowles was stooping to lift it up in his arms when the frightened little animal began bleating piteously, but had scarcely uttered his first cry when Bowles heard a commotion in the brush, and looking up saw two deer, a big buck and a doe, bounding toward him.

The buck had on a fierce front, the bristles on his neck standing erect and his eyes blazing with fury. Bowles hastily climbed a tree. He got out of range of the buck just in time to escape a savage lunge from his horns.

They took the fawn away into the wood. The buck, however, stayed right at the foot of the tree and pranced and snorted around it at every move Bowles made, keeping him there until long after dark.

When he thought the buck had gone away Bowles slipped down out of the tree and started to put behind him the three miles that lay between that spot and home as quickly as his legs would let him. He hadn't gone fifty yards, though, before the buck was after him. Dodging from tree to tree Bowles made his way alone until man answered his cries for help. Then the buck abandoned the chase.

The settler who went to Bowles' rescue said the buck was a terror of that neighborhood and known to the hunters as Old Golden—Sun.

Struggle With a Muskalonge.

Chailey Dunlap one day had a strike from a twenty-pound muskalonge. He had a hand line. Early in the struggle the fish adopted as its tactics a persistent dashing in a circle that took it around the boat, its purpose evidently being to get a hitch of the line on the boat so that it might tear itself loose.

The peculiar tactics of this muskalonge kept Dunlap twisting and turning round and round in his boat to prevent the fish from fouling the line. The lake was rough under a stiff wind, and the frail canoe threatened to capsize before Dunlap could conquer the muskalonge.

At each circuit the muskalonge made, Dunlap succeeded in getting the fish nearer, and then he suddenly discovered that he was unable to make another turn himself, glancing down at his feet he discovered that in his rapid twistings and turnings he had wound the line round and round his ankles and he was plied on by it there. This was an added danger, for if by some unlucky move the boat should capsize his fate was certain.

If the muskalonge had made one more turn around the boat it would probably have accomplished its design and got away. Fortunately for Dunlap, the fish at that critical moment changed its tactics, and started straight out toward the middle of the lake. Dunlap let it go, and, sitting down in the boat, quickly released the hampering line from his legs, and engaged the muskalonge again.

The rest of the fight was brief, for the odds against the fish were too great, and, exhausted, but still offering its dead weight in opposition to the angler, it was hauled up to the gaff and landed.—New York Sun.

Swordfish Pierced the Boat.

The fishing schooner Forest Maid, Captain Smett, arrived at Boston the other day from George's with forty-one big swordfish. A. Scott, one of the crew, had a thrilling experience with a fish which weighed 300 pounds. It was speared from the bowport and Scott was sent off in a dory to bring it alongside the vessel. Although mortally wounded, the fish showed fight, and as Scott approached plunged his sword through the bottom of the boat. The dory had to be hoisted to the deck in order to release the fish, which in the meantime had died.