

## THE MAN THAT BLOWS HIS BUGLE.

The man that blows his bugle, you may not admire his style; You may claim he is conceited and condemn him all the while; You may term his method brazen or may even call it "brass;" And the language that he uses you may designate as "gas;" You may disapprove his manners as you pass them in review, For no gentleman would burrow to the deeds that he will do, But I think I ought to mention, for to me it's very clear, That the man that blows his bugle is the fellow that we hear.

I've known some men whose bugles made a cracked, discordant note, Somewhere between a peacock's yell and anthem of a goat, And the people who first heard it always seemed to shrink and quail, While they said, "Of course he's bugling, but he ought to be in jail." But these men kept blowing, blowing, till the anxious, hurried throng Said, "There must be merit in it or they wouldn't blow so long;" So they sort of paused to listen to the discords that they made, And the men that blew their bugles won the game that they had played.

This world is not exceeding wise; we're not so very clear If it's a heavenly anthem or a discord that we hear, And so we listen sagely to some bugle as it yells In a doleful jubilate that its owner's glory tells; And many an artist's honored because his bugle blew, And many a poet's lauded for his self-laudation, too, Oh, I tell you o'er and o'er, for I've watched this earthly groove, That the man that blows his bugle is the fellow we approve.

Don't deem me pessimistic, for this thought in me has birth, That somewhere is a standard that will place us at our worth, Our human judgment erreth, and we're apt to judge a bird By the feathers that it wearth, though we shouldn't, I have heard, And while this fact is still a fact we'll be inclined, I know, To "size" the bugler's merit by the vigor of his blow, And so I'm still insisting, for to me it's very clear, That the man that blows his bugle is the fellow that we hear.

—Alfred J. Whitehouse, in Sunset.

## The Adventure of "Lone Boy."

By FRANKLIN WELLES GALKINS.

WHEN he was yet a small lad he had earned the name of "Lone Boy," because of solitary tramps which took him a long way from his own Sioux village. He was, in fact, best content when wandering among the breaks and canons of the Smoky Hill River.

At eleven years he met with an adventure which gave him another name among his people. He had learned to set snares for wild animals, and one day discovered the fresh path of a doe and two fawns, which were in the habit of going to drink at a certain point on the river.

After several attempts Lone Boy succeeded in snaring one of the fawns. But when he came up with his game a pair of bald eagles had already attacked and killed the fawn.

The young Sioux was very angry. He had intended, if he should take a young deer alive, to carry the animal home for a pet. For some time he had known where this pair of eagles—at least, as he believed—had their nest. He had indeed planned to watch the growth of the young ones, and to lie in wait to shoot them upon their first unwary descent from their aerial nest.

He was sometimes quite easy to secure the much prized tail feathers of the bald eagle in this way. However, there was always the risk that another hunter might be on the watch, and so secure the prize at the opportune moment. Upon reflection, Lone Boy determined at once to attempt a capture of the young eagles, and so to revenge himself upon the parents birds for the killing of his young deer.

More than once, from an opposing height, he had marked the position of the eagles' nest. The huge pile of sticks was built upon a cleft rock near to the top of a cliff which overhung the sandy bed of a canon. This cliff was nearly a half-day's journey up the river, but Lone Boy set out at the coyote's gait, and before noon had reached the crest of the height directly above the nest.

Here he seated himself beneath a pine and watched. Presently he saw both the old eagles sail away into the blue ether. Then Lone Boy rose and began the descent—a perilous business. Hitherto he had refrained from attempting it only because of the apparent impossibility of bringing the birds back, even should he succeed in reaching their perch. Now he had determined to descend upon them if he could, and to pitch them off into the canon, where he could pluck the coveted feathers at his leisure.

To go directly down the face of the ledge was impossible; so he made his way along the seams and crevasses of the crowning rocks, keeping in view as much as possible the top of a leaning pine which stood beside the eagles' nest.

For some lengths of his body the descent was easier than the lad had thought, and he was already calculating with much satisfaction that he could really bring those young eagles up, one at a time, when he came to a horizontal crevasse which he knew to be the main obstacle to success.

Eagerly he stretched his length upon a sharp crown of rock and peered down upon a shelf some yards below, where the leaning pine had its root. Near the tree was a heap of sticks, bones, feathers and refuse, and two great squabs of birds, feathered yet downy, sprawled upon the pile.

It was such a little way to drop, and yet, crane his head as he might, Lone Boy could see no shrub nor projection which he might lay hold upon. He crawled along the rim of the crevasse, looking down from every possible point of view; but everywhere the incline dipped inward, the edges of the rocks projecting like the rim of a basin above the eagles' aerial.

light that its dusky tops came nowhere near the rock dim above. If within a very few days some one should pass within hailing distance, there would be a chance of rescue; otherwise not.

Again the lad crawled within the tent-like shelter of the pine, where for a time he watched the uneasy eaglets flop about and peck at the annoying strings which hampered them. Toward night the old eagles returned, and one of them bore a cock sage-grouse in its talons.

Lone Boy was near to laughter when the dead bird was deposited upon the nest, for the tied eaglets struggled spitefully, jerking the quarry back and forth, flapping their wings, and pulling against each other for possession. In the meantime the old eagle sat with a solemn look of inquiry upon its face, and finally flew away, croaking in apparent disgust.

The boy crawled from hiding. Some of that grouse he must have, and he secured the leg and a portion of the breast for his supper. This, of course, he was forced to eat raw.

That night he slept fitfully, and before morning his throat was parched with thirst. When an eagle brought a rabbit to the aerial, and he had secured a portion, he was unable to eat more than a mouthful or two. So he lay within the pine's shelter, watching the eagles, and listening for any stir of life which should betoken a hunter within sound of his voice.

The eaglets had grown sullen pulling at the strings, and each lay or sat upon its own side of the nest, sullenly dozing, except when a parent bird appeared. Then there were strange contortions of the body, with wings raised aloft and gaping red maws. Lone Boy now noted, too, that the old birds fed their young separately, apparently accepting the situation without further inquiry. After bringing some small bird or animal, either eagle would sit for a time perched and preening, upon some near-by crag, wholly oblivious of its rapacious, gorging offspring.

Watching these birds, Lone Boy retained his interest in life for another sun; then the fever of thirst consumed him. For several days he lay under the pine in a semi-conscious state. Half the people of his village might have passed through the canon looking for him, and he could not have heeded, much less have answered, their calls.

Then, on a cool morning, when a heavy dew was glittering upon the pine needles, he came suddenly into possession of his faculties. Feeling strangely light of head and body, but with every sense alert, he came out from hiding.

He felt as if walking upon air, and stood upon the rock rim, looking down into the canon, feeling that he was quite capable of jumping down there upon the sands without taking hurt. If only he might jump far enough! He looked down at his hands and bare arms, which appeared to be nothing but skin and bone, and a startling thought came into his mind.

Why not take the young eagles and jump! They would help to bear up his lightened weight! No sooner thought than put in execution. He turned to the eaglets, untied the hissing, pecking birds, now almost full-grown and full-feathered, and cut the things which bound them. They flapped their wings strongly, and nearly wrenched their legs out of his weak hands.

Then, in a sudden, desperate rush, he bore them over the verge of the rock shelf and dropped into the spaces of the canon. Down, down, they dropped, the boy's arms wide-spread and the eaglets flapping their untired wings.

The descent was appallingly swift, but the vigorous efforts of the birds carried the trio forward in a slant which plunged them into the sand at the canon's bottom. Lone Boy staggered to his feet, alive and whole.

Still dizzy and feeling very queer, the lad saw the earth spin round him for a moment. Then again trying the eaglets' legs, he staggered to the river bank, a half bow-shot's distance. There he quenched his thirst after the cautious manner of his kind.

A half-hour later he was able to visit a patch of ripe raspberries, and despite his swollen tongue, to eat heartily of the luscious fruit.

A half-eaten rabbit, which he had kicked off the eagles' perch, still further renewed his vigor, and after a half-day's rest he was able to go slowly homeward, dragging his captives after him.

At the Brule Sioux village, in honor of this exploit, he was named Wambli Yuza, Catches Eagles, by which name he is known to this day.—Youth's Companion.

**A "Phenomenon" Indeed.**  
A preacher, while speaking to an audience of children, chanced to make use in the course of his remarks of the word "phenomenon." This rather puzzled several of his hearers, who at the close of the meeting asked to be informed of its meaning. Not knowing quite how to answer them the preacher put them off until the following Sunday, when he thus explained: "If you see a cow, that's not a 'phenomenon.' If you see a thistle, that's not a 'phenomenon.' And if you see a bird that sings, that's not a 'phenomenon,' either. But," he said, "if you see a cow sitting on a thistle and singing like a bird, then that's a 'phenomenon.'"—The Tattler.

**Disrespectful Looks Costly.**  
It is not uncommon for a lawyer in this country to be fined for expressing his contempt of court verbally, but abroad barristers are held to a stricter accountability. During a recent case at Darmstadt one of the counsel was declared by the judge to have looked at him "in a manner highly disrespectful." For this offense the counsel was fined \$10.



### A PLUCKY GIRL.

FEW years ago a wealthy woman in Denver had a housemaid who attracted the attention of such of her callers as had an eye to see, by her refinement and good breeding. After awhile she disappeared, and her former employer was strictly non-committal as to her whereabouts, saying nothing except to speak in the highest terms of her qualities. The facts of the story came into my possession, and they were very interesting.

The girl had been graduated from one of the big Eastern colleges for women. She had taken the course at the expense of strenuous sacrifice on the part of her family, and was exceedingly anxious to become an earner at once upon her graduation. She was well fitted to step at once into a good pedagogic position.

But at the very moment of graduation, coming under the care of a physician, he told her the sad news that her lungs were in very poor condition. They were not diseased, he said, and if she could go directly to a proper climate and live in it for some years they would in all probability become perfectly sound; but that by remaining where she was for the next few years she risked tuberculosis. There was tendencies of tuberculosis in her family, and she took the advice to heart.

She started straight for Colorado, hoping to get a school. But just at that time there was a serious agitation in that State over the risk to children of employing so many Eastern consumptives in the schools. In response to the searching questions of each Board of Education to which she applied, her story would come out, and she could get no school. Rather than remain a burden upon her family for another day, she took a place as "second girl."

It was a pretty sad time for her. At the time of graduation she had been engaged to a young college man. He had his start in life to make, and also owed something to his family in the way of helping to educate younger children. It was impossible for them to marry for a few years. When she took the place as a servant she wrote releasing him from the engagement. The man, however, refused the release. He wrote her to hold on, to get as much outdoor life as possible, build up her health, and eventually they would work out the problem. Two years later he stepped into a professor's berth in a college in the Middle West. The pay was not plutocratic, but it enabled them to marry, and the housemaid became a professor's wife. —New York Sun.

### THROUGH THE BUSH.

From Oxford to Matabeleland is a long distance, and from the life of a college student to that of a surveyor in South Africa a far cry. A recent graduate of the English university tells in the New York Evening Post of a dangerous and trying journey through the bush. The party of surveyors had met with various misfortunes, the greatest of which was the slaughter of most of their cattle by lions. Only two were left to draw the cart. The travelers had to journey by foot. In this fashion the party turned back toward their starting place, Bulawayo.

Our provisions began to grow low. We ran successively out of jam, corn, vegetables, coffee, sugar, and what was more serious, our ammunition began to fail, and we were reduced to two cartridges a day. It was not yet hot enough to make "biltong," a dried meat, which keeps good for an indefinite time.

"Do you think you could steer a straight course through the bush?" the captain asked me one day.

I said I thought so.

The captain snorted a little contemptuously.

"I want you to go there," he said, pointing to a high range of kopjes five miles away. "Plant a large flag on the top of the highest hill you can find. It is to serve as the apex of the triangle we have been measuring. Start early to-morrow and guide yourself by the sun, allowing for its ascent and declination."

I started at dawn, carrying an ax, and a large roll of calico for the flag. I reached the kopje shortly before noon, and after climbing with difficulty the great boulders, saw a higher range at the back. On the top of this I planted the flag securely, and after resting a bit started on my return with a light heart.

I had been walking for about three hours when my first doubts assailed me. It was growing dusk, the kopjes stood behind me, rows on rows, all alike. There was no landmark to guide me. I was lost.

I wandered about for more than two hours. The sun went down and the moon came out. To be lost in the bush is a serious matter. Suddenly, in the stillness of the night, I heard a beautiful sound, like a high note drawn by a master on some old violin. It might have been a mile away, and it rose and fell plaintively on the breeze. It was a lion, lifting up his voice by a pool.

I proceeded in the opposite direction. Luckily it was the right one, and after a few miles I came upon the

traces of our last night's camp. I followed our wagon trail, and just as the sun rose came upon my party.

The captain met me with the information that the ammunition was gone. Later one of us discovered a cartridge in the bottom of the cart, and brought down a duck. That night we had dinner for the last time in six days. Afterward we were reduced to half a pound of flour a day, which we mixed into a gruel and boiled.

On the fourth day all our supplies were gone. The last two days are hardly a memory to me. I remember trudging beside the cart, hearing the cracking of the whip as the driver harried the weary oxen over the veld. At last, on the sixth day, we saw the houses of the settlement in the mirage two feet above the level of the plain.

### MOUNTAIN TREASURE.

Dr. Augustus C. Hamlin, who died lately at his home in Bangor, was the owner of the Mount Mica mine, in the town of Paris, one of the most remarkable places in the world for its production of tourmalins. The story of the finding of these beautiful gems reads like a fairy-tale.

Not far from the little village of Paris Hill, Maine, rises an elevation known as Mount Mica, from the great sheets of mica which glisten on its sides. Under that shining surface the gray and white rocks have kept a secret for ages.

In 1820 two students, Elijah Hamlin and Ezekiel Holmes, were searching the vicinity for specimens of minerals. It was near nightfall on a cold autumn day, and they were about to turn their faces homeward when Hamlin caught sight of something sparkling at the roots of a tree. He picked it up, and found it to be a fragment of a clear green crystal. As it was too dark to look farther, the young men marked the spot, intending to return to it the next morning. That night a heavy snow-storm set in, and the ground was deeply covered for the winter.

When the spring came the two students were on the spot, eager for their unknown treasure. And they were not disappointed. The removal of a few handfuls of earth laid bare a shining store of brilliant green, pink and white crystals. Other cavities were found, and the enthusiastic discoverers promptly picked all these outside "pockets" of Mount Mica.

Specimens were sent to Professor Silliman, who pronounced the beautiful stones to be rare specimens of tourmalins. The mine is still being worked, and doubtless the gray granite, the white feldspar and the rose-streaked quartz of that hill-country cover many a rich hoard of brilliant gems.

### FRONTIER STORIES.

Judge Edward Fenton Colborn, now of Salt Lake but an oldtime Kansan, tells this one on Bat Masterson:

In early days at Dodge City Bat was something of a practical joker as well as a gun player. An old character, such as may be seen hanging about saloons, sat one day in a chair in the Last Chance, leaning against the wall. He was a great fellow to brag about how brave he was and that he had many notches to his credit cut in his gunstock.

Masterson wanted to try the nerve of the old fellow, so he placed a cannon firecracker under his chair, lighted the fuse, and then, to attract the loafer's attention, handed him a new gun to look at. The firecracker went off with a bang that shook the walls. The old fellow leaped into the air like a winged Indian, and, throwing the gun on the floor, made for the door, yelling, "I'm killed, I'm killed!"

This is another of Judge Colborn's stories: When Dodge City was way out West, and hardly a night passed but that some one was killed, two desperate men met at a bar. They had had some trouble before and no further words were necessary. The thing in those days was to shoot on sight.

One of the men pulled his gun and fired, but his aim was bad, and the bullet struck the other man in one of his legs. The man who had received the wound made better work of it and put a bullet through his enemy's breast. He staggered, mortally wounded, and cried out:

"You have killed me!"

Quick the answer came back from the one who was shot in the leg:

"You haven't got any the best of me, you cur. I'm killed, too!"

But he still lives.—Denver News.

### LOGGER KILLS A COUGAR.

Jesse Hendricks, a logger of Holton, a town about twenty-five miles from Portland, on the Oregon side of the Columbia, was in the city recently endeavoring to dispose of the pelt of a cougar he had killed in the morning back of the logging camp in which he is employed.

Upon arising in the morning Hendricks noticed fresh tracks near the camp, and calling his dogs tracked the cougar to the forest, where the beast was treed and shot by the huntsman. The cougar had been feeding on the carcasses of two deer that had fallen victims to the rapacious beast.

The animal measured seven feet from tip to tip, and its coat was sleek and thick, denoting that it had not been suffering from lack of food. Hendricks says that the cougars have been waging a war of extermination upon the deer of Columbia and Clatsop counties, and that a bounty should be offered for all pelts secured.—Portland Oregonian.

### How He Left Her.

A prominent man called to condole with a lady on the death of her husband, and concluded by saying, "Did he leave you much?" "Nearly every night," was the reply. —Ladies' Home Journal.

## DAZED WITH PAIN.

The Sufferings of a Citizen of Olympia, Wash.

L. S. Gorham, of 516 East 4th St., Olympia, Wash., says: "Six years ago I got wet and took cold, and was soon flat in bed, suffering



torture with my back. Every movement caused an agonizing pain, and the persistency of it exhausted me, so that for a time I was dazed and stupid. On the advice of a friend I began using Doan's Kidney Pills, and soon noticed a change for the better. The kidney secretions had been disordered and irregular, and contained a heavy sediment, but in a week's time the urine was clear and natural again and the passages regular. Gradually the aching and soreness left my back and then the lameness. I used six boxes, to make sure of a cure, and the trouble has never returned."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

### Photographing Thought.

That brain waves, or what may be so termed, are capable of producing photographic effects is the problem that Dr. M. A. Veeder, a well-known resident of Lyons, believes he has solved.

Dr. Veeder invited several friends to the photographic study of Mr. Russell, in that village. A plate from an unopened package was put in the holder and placed on a table, the shutter being closed. Each person present placed one hand about four inches above the plate and table.

After an exposure in this position for about one minute the plate was taken into the darkroom and developed, whereupon it was found that a spot had formed the size and shape of a silver dollar, which, as a matter of fact, was the form of the object which the persons participating in the experiment had in mind at the time.—New York Tribune.

### A Guaranteed Cure For Piles.

Itching, Blind, Bleeding, Protruding Piles. Druggists are authorized to refund money if Pazo Ointment fails to cure in 6 to 14 days. 50c

Bacon valued at \$30,000,000 was imported by Great Britain in 1904.

### STOPS BELCHING BY ABSORPTION. —NO DRUGS—A NEW METHOD.

A Box of Wafers Free—Have You Acute Indigestion, Stomach Trouble, Irregular Heart, Dizzy Spells, Short Breath, Gas on the Stomach?

Bitter Taste—Bad Breath—Impaired Appetite—A feeling of fullness, weight and pain over the stomach and heart, sometimes nausea and vomiting, also fever and sick headache?

What causes it? Any one or all of these: Excessive eating and drinking—abuse of spirits—anxiety and depression—mental effort—mental worry and physical fatigue—bad air—insufficient food—sedentary habits—absence of teeth—bolting of food.

If you suffer from this slow death and miserable existence, let us send you a sample box of Mull's Anti-Belch Wafers absolutely free. No drugs. Drugs injure the stomach. It stops belching and cures a diseased stomach by absorbing the foul odors from undigested food and by imparting activity to the lining of the stomach, enabling it to thoroughly mix the food with the gastric juices, which promotes digestion and cures the disease. This offer may not appear again.

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Send this coupon with your name and address and your druggist's name and 10c. in stamps or silver, and we will supply you a sample free if you have never used Mull's Anti-Belch Wafers, and will also send you a certificate good for 25c. toward the purchase of more Belch Wafers. You will find them invaluable for stomach trouble; cures by absorption. Address: MULL'S GRAPE TONIC CO., 328 3d Ave., New York, N. Y.

Give Full Address and Write Plainly.  
All druggists, 50c. per box, or by mail upon receipt of price. Stamps accepted.

### Food for Squirrels.

Most people who feed the gray squirrels in the big parks fail to realize that it is no kindness to give these pretty little animals such soft shell nuts as almonds, peanuts and chestnuts. Human beings who do not have to actually forage for food naturally enough feel that it is thoughtfulness itself to save the squirrels work. The fact is, however, that a squirrel's teeth grow so rapidly that, deprived of their normal use, they might even through their very uselessness become long enough to put this crawling rodent of the trees in danger of starvation. Hickory, pecan and hazel nuts are the proper food to throw to the squirrels.—Brooklyn Life.

### TERRIBLE SCALY ECZEMA.

Eruptions Appeared on Chest, and Face and Neck Were All Broken Out —Cured by Cuticura.

"I had an eruption appear on my chest and body and extend upwards and downwards, so that my neck and face were all broken out; also my arms and the lower limbs as far as the knees. I at first thought it was prickly heat. But soon scales or crusts formed where the breaking out was. Instead of going to a physician I purchased a complete treatment of the Cuticura Remedies, in which I had great faith, and all was satisfactory. A year or two later the eruption appeared again, only a little lower, but before it had time to spread I procured another supply of the Cuticura Remedies, and continued their use until the cure was complete. I am now five years since the last attack, and have not seen any signs of a return. I have more faith in Cuticura Remedies for skin diseases than anything I know of. Emma E. Wilson, Liscomb, Iowa, Oct. 1, 1905."

**A South African Exposition.**  
Preliminary arrangements for holding a British South African exhibition in London early in 1907 have been completed by Captain Bam, a member of the Cape Parliament.