recollect my childhood days; I recollect the school beer I was leked and frequently informed I was a fool. recollect the babbling brook, the miller's dripping wheel, and likewise I recall to mind the stone-bruise on my heel.

recollect my sweet first love, the fairest of the flock; Vhene'er I'd ask her for a kiss she'd bang me with a rock. recollect the picnic grove where I would sometimes play, but where they'd never let me go when it was picnic day.

Sut where they dilever the second so hale;
recollect the village folks, so hearty and so hale;
recollect they always said that I'd wind up in jail.
foften run my train of thought on recollection's track—
I love to recollect those days, but I don't want 'em back!
—Philadelphia Bulletin

By J.

Sackville

attentive to Miss Sandford. The sec-

but as he had started off with a healthy

contempt for him, he didn't disturb

himself over and above much. For

my part I thought the girl fancied Hay

couldn't avoid the old man, and could

not help listening to his sea yarns, I

could see her eyes turning forward

toward the waist, where Hay was put-

One afternoon the skipper was sit-

"There's something I want to tell

That man whose busi-

you, captain," he said. "It's getting

on my mind and making me quite un-

ness it is to look after the tiger isn't

when I went to see the man about it.

Of course, the old man should have

interfered. But he didn't like being

told his duty by the little professor,

especially when the girl was about. So

"I suppose you're afraid of the beast

"I should certainly regard it as un

one of my crew,"

The

None

fortunate." the little man replied. "You

after them. If any of them get drunk,

they'll hear of it. But this chap is a

passenger, even if he is only a steer-

age one. He can do as he likes with

ter look to the fastenings yeurself."
"Excuse me," said the professor

He turned away without even a

"That man," said Hoskins, looking

after him, "is frightened at his own

never marry a coward. A girl like

you wants some one who will protect

"That's it." said Hoskins. "Think

over it carefully. And as for getting

married, I'd be glad if you'd think over

She started like a frightened horse. "Oh, captain!" she said. "I don't

"You do understand," he said ten-

her. "Miss Sandford! Hilda

derly, drawing his chair a bit nearer

Haven't you a word for a poor old

seaman who worships the very ground

but the brave deserve the fair, you

"You mustn't speak like this," she

The old man saw that he had gone

"Wait!" he said; "don't be fright

am. I should love a bit of danger

Jones' locker. I believe he would have

been glad of a typhoon just to show

his seamanship and his contempt fo

danger. As for his seamanship, no one ever questioned it; and as for his con-

tempt for danger, he was to get his

It was about a week after his con

ersation with the girl that it came

marching up and dow: with a quarter

ing how pretty she was, when sudden

ly he let of a howl that would have

frightened an elephant and sprang int

the way he expected.

For the next few days he

for your sake."

you tread on? Think it over.

understand. What do you mean?"

stiffly, "that is not my business.

"He's not

can say no more.'

ting beside Miss Sandford on the poop

deck when Hay came up the compan-

ion and made his way toward them.

ting in his time looking at the tiger.

Martin

The Professor and the Tiger

RAVERY, doctor (said my Shortly afterward we put to sea. For friend, the third officer), isn't the next few days we had the best of such a simple thing as you weather and everything went smoothly. think it. One man is brave in I had my time pretty well taken up ay, and another in a different with my work, but for all that I could Often enough, that which is see one or two things that set me called bravery is nothing more than thinking. The first was that the old You wouldn't go up on the man was making himself uncommonly fore-royal-yard in half a gale to reef would you? Not you! You'd be ond was that this Mr. Hay in a quiet afraid. Well, you might think me a and timid sort of way, was thinking brave man because I would. But then a good deal of her too. Hoskins saw quickly enough that he had a rival, 1 d be afraid to cut a chap's leg off. and you wouldn't.

That was what old Captain Hoskins. whom I used to sail with, could never If a man was a bit nervous about the sea, he used to look down on him as all sorts of a coward. rather than Hoskins; and though she But there came a day when he learned

It happened when I was with hin in a three masted sailing ship called the Arrow. We lay at Singapore. alongside the Tanjong Fagan Wharf, loading with a general cargo for Liv-The principal object of that cargo-or at least the one we took the most actice of-was a tiger that we were shipping for Loadon. It lay in a strong cage of wood and iron, with comfortable. a door in the front through which it could be fed. It was a fine big brute. and every time it stretched itself you could see the muscles slipping over its oping a savage nature. And yesterday, sides and the big, wicked looking claws peeping out of the pads of its I found that he was intoxicated. way that made you very really think you should interfere." than! ful for the bars.

We had a passenger or two. One of them was a young girl who went by the name of Hilda Sandford. She had been a governess in the family of he just sneered. one of our agents out there, but the climate hadn't suited her, and she had escaping?" he said. to go home. She was coming with us instead of by steamer because she got her passage for rothing and she wasn't too well off. Directly the old about the fastenings. I must really man set eyes on her trim figure and insist upon your speaking to him." the wealth of golden brown hair about Hoskins. "I have enough to do to look her head he was struck all of a heap, so to speak, and I could see that he was promising himself a mighty pleas-

The other passenger was a strange, his spare time. If you're so blamed little, dried up man, who wore gold frightened about the beast you'd betpince-nez and kept peering about the ship in a most uncomfortable way. He gave his name as Mr. Hay-Professor Hay, he called himself, though we didn't and out what he professed until Of course, the tiger had its attendant, but he berthed forward.

An hour or two before we started glance at the girl. this Mr. Hay came up to the old man and began asking him a lot of quesshadow. Let me give you a bit of father'y advice, Miss Sandford. When

"Captain," he said, nervously, "I hope we sh. i have a quiet passage."

"I don't see why we shouldn't," said

father'y advice, Miss Sandford. When you are looking for a man to marry.

Hoskins genially.

Mr. Tay looked up at the sky.
"There seems to be a good deal of you in time of danger; some one she

wind about," he said.
"Pretty fail," said Hoskins. "That's what's going to take vs home. Not being a steamer, we can't do without "That's with the or tanger, some one she can rely on and look up to."
"I'm not thinking of getting married," she said shyly. "But when I do being a steamer, we can't do without "That's tit" said Hoskins. "That's tit" said Hoskins.

"You're sure it's safe?" asked Hay "Safe!" says the old man, getting on his high horse, "safe! I'm sailing that. too.' The little man smiled applogetically.

"You will excuse me, captain,' he said, "I did not mean any offence. The fact is I am constitutionally nervous on shipboard. It is a feeling that I have never been able to overcome." The old man looked st him with a

sort of good natured contempt. You've no call to be alarmed," he said: "we'll take ; ou to England safe

enough. Mr. Hay smiled again and walked exclaimed, rising as though she was finto the waist, where we had fixed distressed. "You are older than I am. off into the waist, where we had fixed up the tiger's cage. It seemed to have And I don't know that you are a brave man. I have only your word for it sort of attraction for him, for he rtood before it for at least a quarter Please don't speak to me about this f an hour. Hoskins looked after him, again." and then turned to Miss Sandford, who

a little bit too far. "Nice sort of a chap to have on a ship," he said. "A man like that ought to stick to dry land." ened. I promise not to say a word until we reach England. Before we get there, if we have a bit of rough

Well, you know, I have a fellowswered; "I'm afraid of the sea my-"Ah." he said. "but you're a woman

you see. A bit of fear is all right in a oman. It's natural to them. But with a man it's different. A man ought to afraid of nothing.

"And are you afraid of nothing, cap-

"Not I," said Hoskins. "You can

have the biggest storm ever hatched the China seas and I'll thank you chance all right, though not quite in for it. It brings out all the good in a

"It must be nice to be brave," she exclaimed.

Hilda was sitting on the poopdeck reading a book. The old man was "Oh, it's all right when you're used to it." said Hoskins, modestly. "And deck trot, casting glances at her think a brave man and a pretty woman are two of the finest sights in creation. They ought always to be together."

There was something in his tone that made her blush. And though she said the port mizzen rigging. I wasn't far she agreed with him, she took the first off him at the time, and I looked at York, pleads guilty to three weak opportunity of clearing off to another

and I went u) the starboard mizzen shrouds as quickly as he had gone up the port ones. The girl raised her head and looked up at Hoskins, and he gaped down at her and tried to shout. But for some time he could only make "Look! Look!" he yelled at last.

"Come up the rigging, the tiger

loose! She spran; to her fee' and looked about her. Not four yards away from her the tiger was playing with a coil of rope. It was paying no sort of attention to her at the morgent, but she felt that it might take it into its to spring at her at any time. As she stood she was cornered between the stern of the ship and the cabin door. There was nothing to be done but to climb up the rigging. She tried, but the first step was too high, and she could not manage it. And when she realized that I thought she was going to faint

Hoskins was just going down to give her a hand, but at that moment the ti-ger looked up and saw him, and gave a fruitless search for bands of Apaches where he was then, and sort of shiv-ered all over likes a jelly in a gale. As rangers and the Mexican rurals to help for the girl, she went white all over, and gave up herself for lost. And out of the cabin came Professor

Hay. He just took one ook around and saw the tiger. Then he picked up a broom that some one who had been washing decks had left leaning against the deckhouse, and pushed at the tiger with it, looking it straight between the eyes. I'd heard of the power of the human eye before, but I had never believed it until that afternoon. He kept and back into the cage. When he had it safely fastened in, he came astern again, looking not in the least bit excited or worried, and put the broom carefully back into its place. The girl was looking hard at him, and her eyes were shining, and he didn't seem to be aware of it. Hoskins had come down the rigging and was looking a trifle ashamed of himself. He hadn't known it was so easy to push tigers into doing his work properly. The animal isn't getting enough rood. It is develtheir cages with a broom, or he might have had a try at it. After a bit he

> "That was a fine bit of work, sir," he said. 'If I hadn't seen it I couldn't have believed it." "Oh, it's nothing," said the professor

spook up.

"It's my business. I tame wild animals.

After that he seemed to dismiss the whole subject from his mind, and went down into the cabin. But I saw him, later in the evening, talking to that girl, and he must have had something important to say to her, for when see, a drunken man might be careless the old man met her the next morning and began making excuses for him-

self, she cut him short.
"Captain," she said, "do you remember advising me to marry a brave

"I do," said Hoskins, a bit puzzled. "Well," she said, softly, "he asked me yesterday; and I'm going to take vour advice.

Which shows you, doctor, that bravery is very much a matter of custom As for poor old Hoskins, we had millpond weather the whole way home, animal does not belong to me. I have and he didn't even have a chance to done what I believe to be my duty. I show himself .- The Sketch.

WILD GEESE ON MIGRATION. How the Old Leader Gathers, and Start Them on Their Journey.

At the end of March or during the first week in April all the gray geese in the Outer Hebrides collect in one place before taking their departure for plunder here than in Texan territory. their nesting haunts within the Arctic

To estimate their numbers is impossible, says the London Mail, and to be The rurales were in hiding or hunting hold this vast concourse of geese is one for the rangers to help them. of the sights of a lifeting him, but none stirs till from overhead he gives the call for his subjects to

follow him. Some fifty birds rise in the air and follow him, and as they go gradually assume the wedgelike formation, with three single birds in a string at the apex of the triangle, and in a few minutes are out of sight. When they have been fairly started the king returns, and after a few minutes' rest he rises into the air again, and the same process is gone through before he leads

off another batch. Again and again he returns until all are gone but 300 old veterans, which to meet him in the air as he flies back to them. Then, with their sovreign at their head, these also wing their way toward the Pole, not to return until the following October.

It Was His Only Tie.

One morning, as Mark Twain reweather. I'll show you the sort of man turned from a neighborhood morning call, sans necktie, his wife met him at the door with the exclamation: "There, Sam, you have been over to about whistling for a wind, as though the Stawes' again without a necktie! he wanted to send us all to Davy It's really disgraceful the way you neglect your dress!"

Her husband said nothing, but went

up to his room. A few minutes later his neighbor-Mrs. S.-was summoned to the door Greater New York is, of course, Manby a messenger, who presented her hattan Island, the value of which is with a small box neatly done up. She opened it and found a black silk necktie, accompanied by the following note: "Here is a necktie. Take it out and look at it. I think I stayed half an

hour this morning. At the end of that time will you kindly return it, as it is only one I have?-Mark Twain."-Ladies' Home Journal.

District Attorney Jerome, of New him, wondering whether he had gone nesses-candy eating, cooking strange mad. Then I saw what he had seen, dishes and making furniture.

WHENEXIEAROTANGERS **GOT FAME FOR VALOR**

HARDY FRONTIERSMEN SAVE THE LIVES OF A MEXICAN FRIEND AND HIS FAMILY.

Were Besieged by Apaches -- Incident of the Frontier When Warlike Tribes Burned, Pillaged and Slew.

River, thirty-five years ago, was camped a body of fifty men in the loose uniform of the Rangers, says a writer in the Chicago Record-Herald. The grove was about half a mile in diameter, and nearly a kind of a roar. The old man stuck known to be on both sides of the each other when near the border line. The rangers were a stalwart, bronzed and hardy set of men, of intelligent face and quiet in conversation and manners. They were maintained by the State to suppress internal disorder and repel external invasion; they were selected from the better class of zens who were endowed with civic virtues and governed by patriotic purposes. Long service had given them the mastery of every kind of warfare with the desperate, lawless and pitiless walking forward, pushing the beast Indian. Their discipline was perfect, gently before him right into the waist either in camp or field. They were equipped in picturesque garb and armed most effectively, as taught by experience. Each man carried a huge bowie knife

N a grove near the Rio Grande

for close fighting, a carbine for range fighting, two six-shooters each and a saber for the charge, and they were more expert in the use of weapons than any other body of men living. Great care was shown in the choice of their horses, for they were invaluable in service and in fact, made the rangers' work on the vast plains of Texas possible. Speed, endurance and courage, with intelligence, were the qualities of the steed, which under kind training, made the soldier and horse a modern Centaur and irresistible against the wild tribes of the West. Each man held twelve lives in his holsters, one in his carbine, and all who came within the deadly lunge of the knife or sweep of the saber perished.

So prepared and arrayed for stirring adventures and ruthless war, the ranger went forth as the knight errant of a boundless domain to protect and defend life, liberty and property dependent upon his chivalric mission, against legions of the cruelest foes that ever cursed any portion of the human race.

SLAYING WOMEN AND CHILDREN Around the grove from the river to the staked plains on the north was level prairie extending far and wide into Texas and Mexico, the abiding place of many primitive homes and more pretentious and wealthy ranches. A great horde of Apaches in their annual August foray were slaying, burning and driving away women, young girls and boys, while infants and chil-dren too feeble for flight to the mountain villages of the invaders were at once slain without mercy. This hellish work was going on in old Mexico some miles west of the river. There was much less hard fighting and more And thus the red fiends reveled to sur feit in their saturnalia of crime, with none to oppose but the helpless victims.

At midnight, after the secon host of birds stands packed together encampment, a vaquero was brought in a huge phalanx till the king of the in by a guard to Major Wiard, the grayleg starts the flight. As the old leader ascends 100,000 voices salute distressful tale of attack upon the officer in command. He told a most ranch of Don Morales Eleardo, his master, a rich Mexican of aristocratic lineage, his family of wife, boy of twelve years and beautiful daughter, the Senorita Dolores. It was vigorously defended by the owners and sixty vaqueros against an overwhelming rup.

NEW YORK A CITY OF ISLANDS

Some of Them Mere Dots, Others as Big as Separate Cities Over a million more telephones were

No large city of the world has so many islands within its municipal boundaries as New York, says the Sun, of that city. Some of these islands are mere dots. Others are large enough to have almost the dimensions of cities. Governor's Island, with an area of seventy acres, is the property of the Federal Government, and is assessed at \$5,600,000 by the city, which is \$80, 2000 an acre, and, as land values go within New York, that figure is low. Blackwell Island, which covers 124 acres, is valued at \$12,000,000, which is at the rate of nearly \$97,000 an acre. Ward's Island is valued at \$9,000,000

and Randall's at \$5,000,000. North Brother Island is valued at \$220,000, Riker's Island at \$537,000 and Hart's Island at \$350,000. The most important of the islands in cluded within the boundaries of the practically incalculable. It is at least

jectural. The Borough of Brooklyn includes Coney Island. The whole of the Borough of Richmond is an island, an island valued by the city for tax purpo at about \$50,000,000. The area of Staten Island is 36,600 acres, which is almost three times the size of Manhattan.

\$5,000,000,000; how much more is con-

The aborers in the rice fields of Italy live on less than seven cents a day. Meat and fresh vegetab es they never

had not hurried into the ranch and kept beyond the reach of the redskins until the idea struck him to find the rurales. In doing this he blundered into the grove. The romantic feature of this tale of

body of red devils, who had burned

rounding walls resisted. The vaquero

being away with a drove of horses

war is involved in the fact that the Major and his brother officers had often visited the home of the don and enjoyed his hospitality. The Mexican dons are noted for their genial and generous freedom in social life to Americans of the higher grade.

The deadly peril aroused the officers and men to instant action. The trumpet call of boots and saddles brought promptly the squadron into form for advance. They knew not the number of their enemies nor cared for consequences; the only thought and cry of that superb band of heroic men was "To the rescue!" And they sped onward over the dry bed of the river across the prairie to the scene of con-The light of burning buildings indicated the locality through the darkness ten miles in the distance. In less than an hour the rangers were within hearing of yells, shouts and wild war cries, and, halting here, they formed for the attack, resting their horses for a spell after the swift ride.

The Apaches were all unconscious of danger and mad with the excitement of battle and its changing fortunes, for the gallant don and his men still held the rugged walls of the ranch house while the frenzied savages in hundreds raged around and assaulted with horse and foot time after time, but they were always baffled and driven back in impotent fury. Yet numbers must at last prevail, other things being equal. The don and his force were fighting with despair in their hearts, while laying a mine of powder to blow everything into the heavens as a final escape from capture, torture and a fate worse than death, when a trumpet blast sounded the charge of the Texas Rangers.

Every living thing along the border line far and near had heard those ringing and terrible notes of coming bat-It sounded like a voice from the has kept up the higher price. skies to the despairing Mexicans and a warning of direful wrath from their angry gods to the panic-stricken Apaches. They knew the exterminating power of their awful foe by many deadly trial. Confused, dazed and as by a thunderbolt in that cyclonic charge that passed over and through them as the besom of destruction. wounded in heaps and fragments here and there upon the field.

Forming anew like lightning, the angers cut lines of carnage through their helpless foes again and again, until they were tired of the harvest for the grave, and paused, reformed and rested on their horses until the fugitive remnants escaped upon the plains and and peace by the Mexican people in those regions exposed to the murderous raids of the mountain tribes.

It was a heavenly redemption to Don Morales and his family, for it rescued them from the valley and shadow of death that followed in the footsteps of captivity by the vilest, cruelest and most barbarous race of Indians on the continent of North America .- J. Hild-

VAST SPREAD OF TELEPHONES

Increased in United States in Two Year Over 1,000,000.

In use in the United States at the be ginning of 1905 than two years before, according to a report just issued by the Census Office. In round numbers there were 2.215,000 in the country at the end of 1902 and 3,400,000 at the beginning of 1905. That this country is far ahead of Europe is told by figures showing Europe's entire equipment January 1, 1905, to have been less than 1,500,000, less than half the number is the United States.

There were over 5,000,000,000 'phone calls in 1902, of which nearly 121,000, 000 were "long distance." Ohio led in the number of messages, although ther were more "long-distance" message over Pennsylvania telephones than i any other State. San Francisco, with a telephone for each nine persons, was the best equipped city.

The report speaks of the effect of

the telephone in reducing or checking the amount of telegraph business. It says the rates of the two systems fo medium distances do not differ greatly, and for very long distances they are overwhelmingly in favor of the tele graph, if the message be taken as a unit. But, if the number of words ex changed be taken into account, as well as the time required for getting into communication, the telegraph is at a disadvantage.

pounds of fresh cod and more than half that amount of salt cod last year.

FRENCH JOURNALISM Lively, Powerful, Entertaining Literary Merit.

All France is centred in Paris, and the Parisian newspaper is the gossip of the world for the provinces. A few provincial newspapersoutside the gre gay city have attained success, and they are often fully equal to distinction, but in the farthest corner of France the Parisian news-sheet may be found carefully put away for peru-sal in a leisure moment, and is part of the literature of miner, farmer and tradesmen. It is in most cases good literature, too, for every writer of note in France uses its columns to treat of art, books or politics, or to run a story serially, and it is often fully equal to

the best of our magazines.

It caters to two sets of people within the corral and outbuildings, but the stone ranch house and high, thick sur-Paris itself, those who go to their newspaper in the morning for the seple on the Boulevard anxious to be amused as well as informed, and the result is that the evening paper is by far the more popular, since the French-man can leisurely unfold it at his cafe, or chat about it to his friends after business hours. It oddly bears the date of the following day, not the date of the day of issue, at the top of the page.

Often the reader will buy a certain sheet because a writer of note daily signs a certain article, and this has created in France a unique type of journal that may be properly called a one-man newspaper, a peculiar Parisian institution that dates from the day of Rochefort, who found himself blacklisted, to use an American term, by the whole French press because of his political views, and was forced to start a newspaper of his own. With the evidence of power of some gifted individual, capital eagerly centres around his pen, and he becomes a national figure who may attain political fame with a rapidity strange to the foreign spectator. The more fearless a thinker he proves himself to be, the more likely he is to gather about himself a "set" that will follow his lead in any na-

tional emergency.

A newspaper with the American feature of giving extended telegraphic news has been issued by an enterprising American, and has found a place. There is, however, enough of the business spirit among French journalists to keep the Parisian newspaper thoroughly up to date, and the foreign methods of handling news are studied and copied.

Curiously enough Paris has produced a paper, La Fronde, which is managed, edited and composed by women. It has obtained quite a circulation and con-tinues to hold its own.

Penny papers have gained a foothold and the time is not far distant when a Parisian, like the newspaper reader everywhere, will question the wisdom of paying two or three sous for news that is given with equal completeness by the cheaper papers. Custom alone

In investigating the success of the really great French newspapers, one soon discovers the overshadowing importance of the literary qualities of the chief editor. He must in addition have a thorough knowledge of world scattered in groups, they were struck politics, must read several languages, and be ready to adequately meet a political emergency. When he is pow ful enough he can and has affected treleaving in its wake dead, dying and mendous revolutions. He may sometimes be a charlatan, but while cleverness may hold the boulevard readers for an hour, it cannot be pretentious in the face of the political changes which France is undergoing. Editors are familiar figures on the floor of the Chamber of Deputies, and they have

been a notable part of every Cabinet. No paper that is not Republican can count on a great circulation in Paris. was a fearful visitation upon the Apaches and long remembered in joy of different shades belonging to the monarchical part cal following. Catholicism also has its hearing in these days of struggle bethe Church and the French State. Foreign governments have their subsidized press in Paris, and are able to prejudice the masses when a foreign controversy is on the horizon.

The Pillager Indians.

A long, deep, clear and very coldbody of water called Burntside Lake, north of Lake Superior, near the Canadian boundary, contains, among other 100 beautiful islands, a certain sunny islet that is of great interest to the archaeologist.

These islands and waters constitute the hereditary home of the Pillager Indians, who are pagans. * * * One of these islands (known as Flower Island) is, as it has been for generations, the seat of the Pillager kings. On it sleep, according to tribal tradition, over fifty successive Pillager rulers, the ancestors of the present chief or king, who, he says, must have reigned an average of thirty or forty ears each, as he himself has been chief for more than half a century.

Think of a dynasty extending over a period of perhaps twenty centuries! The more modern graves are carefully roofed with cedar bark, which, when kept dry and away from the earth, is almost imperishable. The very ancient graves have been essentially obliterated by the ravages of the elements. At the head of each of the traceable graves is carved the peculiar heraldic insignia of the king who sleeps beneath, and above him are placed receptacles for the mah-no-min (wild rice), fish, berries and other food which are brought annually by the related members of the tribes to appease, as they suppose, the hunger of the departed.-Frank Abial Flower, in Records of the Past.

The canaries of Germany excel all other canaries as singers. One ha been recorded to continue a single Norway exported about 68,000,000 trilli for one and one-quarter minuter, with twenty changes of note.

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