

In mathematics and chemistry France leads the world at present.

Speaker Reed pronounces it "Arkansas," when he recognizes a Representative from that State.

The United States raises more tobacco than any other country on the globe. British India comes next, producing nearly as much.

The largest decrease in the number of deaths from diphtheria last year occurred where the serum cure was most generally adopted—in New York City.

It is reported that the constant vibration, caused by the heavy steam and traction cars in Paris, has caused great damage, especially to tall buildings, and many of them are in an unsafe condition.

South Carolina has passed a bill, which puts the life of any and every dog in the State at the mercy of any person who may catch it away from home. Dogs off their owner's property may be killed for committing any sort of a "degradation," and the killer is judge and jury.

It is affirmed that a poem offered in a contest for a prize to the Chicago Times-Herald, and which took the prize, was a bold plagiarism from a poem which was first printed in a Chicago paper more than twenty years ago. The "author" was a twenty-year-old girl of Indianapolis.

Andrew Carnegie has aroused British wrath by saying that it would pay England to burn up her railroad equipment and replace it with American models. Andrew is undoubtedly right if convenience and comfort of travel are considered. "Every American who is not an Anglo-maniac that has ever tested their out-of-date traction and tramway equipment will heartily endorse Andrew," adds the Atlanta Constitution.

General Traveling Agent Stone, of the Georgia Southern Railroad, told a Georgia man recently that he had discovered an electrical process for converting wood into stone. He could, he said, petrify wood at a moment's notice, and he proposed to make a fortune by converting the plank walls common in Southern cities into stone pavements. He also said that there ought to be lots of money in turning frame buildings into stone houses. His statement was printed in some of the newspapers, and now Mr. Stone is kept busy telling his friends that he was only joking.

Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, in his address at Radcliffe College the other day, said: "One of the requirements for admission to colleges should be a physical examination, as it is at Amherst, and during the college course the girls should not be allowed to neglect gymnastic work, since regularity of exercise is of the greatest importance. But it is a mistake for women to think that they can keep up to the standard of work that men set for themselves. It is this disregard of their natural limitations which causes so many women to break down. Two very important results of a college training are the cultivation of the power of quick perception and the habit of using the English language carefully in everyday life. There should be a chair for daily English in every college. A most deplorable result of spending four years in college would be to lose all interest in the world outside of books, and to let dressing the mind keep you from giving care to dressing the body. May this never happen at Radcliffe."

Treasury officials were greatly surprised at the carelessness of many bond bidders, writes Walter Wellman, in the Chicago Times-Herald. In addition to the 4540 bids received there were several scores of offerings which had to be thrown out because the men making them had neglected to sign their names or fill in the amount they were willing to take or the price they wished to bid. Most of these blunders were made by bankers and business men, and there were so many specimens that the Treasury officials who opened the bids were forced to wonder if their correspondents had not been laboring under some excitement when they filled out their blanks. One bidder, a Western banker, would be in a pretty fix if the Department were to accept his offer. He thought he was going to be smart and so started out to make his bid for a million read "at the lowest price offered." But by some curious mental lapse he wrote "highest" instead of "lowest," and a greatly surprised and embarrassed man he would be if Secretary Carlisle were to allow him his million at 150.

DON'T LEAN OUT OF PLUMB.

Did you ever observe in your rambles about the political scenes of the day how often reformers engender a doubt by their overpunctilious way? Their censorship always reminds me of those who beneath my inspection have come, attempting to strike a magnificent pose, and have overdone it to lean out of plumb. They lean too far back and, in fact, become bent. Most foolish the posture they take; And instead of expressing their upright intent They lend you to fear they may break. They wish you to feel that they're honest and don't try to strut or to pose. And not at all crooked or dumb. Yet there they will stand with their eyes to the skies And unconsciously lean out of plumb.

In trade or religion, in politics, too, If our rectitude we would disclose, Stand modestly forth to the popular view And don't try to strut or to pose. For oftentimes our eagerness may be too great. At least it has happened to some, And our efforts to tower in matters of state Dwarf all chance as we lean out of plumb. —New York Sun.

TROOPER BAPTISTE.

Jean Baptiste was a Canadian Frenchman, and his proper place in life would have been the woods of New Brunswick or Nova Scotia; but, through drink and the devil and women, or a woman, he was a trooper in Troop B of the Seventh United States Cavalry Regiment, which company was stationed at Fort Conejos, in Colorado. Now, the meaning of conejos is plainly "conceals," which are not, again, to be Biblically rendered as rabbits, but as prairie dogs; and Trooper Baptiste was, when sober, just as mild, and even milder, than any prairie marmoset in the whole sage brush country. For prairie dogs will "bark," or rather whistle, at one, and Baptiste only looked at a man with great round, foolish black eyes, which could be very fond of a friend and show it most pathetically. But, in spite of this gentleness, there was a terror hanging about him, for he was superhumanly strong. His very hand, nay, his forefinger, was something to beware of; he could break clay-pipe bowls between two fingers; he could smash a cocoanut with his fist; he could shoulder a great brass howitzer that commonly took five men to handle without being "fazed." He was a very devil of muscle, and when he was drunk his mind went wrong—he got mad. The whole troop was scared of him. Yet, not all of them literally, for one, Jack Robertson, the Englishman, could even handle him like a child—for Jack didn't drink, himself.

But how it was that the whole troop didn't take to liquor, and having got drunk, didn't cut its universal throat, was a puzzle. For the flat plain was sage brush and alkali, and when it didn't rain it froze, and when the freezing was over a northerly blow fit to perish a whole squadron, man and horse, and when the northerly "petered" the southerly winds came up from the lowlands, and across Texas it was like a recreation ground in hell, with dirt and heat and flies. Some of the men got ophthalmia and went blind or saw double or blinked vaguely through a ruined life hereafter, and some deserted and died of alkali like the bullocks of a team on the White desert or the great Mohave, and others got into difficulties and were knifed by Mexicans, or some border ruffian, even worse to handle or reckon on; and some, like Judas, went out and hanged themselves, for they had sold their own souls for an American eagle which struck its claws of iron through their hearts. Oh, it's not good to be a soldier in peace time anywhere, but to be one at a United States outpost in a sage brush desert, where the devil reigns in the officers' hearts at being in such a hole, is worse than all. For there is no chance of glory or of fighting. At the very best a man rarely gets the chance of reddening his hands if he spares his own carotid and is delicate about his own jugular. So they drink and gamble and die—and the fools don't desert.

About three-quarters of a mile from Conejos on the road to Chama there was a Mexican shabang—a log shanty, a grog shanty—and in it most people got rid of their cash very promptly—some got rid of their lives, too. It was a favorite haunt of Baptiste's, though they did not much like him there. For, being a soldier, they had a natural tenderness about finishing him in the usual way. They were afraid of his comrades. But one day word came to the camp that trouble was brewing at Mexican Joe's. Baptiste was drinking, and his rage was rising like a cyclone that comes quickly and bursts all at once. "Where's Robertson?" said the Corporal of the guard, and they roused the young fellow out. They knew he was the only one who could handle the Frenchman. They ran down the road, five of them, and the dirt rose in clouds. They choked in ten yards and each strove to be first. Then they spread out like skirmishers and left dirt behind each, instead of smoke.

"What's this?" said the Corporal as they came within fifty yards of the shanty. For out of the door there came a man's body. It rolled over and over, and then it appeared to be alive. Just as the owner of that apparent corpse displayed the inference of his eternal blindness, another body dropped on him, and then a third came, and the three rolled dustily, and rose up white and voluble when they got their breath. Then Baptiste came outside, roaring in French and Spanish and good round United States a polyglot mass of oaths; and he rolled them until they were almost insensible and dropped their drawn

knives. Then Robertson ran in and took Baptiste by the arm.

Jean's face was purple and the veins in his forehead distended. His teeth were set in a kind of trismus; he could not speak. But out of his mouth came foam and out of his eyes fire. He caught Robertson by the body and lifted him up. The Englishman stared at him full in the face. "You are hurting me, you damned fool!" he said in a quick, sharp voice. And Jean's face cleared up. He put Jack down quite gravely and began to dust the alkali off him. Then he smiled and looked foolish. Jack put his arm in Jean's arm and marched him off to the guardroom. The others came behind without a word. They looked the two friends up together, but in half an hour Jack knocked at the heavy door of his adobe prison.

"He's all right now, and fast asleep," said Jack as he went off. In the morning Jean's penitence was heartbreaking to see; a child could have whipped him. He almost cried when the young lieutenant bullied him, and he swore to be a good boy for ever after. This he kept for quite a long time—almost a month. "Jean," said Robertson one day, as they sat outside when the sun had gone down, "you are a thundering thick-headed, goodhearted idiot, and one of these days you will make me mad, and I shall just talk to you as you deserve." "Yes," said Jean with a smile, "I ought to be kicked."

"But who's to kick you? We shall have to hire Mexican Joe's mule. He's a kicker, and will knock the stuffing out of you too quick." And the youngest laughed. It pleased him curiously to be the only one who could speak to Baptiste, or handle the man when he was drunk. For he had good grit, and it gave him a certain responsibility and duty that helped to steady him.

"How did you ever come to enlist in this cursed army?" said Jack. "You are about as fit for a cavalryman as I am to be general." "I came into Santa Fe dead broke," said Jean, "and they asked me, and I said 'Yes,' because it was so difficult to get work, and I was hungry. And people down here are so hard." "They are so," said Jack. "I know it."

"And why did you join?" asked Baptiste. "Because I was busted and a fool and hungry and disheartened," said Jack angrily; "and I've a good mind to get up and get right now."

"No, no," said Jean. "I would be very lonely here. You are my only friend." And he put his enormous fist on Jack's shoulder. The boy turned round on him with a smile.

"You're a bully good chap, Baptiste, and I'll stick it out with you till our time's up. And then, Baptiste, will you go home?"

Jean got up and leaned against the wall of the store. They were sitting at the back of the building on a log. He turned his face away.

"No," he said, "not yet. I am afraid."

"Afraid?"

"Yes. I should kill them."

He meant the woman he had loved and her lover. Long ago he had told Jack the story, with the tears running down his face. For this man had cheated him out of his father's inheritance, and thereby of a girl, too, who had been bought, so Jean said, with his own money.

"I should go back to do it," said Jack somberly. For he had a vindictive mind.

"I cannot," said Jean, "for I love her still."

"Then I would kill him," was Jack's suggestion.

"But she loves him."

"Likely she has got over that by now," said the youthful cynic of 23.

"Anyhow, it would be a good thing to do."

"You don't understand," said Jean.

"If I hurt anyone I loved I could not live."

"You're a bully good sort, Jean," said Jack, and they relapsed into silence.

For these two in that hideous, unnatural hole really loved each other.

When that long, dry, somber month of August was over, and the alkali dust was thicker than ever, Baptiste started in again to drink, and Jack couldn't keep him away from it. But he escorted him to the guardroom three times in the month, and thereby saved some lives, and then Baptiste got a letter from Montreal that drove him wild.

Jack found him out on the plain rolling in the dust and tearing up the sage brush with his hands. The man looked terrible and ludicrous, for he had been crying bitterly, and the dust marked his red face in patches till he looked like a circus clown who had not touched his paint for a week. And when he saw Jack he shouted to him: "Keep away, Jack, I shall kill you."

So Robertson sat down thirty yards off and watched him. Baptiste kept his face turned away, and Jack heard him groan. Presently he rose and began hunting for little bits of paper. He called Jack to help him, and then, with the tears running down his face, Baptiste cleared a space on the ground and tried to piece them together. As he did so he swore in French, and then he groaned. Presently he began to read what he could.

"My sister wrote to me, Jack. And she says—yes, she writes that Madeleine had a baby—oh, it kills me! And then the beast was cruel to her—and yes, it is true, he struck her until she cried out and the neighbors came in. And she is miserable, and he makes her miserable. And I would have given her my soul, and let her beat me if she wanted! And now I am going home—I will kill him! To-morrow I must go. You must help me."

And the poor devil burst into a passion of tears until he shook, and Jack went half blind himself, and the hot prairie dust and blazed in his eyes. He took Baptiste back to the camp,

And that night Baptiste went up to Mexican Joe's. They gave him drink out of sheer terror, for he scared their white souls with his eyes. And he talked and muttered and the tears ran down his face. Then one of the Mexicans, known as Pete, thought he had softened and was chicken-hearted, and he began to fool with him. Just then the round moon got up on the white plateau and stared at the plain, which was so lonely save for the military post and the place where they sold drink. And as the lights began to blink against the moonlight Pete began to laugh at Jean. Then Mexican Joe sent off to the fort, and the guard came out at the double, with Jack among them. They were just in time to see murder done; for Jean caught Pete and broke his black neck with his hands. And back-handed he struck Mexican Joe in the mouth; he fell choking with teeth, and his own knife cut him, and Jack came in running. But Jean was insane and blazing, and when poor Jack took him by the arm he looked red to Jean and the Frenchman caught him by the waist and dashed the boy's brains out on the log wall. Then the Corporal, who was white as a dried alkali lake, struck Jean on the neck with the butt of a gun and felled him. But Jack and Pete were dead. They had to carry Jean to the guardhouse, and it was dawn before he came to.

He knew nothing, and he asked for Jack Robertson, and he was so down and so sorrowful that it made the men pity him.

"Who shall tell him?" they asked each other, and no one would. But as Jack wouldn't come Jean began to think, and a dull, stupefying terror came crawling into his mind. Was it true, or a bloody imagination of a dream? he asked himself, dry-tongued. And presently he wept out aloud and lunged at the heavy door and shook it. He asked them whether it was true—oh, was it true?

"Are you there, Winter?" he asked of one of the men.

"Yes, yes, Jean," said Winter, choking.

"Is it true that—that I killed Jack Winter? If it is true, don't answer."

And Winter sat on one of the guards' beds with his face down. He never spoke, and Jean groaned like a man in his great agony.

He neither ate nor drank, nor spoke again that day, and then the night drew on, and the moon got up again, and she looked down on two new wounds—one was out at the back of Mexican Joe's and the other was in the little, white-railed military cemetery where men were buried who died of hanging and bullets and cut-throats when they were tired of Uncle Sam's outpost duty. But Jean was locked up close in hell.

But at Mexican Joe's there was a great gathering, and they drank to Jean's hanging and told of Black Pete's exploits at thieving and the knife—for the news had gone abroad, and Joe corralled the half dollars that night until it was close on 12. Then there was a change in their entertainment. The devil entered in.

About 11:50 there were only two men in the guardroom, and they were lying on the benches dressed and asleep. Jean was walking up and down his cell. Once or twice he came to the door and felt it. Then he went back and measured the distance from the wall. It was only nine feet. It was enough.

That long day had torn him in bits; his eyes were ringed with black circles; his cheeks were sunken; he had a gnawing pain at the back of his head. He could stand it no longer. He rushed at the door with his shoulders and carried it into the middle of the guardroom. As the men started to their feet Jean seized a carbine and a belt of cartridges and disappeared through the open door leading to the main fort, and ran down the road to Mexican Joe's. He hadn't got time to go to Montreal.

The light in the shanty shone through the windows and the door—the one door. The Mexicans stood up against the bar. He saw Mexican Joe standing there toothless. He shot him dead through the door as they turned. He killed six as they stood or wavered, two more as they dropped for shelter or ran. Two more he struck down with his rifle clubbed. And then, with two bullets in him and a Bowie-knife in his breast, he went slowly to the cemetery.

When the guard hunted him up there he was lying dead upon Jack's grave.—London Graphic.

A Beautiful Black Diamond.

Henri Moisson recently exhibited at the French Academy of Science a black diamond as large as a man's fist, which is valued at about \$49,000. It is said to be the largest black diamond ever found, and was picked up in Brazil by a miner working in private grounds. It weighed 3,000 carats, or about twice as much as the largest stone of the kind hitherto discovered. Within a short time after its discovery, about five months ago, it lost nineteen grammes of its weight, evidently by the evaporation of water contained in it, but this loss has not ceased. Its crystalline form is nearly perfect, resembling that of the artificial diamonds formed by the crystallization of carbon in silver crucibles.—New York Tribune.

No Yams, No War.

A French governor of the South Pacific colony of New Caledonia, who was also an admiral of the navy, assumed his authority (says an exchange) while the natives were still cannibals. There had been rumors of an insurrection, and the admiral called before him a native chief who was faithful to the French cause and questioned him as to their truth. "You may be sure," said the native, "that there will be no war at present, because the yams are not yet ripe." "The yams, you say?" "Yes. Our people never make war except when the yams are ripe." "Why is that?" "Because baked yams go so very well with the captives."

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Scientists declare that the cathode light will penetrate steel half an inch thick.

There are 2137 different varieties of fire escapes and ladders to be used in emergencies.

The Chicago Academy of Sciences proposes to dredge the rivers and ponds of Cook County for snails.

Afghanistan is going ahead. The Ameer has decided to light his capital city by electricity, and run his factories with the same.

Scientists who have made a study of the eye say that a flash of light lasting 401,000,000,000ths of a second is quite sufficient for distinct vision.

A bottle with a message and the date was thrown into Boston Harbor July 27. On October 17 it was found on the coast of a small island in the Caribbean Sea, 2500 miles away.

Among Dr. Donaldson Smith's discoveries in the region of Lake Randolph is that of the existence of fifteen new tribes of Africans—one of them dwarfs, none over five feet in height.

The Grand Jury at Chicago has indicted a man for obtaining money under false pretenses, who, it appears, hypnotized his victim, and while in this condition made him give up \$1900.

Professor A. C. Totten, of New Haven, Conn., has issued a calendar good for 67,713,250 years. It is said to have a very simple key, and is evolved on a cycle of 1,600,000 years.

After about a year's experiment with an aluminum torpedo boat, the French naval authorities have decided the aluminum is unfit for shipbuilding, unless some non-corrosive alloy, or anti-corrosive paint can be discovered.

Dr. Selle, a practicing physician of Brandenburg, Germany, claims to have contrived a photographic instrument which will in minute details reproduce the various colors of objects, persons and landscapes brought within a specified range on the camera. American scientists are sceptical concerning the reports of this process.

It is stated that diamonds become phosphorescent in the dark after exposure to the sunlight or electric light, and when rubbed on wool, cloth or metal. This is an important property, as it enables the amateur to distinguish between paste and real. This property is not electric, as is clearly shown by its being visible when the gem is rubbed on metal.

There are as many laughs as there are vowels. Those who laugh on A (the broad sound) laugh openly and frankly. The laugh in E (short sound) is appropriate to melancholy persons. The I (as in machine) is the habitual laugh of timid, naive or irresolute people. The O indicates generosity and hardihood. The person who laughs in U is a miser and a hypocrite.

The fifteenth annual report of the New York State Board of Health states that the typhoid fever epidemic attributed to infected oysters which were freshened in water contaminated by sewerage at Port Richmond, led to a careful investigation by Dr. E. O. Curtis. His opinion is that not only typhoid fever, but cholera and diarrhoeal diseases may thus be transmitted.

Spite Fences.

Millionaire Crocker maintains a fence twenty-five feet high on one side of his place on Nob Hill, San Francisco, fencing off all the view from a lot owned by the estate of an undertaker named Yang. Yang, who lived there at the time, didn't want to sell his lot, but after the fence was put up had to move his house. The fence cost \$2000.

Right in the middle of George Vanderbilt's princely domain in Asheville, N. C., an old colored man owns six acres of land, which Vanderbilt fenced in. The owner says: "Yes, sah, I been waitin' 'steem years for good neighbors, an' now I got one, I don't move. No, sah!"

In Saco, Me., two families are on spite fence terms, and one of them has erected an ugly barrier of brush to darken the windows of the other.

A fence six feet high is just a fence. Make it sixteen feet and it becomes a spite fence. At twenty-six feet it is just foolhardiness.—New York Recorder.

Wampum.

This is the English name for the shell beads used for ornament and as currency among the northern tribes of Indians previous to the settlement of the country. They were made chiefly on Long Island and around New York Bay, and were of two kinds, one made of conch or periwinkle shells and the other of hard clam shells. The making of wampum, to be sold for ornaments, has been carried on for nearly a hundred years by the Campbell family at Pasack, N. J., and they are now said to be the only persons who know how to bleach and soften the conch shells used in making white wampum or to drill holes through the still harder clam shells that are made into the more valuable black or deep purple wampum. The conch shells are brought from West Indian ports by schooners. The clam shells are of the largest size obtainable, the smaller ones being too thin for the purpose.

Waste Energy.

Country Sam King owned a clock which he wound daily for fifteen years. A short time ago Mr. King and all the members of his household went away, and were absent from home an entire week. When they returned King noticed that the clock was still running and concluded somebody had been in the house. Nothing was missing, and an investigation proved that it was an eight-day instead of a one-day clock.—Acheson (Kan.) Globe.

THE FIELD OF ADVENTURE.

THRILLING INCIDENTS AND DARING DEEDS ON LAND AND SEA.

A French Hero Honored—A Girl's Queer Experience—Fair Bear Hunters—Fight With Alligators.

THERE was unveiled last week in the village of Chateau, hard by Paris, a monument to one of the most daring and successful dispatch carriers through the enemy's lines while the city of Paris was ringed about, twenty-five years ago, with German bayonets and cannon. His name was Brare and he was a clerk in the Paris Postoffice. He accomplished five of these perilous journeys and in the last one lost his life. Much of Brare's success was due to his cleverness in assuming various disguises. His first four trips were highly successful, and though he had many hairbreadth escapes, he was not caught. His fifth and last journey, which had a fatal ending, was the most eventful, however, and some of its details are worth recording.

It was when he was outward bound from Paris, after he had passed the first lines of investiture, that he fell into the hands of a German post. He was taken by them to the forest of St. Germain, where, despite the bitter cold, they stripped him of his clothing, and tying him securely to a tree, began flogging him with a heavy strap. While this was going on some of the soldiers searched his apparel and succeeded in finding dispatches in cipher.

"What do they mean?" demanded the chief of the detachment.

"I do not know," replied Brare, "and if I did I would not tell."

He was again flogged nearly to death, but it was found impossible to extract any information from him. He was later tried before a council of war and sentenced to confinement at Versailles. He made his escape in three days, however, and at once reported to the French officials outside of Paris for dispatches to carry through the lines.

It was on a December night that he reached the Seine, which was filled with cakes of floating ice. He decided to swim down and across the river, and told his companions that if he reached the other bank safe and sound he would give a low whistle. Then he plunged into the water and disappeared. No signal came, but a few moments later there was a crackle of musketry from the opposite bank.

Two months afterward they found Brare's dispatch bag floating in the Seine and not far away his corpse. His head was pierced by a rifle ball and both arms were broken by bullets. Much adverse comment has been raised of late by the fact that Brare's widow, after long petitioning, has been awarded a pension of but 500 francs, or less than \$100 a year, by the Government.

A Girl's Queer Experience.

One night in 1801 a little girl about one year old was deposited on the steps of the foundling hospital at Brest. She was dressed with much finery and a note attached to her skirts told that her name was Solange, and that she should be reclaimed by her father, says an exchange.

The claim was never made, however, and in due time the child was transferred to the orphan asylum to be educated there. As she grew up she developed a most extraordinary beauty; but her intellect appeared to be very weak and she suffered from frequent nervous fits.

When she was twelve years old she was sent out into the streets to sell flowers, and her beauty and her modesty attracted many people's good will; but she grew weaker and weaker, and at last she died, or at least it was thought so.

According to French custom, she was buried in an open basket, and, as it was winter and the soil was frozen, she was laid into the grave covered only with a thin layer of sand. During the night she awoke, and, pushing the sand away, crept out from the grave.

Not exactly understanding what had taken place, she was not so very much frightened, but in crossing the glacial between the cemetery and the fortifications she was suddenly stopped by the cry: "Qui vive?" and, as she did not answer, the sentinel fired and she fell to the ground.

Brought into the guardhouse her wound was found to be very slight and she soon recovered. But her singular history and also her great beauty had made so deep an impression on a young lieutenant of the garrison—Kramer—that he determined to be her protector and sent her to one of the most fashionable educational establishments in Paris.

During the next few years Kramer was much tossed about by the war; but when, in 1818, he returned to Paris he found Solange a full grown woman, not only beautiful, but accomplished and spirited, with no more trace of intellectual weakness or nervous fits. He married her and for several years the couple lived happily in Paris.

Fair Bear Hunters.

It is the custom of the Manchester girls to attend church at Cahto (Washington) Sundays, and they are in the habit also of carrying a rifle with them, whether from fear of robbery or for the purpose of killing game, has not been explained. Nevertheless, one Sunday recently, as they were returning from church at a turn in the road they found their passage barred by two monster bears.

It was but the work of a moment for these cool-headed young women to stop the horse and prepare for action. Turning the carriage a little, Miss Addie gave the brute nearest her one of those unerring thirty-eight caliber pills. The carriage moved at the

time of firing, destroying partially her aim, but the bear was seriously wounded.

The wound fearfully enraged the animal, so that he made directly for the carriage. Not at a loss what to do under the circumstances, Miss Addie commenced to pump lead with an unerring aim into the enraged animal, and had the satisfaction of seeing him drop dead just as he reached the carriage. Not wishing to leave the animal in the road, the young ladies took a rope from the buggy and tying it to him, dragged him to the side of the road. They then proceeded to Mr. Clark's place, where they related their exploit with less concern than the ordinary hunter would of shooting a squirrel.

After dinner Miss Ollie took Mr. Clark's dog and went back to look for the other bear, which she knew would not be far off. This proved to be the case, and in a very short time, and with a great deal less trouble, this one was captured. Both of these bears were very large. One on being dressed weighed nearly 700 pounds.

The Manchester girls are not afraid of either bears or panther, and they ought to be crowned the queen huntresses of the State. These make four bears they have killed this season.—San Francisco Examiner.

Terrible Fight With Alligators.

J. B. Lovering, who lives near Winter Haven, Fla., drove to Lake Winter to fill barrels with water on a recent afternoon. While Lovering was at work his horses began to scream in agony, and the driver realized that alligators had attacked them. Soon the horses were down, their legs having been broken, and the saurians, rising to the surface, began to tear chunks of flesh from the bodies of the animals.

Lovering had a Winchester rifle with him, and began firing at the reptiles, when they left the horses and made a rush for the light wagon and overturned it. Lovering fell into the water near one of the alligators, which seized the man by the thigh, tearing out the flesh. Lovering, who still had his gun, thrust the muzzle into the alligator's mouth and fired. Mortally wounded, the saurian made a sweep with its tail which knocked Lovering up on the beach, twenty feet away.

J. A. Dalton, who was fishing near, had been attracted by the noise, and reached the scene as Lovering landed on the beach, dragging him away, as the alligators were again rushing for him.

Lovering's groin was lacerated, several ribs were broken and he was frightfully torn about the body. Dalton, who knows the lake, says Lovering drove his team into a place where alligators made their winter home.

Saved by Singing.

The Winstead (Conn.) Citizen relates an odd experience of George O. Hill, of Burrville, while driving home one night. He was driving along at a rapid gait, when suddenly his horse stopped and stood stock still. Mr. Hill, wondering what made his horse act in such a manner, got out of the wagon, when a terrifying sight met his eye. It was a large wildcat, standing in the middle of the road, his eyes gleaming in the darkness.

After Mr. Hill had somewhat recovered from his scare, he made an attempt to get into his wagon, but the cat crouched when he moved, and Mr. Hill staid where he was. He could devise no means to get away, and the more he looked at the cat, the more he wished he was home by his own fire-side. When he compared his own predicament to the comfortable situation of his own home, he began singing "Home, Sweet Home" in a manner that would excite much merriment if the situation was otherwise. The sound found its way to the ears of a party in a neighboring farm-house, who came to the rescue, armed with guns and sticks. The cat, when he caught sight of the rescuing party, evidently thought discretion the better part of valor, and "vamosed."

An Eagle Steals a Babe.

Before the eyes of his mother, Harry, the two-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Morrison, of Gainesville, Fla., was carried forty feet in the air by a pet eagle and then dropped.

The child wandered out to where the eagle makes its home and watches over one young eagle. Mrs. Morrison heard Harry screaming, and, rushing out, saw him in the grasp of the bird. As the mother approached the eagle rose.

Then the young eagle began to scream, and the mother bird slowly descended. When some distance from the ground the bird dropped the child. It lodged in a thick cedar tree. Mr. Morrison quickly rescued the child. The boy was stunned, but no bones were broken. His face and body, however, were terribly torn by the eagle's talons.

A Paper Restaurant.

An eating-house made of paper has been erected in the port of Hamburg. Its walls are composed of a double layer of paper, stretched on frames and impregnated with a fire and water proof solution. A thin wooden partition affords further protection against the inclemency of the weather. The roof and walls are fastened together by means of bolts and hinges, so that the entire structure may be rapidly taken to pieces and put up again.

The dining-room itself measures thirty meters by six meters, and is capable of accommodating about 150 persons. There are twenty-two windows and four skylights, and the heating is effected by a couple of isolated stoves. A side erection contains the manager's office, kitchen, larder and dwelling rooms. The total cost of the construction is said to have amounted to 1500 marks.—Schorers Familienblatt.