

What Is Courage?

Scout's Illustration of Its Highest Form.

"Some years ago at Fort Sill, Indian Territory, there was a government scout, whose name was Thomson," says Richard Harding Davis in Everybody's Magazine. "He furnished me with a story of an incident which he considered was the best illustration of the highest form of real courage. An Indian agent had sent in word to the post that the Indians near him were on the point of an outbreak, and that he believed they might sweep down upon him at any moment. Thomson and a boy lieutenant just out from West Point were detailed to ride over to the agency and make an investigation. While they were seated on the veranda of the agent's house, and while he was reciting his reasons for believing an uprising was imminent, about two hundred Indians came galloping towards them across the prairie. They were in war-paint and war-bonnets, and they came yelling and brandishing their Winchester. The Indian agent retreated to his second-story and concealed himself beneath the bed. Thomson remained seated with his feet against the rail of the porch, and calmly observed the advancing whirlwind of painted bodies, eagles' feathers, and fluttering blankets. The boy from West Point imitated Thomson. He knew that if on their return to the post the famous Indian fighter should give a good account of him to the old officers, his reputation would be instantly and pleasantly established. That was allowing, of course, that they ever did return to the post. So he kept his feet on the railing and puffed at his cigar. The Indians fell off their ponies in front of the scout, and their chief men began

to boast, and to threaten him, while the young braves kept up a wild and nerve-racking chorus of whoops and yells. Thomson related what followed in this way:

"I was talking to old Red Wolf, and telling him what would happen if he let loose against the settlers. I was talking fast, for they were sure enough starting on the war-path, and I knew if they weren't stopped at the start, the few of us at Fort Sill couldn't stop them after they got going. I was threatening him with the whole United States army, and trying to make him hear me, when the youngster from West Point turned his head towards me and grinned. 'Thomson,' he said, 'who's your fat friend?' He had his hands in his belt and his cigar in his mouth, and he spoke so quiet that I couldn't make out what he meant, but he was looking behind me, so I turned and looked too. An old chief, weighing about three hundred pounds, had slipped off his pony and crept up behind me, and was pointing his Winchester at full cock just back of my ear. When I turned my head the muzzle punched me in the cheek. Now, what I say is, that any man that knows he's got to die can be cool and funny about it himself, and let on he don't care, but a man who can be cool and funny when his friend has got to die is a damned brave man." For the benefit of those who want to know what happened after that, I can only tell them that Red Wolf interfered in behalf of Thomson, and that he and the lieutenant were allowed to return to Fort Sill, where for many years after Thomson quoted the boy as being the bravest man of his acquaintance.

SAVED.

When I was sick the queerest things I sometimes saw at night! And once there was a cat with wings Kept comin' round to fight! And once a great big burglar thief Was crawling on the floor— And once a monstrous Injun chief Was standin' in the door! And once I tumbled down a well (I did not seem asleep). And miles and miles and miles I fell, For it was awful deep! I felt so funny, for I thought I'd surely strike my head, But at the bottom I was caught All safe awake in bed! —Edwin L. Sabin in Pack.

HUMOROUS.

Bobbs—The life of a detective should be full of variety. Slobbs—Yes, they are the spies of life.

He—You are the only girl I ever loved. She—Then all I can say is you've missed a lot of fun.

"My father died with his boots on!" cried the Arizona girl, triumphantly. "Too lazy to take them off, eh?" said the caustic man.

When a fellow proposes the up-to-date girl no longer says: "This is so sudden." She thinks: "Well, he was a long time about it."

She—Cruel to his boy, is he? **He**—Yes; he seems to think it's proper to pick up his son and heir as he would a popular air—by ear.

Sillicus—The average woman is a dismal failure when she tries to crack a joke. **Cynicus**—And yet she can break a man without an effort.

Tommy—Pop, can people swear with their eyes, Tommy's Pop—Not that I know of, my son. **Tommy**—Then what is a cursory glance?

Mamma (plying the strap)—There, there, and there! Now, don't let me catch you in the pantry again. **Tommy**—Boo! hoo! I tried not to let you catch me this time.

"You're giving me an awful long wait today," remarked the impatient customer. "Well, lady," returned the busy grocer, "didn't you kick about short weight yesterday?"

They were looking through the library. "If you had the divine gift what would you rather write?" asked the romantic young woman. "Checks," replied the sordid young man.

Nell—Maude is very susceptible. **Belle**—What's the matter with her now? **Nell**—Somebody told her she was a remarkably striking girl, and she immediately went and bought a punching bag.

First Automobile—Those obsolete expressions are very amusing. **Second Automobile**—Yes; there's that one about putting the cart before the horse. What in the world do you suppose that means?

Mrs. Kindart—Your twins are fine boys. But they look so much alike I don't see how you can tell them apart. **Mrs. Cassidy**—Faith, that's aisy enough. Wan' o' them is called Pat, an' th' other wan' Mike. There's the difference, d'ye mind?

ROYAL HOW D'Y-DOS.

Etiquette Demands That Sovereigns Shall Not Do as Other People.

If you were a mere monarch you would have to salute each person according to rules laid down painfully by men who have studied these things out for you and your brother monarchs.

Were you the Emperor of Austria the only sign of your friendship that you could give to an ordinary mortal would be to bend your head slightly and smile faintly. You might give your hand to other sovereigns or to ministers or particular friends, but ceremony prescribes that if you do such a rare thing you must merely lay your august fingers into their trembling palms and then withdraw them. If they act after the ceremony as if frost-bitten you have lived up to the traditions of the imperial house.

The czar is permitted to give his hand to rulers only. But he has a great comfort. It is not only his prerogative, but his duty, according to court etiquette, to kiss his cousins, and as most of his cousins are females, it is a duty that is the reverse of unpleasant. There was terrible trouble among the old ladies of the Russian court when President Faure of France was on his way to make a visit to St. Petersburg. "He is a ruler," said one, "consequently our august master must shake him by the hand. 'No!'" said others, shocked beyond measure. "No! His father was only a person in trade and he himself was only a tanner. Our czar cannot shake such a creature by the hand!"

So acute did this question become, his majesty finally received the president in private and as form of greeting was kept secret.—Tit-Bits.

Stealing His Thunder.

The indignant looking passenger was about to speak, but the conductor headed him off by exclaiming in a loud tone of irritation:

"This is the slowest train I was ever on. What's the use of having a schedule if we don't pay any attention to it? The drinking water tastes as if it hadn't been off the kitchen range 10 minutes. The car doesn't look as if it had been swept for a month, and it is full of idiots who insist on opening the windows when we go through tunnels, so that the cinders can blow in.

The passenger caught his breath and then exclaimed: "It was just about to say that this whole affair is an outrage."

"I know it. But you're lucky. You can travel a few miles and then get off and be happy. But I've got to stay on this train for hours every day of my life."—Washington Star.

Our Faulty Political System.

We have found that even among ourselves our historic methods are not universally convenient or serviceable, says Prof. Woodrow Wilson in the March Atlantic. They give us untrained officials, and an expert civil service is almost unknown among us. They give us petty officials, petty men of no ambition, without hope or fitness for advancement. They give us so many elective offices that even the most conscientious voters have neither the time nor the opportunity to inform themselves with regard to every candidate on their ballots, and must vote for a great many men of whom they know nothing. They give us, consequently, the local machine and the local boss; and where population crowds interests compete, work moves strenuously and at haste, life is many-sided and without unity, and voters of every blood and environment and social derivation mix and stare at each other at the same voting places, government miscarries, is confused, irresponsible, unintelligent, wasteful and of sinister aspect.

Methods of electoral choice and administrative organization which serve us admirably well while the Nation was homogeneous and rural serve us oftentimes ill enough now that the Nation is heterogeneous and crowded into cities.

Foreigners Own No Land in Shanghai.

The government of Shanghai itself, as a municipality, is as oddly complicated and as full of apparent contradictions as the prerogatives and jurisdiction of the consular court. The foreign settlement is built upon lands held under treaty by a perpetual lease from the Imperial Government; not one foot of it is actually owned by the foreign residents. The holdings of Western Powers in China, with the exception of the Russians at Port Arthur, are precisely of the same nature; the land upon which they have built barracks, residences and warehouses has all been granted subject to the same condition, each area all paying a perpetual and stipulated tax to the Imperial Government.—Chautauquan.

Lane's Family Medicine

Moves the bowels each day. In order to be healthy this is necessary. Acts gently on the liver and kidneys. Cures sick headache. Price 25 and 50 cents.

Submarine boats and torpedoes for use in warfare do not seem to be held in favor here, under treaty, by the French Minister of Marine, in spite of the generally supposed predilection of the French for measure of harbor defense. M. de Lanesman is quoted as saying that neither submarine boat nor torpedo is of great value in war, owing to their limited range of action.

Coughing Leads to Consumption.

Kemp's Balsam will stop the cough at once. Go to your druggist to-day and get a sample bottle free. Sold in 25 cent and 50 cent bottles. Go at once, delays are dangerous.

A recruiting officer who has been in Iowa says that the percentage of men accepted in that State on offering themselves for army service is considerably above the average in any other State. Enlistments in Iowa are largely from the farms, and the vast majority of young fellows who offer themselves are young, strong and hardy.

Care of the Baby.

To keep the skin clean is to keep it healthy; every mother should therefore see that her baby is given a daily bath in warm water with Ivory Soap. The nursery should also be well aired and cleaned, and all clothing washed with Ivory Soap, well rinsed and dried in the sun. ELIZA R. PARKER.

When a Chinaman is very swaggar he becomes possessor of a cheap American clock. These alarm clocks have found their way into every city and town in the empire. There is nothing the Celestial is so proud of as his alarm clock. If you take up a dozen photographs of Chinese you will see that they always have the little clock on the table at their elbow.

When feeling tired, discouraged and generally "used-up," take Garfield Headache Powders; they are made from Herbs and are genuinely good. Send to Garfield Tea Company, Brooklyn, N. Y., for free samples.

The output of coal in Washington State for 1900 was about 2,300,000 tons.

UNDER THE SNOW.

Chastly Truths Revealed on the Disappearance of Winter's White Mantle.

Deadly dangers lurk in the ground left bare by the departing snow. All winter long there have been accumulating deadly disease germs.

These have been protected and kept alive by the covering of snow and now, with the first warm days, these death-bringing microbes are awakened by the rays of the sun, and as the ground dries they are carried to all corners of the community in the dust that is blown everywhere by the Spring winds.

The human body at this time is particularly susceptible to these germs, especially the germs of fevers. The system has been depleted by the foregoing winter. The blood is sluggish and filled with impurities. The nerves have not recovered from the tension they have been under for the past months. The stomach, the bowels, the kidneys, the liver are all at their worst.

It is, therefore, not strange that these germs of disease find fertile ground in which to thrive, flourish and develop into deadly life.

Spring is the time of year when one should fear an attack of fever, especially when the system is depleted, one should dread any severe illness. The vitality is at a low ebb. There is less power of resistance to throw off disease, and it is on this account that fatalities are so much greater during the Spring months than at any other time of the year.

There is but one way to ward off such dangers, and that is to fortify

the human body so that it will become impregnable to the germs of invading disease.

To do this take Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy. It will build you up quickly, it will re-establish your wanting appetite, it will give you restful nights of sleep, it will give you vim and vigor to the nerves, and it will dispel all existing poisons that have accumulated in the body besides counteracting the effects of others that may accumulate.

Following is an instance that will illustrate the wonderful power of Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy.

Sheriff Jonas T. Stevens, who is sheriff of Hyde Park, Vt., says:—"I have used Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy especially as a blood purifier. I had a very severe humor on my arms, accompanied by a very bad itching, so severe that I could not sleep nights, causing me great inconvenience by the loss of sleep by the itching. A friend advised me to take Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, which I did with the most satisfactory results, for the trouble has entirely disappeared, and I can now rest comfortably nights and have none of my former misery from the burning, itching sensations."

Remember Dr. Greene's advice will be given to any one desiring same absolutely free if they will write or call upon him at his office, 35 W. 14th St., New York City.

Disguised Their Sex

SOME INTERESTING CASES OF MASQUERADING THAT RECEIVED MANY PEOPLE.

Appropos of the discovery that Murray Hall, the Tammany politician, for thirty years known as a man, was in reality a woman, many interesting and historic cases of similar masquerades are recalled. One of the most notable disguises of sex on record was that of Chevalier D'Eon, who masqueraded as a woman while acting as diplomatic agent for Louis XV to the court of the Empress of Russia. He was born in Tonnerre, France, in 1728, and died in 1810.

There lived twenty years ago in Hungary an officer named Felix Francine, who was one of the most valorous captains in the army. Her sex was not discovered until after her death. In Brittany a few years ago there lived an old fisherman who for fifty years followed the sea, disguised as a man, although a woman. She was so successful with her nets that she amassed a fortune and at her death left considerable real estate, twelve

fishing smacks and a snug sum in the Bank of France. Catherine Combs, now living in an English poor house, has for forty-three years passed as Charles Wilson and had earned a good living as a mural painter and decorator. One of the masters of an English almshouse was a woman who for eighteen years donned a man's attire. Her identity was revealed through a man who was brought to the institution and who hailed her as his long lost wife.

There are several instances in recent years where men have sought employment as cooks in the dress of women. A man who called himself Christina Beecren worked as a cook for ten years in the kitchens of New York households and earned especial commendations for culinary skill and neatness. He would not have been discovered in his deception had he not indulged in a drunken spree, in the course of which he neglected to shave for several days.

A Fish That Buries Itself.

CURIOUS FINNY CREATURE FOUND IN NEW ZEALAND.

A fish of curious habits exists in New Zealand which has apparently hitherto escaped the notice of naturalists. The fish is called by the Maoris the kakawai. It is generally discovered when a man is digging out rabbits or making post holes in the summer time, and it lies at a depth of a foot or two feet under the soil. The character of the soil, whether sandy or loamy, does not seem to matter.

The fish is from two to three inches long, silvery, shaped like a minnow, but rather more slender and tapering. It appears to be dead when exhumed, and if dug up in summer and put into water it dies at once. If, however, it is brought to daylight in May, or early June (the end of autumn), when the rains are beginning to make the

soil thoroughly wet, and put into a tub of water, a curious thing happens. After a day or two it casts its skin, which sinks to the bottom, and the fish plays about bright and lively.

When dug up in summer there appears to be a growth of skin, or perhaps of a dry, gummy exudation, which seals up the head and gills. Apparently this enables it to aëriate through the dry weather, and seals the fish as an Indian fakir is sealed up before he goes in for a long burial.

Of course, in winter, there must be marshy spots or pools in which the fish can swim and propagate, but often an evidence of such natation disappears in summer, and the hot, dry, waterless plain seems the last place on earth in which to find a fish.

Yankees Win in Germany

One of the ways in which Germany has been seeking to shut out American goods from her markets is by refusing advertisements of things made in the United States. Frank H. Mason, the American consul general in Berlin, reports to the state department that for the last six years the German trade papers have refused to publish advertisements of American bicycles and sewing machines. The tariff did not shut out the American bicycles, so the German manufacturers got together

and declared that they would patronize no paper devoted to the bicycle trade which took advertisements of American wheels. Several German manufacturers of bicycles are also manufacturers of sewing machines, and they decided to include those in the boycott list. At first there was considerable damage done to the American trade, but after awhile the Yankee traders flooded Germany with gorgeous posters and "taking" circulars, and now are in a position to ignore the German trade papers—which they do.

One of the Engineers.

A bridge on a western railroad had been washed away and it was necessary to replace it with a temporary structure. The chief engineer and his staff were ordered in hot haste to the place, a drafting room was established in the near-by station, and the scene became one of great activity. Two days later came the general manager to add more pressure to the already tense situation. Alighting from his private car he encountered the master bridge builder. The latter was a type evolved by the railroad situation of the last generation—heavy handed, hard of

head, with some knowledge of books and a vast experience. "John," said the manager, and the words quivered with energy, "I want this job rushed. Every hour's delay costs the company money. Have you got the engineer's plans for the new bridge?" "Colonel," said the old man (the engineer student will learn early in his career that the general manager of a railroad never ranks lower than colonel).—"Colonel, I don't know whether the engineer has got the picture drawn yet or not, but the bridge is up, and the trains are passing over it."—Montreal Herald and Star.

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