

According to the report of R. G. Dun,
the cost of living has advanced ten per
cent. during the past year.

What a pity that stomachless men
should die, while heartless and brain-
less fellows are permitted to linger.

No one is so sanguine as to imagine
that the visit of Prince Henry of Ger-
many to the United States and his hos-
pitable reception will seriously in-
fluence the policy of the two countries
toward each other. National relations
are not often affected in that way, re-
marks the Philadelphia Record.

The statistics of British commerce for
1901 are of more than ordinary inter-
est. They show an unmistakable dis-
turbance in the current of trade. One
cause is the progressive decadence of
British agriculture; another is the di-
minishing coal deposits, and a third
is the decreased ability to pay for
food imports.

The investigations of the Pennsylv-
ania Society for the Prevention of
Tuberculosis show, that in the sparsely
settled country districts the death-
rate from tuberculosis is only one-
fourth of that of the cities. In France
the death-rate from tuberculosis in
cities of 5000 inhabitants is 1.81 per
1000 of population, while in cities of
100,000 it is 3.5, and in Paris 4.90.

An evidence of the growth of the au-
tomobile industry in the United States
may be had from the statement that
the repair and disposition of second-hand
vehicles has become a most important
part of the business of every dealer.
As was the case in the palmy days
of the bicycle, wealthy automobile
operators "trade in" their old machines
each year for new ones of the latest
pattern.

The latest census of the city of Lon-
don shows that, exclusive of the outer
belt of the metropolis, there are 4,556,
541 inhabitants huddled in an area
of 117 square miles. The metropol-
itan and city police districts combined
contain, however, 6,580,000 inhabitants,
occupying an area of 603 square
miles. Greater New York covers 326
square miles, and its populace is placed
at 3,473,000.

Two society women in Massachu-
setts, between whom the intensest
rivalry exists, have carried it to the
senseless extent of importing palaces
from abroad for their abodes. One
of them bought a Venetian palace,
tore it down and shipped the materials
to Massachusetts, where it was re-
built. The other has just finished the
re-erection in Boston of a palace which
she brought from Italy in the same
way.

One of the main motives of misers
which the London Spectator recognizes
is the passion for collecting. Asiatics
often hoard coin and jewels to their
own hurt, knowing that their posses-
sion involves extreme danger; and
there are two authentic stories of great
accumulations of gold coin made by
Englishmen who seemed to derive
pleasure from its actual sight and
touch. These are, however, rather il-
lustrations of the collector mania, so
often described and analyzed in the
case of books and china, than instances
of true miserliness, which is based,
we are convinced, rather on fear than
on the passion of hoarding.

Java and America are to be con-
nected by a new steamship line, whose
vessels will touch at Chinese and Ja-
panese ports. The projected line be-
ongs to the Royal Packet Company.
San Francisco will be the American
terminus.

The "Hundred Years Club," in New
York, proposes to silence city noises
and stop the adulterations of food.

THE HOUSE AND THE VINE.

The house is old—its windows racked;
Its doors are falling down;
Where once the dainty tintings were
Is now a faded brown.
The steps are rotting, in the porch
Great gaping holes are seen;
The roof-tree's broken; with thick mold
The boards are fairly green.

The yard is filled with weeds and trash;
The walk is crumbling fast;
The trees and shrubs are broken—all
Their beauty-days are past.
The sagging rails tug at their posts
As though they fain would drop.
Aye, all is drear and desolate
From floor to chimney top.

And yet about the crazy door
And round the tottering stoop
Clambers and clings a tendriled vine
In many a verdant loop;
And on that vine bright blossoms glow
And smile through all the day;
From every dainty flow'r the bees
Sweet burdens bear away.

The broken house—a ruined man
With blighted life and fame;
Soul-windows dimmed, a tarnished coat—
A more than tarnished name.
The clinging vine, a woman's love—
Perchance a mem'ry dear
Whose fragrant blossoms bless the world
Through all the changing years.
—S. W. Gillilan, in Los Angeles Herald.



SPEAKING of police stupid-
ity and queer crimes,"
said the captain musingly,
"reminds me of my first
big case, how cutely I worked it and
what a failure it turned out to be from
the public point of view. I was a
green hand, but I had risen to the
degree of 'plain clothes,' and was be-
ginning to get a reputation with the
department and the newspapers when
the Kaufman case came up and put
me to the bad for keeps, especially
with the police reporters.

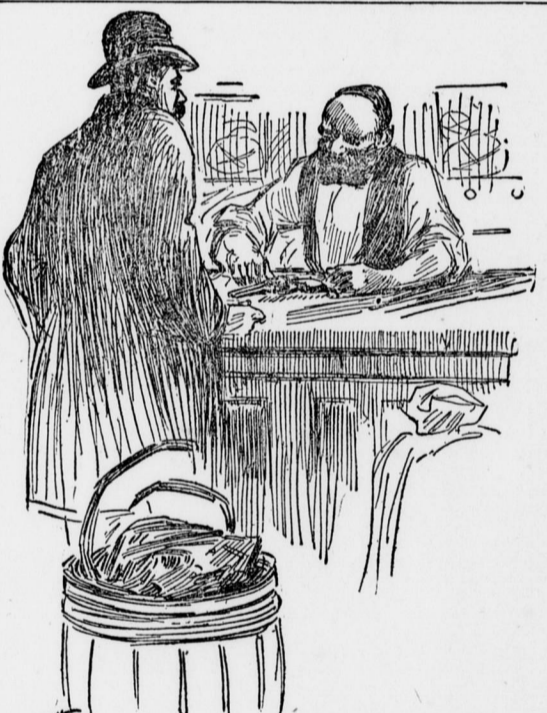
"Old man Kaufman was cashier of
the Dexter National Bank and lived
in Cedar Grove, a suburb chiefly noted
for 'exclusive society.' Half the popu-
lation kept poor trying to cut a wide
social swath, and the other half lived
in misery from envying their neigh-
bors. Nobody was very rich, and
nobody was very poor, and it was one
of those places where the people are
always talking about 'our first fami-
lies,' pulling off 'functions' and pitying
the 'plain people.' Of course I didn't
class up very well, being a detective,
but old man Kaufman overlooked that
and was the best, perhaps the only
friend I had among the swells.

"He had a big family, about seven
children—all grown young women of
the 'high-society' kind—and they didn't
do a thing to the old man's finances.
What with summer tours and winter
gayeties, pink teas, soirees, theatre
parties and all that sort of doings,

get the place. Last time I didn't have
the cash, and, gambler-like, he wanted
it right off—wouldn't wait a day. I'm
ready for him now, though."

"And Kaufman tapped his breast and
whispered, 'I got \$3000 in my inside
pocket. Carry it there all the time,
ready for Heckburg to go broke.' I
told the old man that he was foolish
to carry so much cash around with
him, but he said Heckburg was one of
those men that couldn't be induced to
let go for anything but ready money.
"I carry it in my inside vest pocket,
and nobody knows it but you and me,"
he said. I was a little surprised to
know that he had so much cash of his
own, but I didn't think much about it
till a few days later, when, as I said
I got my first big case.

"Of course I didn't live in the swell
part of Cedar Grove, but at that my
room wasn't more than six or seven
blocks from Kaufman's. It was about
three o'clock one winter morning, just
before Christmas, when I was routed
out of bed by Kaufman's coachman.
I lit the gas and let him in, and while
I was dressing he told me that the
old man had just been murdered.
"Taint more'n three days ago he told
me if anything ever happened to call
you, and so I came here first." I
thanked my stars that I was to have
the first chance, and in five minutes
we were trudging through the snow to
the Kaufman house. From the coach-
man's talk I learned that the first in-



"HE TOLD ME HE WANTED TO KILL A VICIOUS DOG MIT IT."

they kept the old fellow's nose to the
grindstone for true. He didn't have
a thing in the world but his home and
his salary, and I don't think that was
over three or four thousand. I used
to sit with him in the train pretty of-
ten, and as he was stuck on talking
and I wasn't, I came to know a good
deal about his affairs. I don't think he
was very strong at the society game
himself, but he was all wrapped up
in his family and let them work him to
the limit.

"The 'black sheep' of Cedar Grove
owned the house next door to Kauf-
man's, and the chief ambition of the
cashier was to buy out his objection-
able neighbor. His name was Heck-
burg; he was a professional gambler,
and his wife was what the suburban-
ites call 'vulgar.' Once about every
month the Heckburgs would have
what they called a 'house party,' but
nobody ever came to it except a lot
of flash looking guys from town. That
made the Kaufman ladies wild, and as
Heckburg's was a dingy sort of a cot-
tage, built right up against Kaufman's
lot, the old fellow, his wife and his
high-toned daughters had their hearts
set on buying it.

"It ain't worth more than \$3000,"
Kaufman explained to me one night, "and
I could have had it for \$2500 last sum-
mer when Heckburg went broke on
the races. I'll get him in the same fix
again, I hope. He won't sell now.
Never will sell so long as he goes 'lush,
but the first time he sees broke I'll

blow him up and. I looked for

tracks in the snow and found only
the single trail of the coachman as
he came from the stable and those of
a fox terrier, Kaufman's, which was
now following me about in the yard.
As most of the snowfall had come
since midnight I began to be mystified
about the burglar—how he had come
and how he had gone. Then I looked
about for signs of the single discharge
of the shotgun, and found the shot
had imbedded itself in the side of
Heckburg's house, just across the lawn
from Kaufman's porch.

"Well, the town authorities soon ar-
rived, and the coroner and all of them
made a thorough examination of the
whole premises. They decided that
Kaufman had frightened the burglar
away before the latter had a chance
to rob him. The neighbors began to tell
yarns about 'suspicious-looking tramps'
having been seen, and of course the
next day's papers played it for a mys-
terious murder, which was 'baffling the
whole police department.' I got charge
of the case and was still working on
it when the Kaufman family moved
away to town. All I found from them
was that 'poor papa had been late that
night searching the house for some
paper he had lost two days before,' and
that since his loss he had been much
worried.

The next day I went to the President
of the Dexter National Bank, and after
swearing to keep the secret, learned
that the semi-annual count of the
bank's money made by the directors on
the day after Kaufman's murder dis-
closed a shortage. "How much was
it?" I asked him. "Three thousand dol-
lars," said he. I may get it back for
you, I told him, only asking that he
maintain the same secrecy he had re-
quired of me. Meanwhile the papers
and the people of Cedar Grove were
roasting the police in general and me
in particular for not catching the
burglar and murderer. I got the keys
of the Kaufman house and lived there
alone, searching it for three days before
I got a clew. And what do you suppose
it was?

"I simply found a lot of chewed-up
greenbacks in the empty doghouse in
the back yard! Then I knew that
the fox terrier was the burglar. I
sifted the old straw, waited until the
snow was gone, and raked over every
inch of that yard, looking for pieces
of the money. I found nearly a hatful
of faded, tattered shreds. You can
guess the rest. I took the old pistol
found beside poor Kaufman and
showed it to every pawnbroker in
town. I wanted to find out who bought
it, for I knew that Kaufman never kept
a pistol in the house and never carried
one. At last I landed in an old junk-
shop on the West Side and showed the
pistol. The owner recognized it at once.
He knew me and made a straight story
of it. He had sold the gun to a fine-
looking old man who wore side whisk-
ers and was very nervous. 'He told
me he wanted to kill a vicious dog mit
it,' explained the dealer. But I knew
all I wanted to know.

"But you haven't explained every-
thing," objected the lock-up man, who
was dull.

"You're a fat-headed Denny,"
sneered the Captain. "Can't you see
the dog carried off the money? Well, when
the old man couldn't find it and re-
membered that next day was 'count'
day at the bank he just bought the pis-
tol, took a shot at Heckburg's house
as a blind, and then killed himself
with the 'burglar's' pistol. And it was
a slick game, too, for it's no disgrace
to be killed by a burglar, but an em-
bezzler! Why, the very hint of it
would have ruined the social prospects
of the Kaufman ladies forever, and the
poor old cashier was all wrapped up in
his family.

"And what did you get, Cap'n?" mar-
veled the lock-up.

"Oh, I got \$100 from the bank for
turning in the scraps and keeping still,
and from everybody else I got—
roasted. To this day the newspapers
keep talking about how 'the Kaufman
murder was never avenged.'"—John H.
Rafferty, in the Chicago Record-Herald.

Integrity is the Price of Promotion.
If those who are not succeeding in
proportion to the amount of effort
they exert would examine themselves
closely, they would find, as a rule,
that their locomotives are off the
track. Not realizing where or what the
trouble is, they merely intensify it by
putting on more steam, and the more
they put on, the deeper they sink into
the mud and the harder it is to move.

If they would stop long enough to
examine their machinery intelligently,
and make a thorough investigation of
the causes that prevent its working
properly, they would probably succeed
in getting their locomotives on the
right track before they waste all their
steam plowing in the sand and mud.
Even if they do not discover, until after
middle life, the secret of their failure
to get on, they may ultimately reach
their destination.—Success.

Electrical Possibilities.
When one realizes that it is possible
to-day to transmit with a fair efficiency
from a single station over a territory
of 200,000 square miles area, or to put
it in another way, over a diameter of
500 miles extent, and realizes that only
six such stations would be required to
serve the entire country from the At-
lantic to the Pacific Ocean throughout
a belt of 500 miles wide, one may well
think that the alternating current sys-
tem has approached the limits of its
serviceable expansion, but I am con-
vinced that, while the extension of the
territorial limits covered by the system
need no longer demand the study of
the engineer, we will expand its use enor-
mously by the perfection of the ap-
paratus employed and by the employ-
ment of new principles and methods
of generating our currents.—William
Stanley, in the Electrical Review.



Tennyson's Father's Flight.

THE following curious story,
somewhat differently related
in the life of Tennyson, is
part of the Personal Recol-
lections of Tennyson by Captain W.
Gordon McCabe, published in the Cen-
tury. The laureate is speaking:
"My father," he said, "was a most
impulsive man, and spoke whatever
was uppermost in his mind. Soon
after the assassination of the Emperor
Paul he went on a tour through Rus-
sia, and stopped at Moscow, where the
court resided, and where Lord St.
Helens was English ambassador. He
and my father had been friends at
Cambridge, and so my father had the
freedom of the embassy while it
the Russian capital. One night St.
Helens had a grand dinner, at which
were all the foreign ambassadors and
many Russian notables, not one of
whose names my father had caught.
"In some way it came about that a
guarded allusion was made, during
the dinner, to the death of the late
czar. My father, who caught it, leaped
over, almost across the breast of
some Russian dignitary covered with
decorations, who sat next to him, and
cried out in his quick, impulsive way,
"Why, St. Helens, what's the use of
speaking so gingerly about a matter
so notorious? We now well enough
in England that the Emperor Paul was
murdered in the Mikhailovskii Palace,
and we know exactly who did it,
Count Zoffoff knocked him down, and
Benningens and Count Pahlen strang-
led him."

"An appalling hush fell for a moment
upon the table, and then Lord St.
Helens at once rushed into some sub-
ject discreetly foreign to the sixth
commandment.

"It's the custom, as you know," con-
tinued he, "in Russia not to sit over
the wine, as is usual in England, but
to go into another room where the
samovar is, and there have tea, or
more wine and vodka and to smoke.
As the company rose, Lord St. Helens,
standing by the door as the guests fled
out, gave my father a meaningful look
to drop behind the rest. As my father
came up to him, he said in a hurried
whisper: 'Don't go into the next room,
but fly for your life. No flag can pro-
tect you in such a country as this.
The man next you, across whose breast
you leaped, was Count Pahlen, one of
the most powerful nobles in Russia.
Zoffoff was at the table, too, and you
have publicly charged both of them
with being assassins. If you don't get
away to-night, you'll be inside the
dungeons of St. Peter and St. Paul
within forty-eight hours. Go to a
Scottish merchant's, whom I know,
just outside of Odessa (giving him the
name), and he will conceal you until
I can contrive to get you out of the
country, if it be possible. Post to-
night—the fastest horses you can get,
I'll keep the company as late as I
can. Don't even stop to change your
clothes.'

"My father rushed away to his ho-
tel, called up his courier, and made
him order a four-horse drosky, while
he literally pitched his clothes into his
portmanteau. He posted all night and
the next day still in his evening clothes,
weather bitterly cold; but he had a
clever courier, and found his Scotch-
man, in whose house he lay perdue
for weeks.

"St. Helens managed to get a mes-
sage to him to be on the alert, and
when he heard the horn of the 'Queen's
Messenger' blown three times to be
ready to go with the man who gave
the signal. At last, one stormy night,
he heard the welcome sound, and, dis-
guised as a servant of the messenger,
who was being sent home with
dispatches (which, by the way, he
lost, as he was very drunk, but which
were found by my father), and for
whom an English frigate was waiting
at Odessa, got safe on board and so
back to England."

A Wonderful Escape.
One of the most remarkable in-
stances of the escape of a white man
from the Indians was that of John
Colter, a famous hunter and trapper.
On the day in question he and his com-
panion were surrounded by six hun-
dred savage warriors. The companion
was instantly killed and Colter was
captured. His foes had no intention
of saving his life, however; they want-
ed the sport of putting him to the
torture, or at least of playing with him
as a cat plays with a mouse. The
chief asked him if he could run. He
said, "Not much."

He was released and told to save his
life if he could.

Colter darted away at high speed,
and most of the six hundred savages
set off after him. There was a plain
before him six miles wide, bounded on
the far side by a river fringed with
trees. Colter had always been famous
as a runner, and his practice now stood
him in good stead. He made straight
across the plain for the stream, and
the yells of his pursuers lent him
wings. His foes had removed every
shred of clothing from his body, and
the plain was covered with prickly-
pears, so that his unprotected feet
were lacerated at every stride.

Half-way across the plain he glanced
back, and saw that only a few Indians
were following him. Again he ran on,
and soon realized that one of his pur-

suers was nearing him. He redoubled
his efforts, and blood gushed from his
nostrils and flowed down over his
breast.

The fringe of trees was near, but
a hasty backward look showed him the
pursuing brave close upon him with
spear raised. Moved by a sudden im-
pulse, Colter stopped, turned and
faced the savage with outstretched
arms.

The Indian was so taken aback at
this unexpected movement that he
stumbled and fell! This was Colter's
opportunity. He ran back, seized the
spear, and pinning his antagonist to
the ground, ran on.

Other savages came on, fiercer than
before at the death of their comrade;
but Colter reached the trees, plunged
into their midst and then into the
river, and swam to a pile of driftwood
that had lodged. He dived beneath it
and stuck his head up between two
logs covered with smaller timbers and
brush.

The Indians came up and searched
for several hours, but failed to find
him. Again and again they walked
over the driftwood. Luckily they did
not fire it, as he feared they would.
At last they went away. Then Colter
swam out and fled through the forest.

Seven days he went on, living on
roots and berries, with no clothing,
until at last he reached a trading post
on the Bighorn river. He never fully
recovered from the effects of this ter-
rible experience.

Caught in a Stampede.

Two years ago, when the cowboys of
Northern Arizona came together to
find out who was the "best man" in
various ways, James Evans won the
steer-tying championship by roping,
throwing and tying a vicious steer in
twenty-four seconds. But in a recent
round-up the champion did a more re-
markable thing, by which, says the
Kansas City Star, he saved his own
and another man's life.

While he and some companions were
camping for the night on a high table-
land, which ended a few miles away in
an abrupt drop of 200 feet, a storm
swept through the mountains. Made
nervous by the lightning, the herd of
1500 cattle stampeded in the direction
of the precipice. Evans and his men
mounted hurriedly, and circling to the
front of the maddened cattle, tried
with whoops and revolver-shots to turn
them back.

In the dense blackness of the night
Evans' horse missed his footing and
went down in a heap, one leg in a
gopher hole. The horse of a cowboy
named Davis, running close behind,
stumbled over Evans' horse, and Davis,
too, came to earth and lay still, uncon-
scious.

Fifty yards away came the herd, and
a short flash of lightning showed Ev-
ans the situation. The swiftly moving
sea of cattle reached 100 yards each way.
Unable to arouse Davis, and never
thinking of leaving his disabled com-
rade, Evans took the only chance of
saving both. He emptied his own re-
volver and his companion's into the
centre of the herd, cutting a breach in
the front of the mass. Then, throw-
ing the inanimate form of Davis over
his shoulder, he awaited his opportuni-
ty.

As one of the leaders brushed by,
Davis, with one movement, put the
body of Davis across the shoulders
of the steer and mounted, also. Vainly
the animal leaped, bucked and side-
jumped. With his legs wrapped tight-
ly around the body of his mount, Evans
drove his spurs deep in and held him-
self and Davis in place.

The steer, wild with rage, agony and
fright, rapidly lost the head in the rear,
and veering to the right at a furious
gallop, carried his riders out of danger.
Then Evans rolled off the back of his
strange rescuer, and a half-hour later,
when his cowboys turned the head
of the herd at the rim of the canon,
and rode back to look for the foreman
and Davis, they found them, bot-
unconscious. The weary steer, with
his sides covered with blood, lay exhaus-
ted a short distance away.

The outfit ordered a medal for Evans,
and the steer has been pensioned for
life on the best alfalfa in the valley.

Grizzly Bear Kills Two Men.

The steamer *Kees* has arrived from
the north with news of the killing of
two men by an enormous grizzly bear
at Rivers Inlet, British Columbia. One
of the men was a white trapper and the
other an Indian. Their bodies, to-
gether with that of the bear, were
found within a few feet of each other.

The Indian had apparently taken a
shot at the bear from his muzzle load-
ing rifle, and wounded the animal. The
infuriated beast had run towards him
and mauled him to death. The white
man then came to the rescue and drove
a long knife into the bear's breast,
the point penetrating his heart. Then
the bear turned and killed the white man.
By this time the grizzly was dying
from his wounds, and fell over dead a
few feet away.

Wolves Follow a Woman.

A St. Cloud (Minn.) correspondent
writes to the St. Paul Dispatch: It
would seem that a country thickly
populated enough to have free rural
delivery ought not to be infested with
dangerous wild animals, but such
seems not to be the case along Rural
Delivery Route No. 1, which runs out
of St. Cloud into Sherburne County,
for the carrier, Mrs. C. S. Allen, re-
ports being followed by two large
wolves for a distance of four miles,
Friday, the wolves crossing and re-
crossing the road in front of the team
repeatedly, but making no attempt to
attack.

The Hawaiian Islands resemble Ire-
land in their freedom from snakes.
One species only is known, and that
is not common.