

On the Alaskan railway now projected the Chilkoot Pass will probably be the only one recognized by the conductors.

The adoption in Mexico of American styles in clothing has been very marked in recent years. Well-to-do Mexicans are discarding the old "charro" suits, high sombreros, and pointed shoes for American style clothing, hats and shoes.

The Gloucester, Mass., fishermen regard Kipling as a hoodoo, as every one of the twenty fishing boats belonging to their fleet named by him in "Captains Courageous" have gone down at sea, the last two of the ill-fated boats foundering in the recent big storm off the Massachusetts coast.

Fate is against Russia, at least in the matter of securing and holding a deepwater port. The harbor of Krasnovodsk had been improved and made the starting point for the Central Asiatic Railway, and just at the time when everything looked the brightest, along came the earthquake, which destroyed thousands of lives at Shamaka and elevated the bottoms of the Black Sea and the Caspian almost to a level of the surface, thus barring all entrance of heavy vessels.

According to statistics collected by the Municipal Journal, Chicago, with a death rate of only 13.8 a thousand, is the healthiest city of its approximate size in the world. Milwaukee's rate is lower still. It is only 13.01, but the city is only one-sixth the size of the Windy City. New York's death rate last year was 17.2, Boston's 20.3, and Philadelphia's 18.4. Pulmonary tuberculosis is one of the most dangerous foes that the health authorities have to fight. In Milwaukee it is the most frequent cause of death. In Chicago pneumonia causes twice as many deaths as any other disease.

Charles F. Thwing, President of the Western Reserve University, of Cleveland, Ohio, has been investigating the amount of the salary received by graduates of the regular colleges and the scientific schools. His investigations have been concerned with the years immediately following graduation. President Thwing finds that the salaries received by the graduates of the regular colleges are scarcely lower than those received by graduates of the scientific schools in the years immediately after graduation. "In fact," says Dr. Thwing, "the graduates of regular colleges frequently receive larger salaries than the graduates of scientific schools. After a few years, however, the increase in favor of the regular college is marked." Dr. Thwing concludes that the value of a liberal training rather than a narrow training shows itself more clearly as the years go on.

The following summary is interesting, especially as it shows that lynchings are diminishing in number of recent years. In 1892 there were 235 lynchings in the United States and in 1893 there were more than 200. In 1898, 127; in 1899, 107; in 1900, 115; in 1901, 135; of the latter number there were 15 in Alabama, 14 in Georgia, 15 in Louisiana, 16 in Mississippi, 12 in Tennessee, 11 in Texas. The Southern States counted 121 in all, the Northern but 14. Negroes were the victims in 107 cases, whites in 26. One victim was Chinese, one Indian. The violent deaths (excluding lynchings, suicides and executions) were 8275 in 1900 and 7852 in 1901. The principal causes were: Quarrels, 4649; unknown, 1291; alcoholism, 820; jealousy, 284; assassination, 193; lunacy, 174; infanticide, 149; resistance to armed force, 134; strikes, 20; mobs, 36.

Seldom does it happen that the lines of a tramp fall in such pleasant places as those of a wandering beggar who told a farmer's wife in an Eastern State the other day that he wanted something to eat "right away." The woman let him into the house, and got him down cellar by a trap-door, by telling him that food was down there. Then she slammed the door and fastened it, and told him that if he tried to break out she would shoot him. She sat down then, and waited for assistance to come. Two neighbors arrived in about half an hour; they let out the tramp, looking the picture of content. He had helped himself to all he wanted to eat, and was amiable, as a man usually is after a good meal. When the woman wanted to have him arrested, her neighbors told her that as he had her permission to go down cellar and eat, there was no charge on which a justice would hold him. The tramp pursued his journey, willing again to be made a prisoner in the same way.

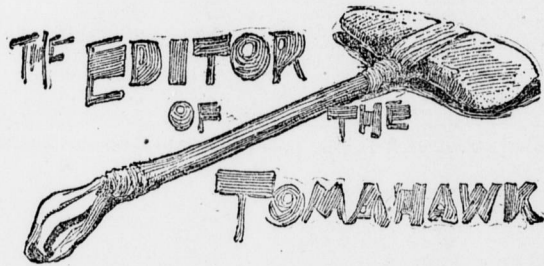
ONLY ONE WAY IS RIGHT.

"My boy," said Uncle Hiram once, while giving me advice, "The saw that doesn't wobble is the one that cuts the ice. The saw that does wobble itself, within its narrow groove, will soon or late fulfill its work by keeping on the move. When half way through, temptation may beset it, like a not, To leave the place that seemeth hard and seek a thinner spot; But shifting saws will learn at length, when failure they invite: There's many a way o' doin' things, but only one way's right!"

"And bear in mind, my boy, through life, if tempted tasks to shirk, Success is but a second crop, the aftermath of work. A lubricator tried and true is perseverance oil, And fortune's smile is rarely won except by honest toil, A safe cross-cut to fame or wealth has never yet been found, The men upon the heights to-day are those who've gone around The longest way, inspired by the sayin', somewhat trite: There's many a way o' doin' things, but only one way's right."

I knew my Uncle Hiram had achievement's summit reached; I knew him as an honest man who practiced what he preached— And so I paid the lesson heed, and rapt attention gave. When, in an added afterthought, he said: "My boy, be brave! Act well your part; tenaciously to one straight course adhere; Though men declare you're in a rut—work on, and never fear; You'll realize, when you, at length, have reached achievement's height: There's many a way o' doin' things, but only one way's right!"

—Roy Farrell Green, in Success.



HE title of his paper was ferocious, but not he. Of all the editors that pushed west of the Red River in the "boom" days, he was the mildest and most sedate in appearance. He sometimes looked twenty-one; no one took him for twenty-five, and in truth he was twenty-eight. Raised and educated in an Iowa printing office, a "touring" typesetter for a number of years, he suddenly desired a paper of his own. A clean name with his fellows, joined to the few hundred dollars he had saved, secured for him a plant, and he transported this by rail and wagon into the grass country, and because where he located the Sioux had once ruled he called his paper the Tomahawk. It was a good newspaper. Typographically it could not have been improved upon; every local doing was to be found in its columns, and the editorial page was fresh with homely

a violation of a national law which the corporation ought not to permit. He received in reply a curt letter requesting him in so many words to mind his own affairs. The next issue of his paper bristled with an exposure of what the merchandise company was doing. He investigated so thoroughly that the Government finally acted, and in the end the company ceased the sale of whisky altogether. It was a signal victory for the Tomahawk. But the same day that the company surrendered its manager at Sand Bluff wrote to the editor of the Tomahawk: "I shall reach your town Monday. If you are still in the country I shall kill you."

The editor opened the letter, read it most carefully, laid it down and said half to himself and half to the press beside him: "It's two days from Monday."

Then he picked up another letter, forgot the first, and eagerly read: "You wish me to come West and take up life with you. I agree with you that we have waited long enough. I am tired working for others, but am ready to work for and with you. By the time this reaches you I shall be on the way. I will reach you Monday



and cleanly comments on the news of the day. He set no moral standard for the community in which he lived; he indulged in no lengthy dissertations as to what the people should or should not do. He conducted his paper for the news, and if through his retiring disposition he did not make warm friends he nevertheless held the respect of everybody. That he would fight, resent an attack, make trouble if trod upon, no one ever dreamed. He was too quiet.

One day in his search for news he chanced to learn that the Washington Merchandise Company was quietly selling liquor to the Indians. The knowledge aggravated him. The company was the one big trading concern of the region. It had a main store and twenty or thirty branches scattered over 300 miles of country. It was owned by Eastern speculators and managed by local agents. The members of the corporation had wealth and intelligence. That they should permit whisky to be sold to the aborigines seemed extraordinarily outrageous to the editor.

He thought it over, and then wrote a letter to the President of the company briefly reciting what he knew, and suggesting that a stop be put to the sale; that it might precipitate an Indian outbreak, and, anyway, it was

noon, if the stage is on time. I understand I have to take stage from Sand Bluff, but shall enjoy the experience. It is agreeable to me that we should be married as soon as I arrive."

The editor smiled from ear to ear. He walked to the rear of his shack and looked at a room he had been preparing for months for this very coming of his girl. The only carpet in the town was on the floor of this room; her picture was over the dresser; white curtains hid the windows; little knick-knacks had been placed just about as the average man would locate them.

"Well," said the editor, "I may be dead Monday, but she's coming and this is her room."

He was most quiet the rest of the day and the day following. He told no one of the contents of the two letters he had received. Only he satisfied himself that if the Sand Bluff stage was on time that it would reach his town Monday at 12.30.

"No reason, either," said the postmaster, "why it shouldn't be on time." Sunday without attracting anyone's particular attention, the editor barricaded his windows and two doors. He constructed something like breastworks back of them. He made also several ingenious peepholes. He knew the Sand Bluff store manager, knew the rage he had felt over the whisky ex-

posure, knew the wild band of frontier spirits that usually journeyed with him when he was "out on business." He had no reason to doubt but that the manager would arrive in town Monday and would immediately search for him.

"I may die," he muttered, "but she's coming."

His last act Sunday before he went to bed was to saw off the barrel of a shotgun and load the weapon with a curious mixture of slugs. He was not an expert with firearms; he never carried a "gun," and on a test shot he probably would have missed the side of a barn as quickly as the next man, but he kept thinking of the girl, and the more he thought the more methodical his preparations.

He awoke the next morning to find himself besieged. The store manager from Sand Bluff had arrived with half a dozen cowboys prepared for any kind of ruthless sport. They shot the upper half of his shack full of holes without arousing the editor to a reply, and then they announced that they intended to hold him a prisoner there until 12.30, at which time they would rush the shack, set it on fire and shoot him down when he came out. He heard the declaration. He could see them, could sweep with his eye the entire street.

He sat behind a barricade with the shotgun across his lap. He was most carefully dressed and extraordinarily calm for a man who had been under fire for an hour or more. He drew at his pipe with great composure, and studied the time on the face of the little alarm clock that stood on a table near him. The cowboys left two of their number on guard, and rode up the street after liquor. No one interfered with them. The fact that they were from Sand Bluff made their word law in the lesser communities. Many a grim jest they passed on the final fate of the editor, and many an assurance did the store manager give that no "blasted friend of the Indian could live here."

Still, the editor held the fort through the morning, and the cowboys toyed with him as a terrier sometimes fools with the mouse it means to kill.

At noon a big cloud of dust rose on the trail from Sand Bluff. It was the stage coming in. One of the editor's peepholes gave him such command of the street that he could see the approach of the stage. He noted that it was traveling it should reach the postoffice in about fifteen minutes, really ahead of time. He got up, shook himself, walked to the back room, looked at "her" picture once, and then carefully loosened the fastenings of his front door. He left the door so that it could be instantly swung back.

Another glance out of the peephole showed him the stage was entering the town. It banged and rattled down the way to the postoffice, halted, and the first passenger out was a tall, lithe young woman of twenty-three or four. The editor saw her ask questions of bystanders, noticed their curious gestures toward his place, saw her start for it.

The cowboys, headed by the store manager, were in front of his office, preparing for their final charge. He swung back his door quickly, stepped out into the sunshine, swung up his gun, and before his foes realized what he was doing, so suddenly had he acted, gave the store manager and one of his companions the charges of his weapon. They fell from their saddles, the others fled with a volley of shots for parting.

The editor staggered a little, then made for the girl. She held out her arms to him, he held his hands to her. "That's all yours, Kate," he said, with a little gasp in his throat. "I waited f-for you, Kate."

And then he was dead at her feet.—H. P. Cleveland, in the Chicago Record-Herald.

A Moving Mountain.

Most people forget that geology is not altogether a history of the past. The forces that made the mountains are still going on. Some mountains are growing, some are wearing down. Because these processes take a long time to accomplish visible results, one is apt to form the erroneous idea that they have ceased, and that the face of the earth is fixed once for all. A case of geological action so rapid as to be easily observed is the moving mountain in Hunterdon County, New Jersey.

This "mountain" is a knob or mound, which is sliding down the side of a full sized mountain.

It has obliterated old turnpikes and roadways, and threatens to slide suddenly and do great damage. The land slide already covers twenty-five acres of one farm, and has destroyed the boundaries of another.

At the point where the mound has torn away from the mountain is a deep gulch, in which have been found many Indian relics. The place is so dangerous from ledges and banks which threaten to fall that nobody has dared explore the cleft thoroughly.

This geological movement has been so rapid that a new map of the county may be necessary. Heavy rains, says the Detroit Free Press, stir the entire valley to fear lest the whole hill tumble and destroy everything in its path.

Old Mexican Mines.

Spanish annals declare that between 1000 and 1700 the Tapaya mines in Mexico produced \$80,000,000, and that after that the Indian slaves employed in them murdered the Spanish owners and the mines were lost. On old Spanish maps they appear in Northwestern Mexico, about fifty leagues from the sea, and near the town of Dos Pilates. They have now been rediscovered near Chauteguita.



The Lion Bridge, near Sangang, in China, is the longest in the world, being five and one-quarter miles from end to end. The roadway is seventy feet above water.

The deepest Atlantic soundings ever made were about ninety miles north of the Island of St. Thomas, in 3573 fathoms. The pressure was so great at this immense depth, that the bulbs of the thermometer, made to stand a pressure of three tons, broke.

There are one thousand halls and corridors in the Vatican, and eleven thousand rooms, counting everything, the quarters for the Swiss guards, the stables for the horses, the storehouses for gardeners' tools, the mosaic factory and other workshops, and it is said that an average of 2200 people are employed under the roof, most of them being lodged there. This includes the Swiss guard.

A statistician has been working pencil and imagination, with this result: If all the petroleum produced last year in the United States was put in standard barrels in a row touching each other the line would completely belt the earth. Enough coal was produced to give three and one-half tons to every one of the 76,000,000 persons in the United States and enough gold to give every American a gold dollar.

A duck belonging to a resident of Skinninggrove, England, has just produced an egg weighing exactly half a pound. Its circumference measured lengthwise was ten and one-half inches, and round the width eight inches. Apart from its unusual weight and measurement it proved, when broken, to be an egg within an egg. The outer shell contained all the usual substance, and imbedded therein was another egg, perfect and complete, in a firm, thick shell.

A very curious result of recent operations by the Trigonometrical Survey in India is the conclusion, stated by Major Burrard, that there is, in the middle of India, an underground, or buried mountain range, a thousand miles in length, and lying about parallel with the chain of the Himalayas. This conclusion is based on the singularities of the local attraction of gravitation in central India, the plumb line being deflected southward on the north side of the supposed subterranean chain and northward on the south side, leading to the inference that a great elongated mass of rock of excessive density underlies the surface of the earth between the two sets of observing stations.

Legend of Westminster Abbey.

To Sebert, who ruled the East Saxons in the seventh century as their first Christian King, is attributed the foundation of the Westminster, so called to distinguish it from the eastern cathedral, St. Paul's. According to an eleventh century legend, the church had been prepared in 616 for consecration, by Mellitus, Bishop of London; but a storm broke out on the eve of the day appointed, so that the River Thames rose and flooded the sandy site called Thorney Island. E. E. ric, the fisher, casting his nets, was hailed from the Lambeth side by a stranger, who offered a rich reward to be rowed over the ferry to Thorney. Then lights streamed from the Abbey windows, heavenly voices were heard, angels were seen ascending and descending. To the astonished fisherman the stranger, returning, then revealed himself as St. Peter, keeper of the keys, who had come down to dedicate the church which was to be specially his own; in witness whereof the fisherman took a miraculous haul of salmon.

The Bishop, who came next day with the King, found his work done; but the fisherman's gift of a tithe of the salmon he took became a precedent, and was followed by other fishers, even after the confessor's church had superseded the earlier building.—London Illustrated News.

Canada's Buffaloes Increasing Rapidly.

The buffaloes are increasing in such proportions in Canada that they promise in the course of a few years to become fairly abundant again, says a Quebec dispatch to the Chicago Inter-Ocean. Some time ago they threatened to become extinct.

The herd of wood buffaloes in the Peace River District has trebled in size under the protection afforded it by the Northwest mounted police. Five years ago it was estimated that there were not more than eighty buffaloes in the herd; now there are more than 400.

In appearance there is little difference between the woods buffalo and the plains buffalo. The former is merely a larger, richer-coated animal. It differs materially, however, in its habits from the subspecies which inhabited the plains, and which has undoubtedly passed away, except for the presence of a few animals in captivity and in the Yellowstone National Park.

General Hampton's Last Wish.

General Wade Hampton expressed the wish that his people be allowed to look on his face, and that he be buried in a plain pine coffin. The feeling of friendship for the negro, deep in the heart of the old slave-holder, was strikingly illustrated in the dying words of the great Carolinian: "God bless my people, all-white and black."—Savannah (Ga.) News.

ELIZABETH'S HEART.

Oh! I envy the burglar determined and bold Who goes prowling about with a chisel that's cold, With a lantern that's dark and a "jimmie" that's strong (Or I fancy he does, though I'm possibly wrong). And I'd gladly resort, with no pang of remorse, For I'm speaking in metaphor only, of course, To the wiles of his wicked, burglarious art In default of the key to Elizabeth's heart.

—Arthur Crawford, in Puck.



"What do you mean by saying she just celebrated her wooden wedding?" "She married a blockhead."—Philadelphia Press.

Alice—"Is your uncle's case hopeless?" Alfred—"I'm afraid it is; he's begun adding codicils to his will."—Brooklyn Life.

"Doesn't the soprano's voice sound metallic to you?" "Yes; but then, you know, there's money in it!"—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Visitor (at restaurant)—"This bill of fare is in French." Walter—"Yes, sah; but the prices is in English, sah. Mos' folks goes by dem."—Chicago Tribune.

"Another good man gone wrong." Folks say, but, no doubt, 'Tis only one more bad name. Folks have just found out.

—Chicago News.

"Do you think that beautiful woman are apt to be spoiled?" she murmured, with upturned eyes. "Your beauty will never spoil you, darling," he answered softly.—Tit-Bits.

"But, my dear; don't you know that opals are awfully unlucky?" "Well, Jack priced a lot of different stones and he says they're only about a fifth as unlucky as diamonds."—Brooklyn Life.

Fussy Old Party (to party of sports)—"Here! Stop your noise. I can't read." Sporty Gent—"Who said you could? But why don't you go to school and learn how?"—Chicago News.

The boy stood on the burning deck He did not dare to go, Until the vitascope should take The picture for the show.

—Kansas City Star.

Lieutenant Lovett (sentimentally)—"I've come to say 'good-by.' I've been ordered to the Philippines." Miss Giddy—"How jolly! I'll be so interesting now to read the lists of the killed and wounded."—Philadelphia Press.

"Aunt Mary seems almost like a mother to me," said Little Bobbie, soberly. "Does she?" replied Bobbie's mother, very much pleased. "Yes, she licks me every time I go to her house," concluded Bobbie.—Columbus Journal.

Mrs. Newlied—"I don't see why you want to raise the price of ice. There was a plentiful crop this winter." Ice-man—"Yes'm, the crop was plentiful enough, but the ice wasn't quite as cold as it oughter be, find it melts faster."—Philadelphia Press.

"You have wounded me," he sadly said as he arose from his knees, "wounded me so deeply that I shall never—"

"Wait," she said, picking a book off the library table, "let me see what 'First Aid to the Injured' says to do in such a case as yours."—Chicago Tribune.

"I've got the greatest idea you ever heard of for a strenuous play," declares the young author. "What are you going to dramatize—the cook-book?" we ask, with fine sarcasm. "Dramatize nothing," he retorts. "This is to be purely and entirely and amazingly original. The heroine is to be a mother-in-law and the hero a baseball umpire."—Judge.

Highest Paid Mail Carrier.

The bigness of our country is emphasized every now and then by some obscure governmental routine. Away off in the Philippines we are delivering mail in canoe-like boats, and, on the other hand, a contract was let last week for carrying the mail in Alaska by dog-sleds. The successful bidder was Oscar Fish, and his route lies between Eagle and Valdez, a distance of 414 miles. He makes two trips a month and receives nearly \$1500 a trip, or \$35,000 a year. Only 300 pounds are carried per trip, and this is usually made up of letters, few newspapers. Postoffice Department officials say that the sum paid to Fish is very reasonable when it is considered that he makes the trip by dog-sled, and that he has the most dangerous route of any mail carrier in the world. He has several times been given up for dead by residents of Valdez and Eagle, but so far he has always managed to reach the end of his journey, although sometimes overdue and occasionally very much battered up. He has fallen down precipices, got mixed up in avalanches, and has been starved and frost-bitten, but is still happy in risking his lonely life.—Harper's Weekly.

The Plum.

The original parent of most of our cultivated plums is a native of Asia and the southern parts of Europe, but it has become naturalized in this country and in many parts of it is produced in the greatest abundance.

The finer kinds of plums are beautiful dessert fruits of rich and luscious flavor. They are not perhaps so entirely wholesome as the peach and the pear, owing to their somewhat cloying and flatulent nature. Unless very perfectly ripe they are likely to disagree with weak stomachs.

For the kitchen the plum is also very highly esteemed, being prized for tarts, pies, sweetmeats, etc.