

FROM DAY TO DAY.

Still we reap, from day to day,
Thorns, with roses, on the way;
Yet, in even the darkest night,
Cometh dreams and gleams of light!
Sorrow—coming to destroy,
Is foreshadowing of joy.
—Atlanta Constitution.

HOW THE TENDERFOOT MET THE BEAR.

The tenderfoot sportsman who goes to the Wheelertown settlement in these days finds himself treated with kinder consideration than he has any reason to expect—far kinder, in fact, than any real woodsman would accord him elsewhere around the southeast corner of the Adirondacks. This is not due to any natural defect in the Wheelertown woodsmen. They have just as hearty a contempt for the ignoramus as all other good woodsmen have, but since Abner Chase came from Buffalo last spring they are willing to give even a tenderfoot with a shiny outfit a chance to show what's in him before they turn him over to the professional guides.

Mr. Abner Chase brought more joy to the community than any tourist that has fished Little Black Creek during the last three years, for he was confessedly the tenderest tenderfoot that ever combined experience with silver-plated outfits. He couldn't tell spinach from turnip tops nor corn from quack grass, but he said he was "ambitious to learn the woodcraft," and when he expressed "entire confidence in the ability" of Wheelertown backwoodsmen as "instructors" they "calculated" they'd "learn him something, sure."

So far as the arts of fishing for trout and applying tar oil to keep off punkies and deer flies were concerned, Mr. Chase was carefully and sincerely instructed by Mr. Bob Allen, with whom he boarded; but when on the third day after arrival he said he wished he "could have a hand-to-hand conflict with a bear after the Norwegian style," and then explained that in the Norwegian style of conflict the hunter used a knife only, the boys thought they'd give him a run for his money in a way that would make him and them remember for years to come. They admit now that it was a low-down trick to plan for any tourist, but still they aren't sorry they did it.

Because bears are scarcer than they used to be, and because they know well that men carry guns of marvelous powers, the chance of arranging a personal meeting between Mr. Chase and a bear was too remote for consideration. But Ben Gratrix, who lives half a mile north of the Wheelertown schoolhouse, had a big, shaggy, black mongrel dog—an ugly brute—that the boys thought would serve instead of Ursus, and they told Mr. Chase they guessed they could give him a chance to try.

Accordingly, Bob Allen and Bud North took the tenderfoot into the woods, one afternoon, and with a big rag well soaked in fish oil dragging behind him at the end of a rope they led him to and fro for four hours and finally stopped in front of the big hollow birch that stands beside the old reservoir trail, near the abandoned Parly clearing. Then they all went home for the night, but just before daylight the next morning they got Chase out of bed and sent him alone up the trail to take a stand in the hollow birch and wait for a bear to come along in search of the bait they had been dragging the day before.

Mr. Chase had no doubt that a bear would come, for the boys assured him they had seen abundant signs, and that the bait was sure to draw. He accordingly prepared himself with care for the occasion. He wore a fine leather coat which, as the boys had been careful to learn, cost \$18. On his head he put a scarlet cap, because, as he explained, the Indians always wore red handkerchiefs around their heads. Corduroy trousers and twelve-dollar hunting shoes completed his dress, and for a weapon he carried a carving knife whetted to a razor edge.

Meantime Ben Gratrix, Jr., a lad of 17, had gone up the trail leading the dog, and to his delight he was having much trouble in doing it. For the unfortunate beast had been kept without food since the morning before, and just before starting for the woods he had been allowed to smell of but not to taste a comfortable piece of meat flanked by bread and potatoes covered with gravy. Young Ben had gone up the trail to a point half a mile or so beyond the old hollow birch to wait till sunrise, and then to release the dog. It was absolutely certain that the dog would go tearing down the trail, bound for its breakfast, and the woodsmen hoped the tenderfoot would jump out and try to stop him. They knew the dog might get hurt in such an encounter, but they calculated on his plunging between Chase's legs, giving him a nip, and then flying on. They had to smother as they thought of the way the tenderfoot would come limping in, with eyes bulging, to tell how the bear chewed him and then fled.

Having seen Mr. Chase disappear up the old trail the boys made haste to do the chores on the Allen farm, and then, with Mrs. Allen and the children following, they started for the woods, just at sunrise. They were expecting to meet the dog any moment after reaching the woods trail, but it did not come. They were approaching the last bend in the trail before reaching the old birch, and Mrs. Allen was saying she believed the dog had taken a short cut through the woods, poor thing, when Chase came around

the bend. He was plainly running for life, but the moment he saw the woman with the children he stopped short and yelled.

"Get them up a tree, Bob! I'll try to stop him, but I don't believe I can do it."

With that he grabbed an old sled stake that lay beside the trail and started back around the bend, while Bob Allen and Bud North began to howl with laughter. The children joined ecstatically, but Mrs. Allen caught her breath, and then, turning to Bob, said:

"Stop your fool laughing. Didn't you see his coat was all ripped and bloody?"

No, Bob hadn't seen that; neither had Bud, and they were going on with their howls when Chase came walking back around the bend.

"All right!" he shouted. "He fled into the woods when he saw the club, but that's more than the other would have done."

This would have amused the boys as much as his previous words but for the fact that they could see now that his coat was ripped and bloody, as Mrs. Allen had said. Moreover, his corduroy trousers were slashed and bloody, too, his scarlet cap was gone, and there was a row of deep cuts from the top of his head down through his right ear to his shoulder.

"Lordy, will you look at that?" said Allen. "Why, man alive, what's happened? You're all chewed up."

"Why, yes," said Chase, as they gathered around him, "I believe I am cut up a bit. You see, the affair did not function quite as I had premeditated; I didn't anticipate seeing a flock of bears, you know."

"I took my stand in the hollow tree, as you instructed me to do, and I assure you I hadn't waited more than two minutes when two small bears came from the thick brush on the opposite side of the trail, one right behind the other. They crossed over toward me and were almost in reach when the one behind bit the other in the heel, and the next instant they were, ah, up against each other and slugging away like prize fighters you know, if I may use the vernacular."

"They were quite young, and it seemed almost a pity to do it, but I supposed I should not have another chance, so I attacked them. By a rapid movement I grasped the nearest one by the neck, and at the same time plunged the knife into the other. Then I tried to knife the one I held, but its struggles were most extraordinary. I assure you, and I had to give it three distinct thrusts."

"Meantime it had been screaming like a baby, and while I was striving to control it there was a crash in the brush and out came the mother bear with her lips drawn back and teeth protruding."

"I don't recollect, ah! precisely all that happened, but she was very much more active, you know, than any one would imagine. But the worst of it all was that as I gave her the last thrust the knife became fastened in some way so that I could not withdraw it, and just then I saw another bear with a bushy tail coming down the trail, and it's mouth was open, too."

"It was quite embarrassing, I assure you, but I remembered seeing a slender tree down this way which I thought I might climb further than the bear could, and I was running for that when I met you."

"I hope the lady will pardon my appearance," he continued, as he drew the bow of his necktie from behind his neck and wiped some of the blood from his face with a handkerchief. "It's unusual, I assure you, to find myself in such a predicament."

Finding that Chase was exhausted, but not seriously hurt, the party hurried up the trail to the old birch. There they found young Ben Gratrix standing, with his eyes bulging, beside a dead mother bear with two dead cubs close at hand. And the carving knife in the last and fatal thrust had pierced between two joints of the old bear's backbone, where it was held fast, as Chase had said.

"He didn't know a bushy tailed dog from a bear," said North, as he tried to withdraw the knife from the old bear, "but a tenderfoot who'll mix into a mill like that has got the making of a good sportsman."

That opinion has been adopted by all who have heard the story, and while they remember how this tenderfoot faced a mother bear in a fight for her cubs the Wheelertown woodsmen will give the tourist due consideration until he has had a chance to show his metal.—John S. Spears, in the New York Times.

Eude Awakening for a Fisherman.

George Chaffee of Lyndonville was fishing in the lake this week. He was anchored a short distance from shore when his sport was disturbed by an angry steer charging down toward him at a fearful rate, jumping into the water and swimming directly toward him. Chaffee did not have time to raise his anchor or to get away from the enraged creature, so he yelled at the top of his voice and beat off the attacks with his fish pole, finally heading the steer toward shore. The animal climbed up the bank and dropped down as if dead. It appears that the steer, which belonged to Dewey Denyon, was pasturing about a mile away, became crazed and charged through the barn, across the fields and over fences, not stopping until he was out in the lake some distance. After awhile the beast returned home, apparently nothing the matter with it.—Rochester Union and Advertiser.

Statistics show that one out of every 22 Danish emigrants to the United States becomes a Mormon.

MONSTER STEAM SHOVEL

THE MOST WONDERFUL OF ALL THE MECHANICAL WORKMEN.

Tons of Earth Raised at One Scoop—Large Buckets Which Fill an Open Car with Great Rapidity—Engines Which Dig, Carry and Lift.

Of all the mechanical workmen which have of late years been devised to assist human energy in performing great undertakings probably the most wonderful are the monster steam shovels. A number of these giants with their arms of steel and tireless muscles, have been in service for years past, but the increasing variety of uses to which the steam shovel has lately been adapted has directed an increasing degree of attention to this important family of time-saving and labor-saving machines. Simultaneously new demands have been made upon the manufacturers, and the new recruits in the army of inanimate shovellers are each fully one-third heavier and correspondingly more powerful than the old type.

Already these machines have some surprising achievements to their credit in making excavations for railroads and canals. Thus far, however, one of the principal uses of the steam shovel has been that of handling raw material, such as coke, coal and limestone; unloading from railroad cars, transferring from stock piles to furnaces, etc.

Practically all of the steam shovels in use throughout the country are of one general type. Inasmuch as the shovels are designed for almost continuous service at the hardest kind of work, and from the nature of things and the undeveloped portion of the country in which they are often employed, must not only be subjected to all kinds of weather, but also receive but scant care, every effort is made to have them of staunch construction—in short, as nearly unbreakable as possible. In the construction of the up-to-date steam shovels there are employed steel beams, steel and iron forgings and steel plates and castings. Comparatively little cast iron is used in any part of the machine, even the gearing being of cast steel and the shafting of hammered steel. The parts are joined with a filling of white oak.

To manipulate the monster scoop that does as much shoveling as a force of 100 men naturally requires considerable power, and this is furnished by half a dozen engines. There are a pair of swinging engines, a pair of reversing engines and a pair of thrusting engines, so that every motion of the ponderous shovel is accurately controlled. The water tank connected with the shovel and the storage bin for fuel are of sufficient capacity to enable the largest size shovel to be in operation continuously for fully eight hours. There is a wide range in the size of the scoops or buckets, of steam shovels, according to the work for which they are intended. In some instances a shovel is fitted with a bucket which will hold more than one or two tons, but as a rule the capacity is such that from four to eight tons of material are lifted at every scoop of the tremendous moil arm.

Steam shovels, in order that they may be moved quickly and economically from place to place, are mounted upon extra heavy trucks that are of standard gauge, and, in the main, very similar to those which support the largest freight cars. It is thus equipped to travel as the railroad cars in the loading and unloading of which it may be engaged, or if it is desired to transfer the shovel from one place to another it may be hauled as an ordinary freight car.

One of the remarkable attributes of the modern steam shovel is the ability of the great, ungainly machine to lift masses of material above its head, so to speak. Almost any of the steam shovels now in use will dump material 16 or 17 feet above the level of the rails on which the shovel stands, and some of them, which have exceptionally long arms, will lift the huge dippers 20 feet or more above the track. As might be expected, it is necessary when constructing a machine which is to perform such work as this to provide every possible safeguard against the constant wrenching and twisting which are inevitable, particularly when the dipper is operated rapidly. To minimize the strains it is the custom to place cushions of wood between the steel parts of the machine.

Probably the most interesting steam shovels in the world are to be found on the "Mesaba Range," one of the five districts which go to make the Lake Superior mining region. Here they render possible in its present scale of magnitude the so-called "open-pit" mining, the shovelling of iron ore directly from its natural resting place in the earth to the railroad cars which are to carry it to market. An "open-pit" mine is nothing more or less than an immense hole in the ground, perhaps half a mile square. Into this railroad sidings are run, as they might be into a vast quarry, and in some of these mines, where fully a million tons of ore is taken out each year, there is in operation simultaneously anywhere from half a dozen to a dozen of the large shovels.

The type of shovel most extensively used in mining operations is 48 feet in length and nearly 10 feet in width. The boiler is nearly 5 feet in diameter, and the boom or arm of the shovel ranges in length anywhere from 25 to 30 feet. Such a shovel weighs more than many a locomotive, and costs from \$7,000 to \$10,000. It is in the iron regions, previously mentioned, that the most remarkable records of rapid loading by means of steam shovels have been attained. As a rule five trips of the dipper are required to fill an ordinary freight car, but so rapidly is

the long arm raised and lowered that it is accounted slow work if more than five minutes be consumed in loading a car, and not frequently cars are fully loaded and pushed out of the way of the shovel at the rate of one every two minutes. From eight to a dozen men are required to operate a shovel of fair capacity, and by steady work they can place fully 7000 tons of ore aboard the cars in a single working day. In order to make such a record as this, however, it is necessary that the men have an opportunity to work on the side of a pit or mine, where it will not often be necessary to resort to blasting to loosen the ore, so that it may slide down to the shovel, and it is further essential that a locomotive be constantly at hand to shift the cars as rapidly as they are filled, thus preventing delay.

New types of steam shovels are to a considerable extent displacing the familiar locomotive crane in many manufacturing establishments. Some of the machines put to such use are operated by electric motors instead of by steam. Numerous improvements have of late been made in steam shovels in general. One of these gives greater latitude of movement to the dipper. The old-fashioned steam shovel dipper was limited to a verticle thrust, but in the newer machines the big scoop is not only enabled to revolve in a complete circle, but the dipper is fitted with a sliding trolley, to which is suspended by an adjustable arm, and about which it rotates. Indeed, the present mechanism even renders it possible to remove the dipper entirely and make use of the machine as a locomotive crane. In the new-style machine all the movements are controlled by levers so arranged as to be operated by one man stationed on a platform at the front of the machine. Within the past year or two many steam shovels have been exported to Europe, where they are coming into extensive use for railroad and canal excavation, as well as for transferring material in manufacturing establishments.—Philadelphia Record.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

A curious coin used by the Gauls about 2000 years ago was shaped like a horseshoe or the capital letter U, and was about a quarter of an inch thick and two inches across.

Pennsylvania was originally settled by Swedes in 1627. They were forcibly subjugated in 1655 by the neighboring Dutch of New Amsterdam (New York), who themselves passed under English rule in 1664. Philadelphia and Pennsylvania proper were founded by Penn in 1682.

A St. Petersburg medical student, M. Kolomazeff, has just completed a curious scientific experiment; he has hatched out a turkey's egg by carrying it about for 18 days under his arm. In consequence of his success quite a crowd of people in St. Petersburg are now endeavoring to hatch out geese, hens and ducks in the same manner. It is a healthier occupation than hatching plots.

The dwarfs as well as the giants are caught in the net of French compulsory military service, and the last conscription has brought out a recruit of very diminutive size. His name is Francois Finas; he comes from Mont-mellan; his height is three feet three inches; he weighs only four stone three pounds; he cannot carry a flag or keep step with his comrades, but trots after them as they march through the town.

At one time, if a Japanese girl married a foreigner, she was instantly decapitated. A Portuguese was probably the first European to marry a daughter of the land of the chrysanthemum with impunity. He went there 20 years ago, and fell in love with a Japanese girl. Her parents warned her of the fatal consequences of marrying him, but she persisted, with the result that the Mikado decided that she must be beheaded. However, after a correspondence of over five years' duration between the Portuguese and Japanese governments, she was permitted to live.

The horses of the Pilgrims were all alike in form and size. After cutting down trees and sawing logs of suitable length, the men dragged them by hand along the ground—for there were no horses or other beasts of burden—and laid them one upon another, thus forming the walls. Probably the chimneys and fireplaces were of stone, crevices being plastered up with mortar, made by mixing straw and mud, and oil paper taking the place of glass for windows. At the best, these log-houses were poor makeshifts for dwellings in the severe winter along the bleak New England coast. For furnishing these simple homes, the Pilgrims had brought over such articles as large arm-chairs, wooden settles, high-posted beds, trundle-beds for young children and cradles for babies. The cooking was done in a big fireplace. Here the housewife baked bread in large ovens, roasted meat on iron spits, which they had to keep turning in order to cook all sides of the roast alike, and boiled various kinds of food in large kettles hung over the fire.

Manliness.

Next to being manly is to appreciate manliness. Next to being womanly is to appreciate womanliness. There is, indeed, a measure of the high quality in a man or woman that makes one recognize it when exhibited in another. It is the lack of the high quality that makes one undervalue it as it stands out in its commendableness. In view of this truth, we must remember that we disclose ourselves by our estimate of others.—Sunday School Times.

LABORS OF ROYALTY.

Manner in Which King and Queen Discharge Their Duties.

Before Mayfair is astrir the king is at his desk, dictating through telephone messages to his secretaries at work in another room, writing such letters as demand an autograph reply and attaching his signature to those documents which are ever present with the monarch. It used to be the boast of William IV. that he never retired for the night until he had signed everything which awaited his signature each day, and he would persevere in his task even when forced to allay the cramp in his fingers by bathing them in hot water.

King Edward is not less conscientious than King William, and signs documents with extraordinary dispatch. Indeed, his majesty does everything quickly and promptly, and will see through a thing before other people have begun to discuss it. After state documents and correspondence have been dealt with the king receives ministers, ambassadors and official personages in audience, or there may be a levee to hold or a function to attend, or, in these days, some coronation matter to consider.

The afternoon and evening frequently bring public duties and always social ones, while in between whiles the king manages to do a little purely family life. Too much emphasis cannot be placed on the fact that the royal family preserve a real home life amid all the calls of state and public duties.

It is less easy to tabulate the various demands on the queen's time and thought than to describe the details of the king's working day. In palace, as in villa, it is the many littles which occupy a woman's time and make her day arduous.

Apart from those hours which the queen must give to matters of dress she undoubtedly may claim to be a hard-working woman in virtue of the unflinching gracefulness with which she accompanies the king to all public ceremonies, the ready ear which she has for the demands of philanthropy and the kindly patronage she extends to art, music and the drama.

The queen must often perform her social duties in London when a rest at Sandringham amid the simple country life which she loves so well would be more agreeable. But duty first must ever be the royal watchword. It is not easy to be always bowing and smiling and saying the gracious thing, even though the body may feel weary and the head ache, and I think it must be in justice admitted that the queen and all the princesses show a fortitude in this matter which few women would care to emulate.—London Mail.

Trolley Lines Rights.

A recent decision of the New York court of appeals has placed the trolley on a par with steam railroads as regards the carrying of freight. It was contended by a trolley company that it had a legal right to effect a junction of its tracks with those of a neighboring railroad, which right was denied. The court decided in favor of the trolley company, affirming their right to make connection with any railroad and to interchange freight with same, in accordance with the rules governing railroads. The court stated that inasmuch as it is neither profitable nor practical for steam roads to connect with every village and hamlet or productive district in the country, and since the rapidly increasing network of trolley lines does afford an outlet for trade products, it is due the farmer, mill owner and merchandise vendor in distant places, that they should be able to avail themselves of the trolley system running before their doors. In commenting editorially on this important decision, the Street Railway Review declares it is one of the most far-reaching that has been rendered in this country. It is apparent, says the same authority, that the court does not consider the interest of the two classes of roads to be antagonistic to any serious degree, but regards the electric lines as filling a need which the steam railroads have as yet been able to supply with advantage to their own stockholders.

A Jumbo Lightning Bug.

What is believed to be the largest phosphorescent insect known to exist has just been shipped to Prof. Charles W. Woodworth, the University of California entomologist, from Madera by a woman who discovered it and has been in correspondence with the agricultural department in regard to her valuable find. The insect is 3-1/2 inches long, exceeding all other phosphorescent varieties that have ever been studied. The largest one previous to this was a specimen two inches long, found in the eastern states. Neither the name, species nor genus of the new insect can be determined. It comes at an opportune time, however, for scientists are at present making careful investigations in phosphorescence in the hopes of discovering the secret of obtaining light without heat.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Changes in Modes of Living.

One of the enjoyable features of Greenfield's celebration was a long reminiscence letter from the Hon. John E. Russell, which opened as follows: "He who can remember the events of 60 years has marked greater changes in modes of living than were made in the previous 2000 years. The world has been rapidly shrinking in size, so that the daily paper contains yesterday's news from every part of it, and a man in Greenfield can now send a message to the shores of the Pacific, and get and answer three hours by the San Francisco clock before the message left Greenfield.—Boston Transcript.

THE MAN WITH A \$1,000 BILL.

He Secured Smaller Money by an Ingenious Scheme.

Of a man with a \$1000 bill in his pocket and no smaller amount of money, a story has been written that traced him through many experiences and took him to the verge of starvation. But, as a matter of fact, one man who had nothing smaller than a \$1000 bill got through his difficulty very easily in this city a few nights ago.

Ten of these coveted promissory notes of the United States had been paid to him in the afternoon. In the pursuit of business and a modicum of pleasure he had, after the receipt of his \$10,000, spent the last dime he possessed other than the big bills. He was with some friends, any one of whom could and would have accommodated him with sufficient money for his needs, but a discussion arose about what he would do if he were a stranger in the city and had no money other than that which was in his pocket.

"I wouldn't care if I were dressed as a beggar," he said. "I can get all I want so long as I have a \$1000 bill in my pocket."

"You would be arrested or turned down if you tried to use it," said one. "There are not many places where \$1000 in change is kept handy. Besides, most people would be shy of taking such a bill from any of us. We don't look as though we carried \$1000 bills around in our pockets."

"Well," said the man with the \$10,000, "I'll bet a basket of champagne with the bunch that I can spend my money as freely as though these were \$5 bills instead of what they are, and I won't have any trouble about it, either. I'll get change the first time I try, too, or lose the bet. And I won't go to any man who knows me."

The wager was accepted, and the man with \$10,000, taking one friend with him, walked out to a pawn shop. He said to the clerk only this:

"I have received \$10,000 in 10 bills. They are mine and were come by honestly. It is difficult for me, a stranger, to get a \$1000 bill changed. Here are the 10 bills. Look at them. I need some money, and I want to pawn one of these bills for \$25. If you are afraid of me, call up police headquarters and I will satisfy the people there by papers that I can show that I am honest. Or, if you like, call up Mr. who paid the money to me, and he will tell you if I am all right."

The pawnbroker looked at him keenly for a second and then said: "I never took money as a pledge, but you are sober and seem all right, and you can have the \$25. Give me the \$1000 bill."

The pawnbroker examined the bill carefully and then, to the astonishment of the others, took another \$1000 bill out of his safe and compared them. Then, just as he would make out a ticket for a ring or a watch, he issued a ticket for a "\$1000 bill," turned over the \$25 and closed the transaction.—New York Tribune.

Athletic Training for Soldiers.

The advantage of athletic exercise as a means of fitting a soldier for the better discharge of his duties was signally demonstrated on the occasion of recent trials of certain heavy ordnance. When the officers in charge reached the point where they wanted the speediest possible handling of the big pieces they called for the men who had achieved a reputation as baseball and football players, and the rapidity with which they used their muscles contributed not a little to the success of the test. This, it is true, was merely a special case, but it warrants its application for the purpose of a general deduction, which is that just in proportion to the athletic training of a soldier will be his value in any field of active duty to which he may be assigned.

In this particular, as in others relating to the training of soldiers, the German army, the best military establishment in the world, may be pointed to as setting a good example. From the moment when the recruit makes his appearance and to the very end of his service he is drilled in every kind of gymnastics.

In some degree, it is true, the German soldier is prepared while at school, for here, too, gymnastic exercises are compulsory. It is evident, then that in our own army, even though it may not be thought advisable to compel the soldiers to undergo gymnastic training regularly, athletics ought to be encouraged in every way consistent with discipline.

Widower Was Consoled.

A lawyer who has won some distinction through his success in compromising suits for damages by accident says his most interesting client was a Swedish farmer from Delaware county, whose wife had been killed here in Philadelphia by a train crossing the street at grade.

The widower was simply inconsolable, and, having been told that he could get \$10,000 if he insisted on pushing the case, refused for months to talk compromise. The lawyer, of course, did all possible to keep the hearing back, in the hope of discouraging the Swede; and at last he was rewarded by an offer to settle at a reasonable figure.

The Swede called, the lawyer said \$500, and the bereaved one quickly accepted. As he folded the check and pocketed it he observed:

"Well, I need not do so padre! I've got fit' hundredollar and a good deal better life than I had before. She and me was married yesterday."—Philadelphia Times.

The average woman writes a large hand just for the pleasure of turning over a new leaf.