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How Williams Came To Go Back East

Williams of Rhode Island was down on his luck. He had been five years in the gold State, and had confidently looked forward to each succeeding year's enabling him to go back home and make things comfortable for the woman and little ones. But each succeeding year had found him precisely where the previous one had left him—a sanguine prospector, with a wealth of hope and a pitifully small outfit.

But this last find had been different. He had taken out sixty dollars a day for a week, and with this substantial evidence of coming prosperity had written a letter which filled the faraway home with sudden joy. Then the vein had disappeared, and he had picked and shoveled and hauled away dirt until his money was exhausted. But the gold was there, he was sure of it; and his confidence had induced the trader at Three Forks to advance him funds. However, there had been a shaft to sink, a solid rock to cut through; and it had all been expensive. When it was accomplished the money was gone—and there was no vein.

He was still confident; but the trader was angry, and had accused him of false pretenses. Only this morning he had received intimation that the Sheriff was about to levy on his mine—on his Molly, named after the dear one it was to do so much for.

He was aroused by approaching footsteps. When he looked up two men stood before him. One of them was the owner of the adjoining claim; the other was the Sheriff.

"I have come to——" began the officer.

"Yes, yes, I know." Williams of Rhode Island rose heavily to his feet. "It's all right. Just go ahead. I can do nothing."

The sheriff looked at him curiously.

"Oh, 'tain't quite so bad as that," he laughed. "I did 'low on makin' a levy; but Kansas here has been tellin' me something that has changed my plans. You needn't bother about the bill jest now."

"I s'pose you heerd 'bout my luck?" Kansas asked, blandly.

"I've got a pretty vein," Kansas went on frankly; "but hit dips to'ard you uns' land. If thar's a pocket I 'low hit's acrost your line. I don't s'pose ye'd be willin' to sell out, clean; but if ye'll go pards I'll give ye ten thousand for a half share." He waited a moment, but as there was no reply, added: "I'll make it twenty for a clean job; but of course ye won't quit?"

Williams of Rhode Island looked down into the valley, and up the mountain; and then across to the east, where the sun was just rising above the pines.

"Yes, I'll quit," he said, huskily; "you can buy me out clean. I'm going home."—Philadelphia Times.

FISHING IN THE YELLOWSTONE.

Trout Caught and Boiled in the Same Stream.

People returning from the west frequently have some wonderful stories to relate of how they caught trout in the Yellowstone Park and, without changing their seat, lifted the fish out of the stream of cold water, over into a boiling spring, and cooked it without removing it from the hook. These stories are all very well in their way, but when told in the manner above outlined one can safely put them down as yarns without the slightest foundation in fact. To catch a fish in a stream of cold water and lift it over into a spring of boiling water is one of the many curious things that are possible only in the Yellowstone Park, but, should the person so doing attempt to draw the fish out of the boiling spring the head would pull off the thoroughly boiled and perfectly soft body and he would thus lose the fish.

The most wonderful phenomenon of this sort in the Yellowstone Park is one that has thus far escaped those who are fond of telling big fish yarns, mainly for the reason that the locality lies outside the beaten track of travel and visitors and can only be reached after considerable difficulty. At the point in question a stream of clear, cold water flows through the park, receiving in its course the scalding hot waters of one of the numerous boiling springs of that region. This boiling water, as it reaches the cold stream, flows for a considerable distance along one bank before the waters finally mingle and become one in temperature.

Into this spring of boiling water, insects, bugs, toads, grasshoppers and the like are continually dropping and thus losing their lives, and all such insects are, as a matter of course, swept into the cold water stream. Now in the cold water of this stream a number of hungry trout are continually skirmishing along the edge of the hot water, taking good care not to venture too close, for the purpose of snapping up and devouring the insects brought down by the hot water and which happen to float over into the cold water, or near enough the border for the trout to pick them up, so that it is possible for a fisherman sitting on the bank, to catch a trout, with a hook and line, draw him two feet from where he took the hook, and boil him good and done, all in the same stream, and without even lifting the fish from the water.

The fisherman would, of course, have to have a scoop net to remove the boiled trout from the water, for otherwise the head would pull off, leaving the body in the water. But, barring this, says the Washington Post, it is within the bounds of truth for one to say that the Yellowstone is the only place on earth where it is possible to catch and cook a fish in the same stream.

A FABLE FROM REAL LIFE.

How Author of "Fables in Slang" Lived Up to His Theory.

There is a class of people—and they are not all women, either—who cannot be convinced that whatever an author writes isn't autobiographical. If a man writes a love sonnet, he must be in love, a theory which, if carefully applied to some of our poets, would prove that they out-Solomon Solomon. Such persons are rather vexing, for one is sure they would never read Shakespeare's sonnets if they didn't believe there was a woman involved, and they simply glory in the fact that poor little David Copperfield is said to be the boy Dickens himself. To all such this story may have interest.

It is about a fable by George Ade, the past-master of slang. The fable tells of two men, the one who wouldn't learn botany, but got out and Dug for the Rocks, or something of that sort; the other who said, "Nay, nay, a cultured mind is the real thing; I'll go through college, and then be It," or something of that sort. Anyway, the first who had "bloodshot hands" (that quotation is exact), got out and rustled for the cash so effectively that by the time the second was earning $50 a week as a professor, and was still only an A. M., he came to the same college with $50,000 he had forgotten to take out of his pocket when he changed his "pants" (the professor doubtless wore trousers), saw a new gymnasium was needed, gave the $50,000 and was made a Ph. D. The laugh seemed to be on number two.

Now, according to James O'Donnell Bennett, who is well known in theatrical circles, being now connected with the business end of Miss Marlowe's productions, George Ade himself might stand for number one in some way, and Bennett and several more for number two.

"You see," said Bennett, "before Ade was famous, when he was just a newspaper man with the rest, a lot of us used to have quarters in Chicago where we retired at night, when the day's grind was over, and studiously set about improving our minds. But Ade wouldn't join us. While we were reading the sixty-seventh volume of the 'Life of Johnson' he would be down in all sorts of joints, setting up cheap variety actors and the like to beer and ham sandwiches.

"'George,' we would tell him, 'you are not doing right by yourself. You should study and improve your mind, not waste your spare time in cheap and riotous living. Come with us; win culture, not slang.'

"But Ade kept on setting up the beer and learning slang. We cut the leaves in the sixty-eighth volume of Boswell. And now—and now, we have minds more or less improved, but Ade draws a salary of $500 a week, and goes to the Waldorf! There's your fable, 'to the life.'"—New York Tribune.

Where Wax Is Mined.

In several parts of the world a resinous substance called ozocerite and bearing considerable resemblance to beeswax is found, usually in connection with rock salt and coal. There are deposits in Austria, Russia, Roumania, Egypt, Algeria, Canada and Mexico, but ozocerite has, so far, not been discovered in sufficient quantities to pay for mining anywhere except in the district of Roryslav, in Austrian Galicia, and on an island on the west coast of the Caspian Sea.

In mining this mineral wax shafts are sunk until a bed or "nest" of ozocerite is struck. Then connecting galleries are driven. There is considerable danger and many lives have been lost in consequence of the sudden forcing up of the soft wax into the shafts by the enormous pressure to which it is subjected. It is used largely for manufacturing ceresin, says the Brooklyn Citizen, which is employed, together with beeswax, for making wax candles, as well as in the manufacture of phonographic cylinders, and for many similar purposes.

Progress of Cremation.

That veteran advocate of cremation, Sir Henry Thompson, has published in the Lancet a statistical account of the progress of this movement which should interest those who regard cremation as the only satisfactory mode of disposing decently of the dead, having regard to the safety of the living. At Woking 2,097 cremations have taken place, beginning with 3 in the year 1885 and ending in 1901 with 273. In 1901 there were, besides 95 at Manchester, 40 at Liverpool, 18 at Glasgow, 17 at Hull and 2 at Darlington. Leicester will have a crematorium in a few months, and the institution in course of erection in the north of London will be ready before the close of 1902. The United States has 26 crematories, of which 24 are in use. At Fresh Pond, N. Y., 654 bodies were cremated in 1901, 666 at San Francisco (Odd Fellows), and 182 at Chicago. In Paris, from 1899 to 1901, 2,299 private cremations took place.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Taking Her Down.

May—Yes, I have accepted him. He says I'm a prize.

Fay—Consolation prize, I presume. Nobody else would have him.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Worst Patients of All.

Young Doctor—Which kind of patients do you find it the hardest to cure?

Old Doctor—Those who have nothing the matter with them.—Judge.

The girl who learns to play the piano well must be mighty tired.

HERMIT OF BOG MOUNTAIN.

Cuts Ten Tons of Hay Yearly and Gets It In on a Wheelbarrow.

At the base of Bog Mountain is a farm under cultivation, owned and carried on by Silas Prescott. There is no highway leading into this place.

About seventy-five years ago there was a large family of boys, sons of Samuel Prescott, settled on or near Prescott Hill. One of these, Josiah, about sixty years ago cleared up a few acres of tillage and built a house at the base of Bog Mountain. Much of the lumber he carried on his back from the highway, a distance of half a mile. He lived there the remaining part of his life. Five children were born on this farm.

One of them, Silas B., now 54 years of age, has always lived on the birthplace. His father died in 1876 and his mother in 1891. Mr. Prescott lives alone, the town giving him his taxes on condition that he ask for no highway.

A reporter called upon him and ascertained that he lived alone, had ten acres of tillage, cut about ten tons of hay, and gets it in on a wheelbarrow. His great hobby is keeping bees and he has the business down fine, some years receiving large returns. This year the bees are a failure as to honey. They are so tame with him that he can spread honey on his face, lie down on the grass and the bees will come and take the honey away and do not sting him. He handles them without any fear.

Mr. Prescott says he never gets lonely. He spends a great deal of time in hunting and fishing, and in the season for them gets very many skunks. He says he has caught as four of these odoriferous animals in a night without a dog. He takes a lantern on his arm and sets out for a night's hunt. A bridle path leads from the fourth New Hampshire turnpike to his place. The darkest or stormiest night has no terror for him.

Mr. Prescott once won a bag of meal on a wager that he could carry it home, a distance of two miles, letting down and putting up two pairs of bars himself, without setting the meal down. For diet he uses crackers, canned goods, fish, game, and berries in their season.

The reporter asked him how he would like a woman to keep house for him. He had a good many "ifs" in his answer. He seemed to enjoy his mode of living as well as any he could have. In winter he cuts some wood and lumber, but summer or winter, work is not allowed to interfere with his interest in sport or recreation.

For several years he was a member of Messer Rifles, Company A, 3d Regiment, N. H. N. G. He was obliged to walk eight miles, and was one of the most regular attendants at the company meetings. He was counted as one of the best, and gave credit to his company, taking great interest in it and its affairs.—Wilmot (N. H.) Dispatch in Boston Advertiser.

A Hygienic Terror.

A germproof house is the latest addition to the hygienic terrors of life. It is not yet actually in existence, but medical congresses are busily and even hopefully paving the way for its advent. When it arrives and we are all thoroughly scientific and uncomfortable, our homes will be single-storied, without stairs, built on gravel soil, destitute of cellars, with concrete and blocks of earthenware "pierced for ventilation" placed under the floor, and the ordinary bricks "will be superseded by glazed and tightly fitting hygienic bricks." The roof will be tiled, not slated, and the windows will reach from top to bottom of the walls. The dining table will be of polished mahogany, the chairs cushionless or stuffed with medicated wool, says the London Chronicle. The walls ought to be made of a cement that takes a high polish, can be stained to any color, and washed frequently. Curtains and draperies of all kinds will be abolished; pictures will be permitted only when let into the cement wall; for artistic touches we shall be depending on "plants of india rubber and eucalyptus type." In no room will there be corners to harbor dust and bacteria, and the skirting will always curve into the hardwood parquet floors, instead of striking them at right angles.

Rain Shields.

In some form or other the umbrella was in use many centuries before the Christian era. We see it depicted in the paintings and sculptures of Egypt. In China and Japan the umbrella has been in existence as far back as history can trace, and the full war attire of a Japanese soldier included not only a fan, but a very large parasol. At the beginning of the seventeenth century umbrellas were introduced into England as a fashionable fad. In those days they were made of feathers in imitation of the plumage of water birds. Later, oiled silk became the ordinary material. In the reign of Queen Anne, as a protection in wet weather, they became of general use amongst women. That the stronger sex disdained them, although men's dress was just as gay and rich as that of ladies, is proved beyond a doubt by many writers of the period,

Let Paris dames the umbrella's ribs display
To guard their beauties from the sunny ray;
Or sweating slaves support the shady load,
When Eastern monarchs show their state abroad;
Britain in winter only knows its aid,
To guard from chilly showers the walking maid.

Men abuse a woman who comes downtown and roars, but whenever the butcher or baker offends, every man sends his wife to complain about it.

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