THE SUNDAY OREGONIAN, PORTLAND, APRIL 22, 1900.

So Awfully Sad. monkey was feeling quite bad, his tall had been pinched by a lad; nd he said: "I can't tell My his ory well, tale is so awfully sad." -Detroit Free Press

TREED BY WOUNDED BEAR

Two Brave Lads Rouse a Surly Old Cinnamon, Who Pays for Chasing Them With His Life.

"Come, John, we have got to hustle this morning and get the freight loaded on these wagons and start back," called out Arthur to his younger brother.

These two boys, of 15 and 17 years of respectively, had been sent to Umatilla, a shipping point on the Columbia, to get supplies for the mines of Eastern Oregon and Idaho. It was in the early '60s, before there were any railroads in Oregon and when all supplies for the "upper country" came from Portland to Umatilla. From this point they were taken to the mining districts in prairie schooners, dragged by horses, mules or oxen. Long pack trains of sure-footed mules and horses traveled across the sandy and bunchgrass region to Crawford Hill, Blue Mountains, and thence by the old immigrant road across the moun tains to the mines.

At their own request, the boys had been sent down to Umatilla for the supplie by their father. They were anxious to make the trip, and thought they could attend to the freight all right. They got the freight on their wagons; obtained the freighting receipt, like veteran freighters, and started the six horses over the 12 miles of hot sand along the Umatilla River, and, on the next day, were headed for the Blue Mountains. They passed the spot where Pendleton now stands and the Cayuse Indian reservation, and then climbed the Crawford Hill.

Plenty of Company.

They were a part of the great proces sion of pack trains and freight wagons crossing the mountains to the interior. The boys were enjoying themselves in fine fashion, and everything pointed to ward a successful trip.

After the wearisome, climb up the Crawford Hill, they followed the old immigrant road to the famous California ranch-the common camping place of the teamsters, in the heart of the Blue Mountains. These mountains abounded in bears and cougars, and the boys frequently saw the tracks of these animals in the dusty road, but they were not alarmed, as they were armed with a spencer carbine.

Just as night began to envelop the mountains they reached the California ranch. This, as has been stated, was the usual camping place for freighters, but when the boys arrived there they were entirely alone.

After reaching camp they unhitched the horses, and drove them to a ridge, some distance away, and which was covered with bunchgrass. A bell was attached to one horse, so that the bunch could be easily found on the following morning. Then John and Arthur went back to camp and turned in.

Darkness had settled down in the moun-

for the infuriated bear had discovered him and was close at his heels. As the tree was too small for the bear to climb, Arthur considered himself safe for the present, so he turned his attention to his brother.

John Also Up a Tree. Listening intently for several minutes and hearing nothing, he called out: "Hello, there, John! Are you safe?" Faintly, from across the ravine, came the answer:

"All right, brother; I'm up a tree, over here, about half way up the ridge. How

are you?" "The bear has treed me. I wounded him, and he is wild as a tiger," called back Arthur. "Where's the gun? Why don't you

shoot him?" "I can't. I dropped the gun by the tree when I climbed it," was the dis-

couraging reply. The bear, maddened with the pain in his head, began to shake the tree and plunge against it. He selzed it in his paws and shook it so vigorously that Arthur nearly fell out. This performance was nearly fell out. This performance was bore the honors with becoming modesty kept up at intervals during the few re- It is true that John did get the "big-head

dislodge John, the old fellow gave up and started back. Arthur stood ready for him, and when he was 50 yards away, the lad fired straight at his heart. The aim was true, and, after a great bound into the air, the huge creature fell to the

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ground, stone dcad. John came down from the tree, and joined his brother, and they then proce-ded to divest the bear of his great brown coat. They also removed the claws as a trophy.

It was no trouble to locate the camp in It was no trouble to locate the camp in broad daylight, and an hour's tramp brought them to it. They found that they had pastured the horses on the wrong ridge, in the darkness, mistaking it for the usual one. By following the sound of the bell, the bunch was soon located, and was driven back to the road and hitched up. The boys threw their trophes on to the wayon and stiff and sore started for up. The boys threw their trophies on to the wagon and, stiff and sore, started for Grand Ronde Valley. They stopped at their home in La Grande to tell their ex-their home in La Grande to tell their ex-

perience and leave the skin and claws as proof of the story. On their return the whole town met them with cheers. They were the envy and admiration of every boy in town; but they

should name the towns at each end of the lake. She said it was so far sho thought Dan and Beersheba would do. From Dan he started, and, as the wind was fair, made safe passage to Beersheba. There he sold his cargo at a profit and cargo a suitor beautiful came saliing home again with a beautiful

breastpin for Mary. Then he changed the names of the towns to San Francisco and Manila, and sent his boat laden with marbles for cannon balls to Dewey. He played very happliy till called to dinner, and then found that the sun had been shining for a whole hour.--Philadelphia Inquirer.

HIS JEWELED TOOTH.

Gold Crown Set With Diamonds, in Jaw of Bull Terrier.

Jim, says the Boston Evening Transcript, is a bull terrier whose pedigree runs back through many generations of distinguished ancestry. He is an aristocrat, | the vigilance of the keepers, started on a born into luxury, and his five years of life have been a continuous round of tment and ease.

Everything that a pampered canine could possibly desire is lavished on Jim. The choicest tidbits fall to his portion. The smartest of up-to-date collars : his neck, and every night he is tucked up in his own bed, with the clothes well up under his chin, "just so," before he will shut his eyes to sleep. Yachting trips and country holidays make his summers pass pleasantly, while his winter quarters are such as befit a dog of his position and

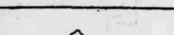
In point of luxurious living Jim is not

In point of luxurious living Jim is not more favored than hundreds of other Boston pets. He has one great claim to distinction, however, which makes him peculiarly interesting—he is a regular cus-tomer at the dentist's. Some time ago Jim's master realised that something was the matter with his prize dog. He investigated and found two decayed teeth. Accordingly they were pulled out. The operation was not un-attended with difficulties, but Jim seemed to know that the ordeal was for his uitiattended with almoutles, but Jim seemed to know that the ordeal was for his uti-mate good, and he behaved much better than the average man or woman who "takes nothing" when the forceps are applied. Relief from pain was evident by the way he capered after the trouble

corresponds to the eye-tooth in the hu-man mouth, showed signs of decay in darkish spots. Again he was conducted to the chair. This time a more delicate operation had to be undertaken, which the patient bore with fortitude. An en-tire gold crown was fitted, giving the ap-pearance of a solid gold tooth. More than pearance of a solid gold tooth. More than that, three sparkling diamonds were set in the polished surface. The largest is near the gum and the smallest at the point of the tooth. Much of the work was done before the crown was adjusted, so the operation was probably not as pain-ful as might be imagined, although Jim has never expressed himself on the subject. He knows when his remarkable tooth is He knows when his remarkable tooth is to be exhibited. He cocks his head to one side and relaxes his jaw so it can be easily seen. Another of Jim's teeth, directly in front has become loosened, and it will soon have to be treated by having a bridge to tighten

PLAGUE OF RATS IN PARIS.

In Paris there are low streets near the river where the inhabitants are afraid



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"Long Division."

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of State.

shape of cadet corps and battallons, un-der the direct control of the War Office. The schools are to receive therefrom \$500,-

000 a year by way of support. Unless some unforeseen circumstance comes up to change present arrangements. tion will be presented to Paritaent within the next few weeks. It will ment within the next few weeks. It win be broached, in connection with the civil service estimate (which follows those of the army and navy), in the House of Commons by Sir James Ferguson, a Cri-mean veteran, and in the House of Lords by Earl Brownlow, formerly Under Secre-tary of State for War. est and dearest!

CREATES & COMMOTION.

Escaped Circus Monkey Takes Sole Possession of Things.

which was produced in the recital hall of A large monkey escaped from its cage the Chicago Auditorium recently. The in the winter quarters of the circus at parts were all taken by boy and girl chil-Bridgeport, Conn., one day, and, eluding dren of the slums, representing many na-tionalities, who had been coached by the tour of the down-town shopping district, voung dramatic author. The play is called "The King of Atri," and has 14 characters says the National Magazine. A millinery store was thrown into a flutter of agita-tion at its entrance. Customers and clerks fied to the workroom. The mon- young colored dramatist did not write it

by feeling something plucking sharply at his beard, and awoke to see a gorgeous bird flying away with a white bunch of hair from it! This gave the young lady a new dea. She made everybody in the house contribute to her a lock of hair or a fragment of beard, and the orioles built their nest entirely of this material, so that, when their fledglings had flown, she was able to add to her collection an oriole's nest made entirely of the hair of her near-

sition in Chicago.

A 14-year-old colored boy of one of Chi-

cago's public schools has written a play

TRAPPED IN THE CELLAR

Tet children all love me, I know."

COLORED BOY PLAYWRIGHT. Rascally Burglars Run to Earth by Produces Drama of His Own Compo-Courageous Dick and His

Young Sisters.

The Gingerbread Man.

once was a man who said. "Though made out of gingerbread dough, And I am small of size, With currants for eyes-

-Philadelphia Pre

27

"What shall we do now?" said Betty one sunny Saturday afternoon, as they sat together on the rubbish heap at the bottom of the garden. This was their favorite resort, it being such a sheltered nook.

"Do?" answered Dick, contemptuously You girls never know what to do. If I were by myself a picnic in Poplar Park would be what I should most enjoy, but, of course, with you two on my hands,

It's not to be thought of." "Hear him, Tina! What airs he gives himself. One would think from his manner he was at least 14. Anyhow, why shouldn't we go to Poplar Park? It's rather a good idea-for a boy."

"Poplar Park!" exclaimed Tina; "It's three miles from here."

"All the better," said Dick, stoutly. "Do let's go," urged Betty. And finally they went.

"I'm so glad no one saw us start off." said Betty, with a sigh of relief. "But, they were all so interested in last night's robbery over at the Kents." "Yes," put in Dick; "and Jane cays they've offered 2600 for any one who catches the burgiars. Don't I wish I

could just." "I'd like to see you catch a burglar." said Tina with fine contempt; "why you'd fly if you saw one a mile off!"

"Would I, Miss? That's all you know about it. I'd run him in quick." And about it. I'd run him in quick." And then Dick changed the subject by asking if any one had thought of bringing provisions.

The Provisions.

"I've got some peanut brittle," said Betty. producing a sticky bundle from the depths of her pocket.

"And I have a potato," said Dick triumphantly; "we'll roast it when we get

But Tina smiled in a superior manner. 'You'll never guess what I have," she

cried. "What? what?" the two asked breath-

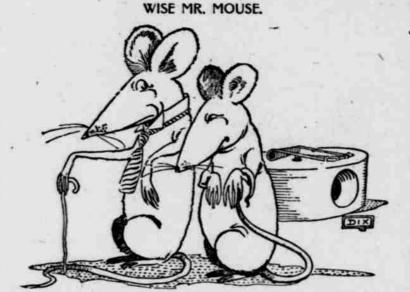
"A candle and a box of matches. Who would have thought of "Oh, Tina, how clever you are!" cried

her-younger sister, admiringly, and even Dick condescended to remark that she was not "a bad sort." By this time they had reached the park

gates. "Now, you, Betty," said Dick, majos-tically, "had better go and pick up sticks for the boniire, while Tina and I stay and ook after the provisions."

But Betty did not agree with his plan, and it finally ended by all three going to collect the sticks, and in a few minto collect the sticks, and in a low min-utes the fire was cracking, and the po-tato was put in to roast. Their joy was shortened, however, for hardly had the unlucky potato begun to blacken when a big drop of rain fell with a hiss into the

"How dark it has grown," said Tine, uneasily, as she gianced up at the black clouds, "I believe we'll have a storm." "How jolly" said Dick, but his face con-tradicted his words, and his voice was strangely subdued. The rain increased rapidly, and soon a steady downpour forced the children to take shelter beneath the eaves of Poplar Park mansion. As time wore on, with trembling fingers, they tried the handles of the front door and the back, but, alast they were both locked, and they were about to give up in despair, when Betty suggested that they might be able to climb through the broken window frame, which was only a few feet from the ground. With some slight difficulty, one after the other got through, and they descended on the other side into a dark. gloomy apartment. As they stood hud-died together in a corner of the room, Betty's face was very pale.



"Now, my dear wife, if you are quite ready, we will set out in search of cheese. Not that we could not find it close at hand, but years of experience have taught me that when you find heese in a mouse trap, you'll also find a mouse who don't hanker for any more of it."

maining hours of the night, and the boys a little; but that was only to be expected, such cramped positions. ALICE M. WELLS. such cramped positions. Finally, a few streaks of golden light

lit the eastern sky, and then the round, red sun rose, filling the mountains with glory, and awaking new hope in the sink-Lovable Traits of Maltese Cat and ing hearts of the youngsters. The bear had drawn off several rods and was lying down, much weakened by His Black and Tan Chum. The biggest and handsomest cat in San Francisco is probably "Fritz," a great It was necessary for Arthur to get possession of the gun, which lay at the foot of the tree, where he had dropped Maltese belonging to a Kearny-street druggist, says the Examiner of that city. "Have you got a string and anything to make a hook of?" called John to Arthur. "I have a small fish hook, but not an

almost leonine in its dignity. No one inch of string about me." was the reply. After some reflection, John again said: who has seen and admired Fritz will be surprised to be told that he is a cat with history. "Can't you tear up your shirt, make a

of a down-town life. When a wee kitter he was brought, along with a small black and tan puppy, to a lovely home, where

string of it and then attach the hook to it? If you can, you will be able to hook that gun up into the tree and kill No sooner was the suggestion made than a mother sat mourning the loss of a little daughter who had lain on

"FRITZ," OF 'FRISCO.

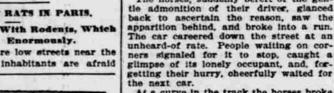
In weight, he easily tips the scale against any animal of his kind; his glossy coat is without a blemish, and his noble head, with calm, masteeful topaz eyes, is

He was not reared to the confusion as tumult and the indiscriminate association

nome molars were removed. Not long after, Jim's left cuspid, which

Cats Fraternise With Rodents, Whiel

Increase Enormously.



At a curve in the track the horses broke loose and galloped away, and here a valiant policeman boarded the car and ind the m onkey, with the hat p on one side of its head, hugging the abandoned baby head downward to its breast, with an expression of placid en joyment on its countenance.

The horses, suddenly bereft of the gen-

"My dear Puss, you must have

"Get out, Tommy! I don't like your necktie!" each part separately. No older person-on any person at all, for that matter-had even a finger in the writing of the play, or in the directing of the rehearsals, ex-Charlie Warren, the boy who wrote the play, is the son of a carver for one of the large Chicago hotels. In appearance and manner he is said to be almost painfully

DIX

for the play in the schoolroom from Greek stories read to him by his teacher. play in the ech

I can ming like anything. Signor Frog and I, today, Sang a Springtime roundelay At the marsh-land green pavilion.

After twanging, strumming, thrun Fuss and feather, what a bother! Monsieur Cricket, Miss Cicada And Miss Katy-did Von Skraper Cut a flourish, cut a caper

With their bows, and we began.

Signor was in splendid voice;

seded to inspect the stock of out in the order of the parts, but wrote bonnets. This amusement soon losing its novelty, it wandered from the store with a wonderful creation of the milli-ner's art upon its head, and, spying an approaching horsecar, made directly for it. The driver departed for headquarters, leaving the simian intruder temporarily

CHANGE YOUR TIE, TOMMY!

in charge. One portly gentleman, wak-ened from a brief nap by the commotion, gave one glance at the monkey and odest. He got his inspiration gave one giance at the monkey and sought the nearest drug store, where he collapsed in a chair and in a shaking volce called for bromo seltzer and a tem-perance pledge. A fond mother dropped her offspring and dove headlong through an open window of the car.

A DUET.

Spink, spank, spink! I am Madam Bobelink;

a ranges by this time. A single ote, on a neighboring ridge, was making the night hideous, with his mournfu howls. It was a somewhat trying situa-tion to be in, but it was not the lads' first s of the sort, and they were unlismayed The tinkling bell sounded faintly, as if

the horses were straying off, so Arthur decided to round the band up that night, lest they should get entirely away.

They Start Out.

Rousing John, he picked up the carbine and both started out toward the ridge where they had left the horses in the early evening. They could hear the distant tinkling of the bell, and supposed they would have no difficulty in finding the horses, but they were deceived, for the sound, traveling down the long canyons,

misled them. They forced their way down deep guiches, over high ridges and among the spreading pines and tamaracks. After tramping for several hours, they found the horses and drove them to an open pratrie, on a long ridge, and then turned their stores toward come

their steps toward camp. The glowing light from the campfire was lost to view, but the boys, thinking it had either gone out or was obscured, walked on and on, now falling over a log or com ing up smartly against a great pine tree

Ing up smartly against a great pine tree. Presently a fear that was pounding at the heart of Arthur, the elder and more experienced, gave vent in these words: "John, we have now been walking long enough since leaving those horses to have reached camp, but-now don't be fright-ened-I believe we have missed it and are wandering about loot." wandering about-lost."

His suspicions were, indeed, true, for they had made an entire circle of the camp, in the inky darkness, and were get-

camp, in the inky darkness, and were get-ting farther away at every step. It was useless for Arthur to caution John not to be alarmed, or lose courage. Older and more experienced persons have been known to lose heart and give up in less dangerous situations, and it was only natural that 15-year-old John was dis He gasped at Arthur's words, and answered, in an uncertain voice, just as a cry, half-human and half-animal, from a ridge across the ravine, rent the night air:

John's Sensible Suggestion

"Let us build a fire and wait until it gets light, rather than get completely off the road and lost." he said.

This course seemed the only sensible one to pursue, so the boys got down on their hands and knees to feel about for sticks and twigs, with which to kindle the fire. They agreed to call frequently, so as not to become separated, and Arthur kept the gun in his hand, ready for any

emergency. While the boys were thus employed, twigs could be heard cracking in the woods, but they paid no attention. Pres-ently a blood-curdiing "Woof woof" sound-ed close to John. His hair thereupon ased close to John. His hair thereupon as-sumed the perpendicular, and cold chills chased down-his back. His overwrought nerves gave away, and, with a yell that rivaled cries of the coyotes, he took to his heels, just escaping a death-dealing blow from the paw of 4 large cinnamon hear. on as

The animal was standing on its hind legs, snarling and striking out into the darkness. Arthur blazed away with the gun, in the direction of the sound, and he knew the shot had taken effect, for he knew the shows a savage snari and lunged for Arthur. Blinded by the wound, which was in his head, and confused by the en flash from the gun, the bear missed the bey.

This gave Arthur an' opportunity for escape, which he lost no time in im-proving. A small tree was near, and he climbed it in a hurry, but none too soon,

Arthur had thrown is coat a and was at work tearing up the garment. He soon had a string long enough to reach to the ground, and to which he attached the hook. This he let down and then began the task of catching the hook onto the gun, John keeping up a great racket, in the meantime, from his tree, to

John's Wits Again at Work.

attract the bear's attention. At last the hook caught and Arthur drew the gun slowly up, but when just within reach, the hook slipped from its insecure hold and the gun fell to the ground.

his wound.

the old brute."

John was anxiously watching the out-come of the venture, and a groan escaped him when he saw its failure. The bear heard the noise of the failing gun and came over to the tree immediately. Though weak from the loss of blood, its strength was prodigious, and it shook the tree with its paws until it fairly cracked. Arthur, clinging in fright to the sway-ing tree, begged John to do something. ing tree, begged John to do something. Accordingly, while the bear was thus engaged, John slipped down to the ground, shouting and waving his arms wildly at the infuriated brute. At this the bear stopped shaking the tree and turned his attention toward John. Seeing him on the ground, he thought he had him sure, so he took after him. But agile John was too quick for him, and shinned up the

It Can't Be Helped.



ma Cloada-If that organ-grinder doesn't stop I can never get the children to sleep They can scarcely hear my lullaby. Cleads-Can't help it; the

tree before the lumbering creature could

cross over to where he was. "Now's your time," yelkd John to Ar-thur, "slide down the tree and get the gun and, when he comes back again, you will have him."

Arthur immediately proceeded to put his prother's words into action, and, regaining possession of the gun, stood ready to meet the bear, when it should return,

Good-Bye, Mr. Bear!

After several unsuccessful attempts to

suffering for four long years and had sone away, leaving the house empty. The scrawny blue kitten gave no prom-ise of its present magnificent growth, and the sad woman found occupation in coaring the delicate creature back to life and health. The cat and dog grew up and ecame fast friends, and their funny ca-

became fast friends, and their funny ca-pers brought a semblance of joy and lightness to the household. When the master left the house both of the animals would follow him to the street door, and the moment it closed be-hind him, with one accord they would dash upstairs to a front room, where, by jumping to the top of a sewing ma-chine standing in a window, they could watch him until he desappeared from sight down the street. When he re-turned they were always watching for him. If the mistress of the house, as sometimes happened, went out without her latchkey, and, coming back, had diffi-culty in gaining entrance, the pair of culty in gaining entrance, the pair of four-footed friends would first run to the closed door, then rush back and forth through the house like panic-stricker children.

Once a week both of them were regu-Once a week both of them were regu-larly treated to a bath, but they held a mutual and invincible prejudice against this ceremony, and when they saw the little tub and towels brought forth, the dog invariably set up a dismal whining while Fritz betook himself to the most cunning hiding place he could discover, and, after a long search, would be de-tected cowering in the depths of a closet or high up on a shelf.

or high up on a shelf. At night, no matter how soundly the cat might be sleeping curled up in a knot, whenever the master laid down his pa-per and quietly remarked: "Well, Fritz, I am going to bed now," the big ball would instantly uncoll and an animated mass of fur would spring to his shoul-der, to be borhe off in triumph to the up-per chamber, where a soft bed was pre-pared for him on the floor beside the pared for him on the floor beside the master's. The cat had many another pretty trick, invariably answering with a friendly cry whenever he was spoken to, and obeying orders given in the most matter-of-fact tone and without any ex-planatory gesture. To the desolate pair he seemed only a little short of being another human being, sympathizing with their moods and offering them every con-solation and diversion that lay within the power of cathed power of cathood. even this season of peace was o

short duration. Death again entered the home and claimed the husband, and the despairing little mistress went into cheer-less lodgings where animal pets are not tolerated, and, as she could not keep them with her, found comfortable homes for elsewhere, and thus it was that Fritz became a drug-store cat.

TEDDY'S RAINT DAY.

This Is a Story for Very Smal Children, Only.

It was such a rainy day! . Teddy could not go out to roll his new hoop, and, of course, he couldn't play marbles by himself. Mamma was busy with the Spring sewing and couldn't be bothered, but she said he might have the bathtub for a lake He began to whittle a boat out of a bit of kindling, but the knife was duil, and he hacked in vain.

So to Mary, the cook, he went in des pair. She heard his story, thought a minute and then went to the closet and brought out a cake of white soap. She

INTELLIGENT DEER.

Rescued From Hounds, He Be as Tame as a Lamb.

"I formerly lived in Northern New York for several years, and deer were very plentiful. I owned a sawmill, and a few feet below my mill there was a starch factory," writes a contributor to the International Good Templar. "There was a glade which was kept from freezing by the swift current of water from under the mills. "One day in midwinter a pack of dogs drove a young deer down to the river; the deer saw this open water and jumped

in. The current was so swift the dogs did not follow, but stood upon the lee and continued their barking until they drew the attention of the operatives in to allow their children to cross the gar-

den or the courtyard after dark. The the mill and factory, who rushed out to rescue the deer. The dogs were driven away, and Mr. Alger, the owner of the factory, soon had the deer in a place of safety. The deer was fed on hay and oats and showed no signs of wanting to Central markets are infested to such an extent that rat hunting has been abandoned in despair. As soon as dark sets in, armies of rats attack the reserve provisions, to which they have burrowed escape, but seemed as contented and quie as a pet lamb. Two days after the dee their way beneath the masonry. A singular detail is that the cats, which are very numerous at the Central markets, live on the best terms with the rats. was rescued it was so tame that Mr. Alger let it follow him into the main room of the factory, where it had more room The city cat has lost its reputation in Paris. He or she still enjoys killing a for exercise.

"All went well for awhile, until one day a man, followed by a dog, came to mouse, but with other food to hand, a rat ha become rather large game from the feilne point of view. For this reason the the factory. As soon as the deer saw the dog it jumped through a window and the dog followed after, the deer running at once to the open water. I chanced to be in the millyard, between the mill and the factory and saw the flight of the deer. I picked up a club, ran down and Budget Commission suppressed this year the credits for the cats kept in the storehouses of the Ministry of War. The cat as an official is new only to be found at the Ministry of Finance and the Council drove the dog away, and as soon as the dog was out of sight, the deer came to my side. The dog came back again and I kept driving him away. The deer kept on the opposite side of me from the dog until we reached a place of safety." of State. No decision has yet been come to by the authorities as to how the rat plague is to be solved of, although poisons, with instantaneous effects, which have the ad-ditional advantage of mummifying the body, are favorably regarded. The sys-tem, however, has the disadvantage of making poison too reading bining bin

VERY PRETTY CONCEIT.

Connecticut Woman Makes Unique Bird's Nest Collection.

making poison too readily obtainable. Dr. Thiery mentions four terriers, be-longing to M. Girard, chief of the Municipal Laboratory, which are excellent rat catchers. They have cleared the cellars Ernest Seton-Thompson told a wonderfu bird story in a lecture which he delivered catchers. They have cleared the cellars of the Prefecture of Police from the ver-min and have strayed along the sowers as far as Bercy, two miles from home, killing large numbers of rats on the way. in Boston the other day, says the New York Mail and Express. He said that a young lady in Connecticut, who had watched one year the nest-building of a M. Girard's favorite terrier can break inpair of Baltimore orioles in an elm tree which overhung her home, thought, when the birds came the next year, she would try an experiment. She put out on the veranda a quantity of tow, and the orioles took advantage of it and built their nest wholly of the flax. When they had fin-ished with the nest, the young lady cut it off with the branch it hung on-for she was a collector of birds' neste-and

put it up proudly with her other nests. Next year, when the Baltimores cam again, she put out a lot of gaudy colored silk and shreds of ribbon, and the hirds used that, producing the most gorgeous birds nest that any one ever saw, which, of course, the young lady, when the birds were done with it, added, with great de-light to her collection. among the nations than the comparative failure of The Hague conference, is a step

that the British Government is about to take, but regarding which, writes the London correspondent of the New York light, to her collection. When the orioles came again the year Press, almost nothing has as yet been

after_they came, of course, to that same veranda, looking for ready-made material. It happened that this time the young woman had put nothing out for them; but

brought out a cake of white soap. She showed him how to sharpen one end into a bow and to scoop out a long hollow so it would carry freight. When he had done that she gave him a little flag to stick in the bow, and his boat was done. He put in a load of beans and then asked Mary what he

High falsetto, de profundo, Grand crescendo-very choice. I chimed in, piercing treble, C in alt-I can sing like anything

> On we sang, without digression, With the most intense express Con dolore, glocoso, lon as

People came from far and near, Folks with four legs, two legs, no legs, Folks with wings and folks with stings.

Madam Brindle and her daughter tood knee deep in mud and bought their tickets, Bound to stay, anyway,

When our lovely song How they cheered us How they jeered us! Spink, spank, spink I can sing like anything.

Lady Burton, the famous English

Mary C. Bell. An Intelligent Mule.

Aggravating, Indeed.

an traveler, was once traveling in Syria,



Mrs. Howes Fly-Well, if that isn't aggra vating! Those human beings have been at our have used it all up-and we expect com any today!

when a mule, which was in great pain hobbled up to her, in spite of the heavy oad on its back, and held up the hoo that it had barely been able to use, with a look on its face that spoke plainly, not only of agony, but also of hope that she

might cure it. On looking at the hoof, Lady Burton found it plerced with a two-inch nail, which she pulled out at once, and from that time on the grateful animal followed

"I wish we had not come." she said, "It's rather jolly," said Dick, faintly, but Tina relieved her feelings in a burst of tears, saying in a hushed tone: "I won-der if Jane has missed us yet. It must be past supper time now."

The Trapdoor.

Dick walked over to the other side of he room to conceal his snuffles. Suddenly he gave out a low cry: "I say,

you girls; look here! a trapdoor!" "A what?" they both cried, darting anx-lously forward to where their brother was kneeling. As they did so, an exclamation of terror broke from the lips of the hildren, as they perceived through the crack at the side a glimmer of light below, which disclosed two men crouching by a small table in the cellar. They were two ruffianly looking men, and they had the table spread over with silver plate and

jewels. "Oh, look, Betty," whispered Tina, "there in Mrs. Kent's diamond bracelet; they must be the actual robbers, who broke in last night. What shall we do?" A happy expression broke over Dick's face as he whispered back. "Catch them, of course."

"All very well, but how are we to man-age it?" objected Tina. "Nothing easier. You, Betty, run to

the village as fast as you can, and bring a policeman, while Tina and I stay here to watch what they do.'

Then, by the light or Tina's candle, Dick slid the bolt in the trapdoor noiselessly as possible, while Betty climbed out of the window and ran as fast as her little legs would carry her through rain and mud. Twenty minutes later the solitary policeman, pacing the outskirts of the town, was startled by the figure of a little girl, with drenched golden curls and wildly excited eyes, who threw herself upon him shrick-ing: "The burglars! The Kents' burgars! We've got them in the cellar! Come

The next day the local papers we filled with accounts of the capture of the two notable burglars, and that the reward would be divided among the three little captors. In addition to this, Mrs. Kent insisted on presenting to each a handsome memento of the adventure which had served to return to her her ds .- New York Tribun

A Native Daughter's Enigma-No. 5

My first is in apple, but not in plum. My second is in cider, but not in rum. My third is in meat, but not in bread, My fourth is in iron, but not in lead. My fifth is in red, but not in white, My sixth is in read, but not in write, My seventh is in low, but not in high, My eighth is in barley, but not in rye. My minth is in head, but not in hand, My tenth is in water, but not in land. My eleventh is in even, but not in odd. My twelfth is in yard, but not in rod. My twelfth is in yard, but not in rod. My whole is the hero of Manila Bay, Who got married of late, and his wife points he way-to the White Ho

-Miss Lavone Mad Sellwood, Or., April 11, 1900.

