# HOW LIEUTENANT GILMORE WAS RESCUED

to the current and on a windy day sees the dead white streaks of the combers come from one end of the bar to the other. The grove of tall coccanut palms on the point to the left masks the closslying nips houses of the village of Linso and the trim little lighthouse that winks so tirelessly from dusk till dawn. On the right is a low spot of sand, the fisher huts and mounds of primitive salt works in relief against the foam and sea beyond. to where. 20 miles away, the blue blur of the crater peak of Kimaguin stains the More to the right and, nearer is the narrow marsh that separates the main channel from the town of Aparri, while in the background the sky is notched by the roofs and towers. To the left, this side of Linso, and on both banks of the river, is a great level green that reaches to the distant moun-

One must go almost down to the river's mouth to where, in the wind, the white curls of sea play upon the beaten face of the sandy beach, to reach the town. As the launch slips along the back chanpel with the sound of breakers just beyoud the strip of sand one sees the Ilbanac fishermen at close quarters. They are mending boots drying nets couting for balt, or lounging in their shed-like huts, and though next door, as it were. to town, they seem to have caught very little of civilized dress or manners. When the first boat from the ship went alongside one of the dilapidated wharves

there was standing upon it a foriorn cannon, brought down from the trenches evidently by one whose fad for curios was greater than his ideas for their transportation. The gun was a small one mounted upon the roughest of woodcarriages. A bent axie tilted one of a wheels, a section of tree trunk, quite out of parallel with the other, giving the piece a very mournful look. It is but a few minutes' walk through streets of quite ordinary, plain houses of the usual Filipino pattern to the pinza, an unkempt bit of pasture enclosed by the church and the best of the houses, a bendstand in the center sadly in need of repair, and a neat-looking bell-tower near the church in one corner as its only orna-This, beside the nipa huts that stretch out in all directions, except to-wards the river front, is all there is to

the town of Aparri. A Filipino Family.

The people are much the same as those

I have seen in other towns. A few Spanfards, some natives of intelligence and education, and a great many uneducated, shiftless, worthless ones. The jefe local a rather striking-looking man, alm as dark as a negro, but with fine lips and straight black bair. I went to his house, and evidently as a concession to American ideas, he introduced his wife and daughter, besides the numerous rel-atives, retainers and visitors, from which a well-to-do Filipino house never ems to be free. The mother is a nice-oking woman, but the daughter is actually pretty, to one who has become accustomed to the type of Filipino. Her face is a clear, dark brown, her eyes Her long and just a trifle obliquely set, her teeth the perfect, clear white of all Fill-pinos who do not chew betel, and which I put down as due to a rice diet, her head well set upon her shoulders, and her figure petite and graceful. In her plain. low-cut line! bodice, the stiff panuelo pine about the shoulders and folded di-agonally so that the corners can be cought together in front by a little dia and butterfly pin, the gay skirt pu in tightly at the waist, the small bare feet, either in or out, of the beelless slippers showing just beneath it, make an unconventional but decid-sdry pleasing picture. The daily routine of the family seems to be to sit around and entertain callers, or, if none come, to take stestas, or look out of the windows. These windows are a distinctfeature of island architecture, house one can go to simost any part of the outside walls and silde back a panel to get a view without. The whole wall, from waist-high to celling, is made up of these sliding shutters. Glass, of course, is not seen, except in small panes let into the center of the shutter.

The women never go out except to church, the men comparatively little. On feast days many visitors come, and, after the meal in many houses, the adults er round the cleared white cloth, to gamble. In the larger houses a proper sign of its necessities are many chairs, but I have yet to see the woman, when interested enough to forget herself, who will set in them properly. All shed their slippers and get their feet up under them, or at least, upon the upper rungs. The women, too, seem to do most of the cigarsmoking here, the men preferring cigarwhich one se ettes. The usual cigar, which one sees even in the mouths of children, is quite a foot long, roughly rolled, and tied with a string to keep it in form.

Few Natives Speak Spanish.

I am surprised that so few of the natives speak Spanish well. One would think that the long regime of that language would have resulted in the extinction of the native dialects, or at least, in the general adoption of Spanish, in the prin cipal towns, but it seems not to be so. A particular friend of mine, Senor Bas-Salci, lives in one of the grassy streets

just off the plaza. He is a little man weighing not more than 100 pounds. I should say, with a smooth brown skin, intelligent eyes, and thick hair and moustache just showing gray. He married well and now leads the life of the well-to-do. At 7 he has his breakfast, or rather his chocolate and bit of bread, after which he walks out, or sits in his little office. just off the small porch which leads from the steps to the front door proper. At noon comes the dinner and the slests in bed, or in one of the deep cane-bottom chairs, till 2:50; then a walk knot of men at the edge of the stream. n business, if necessary; at colote and poto, a nice light bread made from rice flour; then to the plaza his men came up to push out around the to hear the band play, or to visit with flanks. Then he halled the prisoners tell-

Senor Salci's wife plays a very small part, or rather a very silent part, in the household. She disappears at once, on approach of visitors, only to reappear then called to execute some order of her susband. I more than suspect that her function is more that of head cook and nurse, than componion in the establishment. The children, unkempt, little halfdressed things, with shor-button eyes, I eatch gfimpses of playing in farther

American Soldiers Appear.

We were idling one day at Aparri in the afternoon under the awning, when we noticed a narrow native canoe approaching the ship with a rough-looking erew. Some were white men we could see, and it was supposed that they were more of the Spanish primpners escaped from somewhere from the insurrectos, and coming to us for protection. But, when within hall, one of them sang out in

the center of what had hitherto been supposed an absolutely inaccessible mountain region. In a few words he outlined an adventurous march which surpassed most

How Gillmore Was Rescued.

It appears that somewhere in the moun tains back of Vigan, on the west coast, about half way between Manila and the icans had got wind of the whereabouts of the American prisoners. From that moment they began a doggedly persistent chase that continued till the Fillpinos had been pressed so hard that to escape they had to abandon the prisoners. At first our men had General Tinlo in front of them, who tried, when followed close, to mislead them by diverging into the interior of the island with the main body of his troops and all of the treasure, while detailing only a small guard with the prisoners to plunge into the mountains.

Fortunately, this was discovered and, though out of shoes and clothing, with but five days' rations, the little column sent back all but the pick of the men, abandoned all horses, the country being impassible for any animals, and flunged in after the prisoners. The country was indescribable. Ridge after ridge, almost bare of vegetation, and canyon after canyon, liable with a few minutes' rain to become rushing rivers, were crossed. With the help of the savage natives, to whom the Taxals are traditional iles, the troops managed to keep the trail. At one point, as Colonel Hare told afterward, it divided. There were evices of recent travel along both banks of the fork. The Colonel said he halted the column, and sat at the crossroads for some time in anxious indecision waiting an inspiration, and, falling that, chose a hezara. He walked on about 100 yards, but some impulse made him stop, turn back and take the other, the true trail.

Prisoners Ignorant of Pursuit. At this time Gillmore was being present ahead in ignorance of the pursuit, into what he saw was the wildest desofation. The party of prisoners was a mixed onesatiors, soldiers and civilians. Americans, English, Swedes and Germans. One was a man of the Signal Corps, captured while trying to run a telegraph wire through exposed country; another an Englishman prospecting for gold; an-other, a soldier, the only one left of a "point," his three comrades having been found one day by builets coming from the brush ahead and stretched stark upon the velvet green of a rice field. As though to give a real touch of fiction, another was a civilian, agent for Pabst beer, who had been picked up by the insurrectes while beyond the lines in lonely chase of a captured caseo of beer. He was a weak-eyed man with a fringe of blonde beard about his face, typically German in appearance, and with a quiet manner that little showed the pluck and nersistence of the man-always hustling for trade, never forgetting its advertisement Through a grim humor, perhaps, or as a trail mark, or, not impossibly, because his character as a selling agent was paramount to all happenings as a prisoner, barefooted, dressed in shirt and trousers only, when he was not too tired with the day's march he would mark upon some rock or board stuck in the fork of n tree:

"ASK FOR PARST BEER. "Guaranteed Perfect." agine coming upon this sign, like the pursuers, in some lonesome defile,

How They Pieced a Fing. While at Vigan with some hope that they might have occasion to use it-what they did not know-at least to have it anyway-the little party had saved their food allowance of 5 cents a day, enough to huy secretly and piece by piece the stuff for a flag. They could not get a solid blue for the field of the ensign, so they bought a figured blue piece and sewed on the rough stars irregularly to till the day of rescue.
Gilimore said that occasionally some

man swayed by a shamefaced impulse would ask for a secret look at it. 'Does not the picture of these men denying themselves and running risk to possess was immediate assistance for the column so frall a bond to country, that seemed in the rear and a good meal for himself so impossibly out of reach, as that bit of bunting, equal in dramatic force most that fiction could conceive?

Notwithstanding that no rest was al-Notwithstanding that no fest was al-lowed the prisoners it was evident that the pare of the escaping party was not sufficient, for one day, at the edge of a river cataract, with the sawtooth hills covered just here with a forest growth ingeniously cruel fae. Worn with forced marching and without provisions, they saw is this what was doubtless Tinio's original idea, the deliberate intention to abandon them to starvation or death at the hands of the ignoreties. Gillmore asked the officer for two officers. asked the officer for two rifles to keep off that I had what he probably wanted the savages. The request was tefused most, I smuggled him below. As he when the guard had gone the men gathered round Gillmore, choosing him as leader, and it was decided to build rafts and try to run the rapids of the river-to again cross the mountains was certain been the only survivor of a party of death. Some started to build rafts of four prospectors who crossed the island bamboo tied with strips of rattan, while of New Guines, two being drowned and others were detailed to gather atones for one killed by the natives; that he had weapons with the wild idea of keeping off gone from there to the Klondke, had a the igorottes by such primitive means.
Gillmore rays he had no hope of getting through himself, or for many with him, for they were at the limit of their endurance, but he thought one or two of the strongest might survive to carry the news

of the fate of the rest. Then Came the Rescue.

It was at this juncture that Colone Howse came upon them. In advance of the column he caught sight of the little He could not realize that the guard was not still with them and waited till some of friends till 9 o'clock and supper-and so ing them to lie down and escape the fire.

That order was not obeyed, but with a yell he prisoners rushed tumultuously up their rescuers. Some say the overstrained men wept with relief and joy. They deny it. Do you blame them if they did?

It was a strange encounter. The prison-ors in tattered clothes, picked up along the route, were very little worse off than the soldiers of the rescue party. The trail was so bad that with wading and climbing shoes gave out inside a week. The country traversed was barren and inhab-lted only by nomadic asvages. The emer-gency rations were nearly exhausted, and but for their numbers and arms the plight of the column was little better than that of the prisoners. But now all was different. The prisoners were once more with friends: the others had forced success by dogged chase and nothing results.

HOW LIEUTENANT GILMORE WAS RESCUED

A Graphic Description of the Life and Social Habits of the Natives of the Philippines.

A Graphic Description of the Life and Social Habits of the Natives of the Philippines.

ON BOARD U. R. CRUISER PRINCETON, off Aparri, Island of Luson, Pebruary 18, 1800—It is very pieasant, having iain in the 'longshore current that is weep the northcoast of Luson, and broadside on, wallowed deep in the rollers which the northeast monsoon heads thundering in on the low beach, to enter Rio de Cagayen and lie quietly somewhere in the long stretch that forms the harbor for the town of Aparri. One looks astern toward the mount of the current, and on a windy day sees to the current, and on a windy day sees to the current, and on a windy day sees to the current, and on a windy day sees to the current, and on a windy day sees to the current that in the continuation of the current of the current of the current of the current of the figure in tattered to the profession was a good day's work; sometimes it was not more than two continuations of the current of the column commanded by Colonel Hare, and though I had known Howse at West Polin, it was hard to recognize the town of Aparri. One looks astern toward the mount of the river as the ressel lies to the current, and on a windy day sees to the current, and on a windy day sees to the current, and on a windy day sees to the current, and on a windy day sees to the current, and on a windy day sees to the current, and on a windy day sees to the current, and on a windy day sees to the current, and on a windy day sees to the current, and on a windy day sees to the current, and on a windy day sees to the current, and on a windy day sees to the current that the column of the river as the ressel lies to the current, and on a windy day sees to the current, and on a windy day sees to the current of what had hitherto been supthe mount and the deep grass at last to see the touch and season of the loady and of the flugars, out of the trial, the same of t

bare sore feet and torn shirts, crowded round us for news, while the men, without rousers and with feet bare, or tied up in bundles of rags, stood, or lay just behind, listening. But not for long. In a few minutes all who could walk without too much difficulty had scattered for food. Others were building fires. I then went down to the river landing in hope of being able to greet Leutenant Gillmore, when he should arrive. Several boats, containing a part of the column, had just come in and I met a procession of the ragged and lame absolutely beyond de-

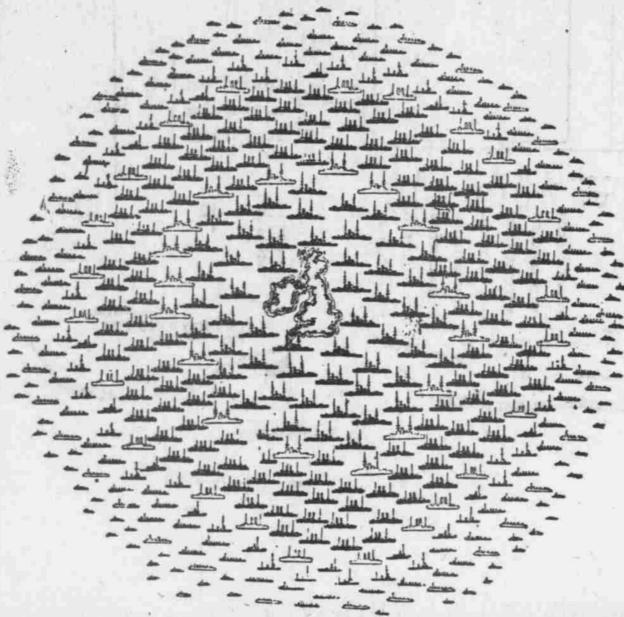
by the river. In a week they thought through the dense grass at last to see they would reach the sea. It took if days, There was no sign of trail, the gorge cometimes being no more than a perpendicular cut in the rocks. Rapids were so frequent that fibading was out of the frequent that fibading was far prettier than by day. With
In sight the lighthouse sent out a wheel
In sight the lighthouse sent out a wheelcool and sweet with some aromatic wood. There were countless myriads of fireflies, much more brilliant than our own holding the light for a longer time. They seemed to know how to increase their effetiveness by keeping in swarms, which made clouds of fire in the air and lined trees in twinkling robes of took a provision train of coolles sent to the column. In their white tunics, they looked like ghosts gathered upon to the the downs round the gaunt cross of San ta Cruz, rather than ilke men. I like men. In the hear the slight movements of night life in the brakes beside the regular slough of the harse's hoofs in the sand.

In a few minutes I had the pleasure of reporting to the doctor that I had arrived often it was necessary to pound out the come in and I met a procession of the reporting to the doctor that I had arrived come in and I met a procession of the reporting to the doctor that I had arrived come in and I met a procession of the reporting to the doctor that I had arrived with medicines and four two-quart canmills to get enough food for the next day.

Clothes gave out, shoes fell to pieces, feet "Twas the most ondasint prade I iver"

#### MAKES A MIGHTY HEAP OF DIFFERENCE

north of the Island of Luzon, the Amer- England's GreattNavy Distributed for Protection of British Isles Alone, and for Same Little Patch and the Coast Line of the Empire.



Every one knows that England's navy is the biggest and most powerful in the world, but not every one realizes why it has need to be so. The larger of the two diagrams, printed herewith and copied from the New York Press. Britain and Ireland, if the British Isles were all there is to the empire. But when it is realized that the British colonies and dependencies girdle the globe-that, as the old saying is, The sun never sets on the British flag glance at the other diagram will convey to the mind how little of the vast British

would be available for home defense, if the



coast line of the empire had to be protected at the same time. Only 24 warming could be spared to defend the British Isles.

There is another comparison, too, that makes, says the Press, the British navy look like 30 vast that, numerous as are her warships, they would scarcely begin to go around, if the British merchant marine needed to be protected. Russia, France, Italy and Germany, with their smaller navies, can protect their smaller mer chant marine better than England can look out

cover the figures as far as possible sun and in the sandy water. In the cover the figures as far as possible sun and in the sandy water. In the cover the figures as far as possible sun and in the sandy water. In the cover the figures as far as possible sun and in the sandy water. In the cover th gave out, on the rocks, in the blistering tuk a hand in," came to my mind. It missed that slight sound-but so eloquent

What Colonel Howse demanded first and the three men with him. Among these was an Englishman, O'Brien, who had been made prisoner by the Filipinos while seeking permission from Aguinaldo to prospect for gold. He was a rather baid, short, strongly-set man who dropped his h's, talked a good deal, and yet said what he had to say with decision. He was a fine specimen of that rising on di her side, the Filipino officer told the prisoners that he must abandon them. It seemed like leaving them to an circumstance can ever force the loss of

> tumblers of whisky, without the least effect on him, he told me in a casual way that less than three years ago he had one killed by the natives; that he had gone from there to the Klondike, had a very hard time, and hearing of the Philippines, had come to look for gold. He had been in South America, at sea before the mast, or somewhere away from home ever since he was old enough to run away "for to admire and for to see"— a typical tramp royal. After he had left I stood fooking at my candle and thought of the wild career I had glimpsed at, feeling how infinitely more do such men get from "one crowded hour of glorious life" than those content to live "an age

Looking for Embarking Place.

After consultation with Colonel Howse our Captain detailed an officer with a man to go to the town of Abulug, 12 miles west of Aparri, to see if the ap proaching troops could be embarked from there. I was permitted to go as a volun-

It was a rather dismal change from the cosy cabin of the good ship Princeton to the thundering surf at the mouth of the river and the steady drizzle of the rain as we landed at Linao at \$ next morning. We got horses after routing out the presidente of the "barrio," or village, a dark little man who disliked as much as a cass by degred chase and nothing remained but to reach civilization again. But how to do this? For many days they had marched without seeing enough food way cut through a Fiorida hummock; them back. So they could not return. It was decided at last to adopt that marks the branch trail to the town of Santa Crus; then another long pull of the right, then a drive into the horse that was waiting for me. He horse that was waiting for me.

Appearance of Gillmore.

In a few minutes a banca came round arriving a muster was held at which 29 a slight bend in the river with a man in out of 130 soldiers answered "here" from a faded naval officer's blouse, taking his their hands and knees. turn at an oar. I knew this could be none other than Gillmore, and that the soldierly-looking man with the gray beard in the same boat must be Colonel The boat grounded on the mud Hare. bank and I had the pleasure of saluting and greeting the officer whose fate had been the concern of the Navy for nine short man of about 45, probably once rotund. He wore a straggly gray beard, a suit of blue striped cotton—the gift of a Spanish prisoner—a pair of tough yellow shoes and a Chinaman's saucer hat of straw. He was not an imposing figure. but he looked like a very happy man. He asked me first if he had been promoted the had seven months before) and then, as fast as I could answer, as to the news of the Navy since he had lost touch with

We walked up to the tribunal, and he seemed to be in good physical condition, though, through lack of food, trained a bit fine. The surf and the sea at Abulug were too bad to make an attempt to embark the men in their wearsened state, so we decided to carry them to Aparri in caribou carts. I was sent back with the news of this decision, and was asked to bring liniments and whisky for the doc-tor, who had lost all his supplies in the river. Lieutenant Gillmore went back with me to the ship, and as we rode along he told me of his experiences; of the quiet pull up the narrow green-embow-ered river at Baler; the sharp hall of the ambushing party, the echoing volley, the shock of the Mauser bullets passing through the boat, the thrashing of men in death agony on the thwarts; the clots and od and brains upon them, and on the sail bag in the center, the cries and groans of the men, and the pop, pop, pop, popping of the unseen guns. He told me of the unseess fire delivered in return, of the nasty water making in the sinking boat, of the knife men, savages no less, lurking in the distance, of the wounded man beside him, who was shot a second time through the wrist that held up a white fing. He told me of the line of icans drawn up on the beach before the firing party; of his request to be unpintoned before being shot; of the loading of the rifles, the inconsequential wish that he had more life insuranceand the reprieve at the last minute. He told me, too, of the incidents of the imprisonment; of the long marches through the mountains, with a guard of bolo men, the native towns, the weeks of imprisonment incommunicado, the country, the natives and the food. "When you have been living on rice for about a month, horse liver is great," he said.

Night Ride With Medicines.

Before dark I was back at Liano for

Good Work of the Boctor.

The doctor got to work at once. For the opportunity to talk to the men, I begged leave to help him, as the poot fellows rubbed their swollen feet-and trouble they were to see-they were glad to have the relief of talking of the march as a thing that was past. I could see that the average of intelligence was muchigher than that of ordinary soldiers but at that moment they were spent absolutely, physically. But no one complained, and hardly one who did not ask if there was enough ointment for those worse off than himself. They were of a splendid race-were these Certainly nothing to equal this march has been accomplished in this war, and for a short trial no such test of human character and endurance could have been better withstood in any other. One of the officers turned over his horse blanket to me. I could not persuade him that he needed it. I was too tired to force him to take it back. So I turned in on the or of the tribunal, and lay dead The provisions came during the night, and though all night long the men had been up and cooking, no one falled at breakfast.

The presidente, with a deal of bustle had collected cariboo carts, and as they moved off the procession was a strange sight. At the head an officer, a splendid big man, with a red beard like a pirate. led his soldiers, wearing a "saucepan" derby, ingeniously carved from a single block of wood. "Pabst," the beer agent, carried the prisoners' flag on a sorry horse, that could not be persuaded out of a walk. The men sat on the carts in the easiest positions for their feet-cocking them up. So all down the line red legs waved. I walked back to Linao, being too sore to ride, and when reached the ship shifted into clean white clothes, reported my return, and got into a canvas chair under the cool awning, the lasiest man that was ever

And so ended an experience GEORGE P. DYER. never forget.

Society Women Who Write. Many women of the ultra-smart se in New York are writers and earn large sums of money each year by their pens. Mrs. Burton Harrison is paid at the rate

of \$40 a thousand words for articles and stories. Mrs. John King Van Rensselaer receives large prices for her essays upon social observances, which are always in demand. Mrs. Reginald de Koven is a high-priced writer of fiction. Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer is con-sidered one of three most eminent authorltles upon church architecture in the

world. Mrs. Van Rensselaer's writings upon this subject are eagerly purchased

by the best magazines, and she receives as high as \$500 for a single paper. Mrs. Clarence Mackay, nee Duer, is a charming writer of verse. Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger is a novelist of fame

His Income Is Said to Be Only \$5000 a Year.

He Will Live in Modest House and Style at Washington, and Entertain but Little.

Contrary to an impression which prevalis widely, the Governor is not a rich man, says the St. Louis Giobe-Demo-erst. He came of the old familles of New York, and inherited property which insured him a comfortable fiving, according to the ideas of his ancesters. Mr. Rooseveit has not been in business in the sense of devoting himself to mere moneymaking. He has been Civil Service Com missioner, Police Commissioner, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Colonel of Volunteers, and now is Governor of New York. All of this time his living has cost him more than his official salaries and the income from his inherited estate. Literary work is Mr. Roosevelt's delight, but the world can never know how much the remuneration entered into the prob lem of keeping the pot boiling. vouched for by one nearly related to the Governor that but for this revenue derived from the pen, Governor Roosevelt would have cut into his patrimony materially to sustain his family.

Today Governor Roosevelt receives from all of his property and investments of every kind the sum of \$5000 a year. As Vice-President of the United States his salary will be \$8000 a year, and this will represent his income. Literary work, which is now a delight and a material Literary work, addition to his income, will, presumably, be thought inconsistent with the dignity of the Vice-Presidency. Mr. Roosevelt talked about this last night, when it had become apparent to him that he could no longer resist the inevitable. He argued that it would be necessary for him to suspend most, if not all, of his literary engagements, which were entirely proper for him as the Governor of New York. He decided that election to the Vice-brest dency meant living on an income of \$13,-Vice-Presidents have done 600 a year. thia, The late Vice-President Hobart did not. He maintained an establishment and entertained on a scale that cost far more than Mr. Roosevelt will be able to spend.

When it came to the point of deciding to waive personal considerations and to remain passive, Mr. Roosevelt talked plainly. He said it must be understood that he would rent a modest house on N street, at the Capital, and do but little in a social way. His obligations to his family required that he should live within the income of the office and his estate. Upon this he was determined.

When Theodore Roosevelt was Civil Service Commissioner, 10 years ago, he wrote a letter which will be read with extraordinary interest at this time. The letter was private; it dwelt upon the attractions and possibilities of a political career. At that time Mr. Roosevelt was reluctantly deciding that he could not make a profession of politics, and was turning to literature as his vocation. The recipient of the letter, Mr. Edward As-well, has chosen an auspicious time to make it public. This is what Mr. Rooseveit thought and wrote:
"If a man has a political foresight, who

lives in a district where the people think as he does, and where he has a great hold over them, then he can serie go in for a continuous public career, and I suppose in such a case it is all right for him to shape his public course more or less with a view to his own continuance in office. I am a little inclined to envy a man who can look forward to a long and steady course of public service. but in my own case such a career is out of the question, and, personally, it seems to me that a man's comfort and useful-ness in public life are greatly impaired the moment he begins to worrying about how his votes and actions will affect his own future. When I was in the Legisla-ture I soon found that for my own hap-piness, as well as for the sake of doing good work, I had to cast aside all thought of my own future, and as soon as I had made up my mind to this end and voted simply as I thought right, not only disthought them all wrong on a matter of principle, not of mere expediency, then I began to thoroughly enjoy myself and to feel that I was doing good.

"It is just the same way with my political work as Civil Service Commiss I believe in it with all my heart, and am absolutely certain that I could not possibly be engaged in any other work at the present moment more vitally import-ant to the public welfare, and I literally don't care a rap what politicians say of me, in or out of Congress, save in so far as my actions may help or hurt the cause or which I am working. My hands are fortunately perfectly free, for I have not the slightest concern about my political future. My career is that of a literary man, and as soon as I am out of my noith ical position I shall go back to my bo I may not ever be called to take another public position, or I may be; in any event, I shall try to do decent work while I am in office. I shall probably enjoy the greatly while I am taking part in it. and I shall certainly be ready at any time out of it with a perfectly light

## RAISING FOXES FOR PELTS.

odd but Profitable Industry on Alaskan Islands.

Howard M. Kutchin, special agent for the protection of the Alaska salmon fishery, reports that fox breeding for their pelts is assuming proportions of considerable magnitude on the Alaskan Islands, many of which have been leased for this purpose, and others have been appropriated without the payment of a Govern-ment yearly rental of \$100 for each island There are now no less than 35 Islands oc-cupied by proprietors of fox ranches. The industry is still in an experimental stage, and in many cases it is a question whether the labor and expenditure may not prove a bad investment, but there are other instances in which proper business methods have been used, where the returns will soon be adequate and promise immense profits in the future.

The foxes with which the breeding is begun cost from \$150 to \$200 a pair, the work has been going on for 15 years or more, and up to date there have been practically no returns, but as three of the slands have now over 1000 foxes, it will be seen that it must be only a question of time when the venture will turn out satisfactorily from a Spancial point of

The original project was to propagate the silver gray fox, the fur being more valuable than that of the blue fox, the mmon rate for a pelt being 450 for the silver gray and \$16 for the blue fox. The silver gray is a comparatively feroclous benst, considering the cowardly nature of the species in general, and is also

much given to killing its young.
It has been almost impossible to mesticate this animal. It is, perhaps, more of a wolf than a fox in its in-stincts, and the breeding of them has been practically abandoned, there being but a single island where they are now to be found in any number. The blue fox practically the only one which is bred and it is readily tamed, and with gentle handling soon becomes so domestic in its handing soon becomes so domestic in its habits as to accept food from the hand of its keeper. Neither of these is a distinct species, the blue fox being developed from the white fox, while the silver gray and black comes from the red. The usual food is fish, either raw or cooked and corn meal mixed with tallow.

Each of the islands has from two to three keepers for the fox ranch, accord-ing to the number of foxes cared for, and they spend their entire time, the year give by doing the work of digestion.

around, in the work. The skins are taken from November 20 to January 20, the method being to catch the foxes in traps. All females are released, after marking them. For each six females one male fox is turned loose, the finest animals being selected for breeding purposes. The killing age is about 18 months, although fox skins may be had as young as eight months, and if especially well grown animals are sometimes killed at that age. The semi-domestication of the fur-bearing animals affords the only possible escape from the early extermination of those species which now provide the most costly and luxurious of wearing apparel. It is thought by experienced fur men that it might be entirely feasible to introduce the Russian sable and other of the more valuable marten species into Alaska for propagation on the same lines

## CONSTITUTIONAL FRETTERS.

Peevish Children Make Worried Women Who Live on "Nerves."

as the fox experiment.

A good many people believe that it is natural to be good-natured if one is fat, and that to be thin is Nature's manifestation of an uncertain temper-at least so far as women are concerned, writes "H. H. A." in the New York World. Why thin men are not affected in the same manner I have never learned. But one does not connect a chabbed disposition with bones in the male of our species.

It isn't the fat that makes our stout friends good-natured, nor the good nature that accounts for the fat, though it is a factor in that direction. Some womenfactor in that direction. Some women-never mind the men-are constitutional fretters. They begin to worry and look drawn and haggard a few months or weeks after they appear in the world, and they keep on fretting until the expression of discontent becomes a fixture and by repetition dominates. Daily acquaintances get accustomed to the fretful child, and she grows up into the thin, worried young girl, who smiles rarely and whose face in repose shows the trac

ry of discontent.

Nothing destroys a woman's beauty so completely as peevishness. It is almost impossible to remove the tracks left by years of infantile worrying. No cosmetle art can accomplish such a miracle. Nothing but peace of mind and health can iron out the lines produced by a restless brain and an exhausted body. Bables don't come to this country of their own free will confirmed victims of the querwith the fretful baby. The child that whines cannot be well. It is not comfortable, or it wouldn't cry.

Fretful little girls are spindly and pale.

All spindly children are not fretful, but fretful ones are rarely plump and rosy. I have never seen a thin woman who did not, as we'call it, "live on her nerves." Children do the came. Mothers who have irritable little daughters should lose no time in discovering the physical cause, and in teaching them the destructive ef-fect of snarling upon the looks. Vanity is inherent in us all, and to the tiniest girl, as well as the biggest, and all others in between there's no greater incentive than

the innocent desirs to look pretty.

The thin woman is dissipating her life forces by fretting. She is tearing herself to pieces, destroying her looks by in-cessant mental and physical irritation. We only have just so much nervous resistance, and days and weeks and years of unrest will finally wear the exasperated nerves to a frazzle. A restless, discontented mind will assert itself by a morbid activity, and the thin woman is lauded as "never idle for a second." No woman whose perves are on edge and whose body is banged almost to pieces in an ever-lasting hustle can be amiable and eventempered, or look co.

When the thin woman can overcome her disposition to worry, and has learned to rest body and soul, if only for five minutes at a time, she has begun the process of beautifying her face, and her irritated spirit is on the road to that state of ace that brings with it rounded outlines in place of sharp angles.

## CURIOUS PYRENEAN DWARFS

Anthropological Discovery Amid the Mountains of Spain.

the Valley of Rebns, at the terminus of the Eastern Pyrenees Mountains, is thus described by Professor Miguel Marazta: There exists in this district a so what numerous group of people, who are called Nanas (dwarfs) by the other inhabitants, and, as a matter of fact, are not more than four feet in height. Their bodies are fairly well built, hands and feet small, shoulders and hips broad,

naking them appear more robust than they really are. Their features are so peculiar that there is no mistaking them among oth ers. All have red hair: the face is as broad as long, with high cheek hones strongly developed jaws and flat nose, The eyes are not horizontal, but some-what oblique, like those of Tartars and Chinese. A few straggling, weak hairs are found in place of beard. The skin is pale and flabby. Men and women are so much alike that they can only be distinguished by their clothing.

Though the mouth is large the lips do not quite cover the large projecting incisors. The Nanas, who are the butt of the other inhabitants, live entirely by themselves in Rebas. They intermarry among themselves, so that their peculiarities continue to be reproduced. "Entirely without education, and with-

ut any chance of improving their condition, they lead the life of pariahs. They know their own names, but rarely remember those of their parents, can hardly tell where they live, and have no idea of numbers."

It was late. Suddenly a voice from the head of the stairs broke the stillness. "Grace! "What is it, papa?"

"Tell that young fellow not to knock over the milk pitcher on his way out."-

#### A POPULAR MISTAKE Regarding Remedies for Dyspepsia

and Indigestion.

The National disease of Americans is addgestion or, in its chronic form, dyspepsia, and for the very reason that it is so common many people neglect tak-ing proper treatment for what they consider trifling stomach trouble, when, as a matter of fact, indigestion lays the foundation for many incurable diseases. No person with a vigorous, healthy stomach will fall a victim to Many kidney diseases and heart troubles date their beginning from poor digestion; thin, nervous people are really so because their stomachs are out of gear; weary, languid, faded-out women owe their con-dition to imperfect digestion.

When nearly every person you meet is afflicted with weak digestion, it is not surprising that nearly every secret patent medicine on the market claims to be cure for dyspepsia, as well as a score of other troubles, when, in fact, as Dr Werthler says, there is but one genuine dyspepsia cure which is perfectly safe and reliable, and, moreover, this remedy is not a patent medicine, but it is a scien-tific combination of pure pepsin tfree from animal matter), vegetable essences, fruit saits and bismuth. It is sold by druggists under the name of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets. No extravagant claims are made for them, but for indigestion or any stomach trouble, Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are far ahead of any remedy yet discovered. They act on the food eaten, no dieting is necessary, simply eat all the wholesome food you want and these tablets will digest it. A cure results, because all the stomach needs is a rest, which Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets