BRUIN ON THE RAMPAGE

Hunters Find Him a Hard Customer to Deal With.

SOME SURPRISING ADVENTURES.

A Collection of Entertaining Tales Illustrative of Bruin's Sagacity and Ferocity. An Adventure In the Arctics—How a Bear Fancier Came to Grief.

One afternoon when lying off Bear island two boats' crews left the New Bedford whaler Menkar for the shore, looking for bears, walruses or whatever might turn up and furnish the men with something out of the ordinary, since there had been no whales sighted for some time and life on shipboard was getting monotonous. One of the boats was commanded by the mate. Immediately after landing the crew of

OVERSHOT THE MARK.

this boat saw a number of white bears on a slight, snowclad eminence. They paid no attention to the approach of the men. Conspicuous in the party was a powerful old she bear and her cub.

With foolhardy and cruel recklessness the mate advanced and plunged his lance into the body of the cub. With a roar of rage the old bear rushed at the nearest of the men, who happened to be a nephew of the captain, named Pease. The latter fled precipitately, with bruin at his heels and his shipmates following as closely as possible and trying to divert the bear's attention. As they had no firearms or other long range weapons, their endeavors in this direction were in vain. The race was a hot one. Occasionally the bear would stop a moment and try to strike Pease with his paw, and these brief interruptions of bruin's pace enabled the young man to maintain his lead.

Their course led them to the verge of a precipice some 60 feet in height, and as they neared it and could see the water below the mate caught sight of the captain's boat with several men in her but a short distance away. In his despair he called upon the men in the boat to shoot, but they seemed bewildered and did nothing.

The next moment the two were at the edge of the precipice. The youth halted for a moment and then made the leap. The bear followed without hesitation. Pease landed on a projection about 20 feet down, sinking up to his armpits in the snow, while bruin passed directly over him and struck the water. The bear was speedily dispatched by the men in the boat, and young Pease was rescued from his position, feeling none the worse for his adventure.

Lively Encounter With a Grizzly.

"The amount of lead a grizzly will take into his anatomy without serious results is simply wonderful. I have seen an old fellow fairly filled with lead and still be in fighting trim," said Jim Long, an old settler of New Mexico, to a Chicago Record correspondent. "A few years ago," he continued, "I had a bunch of cattle over in the Gila country. During our first two months there we heard from various parties who had cattle near us that bears were very plentiful and that one old grizzly had run three or four outfits, all of them having failed to kill her, although they had shot her several times.

"One day I started out alone in quest of this grizzly. I was riding slowly along when I saw down a little grade four bears feeding in the brush. They were so busy thrashing around among the oaks gathering the nuts that they had not seen me. My horse was an old hunter, steady as a rock, and I knew there was no danger of his leaving me. Two large old fellows were feeding close together. Slipping gently from my horse, I let drive at one of them, aiming for the butt of his ear, ranging back. All this was of course in less time than I can tell it.

"When the bear received my shot, which was unfortunately too low, striking him in the shoulder, he evidently thought for a

THEY WERE THRASHING AROUND GATHERING NUTS.

moment that the other bear had struck him, for he hauled off and gave it a most terrific blow, knocking it some 20 or 30 feet. A stroke from a full grown grizzly's paw, let me tell you, is no joke either, as a grizzly can crush a horse's skull at a single sweep of his paw. The bear scrambled to his feet in an instant, and I let him have it again as he rose, breaking his neck.

"The other, which was an old she bear, started for me, and I opened on her. My rifle is a 46, with chilled ball. With reloaded shells, as mine were, I used 65 grains of powder, but I let her have it three times in the throat and once in the mouth without stopping her, and she was within 40 feet of me when I heard a noise to my left. Glancing out of the corner of my eye, I saw that one of the other bears was coming for me from that side. There was no time for thought. What was to be done must be done instantly.

"At dismounting I had dropped old Charlie's rein. In an instant I gathered it up and slipped into my saddle. Old Charlie must have made about 20 feet at the first bounce. I gathered myself together, and as the horse circled around the last one I put three bullets into him at short range, but did not knock him down. The old she bear was following me up, grunting like an enraged boar. I took another shot at her, putting a bullet right through her heart, but she still came on, with the bloody foam flying out of her mouth and the blood spurting in a stream from her last wound at every step.

"I shoved in some fresh cartridges, the horse keeping some distance ahead of her at a little canter. I could but notice the expression of her great blocky face as she followed me. It was full of a dumb rage that was sickening to see, and her small, knowing eyes, now almost red, had a glint in them that meant death.

"She followed me fully 200 yards, growing visibly weaker at every shamble. I had in the meantime taken a couple of shots at her over the horse's tail. At the last she stopped and lay down, too sick to go farther, but ready to fight still if the way she looked toward me was any indication.

"Seeing it was all up with her, I began to look round for the second one I had shot. He had dragged himself off up the slope, leaving a broad trail behind him. I soon overtook him, and a shot behind the foreleg settled his case. The first lay where he dropped, quite dead. When I examined the old she bear, I found more than a dozen old bullet wounds on her. It was doubtless the one that had been the terror of the country."

A Night In a Tree.

George Reese, an old trapper of the upper Yellowstone valley, relates the following as one of the closest calls that he ever had: "I went out with my cayuse one day to see if I cudn't skeer out a deer. Didn't have eny luck at tall, so I wuz a-sittin down chawin away on my bite o' grub when all 'twunst I heerd Buster—that's the cayuse—giv' a neigh and a snortlike, and he cum runnin toward me zif sumthin wuz up, and when I tried to stop him he jist rushed past like a streak and wudn't be ketched at all. Waal, I didn't run arter him, but made up my min thet thar might be a b'ar or somethin else lo'fin roun, and so I slipped up toward a passel of bushes to fin out what in the livin natur' the racket meant.

"About the fust I know'd a hull gang of big b'ars cum tarin out of the brush and started lickettysplit rite toward me, and I hadn't even time to shoot, fur they wuz cumin in a mity big hurry, as zif a cyclone wuz pushin 'em along. If I stuck to my gun, I know'd they'd ketch me, so I jist dropped the shootin weepun and dug out fur life. Ez luck wud hev it, thar wuz a pretty fair sized tree near by, so I made lightnin tracks to reach it, and when I got thar I jumped and ketched hold of a projectin lim' and swung myself up in a hurry, but the next minute them b'ars—five in all—wuz a growlin and snarlin and snappin roun thet 'ar tree 'nuff to beat a hull menagerie.

"They believed they'd got me, sure, and they looked up wicked like, as zif they felt mity sartin. Any one o' the varmints wuz big 'nuff to hev chawed me plum to pieces in a secont or two and bin fltein mad cawz thar wuzn't more. I got up in the forks o' the tree, 'bout 15 feet from the groun, and thar I cinched myself to wait thar comin up. Them b'ars clim'd an clim'd till they'd nearly git me, and then they'd shake and shake till they rattled me so thet I e'en a'most tho't I'd hev to drop down among 'em. But I continood to hang thar and

"THOUGHT THEY'D GOT ME, SURE."

hold on in spite of 'em till I really b'leeve the b'ars tho't I hed grown rite fast to the tree and cudn't be shuck out at all. But they war bilin over with mad and didn't want to give up the job. S'pose if I hedn't give them thar b'ars some mity smart raps on the snouts with a stick thet I'd cut off the tree they might hev got me anyhow for sartin. But jist as they'd git up to me I'd give 'em some powerful whacks on their smellers, and then they'd drop back and wait awhile to rest their bloody noses.

"Waal, sir, would you b'leeve it, them thar tarnal b'ars kept me up thet tree all the biggest heft of the afternoon, the hull night and till plum daylight the next mornin, and I wuz hungry enough to hev eaten a biled stone. Soon's they hed got out o' sight I knocked roun and foun my gun and took the ni' shute fur home."

A Mountaineer's Revenge.

One of the most striking characters that ever lived in the character gathering community of Hot Springs, Ark., was old Stephen Rutherford. He kept a sort of roadhouse, which he designated as Bear Park, and made his living by administering to the thirst and catering to the amusement of the wayfaring man. The amusement consisted of a black bear—old, lazy and flea bitten. This animal, advertised as of most furious disposition, was kept chained to a tree in the back lot, and at evening, when the accommodating dusk threw a hiding shade over the bear's most striking faults—i. e., laziness and flea bites—old Steve would announce to his guests that he was now about to engage in the dangerous feat of wrestling with the ferocious monster from the Mississippi swamps. Those who knew the trick drank their beer in unconcern, but those who did not paid 25 cents and passed into the back lot to see the desperate encounter.

One afternoon, when old Steve was sitting on his veranda, a man from the mountains came along, driving a red mule and a white steer hitched to a shaky and creaky wagon. In the wagon there were a few small cabbages and a black bear.

"Say," said the mountain man, stopping his team, "don't you want to buy the finest b'ar you ever seen?"

"No," Steve replied. "Got all the b'ar I want."

"But you ain't got no sech b'ar as this here one."

"No, and I don't want no sech kitten of a thing as that."

"Now, look here, mister, that ain't no way to do—insult a man's b'ar. I have traveled 75 miles with this b'ar, and you air the fust man that has offered him a insult. That ain't observin the common courtesies that is due a b'ar that ain't never done you no harm. But puttin that all to one side, let me ask you seriously if you want to buy a b'ar?"

"I told you that I've got all the b'ar I want," old Steve sharply replied.

The mountain man gathered up his hickory flail as if he would drive on, but then, with the appearance of having changed his mind, stretched his long neck toward old Steve and said:

"When you say you've got all the b'ar you want, I reckon you mean that mouse gnawed and bug eat invalid out yander in the back lot."

Steve got up, and mastering his anger and attempting to speak in a quiet way said: "I have been livin here a good while and I'arned how to be smooth in my manners, but when a man that I ain't never pestered in no way comes along here and willfully insults a member of my family, why, it's time for me to act."

"I don't know nothin about yo' family and wouldn't, ther'fo', insult a member of it," the mountain man replied. "You said that this here b'ar is a kitten of a thing, and then I said that the b'ar over yander in the lot is bug eat, and I am willin to leave it to any jury that can be raked up in this town that I am right. I know what it is to be bug eat, and I don't blame the b'ar, for I don't reckon he could help it. I had a dog once that was bug eat—as kind hearted and gentlemanly a dog as you ever seen—and I didn't hold him responsible. Say, now, without any mo' foolishness, don't you want to buy a b'ar?"

Steve placed his hand on a post to steady himself. He looked at the mountain man with all the contempt he could throw into his watery eyes, and then, still under so strong a restraint that the baggy knees of his trousers quivered, thus delivered himself:

"I am tryin to make an honest livin, and I hope to join the church some day, but if you don't go away from here I'll hurt you, and I'll make it a p'int of hurtin you mighty bad. Do you hear?"

THE OTHER MAN'S BEAR.

"Oh, yes, I hear, and rather than have any difficulty I'll harken, but I do hope that befo' you join the church and befo' the day is over, for that matter, you may change yo' mind about this b'ar. Get up, boy!" He swung his hickory and dealt the mule a decisive blow.

Business was dull, and Steve nodded and dreamed as he sat on the veranda. He was aroused by a noise, and looking up he saw that the mountain man had again stopped at the gate.

"Look here," Steve yelled, now under very little restraint, "thought I told you to go on away from here."

"You did tell me, and I did go away, but that didn't keep me from comin back again. I have been to nearly every place in this town, and nobody don't seem to want a b'ar, and the fact has begun to crawl into my mind that the b'ar market down here is pretty dull. Down yander jest now the thought struck me that arter all you mout want a real b'ar, and as I am willin to help you out with yo' wants I will let you have this here one for $10."

Steve went out to the gate. He put his elbows on a wheel of the wagon, and looking hard at the mountain said:

"I have been very kind to you."

"I haven't made that diskivery, but if you have been kind to me I'm much obleeged."

"I have been kind to you, and now I want to tell you what I'm goin to do. I'm goin to maul you."

And he did maul him. He snatched the mountain man out of the wagon and wallowed him in the road. And during the performance the bear sat in the wagon and looked on with an indifference complete in every detail. The mountain man climbed back to his seat as soon as Steve granted him that privilege, and gathering up his hickory said: "After all, I reckon you know yo' own mind best. Don't reckon you really do want to buy a b'ar. Good day, sah!"

Evening came, and strangers who had heard that a desperate man would wrestle with a ferocious bear gathered at the place of encounter.

"Now, gentlemen," said Steve, "the time has come for me to show you what a white man can do. All my folks were b'ar fighters, and so far as heard from not one of them was ever whipped. Some hunters have just brought in a monstrous b'ar from down in the bottoms, and all that want to see me fight him just pay 25 cents and come ahead."

A number of men paid their money and followed him into the back lot. Steve conducted the spectators to the tree where the bear was chained. The brown of evening, making a mystery of the huge black mass of animal life and hiding the patches on his coat, proclaimed him a savage monster.

"Gentlemen," said Steve, "befo' I go into this here fight I want to tell you that I don't deserve no sympathy, for I have brought it on myself. Here goes."

He made a lunge at the bear. The monster threw himself in an upright position against the tree and caught Steve in his arms. For a moment there was silence, and then a loud yell split the stillness of the deepening twilight. The bear boxed Steve, he hugged him time and time again and then appeared to be biting him.

"Take him away! He's killing me!" the gladiator cried. Two men seized Steve's legs and drew him beyond the bear's reach, and the monster—and indeed he was one now—stretched his chain in the effort to renew the engagement. Steve was taken into the house. He was covered with blood, and it was evident that a number of his ribs were broken.

"Have you anything to say?" some one asked. "It may be probable that you can't talk after awhile."

"All I've got to say is this," Steve groaned—"I wish I hadn't got so intermate with that blamed b'ar."

Several men went out with a lantern to look at the victor. They found nothing but a chain under the tree, but down farther, in a fence corner, they found a worn and flea bitten bear asleep. Had they continued their search, however, they might have found, down the road, a mountain man helping his bear into a wagon, and they might possibly have learned that the mountain man, for purposes peculiarly his own, had liberated the lazy bruin and had temporarily chained his own bear to the tree.

Useful Cows.

The webfooted cows along the St. John's river in Florida—I know that they are webfooted, for Captain Lund says so, and Captain Lund never lies—are of some use after all, it seems, and this is the how and the wherefore of it.

In the merry month of April the water in the St. John's gets very low and the two big steamboats, Frederick De Bary and City of Jacksonville, which go up and down it during the winter season, are sometimes hard put to it to get over the numerous bars. If it were not for the webfooters, Captain Lund says—and Captain Lund never lies—they would never get up to Sanford and Comfort Cottage, and would have to come north a month or more before they could be of service.

The worst bar of all is Volusia bar, and here, four times a day, at the hours when the steamboats are due, a number of crackers (which is the complimentary way of signifying Floridian) put in an appearance with from four to eight yoke of the gay and festive kind, almost too thin to cast a shadow, hitched up for business.

Then follows a scene such as few steamboat men have ever witnessed. The cows are hitched to the boat by three stout chains, the crackers pick up enough energy to raise a shout, and with all steam on and a mighty tug-of-war the stout iron steamboat is dragged through the mud and sand and landed in deep water again.

Captain Lund says he has a set of iron tires which he puts on the paddle wheels the 1st of May, which enables him to take short cuts across the country, thus shortening the distance by about one half, and as Captain Lund was never—no, never—known to draw the long bow or to tell a story which was not strictly according to Hoyle, down go the tires, across country and all.—New York Herald.

What Foucault Did for Science.

There was one discoverer whose name, I think, was Foucault, who added to scientific discoveries many new and useful inventions. Foucault discovered the invention of a lamp to aid in scientific discovery. He invented a mysteriously constructed lamp which would feed the carbons in electric batteries by clockwork. The works of the clock were kept in motion by electricity.—New York Telegram.

Women in Brickyards.

In some of the brickyards at Springwells, Mich., scores of women, it is said, dig in the pits and carry the molds. The upper parts of their bodies are almost nude and the lower parts are hardly covered by coarse cloth. Several carry naked babies while they work. They come from Poland.—New York Sun.

JAPANESE HIGH TEA.

AN ELABORATE AFFAIR THAT IS OFTEN VERY COSTLY.

A Ceremony in Japan That Is Hundreds of Years Old—Peculiar Forms That Are Inviolable—Strict Etiquette of a Japanese Festival—How Hosts Act.

To invite a few friends to "come and drink a cup of tea" is by no means a simple matter among the Japanese. Such an invitation necessitates a room built specially for these occasions, a whole paraphernalia of costly utensils and a most elaborate ceremonial. The famous American "high tea," with its hot cakes, chickens, ham, pies, custards and jams, bears no comparison in point of extravagant preparation. Shoguns and nobles ruined themselves giving tea parties. Warriors and knights forgot their high vocation and princes abdicated their thrones that they might devote themselves to daily tea ceremonies, which grew more and more costly until immense sums were spent and great fortunes dissipated upon these entertainments.

The cha-no-yu ceremonies are 600 or 700 years old, and have passed through three distinct stages.

The largest tea party in the world was given by Hideyoshi in the pine grove of Kitano. He issued an edict in which all the tea votaries in the empire were bidden to come to this grove, bringing with them any tea curios they might possess, and the prince promised to drink tea at every booth. All who failed to present themselves were forbidden ever to take part in the cha-no-yu again. This grand entertainment, at which noblemen and peasants alike were welcome, lasted ten days and was a great success. The edict itself is still in existence. But dissensions arose among the members of the tea cult, and one party thought the ceremonies should be performed in such a manner, and another party considered their own particular method the proper one, so Hideyoshi called all the various schools to his castle of Iruchini, and under him Sen-no-Rykyn gathered together, simplified and arranged the rules, and it is these rules which govern the cha-no-yu today.

Its principal characteristic is a most elaborate and affected simplicity. The various utensils are frequently of plain Corean ware, but of enormous value, for their antiquity is great. The room is as plain as possible, though often of very expensive and valuable woods. The invitations are usually either for noon or 6 o'clock p. m. There are two distinct modes, one for summer and the other for winter.

In the cold season the garden is thickly strewed with pine needles, which give forth a pleasant aromatic perfume. The visitors retain their geta, or outside footgear, and the tea is made over a square fireplace built in the floor. In summer the garden is gay with flowers and curiously twisted little dwarf trees. In this mode the visitors remove their geta and a portable brazier is used.

The guests do not come directly to the house—there would be an abruptness about such a proceeding not at all consistent with the solemnity of the occasion—but go to a pavilion, machia-ai, in the midst of the garden, and wait till all are assembled. Then the principal guest strikes the wooden tablet or bell to announce their arrival. Generally the host has been awaiting this summons and appears immediately, but sometimes a servant answers it instead. The entrance to the tearoom is curious enough—it is simply a square hole three feet each way. The guests creep in one after another, in order of precedence, and after them the host, who in the meantime has knelt beside the entrance until the last visitor has gone in. The guests then seat themselves in a semicircle, and the host approaches the door of the side room where the utensils are kept and says: "I rejoice that you have condescended to come and thank you for it. I will now make up the fires."

All the gestures and speeches are always the same and are never left to the discretion of the participants. The folding of the hands, whether the right shall be clasped on top or the left open, is settled by strict etiquette. The host brings in the sumitori, or charcoal basket, each piece of a certain length and of camellia wood, a mitsu-ba brush of three feathers, a pair of tongs like great iron chopsticks, the kettle stand, iron handles for the kettle, a lacquer box containing incense and some little rolls of paper. If it is summer the incense box should be of earthenware. He next brings a vessel for ashes and a little spoon shaped shovel to remove them. The charcoal is lighted and incense burned to destroy the smell of the fumes.

In stereotyped phrases the guests ask permission to examine the incense box, which is always a curio, or at least has some historical interest attached to it. Each visitor receives it in turn, and the last one returns it to the host, who meanwhile dilates upon its antiquity or its historic origin. The first part of the ceremony is now over and the visitors and the host retire to the garden.

During the second part a dinner is served and the tea made. With a little square of purple cloth the host wipes each utensil; then with the bamboo spoon, cha-shake, a little tea is taken out of the jar, cha-ore, and hot water dipped from a highly embellished iron kettle with a dainty dipper and poured upon the tea in the bowl. This mixture is then whipped to a froth, and a boy carries it to the guests. It requires considerable practice to produce a froth quickly and without splashing; the instrument used is a whisk made of a piece of bamboo, split into shreds at one end until it resembles somewhat a paintbrush with a hollow center. The tea is light green in color and finely powdered, so that the bowl of tea looks very much like a sort of thick green cream.

In the first part of the ceremony the tea is koicha, or very thick, and during the last part it is usu-cha, thinner. It costs from five dollars to six dollars a pound, and cannot be kept long. Very few Europeans can drink it without feeling very unhappy, for in the first place the taste is not agreeable, and then it is so intensely strong that it is sure to disagree with them if they do manage to swallow it.

The utensils used in the second part of the ceremony are carried in by the host, each separately and in the following order: 1. An iron kettle on a stand. 2. The daisu, a table of mulberry wood, about two feet high. 3. Two cha-ire, or tea jars, in brocade covers. 4. The mizasachi, or pot for fresh water, which is stood under a little table. 5. The cha-sen, bamboo whisk; the fukusa, or little cloth; the cha-shaku, or caddy spoon, and lastly the little wooden dipper, shaku.

If there is only one guest the contents of the bowl should be swallowed in three gulps. After the guests have each drank the empty bowl is passed from hand to hand to be admired. Then the host washes all the tea things and wipes them and the ceremony is ended.—San Francisco Call.

Thief Powder.

"Thief powder" has been invented by a merchant at Buda-Pesth who has long been suffering from mysterious robberies. This powder is sprinkled over safes and cash drawers and clings to the hands of any one who attempts to open such receptacles. Having laid his trap, the merchant next morning found that a large sum had disappeared from his drawer, as usual, so he called up his clerks for inspection. One man's hands looked rather blue, and the merchant bade him wash before him. When the hands were in the water, they turned deep blue, the effects of the thief powder, thus bringing home the crime to the right man.

THE NEW EDUCATION.

How It Differs from the Book Learning of Our Forefathers.

The most careless observer cannot fail to note the changes in educational methods which have been introduced in recent times and in divers phases of education—the kindergarten, industrial education, manual training, out of door classes in botany and geology, laboratory work and seminary methods in the higher courses. The most careless observer may not, however, realize that these new methods are all parts of a symmetrical whole, different phases of that new education which is quite as characteristic of our time as the new science or the new theology.

The traditional education aimed to give information. It treated the mind as a receptacle and knowledge as the material with which the before empty receptacle was to be filled. And as information is for the most part contained in books, the old education was bookish. It began with the alphabet; it proceeded by means of text books; its aim was to give the student what those text books contained; it examined him only or chiefly to ascertain whether he had possessed himself of their contents.

Under this system the pupil studied botany without looking at a flower, geology without examining a rock, astronomy without inspecting the stars, navigation without going on board ship, surveying without going out of doors, chemistry without seeing a retort.

The new education differs from the old education, not in method merely or mainly, but in purpose. Its object is to give, not information, but power. It does not begin with the alphabet. Its first object is, not to teach its pupil to read, but to observe and to do. Therefore the kindergarten.

It does not proceed by means of the text book. It uses the text book as little as possible; sets its pupils to study things, not the literary conception of things. Therefore the laboratory and the out of door experimental classes in natural science. It seeks to train the will no less than the intellect; to endow its pupils with power to do as well as to think. Therefore the manual and industrial classes, and the gymnastic and military drill.

It seeks to develop the affections and the emotions—faith, hope, love, reverence, conscience. Hence it demands in the schools literature; not mere philosophy, but literature. Hence, too, it demands religion, not for the sake of dry as dust catechisms and theologies, but for the sake of that deep sense of righteousness, that clear sense of the invisible, that appreciation of the sublime, the venerable, the divine, which constitutes the essence of religion, because it constitutes the essence of life.—Christian Union.

A Beautiful Wild Flower.

Possibly the loveliest or at best the most striking of all the introduced wild flowers is the New England whin. This is not the whin or gorse of the British Isles, which is botanically Ulex Europaeus, but a species of broom—genista tinctoria. Few things are more strikingly beautiful than the whin covered fields of Britain when covered with the deep golden color from these flowers, and it is said of Linnaeus that when he visited England and saw for the first time the glorious masses of bloom he was visibly affected by the scene. He would certainly have a renewal of these feelings of admiration could he have seen some of the hills of Massachusetts covered by the glowing golden blossoms of this plant.

I have seen what Linnaeus saw, and am sure Massachusetts, in these golden, blooming hills, may challenge the world for a parallel to its beauty. In some instances over hundreds of acres little else could be seen except the rugged and weather beaten rocks of the everlasting hills, which would insist here and there in not being wholly ignored, even by the overwhelming majesty of a floral scene like this. I have seen this plant along the Old World fence rows, but never dreamed it would undertake to work out a scene like this. Evidently nature does not always place things in their best places. Something is left for all creation to do. Plants as well as animals may take "excelsior" for a motto and improve themselves.—Thomas Meehan in Philadelphia Ledger.

How He Spelled It.

"How do you spell 'catechism,' Maria?" called Mr. Jones up stairs to his wife.

"I haven't any light," answered Mrs Jones irrelevantly.

"What has that to do with spelling 'catechism?'" shouted Jones. "I must have it, for I am getting my Sunday school report ready."

"I'm busy," called Mrs. Jones; "look in the dictionary."

A half hour later Mrs. Jones came down stairs and found Mr. Jones still buried deep in Webster's ponderous tome.

"For mercy sake, Mr. Jones, haven't you found that word yet?"

"No, Maria, and no wonder. It isn't in the dictionary. I only wanted to see if it was spelled with an 'a' or an 'e' in the second syllable, but I have to risk it, for there is no such word here."

"Nonsense," said Mrs. Jones sharply. "Give me the book; I'll soon find it."

"But I tell you it isn't there. I have gone right through the K's and it isn't in it."

Then Mrs. Jones laughed loud and long.

"Didn't you find it under the head of K-a-t?" she gasped.

"I don't see anything funny about it," retorted Jones sulkily.

"Don't you? Suppose you look in the C-a-t-s, Mr. Jones. I think you need to go to a spelling school as much as anything."

But Jones was mad clear through and shut up the book with a bang.—Detroit Free Press.

Too Much.

I do not personally remember anything comical happening to me when reading the churching service; but we have probably all of us heard of the parish clerk who was so much shocked at hearing the curate describe the titled wife of the great man of the parish as "this woman." He knew his manners better, and promptly replied, "Who putteth her ladyship's trust in thee."

My fellow curate at a London church, where a fee of eighteen pence was charged for the use of the churching service, once told me that a poor woman, hearing of the charge, and alluding to the brevity of the service, replied: "What! Eighteen pence for that bit. It's an imposition. Read some more."—Cornhill Magazine.

The Brain of an Ant.

Although an ant is a tiny creature, yet its brain is even tinier. But although it is necessarily smaller than the ant's head which contains it, yet it is larger in proportion, according to the ant's size, than the brain of any known creature. The best writers upon ants—those who have made the astonishing intelligence of these little insects a special study—are obliged to admit that they display reasoning ability, calculation, reflection and good judgment. Such qualities of brain show a more than ordinary instinct, and we are not surprised to hear that the ant's big brain carries out our idea that he possesses a higher intelligence than is shown by other workers of his size.—Harper's Young People.

An Unexplained Connection.

The aurora borealis in winter and spring is an infallible precursor of cold weather. Whether it is caused by advancing cold waves, or whether the electric disturbances of which it is the sign cause the cold wave seems to be undetermined, but there is some connection between the two, the effect having been too often noticed to admit of doubt.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

THE SHUT-IN SOCIETY

A UNIQUE AND HELPFUL ORGANIZATION FOR INVALIDS.

A Remarkable Work That Is Being Done by Unfortunates, Most of Whom Are Women, to Aid One Another—Various Branches of the Good Work.

Fifteen years ago Miss Jennie M. Drinkwater, now Mrs. Conklin, of Madison, N. J., was shut in her room by a long and serious illness. Time hung heavily on her hands, and she conceived an idea so simple, and yet so obviously full of common sense, that the wonder is that some one had not thought of it long before. She entered into a correspondence with another invalid personally unknown to her, in order that they might be mutually cheered and entertained. This was the origin of that remarkable organization of invalids known as the Shut-In society, which has a membership of many thousands in every country of the civilized world.

The correspondence so modestly begun proved so pleasant that it was extended to other invalids, until in 1884 the correspondents organized themselves into the Shut-In society, and the next year the society was incorporated under the laws of the state of New York, with Mrs. Conklin as president. Of course the primary qualification for admission is illness. "To be a sufferer shut in from the outside world constitutes one a proper candidate for membership in this society," says the constitution. But there is a character qualification also, and all applicants for membership must "send with their application, if possible, the name of their pastor or their physician, or of some associate member of the society, as an introduction."

The associate members are not invalids, but "being in tender sympathy with the suffering, volunteer in this ministry of love." Each associate member volunteers to correspond with members in a certain assigned district and is expected to subscribe at least one dollar a year.

The society is managed by an advisory board composed of associate members. As might naturally be expected, the society is largely composed of women. There is a man's department, however, under the direction of Mr. Will S. Mather, of Chicago. There is a flourishing children's department, the members of which are popularly known as the "sunshine makers." It is under the direction of Miss G. L. Lewis, of Boston, and Miss Josie A. Jones and Miss Abbie A. Miller, of Dorchester, Mass.

There is also a department of children associate members, which have formed themselves into a band called the Little Cup Bearers to the King. It is composed of boys and girls from six to nineteen years of age, who pledge themselves to carry sympathy and comfort to some little sufferer. It is found that children enter into this work with great enthusiasm, and the little cup bearers have helped many a poor and weary sufferer to become a sunshine maker.

Another department of the society is the wheelchair committee, of which Miss C O. Ross, of Newark, N. J., is the active manager. Its object is to alleviate the condition of the shut in members by furnishing them, when possible, with a wheel chair. When a wheelchair invalid dies, a little silver plate is fastened on the back of the chair inscribed, "To the memory of ——— ———," and it is sent back to the committee, to be used by some other member. The King's Daughters are interested in the wheelchair work, and in fact a number of circles of King's Daughters have been formed among members of the Shut-In society. Many of the members themselves work for the wheelchair committee.

The library of the society is one of its important features. Books, magazines and papers are freely sent to invalids in every state in the Union, as well as to many foreign countries. In Philadelphia a Pass-It-Along club has been formed, which circulates periodicals among invalids. The Open Window is the name of the excellent monthly publication issued by the society.

It is an interesting fact that a missionary spirit has been developed in this society, although its members might well be excused if they thought only of themselves. There is an "Invalid's auxiliary," which is now supporting a native nurse in the Margaret Williamson hospital at Shanghai, China, and is also raising a fund to endow a bed in the same hospital, to be known as the "Shut-In society's bed." Another branch of missionary work done by the society is the writing of letters to prisoners. About 1,700 letters have been sent to Sing Sing alone. They are sent unaddressed to the chaplain, who addresses them personally to the convicts. The name and address of the writer are not, however, given to the convict. It is the testimony of the chaplain that these letters have done much good.

The letters written by invalids to other invalids have resulted in many warm friendships, and the term "letter friend" has become a recognized phrase in the society. The organization of the society has brought out the fact that a surprisingly large number of invalids have been "shut in" for a long term of years, many for twenty-five or thirty years. One member of the society, who died last year, had been confined to her bed for sixty years.

The condition of such long term patients is apt to become very desolate, as their early friends die or drop away and they are made to feel that they are a burden on those who are charged with their care. To such invalids the society comes as a blessed boon, for it not only puts them in direct communication with many fellow sufferers and sympathetic friends, but the various interests of the society give them something to think of, and thus break the dreary monotony of their lives.

One of the best known members of the society is Miss Jennie Casseday, of Louisville, who has been confined to her room for twenty-five years. She has acquired a widespread reputation as the founder and national president of the Flower mission.—New York Tribune.

Mothers' Debts to Their Daughters.

Were it not for their daughters thousands of mothers would scarcely ever be able to go outside the house for an evening's pleasure or change of scene. Mothers are under great and many obligations to their girls, many of which are entirely overlooked and remembered only when their daughters belong to some one else.

The average girl returns from school almost as neat and prim as she left home. As a rule she does not climb trees, tumble into rivers, play truant or give her mother hours of work repairing injured garments; on the contrary, she is a distinct help to her mother. There is the baby to mind, the things to iron, antimacassars, stockings and a host of other articles to make and mend, to say nothing about messages to run and numerous other ways of relieving her mother of household duties.—London Tit-Bits.

A Chance for Maine Women.

The contractor who is building the milk factory at Winthrop is reported to have offered ten dollars to the lady who will go to the top of the chimney and lay the last brick. The chimney will be 110 feet high. Here is an opportunity for some woman to get her name in the papers, and perhaps break her neck in the attempt; but it's not at all likely that the offer will be taken. Lots of Maine women are enthusiastic for new manufactories, but they help build them in other and more sensible ways than this.—Bangor Commercial.

LIFE INSURANCE FOR WOMEN.

Why a Wife Should Never Insure Her Life in Favor of Her Husband.

The subject of life insurance is beginning to attract attention among women. It is known that though the aggregate volume of the sum payable on life policies in Europe and America amounts to the enormous figure of $10,000,000,000—a sum exceeding the total cost of all the railroads in the world added to all the national debts—the risks taken out on female lives amount to a comparatively small sum. This has arisen partly from the unwillingness of life insurance companies to insure women, a feeling which induces some companies to refuse to insure them at all, while others charge 1 per cent. additional for female risks, and partly from the fact that the woman is not, as a rule, the family breadwinner, and her death does not, save in exceptional cases, require to be guarded against in a pecuniary point of view. Still the number of women whose demise would take bread out of the mouths of others is on the increase.

Companies object to take female risks because women are exposed to die of casualties and diseases from which men are exempt. But, on the other hand, men are exposed to die of accidents or of diseases produced by reckless lives quite as frequently as women perish in childbirth or from diseases incident to maternity. The sexes are fairly on an equality in this respect. It is probable that a healthy young woman of twenty, whether married or unmarried, is about as good a risk as a young man of the same age.

Some of the companies raise the point whether any one has an insurable interest in the life of a woman. A man's wife and children have an insurable interest in his life, but who suffers a pecuniary loss when a girl or a married woman dies? Certainly not, as a general rule, the father, or the mother, or the brothers and sisters of the former, or the husband of the latter; they may be plunged into deep affliction, but affliction cannot be measured in dollars.

But the case alters if the girl or the married woman belongs to the working class, so that she is in whole or in part the breadwinner for the household; then her father, mother, brothers, sisters, children, and possibly her husband, may have an interest in her life which can be insured. If she belongs to the leisure class, and does not contribute by her daily exertions to the daily sustenance of her family, it is not easy to see who has an interest in her life which could be appraised in dollars, and for which a company could make compensation in the form of a check.

It is common, when a marriage takes place between young people who have no fortune and expect to be dependent on the husband's exertions, for the man to insure his life in favor of his wife and children. This is one of the most beneficent uses of life insurance. Formerly, more frequently than now, the consorts assured their lives reciprocally, each in favor of the other. This operation never could be reconciled with business principles or sound ethics.

Experience, moreover, has developed the unpleasant fact that the mortality among women whose lives are insured in favor of their husbands is larger than the ordinary mortality tables warrant. It is a terrible thing to say, but doctors and criminal lawyers believe the crime of wife murder to be much more frequent than is commonly supposed. It is a crime that is rarely suspected, and still more rarely detected. A woman is taken ill with a strange pain. She consults a doctor, who knows that women are always having strange pains, and that they generally arise from very simple causes. He prescribes for this or that organic trouble. The pain continues. The woman tries other medicines, which have relieved friends of hers under similar circumstances. The husband acts as nurse and gives the medicines. In these days of science, toxicology knows a dozen drugs which are difficult to detect by smell, taste or sight, but which, if regularly administered, will sap life and eventually cause death.

As a general rule, a girl should refuse to insure her life in favor of her husband, and a well administered company should refuse to issue such a policy.—San Francisco Argonaut.

For and About Women.

England has 20,000 women farmers.

Floral slippers are the correct thing to throw after a bridal pair.

Women exclusively run a Winnsborough (N. C.) canning factory.

The dowry of a Turkish bride is fixed by custom at about $1.70.

Rosa Bonheur has just completed a painting for which she has refused $60,000.

The household maintained by the queen of England consists of nearly 1,000 persons.

One of the most capable leaders in the suffrage party is Laura Clay, daughter of Cassius Clay, of Kentucky.

The late Mrs. Curtis, of Philadelphia, was for years a manufacturer of Masonic regalia.

When this country was but nine years old a woman took a patent for a straw weaving machine.

About Printers' Marks.

The interrogation mark or "point" (?) was originally a "q" and an "o," the latter placed under the former. They were simply the first and last letters of the Latin word "questio." So, too, with the sign of exclamation or interjection (!). In its original purity it was a combination of "i" and "o," the latter underneath, as in the question mark. The two stood for "Io," the Latin exclamation of joy. The paragraph mark (¶) is a Greek "p," the initial of the word paragraph. The early printers employed a dagger (†) to show that a word or sentence was objectionable and should be cut out.—St. Louis Republic.

The Wise Maiden.

She was a pretty commuter, going in and out every day, until the conductor fell violently in love with her, and one month's commutation ticket was doing service for a year of travel.

"My, my!" exclaimed a fastidious friend of hers, "why do you permit that conductor to be so attentive to you?"

She blushed a little.

"Are you at all serious?" was the next question.

"Oh, no," she said with a smile; "it is only a passing fancy."

And once more the conductor forgot to punch her ticket.—Detroit Free Press.

Investigations of raindrops lead to the conclusion that some of the large drops must be more or less hollow, as they fall when striking to wet the whole surface inclosed within the drop.