



# M'GIRNIS THE COOK.

When I had been at work on a survey in the Bitter Root Mountains since early in the spring, and the autumn had found us all dispirited and homesick—all but McGinnis, the cook. Besides, we were famished for news. Our mail and the late fishing for news. Our mail and the late fishing for news. Our mail and the late fishing for news.

Every day we expected from the cook a promise that he would bring our letters out to us in case the carrier should fail. Then we would wait impatiently. Then we would wait impatiently. Then we would wait impatiently.

McGinnis came over from the cook tent to tell us of his tales of forty years ago. His stories possessed one rare quality. They were reminiscent of the wild life of the mountains in the earlier days, but McGinnis played no prominent part in any of them. We were all curious to learn something about the old man, but our curiosity was never satisfied.

Several of us looked at him wonderingly. Those who were busy paid no attention whatever. The camp dog stretched, went lazily to the opening, then grew suddenly alert and began to bark. Almost instantly ten heads were crowded between the tent flaps.

Two or three of the boys went to meet the newcomer, and the rest of us, half ashamed of the eagerness we had shown, went back into the tent, threw ourselves down on the beds and assumed attitudes of indifference.

"You are bringing any mail?" asked the man abruptly. "No, sir," answered I in a disinterestedly calm voice that lingered unpleasantly in our ears.

Into the sleeping tent, where there were lighted candles. "I never liked this one's looks," McGinnis said, by way of explanation, as he wiped the blood from the face of the man who had brought the letter.

Both men soon returned to consciousness, and after an effort to free themselves they sat in dogged silence. In about half an hour several of the searching party returned with our pouch of mail, but most of the letters had been opened, and many of them were torn and almost destroyed.

The men who had come back with the prisoner relieved the old cook of his prisoners and took them out to civilization. They were deputy sheriffs, part of a large posse that for nearly a week had followed the trail of the two desperadoes.

The old mail-carrier, unavoidably delayed, had fallen in their way when they were hard pressed for means of escape, and they had shot him for his horses. Then, learning from the letters of our presence in the neighborhood, they had played at a bold game to obtain provisions and had lost.

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**HOBSON'S FIRST PLAN.**  
Merrimac to Fly Spanish Colors and Feign a Chase.

Lieut. Richmond Pearson Hobson is writing for the Century Magazine his story of "The Sinking of the Merrimac." Lieut. Hobson says, after telling of the decision to sink the Merrimac in the harbor entrance:

Various plans were considered. That of feigning a chase suggested itself from the fact that Spanish colliers were supposed to be on their way to Santiago. One had recently been captured by the St. Paul, and from her it was learned that others were soon expected.

The plan, and various other plans involving the co-operation of the fleet, were discarded in favor of the simpler plan of going in alone by moonlight, just before the moon should set.

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**LET US ALL LAUGH.**  
JOKES FROM THE PENS OF VARIOUS HUMORISTS.

**Pleasant Incidents Occurring the World Over—Sayings that are Charming to Old or Young—Funny Selections that You Will Enjoy.**

**Could it be Necessary.**  
Neighbor—What beautiful hens you have, Mrs. Stuckup!  
Mrs. Stuckup—Yes; they are all imported fowls.

**As Understood by Him.**  
"Mamma, what's a sewer?" asked a little Pittsburgh boy.  
"A sewer is a big drain to carry off dirty water, Tommy."

**A Conference in the Study.**  
Dr. Thirdly—I am in dire straits.  
Dr. Fourthly—What is the trouble?  
Dr. Thirdly—It was decided some three months ago to cut down my salary.

**Where Confidence Ends.**  
"Does he have the confidence of his wife?"  
"Well, she mails her own letters."—Ohio State Journal.

**And Lazily Stretched.**  
"That is where I draw the line," said the servant girl, as she looked across the clothes yard about 10 o'clock on Monday morning.—Somerville Journal.

**Strictly Private.**  
The Coon—I want tuh sen' dis letter by telegraph.  
The Operator—Well, what have you got it sealed for?

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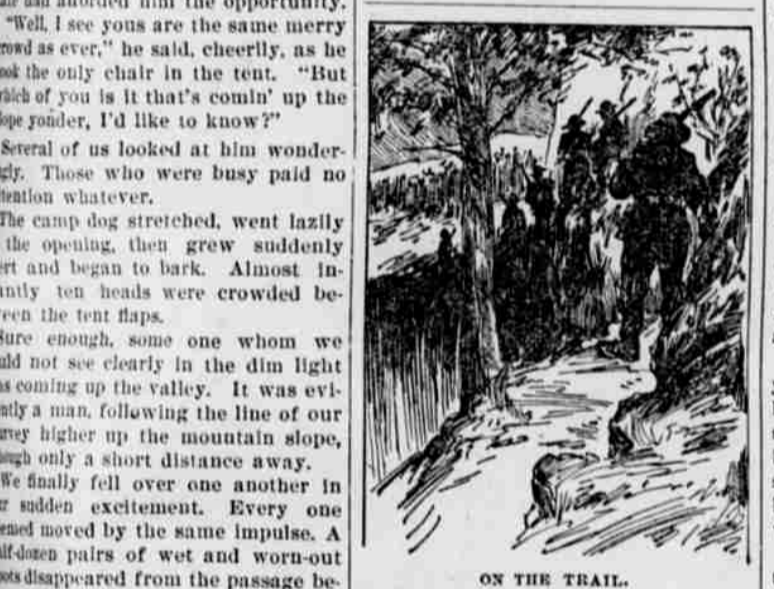
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walked to the tent opening. After standing there a moment he whistled and suddenly turned upon Turner with a drawn revolver.

"Keep still and walk outside," he said, quietly.

Turner obeyed promptly. He had no weapon with which to defend himself, and he was badly frightened.

**A FOOT-BALL STORY.**  
The Player Performed a Great Feat, but Didn't Know It.

Harper's Round Table contains a capital football story, in which the following vivid description of the sensations of a contestant in a game between the Harvard and Yale teams is given by one of the Harvard players:

As the play was started I was shot forward, tipping the opposing guard completely over, and we all went down together. I can only remember scrambling savagely over two men, jumping wildly from one man to another, with the ball just ahead of me under the legs of what seemed to be a thousand people.

Then I heard a wild, unearthly yell. Nothing like it had ever come to my ears before, and I remember wondering what it could be. It swelled and grew with each moment. Now it died away; now it spread out stronger than ever. I had a queer feeling of wonder if I were still playing the game.

**Bacteria in Dust.**  
In a recent number of the Annales de Micrographie, Dr. Miquel gives the results of some interesting observations made by him in respect of the vitality of disease germs.

**The Bicycle in German Politics.**  
A somewhat remarkable movement is being started by the devotees of cycling in Germany. It is nothing less than a demand for the due representation of cyclists' interests at all elections, whether municipal or state.

**A Legend of Lace-Making.**  
Many are the myths handed down in relation to the origin of lace-making and of the number one has to select her choice and pin her faith to, discarding the other stories as mere fables.

**Abstemious at Banquets.**  
Ex-Mayor Latrobe of Baltimore is in the best of health, although he has attended 600 banquets during the last twenty years. He says: "I always had a good time wherever I went. But I didn't eat much—banquet goers should remember that—and I didn't drink much, and that is why I have not developed any of those many diseases which are lurking in the atmosphere surrounding the gourmet."

**Thought He Meant Suspenders.**  
Mrs. Keeley, the veteran English actress, tells an anecdote of a young actress who, in the play, is a boy. She is taken before a judge, who asks sternly: "Now, where are your accomplices?"

**What He Took.**  
Jay Green (a rural swain)—When I was out buggy ridin' with Miss Daisy Filters last Sunday she insisted on takin' the reins.

**A Pace Worker.**  
Miss Ann Thrope—Gussie hasn't any permanent employment, has he?  
Cholly—No; he's writing for the papers. Just doing a little bawlin' work.

**A Money-Saver.**  
"Bensington is the stingiest man I ever saw. Do you know what he's doing now?"  
"No; what's his latest scheme for saving money?"  
"He's rented a room over a restaurant, so that he can inhale his meals without extra cost."

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**On the Links.**  
Miss Adept (with friendly interest)—Been playing golf, eh? What did you do to it?  
Miss First-Time Round—Do it in? Oh, my old black bicycle skirt and a shirt-waist—Harper's Bazar.

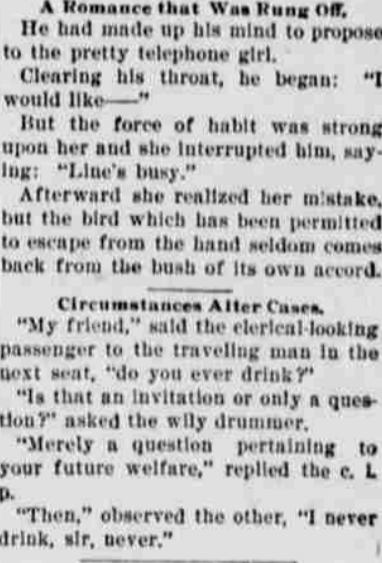
**A Lucky Escape.**  
A Somerville girl realizes now that she has made a lucky escape. She broke her engagement with a Cambridge young man, and when he returned the picture of herself that she had given him it looked as fresh and new as it did the day when it came from the photographer's.—Somerville Journal.

**A Romance that Was Run Off.**  
He had made up his mind to propose to the pretty telephone girl. Clearing his throat, he began: "I would like—"

**The Sense of Justice in the Slums.**  
Jacob A. Rills writes of "The Passing of Cat Alley" in the Century. Mr. Rills says: "Cat Alley had its faults, but it can at least be said of it, in extenuation, that it was very human. With them all it had a rude sense of justice that did not distinguish its early builders. When the work of tearing down had begun, I watched, one day, a troop of children having fun with a see-saw that they had made of a plank laid across a lime-barrel. The whole Irish contingent rode the plank, all at once, with screams of delight. A ragged little girl from the despised 'Dago' colony watched them from the corner with hungry eyes. Big Jane, who was the leader by virtue of her thirteen years and her long reach, saw her and stopped the show."



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