

T SWING.

A Woman and Her Child.
had just come back of course, he had but as yet he had the Detroit Free

clerk, insinua-
in "Texas?"
pretty soon."
should have
thing big,"

never seen

clerk.

er, "about

the country

a cowboy

all of them.

l, too, and I

of the whole

was ready to

to get away

from the

trifling shout

in the street,

and to the window

to see who

it was a horse

in a light v

ing at breakneck

speed down the street, with a woman

and child in the wagon. At the end of

the street was a ditch fifteen feet deep

and it was plain that when the run-

away got there a tragedy would occur.

Everybody seemed to be powerless, and

the few who tried to do anything only

made matters worse. Then I heard a

shout, and a cowboy came around the

corner fifty yards behind the wagon. He

was on a big, lumpy kind of a horse, but

he was making him go his best, and he

was gaining on the runaway. But not

much, and the interest seemed to

change from the danger of the woman

and child to which horse was faster. I

thought the chasing would make the

other horse run faster, and perhaps it

did, but in a minute I saw the cowboy

swing a rope or something in his

hand, and as I was wondering

what in the mischief he was go-

ing to do with that thing he gave

it a sling and a twirl, and the next

instant his own horse settled back on

his haunches, and the runaway went

over on his side, not a dozen feet from

the ditch. I didn't understand it even

then, and rushed out on the street, as

everybody who had been watching the

exciting chase from the windows was

doing, and at the door I met a big fel-

low coming in. As he passed me I heard

him say: "Bill is h-l with the lariat.

I bet \$20 he'd throw him afore he got

to the ditch." That explained matters."

continued the drummer, "and when

Bill came back with the woman and

child safe, but somewhat shaken up, I

led him in and broke a bottle in

honor of himself and his lariat."

Things Forbidden in War.

It is perhaps not generally realized that the game of war is hedged around by as many restrictions as a boxing match under Queensbury rules. These regulations, which are under the sanction of all the civilized countries of the world, are designed to insure fair play for the combatants.

When it is intended to bombard a place, due notice should be given, so that all women and children may be removed to a place of safety, and every care must be taken to spare churches and hospitals, as well as all charitable and educational buildings.

All chaplains, doctors and nurses are protected in every possible way, and are not to be taken prisoners or in any way injured.

Any soldier robbing or mutilating an enemy is liable to be shot without trial, and death is the penalty for wounding or killing a disabled man.

The bodies of the enemy are to be carefully searched before burial, and any articles found on them which might lead to their identification are to be sent to the proper quarters.

Explosive bullets must not be used, and quarter must be given to the enemy whether he asks for it or not. In an attack on the enemy there must be no concealment of the distinctive signs of the regiments, and the use of poisons for polluting drinking water is strictly forbidden.—Boston Traveler.

Feeding the Public.

"I'm about bushed in the matter of curiosities," mused the owner of a small store. "It's a bad habit—this idea of drawing trade by making a museum of the window, but I can't stop now—business won't allow it."

A few hours later the soda water trade was rushing. The crowd outside the window gazed in until it was thirsty at the remarkable bird that hung in a big cage. The card attached bore a handful of the alphabet hysterically put together and designed for a scientific name. After it were the words: "From Samoa."

A few days later the "curiosity" was feeding in the back yard with the rest of the bantam hens.—Detroit Free Press.

Most Expensive Thermometer.

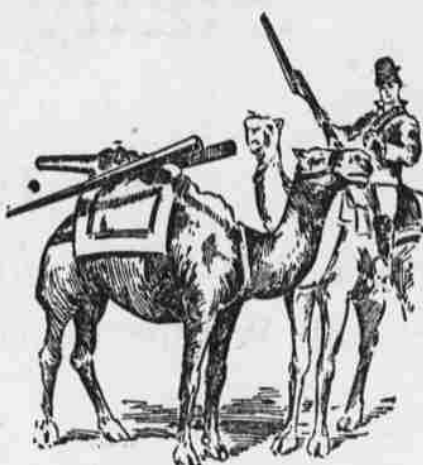
The most expensive thermometer is in use at the Johns Hopkins University. It is known as Prof. Bowland's thermometer, and is valued at \$10,000. It is an absolutely perfect instrument, and the graduations on the glass are so fine that it is necessary to use a microscope to read them.

Some people are never so happy as when they have bad news to tell.

FIGHT FOR BRITAIN.

Camels from Egypt and Elephants from India Engaged.

Curious corps of the English army are being moved toward the seat of the great war which is now raging in the Dark Continent. Bicycle pickets and dispatch bearers, military balloonists with Marconi wireless apparatus, Sudanese camel scouts mounted on light hadjem camels with one hump, carrier pigeons and water buffaloes, elephant batteries of light artillery with guns on their backs and elephant batteries of heavy artillery where two of the "hathi" pull tandem on a 40-pounder cannon, all bound for Boer land



TYPE OF EGYPTIAN CAMEL CORP.

The heavier Bactrian two-humped camel carries light field guns and does all of the draft work in that land where sudden and mysterious death awaits the horse. In the air the carrier pigeon and the military balloonist carry war into the clouds, while beneath the ground the sapper and miner burrow through wall and bank, all as England's glory goes on girdling round the globe.

What a tale the war elephants that fight in the Queen's service could tell. The largest troop of them now in use in the Indo-British artillery are those which were in the Peshawur column of the Tirah expeditionary force in 1898. Many of these elephants were in the Indian mutiny and carried government officers through palace courts of Cawnpore and Delhi in 1857, when the palace floors were slippery with dismembered bodies of women and children slain in hundreds by the Sowars. They carried cannons and rifles at the front during those frightful times, and in addition helped to execute the retributive justice which it is said the soldiers swore to satisfy by killing a Sepoy for each hair on the heads of the



HARNESSED TO DRAW ARTILLERY.

women who had been chopped to pieces and thrown into wells with their living children. The Sepoys were set upon the backs of elephants. Nooses tied from a limb were put around their necks and at the drum signal of "forward" the elephants marched out to leave the woman killers "dancing on nothing," as an eye-witness described it.

The use of camels, elephants and water buffalo as a part of the military equipment of a great nation might possibly be understood to come from a desire for the picturesque, rather than from strategic requirements, but the interior of Africa presents such difficulties in the path of an advancing army as can only be overcome by their means. The most imposing sight in all of the military pageant is to see elephants drawing cannon.

"He's a Brick."

The phrase, "He's a brick," is derived from an expression of Aristotle, which, translated from Greek into English, signifies "a four-cornered man," a brick having four corners. By a man or an action being "square," we mean "honest." Aristotle's expression may be rather equivalent to an "all-round" man. An ambassador, once upon a time, expressed to the King of Sparta his wonder that none of the Spartan cities had walls of defense. The King took him to where his little army was drawn up for inspection, and, pointing to them, said: "These are the walls of Sparta—10,000 men, and every man a brick."—New York Home Journal.

A Collegiate Break-Down.

"I suppose your son broke himself down at college foot-ball." "No, indeed! The doctor said what gave him nervous prostration was trying to get his lessons in between the games."—Indianapolis Journal.

Some words on the end of your tongue should be allowed to remain there.

RECEIVED CHANGE IN NICKELS.

Novel Suit of Memphis Woman Against a Street Car Company.

The Supreme Court will be called upon at its next sitting at Jackson to look into the peculiar case of Mrs. Crutchfield vs. the Memphis Street Railway.

Mrs. Crutchfield sues the street railway company for \$500 damages and the complainants maintain that they have such a cause as entitle them to a trial on the merits of the case.

It is related that on the days of transaction, Mrs. Crutchfield, who lives in Fort Pickering, having occasion to come uptown, found that she had no other money than a \$20 bill. She tried to get this money changed before she boarded the street car. She went to the butcher with whom she deals in the neighborhood and offered to pay a bill there if the butcher could change the bill, but she could not get it changed. So she boarded the street car with the bill. It is related on behalf of the complainant that she explained to the conductor the circumstances accounting for the necessity for offering him so large a bill and asked him for a transfer at Beal street. They were not able to settle the trouble about the bill until they came to Madison street, when the conductor got off the car to get the bill changed. It is asserted that he went to some trouble to get the bill changed entirely to nickels. He got at the first bank, so it is asserted by the complainant, \$10 in nickels and a \$10 bill, and then went to another bank and got the \$10 bill changed to nickels. He carried these small coins to the passenger and tendered them to her.

It is related that Mrs. Crutchfield asked for time in which to count the money, but the conductor demurred, and the other passengers protested against the delay, so that Mrs. Crutchfield said the car might go to the end of the line and she would count the money en route. It is related that after she had counted the money over once she concluded that she was \$1.15 short, and upon making demand for the balance the conductor handed it over to her. She had not yet finished counting the money when the car reached the end of the Main street line and turned for the round trip. Then the conductor demanded a second fare from her, whereat she protested, and after some argument, when the conductor declared that she would have to pay another nickel or get off, she got off the car.

These being the averments of the lawsuit from the complainant's standpoint, it is intended to go to the Supreme Court to ascertain whether or not such circumstances do not constitute a cause for action.—Memphis Scimitar.

Love and Letters.

Many a heart has been won through the agency of well-written letters. One morning a well-dressed man rushed into a matrimonial office in London, and flourished a bank-note before the eyes of the startled agent.

"This bit of paper shall be yours, if you'll book me a wife," he cried. "It doesn't matter whether she's tall or short, fat or thin; in less than an hour I shall be on my way to the West Indies, and I want you to find me a woman who will write me a newsy little letter every month. I can't take a wife out there, and I must keep in touch with the old country somehow." Though this was an extraordinary demand, the agent agreed to do his best, and soon discovered a clever spinster who was willing to oblige the eccentric traveler. For three years she sent her unknown lover long letters that cheered his lonely heart and made him yearn to come back to claim her for his own, and when at last he returned the marriage was celebrated without loss of time.

Gold Fillings No Longer Fashionable.

Fashion's new fiat is that there shall be no more gold in teeth. Gold in the midst of a "row of pearls," the leaders say, is horribly conspicuous, and it is very bad form. None of the yellow metal should show when one laughs, and such a thing as half a front tooth of gold must no more be seen.

It is still allowable to use gold where there is no possibility of its showing, but in any other case the new rule of fashion is exceedingly positive.

It is not proposed that where gold is already in place it shall be taken out, but the "orders" are to use the other materials from now on, especially in the case of the upcoming generation.

In the place of gold the fashionable dentists are now using a white metal that hardens very quickly, and when hard looks precisely like the tooth itself.—Philadelphia Press.

She Wouldn't Let Him.

First Duke—Why don't you travel incognito, as I do. It's far pleasanter.

Second Duke—Yes, but my wife always goes with me—and I married an American.—New Brunswick Advertiser.

Traced Back to Ed'n.

Mr. Dash—I have discovered the reason why most women like ribbons.

Mrs. Dash—Why?

Mr. Dash—Because the first woman was a rib-un herself.—Syracuse Herald.

When a tall man finds himself short he is naturally embarrassed.

OUR KINSMEN, THE BOERS.

There Is a Tie Between Them and Our Country's Early Settlers.

Reminded incessantly of their kinship with the English, Americans are not often asked to remember their kinship with the Boers. And yet the tie is a close one. The Boer is a transplanted Dutchman, and the influence of Holland in shaping the destiny of this country is ranked by historians as second only to that of Britain.

In contemplating the Transvaal war it is well not to forget what the Dutch did for America.

The Pilgrim Fathers, having been driven out of England, found a refuge in Holland until they sailed for the New World. Holland was in that age the cradle of religious liberty. It was one of the world's great states, and its people had won greater freedom than those of England.

During their sojourn there the refugees learned to admire and love many Dutch institutions, and they carried these feelings with them across the Atlantic.

In the very foundation of the American commonwealth there was a stratum of the elements that are present in the fighting Boers.

Hendrick Hudson, when he sailed his boat, the Half Moon, through the Narrows, in 1609, was, through English himself, in the service of the Dutch East India Company. To Holland, therefore, belongs the honor of the discovery of the Hudson river and what is now the port of New York.

England claimed all the territory on the Atlantic coast from the Bay of Fundy to Florida, but did not oppose the colonization of the territory discovered by Hudson.

Hudson named the region New Netherland and established trading posts on Manhattan Island and at what is now Albany.

The first Dutch colonist arrived in 1623 and settled on Manhattan Island, which they named New Amsterdam. Holland claimed all the territory from the Delaware to the Connecticut.

To stimulate colonization the Dutch West India Company offered a tract 16 miles along one bank of any river or 8 miles along both banks to anybody who would transport 50 colonists from the old country.

Among these brave pioneers were the forefathers of many who now look upon themselves as the aristocracy of New York.

In just this way did the Dutch colonize South Africa. So that there is cousinship of race between many in the Four Hundred and the stern farmers who obey Oom Paul.

But intermarriage on this side has modified the original type, whereas the Boers in their jealous isolation have preserved the pure, strong, rugged race.

HOLD YOUR BREATH.

Thereby You May Avoid Being Drowned When in the Water.

"Whatever you do, hold your breath," said the swimming master, when he had half a dozen young women to look after at the beach. "No one ever was drowned without first strangling, and then filling the lungs with water in a struggle that is twice as fierce as an effort to hold the breath would be. If they can preserve their presence of mind and prevent drawing in the breath they are safe. While above water the air can be taken in little breaths, almost gasps. When the water goes over they can hold their breath and they will of a certainty come to the surface."

"Look at that girl with the red cap," he remarked, pointing to a slight young woman who was insisting on getting beyond her depth, and who was compelling her limbs to find the way of propulsion. "She will learn to swim because she is determined to, and she takes her time about it. She will not allow herself to be frightened, no matter if she puts her feet down and does not touch the ground. She knows that is the way to get herself in serious trouble and so she keeps control of herself and is calm all the time. When she cannot touch bottom she catches a little breath at a time and tries to strike out. Of course she goes under now and then, but she doesn't try to breathe under water, because she knows she is not a fish. A fish has gills and can strain the air from the water; but she has lungs, and when she fills them with water she gets some air, to be sure, for there is air in the water all the time. But she gets too much water at the same time and it doesn't do her any good."

"If people would just keep quiet and not get excited, just remain cool and collected and hold their breath unless the nose is above water, we never would hear of a death by drowning. Of course, in the case of shipwreck, or whenever one gets too much exhausted, the holding of the breath is out of the question. But I never saw anyone at these beaches when it seems to me there was any excuse for not learning to swim. There certainly is no excuse for losing control of one's self, and getting strangled, or becoming unconscious."

"Hold your breath."—Chicago Evening Post.

There is nothing that flatters a young housekeeper quite so much as to have an older woman ask her for recipes.

GEN. LAWTON'S WIDOW.

Charming Woman to Whom the Great Soldier Was Devoted.

"I am ready to die a soldier's death at any time. I have no fears for myself. But I am sorely troubled when I think of what would become of my wife and children in such an event."

Thus spoke Gen. Henry W. Lawton to a friend last summer. He died as heroes die—at the head of his men in a warm engagement and while aiding a wounded subordinate. He left no fortune. Forty years of his life were given to his country, but his pay was inadequate to do more than support himself and his family. But a grateful country will care for them.

Mrs. Lawton was Miss Craig, of Redlands, Cal., and the General's happiest days were spent on their fruit farm in California, when the great soldier was stationed at Los Angeles. The marriage of the General and Mrs. Lawton was unusual. At the Craig homestead, near Louisville, Ky., lives a favorite and invalid cousin of Mrs. Lawton, who was anxious to witness the marriage



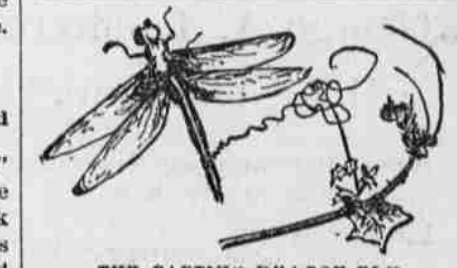
MRS. MARY CRAIG LAWTON.

ceremony. A few days before the date set for the wedding the cousin began to fail. It was seen that she was dying. She realized it and asked that Gen. (then Maj.) Lawton and his bride-to-be be summoned to her bedside and there (the day before the appointed date) Miss Craig became Mrs. Lawton.

WAS IT AN ACCIDENT.

Dragon Fly Securely Held by the Tendril of a Living Vine.

A most unusual occurrence is illustrated here. Mr. P. G. Lechen, of Milwaukee, Wis., who sends the photograph to an exchange, vouches for the following statement. He says: "One of the prominent citizens of this town



THE CAPTIVE DRAGON FLY.

while walking in his garden one morning was attracted by the futile struggle of a huge dragon-fly endeavoring to free itself from the tight grip of one of the tendrils of a wild cucumber vine. Apparently the tendril had twined itself so securely around the fly's body that the poor insect became a prisoner. It struggled for two days, and finally died of exhaustion. The question suggests itself: Was it an accident, or did the tendril act as a trap, after the manner of certain species which are recognized as insect-catching plants?"

Anecdote of a Dog.

Many years ago my wife and I made up our minds to possess a dog, and after much debate and long search purchased a fox terrier in the dog market. We named him "Tip." Tip was a most intelligent animal; indeed at times his evident comprehension of conversation and discussion of events in the family circle was startling. My wife was not so assured as I was that "Tip" really understood speech with the intelligence of "humans," so I planned the following to convince her.

I arranged that one evening the dog should be on the hearth rug between us (a favorite position with Mr. Tip) and that I would begin talking about him to her. I did so, and found considerable fault, among the phrases I used being, "he is getting useless, and I shall have to sell him."

The effect was startling, and caused me great surprise as well as remorse. Tip stood up, the great tears came into his eyes, and with an indignant look at me, slowly went out of the room and house, and it took a long time for him to recover his old trust in me.—J. W. Monk.

Neighborhood.

In the Clay school the other day the teacher asked the spelling class what a neighborhood was. Silence followed. Finally Lawrence broke out:

"I know," he declared.

"Well, what is it?" asked the teacher dubiously, for Lawrence is a very uncertain quantity in school.

"Why, a neighborhood is-is-is a place where a lot of people live and borrow things of each other."—Detroit Free Press