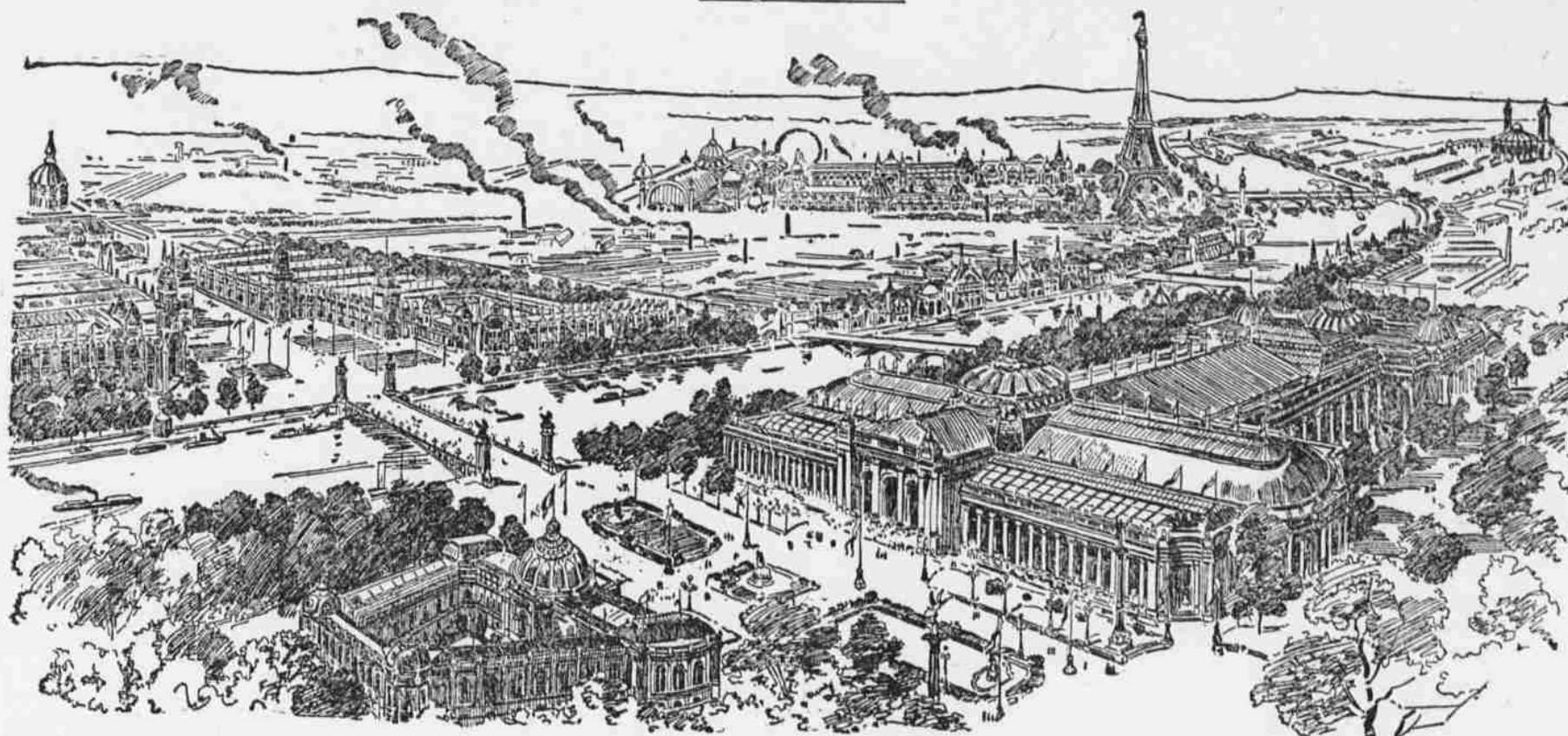


BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE PARIS EXPOSITION GROUNDS AND BUILDINGS.



A GENTLEMAN RANKER.

How He Spoiled His Letter—The Trooper's Life.

He was sitting with his back against a bowlder, his rifle barrel resting on a stone, the stock on his knees. He was using the stock for a desk and was writing laboriously in pencil on a crumpled half-sheet of paper, says the Pall Mall Gazette.

"This is devilish hard work," he said, "but I must get it done to-day. I was always a poor fist at a letter. How do you spell reconnaissance?"

Trooper 943 gave him his idea of it. "That's all wrong," he said. "I'm sure there isn't a 'k' in it. But it doesn't matter. All my spelling's gone to the fence. I never learned anything at school, and not much since."

Trooper 943 laughed. "Seems to me you know a lot," he said.

"No blarney! If you don't know as much you ought to be ashamed of yourself."

Trooper 943 laughed again. He was lying on his stomach with a sharp eye toward a possible shot. A dozen other men were intent on the same business, while a couple more were looking after the horses.

"They never offered me no commission," he said.

"Well, I didn't take the one they offered me, did I? I made up my mind when I was a kid I wasn't going to be a gentleman. I don't see why you should keep on snickering. Tell me how to spell that blessed French officer's name, and shut up. I didn't see the good of being a gentleman, like a lot of chaps I knew; it didn't look like a trade that'd suit me. I did all sorts of things to harden myself; used to wrap up in a blanket and sleep on the floor instead of in bed. I dare say you think that was all tommy rot. Well, p'raps it was."

A bullet buzzed overhead. Trooper 943 sighted and fired.

"Got him?"

"I wouldn't like to be the bloke's wife and family."

"Tell me if you see anything else. I must get this finished."

He scribbled on for a time in silence, dropped his pencil, picked it up, and rose to stretch himself.

"Git down, stoopid!" said Trooper 943.

A second bullet buzzed and the other's right arm dropped to his side.

"Slick through the shoulder," he said. He sat down again, looking a little pale.

"Now you've bin and spoilt your 'and-writing,'" said 943. "Told you so. Does it hurt?"

"No, not much. Here, just sign my name at the end of that letter, will you?"

Trooper 943 signed the name in a shuffling, awkward hand. Then he began to grumble again.

"Just like you! The best in our little lot got a 'ole in him. Bl' me, if you ain't a daisy!"

The other took the letter and crammed it into his pocket with his left hand.

"Shut up," he said. "I can shoot from the left. Hello! Look out!"

The men were on their feet and in the saddle in a moment, all but Trooper 943, who fell to one of the twenty bullets that had spilt among them.

The letter writer was down again in a flash and had him across his horse. Trooper 943 laughed again, though rather feebly.

"Well, you are a daisy!" he said. The men scattered and rode off in a spatter of bullets.

"Drop me," said Trooper 943. "I'll be all right. You'll only git copped."

"Shut up!"

They did not get copped, but it was a ride to be remembered all the days of a man's life. Also, the letter was spoiled.

"You ought to 'ave the V. C.," said 943, some hours later. "You fair saved me."

"Did I?" said a voice from the next bed. "And you spoilt my letter, you ungrateful beggar. You might have chosen somewhere else to bleed."

Trooper 943 grinned and tried to turn his head.

"Fair saved me, you did," he said. "You ain't a gentleman, are you? Oh, no!"

Schoolboys Being Demoralized.

A New York superintendent of schools says: "We have had more cases of corporal punishment to investigate this year than usual. Our boys seem more than ever given to fighting. I think it is due to the way in which most of the newspapers exploit the doings of prize fighters. Not only is a great deal of space devoted to prize fights, but the pugilists and scenes at the ringside are fully illustrated. Now, all this has a bad effect on the boys and is the cause of most of their disorderly acts."

Largest Orchards in the World.

Views have been taken of the orchards of Messrs. Miller and Pancake in the vicinity of Romney, W. Va., for exhibition at the Paris exposition. These orchards are the largest in the world, comprising 250,000 peach and plum trees. They planted 181,000 trees the past year and cleared for planting 1,735 acres of timber land. The first season their orchards came into bearing they shipped 100 carloads of peaches and plums.

LAST OF THE "LONG HORNS."

Texas Stockman's Unique Contribution to the Paris Exposition.

Unique among the exhibits at the Paris Exposition will be the contribution of a Texas stockman, J. M. Dobie, of Ramires, Live Oak County. His curiosity is the celebrated Dobie steer, than which there will be no exhibit more remarkable and yet so characteristic of the Lone Star State.

The Dobie steer is known throughout South and West Texas. He is the rough and graphic standard of measurement of the West Texas stockman.

prison stable and sowed it on the first layer of his coat. He cast it down carelessly at one end of the prison grounds, and watered it daily. In a few weeks the grass grew up through the sack coat, and before a great while the piece of burlap was conformed into a grassy lawn.

He was now ready to carry out his plans, and patiently waited an opportunity. At last he succeeded in getting his new contrivance across to the northwest of the prison, and in a few minutes was under his grassy coat.

Slowly he crept along with the cleverness of a worm, and from all appear-

BARB-WIRE TELEPHONE LINE.

Three Towns in Indiana Connected by Using Ordinary Fence Wires.

One of the most novel telephone systems in the world is the "barb-wire" line, which connects the Indiana towns of Anderson, Pendleton and Ingalls. It is fifteen miles in length. Its inventor, builder and sole owner, Cassius Alley of Pendleton, now has six subscribers at \$50 a year each. The time is not far distant when there will be tenfold this number. One clothing company at Anderson, with branch stores at Pendleton, and the Wagner glass works, with offices at Anderson and factory at Ingalls are using this barb-wire system in their business affairs exclusively. They use the line frequently. They can convert it into a private line by plugs so arranged that when one party is using the line he can cut out all others except in Mr. Alley's residence, which is used as a central station. Ordinary phones are used with no special strength of battery and there is very little trouble with the lines.

In constructing the line, Mr. Alley used the top strand of the barb-wire fence of the Big Four railroad, making the connections with the offices of his subscribers with ordinary telephone wire. In some instances where the posts had rotted it was necessary to paint the wire and posts with rubber paint to insulate the wire. This is fairly satisfactory and puts the line in shape to be used as well in wet weather as at any other time. The inventor expects to put in a newly invented form of glass insulator, which is very cheap and the only one yet found that can be used on a fence wire line.

On this line, wagon roads are crossed thirty-seven times and railroads six times. At these crossings the line is either carried through a gas-pipe conduit, with insulated wire or by building bridges, which is done by merely nailing a piece of timber fifteen feet long to the last fence post and extending

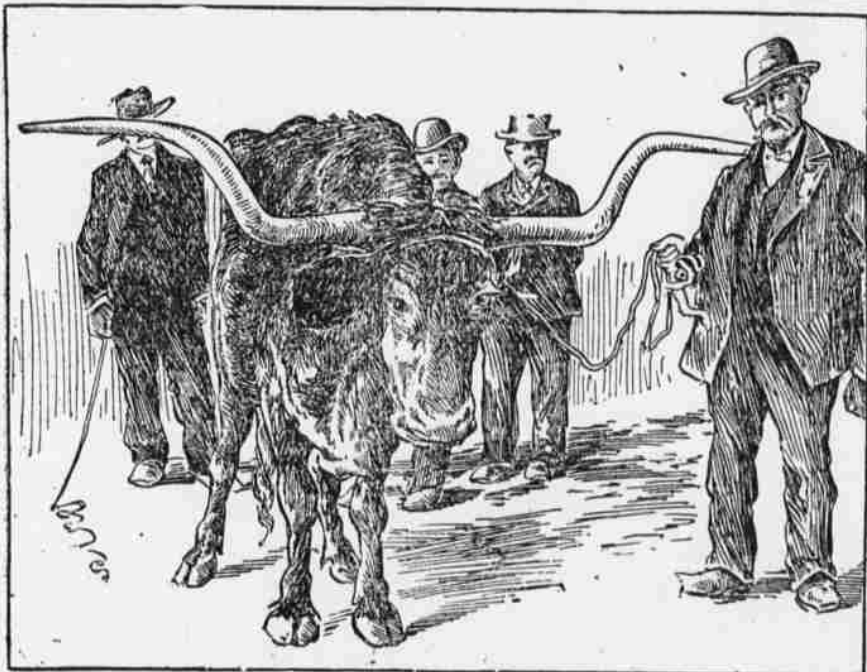
residences are supplied with a small instrument at a very small cost. This little contrivance is so arranged that it can be attached to the main barb wire at any point and thus the farmer is enabled to call up his city merchant, or broker, or lawyer just as well as if he had the ordinary telephone equipment.

Orang-Outang vs. Bur-lar.

Some two years ago a retired officer of the merchant service, living in the Rue d'Alesia, Paris, M. Duchesne, brought home an orang-outang from Borneo. Since growing to its full size the brute is a terror to the neighbors. Its master won't hear of its being chained up, contenting himself with shutting the animal in his bed room before going out. This was done yesterday, but unfortunately for him, Nicolas Bargeve, alias "The Devourer," had determined to make a professional call at M. Duchesne's apartment with intent to burgle. Now as this illustrious character had only been three days at large after completing his ninth term of imprisonment, he was naturally unaware that such a pet as the orang-outang was tolerated in these particular rooms. Consequently, when the burglar was suddenly pounced upon by two hairy paws, he was somewhat surprised, and his screams soon brought help, with the result that Mr. Bargeve was drawn out of the room by his feet, in a very ignominious fashion. He was taken to the infirmary, and it is reported that he has gone mad and now imagines himself to have been changed into an ape.—London Post.

Soda Water to Appease Hunger.

Soda water is now prescribed as a palliative for hunger, especially for the abnormal hunger produced by disease. The seat of hunger is found in the solar plexus. By the use of water charged with carbonic acid gas the branches of the solar plexus distributed through the mucous membrane of the stomach are influenced in such a way that the ab-



FAMOUS DOBIE STEER OF TEXAS.

"Big as the Dobie steer" is the hyperbole they use when describing a pair of horns. It is a hyperbole, for travel the wide plains over and another steer with a pair of horns such as has the Dobie steer cannot be found. He is the last of the old tribe of monster horned cattle of the plains that gave to Texas its additional nickname of "The Long Horn State." The steer measures 15 hands and weighs between 1,600 and 1,700 pounds. His enormous horns from point to point measure nine feet seven inches. The horns could easily be made to measure over 10 feet if taken off the steer, steamed, and straightened. When the steer is standing in a natural position on level ground the tip ends of his horns are fully six feet above the ground.

Time was, fifteen or less years ago, when the long horns were no curiosity in Texas, but to-day there are few reminders of the grand old herds that have been so closely interwoven with the history of the State. The steer in Paris will excite the wonder and command the admiration of all visitors to the world's great show.

PENETRATED SHREWD DISGUISE.

Prison Guard Was Interested in a Moving Grass Plot.

Green Casey, a convict at San Quentin, has won the admiration of all his fellow convicts at the prison for the novel contrivance he has invented in order to make his escape from the prison walls some time ago, and through Sheriff Langdon of Santa Clara County the story has leaked out.

Casey was a kind of trusty around the prison grounds, and while working in one of the grounds in the vicinity of the prison he took it into his head that he would like to escape, and was beginning to tax his mind as to the most advantageous way to suit his purpose. As he was strolling around on the green grass which grows in abundance around the prison an idea struck him that if he could imitate the grass by some means he could elude the watchful sentries and make good his escape.

Through the aid of his convict friends he procured some pieces of burlap, and with the aid of some rope made them into a long coat that would cover him completely when lying on the grass. He then carried some wheat from the

ances success would crown his efforts. But his progress was too rapid and very soon he heard footsteps coming in his direction. The moving grass plot which was slowly making its way up the hillside soon came to a sudden standstill as the eye of a guard had noticed the grass moving and came to investigate the phenomenon. A kick in the ribs apprised Casey that his plan had been discovered. The guard took Casey and a red shirt now covers his breast.—San Francisco Call.

Spring on the Farm.

The sweet, balmy breezes of springtime are melting the last fall of snow, and soon the bluebirds will be singing, to cheer on the man with the hoe; The gentleman with the lone gallus, who down the corn-row slowly plods, With a right-and-left whacking and smashing, to bust up the newly turned clods.

The ice has gone out of the streamlet, and green leaves peep forth on the trees;

The worm-fence is patched up in places, and new "gums" are placed for the bees;

The spring house has been fumigated, and bed clothes are aired on the line, And the whole farm breathes out a warm welcome for the coming of spring's blessed time.

The colt is turned loose in the pasture, painted over with rank kerosene; The anvil rings out its wild clamor as the "plow p'int" are made sharp and keen;

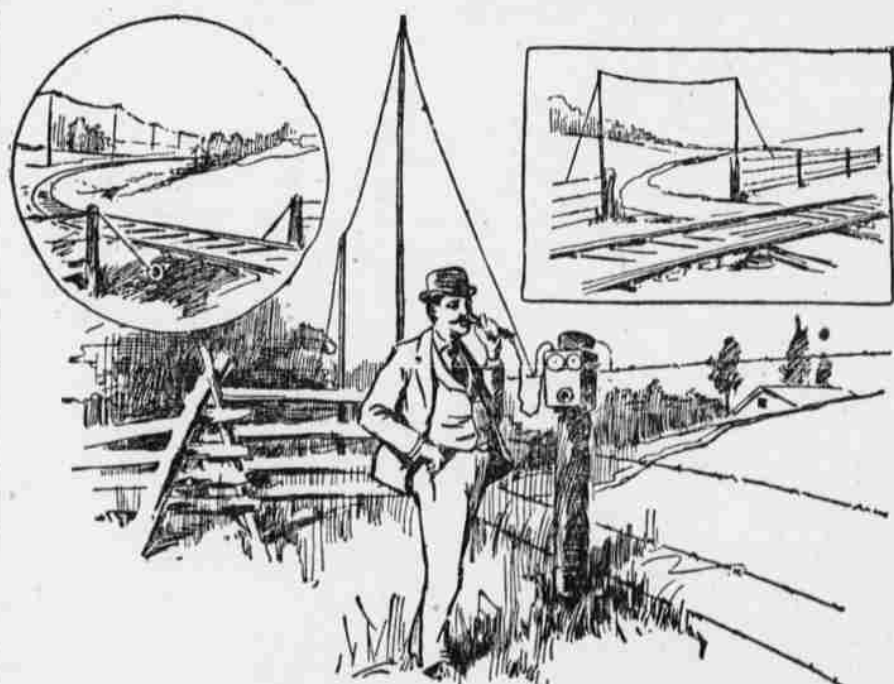
The boys dig for bait in the barnyard, for the creek water's muddy and warm, For spring is at hand, rousing up this old land, and there's joy, life and work on the farm.

Spider Silk.

Apropos of the new spider silk, a Philadelphia manufacturer has discovered in an old book on color, dated 1814, an account of attempt to promote spider silk culture, which failed because the spiders, when brought together, fought to the death down to the last survivor.

They Reward Domestic.

When a German servant girl reaches her fortieth year in the employ of one family she is presented with a golden cross by Empress Augusta Victoria. Last year 144 of these crosses were distributed, only one of which went to a resident of Berlin.



BARB WIRE FENCE TELEPHONE.

high enough to allow clearance for traffic.

The whole line of fifteen miles was built at a cost of about \$100, and the outfit for each house, consisting of receiver, transmitter, battery, call, etc., costs not over \$10. The magnet bell call is used.

This barb-wire line is connected with the Independent long-distance telegraph telephone line at Ingalls, and in this way Indianapolis and Greenfield may be reached by the users of Mr. Alley's system.

The line has been in operation since December and has not been out of order except for a few hours, when a fast train on the railroad struck a cow, threw her body against a fence and broke the wire. A telephone communication, by this simple method, is placed within the reach of every community. Farmers who do not have regular telephone outfits and wires leading to their

normal irritation of the plexus, which is the foundation for the ravenous hunger often present in diabetes and certain forms of indigestion, may be greatly mitigated, if not wholly appeased.

Artificial Willow.

One of the curiosities at Chatsworth, the Duke of Devonshire's place, is a weeping willow made of copper, and so dexterously fashioned that at a distance it resembles a real tree. It is actually a shower bath, for by pressing a secret tap, a tiny spray of water can be made to burst from every branch and twig of the tree, to the discomfort of any who may be under it.

Sensitive Gold-Weighing Machine.

A gold-weighing machine in the Bank of England is so sensitive that a postage stamp dropped on the scale will turn the index on the dial a distance of two inches.