

Bulldog Carney.

By W. A. Fraser.

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O miles from Dan Stuart's "rhisky dive and 18 from Golden the Missoula trail took a sudden kink in the fresh colored ribbon and wound around the butt of a big stump.

Behind the stump a man was kneeling that gladsome September day—all among the tawny gold and crimson of the dead rose leaves and the soft gray and cream of the bleached bunch grass.

He might have been praying, so quietly was he kneeling there, but he wasn't. He was blaspheming softly to himself as his impatient eye wandered in and out among the bowlders and trees that fringed the trail.

The morning sun picked out little bright jewellike spots on the instrument he had leveled across the top of the big stump. He seemed to be a surveyor taking levels.

Just as three men riding bronchos came in sight at a sudden turn in the trail he bowed his head to the level of the instrument and looked carefully along its smooth length.

The bronchos were coming along at a swerving walk, their heads on a level with their withers and their bridle reins hanging loosely in the hands of the riders.

Suddenly there was a nervous tightening of the right hand grasping the instrument, a sharp click close to it, a puff of smoke, followed by a sharp crack, and the man riding the second broncho tumbled from the saddle, shot through the heart. He rolled over on his back, and the bright spots of blood splashed over the rose leaves by the side of the trail.

The first cayuse, startled out of his sleepy lope by the report and flash, reared and plunged madly forward. As he took the first bound in the air a bullet glanced from the high horn in front of the man and went tearing its corkswear way through the leather flaps of the big Mexican saddle.

The rider yelled and dug the spurs in the trembling flanks of the horse as he felt the hot lead searing his way close to his skin.

"Blamed bad shot!" the man behind the stump jerked out between his square jaws as he pumped the lever of his repeater forward and back.

Evidently he had meant well, but the cayuse rearing had diverted the bullet from its intended way.

The third broncho and its rider were making good time in the other direction. The shot he sent after them did not increase their speed any, for they were doing their level best.

The animal the dead man had ridden did not move. He stood beside the fallen figure waiting with dumb patience for his master to rise and mount again.

Throwing the empty shell from the breech of his rifle, the man who had fired the shots walked leisurely over to the figure lying on the ground.

"Well, Jack, old man," he said, addressing the horse, "you're a blamed sight honest than your master. If he'd stuck to his pants where he's doing, he'd be ready for grub pile at noon instead of bleaching out here."

"And I guess he caked the 'stuff' in this big apperjox, too," he added, shoving his hand down in the ample bag of money lovingly.

Yes, it was there right enough, a whole bagful of it. Forty-four hundred dollars, as was found out afterward.

Then he turned his attention to the man lying on his back, with the great ragged red gash in his chest where the encircling bullet had plunged through.

"Well, pard, you've thrown down your mate for the last time. Whisky drinking is bad business, but whisky trading is away up in 'G' to judge by this wad." And he handled the bag of money lovingly.

"You might 'a' known better than to throw me down," he added reproachfully, as though he were trying to throw the blame of the murder upon the man himself.

"Come on now, Jack. I'll use you for a little." And he leisurely threw his leg over the cayuse and disappeared down the Missoula end of the trail.

Then he mounted again and went across country for about three miles until he struck the big cedar swamp which runs for miles and miles from Golden.

"They'll think that the prospector who laid your old man out has hit the trail for Missoula and lit out."

"They'll pick up tracks there, all right enough, but they ain't yourn, Jack."

"Let me see," he asked, pulling a watch from his pocket. "Whisky Saunders took that bad spell about 10 o'clock. The jay on the cayuse will strike Golden about noon. Old Steel and his Jim Dandies will pull out in half an hour and pick up your tracks heading for Missoula about 3."

"There'll be a high old row, and they'll run in some poor devil before night. They'll cop almost any one but me."

Just as they neared the edge of the Big Cedar, a horse neighed a short distance within.

"I guess Blazer smells you, Jack," he said, chuckling softly. "He thinks we've been a long time over the job."

"I'll give you a drink," he said as he dismounted, "and you'll hang out here until some one throws a line over your tonight. Bill'll cut you loose when it's time."

Then he mounted Blazer and rode in a big circuit, skirting the cedar swamp, and upon the mountain side on his way back to Golden. It was dark when he got to the ford on Kicking Horse river just opposite the town. Half way across he took a careful pull to one side, letting Blazer feel his way carefully. Stopping the horse, he took his Winchester and threw it far out on the upper side of the ford—that is, he took

a big swing at it, but the loose end of his backline caught in the breech, and the rifle came splashing down at Blazer's heels.

"A blamed bad throw," he said, grinning; then he chuckled softly to himself, "I guess this outfit'll cut loose better," and he commenced firing 38.55 cartridges far out into the stream with vigorous swings of his long arm.

"That's a cluck," he grunted complacently. "I wish the gun laid as deep, but it's bad fishing now, and I guess they won't find it anyway."

When Blazer's hoofs lost the muffled sound of the water and struck with a sharp ring on the smooth worn stones on the Golden side of the Kicking Horse, the rider gave his long legs a hitching swing and the horse broke into a lope.

It was the night before the day that the whisky smuggler lay out on the Missoula trail stark and stiff, with his red lifeblood splashed all over the tawny mat of dried leaves and withered grass.

The puff of smoke was followed by a sharp crack.

ed rosebushes, and a young English girl stood in Arvil Santley's bachelor quarters—not very sumptuous quarters were they either, showing much of careless misrule and absence of order.

Santley was astonished and said so, which was quite right, for he had not seen Grace—Grace Alton—since he had left England.

"I'm glad to see you, Grace," he said, "but you shouldn't have come here, all the same. You always had sense, but this is fairly foolish."

"That doesn't matter in the slightest, and besides," with a fine touch of womanly inconsistency, "no one saw me coming here except the friend who is waiting outside. It's none of their affairs if they did."

"Well, what's expected of me?" he asked resignedly.

"You're wanted at home; your mother wants you."

"I suppose I ought to go, but I'm not going all the same," he added, taking a long breath as though the words scorched his throat a little.

"Yes, you must go, Arvil. I want you to go. This life is not the life for you. Your mother sent this money to you to take you back to her, so you must go now."

He stooped his tall, magnificent figure toward her a little that she might see better and with his hand parted the heavy black hair which swept across his broad forehead in luxuriant abandon.

"Do you see that big red scar?" he asked. "Well, if I were back there my mother would put her hand upon my forehead so, as she did when I was a little boy, and when that ugly scar met her gentle eyes she would ask how it came. I could not tell her, but neither could I lie to her. And it is that way with all the scars, both on mind and body. They are too deep. I cannot go back."

"Arvil, I do not believe that. You were good when we were together as children in England, and you are good now in spite of all you say, and you will go back. I promised your mother that I would find you here and tell you that she wanted to see you before she died. Father is coming here for a few days to look at his mines, and then we go on to the coast."

"You need not come back with me to the hotel. I have a good guide with me; the friend who got her to come with me called her Mamma Nolan. I know that you will go back, for you've promised me, and you never broke a promise to me yet," she said as she slipped quietly out of the door.

A little roll of bills was lying on the table where she had left it.

It lacked half an hour of 12 o'clock when a French half breed, Baptiste Gabrielle, galloped into the square of the police barracks at Golden on a cayuse reeking with the wet which is from the inside. The constable on guard, pacing solemnly up and down in front of the major's quarters, thought the fanatical looking rider was drunk or running amuck, and swore that he would put a hole in him unless he stopped.

"By gosh, that fell Whisk' Sand'son he get keel," panted Baptiste, with a flash of the color of a lemon in a bottle of alcohol.

"By tam! a fell wit' long neck he keep him behint stump, an he s'oot him soor."

"Is he dead, Ba'tiste?" queried Sergeant Hetherington, in a voice with a full flavor of peat bog about it. "Is he dead, or on'y bu-r-rt?"

"Bet you life, that Whisk' fell he dead," replied Baptiste. "That fell he s'oot ter, fo' time, an Sand'son he kill for soor, hee w'atever. He try soor tell police fell."

"March him in to the major," said Hetherington to a constable.

Before the major Baptiste's harangue, boiled down, read: "Shot at 10 o'clock on the Missoula trail, about 18 miles from Golden."

"What was the man like who did the shooting?" asked the major.

"Tall fell wit' long neck," was the graphic description this query brought forth.

"Tallan, breed or white man?" asked the major.

"Don't know, Me 'ink he white. Tall fell; tam long neck. That fell he got Whisk' Sand'son stuff, too, you bet. Fo', five t'ousan he get in appar."

"Who's tall, with a long neck?" asked the major shortly, turning to the sergeant major, who was standing in front of his desk.

"I'll find out, sir," replied the latter, saluting as he passed out.

He—Often when I look up at the stars in the firmament I cannot help thinking how small, how insignificant, I am after all.

She—Gracious! Doesn't that thought ever strike you except when you look at the stars in the firmament?—Exchange.

His Size.

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A DARWINIAN THEORY.

Why the Drowning Man Always Throws Up His Hands.

The usual idea that a drowning man is stretching out his hands for aid or "catching at straws" is not altogether satisfactory. A possible explanation has lately been suggested, and this supposes that the drowning man, losing all his acquired habits and even some of those inherited from more recent parents, in his terror goes back to the instinctive movements of his arboreal ancestors, and the movements of the drowning man are those of a frightened ape seeking safety by clinging to the nearest tree.

The movement is certainly instinctive, for it can only be eliminated by considerable training and voluntary efforts, and yet it is fatal to the individual, for the specific gravity of no human body is so nearly that of water that the removal of the arms from the supporting fluid at once sinks the face beneath the surface. In cases of so called "cramps" the victim, often a highly trained swimmer, generally throws up the hands, but these cases are probably due to heart failure, and a similar movement takes place on land when the subject receives a fatal heart wound, and it is even a common expression of shock or astonishment. The ordinary movements of walking or running would keep a man's face above water, but these curious climbing movements of both hands and feet make floating impossible and are responsible for many deaths by drowning.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

FLAVOR IN FOODS.

This Quality is as Much a Necessity as Nutrition.

Chemists tell us that cheese is one of the most nutritious and at the same time one of the cheapest of foods. Its nutritive value is greater than meat, while its cost is much less. But this chemical aspect of the matter does not express the real value of the cheese as a food. Cheese is eaten not because of its nutritive value as expressed by the amount of proteins, fats and carbohydrates that it contains, but always because of its flavor.

Now, physiologists do not find that flavor has any food value. They teach over and over again that our foodstuffs are proteins, fats and carbohydrates and that as food flavor plays absolutely no part. But at the same time they tell us that the body would be unable to live upon these foodstuffs were it not for the flavors. If one were compelled to eat pure food without flavors, like the white of an egg, it is doubtful whether one could for a week at a time consume a sufficient amount of food to supply his bodily needs. Flavor is as necessary as nutrition. It gives a zest to the food and thus enables us to consume it properly, and, secondly, it stimulates the glands to secrete, so that the foods may be satisfactorily digested and assimilated.

The whole art of cooking, the great development of flavoring products, the high prices paid for special foods like lobsters and oysters—these and numerous other factors connected with food supply and production are based solely upon this demand for flavor. Flavor is a necessity, but it is not particularly important that the flavor may be. This is shown by the fact that different peoples have such different tastes in this respect. The garlic of the Italian and the red pepper of the Mexican serve the same purpose as the vanilla which we put in our ice cream, and all play the part of giving a relish to the food and stimulating the digestive organs to proper activity.—Professor H. W. Corn in Popular Science Monthly.

DISCOVERED BY ACCIDENT.

How the Paving Value of Asphalt Was Brought to Notice.

All forms of bituminous pavements, whether manufactured from natural or artificial asphalt, are in fact artificial stone pavements. The industry started with the use of the natural rock asphalt from the mines in the Val de Travers, Canton Neuchâtel, Switzerland. The mines were discovered in 1721, but it was 1849 that its utility as a road covering was first noticed. The rock was then being mined for the purpose of extracting the bitumen contained in it for use in medicine and arts. It is a limestone found impregnated with bitumen, of which it yields on analysis from 8 to 14 per cent.

It was observed that pieces of rock which fell from the wagon were crushed by the weight of wheels, and under the combined influence of the traffic and heat of the sun a good road surface was produced. A macadam road of asphalt rock was then made which gave very good results, and finally in 1854 a portion of the Rue George was laid in Paris with compressed asphalt on a concrete foundation. In 1858 a still larger sample was laid, and from that time it has been laid year by year in Paris. From Paris it extended to London, being laid on Threadneedle street in 1860 and Cheapside in 1870 and in successive years on other streets.—Municipal Journal and Engineer.

NO LIMIT TO NEW IDEAS.

There never has been a time when the individual has stood for so much as he does at present. The times have never been a time when individuality and personal initiative brought such amazing rewards. There never has been a time when the individual could do or exert so much influence as at present. There is no individual today so insignificant that, if he became the medium of a new or potent idea, he would be prevented by uncontrollable conditions from expressing his idea and reaping his just reward.

In all ages up to this man has been, owing to his limitations of physical force, a plaything of conditions, a slave of his environment. Skill and intelligence were but two of the factors in his progress, bounded and restrained by limitations to their employment. Now, however, with universal energy at the disposal of each individual, this terrestrial sphere scarce puts bounds to his field of influence.—Cassier's Magazine.

LEMONS FOR THE ZOO.

The national zoo has just received through an animal dealer in Philadelphia a magnificent pair of the large black and white lemurs indigenous to the island of Madagascar. This makes the fourth pair of these animals brought to this country, and in addition to being highly attractive by reason of their coat of long jet black and snow white hair and their abnormally large and luminous eyes, they are of very great interest from the viewpoint of science and evolution.

The lemur stands in the same relation to apes and monkeys as they in turn stand to the human race, only in the case of the lemurs and apes the "missing link" connecting the two genera is in real and actual existence, being realized in the "aye-aye," a peculiar animal, also of Madagascar, that is as much lemur as it is simian.

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Replying afterward, Mr. Sngden said: "His lordship has told you that I am nothing but the son of a country barber, but he has not told you all, for I have been a barber myself and worked in my father's shop, and all I wish to say about that is that had his lordship been born the son of a country barber he would have been a barber still. That, to my mind, is quite clear."—Household Words.

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HIS UNLUCKY DAY.

Hardup—Wigwag is rather superstitious, isn't he?

Borrowed—Well, he refused to accommodate me with a loan this morning because it was Friday.—Philadelphia Record.

WILLING WORKER.

Lady—Why don't you quit begging and become one of the working people?

Tramp—Well, mum, if I ain't workin' people, den I dunno who is.—Chicago News.

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A MATTER OF TEMPER.

"The day is fine," quoth Mary Jane. "Yet, I'm a-shakin' comin' to rain. My waterproof and umbrella! And outer shoes I'll take as well. For, though these may be troublesome in case the showers do not come, Methinks 'twere better, after all, To be prepared, lest some fine fellow."

"The day is fair," cried Jeanne Marie; "The day is fair—ah, tres joli! My gayer hat, my prettiest dress, I shall put on. What to do? Ah, but I'll look so fresh and gay! The sun will have to shine all day!" —Alice Reid in Harper's.

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His One Daily Meal.

Dr. George Fordyce, the celebrated anatomist and lecturer on chemistry, used to eat one meal a day and one meal only, but it was a mighty one, washed down with liberal drafts of wine and beer. At 4 o'clock every day he used to enter a certain chophouse or a plate of fish, which he had reserved for him. A silver tankard containing a quart of strong ale, a full bottle of port and a quarter of a pint of brandy were placed before him immediately.

The moment the waiter announced the doctor's arrival the cook put a pound and a half of rump steak on the fire, and to while away the time until the steak should be properly broiled the waiter brought the doctor some tempting morsels like a broiled chicken or a plate of fish. When he had eaten this, Dr. Fordyce drank half of his brandy and then began on his steak. While eating the steak he drank the tankard of ale and after that the rest of the brandy. The waiter then uncorked the bottle of port, and the doctor proceeded slowly to enjoy it until it was all gone. He spent an hour and a half daily at his one meal and after it returned home to give his lectures on chemistry, which are still quoted as classics of that science. He ate nothing else until the next day, when he returned at the same hour to the same chophouse for the same sort of a meal. Dr. Fordyce lived to be sixty-six years old and kept up his one meal custom to the last.

Why the Joke Fell Flat.

A big, good natured farmer was awaiting the suburban train, accompanied by a handsome Gordon setter. Two sons of Britain stood near him. The dog strayed away from his owner, who was reading a newspaper.

"Hey!" called the farmer. "Come here, Locksmith," and the dog immediately ran to his feet.

One of the Englishmen approached the farmer.

"May I ask," he said, "what you called that dog?"

"Locksmith," said the farmer.

"And why such a name?"

"Because," he says, "every time I kick him he makes a bolt for the door."

There was a general laugh, in which the Englishman joined.

When he returned to his companion, he remarked:

"Most extraordinary name that man over there calls his dog."

"What?" asked his friend.

"Locksmith," replied the first Briton.

"And why such a name?"

"Because," he says, "every time he kicks 'im he bolts for the door."—St. Louis Republic.

The Weight of Ice.

The ice man and the coalman are often suspected of giving short weights—maybe oftener suspected than guilty; maybe oftener guilty than suspected. The means of testing the weight of from ten to thirty pounds of ice are not always at hand in the house, but a close estimate of the weight can be reached by multiplying together the length, breadth and thickness of the block in inches and dividing the product by thirty. This will give very closely the weight in pounds. Thus, if a block of ice is 10 by 10 by 9, the product is 900, and this divided by thirty gives thirty pounds as the correct weight. A block 10 by 10 by 6 weighs twenty pounds. This simple method can be easily applied, and it may serve to remove unjust suspicion or to detect short weights.

French Railways.

Railways in France are forbidden to carry persons visibly or notoriously affected by contagious diseases in compartments that are used by the public. In the second place, the daily cleaning and the periodical disinfection of all cars are required. Limes of sleeping cars must bear a ticket indicating to the passenger the date of the last cleaning, and they must be properly washed and afterward subjected to a high temperature. Dry sweeping