

Bulldog Carney.

By W. A. Fraser.

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TWO miles from Dan Stuart's whisky drive and 18 from Golden the Missoula trail took a sudden lunge in the fresh colored robes and wound around the butt of a big fir stump.

Behind the stump a man was kneeling that gladdened 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 jewel-like 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 broncos 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 broncos were coming along at a swinging 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 bronco tumbled from the saddle, shot through the heart. He rolled over on his side, and the bright bolts of blood splashed over the rose leaves by the side of the trail.

The first cayuse, started out of his sleepy lobe 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 corkscrew way through the leather flaps of the big Mexican saddle.

The rider yelped and dug the spurs in the trembling flanks of the horse as he felt the hot lead scorching 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 bronco 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 honestest than your master. If he'd stuck to his pals as close as you're doing, he'd be ready for grub pile at doing 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.

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a big swing at it, but the loose end of his hackle line 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 stench," he grunted complacently. "I wish the gun laid as deep, but it's had fishing now, and I guess that 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 rosebushes, and a young English girl stood in Arvil Santley's bachelor quarters—no 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, 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 rickshaw 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 fatigued looking rider was drunk or crazy, and swore that he would put a hole in him unless he stopped.

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

"By tam! a fell wit' long neck he keep him behind stump, an he 'oot him self," he said.

"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 hu-rr-t?"

"Bet you life, that Whisk' fell he dead," replied Baptiste. "That fell he 'oot tree, fo' time, an Sand's on he kill for soor, he dead w'ater. He try soot me, but I stank him off an come quick 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.

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

"Don't know. Me tink he white. Tall fell; tam long neck. That fell he got Whisk' Sand's on stuf, too, you bet. Fo', five 'ousand he get in an appar-o."

"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 will find out, sir," replied the latter, saluting as he passed out.

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 his 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 the curious climbing movements of both hands and feet make floating impossible and are responsible for many deaths by drowning.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

DISCOVERED BY ACCIDENT.

How the Paving Value of Asphalt Was Brought to Notice.

All Musulmans habitually forget that every Musulman is more or less of a missionary—that is, he intensely desires to secure converts from non-Musulman peoples. Such converts not only increase his own chance of heaven, but they swell his own faction, his own army, his own means of conquering, governing and taxing the remainder of mankind.

All the emotions which impel a Christian to proselyte are in a Musulman strengthened by all the motives which impel a political leader and all the motives which sway a recruiting sergeant.

Until proselytism has become a passion, which wherever success seems practicable, and especially success on a large scale, develops in the quietest Musulman a fury of ardor which influences him to break down every obstacle, his own strongest prejudices included, rather than stand for an instant in a neophyte's way.

Some of his sons, and, what he well might have expected, some of his converts, were in the habit of converting negro or Chinaman or Indian or even European, he will without hesitation or scruple give his own child in marriage and admit him fully, frankly and finally into the most exclusive society in the world.—Townsend's "Brown Man."

Loaded With Fat.

In the good old days when we were greatly pestered by a neighbor's sow, or mule, or bull, or dog, invading our premises and taking unwarranted liberties we loaded the old shotgun with powder and fat meat and, after serving the notice upon said neighbor and obtaining the first law of nature, self defense.

The amount of execution that can be done by a wad of fat meat on top of a good charge of powder is amazing. Wherever it strikes hair and hide disappears. It seldom if ever kills, but leaves scars that time does not obliterate. The fat being salty, causes excruciating pain, which lingers long in memory, and the stricken animal does not offend again.

A tallow candle can be shot through a two inch oak board without injury to the candle. In like manner a tallow bullet if driven by a sufficient charge of powder would pierce a man's body, and groove him so well internally that he would not care to go dueling again. A glancing shot would plow ugly furrows in the skin.—New York Press.

Met His Match.

That well known historical personage, Augustus the Strong, elector of Saxony, has furnished the subject for many a tale of his wonderful muscular power. We need refer only to one characteristic feat, and we have his own story, which he told in his own words, to meet his match. On the occasion in question he entered a blacksmith's shop. To show his suit how strong he was, he picked up several horseshoes, he broke one after the other, asking the blacksmith whether he had no better.

When it came to paying the bill, the Elector Augustus threw a six dollar piece on the counter, and the blacksmith took it up, broke it in half, saying, "Pardon me, but I have given you a good horseshoe, and I expect a good coin in return."

Another six dollar piece was given him, but he broke that and five or six others, when the humiliated elector put an end to the performance by having the blacksmith furnish him with a new coin, which he threw at him by saying, "The dollars were probably made of bad metal, but this gold piece, I hope, is good."

Searching For a Soul.

Before the astonished eyes of a number of Parisians a singular funeral ceremony took place the other day.

A resident property owner in the Rue Malte-Brun had just died. On the evening of his death, when darkness had fallen, his relations, five or six in number, each provided with a lantern, slowly made the circuit of the garden, as if they were searching for something in the walks. When they came to a large heap of stones, they turned each one of them over and then re-entered the house.

This curious procession is an old Norman custom. The dead person was a native of the country near Gisors. Before interring the dead it is necessary, according to the tradition, to investigate and see that the soul of the deceased is not concealed in a corner of his property or under some rubbish.

His Size.

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.

A MATTER OF TEMPERMENT.

"The day is fine," quoth Mary Jane, "yet, let it should come on to rain, my waterpail and umbrella." "And rubber shoes, I'll take as well," said the other, "for though these may be troublesome in case the showers do not come, I'd rather have 'em, after all."

"The day is fair," cried Jeanne Marie; "the day is fair—ah, tress-joll!" "My gayer hat, my prettier dress, I shall put on. What happens! But if it rains—what of that? I'll get another dress and hat. Ah, but I'll look so nice in gray. The sun will have to shine so dry!"

FLAVOR IN FOODS.

This Quality Is as Much a Necessity as Is 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 quantity 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 what 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.

The Humming Bird's Flight.

The flight of the little humming bird is more remarkable than that of the eagle. We can understand the flapping of the eagle's immense wing supporting a comparatively light body. But our little bird has a plump body. His wings are not wide, but long, so he must move them rapidly to sustain his weight, and this he can do to perfection. The vibrations of his wings are so rapid as to make them almost invisible. He can use them to sustain himself in midair, with his body as motionless as if perched on a twig. In this case, the wings are not used to move him, but to keep him in midair. He never alights while so engaged. He moves from flower to flower with a graceful and rapid movement, sometimes chasing away a bee or humming bird moth, of which he is very jealous. Nor is he much more favorably impressed with any small birds that see him in this way. He knows his power of flight, and he has no fear of any other bird.—Henry Hales in St. Nicholas.

Lemurs 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 lemurs stand 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.

The Retort Courteous.

A story told is that of Lord —, who when a young man was opposing Mr. Sugden, subsequently lord chancellor, the son of a country baronet," said the noble lord.

Replying afterward, Mr. Sugden said: "His lordship has told you that I am nothing but the son of a country baronet, 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 baronet he would have been a barber still. That, to my mind, is quite clear."—Household Words.

Birds' Songs.

A French writer, Henri Couper, says that notwithstanding the fact of their simplicity, the songs of birds cannot be imitated with musical instruments because of the impossibility of reproducing their peculiar timbre. The notes of birds, while corresponding with our musical scale, also include vibrations occupying the intervals between our notes. The duration of birds' songs is usually very short, two or three seconds for thrushes and chaffinches, four or five seconds for blackbirds, but from two to five minutes for the lark.

His Cuckoo Day.

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

Borrowwell—Well, he refused to accompany 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, of I ain't workin' people, den I dunno who la—Chicago News.

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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 and take his seat at a table always 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 Briton 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, pray?"

"Because 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 leaman and the colman are often suspected of giving short weights—maybe oftener suspected 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. Linens 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. By sweeping and dusting, which only serve to scatter disease germs, are prohibited, it being required that all floors, seats and woodwork be wiped with cloths moistened with some antiseptic solution.

The Arctic Weasel.
In cold countries where snow prevails during a long winter many of the animals change the hue of their coats to a white tint. The Arctic bear and fox are white throughout the year. The northern hare is brown in summer and white in winter. The weasel is especially curious. It retains its brown coat until the first snow appears and then whitens in a few hours.

Eating a Pineapple.
A Florida fruit grower states that the natives of the pineapple district never think of cutting a pineapple across. They pare it, cut it lengthwise, slice it or not, and with the trimmed crown as a handle, eat it much as a New Englander does his green corn, rejecting the core. This the writer states, not only improves the flavor, but lessens the strings of fiber that get in the mouth.

A Clever Dog.
"A Durango man," remarks the Floresville (Mo.) Chronicle, "was showing to a friend the good points of his dog and threw a half dollar coin into the river. Obediently the dog dived for the coin and brought up a two pound fatfish and 35 cents in change."

The Railway Instinct.
"How did that railway magnate's daughter happen to accept Jim Boozie by Buffer?"

"I think it's because he runs his name in three sections."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The great majority of men who have passed forty are old or young according to their belief. Those who think themselves old are old; those who think themselves young are young.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

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A Salmon Leap.
One of the directors of the Norwegian fisheries has been endeavoring to discover the height a salmon will leap when clearing a waterfall which obstructs its passage up stream. Masts were placed below the fall to insure accurate measurements. It is stated that a fish can leap to the height of twenty feet. When a fish failed to clear the fall at one bound, it remained in the falling water and then, with a rapid twist of the body, gave a spring and was successful.

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