

The Means and the End.

STRATHMORE'S striker was a superior article in every way. His respect for constituted authority was as un-American as his face. He was tall and fine-looking, his English was quite as polished as Strathmore's own; and which was of infinitely more importance—he never touched whisky and cigars, nor went on a pay-day spree. So Strathmore felt himself justified in supposing that he had murdered, or stolen, or forged, or something, at one time or another, and he shrewdly guessed that Chester was not his real name. But that was no one's concern, that he could see, and everybody knows that enlistment in the army of the United States, even more than baptism, is a new birth.

Through the department Strathmore was known by the striker he kept. This had his disadvantages, but the advantages outweighed them. No one could have realized that better than Strathmore himself, and yet sometimes he was moved in the bosom of the mess, to complain. "It is telling on me," he would insist; "I am slowly breaking down under the strain. I came across something in a French book, the other day about how few masters are worthy to be valets. That's what I am striving to be, and the failure is telling upon me. They used to," he explained complacently, "they used to say—when my name was mentioned from Dan to Beersheba—Strathmore, Strathmore of the steenth. Big, good-looking chap" (the steenth had picked up Chester's manner of speech), "is't he? of the Strathmores of Boston, isn't he? Now it's Strathmore? That's the chap Chester's striking for? Oh! yes; I think I'll send Chester back to the troop."

Which, of course, he never did. Apart from the fact that he could never have done without him, he could not have had the heart.

Chester had been as good a soldier as he was a striker, but he had languished under barrack rule. Exactly for the reason that he never said so, it was plain that he had never been used to better things. It was so plain that Strathmore would never have thought of suggesting to him to become a body-servant, had not Chester himself—when a desperado's bullet had left the position vacant—volunteered. As a striker Chester had many little luxuries that he had lacked before—his own room, his own bath-tub, and the run of his master's small but choice library. With the help of draperies and blankets that Strathmore let him have, and with that of some potted plants he managed upon his own account, he transformed the room into quite a suburban retreat, and his literary discrimination was a thing to wonder at. He tackled up colored newspapers of the London Christmas papers, and there was a photograph—just one—on his mantel-piece. It was of a woman who had soft eyes and hair and a lovely mouth. Strathmore ventured to ask who it was, one day, and Chester told him that it was "an Englishwoman, sir."

Now, this was in Texas, in the early days shortly after the war, in the State of the Lone Star's palmiest time. There was much drinking in the land, and much poker, as well, no pious general having as yet arisen to bid gambling cease. There was also some shooting, but of unattached women there were sadly few, and generally, not very nice. This condition of affairs led to a good many unfortunate things. Any man prefers even a second-rate woman to none at all, and any man—being deprived of a standard of comparison for a length of time will come to think that an exceedingly poor article is superior enough, after all.

That was what happened to Strathmore. He should have known better, because his youth had been spent among women who were lovely in every way; but the memory of man is short—and he was lonesome. There should be provision for this in the regulations. When a man gets any of the ills that frontier service is apt to induce, they bundle him off back East on a sick leave; yet when—which is infinitely more prejudicial to the standing of the service—he reaches the stage of loneliness where he would marry the Witch of Endor herself rather than continue to be alone, there is no one to endorse his application to be sent somewhere where he can find the proper sort of girl.

Strathmore had been in the wilderness a matter of five years, and he was gradually, very gradually, lapsing from civilization. The first intimation of this that Chester had was that the lieutenant made unnecessarily frequent calls at a ranch-house some ten miles from the reservation. Chester knew that a girl lived there—a dreadful girl, who had a plumply pretty figure and face, but whose speech was a thing to shudder at, and whose name, besides being Halloran, was Mamie Pearle. He also knew that if that were not enough to set Strathmore's teeth on edge, he must be in a very bad way.

All this worried Chester a great deal. Frequent contemplation of his one photograph had furnished him with the standard of comparison which Strathmore lacked, and he could see what the outcome of things as they were going was bound to be. He explained it to the photograph, standing before the mantel-piece with his hands jammed deep in his trousers pockets and a pucker on his brow, which was fair to the line of the cap and quite crimson from there down. "If he marries that freckled-face Halloran girl," he said, "he'll want to shoot himself and her the first time he goes East"—Chester cherished a cynical kind of regret that he hadn't done so much himself some time before—"or he'll compromise and take to drink instead. No," he nodded his head decisively, "he shall not marry Mamie Pearle, not"—he looked at the picture a long time—"not if I have to marry her myself. Which heaven forefend!"

The next morning he found Strathmore in the sitting-room and proffered

a most unprecedented request. "I shall like, sir," he said, "to be given a furlough for a week." Strathmore considered and frowned. "What'll become of me, Chester?" he asked plaintively; "what will I do?"

"O'Toole has promised to take my place, sir. He was Captain Lacey's striker for several years, and he knows his duties, sir."

Strathmore sighed. "Very good," he agreed, with sufficiently poor grace. "I expect I'll make out somehow. Put in your application with the morning report."

Chester went away, feeling contemptible and small, and Strathmore sat and reflected dully that it was emergencies of this sort that drove a man to matrimony. He ought to have realized that when a man marries because he thinks the woman can be of use to him, rather than to her, he is making a grave mistake. But he fancied the vague dissatisfaction with his present lot was the yearning of affection, and believed more than ever that he cared for Mamie Pearle quite a creditable deal. Before Chester left the next day he stood in front of the photograph again. "She'll wear curl-papers and his forage-cap and cape," he reflected aloud. That was his notion of the point beyond which vulgarity could not go. "It's a devilish contemptible business, I know it is. But then—my future's all behind me; and his is all ahead. He's only a boy. He has all sorts of pull"—what a striker does not know about his master is not worth considering at all—"he will be able to get anything he asks for in Washington. Not," he mused, "that the American army offers much for a young man just now. But he can get all it can give. If he behaves himself and marries the right kind—or better yet, doesn't marry at all—he may rise to the soaring height of an attaché. All things are possible with pull."

He stopped and bent down to knock the ashes from his briar-pipe into the fire-place. Then he took the photograph in his hand and started to put it in the grip that lay on his bunk. But he changed his mind and tucked it into the tray of his trunk instead. And he gave it a last look as he closed down the lid. "In which case," he finished, as he turned the key, "he would be very likely to meet you."

A hunting leave is only a week long. But a great deal can happen in a week to a soldier who has cut loose and is accountable to no one, or to a lieutenant accidentally determined to become just the other way. This happened to Strathmore, in sum, this:

The day after O'Toole took charge he rode over to the Halloran ranch, and when he came back he was engaged to marry Mamie Pearle. When it was done and he sat down to think, he found that he was not radiantly happy as he had expected to be. But the way the sitting-room had been dusted that morning had disgusted him, one and for all, with single life. The next day he was officer of the day and couldn't leave the post. The day after that he had a cold which he had caught making his rounds, and it confined him to the house.

As for Chester, the way he put in his time never did become quite clear. But for a period of six days there was a strange Englishman in a town some fifteen miles the other side of the Halloran ranch; some twenty-five miles that is, or more, from the post. It was a mud town, and its hotel was as bad as its reputation, but the Englishman stayed there. He wore a conspicuous suit of clothes, and spent money ostentatiously. He let it be understood that his name was Lovatt, and that he was a lord; also, that he was traveling through the West, and might, if he fancied, be transferred to a ranch. It was probably with that idea in his mind that he rode almost at once to the Halloran place and explained to the haciendado that he would like to be shown how a ranch was run. He met Miss Halloran, and her father told him that she was engaged to a lieutenant at the neighboring post, but that a severe cold was confining the officer to his house. He expressed a wish that Lovatt might meet the lieutenant some day, and Lovatt hoped that he would. It was possibly in this hope that he called at the ranch for six successive days, but always—had he known it—at an hour when it was quite unlikely that any one would be coming over from the post. After that they saw him no more.

On the evening of the seventh day Chester was in charge of Strathmore's quarters again. Strathmore was recovering from the cold, and he told Chester that he had missed him profoundly much. Everything had gone wrong. He asked what the striker had been doing with his time.

Chester threw an armful of wood upon the fire, and stood up, brushing the chips from his sleeve. "Well, sir," he answered, "I have been getting engaged."

"Strathmore's jaw fell. That meant that he would have to hunt up a new striker, of course. Then he remembered Mamie Pearle; so have I."

Chester's congratulation was respectful, but not so cordial as it might have been. "I shall ask your permission and the captain's to marry, sir," he said.

Strathmore acceded to his own. "But I shall be sorry to lose you, Chester, very sorry. What is the girl's name?"

Chester grew red all over his nice, boyish face. He was fidgeting out that saying another is not all heroism, necessarily. He produced a piece of paper from his pocket—a piece of flimsy, ruled, pink paper stamped with a white dove. Strathmore gave a little start. But Chester was doing this because he thought it best to deal the final blow at once, not to mince matters in the least, and he did not hesitate. He smoothed out the sheet. "That's the name, sir," he said.

Strathmore read it. It was Mamie Pearle.

"The last name," Chester explained, "is Halloran. She's the daughter of Halloran of the ranch."

"Oh!" said Strathmore, dryly. His eye had caught a misspelled assurance of enduring love. "Oh!" he repeated; "and may I ask if she knows who you are?"

Chester grew more red still. "Well"—he reflected that an entirely honest intent could never be prefixed by that Yankee word—"well, sir, I began by letting her think that my name was Lovatt—part of it really is, sir—and that I was titled and rich—which I am not—but"—he plucked up courage as he went on—"if she loves me, of course it will be all right."

Strathmore handed him back the note. "And if she doesn't?"

"It—It will still be all right."

Strathmore did not try to understand. His opinion of Chester had fallen very low. As for his opinion of Mamie Pearle he realized, suddenly, that it had not dropped half so far.

It was almost retreat, on the following day, when he took to Chester's room a bundle of London papers that had just come by the stage. He cast a quick look around. "I see you've got the photograph of the girl out again," he commented.

Chester nodded, but added, with the faintest shadow on his face: "She's a married woman, sir."

"Yes?" said Strathmore, and turned to leave the room.

"Oh, lieutenant!" Chester called. Strathmore stopped. "I thought you might like to know, sir, that I'm not engaged any more."

For a full half-minute Strathmore looked into the Englishman's impenetrable blue eyes; then there came a twinkle in his own. "It seems to be another coincidence, Chester," he said, quietly, "for neither am I."—Argonaut.

BABY ALLIGATORS.

They Are Hatched Out in Job Lots in Steam-Heated Sand.

Up in the reptile-house of the Bronx zoo something unique in the way of a hatching of young alligators was on exhibition yesterday, and will be to-day just as long as the supply of saurian eggs holds out.

The young 'gators were being turned out in job lots in a large, glass-enclosed, steam-heated cage in the northwest corner of the main reptile-room. The floor is covered with warm sand, in which several dozens of alligator eggs are huddled. The eggs are about seven inches long, oblong in shape, and of a dingy, leathery white color.

About the center of the cage is a large shallow pan full of water, sunk to the level of the floor. In and about the pan are several dozen young alligators, from six inches up to ten in length, scrambling about, climbing all over each other, splashing about in the water, and seemingly happy and contented. The baby 'gators are bright blue, green, and black spotted in color. In general color and appearance they look more like lizards than anything else.

The hatching process is quite interesting. Every now and then an egg will begin to squirm and roll about. One end works more actively than the other and swells up like a mushroom head. Then it cracks and spreads out from the slit, through which a little long-pointed muzzel begins to work out. A lot of energetic wriggling, which flops the eggs about in all directions, sets the youngster free. Out he pops, and after a shake or two, by some wonderful instinct of nature, away scuttles the infant to the pan of water, into which it plunges without any fear.

Alligator, Jr., splashes about a while, and then joins his brothers and sisters, following the universal alligator habit of crawling on top of as many of his relations as he can and resting his head on the nearest back.

Mrs. Alligator was not present at the hatching. Alligator experts say that after she has laid the eggs her part of the manufacture of young 'gators is finished. She pays no more attention then to them, and confines herself, in the South, to lying low in the swamps, waiting for does, pigs, or tender young colored infants to wander her way. As to Alligator pere, those same experts assert that if there is one thing he likes better than another it is young alligator fresh from the shell, without any dressing. He is said to swallow them up by the dozen, and then complain because there are no more.—New York Mail and Express.

LAW AS INTERPRETED.

Annual crops raised by labor on land held by a tenant for life are held, in *Noble vs. Tyler* (O.), 48 L. R. A. 735, to be assets of the estate, whether severed or not at the time of his death.

Right of a stockholder to inspect books of the corporation is held, in *Cincinnati Volksbath Company vs. Hoffmeister* (O.), 48 L. R. A. 732, not to depend upon the motive or purpose of the stockholder.

Lack of barriers on the side of approaches to a bridge is held, in *Bell vs. Wayne* (Wash.), 48 L. R. A. 644, not sufficient to make a municipality liable for injuries in case a team goes off the bank when the roadway is wide enough for two teams to pass without difficulty and the fright of a horse was the proximate cause of the accident.

A will which consists of four pages in one sheet folded lengthwise down the middle is held, in *Re Andrews* (N. Y.), 48 L. R. A. 662, not to be subscribed at the end as required by statute, where the signature is on the second page after a portion of the will, while there is another portion on the third page without anything to connect it with that part which is above the signature.

A camp-meeting association which has made perpetual leases of cottages on its grounds without any restrictions, except that they are "subject to such rules and regulations as the association may from time to time adopt," and which also owns a store on the grounds which it has leased for a rental, is held, in *Northport Wesleyan Grove Camp-Meeting Association vs. Perkins* (Me.), 48 L. R. A. 272, to have no power to impose a revenue tax on the business of taking orders for fruit, groceries and provisions from cottagers upon the grounds of the association.

Similitude.

Jackson—The baby's getting more like its mother every day.

Johnson—That so?

Jackson—Yes; it's learning to talk.—*Indianapolis Sun*.

HUMOR OF THE WEEK

STORIES TOLD BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Odd, Curious and Laughable Phases of Human Nature Graphically Portrayed by Eminent Word Artists of Our Own Day—A Budget of Fun.

Mr. Freeborn Jackson—What you give me name 'im, Laurella?

Mrs. Jackson—Anying you laikes.

Anything, 'cept Allah. Ise noticed boys of that name nevah come to no good. They're alus in the police co't.—*Brooklyn Life*.

Evened It Up.

"Junson has developed into a confirmed kicker, but his wife can handle him every time. He kicked last night because his dinner was cold."

"What was his wife's play?"

"She made it hot for him."—*Brooklyn Life*.

In a Precipitament.



Better than Mother's.

"These aren't the kind of biscuits my mother used to make," he said.

"Oh, George?" she faltered, on the verge of tears.

"Well, they're not," he repeated emphatically. "They're enough sight better." And then the sun came out again.—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin*.

Needed Exercise.

Doctor—You need more exercise.

Indisposed—Why, I'm steadily engaged in painting houses, now.

Doctor—Working by the day, I expect?

Indisposed—Yes.

Doctor—Well, you'd better work by the piece for a while.—*Tit Bits*.

Flocking to the Fray.

Church—I see by the paper that thirty-nine doctors arrived home recently from Europe on one steamer.

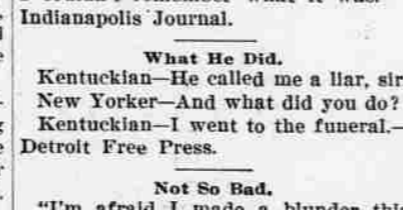
Gotham—Yes; you see, the foothall season has opened in this country.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

Something Good to Eat.

Mr. Heavyman—What is your idea of heaven, Miss Daisy?

She (wearily)—Where one can get a good dinner without money and without price!—*Life*.

Declined with Thanks.



Wide Awake.

Briggs—That medium doesn't know a thing when she is in a trance.

Griggs—Oh, yes she does.

Briggs—What makes you think so?

Griggs—Because the other day I tried to steal away in the middle of one—without paying.—*Detroit Free Press*.

No Originality.

Great Author—Walter, this steak is as tough as leather.

Walter—I've always heard you was an original character, sir; but I'm hanged if you don't just say the same as all on 'em do!—*Harlem Life*.

Always in One.

Grimes—Is your wife fond of pets?

Harum—I should say she was. She is almost always in one.—*Boston Transcript*.

Far as He Could.

"Ah!" she said, "if I were to die would—"

"Hush!" he protested, shuddering.

"Nay, love, I must know"—her warm breath swept his cheek—"would you follow me to the grave?"

"How can I tell?" he said, frankly.

"Might not your family decide to have the interment private?"—*Philadelphia Press*.

Stand On.

He—But I still don't dare to confess to your father the extent of my debts.

She—What cowards you men are! Papa is also afraid to tell you about his debts.—*Heitere Welt*.

In Old Missouri.

Colonel Peppah—I believe in votin' early an often, sah.

Colonel Redeye—I don't sah. It's too much trouble to vote early. An' it's a waste o' time to vote often. I prefer to check in a good big bundle o' ballots all at once an' hev yer duty over with.—*Judge*.

Harmony in Nature.

Naturalists say that when examined minutely with a microscope it will be found that no creature or object in nature is positively ugly; that there is a certain harmony or symmetry of parts that renders the whole agreeable rather than the reverse. So the most disagreeable tasks in life, when viewed in their proper proportions, reveal a poetic, an attractive, side hitherto undreamed of. Turn on the sunlight of good cheer, the determination to see the bright as well as the dark side, and you will find something pleasant, even in the most dreaded task.

Japs Make Good Clerks.

Many Japanese clerks are being employed in London stores. They are cleanly and courteous and give satisfaction. Many are also employed by manufacturers, but these are not so satisfactory to their employers, who say they waste material and give more time to studying English than they do to learning their trades.

Extenuating Circumstances.

Tenderfoot—Did you folks lynch the man who stole that automobile here last week?

Cactus Charley—Noppe. We intended to, but an investigatin' committee made some experiments an' concluded that the ottomobul stole the thief, instead of the thief gittin' away with it.—*Baltimore American*.

Quintet.

A 5-year-old boy went with his mother to make a call. The lady of the house, who was fond of children, told him she meant to ask his mother to let her have him. "Don't you think your mother would let me buy you?" she asked.

"No, ma'am," answered the little fellow, "you haven't got money enough."

"How much would it take?" she continued.

"Three hundred dollars," said the boy promptly, as if that would settle the matter at once for all.

"Oh, well, then," said the woman; "I think I can manage it. If I can will you come and stay with me?"

"No, ma'am," he said with decision. "Mamma wouldn't sell me anyhow. There are five of us and mamma would not like to break the set.—*Buffalo Enquirer*.

Boston Diction.

Teacher (of English)—Michael, when I have finished you may repeat what I have read in your own words. "See the cow. Isn't she a pretty cow? Can the cow run? Yes, the cow can run. Can she run as fast as the horse? No, she cannot run as fast as the horse."

Future Mayor (of Boston)—Gilt on to de cow. Ain't she a beauty? Kin de cow git a gal on her? Sure. Kin de cow hump it wid de horse. Nix—de cow ain't in it wid de horse.—*Judge*.

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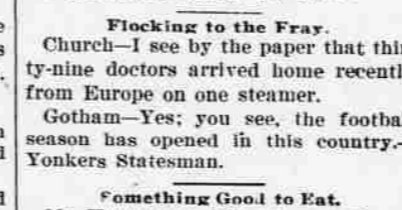
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ONLY ONE TRAIN BOY

SOLE REPRESENTATIVE OF HIS CLASS IN ALASKA.

Candy Butcher on the Klondike Limited Does Not Need to Dig Gold—Enormous Prices Given for Everything He Has to Sell.

The old query as to whether or not you would like to be the iceman will be rapidly forgotten as soon as song writers and balladists learn about the train boy in Alaska. There is a train boy in Alaska. Just one. Or rather there was a few weeks ago, but by this time he may be somewhere in the Mediterranean on his private yacht blowing riffs from his 50-cent cigars, and swearing at his \$5,000-a-year sailing master because he cannot whistle up a breeze.

Think of being the only train boy on a railroad that brings miners with thousands of dollars' worth of gold out of the greatest mining camp in the world. There is only one railroad to Alaska—that is the White Pass and Yukon Railroad. On that railroad there is a train called the Klondike Limited.

The Klondike Limited! Isn't the sound of that name enough to make a common candy butcher on the run between Peoria and Lafayette, Ind., stick his head into his basket of salted peanuts and strangle himself to death? For there is a trainboy on the Klondike Limited. On the Klondike Limited, that brings prospectors and miners and adventurers weighted down with gold nuggets back to the States civilization, and the girls they left behind them, there is a candy butcher. And all these prospectors and miners and adventurers on this Klondike Limited are bubbling over with joy that the days of their exile are over, and that soon they will be back to their boyhood homes again. Think of turning loose a candy butcher in such a crowd as that. To quote another popular song, "It seems like a shame to take the money."

The trainboy on the Klondike Limited, like his brothers on the Kenosha local, deals in peanuts, candy, books, papers, and magazines. But more than that, he sells shirts and collars and bright red neckties. He also has a full line of plug tobacco and cigars of the finest cabbage selected leaf. The trainboy does not like to sell cigars. He only gets 30 cents apiece for them, and they cost him 75 cents a hundred. He sells the cigars to show he's a good fellow.

He didn't originally deal in shirts and haberdashery, but he found that the miners returning to civilization yearn madly for a "blued" shirt. So after he had sold the shirt off his back, together with his collar and red necktie for \$100 he decided to carry a stock of shirts and ties.

There are stringent restrictions in Alaska in regard to selling whisky, and so the trainboy doesn't sell it. He gives it away, and lets the man tip him for his trouble in pulling the cork. If the man were to give him a nugget any smaller than the size of the cork the trainboy would haughtily refuse to let him buy any more cigars, and would charge him at least \$5 for a two months' old newspaper, which he ordinarily gives away for only \$1.50.

Then the trainboy sells playing cards, and the passengers are always wanting a game. He puts up the table, too, hands around the matches, and, of course, a large and substantial "kitty" is maintained on one side of the table for the sole support of the obliging trainboy. If anybody was to put a quarter or a silver half dollar into the "kitty" the trainboy wouldn't be angry. He uses those things to pay storekeepers for fresh goods for his next run.

A Seattle newspaper man interviewed the trainboy on the last trip from Alaska. Quoth the trainboy: "Am I it? Am I? Say, ain't I a naughty boy? I know it's wrong to take the money, but I need it in my business, and, besides, as soon as I get enough I'll buy the railroad and give some other good deserving boy a chance to fasten on to a little honest money. But \$1 for a sack of peanuts. Say, that's a penitentiary offense in Illinois. But I need the money."—*Chicago Tribune*.

Honey dew has been a subject of recent investigations which show it to be a sugary substance obtained from the juice of the trees—such as a sycamore, ash and lime—on which it is found. The statement that honey dew is sometimes produced by other insects than aphides seems to be ill-founded, as reports indicate that have been caught by the sticky honey dew.

The sun's heat raises from the earth every minute thirty-seven billion tons of water, or say a weight equal to six times that of the Great Pyramid. Such heat could only be produced on earth by burning eight million cubic miles of coal per second—that is to say, a nice little block two hundred miles long, two hundred miles high and two hundred miles broad, weighing twelve thousand millions of tons.

The bones of three mastodons have been discovered in Death Valley, California, and their discoverer, a miner, has taken out a claim for the purpose of excavating them. Another indication of the popular appreciation of the money value of the remains of prehistoric animals is the fact that a mining claim has been filed in Southern California to cover the excavation of a fossil whale of the Pliocene epoch.

An electric railway is to be constructed between Liverpool and Manchester, intended especially for the swift transportation of passengers. It is said that the system adopted will be that of the single elevated rail, the cars being suspended from the rail. The projectors talk of sending trains from one city to the other, a distance of about twenty-nine miles, in fifteen minutes, or at the rate of 115 miles an hour.

The search for convenient ways of transportation by which the products of the Sudan may reach the outer world

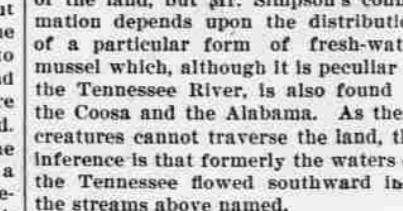
has called attention to a remarkable phenomenon of vegetable life on some of the head waters and tributaries of the Nile. This consists of enormous growths of papirus and other plants, completely covering the streams and forming carpets of vegetation two or three feet thick, beneath which flows the water. Navigation by small boats is, of course, entirely interrupted by this obstruction, which is in places supplemented by vines and clinging plants which arch the streams from bank to bank. Heavy floods occasionally sweep away the accumulations of plants, but they are quickly reformed.

Several years ago, members of the Geological Survey suggested that in former times the Tennessee River, instead of joining the Ohio, as at present, flowed into the Gulf of Mexico through the channels of the Coosa and Alabama Rivers. This conclusion has recently been corroborated in a singular manner by Charles T. Simpson, of the Smithsonian Institution. The original suggestion was based on the appearances of the land, but Mr. Simpson's confirmation depends upon the distribution of a particular form of freshwater mussel which, although it is peculiar to the Tennessee River, is also found in the Coosa and the Alabama. As these creatures cannot traverse the land, the inference is that formerly the waters of the Tennessee flowed southward below the streams above named.

PUNCHING-BAG SUPPORT.

Improved Mounting Designed by a New Yorker.

One of the objections to the punching bag as a method of exercise in gymnasiums has hitherto been the racket occasioned by the bag striking against the overhead shield after each blow, and there is also danger of dislocating the frame when the ball is violently moved. To eliminate these objections



and provide an improved mounting for the bag George McFadden, of New York City, has designed the apparatus illustrated in the accompanying cut. A semi-circular arm is attached to the side wall or suspended from the ceiling, and at the center of the arch is swivelled a vertical rod, to the lower end of which the bag is securely attached. To prevent undue motion of the bag when struck the inventor provides a pair of flexible rubber bands, which are twisted and attached to the opposite ends of the arch, the rod which supports the ball being passed between the twists. The use of these bands gives a quick return and renders the exercise almost entirely noiseless by preventing the ball from striking the overhead portion of the support.

Hanged Two Men at Once.

Ex-Sheriff Knapp, of Wyoming County, was in town a few days ago, which recalls the fact that he is the only official of that county who ever hanged two men at the same time. The men in question were Rosenwig and Blank, who were convicted of murdering a peddler in the mountains not a great way from Tunkhannock. At 11:30 o'clock the night before the execution I visited the Wyoming County jail, where the condemned murderers were preparing for the grewsome ordeal which would send them to eternity. While seated in Sheriff Knapp's office Deputy Dan Thompson entered. He carried two pine boards, probably 8 feet long and 15 inches wide, and at both ends of each were straps running through a mortice. "Will there be anything more?" asked Thompson of the sheriff.

"Yes, one thing more," replied Knapp; "get a boiler of hot water, for the men want to finish up by taking a bath." There was a peculiar suggestiveness about the arrangements of the boards and I asked Knapp for what purpose they were to be used. His reply was: "Well, I have an idea that both Rosenwig and Blank will get shaky in the knees just at the last moment, and if they do I'm going to strap them on these boards, and I guess that'll stiffen them up. All I want is to get them to stand long enough to get the rope around their necks and the black caps on, and I'll show up an execution that will be done up to the queen's taste."

Fortunately, the boards were not required for the purpose intended, for Rosenwig and Blank met their fate on the gallows with a courage that was remarkable.—*Scranton Republican*.

Accommodating.

Peddler—Will you buy a mouse trap, ma'am?

Lady—No; I haven't any mice in the house.

Peddler—I can get some for you, ma'am, for a small consideration. It's rare sport catchin' 'em.

Lady—Then they might necessitate my havin' a cat.

Peddler—Well, I could provide you with one for a trifle, ma'am.

Lady—But it might prove a nuisance.

Peddler—I could sell you a dog to kill it, ma'am.

Lady—The remedy might prove worse than the disease.

Peddler—Well, I'd poison the dog cheap for you, ma'am.—*Pick-Me-Up*.

He Had a Good Reason.

"I notice you never criticize your wife's cooking," remarked the young benedict.

"No," replied the man of experience, "I have learned better. You see, when you criticize your wife's cooking, she is always trying to demonstrate that your criticisms are unjust, while if you say nothing about it, she has no object in going into the kitchen, and consequently leaves matters entirely to the cook."—*Chicago Post*.



Honey dew has been a subject of recent investigations which show it to be a sugary substance obtained from the juice of the trees—such as a sycamore, ash and lime—on which it is found. The statement that honey dew is sometimes produced by other insects than aphides seems to be ill-founded, as reports indicate that have been caught by the sticky honey dew.

The sun's heat raises from the earth every minute thirty-seven billion tons of water, or say a weight equal to six times that of the Great Pyramid. Such heat could only be produced on earth by burning eight million cubic miles of coal per second—that is to say, a nice little block two hundred miles long, two hundred miles high and two hundred miles broad, weighing twelve thousand millions of tons.

The bones of three mastodons have been discovered in Death Valley, California, and their discoverer, a miner, has taken out a claim for the purpose of excavating them. Another indication of the popular appreciation of the money value of the remains of prehistoric animals is the fact that a mining claim has been filed in Southern California to cover the excavation of a fossil whale of the Pliocene epoch.

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