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Every patriotic citizen should give his personal effort and influence to increase the circulation of his home paper which teaches the American policy of Protection. It is his duty to aid in this respect in every way possible. After the home paper is taken care of, why not subscribe for the AMERICAN ECONOMIST, published by the American Protective Tariff League? One of its correspondents says: "No true American can get along without it. Consider it the greatest and truest political teacher in the United States." Send postal card request for free sample copy. Address: William F. Wakeham, General Secretary, 135 West 23d St., New York.

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THE ELK PLAYED POSSUM.

A Surprise Awaited the Hunter Who Started in to Skin the Beast.

"An elk beats the dickens for mischief," said an old hunter to a writer for the New York Sun. "One time I was hunting on the Yellowstone river with Uncle Peter McDougall and a squaw man named Jackson, and every kind of game that you ever saw was found there. We shot no end of buffalo, deer and antelope, and thought the list complete when we struck a band of elk in the open valley. The squaw man said that the only way to kill an elk was to bury yourself in a clump of bushes and wait for him to come to you. I knew better, and so we herded up the group and tried to close in on them in a circle. Well, they all got away except one bull, who was cornered until I could get a shot at him. I was flatter myself that it was a great shot when I saw him fall flat on his side and never move a hair."

"You know all about killing elk," I said, sarcastic like, to the squaw man. "You killed him, you skin him," he said.

"All right," said I, "but you don't get any of the meat." And with that I cut with my knife and walked quickly over to the dead elk, never noticing where he was. I got square over on my neck, and was just reaching with my knife to strike the skin from his head when all of a sudden I ever got that was the worst. That bull elk just raised up in the air with me on his neck, and tossing his head, caught me squarely on his horns. I came down like a piece of lead ore in a thousand foot shaft. I tried to hang on to his horns but he jerked my grip and threw me high in the air and on the ground, where I lay with the breath knocked out of me and too scared to move and thinking he would trample me to death in the sage brush. Finally my friends got to their work. The elk had so much fun that he did not see them coming, and Uncle Peter put a ball in his heart just as the beast was about to jump on me with all four feet. The elk tumbled over me, and under his crushing weight I fainted. The next I remembered was the smell of stung Canadian whisky and the squaw man saying with a laugh:

CARRIED HIS LUNCH.

A Snake That Made a Meal of His Own Caudal Appendage.

"Talking about snakes," said the man who had worked as a telegraph lineman in South America, "you ought to see the serpents they have down there. Me and my partner ran across a snake one day; we were working on the line and we thought at first that it was a log. It had just eaten some big critter, for it was a lump in its body, and it didn't show any more interest in us than we were sticks. We got a big crate that had come to the village near us, full of dishes, and took it and a bottle of chloroform down to its snakeholes.

"We moved just after this, and we took Nero, as we called him, with us, carrying the crate with us in a freight car. The car was an old one, so we were allowed to run it off on a siding at the station that we made our headquarters, and here we left him when we traveled inland to run a line. It was a month before we got back, and we both made a break for the car, but god damn me, would you believe me, there wasn't more than a foot of that snake left. He had swallowed and digested about nine feet of himself, and he took off six inches more before he died."

SAVED HER LIFE.

Mrs. C. J. Woodman, of Wortham, Texas, saved the life of her child by the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

AYER'S Cherry Pectoral

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Prompt to act, sure to cure.

One Criticized an Orchestra and the Other Detected a Thief.



at the parade time the next day. Gradually the musicians became attached to this devoted listener. They named him Parade, and one or another of them always invited him to dinner. He accepted the invitation, and was a pleasant guest. It was discovered that after dinner he seated himself mainly in the corner of the orchestra and listened critically to the music. If a new piece was played he noticed it instantly and paid the strictest attention. If the piece had fine melodious passages he showed his joy to the best of his dog-like ability; but if the piece was ordinary and uninteresting he yawned, stared about the theater and unmistakably expressed his disapproval.

Another very curious story of a canine musical ear is told of a London organ grinder's dog. The organ grinder was blind and aged and the dog used to lead him about. One night, after a hard day's work, the old man and his faithful companion lay down to sleep, with the organ beside them. They slept soundly, and when they awoke the organ was gone. They were in despair. Their means of earning a living was gone. But the dog led the man through the streets where he had been accustomed to play, and persons who had given him alms before continued to befriend him, so that the loss of the organ proved not so bad after all. Weeks went by. One day the old man heard a hand organ played a few feet from him. It reminded him of his instrument, but he paid no special attention to it. Hand organs were common in London and he heard them often. Not so the dog. He showed signs of great excitement, barked violently and led his master in the direction of the organ. He sprang at the robber's throat, dragged him away from the stolen organ and led his master eagerly up to it with expressions of recognition and delight.

MISS CHICAGO'S BREEZY WAY.

Living Things Up Among the Spiritless Guests at a Hotel.

One morning as we were having a melancholy breakfast as a prelude to a lonely day, says a writer in the Washington Post, Miss Chicago appeared upon the scene with bright eyes, red cheeks, ribbons flying and feathers nodding.

AGRICULTURE IN EUROPE.

In France asparagus must have two qualities—size and flavor. The soil must possess a double property; it must be light and rich. The richness can be obtained by manures, but the light quality is a purely geographical question.

The violet crops in the south of France give only a moderate yield this season, not quite sufficient to supply the local manufacturers. For several years the violet planters have suffered from a blight that has injured the flowering.

DUE TO A BULLFROG.

How a Sonorous Croak Awoke an Inventive Genius.

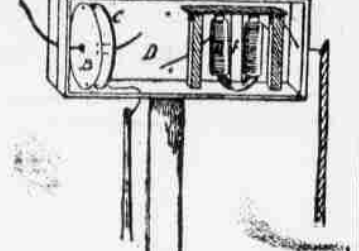
Dr. Cushman Heard it and Straightaway Constructed an Instrument Which He Called a Telephone.



Dr. Sylvanus D. Cushman, of Chicago, claims to have antedated Bell in the discovery of the telephone. Dr. Cushman says the Chicago Tribune is one of the picturesque characters in the history of the telephone.

Dr. Cushman has for years claimed to be the original inventor of the telephone. He is a white-haired man seventy-four years of age, and for fifty-five of these has been connected with electrical work of various kinds. The telephone, he says, was a discovery in which a colony of Wisconsin bullfrogs played a prominent part. The story of his claims has been told before in the accounts of the litigations in which he has figured. The other day he retold them before a rough painting which hangs on the wall of his office. It shows a swampy landscape, stretching into the foreground of which is a telegraph line, about which supported on wooden posts, a box which contains at one end two iron disks, separated and fitted on their inner surfaces with platinum points, which approach each other, but do not touch. From the disk on the right a wire runs into the foreground of which is a telegraph line.

The wire dips to the ground and enters a box which contains at one end two iron disks, separated and fitted on their inner surfaces with platinum points, which approach each other, but do not touch. From the disk on the right a wire runs into the foreground of which is a telegraph line.



THE FIRST TELEPHONE.

was left. The use of the magnet and the bar over it was to tell me whether the wire had been struck by lightning. The device was enclosed in a glass box and buried under leaves.

"I began to develop it at once. Boxes were made and placed one above the other and one used for listening and the other for talking. The boxes were known as talking boxes. People used them to order their groceries by, and we carried on conversations over a distance of several miles. The volume of sound in the original box was as great as that developed in the modern telephone and he had elaborated out of the glass box which gave out the tidings that sound could be transmitted over a wire. He went south and a telephone exchange was fitted with his instruments at a point in Arkansas.

"We have recently fitted up another exchange in this state," said he, "and have besides gone on selling the instruments and many are in use. A broad patent is now pending which will protect us."

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