

MARGERY.

Margery I chanced to view  
Within her garden's gay-decked space,  
In a gown of purple hue,  
I gazed with all a flower's grace,  
I left upon my heart so true  
Time can ne'er erase—  
Maid in violet!

Light in her eyes, whose blue  
Heaven's azure seemed a trace;  
I wonder I began to woo!  
The obstacle they needs must face;  
Other lovers who would sue—  
I promise without days of grace,  
Made inviolate,  
Woman's Home Companion.

HER BIGGEST PUPIL.

The little parlor in the modest  
house in which Miss Mary Brewster  
lived.

Jim Thrasher nervously await-  
ing her, his stalwart form perched on  
the edge of an easy chair.

As she enters his eye brightens, he  
rises, and dropping his broad brim-  
med hat on the floor he rises.

"You wished to see me?"  
"Yes, Miss Mary. (He eagerly  
takes out his hand. She takes it in a  
startling manner.) You don't know  
I was afraid you wouldn't. Fif-  
teen years, and a beard, and any num-  
ber of hard knocks do change a man-  
of you—why, you've scarcely altered  
at all. Can't you guess who it is?"

"You remind me—something in  
your voice—in your smile—reminds me  
of a boy I once knew."

"Delightedly—I'm the boy."  
"Not—not Jim Thrasher?"

"The very identical."  
"I'm so glad to see you. (She  
takes his hand impulsively.) Sit down,  
Jim. It is so kind of you to hunt  
me up. I've thought about you many  
times and tried to wonder what you  
were doing and what you had become."

"That's very good of you, Miss  
Mary. I hardly supposed you'd cher-  
ish such pleasant remembrances for  
the biggest pupil. What a gawk I  
was! I can't imagine how you had any  
time with me. Let me see. I  
just 20 that last winter in the old  
school house and a head taller than  
—and two years older, wasn't I?  
—at an awkward problem I must  
—been for you! Too old to learn  
—no big to whip.

"Ah, but you never needed  
whipping. You were my right hand  
—my prop, my encouragement. I  
—know what I would have done  
—those big boys from down the  
—if it hadn't been for your strong  
—arm."

"Do you remember how you talk-  
ed me the first day I came to school?  
—I come with those very creek boys  
—trouble. My mother died when  
—very young, and no other woman  
—ever talked kindly to me. When  
—I appealed to my honor, and putting  
—hand on my shoulder begged me  
—to bury the good that was in me,  
—nothing seemed to swell in my  
—and from that moment I re-  
—solved to be a man—a man whom you  
—one day be proud to say 'you  
—did it.'"

"You make me very happy. It  
—wonderful pleasure to feel that my  
—efforts were not all wasted. It  
—life worth living."

"Life, then, hasn't always—but  
—something about yourself."

"There is very little to tell. My  
—and the summer after you went  
—I had to return home and  
—for father. In a year or  
—health failed, and after a long  
—sickness he died. My brother and  
—alone, and after he found a sit-  
—on the railroad we moved here,  
—the war broke out brother en-  
—died at Tampa of a fever.  
—after a pause—And so you have  
—to keep you here?"

"—None."  
"—And may I ask—"

"—How I support myself? I have  
—the pupils whom I am teaching  
—stipends, and I do some fine sew-  
—get along very well—only there  
—is the fear of sickness. Now  
—about yourself."

"—One moment. I want to say to  
—Miss Mary, that I've been trying  
—to get you out for a long time. I  
—in the old neighborhood, asking  
—but they answered that nobody  
—where you had gone. I wouldn't  
—send you down here if it hadn't  
—for Joe Slater. You remember  
—headed Joe, the scamp of the  
—Well, he came out to Montana,  
—for work, and I gave him a job,  
—one day, in recalling old times, he  
—was sure he saw you in this  
—That's how I came to be here.  
—Myself? Well, whatever I am,  
—that gave me the start. I fancy  
—you pretty well. I'm something  
—the owner and something of a  
—and I've served a term in  
—and could have gone back.  
—in a nice house in Helena, and  
—enough idle cash lying around  
—me to travel as much and as  
—please. You understand I'm  
—getting my trumpet for the per-  
—sonification there is in it—and  
—a personal gratification to blow  
—for you. I'm accounting, as it  
—for the use I've made of those  
—you called my attention to fif-  
—teen ago.

"I'm very glad to hear of your

success. I knew you had it in you.  
You have made the day very bright  
for me.

Jim—I am not yet quite sure whether  
it will be a bright day for me or not.  
The fact is, I—I want to ask you a  
favor, Miss Mary.

Mary—A favor, Jim?

Jim—Yes, a great favor. I—I want  
to be your biggest pupil again!

Mary—I—I don't understand.

Jim—And I want to be your only pupil!  
I need your help. They're talking of  
making me governor next fall, and I'll  
require lots of polishing up. Oh, it  
will be hard work, but you'll find me  
a willing pupil. I—

Mary—I don't know what you mean.

Jim (rising and coming closer)—I'll  
explain. They say, you know, that a  
well-ordered boy usually falls in love  
with his teacher. That's his very first  
love. And most well-ordered boys get  
over it. But this boy is different. He  
doesn't get over it. That teacher has  
been to him the one ideal of sweet-  
est womanhood through all his fifteen  
years of hard knocks and growing  
success. Do you understand now?

Teacher, guide, friend, will you be that  
grateful boy's wife?

Mary (covering her face with her  
hands)—Oh, Jim, Jim, I'm so old!

Jim (taking her hands)—Nonsense!  
And you are growing younger every  
minute. Besides, don't forget for a  
moment that I am two years your  
senior! Come, Mary; I need you!  
There is a home waiting for you in  
the West, and comfort, and love. I  
don't ask you to love me—yet. Perhaps  
I can teach you that. There, there,  
don't cry. Surely there's nothing you  
leave behind worth those tears.

Mary (rising)—They are tears of hap-  
piness, Jim.

Her head drops on his shoulder.  
Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A NIECE OF KRUGER.

She is Now in This Country and is a Re-  
markably Well-Bred Girl.

Miss Sannie Kruger, a grandniece of  
President Paul Kruger and of his wife  
as well, is now a resident of Philadel-  
phia. She came from South Africa  
several years ago in company with her  
brother, who is interested in mines in  
Arizona. Miss Kruger's sympathies  
are strongly with the brave men who  
are defending her native land, but she  
can see that they have no chance for  
ultimate success. Miss Kruger was

educated in Europe and is proficient  
both as a musician and artist. She  
says the popular idea of the Boers in  
this country does them injustice. The  
burghers are not, as a class, she de-  
clares, coarse, uneducated and brutal.  
On the farms no more attention is paid  
to dress than by the agricultural por-  
tion of any community. In the cities  
and towns, however, the Boer women  
dress as well and as much attention is  
paid to the amenities of life as in other  
countries. Miss Kruger expects to re-  
turn before long to South Africa and  
will spend the remainder of her life  
there.

Unmistakable Evidence.

Aguinaldo: "Why do you suspect he  
is an American spy?"  
Filipino: "Hill! He has on a 'U-  
lon' suit!"

Siam so Sup-stitution.

The Siamese have so strong a super-  
stition against even numbers that they  
will have none of them. The number  
of rooms in a house, of windows or  
doors in a room, even of rungs on a  
ladder, must always be odd.

Fans.

It is no unusual thing for a vessel  
plying between Japan and London to  
carry 1,000,000 fans as a single item of  
its cargo.

Government than he.

He has taken  
the milk from the African cocoanut.

He was born on July 5, 1853, and his  
father was Rev. Francis William  
Rhodes, vicar of Stortford, a town  
about twenty-five miles from London.  
His elder brother, Herbert, had a  
plantation in the south of Natal, and  
in 1869 Cecil, whose lungs were too  
weak for the English climate, was sent  
to live with him.

It is impossible for those who know  
him now to think of him as a consump-  
tive sent abroad to die. He is six feet  
one inch tall and heavy and muscular  
in proportion. His appetite is a mar-  
vel. Chief Lobengula called him "the  
man who eats a whole country for his  
dinner."

His Early Ambition.

The story is told that, on arriving at  
Natal, the boy of 16 laid his hand upon  
a large map of Africa, exclaiming:  
"All that my hand covers will one  
day be mine!"

A merchant who heard him said:  
"That is your dream, is it?"  
"That is my dream," replied the  
young man.

"Well, I'll give you ten years to  
wake up," was the reply of the mer-  
chant.

Two years after this the history of  
South Africa changed. Diamonds were  
discovered on the present site of Kim-  
berley and Rhodes, with his brother,  
hastened to the place where the future  
empire builder laid the foundation of  
his fortune. In 1880 all the diamond  
mines were consolidated under the  
name of the De Beers Consolidated  
Mines (Limited), capitalized at \$10,-  
750,000, with Cecil Rhodes president.  
Meantime Rhodes' brother had died,  
turning over to the former his interests  
at Kimberley and Cecil himself had  
found time to return to England and  
graduate from Oxford.

While busy with his mines Cecil  
Rhodes did not neglect politics. Early  
in the '80s he was elected to the Cape  
House of Assembly from Barkley. Af-  
ter receiving a charter in October,  
1889, he started back to Africa to open  
the new lands.

There was still the unexplored region  
of the Matabeles left. The King of the  
Zulus was Lobengula, who pursued the  
usual Zulu policy of exterminating all  
weaker people with whom they came  
in contact and appropriating their cat-  
tle and wives, but they had a whole-  
some fear of the whites.

Far to the north of the land of the  
Matabeles was Mashonaland, a nation  
conquered by the Zulus, and the King  
of the Zulus gave to Rhodes permis-  
sion to dig for gold in the land of Ma-  
shonaland. Railroads were built and  
with them came the telegraph and  
mail.

The Matabele War.

Mashonaland boomed for two years,  
and then it was discovered that its  
wealth was overestimated greatly.

It looked like failure for the South  
African Company. Something must be  
done. The gold miners were clamoring  
for a chance to locate claims in Mata-  
beleland. Then was started the Mata-  
bele war, the barbarities of which ex-  
ceeded previous campaigns, because  
the company was bent on destroying  
the Matabele nation to seize their rich  
country. The Matabeles gave the ex-  
cuse by sending warriors to punish  
cattle thieves. The company's "border

CAREER OF RHODES.

DIAMOND KING, STATESMAN AND MILLIONAIRE.

He Is the Most Picturesque Figure After Oom Paul in the Transvaal War—His Meteoric Career in South Africa.

The most picturesque figure next to  
Oom Paul in the Anglo-Transvaal war  
is Cecil Rhodes, diamond king and poli-  
tician. He is the mightiest million-  
aire of the age. Others may have more  
money, but Rhodes possesses the pow-  
er and ability to shape the destiny of  
South Africa. The son of a minister  
sent to South Africa to improve his  
health, he has added within a few  
years an empire to England's territory  
and has become the modern colossus of  
Rhodesia.

The surprising growth of British  
South Africa is due largely to the ef-  
forts of this one man, the organizer  
and manager of the Imperial British  
South African Company. The career  
of Rhodes has been meteoric. Prob-  
ably no Englishman since Sir Francis  
Drake sailed round the globe with the  
gold of Spain has brought more glory  
to his country with less expense to his

police" replied, and the war was on.  
Volunteers were called for, and to ev-  
ery man who enlisted were promised  
6,000 acres of land and twenty claims  
in the new El Dorado, when it should  
be won. The Matabeles were attacked  
on three sides, their capital, Bulawayo,  
was taken, and great was the slaugh-  
ter. Opinions differ as to the justice  
of the Matabele war, but it put the  
South African Company on its feet  
again, which was its purpose. On April  
25, 1893, Matabeleland was thrown  
open to the world.

The new land was called Rhodesia.  
Rhodes was made premier of the col-  
ony and in 1895 was appointed Queen  
Victoria's privy councillor, a purely  
honorary position.

His great ambition was partly real-  
ized. He added almost an empire to  
Great Britain's possessions.

The present war in South Africa is  
in line with Rhodes' policy—the forma-  
tion of a British empire in South Af-  
rica that shall embrace the Transvaal  
republic and the Orange Free State.

Rhodes, with all his millions, lives  
humbly. He has a home, Groot Schuur,  
Cape Town which is presided over  
by his sister, who is as great a hater  
of men as Rhodes is of women. But  
he is happier when living on the plains  
in a tent with only an attendant to  
look after his personal wants.

MAKE FINE WAX FROM OIL.

Residual Oil from Illuminants Makes  
Article Superior to Honeycomb.

The busy little bee was long ago  
cheated out of his monopoly in the  
honey-making business by artificial  
honey manufacturers. Now he is left  
to improve the shining hour as best he  
may, for his corner on wax is rapidly  
slipping away from him. Paraffin, a  
product of crude petroleum, is taking  
the place of beeswax in commerce very  
largely, and half the "wax" candles of  
today are of pure paraffin and never  
saw the inside of a beehive.

Whiting, Ind., just over the southern  
line of Chicago, is the place where  
this wonderful wax is made. Clevel-  
land, Ohio, has a paraffin works, but  
it is only a small affair compared to  
the Whiting plant. The paraffin works  
are quite distinct and apart from the  
oil refinery—which is near the lake  
front—and is quite a large plant in it-  
self. The oil treated here is the "re-  
sidual oil," or oil from which all illu-  
minating and fuel oils have been dis-  
tilled. In the oil refinery, and which  
would be deemed practically worth-  
less by an outsider.

As it is pumped from the oil refinery  
into its first receptacle, the "tar stills"  
—huge piles of iron and brick with  
innumerable pipes—it has the appear-  
ance of liquid tar or New Orleans mol-  
lasses or anything else that is dark,  
sluggish and looks as unlike the beau-

tiful  
company pay for the ser-  
vices of ex-  
skill, combined with continual work,  
this rosy, dark stream becomes a  
thing of beauty.

A parallel could easily be drawn be-  
tween the paraffin works and a bee-  
hive, only instead of one building there  
were many, each under its own man-  
ager and each doing its part in con-  
verting this worthless looking refuse  
into wax.

Nothing is wanted. As this "residual  
oil" is pumped from building to build-  
ing in its course of purification it in  
turn leaves a refuse from which axle  
grease and all kinds of lubricating oils  
are made. Here they make wool oils,  
rope and twine oils—some of a pale yel-  
low, others red—and carbons for elec-  
tric light. The carbons are made from  
the last stubborn dregs from which ev-  
ery drop of oil has been pressed. The  
extreme refuse is used as fuel and is  
called coke. It gives out great heat  
and is used for heating "stills" and  
sometimes the homes of the employes.  
A more interesting process cannot be  
conceived than that by which wax is  
made from petroleum. The machinery  
used is massive and complicated and  
the manager of each department is an  
expert in his particular line.—Chicago  
Chronicle.

Bull Fights in Paris.

Paris is to have its bull fights to add  
to the excitement of its populace. The  
arena, however, will not be within the  
city walls, but at Enghien, which is  
some twelve minutes' journey by train.

In families where they don't put up  
any fruit, one of the children is sent  
around the corner for canned peaches  
whenever company unexpectedly  
comes.



CECIL RHODES.

Big Cat Amazes Its Keeper by an Ex-  
hibition of Friendship.

Keeper Mullen is constantly exposed  
to the wild beasts in the zoo in giving  
them their food and in cleaning their  
cages. Last week he was engaged in  
the pleasant occupation of brightening  
the outside apartment of a large puma.  
For reasons of his own he has always  
been in the habit of permitting the ani-  
mals to roam in the inside cage while  
he cleaned the outside one. But this  
time he somehow forgot to lock the  
door, and the puma walked out upon  
him.

There was a brief pause, during which  
time Mr. Mullen hastily reviewed his  
past life. The puma stood in the door-  
way blinking at the light and blocking  
up the only means of escape. All around  
were the hard iron bars of the cage.  
The puma, waving its long catlike tail,  
slowly approached, and Mr. Mullen  
brought his broom to a position which  
in army parlance is known as charge  
bayonets. Great was the keeper's sur-  
prise when the fierce animal meekly  
rubbed its sleek sides against the trem-  
bling leg, very much after the manner  
of a large cat. It exhibited signs of  
recognition and pleasure and began  
purring loudly.

Mullen could scarcely believe his eyes.  
He fancied the animal was only sham-  
ming and biding his time, and expect-  
ed every moment to feel its sharp fangs  
in his leg. Not to be outdone by the  
animal, he began bluffing, too, acting as  
if it were the most natural thing in the  
world that he should be patting the  
puma's head. He tried to make the  
animal feel how much he was enjoying  
it, and the result was that they were  
soon romping on the ground together  
like two friendly children.

This is the explanation of it: Keeper  
Mullen had removed a tumor from the  
side of the puma. The operation was  
performed by the aid of catgut and took  
some time. The puma suffered a great  
deal with it and seemed relieved when  
it was over.

It has shown great affection for its  
keeper ever since, permitting him to  
pat its head between the bars, but not  
until he accidentally found himself in  
the same inclosure with it did the keeper  
believe that he could ever enter its cage  
and come out unscathed.

Keeper Mullen naturally attributes  
the display of affection to the operation  
which he performed, and he says that  
hereafter he will not be afraid to enter  
the puma's cage any time he may see  
fit. He knows that hereafter they will  
be good friends.—Philadelphia Times.

NELSON'S FAMOUS SIGNAL.

ENGLAND EXPECTS THAT EVERY

MAN WILL DO HIS

part

Alfonso's Spirit of Fun.

The King of Spain seems to  
have inherited his mother's cheerful  
temperament and to have a spirit of  
fun which even—and this is saying  
much—Spanish etiquette cannot  
quench. The following story is being  
told of his majesty: The little king  
had been reading out to his tutor a  
sentence in the words, "She possessed  
in the highest degree the distinguished  
manner of grace and speech inherent  
in princesses," and to his tutor's  
amazement remarked: "That writer  
didn't know much about courts."

"Why do you say that, sir?"  
"Well, look at that pair of prin-  
cesses."

One of his royal sisters, evidently  
dreadfully hot and sleepy, was sprawl-  
ing over her desk in a very degage at-  
titude, while the other, apparently un-  
able to solve a difficult problem, was  
absently rubbing her eyes and looking  
dazed meanwhile. His majesty tugged  
the hair of one at it, pinched the arm  
of another princess, evoking some  
very strong and familiar terms of sis-  
terly reprobation.

"There are distinguished manners  
and grace of speech for you!" he ex-  
claimed, regarding triumphantly the  
tutor!—London Chronicle.

Europe's Princesses and Princesses.

A statistician has recorded the pain-  
ful fact that there are 71 marriageable  
princesses of the royal blood in Europe,  
the bonds of matrimony. The conclu-  
sion is that there are 24 princesses who  
must either contract morganatic mar-  
riages or become St. Catherine's.

A non-openable door is wanted for  
closets in which family skeletons are  
stored.



MISS SANNIE KRUGER.

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the milk from the African cocoanut.  
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Residual Oil from Illuminants Makes Article Superior to Honeycomb.

The busy little bee was long ago  
cheated out of his monopoly in the  
honey-making business by artificial  
honey manufacturers. Now he is left  
to improve the shining hour as best he  
may, for his corner on wax is rapidly  
slipping away from him. Paraffin, a  
product of crude petroleum, is taking  
the place of beeswax in commerce very  
largely, and half the "wax" candles of  
today are of pure paraffin and never  
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Whiting, Ind., just over the southern  
line of Chicago, is the place where  
this wonderful wax is made. Clevel-  
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it is only a small affair compared to  
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A parallel could easily be drawn be-  
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Nothing is wanted. As this "residual  
oil" is pumped from building to build-  
ing in its course of purification it in  
turn leaves a refuse from which axle  
grease and all kinds of lubricating oils  
are made. Here they make wool oils,  
rope and twine oils—some of a pale yel-  
low, others red—and carbons for elec-  
tric light. The carbons are made from  
the last stubborn dregs from which ev-  
ery drop of oil has been pressed. The  
extreme refuse is used as fuel and is  
called coke. It gives out great heat  
and is used for heating "stills" and  
sometimes the homes of the employes.  
A more interesting process cannot be  
conceived than that by which wax is  
made from petroleum. The machinery  
used is massive and complicated and  
the manager of each department is an  
expert in his particular line.—Chicago  
Chronicle.

Bull Fights in Paris.

Paris is to have its bull fights to add  
to the excitement of its populace. The  
arena, however, will not be within the  
city walls, but at Enghien, which is  
some twelve minutes' journey by train.

In families where they don't put up  
any fruit, one of the children is sent  
around the corner for canned peaches  
whenever company unexpectedly  
comes.

PUMA SHOWS ITS GRATITUDE.

Big Cat Amazes Its Keeper by an Exhibition of Friendship.

Keeper Mullen is constantly exposed  
to the wild beasts in the zoo in giving  
them their food and in cleaning their  
cages. Last week he was engaged in  
the pleasant occupation of brightening  
the outside apartment of a large puma.  
For reasons of his own he has always  
been in the habit of permitting the ani-  
mals to roam in the inside cage while  
he cleaned the outside one. But this  
time he somehow forgot to lock the  
door, and the puma walked out upon  
him.

There was a brief pause, during which  
time Mr. Mullen hastily reviewed his  
past life. The puma stood in the door-  
way blinking at the light and blocking  
up the only means of escape. All around  
were the hard iron bars of the cage.  
The puma, waving its long catlike tail,  
slowly approached, and Mr. Mullen  
brought his broom to a position which  
in army parlance is known as charge  
bayonets. Great was the keeper's sur-  
prise when the fierce animal meekly  
rubbed its sleek sides against the trem-  
bling leg, very much after the manner  
of a large cat. It exhibited signs of  
recognition and pleasure and began  
purring loudly.

Mullen could scarcely believe his eyes.  
He fancied the animal was only sham-  
ming and biding his time, and expect-  
ed every moment to feel its sharp fangs  
in his leg. Not to be outdone by the  
animal, he began bluffing, too, acting as  
if it were the most natural thing in the  
world that he should be patting the  
puma's head. He tried to make the  
animal feel how much he was enjoying  
it, and the result was that they were  
soon romping on the ground together  
like two friendly children.

This is the explanation of it: Keeper  
Mullen had removed a tumor from the  
side of