

OPENING OF THE HUNTING SEASON.



THE BIGGEST BEAR HE GOT

GETTING A GOOD SHOT AT A WEATHER COCK

AS IT IS

BEWARE OF ANY THING THAT LOOKS LIKE THIS

TRACKING THE TRACKER

AS THE HUNTERS SEE IT

WHEN MOLLY LED THE MEETING

I wuz settin' with the sinners—way back by the door,
In the pew that smiles a welcome—meetin'—evenin's—to the poor.
I wuz jest the hardest sinner that salvation ever knowed—
A reg'lar ol' backslider that had lost the gospel road.

'Twas a Wednesday night pra'r meetin'—when they talked from left to right;
An' the word come that the preacher wouldn't be with us that night.
An' "Who would lead the meetin'?" A woman raised her han'.

An' Molly, with the bright, sweet eyes, marched up an' took the stan'!

My heart wuz palpitatin'—an' what would Molly say?
She didn't keep me waitin'—fer her bright eyes shined my way!
She give that ol' time hymn out—an' they sung with sweet accord,
With Molly's voice a-leadin' 'em—"Come Ye that Love the Lord!"

An' lots of 'em went up fer pra'r, an' got religion true;
An' Molly called across the pews: "John, ain't you comin', too?"
An' I come—I couldn't stan' it! They hollered out, "Amen!"
With Molly's han' a-holdin' mine I got religion then!
—Atlanta Constitution.

A BIT OF BRAID.

She turned her head very slightly, so that the man behind her caught the narrowing of her eyes with sudden anger, and the tilting of her rounded chin.

"Clumsy!" she said in a voice ringing with scorn. She caught up her skirt, just raising it from the ground, and hastened on. But she threw a few more or less acceptable home thrusts over her shoulder as she went.

"I can't think what you have been doing with yourself lately. Not improving, anyway. And you won't get on in the direction you are taking, I can assure you. It makes me very doubtful as to the truth of all your yarns of conquest—they are just what I took them for—fairy tales, every one. For no girl would be tame enough to be trampled on, if that is your habit. Oh, of course you saw the braid hanging. You could not be so blind as that."

She gave the offending skirt, with the loop of braid dangling uncomfortably, a further hitch. She had the daintiest ankles—the word expressed her altogether—and the man following her made no objection.

It was, indeed, his continued silence she seized on next—to misconstrue.

"At least," she said, with sisterly straightforwardness, "you might apologize."

They had reached the landing stage where the boat was moored. The girl proceeded to take her place in it with the calmness and ease which only can come to her sex through practice and long suffering. She was seated with the ropes in her hands before she really looked up at the man who had followed her—into the boat by this time.

"Now let me see the stroke which takes captive your best girls," she was saying, and then her eyes met his.

Though it would have seemed more appropriate that he should be the one to blush, it was to her cheeks the color

mounted. She actually hesitated before she spoke.

So he was given the opportunity of speaking, and this time he availed himself, willingly.

"I do apologize," he said, "very humbly." His manner and the laughter in his eyes did not, however, accord wholly with such an attitude.

"Well—really—" she began, but he interrupted her.

"I will go further—you will grant it is a long way further—I will explain."

"There seems room for it—"

He was quite a genius at seizing his chances. He took her words as a concession, and dipped his scull into the water at the same time.

"I shall be able to talk so much better when we are moving," he said, artfully. "I fancy my stroke may prove as worthy of comment as your brother's," he added. He was still smiling, and he noted, with growing satisfaction, that so was she.

"Well, of all the—"

"And you do not even know who I am! Cheek? Oh, don't be hard. Luck—if you like. I am proverbially lucky. I am not to blame for that, am I? Your brother told you he was expecting his college chum, Charles Dean? I was just coming along—neither of you saw me. I heard you send him back for your cape—" he paused, with sudden compunction.

"You are not cold?" he questioned, anxiously. "I forgot, and I have nothing in the way of a wrap to offer you."

"No, I am not cold," she said, as stiffly as she could.

"Yop walked on, you know, and then temptation seized me. An evil spirit disguised, most charmingly disguised, as a piece of braid! And I could not resist it. I was only afraid you would think I had been suspiciously quick for a brother."

"I just wasn't thinking," she admitted, dimpling.

The mood for confession grew on him. "Or that you might look round," said he.

"I wish—"

"No, don't say it! Hear me out first. Honestly, I was not entirely actuated by motives of mere selfishness, as might at first appear. I put it to myself like this: Here is a charming girl going to spend a most perfectly delightful summer afternoon on the river, with no more exciting companion than the brother she has known from her earliest days, whose thoughts are as open to her as her own; who hasn't a peculiarity, or even a virtue, left undiscovered. I argued with myself about it. Should I let such a paltry thing as the lack of an introduction prevent me from giving this girl a treat—"

"Oh," she cried, "you really are—"

"Yes," he said, "it stands to reason even as a study, a sort of unexplored continent, so to speak; a strange young man, in such a case, must present himself in the light of an acquisition."

Her eyes were dancing. "Why don't you say such an exceedingly nice young man, while you are about it?" she asked mockingly.

"I will go one better," said he, "with your permission. Such an exceptionally nice pair!" and he bowed.

"Oh, you are dreadful—dreadful!" But she did not say it as a fact to be deplored. She looked away from the soft summer landscape, down to the edge of her serge skirt with its trimming of braid and the fateful loop.

"They do sew these so insecurely," she said. "You haven't a pin to spare?"

"It seems almost a pity," said he,

while she busied herself over it; "but I suppose it will be just as well now."

The afternoon was, as he had said, delightful, and his swift stroke left nothing to be desired. It was not cold, after all, and she never gave another thought to the cape until she saw it, when at last they got back, hanging deserted on the boathouse door, where her brother had left it when he arrived there to find her vanished.

The brother and sister were very alike in disposition, and took things lightly and as they came. So he never openly resented her desertion—perhaps, as her new friend pointed out, he, too, had his more than adequate compensation.

This is just a story of the inevitable. For the man of resource was something of a character reader, and he had looked at the girl before he stepped.

She called it, in her kindest moods, an anticipation, but he maintained that he gave the incident its most appropriate title when he named it a "forerunner." And this it was.

The weather favored them, and his visit lengthened from a week's end to a week and more. Ample time for a man of such ready methods to win for himself a girl not indisposed to be won. Thus his visit to the brother ended in his marriage with the sister—an old tale, but often a very pleasant one.

It was later in the season, and boating interests had given way to the necessity of stock-taking in fashionable wearing apparel, and discussions on the relative merits of new and antique furniture.

"I could almost wish," she said sweetly, "that it was possible to trim a white satin wedding dress with braids in a sort of squiggly pattern of loops and turns."

"If you contemplate having one loop pendant to trip me up during the ceremony," he said, laughing, "I am off."

"Then, perhaps, it is just as well to reserve braid as a trimming for serge and cloth," she said.

A Great Boon to Humanity.

Bioxide of sodium seems to be one of the greatest boons to humanity which the century has given—that is, if the reports as to the recent demonstration of its qualities before the French academy of science prove to be substantiated.

It is said that this product possesses the property of renewing oxygen, the life-sustaining principle in air, as well as of absorbing carbonic acid as it is given off. Two men with a new apparatus containing dioxide of sodium are alleged to have put on diving dresses from which all air was excluded, and remained for the space of two hours under these conditions. Subsequently they remained under water for half an hour under similar conditions.

The availability of this new means of vitalizing air in the case of submarine craft seems obvious. But its use is likely to be very extended, enabling firemen to penetrate the densest smoke without danger of suffocation, and miners to pursue their calling safely, by depriving "fire damp" and noxious gases of their power to work harm and death.—Boston Globe.

Fancy Bikes for a Queen.

Queen Margherita of Italy has the most beautiful bicycle in the world. The wheels are of gold and the frame is richly inlaid with jewels and mother of pearl.

The tiresome orator tries to make up in length for his deficiency in depth.

FEAR "WHITE DEATH"

INDIANS ARE MORTALLY AFRAID OF FROZEN FOG.

Natural Phenomenon, Met with in Parts of Colorado, Wyoming and Montana, that Science Has Not Yet Had Opportunity of Investigating.

"Of all the natural phenomena peculiar to the Rocky Mountain region none is more strange or terrible than the mysterious storm known to the Indians as 'the white death.' Scientific men have never yet had an opportunity of investigating it, because it comes at the most unexpected times and may keep away from a certain locality for years. Well-read men who have been through it say that it is really a frozen fog. But where the fog comes from is more than anyone can say. This phenomena occurs most frequently in the northern part of Colorado, in Wyoming, and occasionally in Montana.

"About two years ago a party of three women and two men were crossing North Park in a wagon in the month of February. The air was bitterly cold, but dry as a bone and motionless. The sun shone with almost startling brilliancy. As the five people drove along over the crisp snow they did not experience the least cold, but really felt most comfortable, and rather enjoyed the trip. Mountain peaks fifty miles away could be seen as distinctly as the pine trees by the roadside.

"Suddenly one of the women put her hand up to her face and remarked that something had stung her. Then other members of the party did the same thing, although not a sign of an insect could be seen. All marveled greatly at this. A moment later they noticed that the distant mountains were disappearing behind a cloud of mist. Mist in Colorado in February! Surely there must be some mistake. But there was no mistake, because within ten minutes a gentle wind began to blow and the air became filled with fine particles of something that scintillated like diamond dust in the sunshine. Still the people drove on until they came to a cabin where a man signaled them to stop. With his head tied up in a bundle of mufflers, he rushed out and handed the driver a piece of paper on which was written: 'Come into the house quick, or this storm will kill all of you. Don't talk outside here.'

Of course no time was lost in getting under cover and putting the horses in the stables. But they were a little late, for in less than an hour the whole party was sick with violent coughs and fever. Before the next morning one of the women died with all the symptoms of pneumonia. The others were violently ill of it, but managed to pull through after long sickness.

"I seen you people driving along the road long before you got to my house, and I knowed you didn't know what you were drivin' through," said the man, as soon as the surviving members of the party were able to talk. "That stuff you seen in the air is small pieces of ice, froze so cold it goes clear down into your lungs without melting. If any man stayed out a few hours' without his head covered up he would be sure to die. One winter about eight years ago it cleaned out a whole Indian tribe across the Wyoming line. They are more afraid of it than they are of rattlesnakes. That's the reason they call it the 'white death.'"—Will Sparks, in Ainslee's.

ESCAPED FROM THE BOLT.

Man Struck by Lightning Tells What His Sensations Were.

This is the story told by Peter O'Brien, stable boss for J. G. McIlvaine, of Fifty-ninth street and Elmwood avenue, who was struck by lightning.

"When the storm got so bad I went into a shed that we used to wash rigs in and sat down. Jim Freeburn, a young fellow who works around the stable, was with me. I was sitting with my left hip and shoulder and the left side of my head pressed against the wall of the barn. Freeburn was about four feet away from me. A lightning rod runs from the stable at the point where I was sitting, but I never thought of that.

"All of a sudden there was the loudest noise I have ever heard, and the most blinding light I have ever seen. I was lifted clean off my chair and thrown out into the center of the shed. I felt first as though a thousand spikes had been run into my side. Quick as thought the feeling changed into one of utter vacancy. It was as though someone had cut off my right leg and arm and scooped out the left side of my head with a shovel. My tongue seemed to have been broken into a thousand pieces and I could not move a single piece. I remember that I was afraid to open my mouth for fear the fragments would drop out.

"All these were sensations of a moment. I can remember reeling about in the endeavor to find something to hold on to, and crying, 'Oh! Oh! Oh!' with the guttural noise a deaf-mute makes. I wanted Jim to come to me, but he is only a young fellow and I guess I looked so horrible he was afraid of me. I could hear the horses plunging and snorting and my impulse was to go to them. As I started through the door leading to the stalls I heard Jim say: 'Don't go in there, don't go in there!'

"Then I felt myself falling. I hung onto the door with all my might, but my hands slipped, slipped, slipped— 'That's all I know about it. I feel all right now except that I am partly paralyzed in my left side and find some difficulty in talking. I wouldn't go through the experience again for any

amount of money. When I served in the English army I have stood beside the largest guns made when they were fired off, but I have never heard anything to compare to that thunder. When I think of it, my left side tingles, my right side chills, and the cold sweat stands out on my forehead."

O'Brien was found lying almost under the hoofs of a horse that was standing stock still, fearing to tread on him. He was taken to the University Hospital, where the doctors worked over him for five hours before there was any sign of returning consciousness.

Freeburn, the boy, was not injured at all.—Philadelphia North American.

NEW JAPANESE MINISTER.

His Wife One of the Accomplished Ladies at the Capital.

The Japanese legation at Washington is one of the most popular and best administered of the legations at the capital, yet it is one of the youngest. The first minister from Japan visited this government only 40 years ago, and it is scarcely 30 years since the famous embassy with Mr. Iwakura at its head arrived here. This embassy had as its object the making of treaties with the United States and other civilized powers, and started out to make a tour of the world, but so impressed was Ambassador Iwakura with the advantages to be gained from a long residence at the American capital that he remained in Washington for six months. In that time he gave eighty official dinners and a banquet for 1,000 people which rivaled in elegance anything ever seen here, and picturesque tales are still told of his princely entertaining. Diplomatic intercourse between the United States and Japan was established by Mr. Iwakura's visit, and since then it has never been interrupted.

The present Japanese minister, recently appointed, is Mr. Takahira, who served as consul general in New York in 1891 and who also represented his government as minister to China at several European capitals.

His wife is an accomplished lady. She comes of a noble family and was educated at one of the best schools for women in Japan, established and conducted after western models. She was married to Mr. Takahira in 1887, shortly after his education was finished, and since then has been with him upon all of his diplomatic missions. She is a fine looking woman, even from the occidental point of view, which differs so materially regarding the beauty of women from that of the Orient. Her complexion has the tinge and softness for which Japanese women are famous, her eyes are large and expressive, and her wealth of glossy black hair is worn in the prevailing style, brushed back from a pretty brow. She dresses in exquisite taste and no woman in the diplomatic corps possesses more gorgeous jewels.

FISHING IN CHINA.

How the Piscatorial Art is Practiced by Cunning Celestials.

In this country the fisherman is a man who uses hook and line or the net in following his profession and folks would stare with wonder to see him start off with a flock of birds to help in catching fish. Yet this is done in China. There the Chinaman may be seen in his sampan surrounded by cormorants which have been trained to dash into the water at his order, seize the fish and bring them to the boat. Should a cormorant capture a fish too large for it to carry alone, one of its companions will go to its assistance, and together they will bring it in.

If the Chinaman wishes to catch turtles he will do so with the aid of a sucking fish or remora. This fish has on top of its head a long disk or sucker by which it attached itself beneath moving objects such as sharks, whales, and the bottoms of ships rather than make the effort necessary to independent movement.

The fisherman fastens the remora to a long cord tied to a brass ring about its tail, and when he reaches the turtle ground puts it overboard, taking care to keep it from the bottom of the boat. When a turtle passes near the remora darts beneath him and fastens to his shell. Struggle as he will the turtle cannot loosen the grip of the sucker, and the Chinaman has only to haul in on the line, bring the turtle up to the boat, and take him aboard.—Washington Post.

Poor Lo's Religious System.

So benign was the religious system of the Indian that each department of the animal kingdom was provided with a little divinity to look after its affairs. Thus the Spirit of the Great Swan looked after all swans, the Spirit of the Great Turtle controlled all turtles, and so on through the list, every kind of an animal having its own protecting spirit to guard its interests and punish its enemies. These divinities—who are under the control of the Great Spirit—felt a great interest in the human race, and any one of them might become the protecting genius of any particular man.

Baconians Out of Court.

School Visitor—Now, then, boy, Number One, who wrote "Macbeth?"
Boy Number One (trembling violently)—Please, sir, I didn't.
School Visitor—I know you didn't, but who did?
Boy Number One (with a spasm of virtue)—Please, sir, I didn't want to be a tell-tale, but it was Rob Buster, over in the corner seat. I see him a-doin' of it.—London Tit-Bits

THE AUTOMOBILE IN WAR.

Its Practical Use Demonstrated in the French Army Maneuvers.

The general maneuvers of the French army, which have been proceeding near Paris, have clearly demonstrated the value of the automobile in war. The introduction of the auto proved the most striking feature of the operations. In order to give a practical test on an extensive scale they were used in the most intricate evolutions previously superior to horses. Several of the generals and most of the members of their staffs have been furnished with fast, light motor cars, which have proved of the utmost value. The general



AUTOMOBILE IN ARMY MANEUVERS.

Trails' aids-de-camp covered unprecedented distances in a few hours recently. Gen. Brugere's orderly officer ran 170 kilometers in the morning making a complete circuit of the contending armies, and furnishing the general with full details of the situation by noon.

Where auto cars can be utilized, the use of horses by generals and messengers would appear doomed. Heavy baggage and provisions auto wagons are also doing valuable work for the commissariat. The roads around Chartres simply swarm with auto cycles, motor cars and wagons worked by electricity, petroleum and steam. Accidents are inevitable, but they have been few considering the number of motors.

ENJOY DEBTORS' CELL.

Mrs. Clara B. Keator Breaks Record as Paid Debtor.

Mrs. Clara B. Keator, who has spent six months in the debtors' department of the county jail in Chicago, while jewelry firm, who claim she owes them \$20,000 for jewelry, have paid her board, says she will introduce a measure to help prosecutors one of the days and get out of prison.

Her six months' imprisonment for



MRS. KEATOR IN HER CELL.

debt is a record-breaker in Cook County, and it has cost the firm about \$10 to keep her there. This does not include attorneys' fees. But Mrs. Keator does not mind her quarters. She sees her relatives and does not sit the jail fare for which the firm pays \$4 week. She has a comfortably furnished apartment, three good meals a day from a restaurant, plenty of fruit and flowers, a good bed and a rocking chair.

Odd Results of Grafting.

Our Brussels correspondent telegraphs that it has been reserved for Belgian gardener to show the modern plant what it can do in the way of grafting. Hitherto it has been customary to assume a spirit of determined exclusiveness to be implanted plants—that, in fact, a stock will not graft unless it be of the same plant family with itself. The ingenious Belgian has changed all that. He has, declares, grafted the sugar maple on the lilac, the French bean on the potato plant and the cabbage on the tomato.

A Daily Mail representative ran to Holborn yesterday to ask Mr. Carter's grafter whether these things might be. The seed-plant expert says that he would not go so far as to say that they might not, but if they might, he did not know it. And again, if they might, what then? The result would not be a species of sweet lilac, nor French bean with medicinal properties attached, nor a cross between a cabbage and a tomato.

The graft preserves its own character. Its habit of growth may in some cases be modified, but the fruit remains as before. Moreover, these freak plants do not seed. You may get the first step, but not further. The sugar maple would remain a sugar maple, the French bean would continue to be French bean and the cabbage would not cease to be a cabbage—only that and nothing more. It is therefore very clever of the Belgian, but rather unnecessary—unless, of course, he could manage to graft mint upon green peas and broad beans upon parsley and melted butter.—London Mail.

No Chance to Spread.

"Isn't he one of those people who a very well met in a mixed company the festival board, but whom you would hesitate to take home to dinner?"

"No," answered Mr. Blykins. "The contrary, I'd much prefer taking him home with me, where there would be no excuse for his trying to make an after-dinner speech."