



TO THE DYING CENTURY
Dying Century! a health
to thee! ☒ ☒ ☒
Take it to Eternity:
Tell the gods to whom
you go—☒ ☒
Where the winds of
Heaven blow—
That you brought
me here, anon,
Heritage of tasks
undone; ☒ ☒
Robbed me of my
strength at noon;
Granted but a
single boom—
yet that was Love.

Marion Thornton
Egbert

MISAPPROPRIATING A SMILE.

I was seated in the corner of a car,
When I got a most exasperating jar—
Not the ordinary kind
To which gripemen are inclined,
But a jolt that shocked me more than
that by far.

From adown the aisle a fascinating girl
Set my senses in an amatory whirl,
When she turned a pretty smile
Toward my corner, and the while
Showed the tips of teeth that glistened
as the pearl.

I responded with a twinkle of my eye
(Tis a little trick I studied, by the by),
And although I passed my street,
Still I kept my corner seat,
For the hope within my heart was run-
ning high.

Then it was I got the dolorific jar;
Just behind me, on the platform of the
car,
Stood the man at whom 'twas plain,
She was smiling through the pane,
And I'd ridden half a mile or more too
far.

—Life

A Walk with Ishbel.

I DON'T mind talking to you, you
know," said Ishbel—she insists on
being spelled that way—"because
you are not a stupid boy and you have
a nice detached point of view, but you
must promise when I tell you things
not to imagine I mean myself."

"How could I imagine you a thing?"
I asked reproachfully.

"You know what I mean," said Ish-
bel with severity. "When I was quite
young," she pursued—she is 22—"I used
to fancy that authors put themselves
into their stories. Now I know they
never do."

"Well, I am not quite young," I said
crossly. "Go on."

"But you didn't promise."

"I promised."

Ishbel adjusted her hatpin. "Once
there was a girl," she began, "who at
the age of 17 was sent to England to
visit her father's people. That's rather
a nice beginning, isn't it?" she inter-
rupted herself. "It sounds as if it
might be print. Do you think if you
saw a story with a beginning like that
you would read it?"

"Candidly?" I inquired.

"Of course."

"I don't think I should."

There was a dangerous glitter in her
eye.

"But," I hastened to add, "reading a
story is very different to have you tell
it, you know. I could listen to you for
a thousand years."

She was mollified. "It won't take
that long," she assured me with a smile.
There is no word for her smile but de-
licious.

"Do go on," I said. "Did she like
the people?"

"Well, some of them," doubtfully.

"You see they were English and she
was an American."

"Yes."

"And—and young, they bullied her a
little. The next time," with animation,
"I mean, when we go over, I don't
think they'll bully me."

"I don't fancy they will."

"And so you see she didn't have as
good a time as she might exactly. But
she did have a love affair."

wrong of deterrents to make love to
girls."

"It is," agreed Ishbel. "But he was
very—oh, very honorable. Things had
gone, well, they had gone rather far,
you know, but the week before she
sailed, when he proposed—at least he
didn't exactly propose, but he told her
he had only 300 a year, and that, of
course, it was out of the question in
England to marry on that, and he
couldn't bear the idea of hampering her
with a long engagement and—what did
you say?"

"Oh, nothing."

"Are you sure? You put me out.
Well, he said she mustn't be engaged to
him, but he would hold himself engaged
to her, and some day when the senior
partner dropped off—I do wish," petu-
lantly, "you wouldn't mutter like that."

I groveled.

"Where was I?" demanded Ishbel.

"Oh, well, then they said good-by, you
know, and she was perfectly miserable—
if you look so horribly cross I shall
send you home—oh, dreadfully mis-
erable. She felt that she didn't care a
straw about other men, and there were
—she said there were some very nice
men in the steamer coming home, too.

Balls and parties had no attraction for
her, and fancy, for ever so long she
hardly took any interest in her frocks.
Oh, it was horrid. She only lived for
his letters—and somehow they—well,
they were not exactly satisfactory. She
supposed it was because he was so
very honorable, and they were not real-
ly engaged, you know. But one day
she thought it all over and decided that
sort of thing would have to come to an
end. She knew she would never be
happy for a moment till he came out,
as she knew he would some day, to
claim her, but she made up her mind
to stop thinking about him as much as
possible and try to seem happy, no mat-
ter how perfectly miserable she was in
reality. The idea was, you see—I think
she got it out of a poem—to lock his
image up in her heart."

"I see," said I. "And how did it
work?"

"It worked very well," said Ishbel,
reflectively. "She knew she was
wretched, but she didn't allow herself
to think about it."

"And what happened?" I asked brisk-
ly.

"Well, after three years he came."

"Oh, he did?"

"Of course," said Ishbel sharply. "Did
you imagine he didn't?"

I coughed. "And she unlocked her
heart?"

"Yes," said Ishbel.

"And the image—"

"It's a very odd thing," replied Ishbel,
slowly, "but it wasn't there."

I laughed again. "Was her heart—
did she find the receptacle—er—empty?"
I asked.

"She didn't tell me that," said Ish-
bel. We walked on. "So that," I re-
marked, presently, "was the reason
why that long-legged English fellow—"

"But you promised," cried Ishbel.—
Boston Post.

RAFTERS OF LIVING GREEN.

Description in "Eben Holden" of a
Day in the Cornfield.

We climbed the wall as he ate, and
buried ourselves in the deep corn. The
fragrant, silky tassels brushed my face
and the corn blossomed at our intrusion,
crossing its green sabers in our path.
Far in the field my companion heaped
a little of the soft earth for a pillow,
spread the oilcloth between rows, and
as we lay down drew the big shawl
over us. Uncle Eb was tired after the
toil of that night and went asleep al-
most as soon as he was down. Before
I dropped off Fred came and licked my
face and stepped over me, his tail
wagging for leave, and curled upon the
shawl at my feet. I could see no sky in

that gloomy green aisle of corn. This
going to bed in the morning seemed a
foolish business to me that day and I
lay a long time looking up at the rust-
ling canopy overhead. I remember list-
ening to the waves that came whisper-
ing out of the further field, nearer and
nearer, until they swept over us with
a roaring splash of leaves, like that of
water flooding among rocks, as I have
heard it often. A twinge of homesick-
ness came to me and the snoring of
Uncle Eb gave me no comfort. I re-
member covering my head and crying
softly as I thought of those who had
gone away and whom I was to meet in
a far country, called heaven, whither
we were going. I forgot my sorrow
finally in sleep. When I awoke it had
grown dusk under the corn. I felt for
Uncle Eb and he was gone. Then I
called to him.

"Hush, boy! He low!" he whispered,
bending over me, a sharp look in his
eye. "Fraid they're after us."

He sat kneeling beside me, holding
Fred by the collar and listening. I could
hear voices, the rustle of the corn and
the tramp of feet near by. It was thun-
dering in the distance—that heavy,
shaking thunder that seems to take
hold of the earth, and there were
sounds in the corn like the drawing of
sabers and the rush of many feet. The
noisy thunder clouds came nearer, and
the voices that made us tremble were
no longer heard. Uncle Eb began to
fasten the oil blanket to the stalks of
corn for a shelter. The rain came roar-
ing over us. The sound of it was like
that of a host of cavalry coming as a
gallop. We lay bracing the stalks, the
blanket tied above us, and were quite
dry for a time. The rain rattled in the
sounding sheaves and then came flood-
ing down the steep gutters. Above us
beam and rafter creaked, swaying and
showing glimpses of the dark sky. The
rain passed—we could hear the last
battalion leaving the field—and then
the tumult ended as suddenly as it
began. The corn trembled a few mo-
ments and hushed to a faint whisper.
Then we could hear only the drip of
raindrops leaking through the green
roof. It was dark under the corn.

She Knew.

Marjorie is the small and only daugh-
ter in a family which boasts of several
sons. Aged four is Marjorie, petite and
imperious and enjoying excellent op-
portunities for becoming spoiled. She
has lately attained to the dignity of the
kindergarten and comes home daily
with some fresh acquisition of wisdom.
A few days ago it was addition, and
she proclaimed proudly at the dinner
table:

"I know how much two and two
make and free and two and four and
two."

"And what," said her father, "do
you and I make, Marjorie?"

Without a moment's hesitation over
these new factors in her problem, the
little maid answered, with a dimple and
a smile:

"Sweethearts."

And all the family were satisfied
with Marjorie's arithmetic.

Work and Atmosphere.

During the building of a railroad in
Switzerland, at an altitude of ten thou-
sand feet, the discovery has been made
that the atmosphere is so rarified that
men employed upon the work cannot
continue their labors for half so long a
time as is possible when working in a
lower atmosphere. The cold also may
have something to do with it, for, as
every one knows, the atmosphere be-
comes colder and colder the greater dis-
tance it is above the surface of the
earth. Were it not for the atmosphere,
indeed, the ordinary temperature of the
world would be below zero to the ex-
tent of three hundred degrees Fahren-
heit.

A rolling pin gathers no dough.

BAD BANDIT HUNTER.

DEADLIEST REVOLVER SHOT IN
THE WEST.

Frederick Hans of Omaha, Chief of the
Northwestern Bandit Hunters, Has
Had a Thrilling Career—Train Rob-
bing Growing Unpopular.

Managers of Western railroads are
making extra efforts to entirely wipe
out the bandit gangs that have been
very active during the past few years.
The Union Pacific, the Burlington,
Rock Island and Northwestern, out of
Omaha, are arming their messengers
anew with Winchester "pump guns,"
having new shells with sixteen buck-
shots each, loaded for them and in
other ways are preparing to extermi-
nate the first road agent band that at-
tempts to hold up one of their trains.
In addition every large railroad operat-
ing out of Omaha employs from one to
a dozen men whose exclusive duty it is
to protect their trains from bandit
raids, trail the robbers after they hold
up the train and chase them into the
fastnesses of the mountain or get them
killed.

Chief of Bandit Hunters.

Of all the famous Western charac-
ters who have made bandit hunting a
business none is better known than
Frederick Hans, of Omaha, who is
chief of the Northwestern bandit hun-
ters. For years it has been the business
of Frederick Hans to protect the treas-
ure trains of that company operating
through the Black Hills. From Dead-
wood to Omaha the Northwestern carries
the treasures of the great Home-
state mine. In some months this com-
pany ships over a hundred thousand in
treasure over this line. The lines of
the company are operated through a
wild and desolate section for many
miles after leaving Deadwood. It is a
most inviting spot for the work of road



FREDERICK HANS.

agents. The fact that these treasure
trains escape the raids of bandits is
undoubtedly due to their fear of the
man who is the head of the force of
bandit hunters the company employs.

Frederick Hans is a mild mannered
fellow with blue eyes and of most affa-
ble address. As he saunters along the
streets of Omaha he is about the last
man in the world one would pick out
for desperate work with rifle and re-
volver. Yet this same pleasant fellow
with his careless smile has been in
more desperate affairs with road
agents, killed more outlaws and sent
more to the penitentiaries through the
West than any man in the West to-day.

"Fred," as he is known to nine-tenths
of the people of Omaha, is constantly
on the move. He has a wife and three
babies in Omaha that he gets a chance
to see once in a month or so, but most
of his time is spent "up in the Hills,"
circulating among that element that is
most likely to engage in holdups. It is
his business to locate all these charac-
ters the moment a train is held up in
his territory. Thus he can very nearly
place the responsibility for a train rob-
bery on the Northwestern the day after
it occurs. Incidentally, it may be said
that Hans carries a considerable num-
ber of bullet wounds on his person—
slight testimonials of his many desper-
ate fights.

Samples of His Daring.

One of his most daring deeds was go-
ing into the "Hole in the Wall" after
"Shacknasty" Jim and his outlaw
band when he killed the leader and two
of his companions before he returned.
Again he met five members of his fam-
ous Robbers' Roost gang one bright
morning on the Running water in South
Dakota. He had but shortly before
that been instrumental in piloting a
posse of Custer citizens to the lair of
the band, where nine of them had been
killed, and they thought to get even.
The five road agents waited until Hans
rode close to the sand hill behind which
they were hiding, then rode down on
him, firing their rifles as they galloped
up. A fortunate shot passed through
the heart of the horse that Hans was
riding. Using the animal for a breast-
work the railroad bandit hunter got out
his heavy pistols and began busi-
ness right there. He only shot four
times. The first bullet he fired passed
through the heart of the nearest rob-
ber, the next one struck one of the
horses of the oncoming gang and killed
it, the third bullet passed through the
head of another bandit, killed him in-
stantly and the fourth passed through
the body of one of the gang and he

died later. The two remaining mem-
bers of the band surrendered and were
taken into Custer by Hans. The men
he killed were known as "Texas," Fleet
Foot and Mountain Pete. The other
two, Long Tom and Skinny, were sent
to the penitentiary for life.

From his experience he believes that
train robbing has been made so dan-
gerous for the robbers of late that it is
losing its popularity and will totally
disappear in a few years. Nowadays it
is not the act of robbing a train that
requires the greatest exhibition of skill
and daring, but rather the escape after
the crime has been committed. In rob-
bing a train the band stands little
chance of opposition. Passengers are
as a rule unarmed and the express mes-
sengers are not in a position to make
much of a fight. The use of dynamite
by road agents is a terrifying element
for express messengers. The minute
the bandits start to make their escape,
however, they come in contact with
fighting men who are as well armed and
well mounted as they, and know how to
use their guns. This is the element of
danger that deters many bandits from
attacking a railroad train.

Preparing for a Hold-Up.

When a gang contemplates a hold-up
now the first thing they do is to ar-
range for their escape. A route of re-
treat is selected and the bandits go
over the trail so that they can follow
it night or day. They frequently se-
crete food for themselves and horses
along the route and lay in plenty of
ammunition. The Black Hills and the
country in Southern Wyoming are fa-
vorite resorts for train robbers these
days. Here most of the desperate road
agents live. They must have the best
horses money will buy, they must get
a city crook as a rule to handle the dy-
namite, they must have white powder
for their guns in the event of a colli-
sion with a posse, which is quite cer-
tain, and a thousand little details. The
minute the news of a holdup is flashed
over the wire, a posse from a dozen
different points is started. These close
in on the robbers. The road agents are
afraid to split up in the face of a pos-
sible fight. They know they will be
killed one at a time if they do not stick
together. That is their only chance,
and, of course, it makes the trail easier
to follow. The bandits are of the most
desperate class of men. They know
that sooner or later they will die with
boots on. Most of them are wanted for
some crime that would keep them in the
penitentiary for life anyway. If not
carry them to the scaffold. Under
these conditions they will not surren-
der. Their only chance of freedom is to
fight and they will fight to the death.
To deal with such characters may be
exciting, but the great majority of peo-
ple will not envy the position of Fred-
erick Hans.

THE LAC INDUSTRY OF ASSAM.

An Important Product that Figures in
the Mechanical Arts.

Lac occurs in its natural state in var-
ious parts of the forests of Assam, as
well as of Burma, but chiefly in parts
of the Khasi and Garo hills, and the
export in recent years has averaged
16,000 maunds, or something over 500
tons, but in some of the forests, owing
to the ravages of the Kolaazar epi-
demic and depopulation, the production
is declining. The production in Manip-
ur is not sufficient for the local needs,
and quantities of the lac are sent there
from the Khasi hills of Assam. The
lac is all sent away from Assam in the
crude form, or stick lac; shell and but-
ton lac are made, to some extent, but
lac dye is not now prepared in Assam,
and lacquer wares are only produced
in two places, so that this once con-
siderable industry would seem to be dying
out. The black lacquer of Manipur is
really not a lac preparation at all, but
only the juice of a tree sent from the
Khasi hills.

Calling On the Sick.

1. Only call at the door, unless you
are sure your friend is able to see you
without harm.

2. Enter and leave the house, and
move about the room quietly.

3. Carry a cheerful face. Speak
cheerful, pleasant words.

4. In order to cheer, you need tell no
lies.

5. If your friend is very ill, do not
fall into gay or careless talk in the at-
tempt to be cheerful.

6. Don't ask questions, thus obliging
your friend to talk.

7. Talk about something outside, and
not about the disease and the circum-
stances of the patient.

8. If possible take something with
you to please the eye and relieve the
monotony of the sick-room; a flower or
even a picture which you can loan for
a few days.

9. If desirable, some little delicacy
to tempt the appetite will be well be-
stowed.

10. Stay only a moment, or a few
minutes at the longest, unless you can
be of some help.

Here is a sure sign of a man you
like: when his explanations satisfy
you.

UPON A CATARACT'S BRINK.

Thrilling Experience of a Voyager
on the Ottawa River.

The horrible experiences of one who
has been swept away by some mes-
senger current and flung himself at the
brink of a cataract may possibly
be imagined, but there are few who
survive to relate to us the particulars
such an ordeal. Yet there is one
instance where a man was saved at
very edge of the falls.

There are few more imposing bits
scenery in Canada than where the Ot-
tawa River pours thundering and fo-
aming over the Chaudiere Falls. When
the water in the river is low, as it is
in autumn, there is a fall of about 100
feet, but when the river is swollen
melting snows in the spring the
parent depth of the fall is lessened,
any time the rush and swirl of a
great river over this ledge of rock is
sight worth seeing.

In some places the water pours on
in a dense and irresistible volume, while
at other points a shallow stream will
spray itself over a higher table of rock.
On the upper Ottawa are floating
booms of logs which feed the im-
mense lumber industries of that region. In
dilling these wet logs is a treacherous
business, and it is easy to lose one's
foothold and fall into the swift stream.
Accidents of this kind occur frequ-
ently. The only case that did not have
fatal termination is the one referred
here.

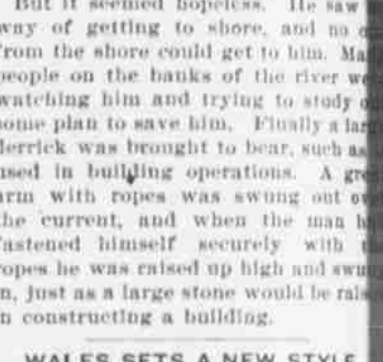
The man was busy forking these logs
with those sharp tongs used to saw
them about and draw them in, when
he missed his footing and fell into the
river. Though a strong swimmer, he
could not withstand the current and
was swept out into the strong and
toward the falls. Nearing the falls,
he found himself still conscious, and
happened that he was being flung
over one of those tables of rock where
the water was so shallow that he could
himself touch. He struggled to regai-
n his feet, and was successful in so do-
ing, so that he found himself stand-
ing, perhaps, a foot of rushing water,
the brink of the cataract, a great re-
lentless surging by him on every hand.

But it seemed hopeless. He saw
no way of getting to shore, and no
from the shore could get to him. Man-
people on the banks of the river were
watching him and trying to study
some plan to save him. Finally a lar-
ge derrick was brought to bear, such as
used in building operations. A great
arm with ropes was swung out over
the current, and when the man had
fastened himself securely with the
ropes he was raised up high and swing-
ing, just as a large stone would be raised
in constructing a building.

WALES SETS A NEW STYLE.

Heir to England's Throne Echoes
Creased Trousers.

This is the new photograph of the
Prince of Wales, which has caused
consternation among the chaplains
New York. It is the proof indisputable
of the fact that his royal highness
wearing his trousers without creases
and has been wearing them so for some
little time. The Prince's trousers are
pressed "even all around" so as to give
the leg a perfectly cylindrical "set."
Chicago exquisite was asked what he
felt this change of fashion on the part
of the Prince would have on swelled
in America. He said: "There is



WALES' NEW PICTURE.

doubt that the Prince of Wales is
the fashion for London and that
follow the London fashions in gener-
It is hard to say, however, whether the
crease will go or not. We are large-
elastic in our modes. The crease,
without question desirable and pret-
I should say that if we wish to we
have creases in our trousers with-
the consent of any other nation. But
if the business once gets a good start
it is more than probable that the rou-
leg will come into vogue again. Men
while I would advise my friends in the
words of Pope:

"Be not the first by whom the new is
tried,
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside."

An Army Guards the Sultan.

When the Sultan of Turkey attended
the Friday midday prayer at the
mosque in Constantinople the garrison
of 30,000 men are stationed along the
route in such a way that he shall be
safely guarded from the moment he
leaves his palace until he is on his cap-
pet in the sacred edifice.

Beer Glasses Regulated by Law.

The ordinary beer glass is regulated
by law in Bavaria and must hold ex-
actly half a litre, or nearly nine-tenths
of a pint.

Plenty of Coal in India.

India is rich in coal, though little min-
ing has as yet been done in that coun-
try.

The needle you hunt for in a haystack
never pricks your finger.

The rich man travels when he will
the poor man when he can.