Bohemia Nugget

LEE W. HENRY, Editor and Prop'r.

COTTAGE GROVE....OREGON.

Every man has a right to work, but the other fellow too often forgets it.

Secretary Shaw released a little over $20,000,000 the other day. How much of it did you get?

The world has little use for a man who does his best only when engaged in doing others.

A lady of 40 has asked $75,000 for damaged affections. What would she have demanded at 20!

When the girl says they are engaged and the young man says they are not it takes a jury to decide.

Fools may rush in where angels fear to tread, but the theatrical angel sometimes backs the fools who are inclined to rush in.

President Roosevit has ordered department chiefs to make the government reports shorter. He must want to have some of them read.

The latest is a storage battery trust. Let us hope it may succeed before the end of another century in finding a storage battery that will store.

A Chicago woman is seeking a divorce from her husband who is described as an enthusiastic amateur pugilist. She says he was too enthusiastic.

How quickly celebrities are forgotten in these strenuous days. Who was the young lady who had the Crown Prince of Germany going around in a circle a few weeks ago?

It is still pretty hard to get grouchy old men who don't like the boys their daughters have selected as future husbands to agree that arbitration is a good thing in all cases.

When a person has "left off" smoking, nothing helps his resolution like a caller who lovingly fondles a cigar with the bouquet of a Chinese restaurant and a draft like a soft coal fire in a hard coal furnace.

Most statements nowadays are taken cum grano salis—with an allowance for the discount. In apology for the sweepingness of the title of his book, "Property Is Robbery," Proudhon said that he put his price high because he knew that he should be beaten down.

The billionaire may come, but will not his heirs tire of the troubles and worry of handling the money and scatter it? Flesh and blood cannot stand the strain this class of financiers invite. These mammoth fortunes eventually will return to the people in ways never dreamed of by their creators.

The greatest evil connected with the problem of power in the present life is the maleducation of men as to the sources from which it is to be drawn and the methods by which it is to be used. The many and the prosperous are prone to believe that power is a deposit of divine election. Finding one's self possessed of it, the owner at once concludes that he has been chosen of God to order a part of the universe, dominate his fellows, dictate events and deal punishments to those who offend against his self-assumed prerogatives.

One of the noblest charities in any city is the system of Pasteurized milk depots established and maintained in New York by Nathan Strauss. From these stations nearly one million bottles of milk and milk foods for infants were distributed during the past summer. Those who were not willing to accept the milk free were allowed to pay one cent a bottle—certainly a low price for self-respect. Through the cooperation of the physicians of the Health Department, knowledge of the milk depots has been spread among the tenement house mothers, and free coupons for the bottles of milk have been distributed. There could not possibly be a more terse, more eloquent or more impressive summing up of the work than is contained in the brief statistics of the annual report: Since 1891, when the milk depots were established, the death rate among children under 5 years of age has been reduced almost exactly one-half.

Professor Welch, of Johns Hopkins University, announced at the recent medical congress in London his discovery of a universal virus, which is to prevent and cure all diseases the human flesh is heir to. Professor Welch confidently declares that the person who is inoculated with this new virus "will never catch anything." It is to be regretted that the professor is not a little more explicit on this point. His broad assertion that one who has been inoculated with the new virus will never catch anything is highly encouraging, yet it would be more reassuring if he had specified that it would keep people from catching old age as well as to make them immune from mumps, small pox and appendicitis. It may be possible that the long looked-for elixir of life has at last been discovered, and the world will anxiously await further statements from Professor Welch. Also a little proof in support of the claims made for his virus will be very welcome. Let us hope that all this will be speedily forthcoming and that the splendid virus which the professor expects to put on the market will in addition to thwarting age and disease be capable of deflecting automobiles and trolley cars. If it covers these matters satisfactorily and Professor Welch can secure capital enough to start a factory we may prepare for everlasting life, provided the coal holds out.

It is a good thing for the American who is inclined to listen to the doleful lamentations of the pessimist to turn away from the army in the Philippines for a moment and look at the greater army and mightier army described in the annual report of the United States Commissioner of Education, just submitted to the Secretary of the Interior. The report of Commissioner Harris shows that the total of pupils in the schools, elementary, secondary and higher, both public and private, in the United States for the year ending June 30, 1901, was 17,390,230, an increase of 278,520 pupils over the previous year. Of this number 15,710,394 were enrolled in schools supported by local and general taxation. If we add to this enrollment those who attended certain special institutions like evening schools, commercial schools and schools of cookery and of special trades and vocations, we have a grand total of over seventeen and three-quarter millions of the population that received education for a longer or shorter period during the year. An interesting feature of the report is the increased per capita expenditure for education. In 1870 the expenditure for schools per capita of the population was $1.64; the last year it was $2.93 per capita, the highest in the history of the country. This army of seventeen million youngsters is the hope of the republic. It is the invincible defense of our institutions and of our democracy. No other army on the globe is comparable to it as a force for civilization and as a bulwark for free and popular government.

A report of the Commissioners of Prisons in England which was issued recently pays particular attention to the case of young offenders between the ages of 16 and 21. It is said that under the existing law there is adequate provision for those of a more tender age, excellent results having been attained through the present industrial and reformatory school system. But every person above 16 is an adult for the purpose of the criminal law, and the classification leads to serious mistakes. Discussing the question the report says: "Figures have shown, and the committee of 1894 have testified, that the age between 16 and 21 is essentially the criminal age, and that from criminals of this age the professional criminal of later years is generated. It is known also to students of human nature that this age is a particularly plastic age, and that the habit which may lead to crime or virtue cannot be said to be fully formed before the age of 21." Starting with these premises the report argues that separate treatment is required for the particular class of criminals referred to. Their discipline should be different from that of old offenders, and earnest efforts should be made to reform them. Aside from the special care which should be given them in prison it is necessary that supervision should be had over them after their discharge, and that a sufficiently long period of time should be prescribed during which they would be made amenable to healthy influences. The first of these needs, it is said, has been supplied "by the benevolent and philanthropic action of a body of gentlemen who have lately formed themselves into an association for the distinct purpose of dealing with these cases on discharge." For the other, action by Parliament is requested, "should it become satisfied by the result of the experiment that is being made that the existing system of a succession of short sentences for young criminals is ineffective and mischievous, and that better results can be obtained if power were given to the courts to commit for long periods to the care of the state young criminals who are shown by their antecedents to be graduating for a course of 'professional' crime."

Judged by the Sample.

Stories concerning the rivalry between Chicago and St. Louis evidently will never grow old. The latest concerns a visit which Alderman Michael Kenna, "Hinky Dink," recently paid to St. Louis. He wished to talk to a friend who lives in the suburbs of the Missouri city, and as he had a dime in his pocket for change called up over the telephone. He talked but a few minutes, and then asked the central operator how much he must deposit for the call.

"Fifty cents, please," was the answer, in a most confident voice.

"Fifty cents," gasped the Alderman. "What do you take me for? A man with coin to burn? Why, in Chicago I can call up hades for 50 cents."

"Perhaps so," was the answer, still framed in the most unruffled tone, "but that's within the city limits, you know."—Minneapolis Journal.

Head for Business.

"I'm troubled, John, about the $500 I got from Aunt Mary. I want to invest it."

"Well, go ahead."

"But I'm afraid I'll lose it."

"Then don't invest it."

"But I want to get some profit out of it, and I've just thought of a splendid plan."

"What is it?"

"I'll give you the money and you invest it in stock or wheat or something that promises a big return, and if you win, I'll get the profit."

"And if I lose?"

"Why, then, it will be your fault, of course, and you'll have to make it up to me."—Chicago Post.

A Gastronomic Feat.

In a little schoolhouse in the north of Scotland the schoolmaster keeps his boys grinding steadily at their desks, but gives them permission, says Tid-Bits, to nibble from their lunch-baskets sometimes as they work.

One day while the master was instructing a class in the rule of three, he noticed that one of his pupils was paying more attention to a small tart than to his lesson.

"Tom Bain," said the master, "listen to the lesson, will ye?"

"I'm listening, sir," said the boy.

"Listening, are ye?" exclaimed the master. "Then ye're listening wi' one ear an' eating pie wi' the other."

Mile a Minute in a Balloon.

Sixty miles in sixty minutes was the record made by Mr. Spencer, the aeronaut, in a balloon with which he ascended at Morley, Yorkshire, and came to earth near Thirsk.

After people have been sick as long as six months, they are in the discouraged condition that makes money for any medicine vender who comes along.

No, Cordelia, a plagiarist isn't necessarily the author of a play.

Never judge pictures and horses by their frames.

THE SILENT POOL.

Beauty Spot in England that Is Fast Disappearing.

One of the loveliest spots in England—the Silent Pool of Albury—seems in danger of disappearing. It is believed that the deepening of the wells in the neighborhood of the Duke of Northumberland's estate, where the celebrated pool is situated, is the cause of the shrinkage of the water that has recently been noticed, says the London Mail.

It is a deep, perfectly clear chalk pool. In its cool waters swim a number of lazy trout, quite tame, for the pool is never disturbed by anglers, and the fish are fed by the thousands of visitors that make pilgrimage to this spot every year.

In his memoirs of his father, the present Lord Tennyson says: "I have often heard him describe this pool, the splendor and ripply play of light on the stream as it gushes from the chalk over the green sand bottom, the mackerel colors which flit about in the sunshine, and the network of the current on the surface of the pool, like crystal smoke."

The romantic legend of the pool takes one back to the days of Richard I.

The story goes that within a mile of the pool there lived in a little osier-wattled hut, Hal, the woodman, whose beautiful daughter, Emma, was in the habit of stealing away, particularly in the summer, to bathe in the silent pool then hidden deep in the forest. One day, while swinging lazily from the boughs by the side of the pond, half in the water and half out, and twining her tresses with the water lilies, Prince (afterward king) John suddenly made his appearance. The affrighted damsel relinquished her hold of the friendly bough, and waded quickly, screaming the while, into the deeper water. The brutal rider forced his steed into the water, and the maiden, taking another step or two, was struggling in twenty feet of water. The cowardly Prince backed out, leaving his would-be victim to drown, when her brother, who had followed the Prince, suspecting his evil designs, rushed through the trees, and, without divesting himself of his heavy cowskin tunic, dived down to where his sister was lying on the bottom of the pool. Unable to lift her, and weighed down by his tunic, he would not let go, and soon brother and sister were lying stark and still on the chalky bottom, while Prince John and his case courtiers hurried off before the countryside was roused against him.

OLD-SCHOOL DISCIPLINE

Ancient Master Was Versatile at Devising Punishment.

The late Frederick W. Gunn, founder of the well-known Connecticut school for boys known as "The Gunnery," devised many ingenious punishments for the discipline of his pupils. One of the boys was William Hamilton Gibson, the artist, who wrote in his memoirs this account of the management of the school:

A youth too boisterous would be dismissed for a four-mile walk, ordered to hold a chip in his mouth for an hour, or to run a dozen times around the church on the green, sounding the tin dinner-horn at each corner in rotation.

Two small boys caught fighting were often ordered to sit, one in the other's lap, taking turns thus for an hour or two.

Pounding a log with a heavy club was a favorite panacea for superfluous energy in the family sitting-room.

At "The Gunnery" it used to be a custom to allow a boy to take the anniversary of his birth as a holiday, but one too clever lad was detected by Mr. Gunn in celebrating his third "birthday" within a single year. The next genuine anniversary of the boy's birth came on a Saturday, which the victim celebrated by hugging a tree for several hours, while his schoolmates enjoyed the regular school holiday.

A resident of Washington tells how, years ago, he found at the fork of two roads, hugging a sign-post in anything but sentimental fashion, a youth, whose only reply to questions was, "I'm a poor, miserable sinner." That was the formula of penance which the master had prescribed.

A Trick Sparrow.

The famous Chinese conjuring birds are Java sparrows. A sedate old gentleman sitting at a street corner in Hongkong put one of his birds through its tricks for the benefit of Commander F. M. Norman.

Each bird-cage has a sliding door, and just outside this is a pack of little card-cases, each containing a picture, and a small pot holding half a dozen grains of rice.

"Cumshaw (fee) can do; no cumshaw, no can do," remarks the man, shuffling the cards and pointing to the birds, which meantime knowingly eyes the proceedings.

I produce a halfpenny.

"No can do," observes the man, quietly. "One piecy-penny good pidgin."

I hand over the necessary coin, which he places with the pack of cards at the cage door; then he undoes the fastening of the door. The bird, eyeing the penny, then the cards, then the penny again, as if he thought his performances too cheaply valued, descends from his perch, opens the door with his beak, hops outside, draws a card from the pack and passes it to his master. He receives in reward one grain of rice.

The man takes the little picture from the case received from the bird, and hands it to me to inspect. He then returns it to the case, accompanied by the tiniest flat slip of bamboo, and shuffles the case up with the rest of the pack. The bird descends, selects a case, and I open it, to find it the identical one containing the bamboo.

How can this be accounted for? The only possible way of explaining it is, in my mind, that the bamboo slip is slightly scented.

Huge Duck Farm in Australia.

Australia has the largest duck farm and the largest incubator in the world. The incubator has a capacity of 11,440 ducks' eggs, or 14,080 hens' eggs.

A woman never knows what it is to love until she has a daughter over fifteen years old.

LORD OF THE DESERT

By Paul de Lamy.

CHAPTER III—Continued.

Bertha Lyle had come all the way from Scotland to look after an estate supposed to have been left her by her father. He and a brother had come to America eighteen years before, when she was a mere child. At the age of two years she had lost her mother, and her father had placed her in school and come to America to drown his troubles and make his fortune. Before he had been here ten years the report came that he had been killed by Indians. This was shortly after the report that he and his brother had inherited an immense fortune from a brother in New York, and while neither Bertha nor her friends could ever get any information concerning what became of this fortune, her uncle in America had supplied her with plenty of funds to complete her education and meet all her wants. He wrote her that they had invested their inheritances together in American property and that the speculation had proved a failure, and that while her father had left assets above his liabilities there was nothing to speak of coming to her. Out of pure benevolence, however, he, the uncle would see that his niece should not suffer for the necessaries of life.

Economizing the funds he had sent her from time to time until her savings amounted to considerable she started for America, not informing her uncle of her coming until she reached New York City, from which place she wrote him of the probable date that she would reach Boise City Army Post.

Reaching the latter place she grew impatient waiting the arrival of an escort from her uncle and started with

Bertha.

a pack train for the interior. On the night in which the converstion at the beginning of this chapter opened, the pack train had reached a point on Snake river on the Old Oregon Trail near the Oregon and Idaho line. Fortunately, on the same night, the escort consisting of cowboys, sent out under the leadership of an expert frontiersman, met her at this place.

Both parties had camped in a small valley near the river, surrounded by mountains, covered with rocks and boulders. The pack train consisted of thirty mules and two wagons, while the escort consisted of ten men, besides its leader and a dozen horses, one of which was used exclusively for a pack horse, and another was brought along for Bertha to ride.

Tired and worn out by the hardships of the trail, the packers had hobbled out their mules, prepared their meal, and gone to bed early. The members of the escort, while not so fatigued, had prepared for retiring early also, partly to keep from disturbing their neighbors and partly to be refreshed for the following day's journey, for from this point the pack train would continue to the west and Bertha and her escort would take a course over the trailless plains and mountains to the south.

After she had retired to a bed of straw, this girl from a comfortable home in Scotland had plenty to think about before she fell asleep. This barren plains and mountains over which she had passed during the past few days, and the trackless desert before her looked gloomy enough, but the probable attack from Indians and a long trip through a barren country to her destination were calculated to increase her anxiety, while the reference of the leader of the escort to the danger from Indians and the same tribe who, it was alleged, had murdered her father thickened the mantle of gloom that hung about her, and besides, she did not like the appearance of the man under whose charge she had fallen. Woman's intuition had properly aroused her suspicions on this point.

How long she had been asleep she did not know when awakened by the fiercest yells that had ever pierced her ears, and these intermingled with the discharging of firearms and a din of oaths and shouts as if a thousand demons were engaged in war. And it was a war, and the men fought like demons! The packers and cowboys, though outnumbered five to one, stood their ground until the struggle became a hand to hand one, and not until she had been snatched from her bed and dragged a short distance and bound on the back of a horse, and was being rushed out through a deep canyon in the mountains, surrounded by a band of Indian warriors, each seemingly claiming her as his prize, did she fully realize that her people had lost and that the red skins had won.

It was fortunate for Bertha that she did not remove her clothing upon retiring that night, and that she placed her shoes on her feet upon being first awakened, for the chill night air of that altitude even penetrated these.

CAPTER IV.

The Chase.

The following morning showed the effects of the Indian raid. Two of the packers lay dead upon the ground, their scalps taken, while one of the escort had been killed, and three mortally wounded. Not a horse or mule remained in the vicinity. These, an important object of the attack, had been driven away and treasured more highly even, than the fair captive, whom they had taken, for stock of all kinds was scarce with them. They had been forced into the rimrocks and lava beds by the United States soldiers, and the scanty vegetation there had caused their animals to disappear almost as rapidly as the pangs of hunger, which prompted the decaying race in butchering and eating them. While viewing the band of fat mules and horses from the crevices of the rimrocks the previous evening, the eagle eyes of old Egan, the chief, saw Bertha Lyle in the camp and she was indeed a rare picture in this section of country, and especially so after the proposition that had come from the lips of Martin Lyle, the Lord of The Desert. As it were, it was the killing of two birds with one stone with the chief. It was the obtaining of animals for his hungry and hard beset tribe and obtaining a prize of far more personal value, which meant more wealth for his tribe and a white squaw for his wigwam.

After the surprise of the attack of the previous night the men rallied to defend the camp. But it was too late, the work was done. While the main body of the red men had charged on the camp, detachments of the party had not been idle. They corralled the horses and had them on the road, ready to join the main band with their captive. They disappeared as silently as they came and the handful of whites that still survived knew that it was useless to follow them in the dark, besides, they did not know but that a redskin lurked behind every boulder on the mountain sides.

They had spent the remainder of the night in ministering to the wounded, and preparing the dead for burial. They were in a predicament indeed. They had neither horses to pursue the marauding band of Indians, or to continue their journey. While some of the members of the party aroused at the fate of the white girl, were willing and anxious to pursue the Indians on foot, all saw the futility of such an attempt, and the leader of the escort showed no concern about her capture and no inclination to follow her captors, but rather cursed the fate of being left afoot. The morning was consumed in burying the dead and the afternoon in reconnoitering. The trail of the Indians was discovered, which showed that they had gone in a southerly direction, a course that led to the east of the stone house, on Mount Juniper.

Fortunately, that night another pack train arrived from the west. It had a few surplus horses, and as these men of pioneer days were always willing to lend a helping hand to the distressed, they supplied the stranded party with a few horses. The stranded packers returned with this train to Fort Boise, while four members of the escort with the daring equal to those times, and against the admonition of their leader, entered into a solemn oath that they would follow the Indians and would never return until they had recaptured Bertha Lyle and placed her in the stone house with her uncle. Early the following morning, armed and provisioned and mounted these four started out on the trail of the bandit Indians. The packers moved on, taking the wounded cowboys with them, all of whom died and were buried at Boise City. Dan Follett and the others started for the Stone House.

The four cowboys who went in pursuit of the Indians were familiar with that part of the desert, and being on comparatively fresh horses made better time than the Indians, so that by night they came to where the red men had stopped to prepare their dinner the same day. Each camping place of the Indians was marked by the carcass of a mule, for hungry as they were, and their party was so large that it required a full grown animal for every meal. Arising bright and early the following morning they soon reached the camp of the Indians of the previous night and came upon the Indians at noon. The latter were conscious of their power and boldly ate their dinner in full view of the whites, and took their time about moving on, shouting out words of defiance as they went.

The brave four were rewarded by seeing Bertha from the rimrocks, still well and unharmed, but it was with a shudder that they beheld the attention that she received from the leader of the band.

Old Eagan saw Bertha in camp.

The Indians numbered about forty warriors and were a set of as ugly and vicious looking fellows as ever won the unenviable name of their tribe. The whites could do nothing but follow at a distance with the hope that something might transpire by which they would be enabled to relieve the young woman from her dilemma. But now that they were discovered by the Indians their prospects seemed far less flattering than when they first started out.

Strategem was their only hope. To make the Indians believe that they had abandoned the chase and, thus throwing them off their guard, approach the camp by stealth at night and rescue the woman was the plan they formed.

So in full view of the Indians they saluted them as if bidding them good bye, and turned and rode away as if they had abandoned the chase.

But as soon as they were fairly hidden behind the rimrocks at the crest of the mountain overlooking the plain in which the Indians had camped they turned down a gulch, and continued, cautiously, traveling in a direction parallel to that taken by the Indians.

As already described, travel among the rimrocks is difficult. Openings in the wall are few, and subwalls lead off in many directions. The traveler must needs go a zigzag course and frequently travel many miles out of his course to reach a given point, so that when night came the little pursuing party had lost sight of the objects of its pursuit, and the succession of walls of rimrocks and level plains lay alike in every direction.

There was but one hope and that was when it grew darker to abandon their horses and climb to the top of the highest rimrocks and try to discover the campfires of the marauders. Selecting a spot near where a seep of stagnant water flowed from the rocks, with which they were compelled to quench their thirst, they pitched a temporary camp and waited.

As the night grew darker the stars grew brighter and the wild bowls of the coyote rang in the distance, interspersed now and then with the weird cry of the hungry mountain lion.

CHAPTER V.

Two Villains.

It is the fourth night after the Indians attacked the pack train. At the Stone House the Lord of The Desert sits at his accustomed place, sipping from a goblet of old Scotch whiskey. Of late years he has done but little besides drink from the flowing bowl. One day he deadens all sense of feeling, to rise the following with a keener appetite and a conscience more stinging. On this night his eyelids are heavier than usual, his eyes look more glassy and the grimaces are deeper in his face.

No wonder. If Dan Follett, the Canadian Frenchman, has followed his instructions and old Egan, the Indian chief, has kept his eyes open and been prompt in action, another crime has been added to his life. He stares into the vacant darkness and this, so still and gloomy on the desert, reminds him of a distant cave in the rimrocks, and the picture there causes a shudder to come over the great frame of Martin Lyle, the Lord of The Desert.

The welcome bark of the dogs, announces the arrival of one who is not a stranger. In his eagerness, the Lord of The Desert rises and paces the floor, now and then stopping at the arm chair and taking a sip from the goblet. Presently a lank form enters the door. His dark heavy eyebrows, and the natural scowl upon his face, his careless ambling walk, depict the character of the man at a glance. But nothing ever tells the inmost thoughts of Dan Follett. Whether after victory or defeat, or during anger or in a happy mood, the oily black eyes of this man never change. It is only when he speaks or acts that his mood is known.

Upon entering the house, and after greeting its Lord, he soon unburdens himself.

"I saw from the smoke above the distant rimrocks the evening before," said Follett, "that old Egan was ready for action, but in spite of my efforts the clash came in a way that several lives of our men were lost. I tried to have the surprise so complete that the girl and animals should be taken away without the loss of a life, but our boys were on their feet instantly and fought bravely, and it was certainly a miracle that any of them escaped after they engaged such odds." Then he detailed the circumstances of the fight as the reader knows them.

"Do you think there is any chance of those four dare-devils rescuing the girl?" inquired Lyle.

"None in the world," replied the Frenchman. "They will either lose their lives by their foolhardiness or come in in a few days starved out, as I saw to the fact myself that they took but few provisions with them."

"How did the girl take her captivity?" inquired the Lord of The Desert.

"I only saw her for a moment by a flash o the campfire after she was secured, and she wore a bold look of firmness and defiance, as if she feared not even the devils into whose hands she had fallen."

"She's a Lyle!" muttered the Lord of The Desert.

"This is a costly affair, Martin," insinuated Follett.

"Yes, I know," replied the man of wealth, "but old Egan wanted animals for his men and would not do the other work, you know, without the horses as he said his men would not be satisfied with taking the girl alone."

"The twenty-five head which I am to deliver at Gray Butte and the forty head they got the other night," said Follett, "are a pretty heavy tax, besides the men we have lost. Better if you had let the girl come on and made away with her as I did with her father."

"That would never have done," replied Lyle. "The notoriety of her visit here would have led to an investication, but now that the Indians have done the work it is a natural turn of affairs in this country and the American's—'Uncle Sam,'—will reward Egan and his warriors by giving them a reservation and feeding and educating them. The English would reward the whole gang by hanging them. But enough of this. Tomorrow arrange to deliver the twenty-five cayuses to the old brute, but before you do it require positive proof that he's performed his part of the contract, he has to kill her, you know!"

"And the deed to the Spring Creek Valley," replied Follett, "don't forget that. While Egan must be rewarded for his damnable deeds, I must be paid for my bloody ones!" and he gave the Lord of The Desert a piercing look that made that man of nerve shrink like a coward.

At this time Follett's companions came in from attending to the horses and the three repaired to the dining room, while the owner of the Stone House sat down and drank and thought, and drank and thought.

(To be Continued.)

A $5,000,000 Palace.

Seven hundred artisans, backed by Clarence H. Mackay's millions and directed by Mrs. Mackay, have set about building near the little village of Roslyn, L. I., the most beautiful country home in America. Already the work is well under way, and the wilderness of

MRS. CLARENCE MACKAY.

wooded hills is fast becoming a land of perfect enchantment. The vastness of Mr. Mackay's plan is fairly illustrated by the fact that his estate is almost as large as Central Park, and that the estimate of the cost in the end will closely border upon $5,000,000. The gateway, or lodge, alone will cost $150,000. The structure is of granite, and is 228 feet long from east to west and 100 feet broad from north to south. It will in every way be a palace.

HERE'S A QUEER FISH.

Each one of us has at some time eaten too much, but we have surely not gone to such excess as this fish has. It is called the "black swallower," and as a swallower takes first place, for its stomach is much larger than its body. It will seize by the tail a fish eight or ten times its own size and work its way over it by repeatedly sliding forward one jaw and then the other. Before taking a meal the swallower is a very respectable looking fish, except for a voracious cast of countenance, but afterward he certainly has the appearance of having eaten too much. Then the walls of his stomach are so stretched as to be transparent. Later digestion begins and the swallower is turned belly upward by the imprisoned gas, and his stomach becomes a balloon, which lifts him from the depths of the ocean to the surface, and in this helpless condition he is thrown about by the waves, perhaps cast ashore and left high and dry by the receding tide, in which case he does not swallow any more, for the returning tide finds him a dead fish.

Manchuria a Vast Land.

The most populous province of Manchuria is that of Laotung, which is penetrated by the branch railway from Harbin to Port Arthur. For a distance of 400 miles, extending from the Sungari River to New-Chwang, the railroad passes through a level, well-watered region, densely crowded with population and under the highest state of cultivation.

The total population of Manchuria is variously estimated from 10,000,000 to 25,000,000, but there seems little doubt that Laotung also has a population of as much as 12,000,000, and that the total cannot be much less than 20,000,000. These, however, are largely Chinese.

The Manchus are a fading race, their success in arms having, as is often the case, led to their ultimate decay, for ever since the establishment of the Manchu dynasty at Pekin, in 1644, they have been drawn in large numbers to Pekin and to the garrisons stationed in all the principal Chinese towns. Here, living a comparatively idle life and depending largely upon pensions from the general government for their support, they have become enervated, while the quality of those left behind in Manchuria has depreciated in character. The Chinese, on the other hand, have gradually invaded Manchuria till they carry on nearly all of its business and swarm in all the centers of population. Gradually they are bringing under cultivation the vast areas of fertile land which under the Manchus had been devoted to pasture or left to run to waste.

Not Necessarily Concerned.

One of the best known of our Circuit Court judges had an enemy, a lawyer, who had once been his unsuccessful opponent in politics in one of the towns on his round, and was generally subjected to some affront when he reached there. The lawyer took so little pains to conceal his contempt, that one of the judge's friends was moved to ask:

"Why don't you squelch B? He needs it."

The judge laid knife and fork across his plate, folded his hands and seemingly apropos of nothing at all, said:

"Up in my home town there's a widow with an ugly yaller dog that, whenever there is moonlight, sits on her stoop and howls till the town can't sleep, and generally keeps it up till daylight."

He then resumed his dinner. The friend looked at him in amazement for a moment and then inquired:

"Well, what of it?"

"Well," said the judge, slowly, "the moon keeps right on."—Philadelphia Times.

The Abode of Æolus.

From the Lipari Islands of mythology, the abode of Aeolus, the ruler of the winds, and the scene of his meeting with Ulysses, to the Lipari Islands of to-day is a very far cry indeed. There are no hotels, and the islands are little known to tourists, while the thirteen thousand inhabitants are almost in a state of primitive and patriarchal simplicity. They tender their services voluntarily as guides and refuse payment, regarding all visitors as their guests. The donkey is the only means of locomotion, horses being unknown in the island.

Fixing the Blame.

The Parson—I'm surprised to learn that you are suing your husband for divorce. Are you not aware of the fact that marriages are made in heaven?

Young Wife—Some are, perhaps, but heaven isn't responsible for ours?

The Parson—And why not, pray?

Young Wife—Because I got my husband through a matrimonial agency.

Helpful Husband.

Cicero Moke—I came to tole yo', ma'am, dat Lucy Brown, who done leabe yo' yistiddy, ain' gwine lib out no mo', 'kase she married me to-day.

Mrs. Hauskeep—Indeed! Well?

Cicero Moke—Well, I t'ought mebbe yo' might let her do yo' washin', I'm a drummin' up trade fo' her dis mornin'.—New York Weekly.

Not Worried by Them.

Mamma—Johnny, when you told me that that Sever boy threw stones at you, you did not tell me that it was after you had thrown stones at him.

Johnny—I wasn't afraid of the stones I threw at him, ma; it was only the ones coming my way that I was scart of.—Boston Transcript.

It is easier to hear of good luck than to see it.