

BILL'S IN TROUBLE.

I've got a letter, parson, from my son away out West. An' my heart is heavy as an anvil in my breast. To think the boy whose futer I had once so proudly planned should wander from the path o' right an' come to die the death o' a desperado. I told him when he left us only three short years ago he'd find himself a plowin' in a mighty crooked row. He'd miss his father's counsels, an' his mother's prayers, too. But he said the farm was hateful, an' he guessed he'd have to go. I know that's a big temptation for a youngster in the West. But I believed our Billy had the courage to resist. An' when he left I warned him o' the ever-waitin' snares. That lie hidden serpents in life's path-way everywhere. But Bill he promised faithful to be keeful, an' allowed. He'd build a reputation that'd make us mighty proud. But it seems as how my counsel sort o' faded from his mind. An' now the boy is in trouble o' the very worstest kind!

THE POISONED SPEAR

"It is rather a bad hole, boys, sure enough, and the Lord bless you, it was nip and tuck between me and the devil for a little while, I tell you. I can't even think of the thing now without feeling my blood run cold. Does it ever hurt me? Well, I should say it does. I can feel the blamed stuff rankling in my bones this very minute. Eh; what stuff? Why the poison, of course. Well, if you must have the story, I'll tell it, seeing as I'd have to anyhow; but as it's getting late and I'm as sleepy as a 3-week-old cub, I'll warrant it'll not be very long and strung out. "So you want to know how I come to have that big ugly hole in my arm there, do you? "All right, boys, all right; you shall know; you shall know. Give me a match, somebody. This tobacco must be wet, or green, or something. It's forever and eternally going out on a fello. "Early in the fall of the year 1898 or 1899, I'm not sure which, there were some ten or twelve of us hunting wild horses on the Upper Rio Grande, in the northern part of the Territory of New Mexico. The Indians were quiet enough at the time and game wasn't scarce, so that with plenty to eat, tobacco galore, a cask of rum and pretty fair luck with the lasso, we watched our corral getting full with contented hearts. "We had been some six or seven weeks in camp when one of the boys, an Irishman named Mike Moriarty, came in from an antelope trail that he had been following two whole days, with the startling intelligence that there were Indians on the creek about three miles above camp. "He hadn't stopped to get close sight of them, but from the fact that they were mounted and that they numbered

posed the flight of his followers with very vehemence. When he found himself alone, instead of joining the stampede, he turned on us fiercely once more. It seemed as if he single-handed and alone proposed to assault us again. "As he whirled his Mustang about I drew back on him. He caught the flash of the sunlight on my rifle barrel, and raised his spear. Then came a report and a whiz in the air at the same time. The Apache dropped backwards from his saddle, and I clapped my hand over a deep spear wound in my arm. "The lance had struck me in the fleshy part of the left forearm and dropped to the ground. Moriarty, who was an old Indian fighter, snatched it up and examined the head, which was a section of an old knife-blade ground to a razor-like edge. He dropped it in a moment and turned to me with a very grave face. "I thought so," he said anxiously. "Thought what? I asked, endeavoring to staunch the flow of blood that streamed over my hand. "What do you mean? "I mean it's poisoned, sir," was the reply. "And so it was. Upon the point of the spearhead were still some spots of thick green substance, a vegetable poison used by the savages to render their primitive weapons more deadly in effect. Within five minutes I fainted with the inexpressible agony of the wound. "Boys, I've been partially scalped. I've been torn by the claws of savage beasts. I've been bored through and through with leaden bullets, and I've went for days at a time, under a hot broiling sun, without so much as a drop of water to drink, but never before or since have I experienced the intense suffering, the terrible misery which I endured during those few preceding minutes. "When I recovered consciousness, half a pound of flesh, more or less, had been taken from my arm. The operation spoiled its usefulness in a measure, but it saved my life. "The Indian? Oh! He turned out to be Hawkeye, one of the most famous chiefs of the Apaches. He and eleven of his followers reached the happy hunting grounds at about the same time. My bullet had found his heart."

The female mosquito, after she has filled herself with blood—the male insect is not a blood-sucker—seeks out some dark and sheltered spot near stagnant water. At the end of about six days she quits her shelter, and alighting on the surface of the water, deposits her eggs thereon. She then dies, and, as a rule, falls into the water beside her eggs. The eggs float about for a time, and then, in due course, give birth to tiny swimming larvae. These larvae, in virtue of a voracious appetite, grow apace, casting their skins several times to admit of growth. Later, they pass into the nymph stage, during which, after a time, they float on the surface of the water. Finally, the shell of the nymph cracks along its dorsal surface and a young mosquito floats on the surface of the water while its wings are drying and acquiring rigidity. When this is complete it flies away. The young mosquito larvae, to satisfy their prodigious appetites, devour everything edible they come across; and one of the first things they eat, if they get the chance, is the dead body of their parent, now soft and sodden from decomposition and long immersion. They even devour their own cast-off skins. In examining mosquito larvae one often comes across specimens whose alimentary canals are stuffed with the scales, fragments of limbs, and other remains of the maternal insect.

Jubal's Call. The daughter of Dr. Edward Hodges, the organist, says that her father had a delightful way of calling all the children musically. One Sunday morning, when he was playing in St. John's Chapel, New York, he said to her: "I am going to call Jubal. Watch him!" Jubal was sitting in his accustomed place near the middle aisle. Doctor Hodges' voluntary began thoughtfully and smoothly, but in the course of it, a significant phrase of two notes was twice repeated. It was distinct, and yet so truly a part of the improvisation that no stranger would have noticed it at all. The first time, Jubal's attention was attracted; the second, he turned and looked up, but saw no sign. At the third call, he deliberately took up his hat, left the piano, walked straight up to his father, and said: "Do you want me, sir?" "Yes," said Doctor Hodges. "Go home and get my gold snuffbox." The errand was speedily executed, for the house stood near. Jubal handed the snuffbox to his father, and returned to his seat.

The Flute Player. A funny story is told of James O'Neill when he was at Missoula, Mont. The rehearsal of the orchestra of the local theater was called for 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and Mr. O'Neill happened to be present. After the Missoula musicians had struggled through the overture the actor turned to the local manager and said: "For heaven's sake, Hartley, cut that flute out in to-night's performance. It will upset me so that I can't go through my part. It's your don't!" The flute player overheard the remark, got up from his seat and said to Mr. O'Neill: "Now, look here, sir; I intend to play that flute if you intend to play 'Monte Cristo.' I am the Mayor of this town, and if I can't play the flute and see the show, I'll resign Hartley's license and you can get out of town to-night." Under the circumstances it was deemed wiser to let the honorable Mayor of Missoula play the flute.

His Big Mistake. Some people never know when they are well off. A Missouri man was sentenced to twenty years in prison for murder. He appealed, and on the new trial the jury sentenced him to be hanged.

Fund to Injured Railroad Men. In ten years \$1,000,000 has been paid out by the casualty fund of the British Benevolent Institution to injured railway men and their families.

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Topics of the Times

All the mummy cats mummified in Egyptian tombs have red hair. The first Christian Endeavor society in Denmark was only recently organized. A Newton, N. H., minister remarked, on a recent Sunday, that he would not give "a cent a word" for noisy revival meetings.

The Imperial opera management at Vienna, in the hope of stopping jealousies among the stars, has just issued a new regulation, permitting no more than three recalls after the close of acts, except in the case of first nights and special engagements of foreign artists.

The Lead-Hand Society of Boston is preparing to celebrate the seventy-fifth anniversary of the birthday of Rev. Dr. Edward Everett Hale, on Saturday, April 3, by presenting to the Ten Times One Society the Hale endowment fund of \$25,000. Both societies originated with Dr. Hale.

A number of papers of interest to Methodism have been discovered in two boxes at the Wesleyan conference office in London. Among them are thirty-four letters of John Wesley to his brother Charles, and eighty by Selina, countess of Huntingdon, the founder of the sect known as the Countess of Huntingdon's Connection, written to Charles Wesley.

Near Phoenix, Ariz., James Boyce found a steel lance point that appeared to date a long way back. Some of the local antiquarians refer to the lance of Coronado. A few inches of wood, much decayed, remain attached to it. The grain shows the wood to be live oak, which is not found nearer Phoenix than in Mexico, but was plentiful in Spain.

The present department store system originated about forty years ago with the great dry goods firm of Todd, Burns & Co., of Dublin. When A. T. Stewart revisited Ireland, about 1861, he examined the innovation closely, and began to introduce some of the features in his New York store. It was John Wanamaker who first elaborated them on an extensive scale.

The curious way a word is manufactured is found in the history of the word "demicked." As a Yorkshireman will say, "Them taters is demicked." He means the potatoes are suffering from some disease of the plant. "Demick" comes from epileptic. When the first potato blight came, a half century ago, the farmers heard it called "epidemic." Thus new words are coined.

Among the American manufacturers that are exported are barber chairs. We send barber chairs to Mexico and Central America, and American barber chairs are sent also to the continent of Europe and to England. Barber chairs in limited numbers have been sent to Europe for a considerable time, but the demand for them from that quarter is increasing.

A break in a six-inch water main in Salt Lake City, Utah, was found on digging up the pipe to have been caused by electrolysis, the iron in the main at the break having been made so soft by the action of the electric current that it could be readily whittled with a knife. The condition of the 124 miles of piping in the city is about to be tested, and a report made by the city engineer.

mind to acquire a thorough medical education. When Mr. Scott first came to college here few of the college boys knew that in the neatly attired old school gentleman with the kindly face, whom they met on the campus, was a schoolmate of their own. Later on, though, this fact became generally known, and many of the would-be aspirants made a midnight visit on Mr. Scott, intent on smoking him out. They were graciously received.

At this juncture one of the boys, keener than the rest of his companions, walked across the room to Uncle Jim's chair, thinking the smoke pretty thick in the immediate locality, and found the sturdy Scot contentedly puffing away at a little black "T. D." an inch and a half long, with the blue ribbons of smoke curling above him, and smiling beamingly.

The gang shortly departed, and no further attempt has been made to fumigate the medic's room. Mr. Scott has a wife, three daughters and a son at Crow Harbor, Portland Daily Press.

First that Ever Refused Him. There is a big policeman at one of the crossings on Fifth avenue whose duty it is to prevent people from immolating themselves on the altar of their own carelessness, and to this end he beckons and warns and invites by a wave of his friendly hand or a command of his stentorian voice. At the same time he smiles in the most reassuring manner.

A few days ago, when the mid-winter spread in liquid abundance over that portion of Chicago, this policeman beckoned to a steady market. Some years to cross between an incoming street car and an outgoing dray, with several minor vehicles wedged between. But the matron refused with a severe shake of her dignified head and waited.

"Come over, I tell you!" roared the big policeman, with his regulation smile. She waited until nothing movable was in sight, and without deigning to notice the man of helmet and visor sailed past his outstretched hand. A broad smile was on his weather-beaten face, as, nothing daunted by the scorn of the haughty dame, he said: "You're the first girl that ever refused me."

The astonished woman looked at him in frozen astonishment, but the beaming smile on his broad face was too much for her. "I believe it," she said, with an answering smile, as she went on her way.—Chicago Chronicle.

Paper Bags and Hard Times. The manufacture of paper bags is an industry which depends largely on its prosperity to a prevailing condition of hard times. The more stringent the financial pressure becomes, the more paper bags are used. In the grocery stores customers will come in who, instead of ordering a bushel of potatoes, will order a quart of potatoes and carry them in limited numbers. Groceries of all kinds are purchased in small quantities, and the paper bag is used almost exclusively to do up, not only groceries, but fruit, vegetables and candies.

A Frivolous Dandy. The greatest dandy in the world is Prince Albert of Thurn. This fastidious young monarch is dressed in a new suit every day, enough yearly to keep twenty experienced workmen going, and to run up a bill of \$15,000. Each suit of wearing apparel is highly perfumed with attar of roses at \$25 an ounce. He wears no less than 1,000 neckties during a year, being an average of three a day. A laundry employing twelve people is kept specially for washing his soiled linen, which he never wears more than twice, and his cast-off boots number 200 pairs a year. The cigarette bill of this highly-scented young gentleman reaches the respectable total of \$1,000 per annum, and the different sports he engages in, including hunting, shooting, fishing, golfing and bicycling, cost him more than \$75,000.—Answers.

The Slaughter of Birds. The outcry over the slaughter of birds for millinery purposes is said to be without cause. The honor of supplying a large part of the demand is claimed for the humble barnyard fowl, while a large part of the parading plumes and ostriches are clever imitations. Regarding the real ostrich buyers say that it is absurd to suppose that it is obtained by killing the mother bird on her nest, since that would soon exterminate the species, whereas the supply is increasing in response to the demand. While buyers and storekeepers claim the above to be true, the members of the different societies to prevent the killing of birds declare that the little animals are now being slaughtered in greater numbers than ever before.

THE OLD ZION CHURCH

The old Zion Church, on the big country road, where the old wagons halted to empty the load. The farmers who came, when the calm Sabbath day put the blow and the bluster and vesper away. I can hear the Coronation blow out from the choir. Bubbly over the eaves, and up to the spire. Where one pair of bluebirds on Sunday did perch To join in the hymns of the old Zion Church.



The old Zion Church, I can see it in Spring. When orchards unfold it in sweet blossoming. And all the long summer it basks in the heat. Where swift swallows swim thro' the billows of wheat. And the line of its bell on the still Autumn morn. Weds the quails mellow with, far off in the corn. And in winter the snow wraps the cedar and birch. That keep watch by the graves of the old Zion Church.

The old Zion Church, where the tall cedar waves. Its mantle of bloom o'er my ancestor's graves. Where my father and mother were long ago. And the whippoorwill mourns in the rusticous shade. When my home comes to say farewell to the earth. I would like to return to the scenes of my birth. Shake off the old husk, leave the world in the lurch. For Heaven can't be far from the old Zion Church. Robert M. Ingers.

—Chicago Times-Herald.

MAGNET TO GIVE EYESIGHT.

Powerful Instrument Causes Metal Particles to Come Forth. Every man who works where particles of metal fly about is liable to get one of them in his eye. Time was when such an accident meant blindness in one or both eyes, but nowadays this is not so. There is in the New York City Eye and Ear Infirmary a magnet which has repeatedly drawn out of the human eye such an atom as used to destroy sight. The magnet is of sufficient power to lift sixteen pounds and it takes 120 volts of electricity from the incandescent light circuit to actuate it. When an eye which has become the unhappy possessor of a fragment of iron or steel is brought near this magnet the presence and location of the metal is immediately made manifest by a bulging of the coats of the eyeball. This is the exact spot located, and with the attraction continued at full force the matter of the extraction of the particle becomes simple. When a patient comes to the doctor to be treated for an injury to the eye he is seated in a chair with a headrest, facing a good light. The doctor first steadies the eyeball with the thumb and fore-



THE HUGE MAGNET DOING ITS WORK.

finger of the left hand. Should he discover the bit of metal he is not minute and not to be readily seen, he calls an assistant, who focuses the light upon the eye by means of a large six-inch reading lens. When he finds that the particle can be seen nicely he takes the gong or the history, the two hands and yet terrorizing instruments of the eye specialist, and with the point of either he makes an insertion beneath the particle, and in a moment, if the surgeon be skillful, the metal is out upon the surface.

A HANDY DOG.

Draws a Prospecting Outfit for a Colorado Miner. A novel prospecting outfit may be seen once a week at Sawpit, a mining camp in the San Juan country, Colo-



BETTER THAN A HORSE.

rado. Every Sunday a miner arrives from Deep Creek, where he has several claims that are in process of development. Harry Wilkes in the name of the hermit, whose life seems bound up

in that of his prospects and his humble four-footed companion, through whose services he is able to prosecute his work in the middle of winter in a country where the whirl of the snowflakes passing down the adjacent mountains is the only music that enlivens the tedium of the long evenings. Deep Creek is off the regular trails that lead to Sawpit, and thus is separated by an area of snow that would not stand the weight of an ordinary pony, especially during the warm hours of the day, when the surface snow is soft.

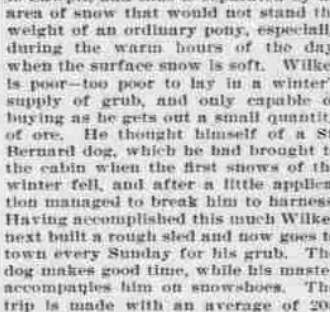
It is poor—too poor to lay in a winter's supply of grub, and only capable of buying as he gets out a small quantity of ore. He thought himself of a St. Bernard dog, which he had brought to the cabin when the first snows of the winter fell, and after a little application managed to break him to harness. Having accomplished this much Wilkes next built a rough sled and now goes to town every Sunday for his grub. The dog makes good time, while his master accompanies him on snowshoes. The trip is made with an average of 200 pounds of tools and merchandise. The intelligent animal trots off with the load at a gait that makes it warm for

and thus demonstrating anew his right to the title of the world's champion-sled. His brother, Merrett H. Dement, who taught him his first lessons in the art, was one of the best stenographers in the country in his day. Another brother, James E. Dement, is one of the leading members of the profession in Chicago. It will be seen that the Dement family is well represented in the great army of stenographers. Mr. Dement looks upon stenography as an art and a science, as well as a profession. He has been making hooks and curves since he was a boy, and has yet to find the individual who can dictate faster than he can write. All public speakers are alike to him in that he has never met one who as much as bothered him. The ones who have tested his powers of speed most fully were Dr. Phillips Brooks, the noted preacher, and Rev. H. V. Reed, who used to preach several years ago in Chicago to a congregation of Presbyterians. The latter talked to Mr. Dement once at the rate of 250 words a minute for half an hour, and this Mr. Dement regards as the hardest proposition he ever encountered. For the past four years he has been out of the field as an active reporter, devoting his time and abilities to the business of publishing his text-books on shorthand. In his spare moments Mr. Dement gives his literary genius a chance and writes novels. In addition to this he finds time to exercise his inventive powers, and has patented several useful mechanical devices.

The New Yankee Doodle. The children of New York city are singing the following lines to the tune of Yankee Doodle: Do not spit upon the street. In cars or public places; This is far from being smart. And leaves unwholesome traces. Dread disease is spread about By such selfish doing; We will try to put to rout Smoking, spitting, chewing.

WRITES LIKE THE KING.

Isaac S. Dement, the Man Who Dashed Off 402 Words in a Minute. Writing shorthand came naturally to Isaac S. Dement, the man who broke his own record of 387 words a minute the other day at Quincey by dashing off 402 words in the same length of time.



ISAAC S. DEMENT.

Wilkes to keep up with, and often hesitates to wait on the part of the dog for his owner to overtake him on some of the steep hillsides. A Lost Diamond. A Glasgow lady has had a singular experience. About the beginning of November last she paid a hurried visit to her business premises, and while there lost the diamond from a favorite ring. Search was made everywhere for the precious stone. The shop was given an extra sweep, the dust placed in a "hair" sieve and washed, but not a trace of the lost jewel was got. Concluding that the diamond was gone for good, the ring was reset, and the loss almost forgotten, when the owner's daughter, who had accompanied her to the shop on the occasion, remarked: "Mother, there's something in the heel of my right boot which catches the carpet every step I take." "See what it is," was the reply, and there, firmly imbedded in the solid leather, was the missing diamond. Singularly enough during the past two months the young lady had been in the count y and walked over the hard macadamized roads. Diamond, in no way injured, and boot-heel are to join the belongings of the family.—A delude Observer.

Not Guilty. Judge—Guilty or not guilty? Prisoner—Not guilty, boss. Judge—Ever arrested before? Prisoner—No, boss. An' I nevah done stole nuthin before, needer—Harper's Weekly.

Any Old Thing. "Has your husband given much thought to the political situation?" said one woman.

"Yes," replied the other; "I guess he'll take any that's offered him after the election."

"Any political situation. He says he needs the salary."—Washington Star.

The Most Difficult. Querious—What do you find to be the most difficult things to compose? Musician—The baby.—New York Journal.

There is only one part of a man that feels better on Monday than it felt on Saturday, and that is his corns.



The old Zion Church, Down its homely old aisles. The river of song broke in ripples of smiles. As the bride drew her robes from altar to door. Thro' the sunshine that sweetened the olden floor; And our tears often flowed when the whole village wept. Where the bonnie wee babe in its white coffin slept. While the old Parson told, how Death in his search For the jewels of God came to old Zion Church.



The old Zion Church, where the tall cedar waves. Its mantle of bloom o'er my ancestor's graves. Where my father and mother were long ago. And the whippoorwill mourns in the rusticous shade. When my home comes to say farewell to the earth. I would like to return to the scenes of my birth. Shake off the old husk, leave the world in the lurch. For Heaven can't be far from the old Zion Church. Robert M. Ingers.

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