

# THE MISSISSIPPI

BY LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

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## SYNOPSIS.

"Mad" Dan Maitland, on reaching his New York bachelor club, met an attractive young woman at the door. Janice assured him no one had been within that day. Dan discovered a woman's finger prints just on his desk, along with a letter from his attorney. Maitland dined with Hangerman, his attorney. Dan set out for Greenfields, to get his family jewels. During his walk to the country seat, he met the young woman in gray, whom he had seen leaving his bachelor's club. Her auto had broken down. He fixed it by a ruse and "lost" her. Maitland, on reaching home, surprised a lady in gray, cracking the safe containing his gems. She, apparently, took him for a well-known crook. Daniel Anstey, half-hypnotized, Maitland opened his safe, took therefrom the jewels, and gave them to her, first forming a partnership in crime. The real Dan Anstey, sought by police of the world, appeared on the same mission. Maitland recognized him. He met the girl outside the house and they sped to New York in her auto. He had the jewels and she promised to meet him that day. Maitland received a letter from "Mr. Smith," introducing himself as a detective. To shield the girl in gray, Maitland, about to show him the jewels, supposedly lost, was followed by a "blow" from "Smith's" cane. The latter proved to be Anstey himself and he secured the gems. Anstey, who was Maitland's double, masqueraded as the latter.

## CHAPTER V—Continued.

At sight of the thief was conscious of an inward tremor, followed by a thrill of excitement like a wave of heat sweeping through his being. Instantaneously his eyes flashed; then were dulled. Imperturbable, listless, half-marked the prey of ennu, he waited, undecided, upon the stoop, while the watcher opposite, catching sight of him, abruptly abandoned his slouch and hastened across the street. "Excuse me," he began in a loud tone, while yet a dozen feet away, "but ain't this Mr. Maitland?" Anstey lifted his brows and shoulders at one and the same time and bowed slightly. "Well, my good man?" "I'm a detective from headquarters, Mr. Maitland. We got a 'phone from Greenfields, Long Island, this morning—from the local police. Your but-



"Good Afternoon," Responded the Masquerader.

countenance with a winning smile. "Now, as to this Anstey affair last night." Under the stimulus of the champagne, to say naught of his relief at having evaded the ordeal of the culprity, Hickey discoursed variously and at length upon the engrossing subject of Anstey, gentleman-crackman, while the genial counterpart of Daniel Maitland listened with apparent but deceptive apathy, and had much ado to keep from laughing in his guest's face as the latter, perspiring earnest, unfolded his plans for laying the burglar by the heels. From time to time, and at intervals steadily decreasing, the hand of the host sought the neck of the bottle, inclining it carefully above the thimble-stemmed glass that Hickey kept in almost constant motion. And the detective's fatuous loquacity flowed as the contents of the bottle ebbed. Yet, as the minutes wore on, the burglar began to be conscious that it was but a shallow well of information and amusement that he pumped. The game, fascinating with its spice of daring as it had primarily been, began to pall. At length the masquerader calculated the hour as ripe for what he had contemplated from the beginning; and interrupted Hickey with a most interesting exposition. "You'll pardon me, I'm sure, if I trouble you again for the time."

## CHAPTER VI.

### Eugene's at Two.

"Since we don't want to be overheard," remarked Mr. Anstey, "it's no use trying the grillroom downstairs, although I admit it is more interesting." "Just as you say, sir." Awed and awkward, the police detective stumbled up the steps behind his imperturbable guide; it was a great honor, in his eyes, to lunch in company with a "swell." Man of stodgy common sense and limited education that he was, the glamour of the Maitland millions obscured his otherwise clear vision completely. And unhesitatingly he speculated as to whether or not he would be able to manipulate correctly the usual display of knives and forks.

An obsequious headwaiter greeted them, bowing in the lobby. "Good afternoon, Mr. Maitland," he murmured. "Table for two?" "Good afternoon," responded the masquerader, with an assumed abstraction, inwardly congratulating himself upon having hit upon a restaurant where the real Maitland was evidently known. There were few circumstances which he could not turn to profit, fewer emergencies to which he could not rise, he complimented Handsome Dan Anstey. "A table for two," he drawled Maitlandwise. "In a corner somewhere, away from the crowd, you know."

"This way, if you please, Mr. Maitland." "By the way," suggested the burglar, unfolding his serviette and glancing keenly about the room—which by good chance was thinly populated, "by the way, you know, you haven't told me your name yet." "Hickey—John W. Hickey, detective bureau."

"Thank you." A languid hand pushed the menu card across the table to Mr. Hickey. "And what do you see that you'd like?" "Well,—" Hickey became conscious that both unwieldy feet were nervously twisted about the legs of his chair; blushed; disentangled them; and in an attempt to cover his confusion, plunged madly into consideration of a column of table-d'ôte French, not one word of which conveyed the slightest particle of information to his intelligence. "Well," he repeated, and moistened his lips. The room seemed suddenly very hot, notwithstanding the fact that an obnoxious electric fan was sending a current of cool air down the back of his neck. "I ain't," he declared in ultimate desperation, "hungry, much. Had a bite a little while back, over to the Gilsey house bar."

"As I was sayin'," he resumed, "I'm sorry yeh don't see yer way to givin' us a hand. But 'praps yeh're right. Still, if the citizens 'd only give us a hand onet in a while—"

"Ah, but what gives you your livin', Hickey?" argued the amateur socialist. "What but the activities of the criminal element? If society combined with you for the elimination of crime, what would become of your job?" He rose and wrung the disconsolate one warmly by the hand. "But there, I am sorry to have to hurry you away. Now that you know where to find me, drop in some evening and have a cigar and a chat. I'm in town a good deal, off and on, and always glad to see a friend."

At another time, and with another man, Anstey would not have ventured to play his catch so roughly; but, as he had reckoned, the comfortable state of mind induced by an unexpected addition to his income and a quart of champagne, had dulled the official apprehensions of Sgt. Hickey. Mumbling a vague acceptance of the too-gentle invitation, the exalted detective rose and ambled cheerfully down the room and out of the door. Anstey lit another cigarette and contemplated the future with satisfaction. As a diplomat he was inclined to hold himself a success. Indeed, all things taken under mature consideration, the conclusion was inevitable that what he was the very devil of a fellow. With what consummate skill he had played his hand! Now the pursuit of the Maitland burglar would be abandoned; the news item suppressed at headquarters. And it was equally certain that Maitland (when eventually liberated) would be at pains to keep his part of the affair very much in shadow.

The masquerader ventured a mystical smile at the world in general. One pictured the evening when the infatuated detective should find it convenient to drop in on the exclusive Mr. Maitland.

## CHAPTER VII.

### Illumination.

In a breath was self-satisfaction banished; simultaneously the masquerader brought his gaze down from the ceiling, his thoughts to earth, his vigilance to the surface, and himself to his feet, summoning to his aid all that he possessed of resource and expedient. "Trapped!—the word blazed incandescent in his brain. So long had he foreseen and planned against this very moment. Yet panic swayed him for but a little instant; as swiftly as it had overcome him it subsided, leaving him shocked, a shade more pale, but rapidly reasserting control of his faculties. And with this shade of emotion came complete reassurance. His name had been uttered in no stern or menacing tone; rather its syllables had been pitched in a low and guarded key, with an undertone of gallantry and cordiality. In brief, the moment that he recognized the voice as a woman's, he was again master of himself, and aware that the result of his instinctive impulse to rise and defend himself, which had brought him to a standing position, would be interpreted as only the natural action of a gentleman addressed by a feminine acquaintance, he was confident that he had not betrayed his primal consternation. He bowed, smiled, and with eyes in which astonishment swiftly gave place to gratification and complete comprehension, appraised her who had addressed him.

She seemed to have fluttered to the table, beside which she now stood, slightly swaying, her walking costume of gray silk falling about her in soft, tremulous folds. Dainty, chic, well-poised, serene, flawlessly pretty in her miniature fashion; Anstey recognized her in a twinkling. His perceptions, trained to observations as instantaneous as those of a snap-shot camera, and well-nigh as accurate, had photographed her individually indelibly upon the film of his memory, even in the abbreviated encounter of the previous night. By a similar play of educated reasoning faculties keyed to the highest pitch of immediate action, he had difficulty as scant in accounting for her presence there. What he did not quite comprehend was why Maitland had used her so kindly; for it had been plain enough that that gentleman had surprised her in the act of safe-breaking before convulsing at her escape. But, allowing that Maitland's actions had been based upon motives vague to the burglar's understanding, it was quite in the scheme of possibilities that he should have arranged to meet his protegee at the restaurant that afternoon. She was come to keep an appointment to which (now that Anstey came to remember) Maitland had alluded in the beginning of their conversation. Well and good; once before, within the past two hours, he had told himself that he was Good-enough Maitland. He was even better now. "But you did surprise me!" he declared, gallantly, before she could waver at his slowness to respond. "You see, I was dreaming."

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He permitted her to surmise the object round which his dreams had been woven. "And I had expected you to be eagerly watching for me!" she parried, archly. "I was,—mentally. But," he warned her, seriously, "not that name. Maitland is known here; they call me Maitland—the waiter. It seems I made a bad choice. But with your assistance and discretion we can bluff it out, all right."

"I forgot. Forgive me." But now she was in the chair opposite him, tucking the lower ends of her gloves into their wrists. "No matter—nobody heard."

"I very nearly called you Handsome Dan." She flashed a radiant smile at him from beneath the rim of her picture hat. A fire was kindled in Anstey's eyes; he was conscious of a quickened drumming of his pulses. "Dan is Maitland's front name, also," he remarked, absently. "I thought as much," she responded, quietly speculative. The burglar hardly heard. It has been indicated that he was quick-witted, because he had to be, in the very nature of his avocation. Just now his brain was working rather more rapidly than usual, even; which was one reason why the light had leaped into his eyes.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## SHELLS SINK BATTLESHIP.

### Antiquated Monster Destroyed By More Modern Sisters.

On Board Torpedo Boat Stringham, Lower Chesapeake Bay, March 22.—Shattered by a storm of shell, the old battleship Texas, now the San Marcos, rests tonight in the mud of Tangier sound. The veteran of the United States navy sank under the spectacular marksmanship of her newer sisters.

Gaping holes in her port side and two jagged wounds in her forward armor, where shells passed completely through her, showed how she succumbed. Part of both her fighting masts were shot away and her deck was a mass of debris. The broadsides delivered by the battleship New Hampshire at varying distances of six to seven and one-half miles were considered remarkable by ordnance officers. More than one-third of the shots were said to have gone through, although nothing official was given out.

A half hour after the sun had risen the first shot was fired. This was followed by another, but both were merely to determine the range. Then began a beautiful exhibition of marksmanship. A salvo directed near the stern of the Texas raised huge columns of water and deluged the vessel, leaving her unscathed. Then, to show the control of the 12 and 8-inch guns, another hail of shells was dropped into the water immediately in front of the ship. The miss was intentional, but the shells came so close as to give rise at first to the belief that the first hit had been made.

The shooting then began in earnest. The New Hampshire, followed by the battleship Mississippi 250 yards in her wake, drew off approximately seven and one-half miles and began firing. All of the broadsides were delivered against the Texas while the attacking vessel was steaming back and forth along the line at a ten-knot speed.

After the seventh broadside the Texas plainly was in distress. Two naval tugs that lay alongside the monitor Tallahassee, on which were stationed the naval observers, raced to her assistance. The shells presumably had set the vessel afire, for the hose were set to work pumping. She also had been driven out of broadside range by the force of the New Hampshire's shells, and the tugs straightened her out for her further ordeal.

Twice afterward shells set the hulk afire. What was practically the finishing blow came with the 19th broadside, when four of the 12-inch and four 8-inch shells were hurled at her just as the sun was setting. The shots poured so thick around her that it was impossible to determine how many of the eight struck the vessel.

## GENERALS DIE IN RIOT.

### Honduras Scene of Pitched Battle, Fatal to Scores.

Tegucigalpa, Honduras, March 22.—General Lara and General Palma, both of whom commanded divisions of the Honduran troops in the recent uprising in the defense of Tegucigalpa against the rebels, had occupied Comayagua. They had not yet disarmed, according to the agreement entered into by the government and the revolutionary leaders, with the peace commissioners, and after the first collision were quick to draw their firearms and machetes. Great crowds of spectators gathered at points of vantage to watch the game, and many of them found escape shut off when the men came to close quarters. Forces under General Matuty, another veteran of the Nicaraguan revolution, were hastily dispatched to stop the battle, and succeeded in separating the combatants.

## Rural Preachers Scored.

Decatur, Ill.—"The most conspicuous back-numbers in the country now are the rural preachers," declared Dean J. H. Skinner, of Purdue university, before the Inter-Church Conservation congress here. "While farmers and the rest of the world have improved, preaching has remained in the same quality," continued the speaker. "Country preachers should go to college and learn agriculture." E. White Allen, president of the Macoupin County Farmers' institute, also scored country clergymen.

## Dr. Martyr to Cause.

New York—Dr. Edward F. Ashley, a bacteriologist, died on Swinburne island in New York harbor Wednesday a martyr to his fight against the entry into this port of cerebro-spinal meningitis through infected Greek immigrants. Inoculated in handling the case, he became ill Sunday and was treated with serum by Dr. Simon Flexner, its discoverer. Dr. Ashley was a graduate of Yale and of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, New York City. He had been assisting Dr. A. H. Doty, health officer.

## Justice Hughes Honored.

New York—More than a thousand men crowded the rooms of the Bar association Wednesday evening to honor Justice Charles E. Hughes, of the United States Supreme court. It was the most notable gathering of the sort in the history of the Bar association and the first since 1905, when the retirement of Ambassador Joseph C. Choate was marked by a similar demonstration. For an hour men passed before him and pressed his hand.

## Sympathetic Strike Predicted.

Cincinnati—Overtures for the settlement of the strike of white firemen on the Cincinnati, New Orleans & Texas Pacific railroad have been rejected by the officials of the road, and there is renewed talk that the firemen of the entire railway system may be called out on a sympathetic strike.

## INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT AND PROGRESS OF OUR HOME STATE

### COLONISTS COMING FAST.

#### Many Sections Feel Benefits of Eastern Advertising.

Portland—Fully 60 per cent of the colonists entering Oregon since the present reduced rates went into effect come to Portland, either to remain permanently or to cast about for suitable locations elsewhere in the state. The remaining 40 per cent seldom leave the Union depot or the North Bank station, excepting to go to a nearby restaurant for meals. If they have made up their minds as to the particular part of the state in which they want to locate they are in a hurry to get there and do not tarry in this city. The so-called sight-seeing classes are composed of persons who are undecided where to go. They view the attractions of Portland while investigating the opportunities of the state.

The Dalles—The Dalles Business Men's association and local realty dealers are receiving calls and inquiries from a large number of colonists who have taken advantage of the cheap rates to come West. "The show windows of the exhibition building at the depot are viewed all day long by strangers," said Secretary Fish. "It would be conservative to say that the exhibit building has been seen by not less than 3,000 colonists in the past week. In the Dalles at present are about 50 home-seekers of whom have bought homes already. Others are negotiating for land and others are looking at tracts to decide which suits them best. Five from Kansas have about closed a deal for 320 acres of fruit land. Iowa colonists are negotiating the purchase of 80 acres of partially cleared land for which they will pay \$15,000. Several have arrived from Germany. They could not speak English, but had an interpreter with them. They have made a success of raising ducks, chickens, turkeys and musk hams, and are looking at different locations. Another party bought a small tract of land to engage in raising high-class exhibition and fancy poultry. One day 11 arrived, tired and dusty, but smiling, who undoubtedly will find suitable land here.

Eugene—Approximately 175 colonists have arrived in Eugene. They hail from all parts of the country, but there is a distinct majority from the Middle West, particularly Nebraska. The greater part of them were attracted to Oregon and to Eugene by community advertising, but a large proportion have friends here and came at their solicitation.

The largest number to arrive in one day has been 60, all of them arriving on one train. Almost all of this number was made up of families who had sold their homes in the East and were looking for new ones in Oregon. One family numbered ten members, and the average was large. Most of the demand is for small homes—tracts of approximately ten acres—suitable for fruit culture or truck-gardening.

Baker—It is estimated that fully 500 colonists have visited Baker during the past week. The Commercial club has a representative at Pocatello and a committee meets all trains here to assist strangers and welcome them to Oregon. Business is active and the merchants are optimistic over the results of the publicity campaign carried on during the year. Arrangements are now under way to serve meals to passengers on the morning trains.

La Grande—To date 75 homeseekers from Oklahoma and parties of four and five from other sections have reached La Grande and are seeking locations here. Many are from Southern states. Medford—Real estate men of Medford will send an agent to Portland to induce incoming colonists to locate here. Very few of the 1911 homeseekers have appeared in Medford.

## New Townsite Probable.

Salem—What is considered plausibly as a move for an Oregon Electric townsite on the new extension south is seen in the purchase of 120 acres of land at Hall's Ferry, about nine miles up the Willamette river from Salem. The purchase was made from H. J. Spitzbart by E. M. Croisan, and the consideration is said to be \$9,000. Mr. Croisan has been purchasing land freely in the interest of the Oregon Electric for right-of-way purposes, and it is rumored that this buy was made for the Oregon Electric.

## Franchise is Granted.

Prineville—Prineville city council granted a franchise to the Prineville & Eastern Railroad company at a special meeting recently. The matter was warmly discussed and was granted on the proviso that it be used within three years from date. The Prineville & Eastern company is now negotiating with the Hill interests to sell the franchise and rights of way for a branch line from Metolius to Prineville. From present indications it seems that this deal will be closed soon.

## Make Real City Beautiful.

Orengo—More than a score of men of this town observed Arbor day Saturday, planting between 250 and 300 elm trees on the streets. The town is less than three years old, this being the home of the Oregon Nursery company. It is the purpose of the citizens to make Orengo one of the prettiest towns to be found in the Northwest. A park has been laid out and numerous beds of flowers, roses and shrubbery will be set out.

## Board Appoints State Architect.

Salem—W. C. Knighton has been appointed state architect by Governor West and State Treasurer Kay at a salary of \$4,500 a year. Mr. Knighton will prepare plans and specifications and will supervise all public buildings in this state during his term of office. It is estimated that his services will make a saving to the state in architects' fees of from \$10,000 to \$15,000 annually.

### Well Digger Uncovers Good Vein Mile West of Salem.

Salem—Discovery of what are declared to be bona fide coal deposits on a small tract on the Roberts ranch, about a mile west of Salem, in Polk county, have set the town agog. The discovery was made by men employed on the H. P. Chase drilling machine. They were seeking for water. At a depth of 36 feet the first coal vein was found. This vein was thin, being but five or six inches thick, but was well defined. At a depth of 44 feet, a deeper vein was struck, but the coal was broken up and apparently scattered. The quality is declared to be excellent and the indications point to a discovery of some magnitude. H. P. Chase said that the coal deposits discovered west of the river were found after drilling through a sandstone rock. He says that while the present veins discovered are apparently small, the indications are excellent and that endeavors will be immediately made to determine just the extent of the deposits and the value of the find.

## FIFTEEN ACRES OF GRAPES.

Nyssa Business Man to Experiment on Large Scale. Nyssa—Nyssa this year will have the distinction of planting the largest vineyard in Eastern Oregon, and probably in Southern Idaho. This vineyard will be planted on Bridge island, one mile south of Nyssa, and will consist of 15 acres of grapes, mostly of the Concord variety. S. N. Emison, one of the best known residents of Nyssa, where he has been a business man for a number of years, is behind the project. Mr. Emison has conducted rather exhaustive experiments on grape culture here for the past three years. From Concord grapes he had planted three years ago, Mr. Emison last year got an average of 56 pounds of merchantable grapes from each vine. When it is realized that 540 grape vines are planted per acre, it is seen that at the rate of production just mentioned an acre of three-year old grapes would produce 30,240 pounds of grapes, or a trifle over 15 tons per acre. A fair average price of grapes is 4 cents per pound, so that a production at the above ratio would bring \$1,209.60 per acre.

## TO "PLANT" PHEASANTS.

Corvallis—Game Warden Stevenson, of Forest Grove, has just placed an order with Gene Simpson, the pheasant fancier, of Corvallis, for 100 pairs of the Reeves pheasant, to be delivered next September. These birds will be shipped by the game warden to all parts of the state and turned loose. The Reeves pheasant is the largest of the pheasant family, and is a fine game bird. As they are hardy and increase rapidly in the wild state, it is expected soon to have the forests of Oregon well stocked with the birds. Last year Mr. Simpson supplied the state with 100 pairs of the pheasants. They were distributed over Western Oregon and some were sent to Baker. They were set at liberty at the various points by persons who are co-operating with the game warden and who have studied the birds as closely as practicable under the varying conditions. Reports show that they have come through the winter in excellent condition.

## Referendum Petitions Circulated.

Salem—The first petitions having for their purpose to refer to the people at the next general election all of the University of Oregon appropriations of the late legislature, amounting approximately to \$500,000, have made their first appearance in Salem. The circulators are working hard for the names and they believe they will get many in Marion county. The circulators, it is said, are from Cottage Grove. It is the impression here that the movement started in Yamhill county to refer the university appropriations has died out and the intention will not be prosecuted.

## Beaver Valley Road Surveyed.

Rainier—An engineering party under Orrin Backus has completed the preliminary surveys through the Beaver valley for the proposed county road between Rainier and Clatskanie, the greater portion of which is on a water grade, with few angles. The grades on the old road exceed 17 per cent, while the maximum on the proposed road is only 5 per cent. The proposed road opens thousands of acres of fertile fruit and farming land and forms an important link in the Portland-to-Astoria road.

## People Improve River.

Astoria—The improvement of the mouth of Deep river is to be taken up at once, and funds to defray the cost are being raised by private subscription. Lists have been in circulation three days and the success attained is such as to make it certain that the entire sum will be available soon. Nearly every person residing in the Deep river district, and the companies operating steamers, including the up-river towboats, contribute liberally.

## View Sites for Armory.

Salem—Adjutant General Finzer and Colonel Jackson, of the Oregon National guard, were in Salem this week for the purpose of viewing proposed sites for the new \$50,000 armory to be built here this summer. A selection will be made within a few days, so that construction of the armory can begin at once.

## New Insurance Laws Good.

Salem—It is the general opinion that the laws relating to insurance enacted at the session of the legislative assembly just adjourned are in the main progressive and in the line of securing uniformity in legislation covering this important subject in the various states.

## INDIAN WOMAN GOT THE BEAR

### Prodded Him Out with Her Scissors, Then Tomahawked Him.

As for that grit of women—meaning Indian women—which has been collected in a well-known book, there is a story in Fur News which is good evidence of their physical courage. A dealer in skins tells of a squaw who was walking along her snowshoes one day when her small boy saw a bear curled up under the snow in his winter sleep. She could not kill him where she was, so she lashed a pair of scissors to a sapling, prodded him out and smashed his head in with her tomahawk as he emerged. "I gave her ten dollars for the skin," writes the dealer, "so it was not a bad morning's work. Another ingenious piece of hunting that I remember was accomplished by an Indian who found two moose in a yard—that is, the snow clearing which the animals make when the frosts are breaking up and the snow is too sharp and brittle for their comfort. "He crept up and got the female with his tomahawk. The male was driven to fury and it was unsafe to approach him. The stroke of a hoof would put the Indian out of business in close order. "Having no gun, he improvised a bow and arrow from the trees, stuck a sharp iron into the point of the arrow, made a bowstring with the laces of his moccasins and shot the beast through the heart."

## Hopes Crushed.

"Some of us ought to be appointed to the police force," remarked the woman characterized by firmness of chin. "And wear uniforms? How lovely!" added a younger sister. "But like as not the horrid director would assign us to the plain clothes squad," suggested a third. In view of this possibility enthusiasm oozed.—Philadelphia Ledger.