



**BUFFALOES ALMOST EXTINCT.**

**Little More Than a Thousand of These Animals in Existence.**

The American buffalo is fast disappearing from the earth. It is estimated that there are now remaining alive in the world only 1,024 of these noble beasts, 684 of which are in captivity. But it is not possible to be exact in such a statement, inasmuch as the wild survivors cannot be rounded up and counted. In the densely wooded regions between the Saskatchewan and Peace Rivers, in British Columbia, are several hundred buffalo; there are twenty or so perhaps in the desert Panhandle region of Northwest Texas, and in the Yellowstone National Park there are fifty or sixty more, it is believed. There are none at liberty anywhere else.

These few remaining wild bison are being steadily reduced in number. In British Columbia they are being killed off, gradually by the Indians, while those in the Yellowstone Park are potted by poachers whenever the chance offers. A mounted head of one of these animals is to-day worth from \$150 to \$200 and a skin brings a good price. Ten years ago there were nearly 400 buffalo in the park, and it is thought that the survivors can be preserved

only by corralling them and reducing them to captivity.

C. J. Jones, better known as "Buffalo" Jones, of Oklahoma, has a herd of over 100 full-bred buffalo, which he wishes to sell to the government. Austin Corbin was the possessor of ninety bison, which have been more or less scattered since his death, some of them

having been presented to New York City. The animals, when kept in captivity, show a tendency to increase in numbers, and Buffalo Jones has produced thousands of desirable cross-breeds from his herd.

It is stated that there are not 110 pure-bred American bison outside of this country.

**A HUNDRED YEARS TO COME.**

Who'll press for gold this crowded street,  
A hundred years to come?  
Who'll tread you church with willing feet,  
A hundred years to come?  
Pale, trembling age and fiery youth,  
And childhood with its brow of truth,  
The rich and poor on land, on sea,  
Where will the mighty millions be,  
A hundred years to come?

We all within our graves shall sleep,  
A hundred years to come;  
No living soul for us will weep,  
A hundred years to come;  
But other men our land will till,  
And other then our streets will fill;  
And other birds will sing as gay,  
And bright the sunshine as to-day,  
A hundred years to come.

**THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.**

**JACK** WARING was bashful, but it was a question if he was any more bashful than Ethel Talcott. They could not speak to each other on even the most trivial subjects without stammering and blushing, but Jack persisted in calling, despite the apparent discomfort his visits caused both. Everybody could see that he was desperately in love, and it was a saying among their friends that if Jack could ever summon up the courage to propose, Ethel would be too bashful to refuse him, whether she loved him or not. She had just come out at the beginning of the season, about the same time that Jack who had just graduated from college and entered his father's business, first began to attract the attention of designing mothers and attractive daughters. Perhaps it was while avoiding them that he met Ethel, who had found that there are ways of keeping out of sight when a ballroom was crowded with other girls who were enjoying themselves. Anyway, some common chord of sympathy made them embarrassed friends from their first meeting.

Although Jack was bashful, he called on Ethel as often as he dared, but in spite of all resolution to overcome his diffidence he made little progress with his suit. They could get along fairly well when there were others in the room with them, but when left to themselves they suffered. Unlike most young people in a similar case, they courted rather than avoided the company of Ethel's little brother, Gus, and Jack soon became such friends with him that he felt called upon to remember his birthday. This he did by sending him an elaborate box of building blocks, which Gus dragged into the parlor on the occasion of his next visit, and insisted that the donor teach him how to build with them.

"What shall I build?" Jack asked.

"Build me a big hotel like the one Ethel and I were at last summer."

Jack obediently drew his chair to the middle of the room and began on a suitable design. But he soon found that building while sitting on a chair was difficult, and as Gus was sprawled comfortably on the floor watching the work, he presently slipped down beside him. Now it is a peculiar thing about building blocks that although they are always bought for children, very few children can work out the designs that go with them, and consequently they are forced to call on their elders to help them. Moreover their elders usually take kindly to the task, and are apt to get cross if the child interferes in any way and delays

**THE WORK IN HAND.**

In a very few minutes Jack was as deeply interested as if he were building a sure-enough hotel, and Gus watched with admiration. Presently he tried to put in place an arch that was in two pieces and needed two other blocks to be placed beside it in order to hold the pieces in place, but in doing so he knocked a corner out of the building with his elbow.

"You clumsy boy!" exclaimed Ethel, who had been watching with the utmost intense interest. "Here—let me hold them," and a moment later she was sitting on the floor with them.

Jack patiently rebuilt the damaged corner and then Ethel held the arch until he had built around it.

"Now make some bathing houses on the beach," commanded Gus.

Jack obeyed, and then Gus brought out some men and women cut out of cardboard and set them around to represent the guests.

"Here's you and Ethel. I'll introduce you, for you weren't acquainted then," said the young rascal, as he placed the figure of a man raising his hat before that of a young woman with a parasol.

"All right," said Jack. "But I am not raising my hat at her as I should, I am raising it at the far corner of the building. Here, let me set them right."

Saying this, he reached out and turned the figure representing himself so that it faced the figure representing Ethel. Immediately a white hand shot out and turned the back of the pastebord belle toward the howling figure.

"Snubbed!" exclaimed Jack, having a boldness for his pastebord representative that he never would have presumed to have for himself.

"But you don't know him yet. He's the cheekiest man on the beach, at heart," and he moved his representative with his bow in front of the maid with the parasol.

"And she's the haughtiest girl at the beach," said Ethel, as she again snubbed her cavalier.

"Try them behind the hotel where the hammock is and folks ain't lookin'," volunteered Gus.

"Great head!" exclaimed Jack, picking up the two figures to make the change.

"Take care whom you're handling like that!" exclaimed Ethel, grasping him by the wrist and striving to pry his fingers loose from her figure.

There was a struggle full of the abandon gaiety of the nursery, to which the blocks had brought them back far from the formalities and embarrassments of social life. Gus jumped into the struggle to help Jack, and in the general mixup the hotel was wrecked worse than any house that was ever built on sand. The clatter brought them back to themselves again, but the nursery spirit remained with them. They once more had the frank fearlessness of children and could look one another in the face without blushing.

"Now, you must build me something else, you two," whined Gus, over the ruins of his hotel.

For an hour they built and rebuilt all kinds of houses to the infinite delight of the boy, who watched and criticized. At last they disagreed about what should be built.

"Let's build a cottage," said Jack.

"No, let's build a church," said Ethel.

"I want you to build both," said Gus.

So, as there were plenty of blocks to build both, they started a race to see who could finish first. But it was a peculiar thing that Jack built with his left hand and Ethel with her right, while each leaned on the hand that was supposedly disengaged. But an observer less interested in building than Gus might have noticed that the two hands not used in building were trying to rest on the same spot of floor, and

**occasionally the fingers intertwined in a way that brought the color to the cheeks of the two young people, whose faces were carefully averted.**

"Jack's cottage is done first," cried Gus, sprawling forward with his cardboard figures. "And here you both are going in the front gate."

"But we should go to the church before we go to the cottage," said Jack, gallantly. "Don't you think so, Ethel?"

A gentle squeeze of the hand was the only response.

"Then it's settled," he exclaimed, in a trembling voice, glancing at the back of an averted head. "First to the church and then to my cottage."

Another pressure of assent.

Just what would have happened next, in spite of the presence of Gus, will never be known, for his mother, who had entered the room unnoticed, suddenly exclaimed:

"Well, bless my heart, is this a nursery? Bless you, my children."

They both sprang to their feet in confusion, but Jack still clung to Ethel's hand. Her mother looked from one to the other, and then Jack managed to stammer:

"That's right—we want your blessing."

"Engaged!" exclaimed the mother.

"Well, I never. And that boy in the room all the time! Talk about bashful people!"

"Never mind that," said Jack, suddenly grown bold as brass, as he planted his first kiss on Ethel's lips. "The question is, do we get the blessing?"

"You'll be able to tell better after you are married," said the mother, as she pushed them ahead of her toward the study, where her husband was sitting, pretending not to overhear.—Lidger Monthly.

**FORETELL COMING STORMS.**

**Telegraph Wires Are Said to Be Unreliable Weather Prophets.**

According to Dr. Eydam, a German physician, there are no more reliable weather prophets than telegraph wires. This novel discovery was made by him in the following manner: As he was waiting for a train at a country station he heard a shrill sound, which was made by the wind as it passed through a network of near-by wires. At once the doctor remembered that he had frequently heard a similar sound either immediately before or after a storm or a heavy fall of rain or snow, and it naturally occurred to him to try and ascertain between the sound and such changes in the weather.

As a heavy shower of rain fell within forty-eight hours after he had heard the sound at the railroad station he concluded that there was such a connection, and he then determined to investigate the matter thoroughly. As a result he now maintains, first, that any unusual disturbance in the telegraph wires is an infallible indication of bad weather, and, second, that the nature of the changes in the atmosphere may be learned from the sound which the wind makes when passing through the wires.

Thus a deep sound, he says, which is of considerable or medium strength, indicates that there will be slight showers of rain with moderate winds within from thirty to forty-eight hours, and, on the other hand, a sharp, shrill sound is the sure token of a heavy storm, which will be accompanied by much rain or snow.

**Citizenship in Switzerland.**

During the last ten years there were 10,924 requests for citizenship in Switzerland, of which 7,833 were granted.

**Economy supplies old age with an easy chair.**

only by corralling them and reducing them to captivity.

**PING PONG.**

**This Game Is the Latest Form of Amusement.**

Do you ping pong? It's the latest game. Ping pong is a game for those who like an indoor recreation to remind them of their favorite outdoor game, lawn tennis. Ping pong apes lawn tennis and seems to be trying to rival it in popularity.

What is ping pong? It has another name, and that is gossima, and gossima gives a clue to its identity. Translate the word into gossamer, and you have the net that is stretched across the table at a height varying from eight to six inches. Instead of tennis rackets you have battledores, and for balls small things made of white celluloid, wherefore it is well to learn speedily to aim straight over the net, and not at the fire. But the balls are quite a cheap item, and, indeed, the whole game can be purchased now at prices varying from 25 cents to \$5, though the cheapest "regulation" game on the market is about \$1.50. It is surmised that an epidemic of ping pong is imminent.

Ping pongers play in twos, one at one end of the table, the other at the other. The server is the man who first

The space where it should have been was occupied by the second hand.

"The second hand," continued the Jeweler, "is to be found in exactly that place in almost every watch that is made. Whether your dial was registered in Arabic or Roman numerals there would be no six on it. It is only on a few of a very cheap sort of watches that the second hand is omitted and the 6 or VI stands revealed."

**HE DONE FORGOT TO ASK.**

**That Was the Reason a Colored Swain Had to Use the Bone.**

One day a good-looking colored man, who had appeared rather prematurely in a loud spring suit, entered one of the down-town telephone stations and asked for Joliet. He was compelled to use a wire that was in the open office and as he apparently labored under the impression that the person whom he called up was rather deaf, every word he said was audible to all who were within ten feet of him.

After the necessary connections had been made, the young man smiled genially and said:

"Dis Mrs. Williams, the mother of Miss Lucy?"

Apparently it was, for in a moment he added:



**HERE'S HOW PING PONG IS PLAYED INDOORS.**

delivers the ball, and the striker-out is the other. At the end of the first game the parties change, the striker-out becomes the server and the server the striker-out. The player who tots up six games to his credit first wins the set.

The game can be extended to take in several more players, just as bagatelle can, and battledores can be passed from one player to another. Then, to make it a more scientific form of amusement for the dining room table, which is usually converted into the lawn, there can be substituted a board surface, painted black, with a narrow white boundary line at the edge.

Ping pong clubs and ping pong matches are springing up all over the country, and ping pong tea parties are rivaling play teas among the fair sex.

"Fo' de good lawd, yoh voice 'pears so natural-like, yoh done scade me! Then, after a short pause, "Reckon you all's kinder sprized to heah from me. What's dat? No, suh, I hain't seen yoh all since New Year's. I reckon yoh don't have no idee what foh I wants to talk with yoh, but, Mrs. Williams, I wants de proud honor of bein' yoh son-in-law."

Both expectancy and trouble shone on the young man's face and the receiver shook nervously in his hand.

"Oh, yoh go 'long, Mrs. Williams, yoh jest tryin' fer to tantalize me. What's dat? Oh! Golly! Yes'm I got a stiddy job an' I got er house done picked out. What, ma'am? What fer I didn't ask Lucy New Year's time? Why, why, I done gone clean ferget to."

Evidently Mrs. Williams looked favorably on his suit, notwithstanding his absent-mindedness, for in a few moments he rang off and with his face radiant with joy and his eyes sparkling with emotion, he stepped out of the telephone booth and up to the operators' desk.

"What's ma bill, Mr. Operator? I done won de prize!" he announced. Then he buttoned his plaid coat over his swelling chest and marched out with a triumphant gait.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

**THE FACE OF YOUR WATCH.**

**You Think You Know What It Looks Like, but Do You?**

"I will wager," said a Broadway watchmaker to a customer the other day, "that you cannot correctly put down the numerals on the dial plate of your watch."

"Done," said the other. And he wrote down I, II, III, IV—

"Wrong," interrupted the watchmaker.

"How wrong?"

"Pull out your watch and look at the figure four."

"Sure enough the figure was IIII, not IV."

"Are all clocks and watches made that way?" asked the customer, as he put his watch back in its fob.

"All that have Roman figures on their dial."

"Why?"

"Well, there is a tradition which accounts for the custom. The first clock that resembled the ones now in use was made by a famous French jeweler named Henry Vick in 1370. He made a present of it to King Charles V., surnamed the Wise. Now Charles was wise in many ways, but he did not know everything, though having a reputation to sustain he pretended to omniscience. When Vick brought him the clock he examined the works very attentively, seeking a flaw somewhere. 'Yes,' he said at last, 'the clock works well, but you have got the figures on the dial wrong.' 'Surely not, your majesty,' demurred the jeweler. 'Yes, the four should be four ones.' 'You are wrong, your majesty.' 'I am never wrong,' thundered the king. 'Take it away and correct the mistake.' Vick did as commanded. The fashion was followed by others. And so to this day we have IIII, instead of IV."

"But suppose my watch had Arabic and not Roman numerals?"

"I took that chance, of course, because the larger proportion of watches have the Roman numerals. But even then I'd have had you in all probability. For there is another peculiarity about the figures which is almost universal in watches. But I will show you. Go on writing the rest of the figures."

So the customer continued and wrote down V, VI—

"Wrong again," interrupted the watchmaker.

"But—"

"Pull out your watch and see," calmly retorted the other.

Once more the watch dial was exposed to view. There was no six on it.

**Where Beggars Can Hide.**

Horses are so cheap in Auckland that pedestrianism bids fair to become extinct. The postman does his rounds on horseback. The butcher, a huge basket slung over his arm, canters up with ordered provender. Schoolboys, two frequently sharing a mount, ride to school, where a paddock is reserved for their ponies. Even the lamplighter performs his duties perched on an ambling nag, while the droves of live stock passing along the roads are always under the care of a mounted escort.

When an outdoor man is sent on an errand that would entail walking a quarter of a mile he invariably spends ten minutes in catching a horse that he may ride. But more ludicrous than all else was it to see a sweep, his attention to the kitchen chimney completed, canter off on his nag, with the bag of soot perched on the saddle before him.

As an instance of the topsy-turvy state of things antipodean it may be mentioned that it is considered smarter to drive in a hired carriage than in your own trap.

**French Their Brains Hard.**

A French investigator has come to the conclusion that the brains of military and naval men give out most quickly. He states that out of every 100,000 men of the army or naval profession 199 are hopeless lunatics. Of the so-called liberal professions, artists are the first to succumb to the brain strain, next the lawyers, followed at some distance by doctors, clergy, literary men and civil servants. Striking an average of this group, 177 go mad to each 100,000. Domestic servants and laborers are far behind them; the professional men supply 155 out of each 100,000 as candidates for the lunatic asylum. Next, but with a long interval, come the mechanics, of whom sixty-six in each 100,000 lose their wits. Wonderful to relate, commercial men retain their sanity the best of the whole group, as they send only forty-two out of 100,000 to the madhouse.

**Ancient Roman Aqueduct.**

Recent discovery in Jerusalem proves that the ancient aqueduct which brought water from Bethlehem through the Hinnah valley, was built by the emperor Severus, 195 A. D. Inscriptions to that effect have been found.

**Doubtful.**

First Crony—Let me see, didn't Strickland marry one of Old Smiley's girls?  
Second Crony—Yes.  
First Crony—By the way, though, isn't Smiley dead?  
Second Crony—He was the last I heard of him.

**GRIP'S RAVAGES**

**After-Effects Are Often Worse Than the Trouble Itself—How They May Be Avoided and Good Health Restored.**

From the Journal, Kansas City, Mo.

Following every epidemic of the grip there remains a trail of after effects which are often worse than the trouble itself and which seem to baffle all efforts of physicians. A specific, however, has been found which not only will quickly restore the health after an attack of grip and expel the lingering germs, but, working through the blood will render the system proof against the disease. In hundreds of cases it has been shown that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People have accomplished this result. One of the many recent cures is that of Mrs. J. B. Shaw, of 2101 Bellefontaine avenue, Kansas City, Mo., who says:

"When the grip was epidemic here I was one of its victims and the disease left me in a bad state. I formerly had an excellent memory, but after the attack I could scarcely remember anything. I had severe pains in the top and back of my head and was dizzy by spells. I would lie awake until nearly morning and then fall into a sleep that was not restful. My heart action was weak and I was a victim of nervousness. In fact my health was shattered by the attack of the grip and recovery seemed hopeless.

"After being afflicted in this manner for several weeks, I happened to read an advertisement of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Thinking they might do me good, I began taking them at once. In three days I was much better and could sleep like a child at night. After using a box of the pills my memory was restored and I felt greatly encouraged. I continued taking them until I had used three boxes and was in better health than I had enjoyed for several years.

"If a stamped envelope is sent for reply I will gladly answer all inquiries relating to my case."

Signed, MRS. J. B. SHAW.  
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 12th day of February, 1901.

LIONEL MOISE,  
Notary Public.  
At all druggists or direct from Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y. Price 50 cents per box; 6 boxes, \$2.50.

**A Reasonable Inquiry.**

"Have you heard from 'Old Boomerang' since she went home," asked Mr. Tucker, putting his feet on the table.

"I want you to stop calling mama 'Old Boomerang,' said Mrs. Tucker. 'What makes you call her that?'"

"Why, I was just wondering when she was coming back, that's all," answered Mr. Tucker. "You needn't get sore about it."

**COME AND GO**

In many forms  
**Rheumatism  
Neuralgia  
Lumbago  
Sciatica**

make up a large part of human suffering. They come suddenly, but they go promptly by the use of

**St. Jacobs Oil**  
which is a certain sure cure.



**WEATHERWISE AND OTHERWISE!**

**WHY DON'T YOU WEAR TOWER'S FISH BRAND SLICKER AND KEEP DRY?**

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. LOOK FOR ABOVE TRADE MARK. SHOWING FULL LINE OF GARMENTS AND HATS. A. J. TOWER CO., BOSTON, MASS.