



"SCAT," AS HE LOOKED.

Old Enoch Gray lived in the now almost forgotten town of Castaway, on the coast of Maine, and his son "Scat" lived with him. "Old Enoch was a grizzled veteran of over seventy years, a relic of the civil war, in which he had done good service as a pilot in the fleets of Dupont and Porter, but was now badly crippled by rheumatism, and the results of his fifty years' exposure to the wind and weather in all quarters of the globe. He had long been a widower, and the only one left of his numerous children was this son, christened Samuel Carter, now twenty-two years of age, and as long and lank and lonely as could be found on the entire coast. Because Samuel Carter had a kind of feline expression and from his earliest babyhood could climb like a cat, anything from the old livery pole on shore to the mast of a vessel at sea when the winds were blowing great guns, and because he had a habit of making a sort of purring sound, when about to speak, the children had first nicknamed him "Pussy," and then someone said "Scat," and "Scat" it was thenceforth. Old Enoch was the captain of one of the many pleasure boats and on the summer boarders wanted a man in whose knowledge of seamanship they had the most implicit confidence, and whose prophecies of the winds and all possible storms were so much more to be relied upon than "Old Improbabilities," as they called the Weather Bureau at Washington. If the party was to be large and the trip was to be one of the many islands and included a clam-bake and chowder dinner, "Scat" generally accompanied his father, and many stories were told of his great strength and remarkable agility, and jokes were made at the size of his immense feet. It was said his shoes were made on a special "last," and he always insisted on having the soles filled with great brass-headed nails. Castaway was in those days, and may be yet, the home of many saloons and drinking places, and the



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street bordering on the wharves was lined with them, where Jack when ashore was wont to leave not only all his hard-earned dollars, but his manliness and happy disposition, and to be transformed into a fighting and quarrelsome brute. Late on an afternoon, as Captain Gray and "Scat" were nearing their landing place, with a party of young people, Captain Dick Hardaker, full of bad gin and worse temper, staggered down to the wharf, and with deep-muttered curses watched them as they prepared to disembark. Years before Captain Dick had been one of the town's best-trusted sailing masters and most-respected representatives but on an unfortunate voyage had run his ship on the rocks and lost crew and cargo. In spite of his personal bravery and proof that the accident was unavoidable and through no fault of his, the Scotch verdict of "not proven" had been given, and he had failed to get another ship. This and the mishap itself had soured his disposition and changed him from a bluff-hearted sailor into a drunken, quarrelsome loafer. He was a man of powerful frame, standing six feet two inches in his stocking feet, and was given a wide berth by all his quondam friends and shipmates, especially when, as was most generally the case, he was under the influence of bad liquor. The two captains had been old friends, and had weathered many a gale together, but now seldom spoke. That morning Captain Dick had met the pleasure party and offered his boat and services, but his habits were well known, and his blood-shot eyes bore proof, only too plainly, of the last night's potations, which the many morning drams had failed to rectify. When ten minutes later the party engaged old Enoch, and one of the boys flippantly remarked, "No Scotch verdict or bad whiskey for us," Captain Dick turned away with an angry oath and muttered that he would take his revenge later. After the boat was tied up and Enoch and his son were leaving the wharf, preceded by his party, Captain Dick strode over, planted himself directly in front of the old man, and calling him a vile name, added: "Don't you know I always want to kill snakes and sneaks, whenever I

meet them." Captain Enoch's eyes flashed—for he himself had been a famous fighter in his day, and no man had ever doubted his courage—but he answered quietly, "Tut, tut, Captain Dick, we're too old friends to quarrel about nothing, and anyway you know my fighting days are over." "Yes, damn you, didn't I say you were a sneaking old hypocrite, and only fit to sell a lot of dudes and school girls?" "Well, I'm going to slap that grizzled old face of yours, and then perhaps you'll get up spunk enough to strike back, so I can have an excuse to throw you overboard." Cries of "shame, shame," were heard from the loungers near, for everyone loved Captain Enoch—and were beginning to hate Captain Dick—and two of the bright college boys that composed the late sailing party hastened back to do what they could to prevent the threat from being put into execution. Suddenly a sort of purring sound was heard behind them, as "Scat's" long body pushed them aside, and in his slow, hesitating, almost girl-like voice, he said: "Captain Dick, don't



THE APPARITION.

you strike my father." Captain Dick stared in stupid amazement. "Why, you young fool, clear out of my way. I've half a mind to double you up and drop you overboard, before I do the old man; get out of my way," he thundered. The pupils of "Scat's" eyes narrowed, as do those of his feline prototype when cornered by some big dog, but he stood still, seemingly uncornered and looking as ungraciously and awkward as if at a school examination. The captain started towards him, with his arm raised and his powerful fist clenched, and old Enoch hastily grabbed a club that lay on the wharf. But "Scat" said softly: "Never mind, Pap—just you watch me." Stepping rapidly backward, as the captain continued to advance, he deftly calculated the distance, and as quick as lightning threw a hand-spring. Instead of landing on his feet, he shot out those immense hobnail shoes with fearful force, landing them both full in the captain's face, cutting it to the bone in a dozen places. Captain Dick dropped as if hit by a cannon ball, without even a groan. A week later, when he slowly dragged himself from his bed, and got the first view of his swollen eyes, his broken nose, and his generally cut up and distorted features, he muttered, "What a whale of a squall must have struck us." Then opened his cabin door, walked out, and the good people of the village saw him no more.

They Worked the Fraternity.

The Grand Regent of the Royal Arcanum, of the District of Columbia, tells a story on himself, how after patiently urging, persuading and nagging, he managed to get a fellow acquaintance to join his order. This new member, says Mr. Smith—after joining was at first delinquent in paying his dues, and the great mogul of the fraternity had much trouble in getting him to pay up. After a time, much to his surprise, Mr. Smith sent his money in promptly on the day it was due; then he sent in his money two months in advance. A short time after, Mrs. Smith came into the Grand Regent's place of business and said, "Won't you please come around to see Mr. Smith, he is very ill." Of course the kind-hearted Regent went. He found Smith very ill, indeed, so sick that the physician had told him his time on earth was limited, and Smith took occasion to thank the Regent for getting him to join the order so that he might not pass away leaving his family unprotected. Smith died. His widow then beseeched the Regent to try to get her some work to do so that she might support her family. The Grand Regent was again obliging, and by hard work and an unlimited amount of red tape, got her through the civil service examination and she obtained a position in one of the Government Departments. Just before receiving her notice to go to work (about six months after her husband's demise) she appeared again at the Grand Regent's office and said: "I want to thank you for what you have done for me. I have just received my appointment, but I don't think I will take the place; I have something better. I want to ask one more favor, won't you please recommend this party's admission to your order?" "Well, now, Mrs. Smith," said the Regent, "that is something I can't do without knowing the applicant." "Oh, he is all right, I can assure you," she replied, "he's my husband."

There is one pawnshop in Paris operated by the government, where the average number of watches pawned a day is one thousand, and where on an average one thousand wedding rings are pawned each week.

At Rajputna, India, is one of the largest artificial lakes or reservoirs in the world. This reservoir, covering an area of 21 square miles, known as the Great Tank of Dhebar, is used for irrigating purposes.

DEATH IN A SNOW STORM.

An Interesting Account of a Winter Spent in the Wilds of Idaho.

Eastern people, said the old miner, as he deftly caught a live coal from the wood fire, around which we had gathered after our day's hunt in the Maine woods, and thrust it in the bowl of his pipe, have but little idea of the heavy snow falls of the Rockies and the Sierras, or what damage is often caused from the accumulated weight. I remember well, he added, hearing my father tell how in York State back in the thirties, that the fall was once so great that the men were compelled to organize relief parties to dig away the big drifts from many of the houses, and that when driving along the streets one could almost look from the level, into the second story window. But as I passed the first twenty years of my life in that town and witnessed nothing more remarkable than drifts over the top rails of fences and the temporary blocking of the scarcely-traveled back roads, I conclude those stories must have gained somewhat from the lapse of years.

He smoked rapidly and quietly for a moment, perhaps to gather his thoughts a little and resumed, "Why the fall was so excessive and continuous once in Idaho Territory upon the steep roof of our mill, that the large timber of 12x14 below which the engine had been built, was bent almost to breaking. We feared our extra weight would surely break it, but fortunately the weather changed, the warm south wind blew up the canyon and the snow below the eaves of the building settled so that we could dig under the huge mass and by night had caused a miniature snow slide and relieved the strain. I believe, however, the timber never regained its normal position. But in the mining town in the Sierras where I wintered in the early sixties, our first snow fell during October and in the morning lay four feet on the level. The storm lasted about forty-eight hours and we then had beautiful weather for several weeks. When the snow had partially melted, the frame of a ten-horse wagon, from which the wagon box had been removed, was found to be crushed to splinters, even the spokes of the wheels being torn and twisted out of all recognition. From the last of November until May, severe storms were of very frequent occurrence until, by actual measurement, the snow lay nearly thirty feet on the level. To travel any distance whatever was of course impossible, without snow shoes, and every man, woman and child became more or less of an expert. We used the Norwegian shoe exclusively, for with them the sport is fast and furious. Eleven feet long and about four inches broad, with a leather band about one-third from the toe by which the foot is firmly held by its forward pressure, the toe of the shoe gracefully turned upward, we learned to brag of them and cherish them, as the rider does his horse, as well we might, for without them we were helpless. The bottom of the shoe is made as smooth as glass and covered after each trip with a mixture of tallow and beeswax. A stout hickory pole, chosen with great care, about six feet long and with a knob on the end, is the guiding rudder, and the expert soon learns to pass near, and often between, objects where the slightest miscalculation would mean death. As the speed, down any steep mountain side, often exceeds a mile a minute, the modern cyclist or auto is not in it.

Of course in these deep snows the one story cabin of the miner would soon be buried, but care is always taken to shovel away as far as possible the accumulations that come with the earlier storms. When there are piles everywhere and shovelling becomes useless, the snow is permitted to lie where it falls and ingress and egress to the cabin is made by way of the chimney. No fires for warmth are needed, as not a breath of air can enter the cabin and none are made except such as can be kept in the large camp kettles, hung in the fire place on a crane. The chimney is kept free from snow by means of a wooden roof fitting over its top, and above it, and it is absolutely essential that between it and the roof the snow must be kept cleared away. Steps are arranged in the chimney for easy climbing and when the miner enters his cabin he stands his shoes in the snow bank a short way from the chimney, as otherwise his home could not readily be found. Once more he paused, refilled and lighted his pipe and said as if to himself, And it all happened over forty years ago.

The two Carlton brothers, veterans of the Civil War from Maine, where they claimed to have some snow storms of their own, lived in a cabin some little distance from the main street. The huge banks of snow had long since covered it and, like many others, for several weeks they had "raveled in and out of it through their chimneys. This was their first winter in these mountains and they had been often warned to keep the place below the chimney clear from snow, lest the top be covered some night and they be smothered. But they had laughed good naturedly and said they were old backwoodsmen and were not afraid. After a storm of unusual severity which had lasted several days the question was asked in the loafing room of the hotel (a big three story building where a half hundred miners made their home), if any one had seen or heard of Alf Carlton, his brother Jim having snow-shoed to an adjoining town the week before. No one had, and the former spokesman added, "Well, you know he's a tenderfoot and isn't any too careful about keeping the chimney open, as he should be."

A few minutes later the speaker rose and moving to the window (we entered and departed from the second story) said, "I reckon my boy and I will go over to his cabin. If we need any help I'll send the boy back."

About ten minutes later the boy glided up to the window, opened it and called out, "Pap says all of you come over quick, bring lots of snow shovels and a couple of blankets. Let some of the women get one of the bed rooms warm and make some hot soup and coffee." It don't take much time for us old fellows whose lives are full of tragedies and startling episodes, to get ready for almost any kind of contingency; and before the boy had stopped talking, more than two dozen strong and willing men and several of the other sex, not always the weaker sex in a mining camp, were gliding over the intervening half mile. It was a beautiful morning after the storm and in the light, crisp air of that great altitude every object stood out as clear and distinct as if all nature rejoiced, and no thought of death was possible. The green branches of the many pines were heavily weighted with the lately fallen snow, and the level expanse of Meadow Lake with its white covering glistened in the bright sunlight like an immense mirror. Not a word was spoken nor a sound heard in the still air, except the swish of our snow shoes, as we glided rapidly toward Carlton's cabin. This was built, as I have said, a little distance from the more thickly settled part of the town (although now very many of the smaller cabins were buried out of sight and upon our arrival, nothing could be seen to distinguish its position, except a huge mound of snow and the ends of two snow shoes; presumably where the chimney was. Two dozen willing hands were soon hard at work, clearing away the huge drifts, and as soon as the chimney was uncovered we found, as we feared and expected, that the space around it had been permitted to lie and harden. It was during this previous storm had rapidly filled the small space below the chimney cap, and the cabin being hermetically sealed. As soon as the opening was made, a couple of us climbed down. Poor Carlton stood, leaning against the bricks of the chimney; fully clothed, even to his blue army overcoat, and the air was thick with a close, foul odor. There were no matches in the cabin or upon his person. He had evidently slept long and soundly and realized from his sensations when he awoke and became partially conscious that he was being smothered. That he had become bewildered and had wandered aimlessly around the cabin was evident by the articles strewn upon the floor, and when he finally found the chimney, had been too weak to make the ascent and had gradually fallen into his last sleep. We judged he had been dead for forty-eight hours or more, and as the storm was raging so fiercely at that time, it is by no means certain that he could have been rescued, had his condition been known. The body was wrapped in blankets and tenderly carried to the hotel, and prepared at once for burial. The grave was dug near an old pine tree through twenty-four feet of snow, and steps had to be cut to lead down to the ground. There was no minister in the camp, but one of the women brought out a prayer book and the burial service was read and probably each one of us sent up some sort of a prayer, that he might make a happy landing on the other shore. Over a hundred men and women on snow shoes accompanied the body from the hotel to the grave, the wind singing a soft requiem as we laid the body away in that great white sepulcher and commented upon the singular fatality that had carried him safely through years of bloody strife, to at last meet his death in that strange manner 8,500 feet above his home of early days on the rock-bound shores of the Atlantic.

Briefs from Everywhere.

No intoxicants were allowed Russian prisoners in Japan. A carved war god supposed to be over a thousand years old has been found in a cave in Colorado. One ounce of radium contains power enough, if it could be utilized, to lift ten thousand tons one mile high. The Arabs claim that Eve's grave is in a cemetery at Jeddah which was closed for interments over a thousand years ago. The Denver and Rio Grande Railroad is employing Navajo Indians as section hands, finding them better workmen than South Europe laborers.

The herring is one of the most migratory of fish. They are only caught as a rule during the spawning season. Where they go to after that is not known. The new postage stamps which Japan is printing for Korea show a chrysanthemum, emblem of Japan, a plum blossom, emblem of Korea, and two pigeons, symbol of the postal service. In 1718 a French scholar named Henzoin published a work about giants, beginning with Adam, who he asserted was 123 feet 9 inches tall, Eve being only five feet shorter.

The railway scrap heap of the country last year reached the value of \$1,250,000. This was the value of picked-up coupling pins, waste paper, old nails, bolts and the like. The dress of Persian women on the street is so uniform that a man cannot recognize his own wife, mother or daughter and to lift the veil of a woman on the street in Persia is a capital offense.

The English cottagers are the most flower-loving people in the world. Many of their flowers are descended from the gardens of the monasteries established by Henry VIII. The cottagers themselves, whether they are owned or rented, descend from generation to generation and are in the true sense homes.



New Walk For Women.

From London comes startling reports of a new figure and a new pose which have been called into existence by the winter fashions. Women who have for the last year been lightly tripping in the short "trottoir" skirt have found that they must adapt their style of walking to the new order of things. A slow, languorous movement of the limbs is therefore cultivated, as being more conducive to grace when wearing the long "redingote" coat and the newly introduced princess styles. The new walk is just a little suggestive of the "Gibson girl," but in a modified form. The figure is held upright at the shoulders, with the slightest forward bend at the waist, the head is erect, the chin in and the legs swing from the hips. The correct poise is not attained all at once—according to the London Express—and at the physical culture schools, where society is now graduating in the art of how to walk in a "redingote," some very drastic orders are given. The practice of sleeping on the back or one side is fatal to the new poise. If the woman of fashion would look tall and stately she must sleep face downward, with a pillow tightly wedged under her chin in order to avoid suffocation.

Climate in the Philippines.

Major General Leonard Wood in a report to the War Department says that in his opinion there is no subject upon which more nonsense has been written than that of the bad effects of the Philippine climate on the health of officers and soldiers. Returns from California show that the value of the orange crop shipped out of that State last season was \$23,925,000. Of this sum the growers received \$14,500,000 and the railroad and refrigerator lines \$9,425,000. The average number of hairs which grow on the head of a red-haired man is a little over 20,000 hairs. Dark hair is three times as fine and the average crop is about 105,000, while a fair-haired man or woman averages from 150 to 175 thousand hairs.

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