

IN TIGHT CORNER

Trapper Tells How It Feels to Be Trapped.

Bear Hunter Experienced Uncomfortable Night in Snare He Had Prepared for Ferocious Old Grizzly.

"Old Mose" was one of the most ferocious bears in the Rockies. He was a notorious "bad actor," according to Mr. A. L. Corson in the Wide World Magazine, and foiled all attempts to shoot or trap him. Indeed, he seemed to have a charmed life.

On one occasion a man named Hancock tried to trap him. In placing the bait inside the trap, Hancock accidentally touched the trigger, and the legs came down and imprisoned him. He tried to pry the heavy timbers apart, but found that he could not shift them an inch. From one side of the trap to the other he went, unconsciously imitating the movements Bruin would have made in hunting for a weak point. All his efforts were fruitless.

The pangs of hunger were now coming, and night was near. Hancock scamped up some chips and twigs, made a fire and roasted part of the deer that he had brought to bait the trap. Being lightly dressed, he suffered keenly from the cold night air. He lay down on the ground, but suddenly he heard sniffling sounds outside and detected, by the dim light of the moon, a dark form gazing through the chinks between the logs. Hancock felt safe, although his gun was standing by a tree some distance from the trap; Mose—for it was no other—seemed to realize the fact.

Knowing his savage nature, Hancock withdrew to the other side of the trap as the big form rose up on his hind legs. He could feel the bear's hot breath surging through between the logs upon his face; and, fearing that the brute would thrust his claws in, he kept moving from side to side. Daylight came at last, and Mose trotted off. Again Hancock built a fire and cooked the rest of the deer meat. He almost decided to set one end of the trap on fire and burn his way out. But what if he were unable to control the blaze? If he could reach his rifle, he would be in a position to shoot his way out, for he had a belt full of cartridges.

His horse, tired of standing round, had long ago made for home. The next morning, the neighbors, seeing Hancock's horse in the yard, surmised that the "outlaw of the Rockies" had secured another victim. Several cattlemen started out in search of Hancock. In the middle of the afternoon they heard shooting, but at first they could see nothing.

Hancock had torn his shirt into strips, making a rope about 20 feet long. He had then tied two stones to a string about a yard long and fastened one end of the long line to the middle. Then he threw the stones out between the cracks of his prison toward the rifle. After two hours of practice he was able to drag the gun within reach. He then tried desperately to cut his way out by shooting holes through a log about a foot in diameter. Before he got very far his comrades had located the shots and released him.

Had Feared the Worst.

It is a sad thing to have to relate, but Mr. Spongedy came home the other night "wet." Not externally, but internally; he had drunk wine or spirits or beer!

With uncertain footsteps he climbed the stairs, with itchy, nervous fingers he unclenched himself, with swimming head he lay down in his bed.

Mrs. Spongedy had, however, heard his anti-cathartic tread.

Thinking to frighten him, she covered her head with a sheet and approached his bed.

Spongedy sat up in bed and gazed in wonder at the spook.

"Who is that?" he asked.

"I am a ghost!" came the answer from the sheet.

"Oh, that's all right, then: But you did give me a fright! I thought you were my wife!"—London Tit-Bits.

What He Liked.

Mr. T. had visited the D. family long enough to find that they were strong on culture but weak on comforts, such as a sufficient supply of hot water, food and even heat. One cold night he shivered in the living room while the members of the family held a discussion on their pet hobbies. One said that she "dearly loved great paintings," another professed a fondness for "great works of literature" and the third spoke eloquently on "great works of sculpture."

New Idea for Tombstone.

Austin J. Harman of Custer, Okla., has invented what he calls a "new and improved tombstone." It is designed to represent a life-size human figure standing erect. For instance, it might be a soldier. The material is galvanized iron, made hollow, so that the lower part of it may be filled with cement to make a heavier base. The body is hollow in order that, if desired, it may hold an urn containing the ashes of the deceased. As for the head, it is meant to be screwed on and may be made a likeness of the person for whom the tombstone is erected.

From The Benedictine Sisters

The following from the Benedictine Sisters, Holy Name Convent, San Antonio, Fla., is of value to every mother: "We have just received shipment of Foley's Honey and Tar. It is a household remedy. We have used it since we knew of it, for our children especially, and always found it beneficial."

Sold Everywhere.

WORLD IS FAR FROM FAMINE

Only One-Third of Its Potential Food-Producing Area at Present Under Cultivation.

Only one-third of the world's potential food-producing area is under cultivation, and the crops raised on that third, thanks to agricultural science, increase yearly.

The United States has only some 400 millions of its 935 million acres of arable land under cultivation, yet it raises, among other things, one-sixth of the world's corn supply. The farms of America raise less than half as much wheat to the acre as those of England, yet even with her present standard size could raise enough corn to meet the needs of Europe on the land that is now lying unused.

Russia produces only ten bushels to the acre of corn, but when science has access to her untold millions of acres, and brings their capacity up to the standard of our own farms, then she alone will be able to supply the world's cereal needs, with the exception of maize and rice.

Less than a third of the world's population gets what we should call three good meals a day, yet the working capabilities of the, from our viewpoint, underfed continents of Asia and Africa will compare very well with either Europe or America. The average meat consumption of the world is 39 pounds a head, yet both the Australian and the American eat nearer 180 pounds per head, and the Englishman is not far behind with about 120 pounds.

It is evident, then, that we can tighten our belts a hole or two yet without running any undue risk of starvation.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

"CRUCIFIX FISH" ODD CURIO

Figure of Man on Cross Plainly Revealed on Dried Skeleton of West Indian Product.

Joseph Reichenbach of 80 Henry street, has a curiosity in the way of a fish which throughout the West Indian country is known as the "crucifix fish," and is regarded with a mixture of reverence and awe by the natives, who throw specimens caught in their nets back into the sea and cross themselves when they come on the skull of one.

The dried skeleton of this fish shows plainly on the under side of the skull the figure of a man on a crucifix with a halo about his head. On the other side of the skull is a figure of a man with a sword bending before an altar.

Mr. Reichenbach prizes the specimen very highly. He keeps it in a little wooden box like a coffin. Formerly he was barber in the Hotel of St. George, and one day John L. Sullivan, the famous pugilist, happened in and Joe showed him a specimen of the odd fish. Sullivan was deeply impressed, and expressed a wish to have one like it, so Joe made him a gift of a duplicate of the fish.

There are other peculiarities about this fish skeleton which Joe has. When it is lifted up and shifted there is a rattling in the skull like dice rolling. Those are what are known as the "air bones."—Brooklyn Eagle.

Determining Poisonous Vapors.

In its efforts to determine the extent to which the vapors of fires are actively poisonous, the United States bureau of mines has sought vacuum-bottle samples of air from different places in burning buildings in 25 cities. Certain indications have been reported from the contents of such bottles as have been returned. Most dreaded at fires is carbon monoxide, but only one sample of air from above ground showed this gas, the quantity in that case being too small to harm when breathed a short time. The air and smoke in cellars, however, contain considerably more. The ventila-

tion giving good comfortable appearance disposes of any carbon monoxide produced, but there may be some accumulation in close places where ventilation is poor. Air charged with dense smoke was quite free from poisonous gas, the effect of such air being mechanical irritation from breathing the smoke; and the most poisonous air found was a sample containing little smoke that was taken from a poorly ventilated space among cases in a basement.

"HONOR" A THING FORGOTTEN

Prussian Officer Unable to Understand Idea of Any Obligations of Hospitality.

A typical illustration of German rule in Poland before freedom came to its people is given by Mrs. Cecil Chesterton in the New Witness. The German military authorities had issued a command to the people of Warsaw that they should furnish a list of their metals and plate, from door handles to samovars.

A German officer billeted in a Polish household, says Mrs. Chesterton, found himself lonely on Christmas day. The family was keeping the festival, and the officer sent a note asking if he might join the party. The hostess was compelled to assent, and Herr Lieut. Grunbach partook of a lavish supper. It happened that his hostess had kept back a silver samovar, which, usually secreted under the bed, on Christmas day shone forth in all its glory.

Some one suggested that it would be wiser to remove the samovar before the Herr Lieutenant entered, but the hostess insisted that he was there as a guest and not as an enemy, and that even a Prussian would respect the bread and salt. The evening following the party an unpleasant-looking man came to the house accompanied by two German soldiers. He had called to collect the samovar that the Herr Lieutenant had reported. Not only did he remove the samovar, but he assessed a fine because the law had been disobeyed.

Shortly afterward the officer asked his hostess why she avoided him. What had he done to offend her? She could no longer restrain her indignation and told him what she thought of him—to his profound astonishment. How could she blame him for doing what was obviously his duty? Hospitality entailed no obligation to furnish one's fatherland. Germany had need of samovars. What mattered else?—Youth's Companion.

REFUSE TO SURRENDER RELIC

Citizens of Little French Town of Alan Offer Lives in Defense of Stone Cow.

The famous stone cow of Alan, a little town in the Haute Garonne, France, is again the center of a fight between the peasants of the village and the Ministry des Beaux Arts in Paris. Twice the ministry has sold the cow, which dates back to the fifteenth century, and each time the

villagers have fought with pitchforks and clubs all attempts to remove it from the front of the Episcopal palace.

After the war a Paris antique dealer, knowing the history of the stone cow, persuaded the Ministry des Beaux Arts to sell it to him. Once before they sold the cow, but all the gendarmes that they could center on Alan failed to get the monument. The purchaser asserts that he will remove it and place it in front of a Parisian mansion. The peasants of Alan have again armed, and this time with modern weapons, for little of the old village is left from the shells of the Germans, and they intend to protect their relic. There is little left of the Episcopal palace, before which the cow stands, but not a shell hit the cow during the war.

Blower Recovers Waste Cement.

The bags in which cement is shipped have a considerable return value, because of the character of the material entering into the manufacture, so that all large consumers find it necessary to see that these are gathered up and returned to the cement plant.

Heretofore it has been regarded as sufficient to turn the bag upside down and shake it as a means of emptying. But recently it has been found that this method is wasteful in the extreme, and the cement is now recovered by a blower.

By this means from one and one-half to two sacks of cement are recovered per 1,000 sacks cleaned. Two men can clean 2,000 sacks a day, besides sorting, counting and bundling them. The cement recovered makes a credit to the cost of handling of about \$2.50 a day.

Finds Pleasure in Thinking.

Thinking after a while becomes the most pleasurable thing in the world. Give me a satchel and a fishing rod, and I could hie myself off and keep anybody to amuse me. It is the same way with my friend, John Burroughs, the naturalist. We can derive the most satisfying kind of joy from thinking and thinking and thinking.

The man who doesn't make up his mind to cultivate the habit of thinking misses the greatest pleasure in life. He not only misses the greatest pleasure, but he cannot make the most of himself.—Thomas A. Edison.