

HONORS OF WAR WITH BRUIN

Inexperienced Hunters Paid Dearly for Their Temerity in Attacking Bear That Was a Fighter.

It happened on the 18th ult., shortly before sunset, that some surveyors accompanied by laborers, were still surveying a field at Uyenni in Esashi-gun, Hokkaido.

While engaged in this work a bear made its appearance from a cave near by, and ambled threateningly toward the party, sprang upon one of the workmen who was in the act of running away. The man escaped with a lacerated arm and the bear was left victor, the field being cleared of its human occupants in a remarkably brief time.

The incident came to the knowledge of some local Nimrods, and some days later bruin was tracked to his lair. One of the gallant hunters fired, but there was something wrong with his gun. Unfortunately it did not go off; it went off, but in a rather irregular way, the gun being rusty and the powder damp. All these things, however, only served to enrage bruin, who attacked his enemies. The other hunter took the opportunity when the bear's attention was centered upon his companion, and fired his gun, but this weapon, too, was useless.

The bear apparently now had both men at his mercy and in a short time they were lying seemingly lifeless and mangled on the ground. A passing wall car carried the vanquished hunters to the nearest village, where one of the men seems to be on the way to recovery under treatment, but the other died of his wounds.—Hakodate correspondence Japan Advertiser.

TO REMOVE A TIGHT RING

Simple Operation Which Mothers of Youngsters Will Do Well to Remember.

A clever mother the other day taught a few onlookers a lesson that will be of practical value some day in the lives of each. The very common occurrence of a ring too small for the finger, with the resultant discomfort, was the cause of the practical demonstration.

The child had put over his chubby finger a ring, and the flesh on either side began to swell. Crying with fright, and some pain, I imagine, it ran to mother, who with the calmest manner in the world began to make preparations for removing the ring. Even while trying to comfort her offspring, she threaded a flat-eyed needle with linen which was strong but not coarse, soaped it, and passed the head of the needle under the ring. She pulled it a few inches toward the hand and wrapped the other end of the thread tightly and regularly around the finger toward the nail. She then took hold of the needle and began slowly to unwind the coil, carrying the ring along until it slipped easily from the end of the finger.

It was a painless operation; in fact, it interested the child so much that it forgot to fret. I asked the mother where she learned the trick, and she told me that she once had an experience with a tight ring, which a jeweler removed for her in just that manner.

Hobnobbing With Royalty.

While lying off Piraeus, in my sailor days, I was doing guard duty on deck in the first watch. Toward the close of the watch I was joined on my beat by a man in plain clothes, who, with a lighted cigar in his mouth, marched fore and aft the starboard side of the ship with me. In anticipation of entering Greek waters, I had read for months, and this stranger was astonished to find a common soldier so well informed on the history of Greece. I had not yet been ashore, but I had arranged to go on the following day. The gentleman, on leaving, handed me a card on which he had pencilled what I think was an introduction. I had only time to ask him his name, and he said: "George—just George." Next day I discovered that I had been hobnobbing with King George of Greece.—From "From the Bottom Up," by Alexander Irvine.

A Wagon to Fight Forest Fires.

The state forester of Massachusetts, recently inaugurated a vigorous campaign for the prevention of forest fires. In connection therewith he has had a wagon built under his supervision for fighting the fires, which is the first wagon ever constructed for this express purpose. The rear wheels are large and equipped with wide tires, while the front wheels are small, so as to allow turning in narrow places. The body is very much on the order of the ordinary chemical engine with side rails and extinguishers. The equipment includes shovels, hoses, axes, rakes, ladders and buckets.—Popular Mechanics.

Just as Easy.

Nervous Lady (on her first ocean voyage)—And, captain, what in the world would you do if your crew suddenly mutinied?

The Captain (smiling)—Simply write a "help wanted" ad. and hand it to the wireless operator.—Puck.

The Wherefore.

"Why does a tailor keep those fashion plates on exhibition? Nobody ever has a suit made to look like one of them."

"Oh, he keeps those plates on display to show us what he might have done to us."

MAIDEN AUNTS RULE FAMILY

Peculiar Custom That Prevails Among the People Who Inhabit the Banks Islands.

In at least one portion of the world the paternal aunt of a family of children is of much consequence in the scheme of family organization. That is in the Banks Islands, a part of the Melanesian Islands in the South sea, where the natives hold her in unusual esteem and give her an exalted position.

Among the inhabitants of the Banks Islands the father's sister must never be addressed by her own name by her nephew or niece, but by some special title of respect adopted by her. A visitor to the islands tells of an instance in which a woman had been reduced to tears because this mark of respect had been withheld. The mother might be spoken to strongly, emphatically, with assurance; but a man would never even take the initiative in addressing his maternal aunt, but would always wait until he had first been spoken to. It was her function to choose the man's wife, and to a very considerable extent community of goods prevailed between aunt and nephew.

In these islands there is also a unique method of determining the parentage of a child. It is determined ceremonially by the act of payment to the woman selected to look after the mother. This woman is selected by the father's sister. In the ordinary course, the actual father pays the money, but if another is more anxious than himself to own the child he may be forestalled in this payment, and lose his right to his own child. The father's sister is entitled to some of the child's milk parings, and she keeps these hidden in a leaf and hung about her neck. The possession of them has to be acknowledged by the child, who can be called upon to give a feast in his aunt's honor. After the birth of the first-born child in the island of Motlay all the women of the village come to the house with their mats and sleep there for 20 days, feasting on a different kind of food every day, which they are privileged to take from the gardens of any one, indicating an early practice of communal property.—Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

SELF-DENIAL OFTEN WRONG

Parents May Make Mistake in Carrying Effacement Beyond Limits of Common Sense.

Selflessness to a certain point is not only allowable but commendable. The mother who, meaning to be unselfish, allows her husband and children to ride over her rough-shoulder is not only preparing trouble for herself but, still worse, trouble for those whom she is spoiling day by day. She would be doing her duty more truly by her family if she remembered that she, as well as they, had certain rights which must be respected and preferences which must be honored.

A family is a little kingdom, in which the mother and father are sovereigns, who must rule wisely, rendering justice to all—themselves among the number—if the kingdom is to remain happy and prosperous. Mother, as queen, must fit herself to stand comparison with other queens, so that her growing sons and daughters may think proudly and fondly that "no other chap's—or girl's—mother is fit to hold a candle to ours."

Last Words of Daniel Webster.

The words, "I still live," were not the last spoken by Webster, nor were they spoken under the circumstances you mention. Being very weak, it was ordered by the doctor (in an undertone to the nurse) that if "he still lived at a certain time to give him another spoonful of brandy." At the time designated the illustrious patient exclaimed: "I still live," and pointed over toward the brandy. Dropping in soon after this, the doctor whispered to him the words, "Yes, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil," when Webster replied: "No, doctor, I do not fear." Then his mind seemed to wander off to some great argument, and, exclaiming: "Show me the point, show me the point," he passed away.

Joke on Famous Soldier.

Field Marshal Sir Evelyn Wood, perhaps the most brilliant soldier of his day, hardly looks the part in mufti. One day he was at Aldershot railway station in plain clothes, unattended by an A. D. C., when a smart young private came along. "Why don't you salute me, young man?" said the general, in his suave, off-duty tones. "Because I don't know who you are," said Tommy. "I am Sir Evelyn Wood," was the response. "Yah," said Tommy Atkins, "if Sir Evelyn heard you say that, 'e'd punch your 'ead for you!"

H. C. of L.

"Yes, sir," said the salesgirl, "ready has gone up a quarter on the pound."

Regretfully the young man walks away and calls at another shop.

"Yes, sir," explains the salesgirl there, "flowers have gone up this week. Roses are a dollar more on the dozen."

With a doleful look the young man leaves the shop, murmuring to himself: "The higher cost of loving will work many hardships."—Judge.

TOOK MESSAGES FROM SEA

"Uncorker of Ocean Bottles" Was Post Comparatively Recently Done Away With.

A curious English post, now abolished, was that of the uncorker of ocean bottles, created during the reign of Elizabeth. It owed its existence to an odd incident, in that, extraordinary as it may seem, the first news to reach England of the Dutch taking Nova Zembla came by "bottle post."

The story runs that one day a fisherman on the sands near Deal picked up a bottle, which in due time was laid before the lord high admiral of England. When opened a parchment setting forth the news just mentioned was found. When this was shown to the queen, Elizabeth was so struck by the circumstance that she at once decreed that for the future all sealed bottles cast up by the sea were to be dispatched to the lord high admiral, whose property they should become, under the designation of "sea prizes." To impress this decree upon the minds of all, especially fishermen and those dwelling on the sea coasts, Queen Bess characteristically enough intimated that neglect to comply with the royal command would mean the gallows.

In this fashion came about the office of the uncorker of ocean bottles, who alone had the right to open the bottles cast on the coast of the kingdom. Thomas Tomfield was the first Englishman to fill this post, and the records show that during one year he opened 52 bottles, fasks, flagons, and other ocean messengers, containing all sorts of news touching on matters of the sea. This office endured till the time of George III., by whom it was abolished.

WATER CARRIED 350 MILES

Supply for Miners of an Interior Australian Gold Field Is Conveyed Far.

In the early days of the western Australian gold fields water was more precious than gold. There was very little to drink and none to wash in.

But the whole field lies on a salty soil and very soon after the first rush vast condensers were working to produce distilled water. But this was at best a miserable makeshift, and at last a great enterprise was set on hand to give the new population of the fields a satisfactory water supply. It is a scheme that any country might be proud of having put through.

A practically limitless supply of water is conserved by a weir 23 miles from Perth and thence to the gold fields, a distance of 350 miles; it is carried in steel pipes, 5,000,000 gallons of it a day, and distributed everywhere it is wanted. You see the great 30-inch pipe running alongside the railroad and your way up to Kalgoolie and every now and then pass a pumping station with a little settlement round it in the heart of the bush.

This was the last great attack on nature's defense of her treasure and now she has capitulated and is yielding up gold at the rate of millions a year.

Machine Prints Grain on Wood

Another class of craftsmen who have commanded high wages now have competition in a machine. These are the wood grainers, and the veriest tyro of an apprentice can now grain wood as well as the best of them by means of the invention of two Pennsylvanians. This device consists of a metal frame, over which is stretched a wide band of rubber, stamped with a graining design. Resting on this rubber band is an ink roller, and on the roller is a distributing brush, which supplies the ink from a reservoir connected with it. After a board has been varnished this apparatus is drawn over it. The rubber band revolves and leaves a clear, accurate design printed on the wood, giving an imitation of graining that is difficult to tell from the real thing. The whole operation requires only a minute or two, and there are no false strokes to guard against, thus insuring better work than hand work in a much shorter period of time.

Historic Scottish Town.

The town of Dunfermline is famous among other things for having been the birthplace of Dr. Andrew Carnegie, to give the multimillionaire his Scottish title. Seeking to add to its fame the town invited Mr. Roosevelt to pay it a visit. Since the institution by Mr. Carnegie of the American and British hero fund the relationship between Dunfermline and the United States has become closer. Inasmuch as Mr. Carnegie's birthplace has provided the trustees and it is the center from which the awards are made. Moreover, the United States supplies the principal outlet for the staple industry of Dunfermline. But for America's custom in Dunfermline damask productions more than half the looms of the town would be standing idle.

Calcutta's Population.

Calcutta is very much like London in that it possesses an enormously larger population by day than by night. Like London, too, this day population has increased rapidly since the middle of last century. In 1861 it numbered 170,133; in 1891 it was over 300,000, and today it is probably 100,000 more. To correct possible statistical misrepresentation the corporation is proposing to hold a "day census" shortly after the taking of the general one.—Calcutta Statesman.

MISCHIEF OF THE IDLE WORD

Great Majority of Mankind Have Habit of Speaking Before They Think.

Once in a while a disconcerting person is to be met who thinks before speaking, and the encounter upsets all one's former calculations. If one's remarks are to be weighed before being answered it will necessitate a complete reformation of one's remarks. We will substitute the one we throw off for one more worthy of inspection. The longer the judicial weighing continues the more we wish to retract what we said. It was uttered under a mistaken idea of the treatment it was to receive. We must have it back. When the considered answer comes, though it may be the simplest of agreements, it comes as a blow, so taut has been our suspense. The retort thoughtless, though not mentioned in Touchstone's list, is the one we know best and meet on every intimate terms. It is less of a strain on all concerned. People who think before speaking seem to be taking life so hard. It is serious, yes, but not precisely a thing to be given undue attention to. When our chatter is listened to over attentively we are sufficed with remorse. It is like the regret that comes from teasing a baby who proved not frolicsome. We are repentant and cry woefully: "Ah, but I didn't mean it. I had no idea you'd mind." And nothing but a long period of intelligent silence restores us to our own good graces.

MADE WITH THREE CORNERS

Saucepans That Are Devised for Using All the Heat From One Stove Hole.

"Three-cornered saucepans," the salesman said, "are devised for economy's sake with a view to the complete utilization of the heat from one stove hole.

"Of course you could put three round saucepans close together, each partly over the hole, but still with saucepans of such shape you could get only a limited area of each over it and at the same time with a considerable area of the hole uncovered there would be much of the heat scarcely used at all. Now with three-cornered saucepans the case is different.

"You can use to advantage three of these on one hole by closing their noses in together. Made in this shape there are no spaces between them, as there would be between round saucepans. The triangular saucepans fit snugly together, thus bringing a larger area of each over the hole and at the same time utilizing the heat completely."

Music and Health.

"Music washes away from the soul the dust of everyday life" by luring the thoughts away from such cares. In really listening to music we cease to think conscious thoughts, and the subconscious mind reigns, giving rest and asserting its recuperative powers as in sleep. Too much of music, active or passive, results in mental imbalance, even as too much of sleep results in abnormality. Musical biography presents very many instances of mental unbalance—a usurpation of power by the subconscious and the overthrow of reason which resides in the conscious. Here is the old problem of the mystic in another guise, and as in his case so here—judgment must prevail and reason must not be dethroned, however far intuition may be developed.

For most of us, however, no such grave dangers lurk in the development of our musical abilities and we shall find ourselves better physically, more acute mentally, more elevated spiritually for having studied and listened.—The Nautilus.

Comet Prevented Elopement.

The comet was the innocent cause of preventing an elopement of a couple of young lovers in Anderson the other morning. It had been arranged by the couple to elope at three o'clock in the morning and it happened that the father of the girl got up at that hour to see the comet.

Much to his surprise—and to the girl's too—he found his daughter dressed, with a suit case packed. At first she demurred at telling him the truth, but pretty soon a buggy drove up to the gate, and then the father guessed a good deal that his daughter had fallen to tell him. The elopement was prevented and now the disappointed lovers blame the comet for it all.—Anderson Intelligencer.

Wanted to Make Sure.

"One of my pensioners" wrote me a remarkable letter recently," says former Sheriff Leek. "All present and past city and county officials have 'pensioners'—men who have rendered some service and who do not hesitate to ask for a little help occasionally.

"In the letter my old friend made a touching appeal for \$10. After enumerating the hard things he was up against, he said:

"It is imperative that I have the money tomorrow. If by any chance this letter fails to reach you, let me know at once and I will send you another."—Cleveland Leader.

The Only Inducement.

Mr. Silmpurse (after a decided refusal)—I know what the matter is. It's because I am poor. You would marry me if I were rich.

Miss Gattie (thoughtfully)—Perhaps so, but you would have to be very, very rich.—New Orleans Picayune.

GENIUSES THAT WENT BROKE

Financial Acumen Has Not Always Accompanied Possession of Great Ability.

The parallel case of Sir Walter Scott naturally comes to mind when one reads how Mark Twain lost his life's savings in the collapse of the publishing house in which he had invested them. There is, however, a close parallel nearer our own time, but not so well known. Twice in his career Sir Arthur Sullivan, after building up a tolerable fortune, was placed in the same unenviable position as was Mark Twain when, in 1895, his "rainy day" balance disappeared in the failure of a concern in which he was interested. And the famous composer met financial disaster with the same equanimity as did the author.

By far the greater of the two financial disasters which overtook Sullivan happened in 1882, and the news reached him under very dramatic circumstances. In that year "Iolanthe" was produced, and, as usual, its composer conducted the first performance. On the day fixed for the production the bankruptcy was announced of the firm in whose keeping Sir Arthur had entrusted all his securities, and he news of the crash reached the composer just as he was setting out for the theater. "In a moment," says Mr. Lawrence, his biographer, "the result of the work of a lifetime and of economy had been swept away.

From the monetary point of view, he had to make a beginning all over again. But, unmoved by his ill fortune, he conducted the first performance of 'Iolanthe' that night."

BIRD SPEAKS THREE TONGUES

"Timothy," a Myna From India, Talks French, English and Japanese.

There is a guest at the Wolcott, a hotel in New York, who is literally a bird, a myna bird. His name is Timothy and he came originally from Newport, a mountainous district of Northeastern India. Timothy is owned by Mrs. Childs of Rochester. He was found in Singapore three years ago in a little bazaar kept by a Chinaman.

He had not many feathers then, but Mrs. Childs, who was making a trip around the world, heard him speak and promptly bought him. Since then he had traveled with her in Europe, Egypt, Palestine and wherever she has gone. He is about a foot long, with a slender body, the upper part of which is purple, and the tail is iridescent with purple, green, and most of the colors of the rainbow. He has a long pinkish beak, the top of his head looks like velvet, and at the back of his neck are two bright yellow wattles that give the effect of a collar.

Timothy's vocabulary has a wonderful range, covering parts of three languages, English, French and Japanese. His voice is not at all like that of the common parrot, for he usually affects a deep bass.

Thirty Miles Per Hour Rabbit's Limit.

The crew laying out the trail for the Glidden tour in June discovered a new sport. A repeating shotgun is carried in the tonneau of the car and as Jackrabbits pop out and sprint along the roadside Dal H. Lewis, the American Automobile association scout, and his companions take turns in shooting at the long-eared game.

Rabbits are a pest in Kansas, but a jack travels at the rate of 30 miles an hour and to hit one from a car going at the same rate is some trick, so the pathfinders will not thin the ranks to any great extent. They have several traps to their credit, however, and it makes the miles spin faster to be on the lookout for game.

Lewis is the authority for the speed of a jack rabbit. He says he has tested them out with a car on prairie roads, and that after the 30 miles pace is reached they begin to lag.

Dropping Noms de Plume.

The fact that the name of Mark Twain was familiar to many thousand persons who never heard of Samuel L. Clemens recalls the decay of the pseudonym. In the days when the humorist adopted as a pen name the call of the Mississippi river boatmen it was most common for writers to use the nom de plume, as it has come to be called. "Artemus Ward," "Philander Slick," "Estrolemur V. Nasby," "But Lovingood," "Orpheus C. Kerr," "Pannoy Fern," "John Phoenix," were only a few of the names assumed by writers in this country 40 or more years ago. Now few contemporaries use the pseudonym. "Octave Thorne" is Miss French calls herself, is nearly the only example of its survival.

Old Ammunition at Gettysburg.

Bullets, 850 in number, were unearthed several days ago at Gettysburg by workmen who were excavating for the new Tawneytown road. It is believed that they belonged to the Pennsylvania reserves and were dropped off the ammunition wagon during the quick movements of the day in the battle of 1863. The bullets were found some distance from Mead's headquarters.

It All Depends.

Little Willie—Say, pa, what is the difference between investigating and meddling?

Pa—It depends altogether on who is doing it, my son. If you meddle with the affairs of your neighbor it's investigating; but if he investigates your affairs it's meddling.

NO FENCE CAN STOP HER

Much Ingenuity Exercised by Girl Who is Fond of Outdoor Recreation.

A certain young woman who is much given to country delights is especially fond of walking. Now, walking through a lovely lane with sunbeams sifting through breeze-swayed leaflets is a delight to anybody, even the most conventional soul, but walking through the really truly country, encountering everything from wire fences to bulls, is quite another story.

But even the fences have no terrors for this young woman; she has been "out" several years. How does she manage it? Why she first sizes the fence up. Fences are but two sorts, generally speaking, rail and wire, and they may be negotiated in just three ways. If there be a convenient opening, this expert naturally crawls through. A close-set rail fence is usually but a walkover.

And how will you take this one?" asked the writer as the expert came to a wire fence with the wires closely stretched, the lowest one seeming to be about eight inches from the ground.

"Easy," laughed the slender expert, tossing herself at full length beside the fence. Then she grasped the lowest wire, raised it as much as she could, and, at the same moment deftly rolled under. In another moment she was standing, smiling, as if nothing unconventional had happened.

BETRAYED BY HIS BOOTS

How Expert Shoemaker Gets to Be a Judge of His Customers' Qualities.

"I am looking for somebody who can read Italian," said the city salesman. "I want him to go around to the shoe maker's shop and see what the cobbler has written on my shoe lasts. He's got my whole pedigree down there and I am anxious to find out what it is. That is one way the peculiar genius of my shoemaker manifests itself. He reads men's characters by the shoes they wear. There is nothing so remarkable in that, for lots of other people claim to be able to do the same thing, but those other character readers don't jot down their conclusions in indelible ink on the lasts of a fellow's boots.

"My Italian does. He has many regular customers. The lasts are all filed away like documents in a lawyer's office, and on each is written Raffaele's deductions as to the owner's virtues and shortcomings. If a fellow is crooked that is almost as ticklish as being in the rogues' gallery. There ought to be good material there for the police to work on in case any of us should be wanted. I tried to get Raffaele to tell me what he had scored up against me, but he refused. That is why I am on the lookout for an Italian scholar."—New York Times.

Rhubarb.

While rhubarb has been cultivated in this country since 1573, it is only lately that it has been grown as a substitute for fruit. The early cultivation of the plant was altogether for the sake of the root, which was used to prepare the medicinal rhubarb. As regards the date of the introduction of the rhubarb into this country we may note that E. Holmes in the "Encyclopedia Britannica" states that it "was introduced into England through Sir Matthew Gaster, physician to Charles I. gave seed obtained by him in 1634 to the botanist Parkinson."

The rhubarb of our native Siberia and the Volga and its name really of Russian origin. The ancient name of the Volga was the Rha and the name came to be applied to the root of the plant imported from thence. So the Romans called it Rha barbarum, the foretold root. From this come the French rhubarbe and the English rhubarb. During its cultivation in this country many new varieties of rhubarb have been raised from seed.—The Field.

Wiles of Feminine Mind.

"One of the meanest ways of getting a seat in a crowded car came to my attention a while ago," said a man who uses the subway every day, according to the New York Sun. "I was sitting near the door. At fourteenth street two girls entered. I heard one whisper to the other: 'Say, Grace, limp and somebody'll think you're lame and give you a seat.' The girl spoken to did affect a limp, but it didn't go at all. They stood in front of me and they stood all the way to One Hundred and Fifty-seventh street too. Hence that day I've watched for such tricks and now every time I give up my seat to a woman I fear that I'm being taken in by some such game."

Ambitious Boy.

"Mother," said little Willie Sellers, "may I go down to the levee a while?"

"What do you want to go down there for, Willie?" asked his mother.

"I want to hear the roustabouts swear."

"No, indeed! You stay at home. How did you ever happen to think of such a thing?"

"Well, you see, ma, I've already learned all the cuss words Mrs. Pumper's parrot knows."

All Wise to It.

Most any woman will tell you it is easier for them to hook a man than it is for him to hook a dress.—St. Louis Star.