

## THE HUSKING BEE.

A country-club member went out to the farm  
An old-fashioned husking to see.  
And there he met Sue,  
Who, without much ado,  
Consented his partner to be.

At touch of her fingers the ears all turned red,  
A forfeit of course was he paid;  
He knew what to do,  
And so did she, too,  
In spite of her innocent way.

That chumman will tell you that huskings are great,  
With red ears sufficiently stocked,  
It must have been true  
The times he kissed Sue,  
For the corn was outrageously shocked.

—New York News.

## JOSIAH THE CLAIM-JUMPER

JOSIAH GODBOLT was new to the Shasta hills. He was new to any hills, and, of course, he was new to the mines. He was new to everything western, and new to almost everything not relating directly or indirectly to the swamp lands of the Mississippi, where boys grow so fast into human saplings that by the time they are stubby of chin their legs are long enough for them to stride away, or to the locomotion of a St. Louis street car. Godbolt had been a conductor on a street car until that eventful day when his car collided while he was engaged in helping a small girl with her basket, and he was discharged. He had had wages due him sufficient to pay his fare to California, which seemed the place most distant from the scene of his yielding to a weakness. Hither he had come in a hurry. But Josiah knew, or, to be precise, he "allowed" that he wanted a copper mine. As he had no snug fortune with which to buy one, his recourse was to discover a new ledge and plaster his notice of location upon it. These are delights upon the trail along which Fate led Josiah to Pete Barclay.

Barclay was a tenderfoot—nearly twenty years before Josiah was born. Four decades he had spent in getting into such close and fortune-hunting communion with the "likely spots" of the Sierra Nevada and the Coast Range, that he had really become a part of the mountains. He was so gray and weathered, and so perfectly attuned to the surroundings, that he could squat among the little boulders on a Shasta hillside and a jack-rabbit might hop over and scratch its back against a corner of him without noting the difference. Fortune had not always been mean to him, and if he was forever at the ebb it was mainly because, like all chronic prospectors, he knew a good deal more about hunting for mineral than about using it after he found it. Once, at Cherokee, he took out nuggets as large as buzzards' eggs; at Oak Bar he plied down a bank which washed ten thousand dollars in ten days, and a week later, in a gambling house—but that is not this story.

Josiah Godbolt, tired of mucking at the Iron Mountain, and resolved to make a find for himself, drew his stipend and went to Redding. Pete Barclay, driven away from the high altitudes of Coffee Creek by the flying snow, was in town with the price of four weeks' living used out of his shallow dust-sack when he met Josiah in the Blue Goose resort. "You're fresh enough from nowhere to have some greenhorn luck with you," commented Barclay. "You're long enough on the belt to teach me how to find a copper mine," was Josiah's theory. And so the partnership was formed.

Barclay did know of a copper prospect which seemed large enough to meet the ideas of the young Missionary, to say nothing of his own hopes, now modified by experience. He knew where a streak of half worn out red pit ran through a ravine and over a hilltop, back from Copley, within rifle-shot of the great Balakiala. This red vein meant more than an iron cropping, of that he was certain. On the Fourth of July, when every miner of the section had gone to Redding for the celebration, he had improved the unwatched opportunity to pick into the vein where the hill sloughed away, and he had found copper sulphurets. The obstacle which prevented Barclay from taking up the two claims which the red streak crossed was that they already bore the location notices of Henry Flatfoot, half-breed, drunkard and fighter. The half-breed had been keen enough to see that there was value there, but too lazy to get down to it, or even to do his assessment work, required by law. Pete Barclay had waited his opportunity. In another night the year would expire, and with it the location notices of the half-breed. The first man upon the spot after the hour of midnight could re-locate those two valuable claims. The surest way was for a man to be on each of the claims exactly at twelve o'clock to tear down Flatfoot's notices and post new ones of their own. This was what Pete Barclay had in mind in taking a partner.

An old miner and a young one dropped from the cachose of the afternoon freight train at Copley, and slung down their packs while they went in to patronize the bar, which constituted half the town. The older miner was careful to explain to the dispenser of refreshments and the loungers in the place that he and his companion were going to the Balakiala to work. "Seeing you've got jobs, it ain't worth mentioning," said the proprietor, "but I remember that one who's a-gambling in

the back room now, says he's willing to pay big for somebody to go up the hill with him to-night and keep some old claim or other from being jumped." The remark was not lost upon Josiah Godbolt, and as he toiled after Barclay along the trail, winding up hillside and around little peaks, sometimes under trees and usually through dense chemise, he asked: "Will this Flatfoot party try to interfere with us to-night, do you reckon?"

"You'd better save your wind to get up these hills, instead of wasting it asking questions," answered old Pete; "and besides, a pine tree, such as you be, with a six-shooter handy, ought to be able to bluff off a half-breed, anyway." It was while they were cooking supper in a secluded spot in the ravine, just below the first of the claims they had come to operate upon that night, that Josiah learned more of Henry Flatfoot. It would seem that he must be the boss bad citizen of Shasta County. Barclay told Josiah that the half-breed had shot at many men in various fights, had stabbed one or two, and bore the record of his encounters in scars over his body and a long knife mark across his left cheek. "He served a term in San Quentin," went on Barclay, ruminating. "It was after he tried to hold up the Heiler stage, up you way, and was shot in the shoulder. They chased him for five days. He was so near petered out that he even threw away his gun, or some of them wouldn't have been so hot to overtake him. At last they caught him in a deep cave on the McCleod, and how do you 'pose they knew he was back in the dark hole? It was by the shine of his eyes; they were just like an animal's."

It was very dark in the hills at nine o'clock. At that hour, Pete Barclay stationed Josiah Godbolt beside the scrub-oak upon which Henry Flatfoot's location of the claim was posted, with the instruction that when he could feel both hands of his big silver watch, from which the crystal had been removed, pointing straight upward, he was to tear down the half-breed's notice and tack up their own as noiselessly as possible. Then he was to stand guard beside the sign of their possession until morning. Pete would do the same on the other claim.

"And what if somebody comes snoring around here and wants to clean me out?" asked Josiah.

"Well, the law gives a man the right to defend his property in the certainest way he knows how, and that's my best gun you've got in your belt there," replied Pete, as he felt his way into the little trail which led to the other claim, half a mile away over the hill.

Josiah found his vigil growing tedious rapidly. He feared to move about in the darkness, lest he should lose the tree, and he had been advised not to disclose his presence to chance prowlers by striking a light. For the same reason he checked a half-involuntary impulse to whistle. He hid to the ground, with his back against the tree, and occupied himself with thinking over all he had heard about the half-breed, who would own the very ground upon which he was sitting for more than two hours to come. Suppressing Henry Flatfoot should take a notion to visit the claim while it still belonged to him? Who would be the intruder then, and on whose side would the law be? Josiah moved his big foot, and the cracking of a twig beneath it startled him and set his heart to beating.

The darkness was so intense that Josiah could see as little with his eyes open as with them shut. He could not see the hand on his crooked-up knee, and he could not see his right hand, which, somehow, seemed comfortable only when it rested upon the butt of the revolver swung loosely in his leather belt. Many the night when he had followed the dogs at a run in the bottoms along the Mississippi until the 'possum was treed and the axes could be swung to fell the perch, but he had not supposed that a night, when neither snow nor rain was falling, could be as dark as this. Clouds hid every star. In shifting his position he was delighted to discover a glow-worm. He seized the insect, and drawing up his cowhide shoes, smeared phosphorus on the toe of each. He could now follow the motion of his feet when he moved them, and he felt more collected.

With limbs numb from sitting so long in this posture, Josiah pulled out his watch in haste. Surely it was already past midnight. The long hand was undoubtedly pointing straight up, but an angle separated the short hand from it. It was eleven o'clock. If Henry Flatfoot were coming to try to

the next hour. Josiah tried to keep thoughts of the desperate Indian out of his mind. The night had been very still. Suddenly the brush crackled slightly. Josiah found when all was silent again that he had unconsciously risen to his feet and was supporting himself with one hand against the tree while in the other he gripped his revolver. It was only a rabbit moving in the chemise, of course. He restored the weapon to its place and sank down again. After a time a sound in the brush off to the other side set him a-quiver again, but he convinced himself that only a toad could make such a wee noise, though it had sounded loud enough at first. When a strange night bird cried out he did not move or touch his gun, and he told himself that he had banished his silly fears. The night was cold, but somehow he did not feel the chill.

During the last half-hour before midnight, Josiah held his watch on his palm, and with his fingers followed the long hand as it mounted the dial. Anybody would know that if the half-breed Henry Flatfoot were coming to prevent his location notice from being torn down, he would not have waited until so late to come.

Josiah could feel his palm perspiring beneath the cold case of the watch when at last both hands were squarely upon the figure twelve. In a moment he was upon his feet ripping the half-rotten cloth sign from its place upon the tree. The new piece of cloth a foot square he spread against the trunk, whether right side or wrong side to the bark he neither knew nor thought, and began to drive tacks with his heavy pocket-knife. The sound of the hammering was like the thundering of a stamp-mill to him, and yet his ears caught that cautious sound in the chemise. He dropped his knife and drove the rest of the tacks with the sheer strength of his callous fingers. Then he dropped to the ground upon his knees and waited.

The quiet was absolute. Yet Josiah knew that the sound he had heard was not made by a rabbit or by a toad. Something a good deal larger than either had moved in the brush within a hundred feet of him. He was on his own ground now, but somehow he was more nervous than before. Tense, he waited. At last it came again, just as he knew it would. Something or somebody was moving slowly toward the little clearing, in the midst of which was the tree beneath which he crouched. Two steps, three steps, the thing would stop, wait in silence, and then come on. With his long pigtail across his knees and gripped tightly, Josiah bent forward. The sound was most like that which a man would make in crawling. Only one man on earth could have any reason to approach that lonely spot by stealth at that hour of the night, and that man would be Henry Flatfoot, the half-breed desperado, coming to see whether the notice by virtue of which he had held this mining claim had been disturbed. The sounds were repeated, and again ceased. Another sound broke the hush: "Henry Flatfoot, the law is now on my side; you'd better go back—so help you Gawd!"

There was a light commotion in the chemise. Perhaps the unseen had heeded the warning, and was now retreating. But in another ten seconds the steps came on again.

Upon the strained gaze of Josiah there burst two balls as of yellow fire. They dazzled him even as his senses told him what they must be. Such eyes as those burning out of the darkness there into his own, Josiah Godbolt had never dreamed existed, and he knew negro superstitions like a book. The hellish eyes were growing into the size of full moons, and they seemed to be coming, coming.

Silence, awful, ominous; then a pistol shot rang out. Two screams succeeded almost on the instant. One shrill cry was from Josiah, who had fired, the other from the spot where the eyes had vanished, and the brush crackled as with a heavy body plunged back into it.

When, just as daylight was chasing away the last shadow, Pete Barclay stepped from the trail into the clearing where he had left his partner, the spectacle which met him caused him to stop and utter a characteristic exclamation. In a heap upon the ground by the tree was Josiah. His face was white and drawn almost past recognition. His eyes were bleared and teary. In both hands his pistol was clutched, and it was held ready for instant use. Barclay moved up to him and gently wrenched away the weapon. "What in the name of all the ghosts has happened to you, Jo?" he asked, with a tenderness of which no one would have suspected him.

"Over there," whispered Josiah, pointing.

"What's over there, the ghosts?"

"The half-breed," piped Josiah. "Lord Gawd, I had to kill him." He sank his head upon his knees.

Pete Barclay went over to where the brush was beaten down, and peered into the thicket. There, lifeless, lay a gaunt, ugly form. Josiah had shot the panther squarely between the now half-closed eyes.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Gratitude.

"Do you expect your subjects to hold you in any sort of affection or esteem?" said the pearl of the baram.

"I don't know why not," rejoined the Sultan. "It seems to me that the people I have not massacred ought to be right grateful for being overlooked."

—Washington Star.

A man who is a gentleman only by the grace of his tailor doesn't count for much.

A full dress suit enables a \$400 clerk to pass himself off for a \$1,000 waiter.

## Science AND INVENTION

The birds of Lapland are reported by H. Goebel to number 138 species. Of these 133 certainly breed in that country, thirty-four probably do so, seventeen are stragglers and six winter visitors, one is an ocean species and seven are seen only in the Solovetski Islands.

A novel watch in Zurich is in the form of a ball which moves imperceptibly down an inclined plane without rolling. There is no spring the sliding giving motion to the hands, and the trip from top to bottom of the inclined surface, a distance of sixteen inches, requires twenty-four hours. The ball is then lifted again to the top.

The Highland Railway Company of Great Britain announces that it has completed arrangements for telephonic communication between trains and stations on its line, thus not only greatly lessening the danger of wrecks on the road but also enabling its passengers to communicate with friends and business associates while traveling from place to place.

A tree using aluminum almost to the exclusion of other mineral elements has been reported in New South Wales by H. G. Smith, of Sydney. It is known botanically as *Orites excelsa*, R. Br., and the aluminum is deposited as a basic silicate. Other flowering plants show only a trace of aluminum, although it seems to serve as a food of cryptogams.

Jugo Halberger, of Munich, Germany, has found that when an electric current is sent into the earth by thrusting one of the terminals into the ground, the worms and snails within a radius of six feet or more crawl out and get away from the affected area. Their behavior seemed to him to indicate that they were distressed by the electricity, and he suggests that the remarkable effect of an electric current in stimulating the growth of plants may be really due to the extermination of parasites about their roots, rather than to a directly beneficial influence upon the plants themselves.

A comparison between the heating properties of acetylene and coal gas shows that the heat units developed per cubic foot are 1550 and 620, respectively, the temperature of the acetylene flame being about 2,000 degrees Fahrenheit. With an acetylene burner consuming two cubic feet of gas per hour a quart of water was brought from a temperature of about 50 degrees to the boiling point in under eight and a half minutes. Under similar conditions it required ten and a quarter minutes for the illuminating gas to accomplish the same results, though the burner used sixteen cubic feet of gas per hour.

King Menelik of Abyssinia, proposing to take advantage of the scientific methods of mining coin which prevail in the civilized world, has just imported from Germany an outfit of machinery for his mint, which is to be set up at his capital, Addis Ababa. The last stage of the long journey of this machinery will be by caravan, and a month will be occupied in thus transporting it from the nearest railway station. It is said that Menelik, who for several years has had a limited silver coinage circulation in his kingdom—the coins were struck for him in France—has accumulated more than 110,000 pounds of gold bullion, besides a still larger amount of silver, awaiting the arrival of the minting-machines.

### DISCOVERY OF RADIUM.

It is a Product of Pitchblende—Its Effect on the Body.

No one, not even Mme. Curie, the discoverer, has yet seen radium in a pure state, says Theodore Waters in Everybody's Magazine. It has been possible to obtain it so far only in combination with other material. It is judged by the effect of its properties, which are truly remarkable. It is a product of pitchblende, which is found deep in the earth. The quantity already found is so small that the figurative price of a gram has been placed at \$10,000. It may be that there are large quantities of it stored under the surface somewhere, but the man who found a quantity of it in a state of anything like purity would probably not live to tell the tale. The particles which fly from it are charged with electricity, and at night it shines forth with a phosphorescence which has been shining since the beginning of all things, and which will go on shining until the final extinction of all matter. A small quantity of it in the possession of M. Curie has caused the most painful blisters when brought in contact with the skin. A small particle of radium salt was sealed in a glass tube, placed in a pasteboard box and tied to Prof. Curie's sleeve for an hour and a half. It produced a suppurating sore, which did not heal for over three months. Prof. Curie thinks that a person entering a room containing a pound of radium would be blinded.

The first suggestion toward the discovery of radium came when a western college professor demonstrated the fact that many common substances have the power of storing up sunlight and emitting it again at night. Common sugar is the most luminous of these substances. Not only does the sugar emit light at night, but the discoverer was able to take photographs by means of it in an otherwise perfectly dark room. Among the substances tried with the sugar was uranium, an ore which, as Becquerel discovered, does not need sunlight to enable it to give

off radiations, but which emits them spontaneously all the time, night and day. Following the lead of Becquerel, Mme. and M. Curie made an exhaustive examination of the pitchblende, which was radio-active. It was a task of endless separations, of continual dividings, of constant assaying, until at last nothing was left but the salt that is now known as radium salt.

The material possibilities of radium are enormous. Among many suggestions as to the outcome are: The transmutation of metals; the making of gold no less, solving the problem of light without heat, the perfection of wireless communication, the cure of certain phases of blindness, new sources of heat, and, since it would now seem that there is, after all, but one substance in the world (which appears to our untutored sense to assume various forms merely because each form contains a special number of particles to the atom, chemistry may undergo such a rejuvenation as will result in the most unheard-of discoveries.

Already a hypothesis has been worked out to the effect that the emanations from radium and kindred substances are on a par with the rays which go to make up the aurora borealis. It is, in fact, thought quite possible that the aurora is merely cathode or Roentgen rays on a gigantic scale, and the phenomenon of Roentgen rays is analogous to that of radium rays. Out of this has come the suggestion that we may soon be able to predict weather changes with greater accuracy than heretofore. The bearing of the discovery on astronomical speculation also is important.

### IN OLD DAYS OF THE BUSES.

A Philadelphia Man's Collection of the First Tickets.

It is odd to think of a common exchange ticket having a greater commercial value than one trolley fare, and yet E. H. D. Fraley, of this city, has a collection of somewhat similar coupons that he would not sell for very nearly the cost of an entire line of street cars. For they are none other than genuine tickets for the first line of omnibuses ever operated in Philadelphia.

When Mary Deschamp inaugurated, in the early '30s, the first Philadelphia bus line, she stood supreme in a vast and unlimited field. She was French, as her name indicates, and when still young in her business career linked both her financial and matrimonial fortunes with an enterprising fellow countryman, Joseph Glénats. The business prospered amazingly, and was extended so frequently that Glénats became universally known as the "Napoleon of omnibuses."

The Napoleons and his wife soon had over 200 buses in operation on most of the principal streets of the city. The starting point for all the routes was the old Merchants' Exchange, now the reconstructed Stock Exchange, at Third, Dock and Walnut streets. All the business life of Philadelphia centered at that place, and from there all the buses started, at half-hour intervals, their trips northward on Second, Third, Fourth, Fifth and Sixth streets. The upper end of the route was usually Poplar street, and the stable was located at Beach and Poplar streets.

The Deschamp-Glénats alliance, however, was not always allowed to tread its "primrose path" unchecked. After some years of prosperity a formidable competitor arose in shrewd Jacob Peters, whose new Tenth street line thrived amazingly. It is said to have prospered largely on account of the penurious methods of its proprietor. It is even asserted that in squaring accounts with a certain driver one evening the employe misappropriated 5 cents belonging to the bus magnate and was discharged on the spot.—Philadelphia Record.

### Why "Can Not" is Popular.

"Have you ever noticed," said the man who finds fault, "how many people avoid the contraction 'can't' now, and make use of the two words, 'can not'? I have been so much struck by the prevalence of the latter expression that I took pains to inquire into the cause of it.

"I find that many people have adopted the double term because, having been brought up in a locality where the short sound of 'a' prevailed, they find it impossible to twist their tongues around 'can't,' and since they believe that plain, every-day 'can't' stamps them as being of inferior origin, they cultivate 'can not.'

"That requires no short 'a,' and although its persistent use may savor of affectation, it strikes the persons who can not get around 'can't' as a great improvement on the short 'a' 'can't.'"

### Not All His.

A brand-new young father had been talking a blue streak about his baby at one of the Brooklyn clubs. After he had gone away one of the weary listeners said:

"To hear him talk on you'd think his was the only youngster ever. Why hang it, they say a baby is born every five minutes in New York City."

"Yes," responded an elderly man, who had once been a young father himself, "but, you see, they're not all his."

Come to think of it, that's probably so.

### Entaph.

He had a cold and—who can tell?—He might perchance have gotten well; But everything folks said would cure He took. The end was swift and sure.—Washington Star.

Remember, Algernon, that your best girl can buy better ready-made poems than you could write in a thousand years.

A bride is highly prized, yet she is given away.

## QUEER STORIES

Barium gypsum is called plaster-of-paris, because the Montmartre Gypsum quarries, near Paris, are, and have been, famous for affording it.

The most economical processes are used in the Lake region for the recovery of copper, so that it is found that every yielding 1½ per cent will pay costs.

Old as the history of the world itself is that of the queen of flowers. The ancient Greeks and Romans were involved in roses. They were used lavishly at their feasts.

In a bog on the island of Zealand, Denmark, a votive bronze chariot has been found with the image of a horse ten inches high in front and with an Indian gold sun on one side.

Alabaster is a fine-grained variety of gypsum, either white or delicately shaded, and occurs in fine quality at Castelfino, Italy, whence it is taken to Florence for the manufacture of vases, figures, etc.

One of the oldest coins in the world, the German thaler, is disappearing. It is to be replaced by a four-mark piece, equivalent to our American dollar, as the five-mark silver pieces have been found to be too heavy.

The electrical roads of the country have a nominal capital of \$1,000,000, employ three hundred thousand persons who are paid \$250,000,000 a year, and run sixty thousand cars over twenty thousand miles of track. Ten miles of electrical road are building to one of steam road.

The word Bible furnishes a striking instance of a world's rise from very low to high estate. To the bulk of English-speaking folk it now means the book of books. In Chaucer's day it meant any book whatever, or scroll—to speak by the card, but equivocal and so. Tracing the word Bible straight home we find it as *biblos*, but another name for the papyrus reed of Egypt.

### HE FELT LIKE A SWINDLER.

Man Who Fooled the Doctors Reproached by His Science.

Here and there, among life's busy and diversified pathways, curious reasons for curious words in man are sometimes encountered, says the Detroit Free Press.

"Ever since I've begun to get well," said a pale-looking gentleman who was strolling along a sunny sidewalk with a comrade, "I've had the blues, now and then. Naturally, I'm very glad I'm alive; but there are circumstances which rather make me feel myself a humbug—an out-and-out humbug. It's this way, you see. All the doctors said I could not get well. I positively could not get well. Of course, they aroused the neighborhood, everybody began to shower me with all enticements and kindnesses. All kinds of food—delicately prepared—poured in upon me, flowers and fruit came nearly every day. The men of our club clubbed together and sent me a beautiful Morris chair; and the club fellows, town-people, sent me a loving cup, touchingly engraved with sentiments of friendship. Dainty china articles for my invalid's table were given me; and so on—I can't recount the half.

"Well, I gave the doctors the slip, and here I am, almost well, and feeling that I shall soon be sounder than ever before my illness. Now, what gives me the blues is this: I have got these things on false pretenses. I've fooled all these people and it makes me sad. They can't have any confidence in me hereafter. No, you can't console me—I'm a fraud and I feel like a fraud."

### Gave Him Away.

Two young fellows at Liverpool partners in the tea trade, were the best of friends, and their intimacy extended to personal as well as to business matters.

One of them, a simple-minded fellow, was a bachelor, and was in the habit of reading to his partner extracts from letters of an ardent and affectionate nature from a lady in the North of England, who signed herself "Susie."

The married one went to China for twelve months, and returned just in time to attend the wedding of his partner.

"I hardly feel like a stranger," he said, in his sweetest tones, addressing the bride. "In fact, I feel as though I ought to be well acquainted with my partner's wife, since he has often done me the honor to read to me extracts from his dear Susie's letters."

The faces of the husband and the wife were stilled, as the bride drew herself up and said, emphatically and distinctly, "I beg your pardon—my name is Helen!"

### His Load Went Free.

Warren Severy, one of the long-time residents on Severy Hill, Dixfield, and whose ancestors, indeed, were the first settlers there, is proud of the history of those men. The Severy wit is famous, and Severy delights to tell the various stories of their shrewd replies, or their quickness in proffing themselves. One day two of his uncles were traveling with heavy bags over their shoulders. Coming to a toll bridge, one asked the rate of toll.

"Make any difference if we have a load on our backs?" he asked latter.

"Oh, no," said the toll man in surprise. Thereupon the first man grabbed the fellow traveler and slung him over his shoulder, thus evading his toll fare!

There is one redeeming feature about suicide; it usually strikes the right person.