

EDITORIALS

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

A FATAL BELIEF.

A SURPRISINGLY large number of otherwise intelligent persons still entertain the belief that, according to law, those who discover a presumably dead body must leave it as they find it until the coroner arrives or authorizes its removal. It is true that in case of a murder, or even of death by accident, it is well for those who find the body to leave it and its surroundings as nearly unaltered as is consistent with common sense. This is in order that no clue as to the manner of death may be destroyed. But to find a man hanging by the neck and not cut him down, or to find a man floating in the water and not make every effort at resuscitation—providing, of course, that the condition of the body does not preclude the possibility of life—is to do that which can be called less than homicide only on the ground of ignorance.

A case in point was that of Monday at Greenwich, Conn. Dominick Road, supervisor of construction on a sea wall, fell into the water. His companions finally got hold of him, passed a rope about his body and tied it to a pier, supposing the man to be dead. Then they sent for the coroner. When that official arrived he found the man certainly dead, but declared that had he been removed from the water and ordinary means employed at the time his companions secured the body he could have been resuscitated. Strange how some of these old beliefs survive!—*Utica Globe.*

FLIES.

MANKIND is learning rapidly which of the myriad kinds of living things are friends and which are enemies. Pests that ruin crops are zealously studied and fought by the farmer, but some pests that endanger human life are tolerated because their ravages are not visible to the unscientific eye. It took brave experiment to discover that the mosquito is a deadly enemy of man, and a long campaign of education was necessary to prove the fact to the public. The rat, being odious and a destroyer of property, was more easily proved to be a disease-bearing scourge. The International Association for the Scientific Destruction of Rats, founded in Denmark, is not a fantastic society, as is attested by the work in San Francisco and other cities against this creeping vehicle of the bubonic plague.

The mosquito and the rat have "got to go." And so has the house-fly, which, far from being only a buzzing nuisance, causes thousands of deaths a year. During the civil war it was found that flies carried gangrene. This early discovery has been explained by the later knowledge of disease germs.

The fly is attracted to all kinds of filth; his feet are buried brushes which pick up dirt; and his track across the food we eat is a path of pestilence when seen beneath the microscope. He is the "principal agent in the spread of typhoid." The increase of "summer complaints," intestinal diseases, is not due to hot weather—the human body easily adjusts itself

ature—but largely to the increase of flies from May to August.

The tradition of the relation between filth and disease is sound; and the clean housekeeper has always fought flies with screens and fly-traps.

These old-fashioned defenses are still practical. In addition, the keeper of horses should screen his manure pile and spray it with cresolite or chloride of lime. To allow flies on food is to run the risk of disease; to allow flies to breed in or visit poisonous matter is to endanger one's neighbors.—*Youth's Companion.*

THE LIFE-INSURANCE "TWISTER."

THE "Twister," according to an insurance report of Illinois, is the anarchist in life insurance. We hate anarchy in any form, and are glad to see that one of the old-line companies is hard on the trail of the twister. The twister, as most of our readers doubtless know, seeks to switch policies from one company to another. He is like the bee who, instead of getting honey from the flowers, robs the hive of other companies, but a new type has sprung up. He usually calls himself an insurance expert, or an insurance adviser, or some other name that anything but describes him. He writes to the policyholder and asks for the privilege of showing how the latter may get more insurance in some other company for the same rate. It is needless to say that this other company is often some company which has no financial standing. Just at the present time the twister is living up to his name by trying to twist a wrong interpretation into the Armstrong law, by saying that deferred or tonnage dividends are outlawed, and by attempting to scare policyholders in other ways. The only way to treat the anarchist of life insurance is to drive him out of business by having nothing to do with him.—*Leslie's Weekly.*

PERSONAL EQUATION IN SUCCESS.

IF you stop for a moment to analyze success in business you will see that it comes through contact with people. It is all hinged upon the manner of your contact. On every side you are surrounded by a multitude of persons, in every one of whom there exists a potential force that may be exerted, at one time or another, to add to your success. The oftener you cause that force to be exerted, the faster your business will grow. You can attract these individual forces, if you choose, and get the most from them. Or you can repel them and suffer actual damage from having come in contact with them. Or you may take a middle course, as many business men do, and drift along in purely negative manner. Looking at business in this light, it is apparent that the underlying element which contributes most to the success of any undertaking, and to business in the aggregate, is the art of finding the vital points of human contact that will set in motion these forces. The personal element must be stamped upon your business.—*System.*

FISHING

"Life is one glad, sweet song to me," said the citizen with the ruddy complexion. "To-morrow I envelop my manly form in a flannel shirt and an old pair of trousers and go a-fishin'."

"Huh!" said the man with the protruding lower lip, with contempt in his tone.

"What's the matter?" asked the ruddy-complexioned citizen. "Don't you like to go fishing? I thought you were quite an angler? Seems to me I've heard you brag about a twelve-pound bass that you caught once when nobody was looking. I never heard of any one but an imaginative enthusiast catching a bass that weighed twelve pounds. Eight is the highest I've ever dared to catch."

"I used to like fishing fairly well when I was younger and better able to stand hardship," said the man with the protruding lower lip. "It's a little too much like work for me now."

"Work!" exclaimed the other man. "What are you talking about? Work! You must be crazy. Do you call sitting under a shady tree and listening to the trickle of the water against the bank working? What do you call sweltering in an office from 9 till 5?"

"I said 'work' and I meant work," insisted the objector. "It's work and mental anguish. What's more, the shady tree isn't there. It's the hot, blazing sun all day, and if you're fool enough to wait after the sun goes down it's clouds and swarms of poisonous mosquitoes. I've got a shady tree in my back yard if I want to do any loafing in the shade, and I can get a good imitation of rippling water with the lawn sprinkler. I thought you were talking about fishing."

"I was," said the ruddy-complexioned citizen. "I was talking of the delights—"

"And there isn't any place to sit down," interrupted the man with the protruding lower lip. "I know all about it. The ground on the bank is too moist to sit on, and if there are any shady trees it means that you're going to get your tackle tangled up in the branches and have to climb and scrape the skin off your knees. I've been there, so you needn't tell me."

"I was speaking of the joys of fishing, not the petty incidental discomforts that you exaggerate," said the citizen with the ruddy complexion. "I was thinking of the thrill of rapture I shall feel when the tug comes at the line; of the triumph of landing a fish, leaping, flapping fellow on the grass; of the constantly lengthening string and the triumphant return with the fluky spoil."

"You weren't thinking of finding that the boy who was to bring you your bait failed to materialize, eh?" inquired the man with the protruding lip, sarcastically. "You weren't thinking of changing over a marsh in mud up to your knees in search of frogs that were hard to catch than the fish? No? You didn't contemplate the solitary, measly little fish that you did hook getting away from you?"

"You bet your life I wasn't contemplating anything of the kind," said the ruddy-complexioned citizen.

"Nor the rainstorm? I suppose you like to clean fish when you do catch them—what? Get yourself covered with slime and fish scales and run the fins into your hands?"

"I'll just clean enough for a saucer at the place where I'm going to stay for dinner and then take the rest home," said the other. "I get word that they're biting fine. You'd better come along."

"I think I see myself," said the scoffer. "How far is it, anyway, and are you just going for the day?"

"Forty miles out and the finest place I know of within a hundred. You can bet on the bait's being ready for you, and if we don't catch fish I'll never fish again. We'll have eight good hours for it. What do you say?"

"Let's look at your time table," said the man with the protruding lower lip. —*Chicago Daily News.*

His "Big Time."
When Wilkins' family arranged to go away a month or so, his facial expression changed. To one of sorrow and of woe. He said he wished they wouldn't leave, but they refused to be misled. "O, don't pretend that you will grieve," the family in concert said. "For you'll be having a big time."

And when at last their train had gone and he stood looking down the track and watched it rolling swiftly on. And wished that it was coming back. He turned and met a friend and sighed: "They've gone—I don't know what to do."

His friend looked at him, merry eyed. And said: "Old man, I'm on to you— And you'll be having a big time."

He ate wherever he might be. And tried to find a little fun. A show or two he went to see. But left before the plays were done. And those who knew him nodded then— His mood and manner well they read: "His family's away again."

But Wilkins slowly homeward went. And wandered through the silent rooms Where memories persistent blend. He thought of her heart warming glances. And how the children used to play. And then he said: "It's quite a while. Already since they went away— But ain't I having a big time?" —*Chicago Tribune.*

"The ways of Providence are inscrutable," he murmured, resignedly. "She was a good wife, but she would worry."

You girls who are more or less sulky because you are young and good looking, remember that it will not take you long to get over it. A girl passes from the young to the old crowd in four years.

The people always catch it; the poor man says "the people snub him"; the rich man says "the people are toadies."

RETROSPECTION.

Sing, thou sweet bird of the days gone forever,
When o'er the greenward I rambled so free;
Tell of the joys that return to me never,
Save in the song thou art singing to me.

Far, far away are the fields decked with flowers,
Blossoms that once were the joy of my heart;
Long I sat binding them 'neath the cool bowers,
Crude tho' my skill, and as childish my art.

In the dull smoke of a hurrying city,
Here was I destined alone to abide,
Tollsome my lot;—Oh, the pity, the pity,
Thus to be caged, when the world is so wide!

A Phantom Raft

In the early days of the gold-mining craze thousands of young men pushed out into the great northwest, without any very definite notion of where they were going, or what their plan of action would be when they got there. They simply joined the stampede for the Pacific coast, hoping to gain some trustworthy information en route; or, breaking away entirely from the main body of gold-seekers, they ventured into unknown regions, in the hope of discovering some rich deposit in a locality where there would be, in all probability, none to dispute their claim, or to object to their pre-empting and working a whole township, if they wished.

Among the latter were my college chum, Robert Trefry, and myself. We got it into our heads that the region near the headwaters of the Yellowstone river, then but very little known, ought to be rich in mineral deposits, though we had but little or no evidence upon which to base such a supposition. But with the usual hot-headedness and romantic disposition of youth, we longed to get out of the beaten track, and combine a little of the excitement of exploration with that of gold-seeking. So, while the rest of our little party kept on to California, we branched off toward the northwest, equipped with the usual prospectors' outfit, and were soon beyond the outposts of civilization.

After three days of hard traveling, without having seen a human being or a sign of one, we unexpectedly came up with an old hunter and trapper, who was "backing" a load of supplies from the settlements in his lonely cabin in what is now the great Yellowstone Park. Acquaintances are soon formed in the wilderness, and in less than five minutes the greater part of the trapper's burden had been transferred to our pack-mule, and we were all tramping along together, talking as

For many days we journeyed toward the sources of the river, following the vast, yawning canon, over whose edge we often stopped to peer, amazed at its dark, cavernous depths. At some points the walls of rock rising nearly a quarter of a mile straight up from the water.

It was on the ninth day of our journey up the river, at noon. The old trapper was walking in advance, leading the pack-mule. All at once he stopped so suddenly that the mule's drooping head ran into him, and came near knocking him over the precipice. He staggered, recovered his balance, and struck back at the mule with his left hand, but never turned his face an instant from the gulch into which he was starting.

As we came hurriedly up, we noticed the pallor of the old man's cheek. Even his stern-cut profile showed the horror depicted upon his features. Apparently, he did not heed our approach, or notice us, as we bent cautiously over the brink of the canon, and gazed down at the dark river, hundreds of feet below.

The sight that met our eyes was certainly enough to chill the blood in a man's veins, and send a shiver down his backbone. About fifteen feet out from the wall of rock upon which we stood, a rudely built raft was floating up stream. On this raft lay the skeletons of two men, glistening horribly white out of the shadow of the canon walls. To the middle of the raft was bound a large bundle, carefully wrapped in slickers, the material of which had not yet rotted away. Two rusty rifles and an axe completed the freight of the weird craft.

Too astonished to speak a word, we all three stood rooted in our tracks, watching the phantom raft, as it, apparently, made its way up stream, against the current of the mighty river. For a hundred feet or more it glided along, smoothly and steadily. Then, of



"WE MANAGED TO FASTEN UPON THE TREASURE RAFT."

freely as if we had been companions from the start.

My partner and I soon found that the advantage lay as much upon our side as upon the trapper's, for the latter's intimate knowledge of the country made him a sure guide, and he was also able to tell us pretty much all we wanted to know about the headwaters of the Yellowstone, excepting whether gold was to be found there. The old man declared that he never had any desire to accumulate the yellow metal, as he did not care for the value it represented in the marts of civilization. So long as he could barter his furs for the simple necessities of a hunter's life his every want was satisfied.

"Do you know whether any other party of prospectors ever came into this section in search of gold?" asked Trefry of the old man, as we sat by our campfire, smoking, one evening.

It was a minute or more before the trapper answered. Then he said, simply: "Yes, but I don't know what ever became of them." Further questioning only caused him to shake his head. "I can't tell you," he would say. "They never came back my way, at least."

We began to suspect that there was some mystery about the matter that disturbed our companion. The subject was one that he did not like to talk about. We brought it up several times afterwards, but could get nothing more out of him.

"I believe the old fellow has a grain of superstition in his make-up," whispered Robert to me, as the trapper took his axe and went out among the shadows to cut more wood for the fire. "He has either seen the ghost of one of those prospectors, or imagines he has. I'd give a good deal to know what became of them."

By this time we had reached the valley of the Yellowstone. If that high table-land through which the river has cut its tomb-like channel can properly be called a valley. The trapper's cabin had been reached and passed. It was evident that he wished to accompany us farther, and we were not at all averse to his doing so, for we had found him not only very helpful in ways where our ignorance was anything but bliss, but also an agreeable companion. As for his occasional fits of superstition, they only amused us.

a sudden, it paused, swerved, began to whirl, and finally shot out towards the middle of the stream, and was carried swiftly down by the main current.

For fully three hundred feet it sped along; then it was drawn sharply towards the cliff, and thrust out of the main current into a great whirlpool, which once more carried it steadily up stream, only a few feet outside the wall of rock on which we stood.

"Look there!" cried the old trapper, breaking the strained silence for the first time, and pointing downwards with his trembling finger. "Those are the ghosts of Pierre and Mart, condemned to float forever up and down the Black Gap! I told them no good would come of stealing the gold. I warned them that God's vengeance would follow them, if they killed the innocent men who dug the treasure out of the rocks."

The old man covered his face with his hands, and shrunk back upon the ground, while Trefry's eyes and mine met in a significant look. The mystery was out! The prospectors had been murdered, and the old trapper, our guide, knew the men who had done the deed.

But we could not think about the tragedy then. Our eyes returned with an irresistible fascination to the mysterious raft. Could it, indeed, be a phantom, as the old man had said? Was its strange course, up and down the canon, the result of a supernatural agency, or merely of natural laws? We watched it breathlessly, as it swept up stream and again approached the point where its course had so abruptly changed. Once more it stopped and spun, as if struck by some strong opposing force, against which it was held by the counter-current from behind. Again it shot out towards the middle of the stream, and floated rapidly down current, only to be caught once more by the strange whirlpool and sent back, beneath the cliff.

"One thing is sure," said my companion. "That is no phantom raft, and to prove it, I will knock that axe into the water with a bullet."

Trefry was a crack shot, and he knelt, rested his elbow on his knee, took careful aim, and fired. The next instant the axe, which had been lying near the edge of the raft, disappeared in the black water.

The old trapper, starting to his knees,

had watched the shot with eyes that fairly bulged from their sockets. When he saw the axe sink beneath the water his whole demeanor suddenly changed. Raising his own rifle quickly, he fired, and the next instant a puff like a small cloud of smoke rose from the bundle in the center of the raft. As it cleared away, we saw a wide, ragged rent in the half-rotten wrappings, and out of this rent was pouring a shining yellow stream.

The trapper turned to us with a triumphant smile.

"I thought so," he said. "It is the stolen gold. Now I understand how it happened. Pierre and Mart thought it would be safer to take it away down the river. So they built a raft. But the raft got caught in the big whirlpool of the Black Gap, and they couldn't get it out. And here they've been going round and round for eleven years in a trap that no man could get out alive from. The breath has gone out of their bodies, and the flesh has fallen off their bones, but the gold has been kept safe all these years. It is the judgment of heaven!"

We went up stream five miles, till we came to a cleft where a tributary stream made its way down to the Yellowstone. Near its mouth we found enough driftwood lodged to build another raft, and the next morning we floated down to the whirlpool. Using the utmost care, lest we ourselves should get caught in the back current, we managed to fasten upon the treasure raft with a long, rude pole, and by our united strength in paddling and towing, we drew the other raft out of the whirlpool, and suffering both to float together down stream, succeeded in landing, late that day, at a spot where another cleft made it possible to climb the canon wall.

The gold dust was a treasure, indeed, not less than half a bushel of it, by careful measurement. We carried it back to the trapper's cabin, and Trefry and I left him there to guard it, while we prospectored diligently for four months, in the hope of finding the lead from which it was taken. But not an ounce of gold did we scrape together between us.

On our return we took the gold out to the settlements and advertised for its owners. But though several claims were put in by unprincipled parties, no one was able to prove property; and finally we came to the conclusion that the treasure fairly belonged to those who found it. We tried to get the old trapper to take his third, but he would not touch a penny.

"I should have no use for it," he said. "It would only lie behind my fireplace." So Trefry and I went back to "the States," richer by twenty thousand dollars, the treasure-trove of the Phantom Raft.—*Chicago Daily News.*

DEFYING A TORNADO.

Behavior of American Troops in the Face of Awful Death.

One of the most remarkable events in the annals of American arms occurred at Fort Crook, Neb., the other day when a tornado struck the place, says the Kansas City Journal. As the dispatches tell the story: "When the officers realized that a tornado had struck the post 600 men of the Sixth regiment were brought to battalion formation, and in the midst of flying slate roofs and other debris they were marched across the parade ground to the substantial buildings, where they were put 'at rest,' and took to the cellars. The fort was damaged to the extent of \$100,000."

History and fiction alike have dwelt upon the dauntless spirit of men who have manifested their willingness to "charge the gates of hell or scale the heights of heaven," but doubtless no better illustration of the spirit was ever given than when this devoted band of American soldiers at Fort Crook formed ranks to "do or die" together in the face of a resistless tornado.

Those who have never viewed the fury of one of these terrible outbursts of the angry elements can not imagine the dreadful reality of the scene, with the heavens blacker than night, the darkness intensified by blinding flashes of lightning, the terrors of the storm multiplied by the terrific crashes of heaven's artillery, and the air filled with swirling clouds which hide all else but the awful figure of death, the ghostly funnel-shaped cloud which makes gigantic leaps along the ground, uprooting trees and whirling houses, animals and human beings through the air on the wings of the death-dealing wind.

It is a sight to appal the stoutest heart and to cause the human mind to realize the utter impotence of man in the presence of angry nature. The charge of the Six Hundred at Balaklava was a trivial incident of military duty compared with the steadfast discipline of the 600 American soldiers at Fort Crook who coolly formed in line and braved the tornado's fury as though it were a matter of mere routine duty.

His Brazen Cheek.
"Do you know, sir," observed Poeticus, "that on some days I feel much brighter and abler than on others; these I call my golden days."

"My golden days," returned Proser, "are pay days. After these come silver days, when I get down to halves and quarters. These are followed by my nickel and copper days. Let me see, now, this is Friday, isn't it? Ah, yes; then this is one of my brass days—lend me a fiver, will you?"—*Boston Transcript.*

A Sly Hint.
"The macknaw straw hat is all the go now," remarked Mr. Boreum. "Indeed?" replied Miss Patience Gonne, yawning, "too bad you haven't a macknaw with you this evening."—*Philadelphia Press.*

When a country young man appears on the street with a girl hanging on his arm, in addition to a halibut and a shave, it is a sure sign that he is going to get married.

Occasionally a man gets the reputation of being "deep" by saying things neither he nor anyone else understands.

Some farmers are as full of interesting information as a dog is of flea.

ANIMAL PSYCHOLOGY.

The new Institute of Zoological Psychology has a plant on a farm in the neighborhood of Paris. The exact location, the New York Sun's correspondent says, is kept secret to avoid hindrance to the work by crowds of merely curious visitors. The property includes meadows and barn-yards, a wood of considerable size, and a large pond stocked with fish. There are spacious buildings, including modern stables, a riding school, special for isolating animals under scientific observation, an aquarium and a laboratory. On the roof of the main building is a dove-cote.

How far the desire to study the habits of living creatures under natural conditions may be carried is illustrated in the fact that a complete diving apparatus has been provided in which observers descend to the bottom of the pond. There they remain for hours, until the fish become accustomed to their presence, and follow their natural impulses in playing and feeding. The student is thus enabled to note their habits at first hand.

The other extreme of observation is the construction of sheltered platforms in the branches of trees, where students sit through the night armed with an electric flashlight to watch the doings of owls, bats and nocturnal insects.

One of the conclusions reached by the students of the institute is that some animals possess a special sense by which they can detect the presence of water even though they cannot see it. The experiments were undertaken at the suggestion of David Allen, a resident of Australia and a corresponding member, who wrote to the institute of his experiences with sheep and cattle when being driven across country. In a place where the presence of water was wholly unexpected, he says, "the leading animals would suddenly lift their heads and draw long breaths. Then they would abandon the beaten tracks and start running through the brush." Sometimes they would run a mile and a half to two miles, and could not be stopped by the drivers, their course invariably leading to a pond or spring hitherto unknown.

The experiments were made on a water-rat. First its eyes were blinded by a bandage, and then it was placed in a rotatable, which was whirled round until all sense of direction must have been obliterated. Upon being released, without a moment's hesitation it started directly for the pond, several hundred yards distant.

Frogs and toads were taken to a distance of three or four miles from water and turned loose. It seemed to take them only a few seconds to locate the water. One old blind toad showed the instinct in the same degree as the others.

The nature or source of this is not clearly discerned. The observers have named it the sense of humidity. They believe it consists in a perception of the direction in which the atmosphere contains most moisture. An effort will be made to discover whether any men possess it.

Among the subjects of investigation

is the sight of birds and the homing instinct of the carrier-pigeon. Many of the members of the institute are inclined to consider this a phenomenon of far sight. They have been taking by triangulation the height to which the birds soar, and from that figuring out the radius of vision they attain. A bird which reaches a height of eight hundred yards can see objects more than sixty miles distant, and that they are keen-sighted enough to recognize them cannot be doubted. At three miles a vulture can descry the carcass of a kid hung on a pole.

CANADA HOME OF GOLF.

First Club in North America Founded at Montreal.

As in the case of that other great Scottish sport, curling, the honor of having founded the first golf club in America belongs to Montreal, the Canadian metropolis, says Recreation. Early in the '70s of the last century a Mr. Sidney, a well-known golfer and curler of his day, approached the Caledonian society of Montreal, whose charter provides for the encouragement of Scottish sports among other things, with regard to the desirability of forming a golf club in Montreal. Nov. 4, 1873, saw the Montreal Golf Club founded.

A course was laid out on the side of Mount Royal, the eminence from which the city derives its name, and a club house was built. Mount Royal is a public park, but arrangements were made with the authorities for the use of the course and ever since then, year after year, the course has been kept up at considerable expense, until at the present time it is one of the brightest, freshest and most wholesome looking stretches of Mount Royal. To perpetuate the memory of the man who had been mainly instrumental in the founding of the club a hole was named after him and when in later years the club took up fresh quarters at Dixie, on the shores of Lake St. Louis, the same thing was done on the new links. In 1884 the Montreal Golf Club, through the intercession of the Marquis of Lansdowne, the governor general of Canada at that time, with her late majesty Queen Victoria, obtained the privilege to assume the prefix "royal" and to be known thereafter as the Royal Montreal Golf Club.

A Great Thing.

"Geel! I wished I was an inventor," exclaimed Jimmy, loafing around the ball park.

"What for?" demanded Tommy.

"I'd invent a knot hole what yer could carry around wid yer stick in a fence anywhere yer pleased."—*Philadelphia Press.*

They Usually Are.

Mr. Subbubs—I understand the ladies of the neighborhood are going to organize a Dorcas society.

Mrs. Subbubs—Oh, that's all talk.

Mr. Subbubs—Of course, that's the object of every Dorcas society.—*Philadelphia Press.*

After the supper is over and the dishes done, a woman removes her kitchen apron and sits down beside her husband with an air that says, "Now, tell me all that has happened to-day."