

REMARKABLE FEATS WITH A RIFLE PERFORMED BY TWO LITTLE GIRLS.

Lafayette, Ind., Letter: The only twin expert rifle shots in the world are Misses Edith and Ethel Long of this city. Although only twelve years of age these precocious young girls can perform all the best tricks of the most skillful adult professionals.

They shoot together at the most difficult of targets and seldom miss. Here are some of the feats they can perform with ease: Shooting with back to target by means of a mirror, cutting of the stem of a clay pipe bit by bit down to the bowl, knocking the ashes off a cigar, lighting ordinary parlor matches, cutting in two a visiting card placed with edge toward the shooter, and plowing a furrow with the bullet along the edge of the card.

The Misses Long are members of the Lafayette club, and despite their youth are considered as being among its best shots. Their extraordinary

skill has attracted widespread attention and they have received numerous offers to appear in public, but being the strictest of amateurs none of these offers has ever been considered.

The youthful dead shots owe their proficiency to their father, John E. Long, himself conceded to be one of the most clever riflemen in the country. It was he who trained them and initiated them into all the mysteries of sighting, making allowances for wind, and all the other details so necessary to the education of the crack shot.

Mr. Long has a genius for teaching this difficult art. It was he who trained Edith and Ethel, the young Western woman whose achievements with the rifle have attracted such general attention, and who is now conceded to be Annie Oakley's only rival for the feminine pre-eminence of the rifle world.

Mr. Long is an engineer in the local water works. He has never taken part in any contest for money and only shoots for the diversion of himself and his friends. Discussing the skill of his daughters and the methods of training from which it resulted he said:

"They ought to be good shots if there is anything in heredity, for they come of a race of marksmen. We are descended from a race of backwoodsmen who were among the earliest settlers in the west, and their skill with the shotgun and rifle has descended from generation to generation, without a miss.

"My father, now a man of almost 70, can hit a cap box lid twenty paces away with a regularity which becomes monotonous, and I personally can perform almost any shot known to the profession.

"The girls have thus been raised in an atmosphere of powder and have always from their earliest childhood been anxious to try their skill. While thoroughly intending to train them eventually the fear of some accident caused me to defer the commencement as long as possible.

"I began with Edith and Ethel six months ago and was utterly surprised at the rapid progress they made. Neither had ever had a rifle in her hands before, and almost from the first they sent the bullets crashing through the dead center of the bull's-eye.

"First I placed the target at ten yards, and then, when this distance had been mastered, gradually extend-



THE LONG SISTERS.

ed it, until today they can hit the black center at one hundred yards.

"They use the rifles made especially for them, and the fact that these are only twenty-two calibre makes the feats the girls perform all the more difficult; a deviation of one-tenth of an inch is sufficient to make a clean miss.

"Five weeks after the first lesson, before they had fired 200 rounds of ammunition, the girls could perform many feats deemed difficult, even by professionals. They could break one-inch discs held between my thumb and first finger and could smash glass balls with the rifle held in five different positions, one of these being with the back to the target.

"I attribute their wonderful success to naturally true eyes and steady hands. They seemed to handle the rifle by instinct. I scarcely had to tell them how to hold it; it seemed to fall

the prizes to our collection of sporting trophies."

PRICE OF RAILS.

Cheaper Here than in England or on the Continent.

The manufacture of steel rails, which, by the way, are few in number, are laying particular stress upon the fact that American railroads are buying rails this year cheaper than any other country in the world. They point out that in England the prices are about \$5 higher than the rate decided upon here. They also lay stress upon the fact that the Continental roads will pay about \$6 more than what American roads will pay. It is now claimed by the steel companies that the railroads are satisfied \$20 a ton will be maintained.

"Last year," said the representative of one of the large concerns, "we made a price which was agreed to in most of the large contracts. When the prices of other materials advanced, and manufacturers were warranted in increasing their prices they did not do so. On the other hand, when the prices fell, and the manufacturers were justified in reducing it was decided that such a course would be unfair to the purchasers who had banked on prices being kept up. 'You will find,' he continued, 'that the railroads of the country will place their orders right along at the rate determined upon. As a matter of fact it costs more to manufacture rails now than it did some years ago. The trains are heavier and better rails are required.'

A canvass of the offices of the rail manufacturing companies in Pittsburgh showed that, while some contracts have been taken, none of the large consumers has placed orders. It is pointed out that it is early yet. Some in the market for 150,000 tons of rails, and that altogether a tonnage of 1,200,000 tons will be placed, as compared with 2,000,000 last year. An official of the New York Central was quoted by a news agency as saying it was the intention of that company to pay \$25 a ton for rails.

Philadelphia's Log Cabin.

The only log cabin in Philadelphia is to be torn down to make way for the widening of Mermaid lane, near Chestnut hill. The old cabin, which stands at the corner of Mermaid lane and Germantown avenue, has been in constant use as a residence since it was erected by Christopher Yeakel in 1743. It is a one-story structure, built entirely of hewn logs, and for many years has been one of the picturesque sights of upper Germantown. It is still called the Yeakel cottage, and although more than a century and a half old, it has always preserved a cozy and homelike air. It is said to be the only survivor in this part of the country of a style of dwelling that once prevailed almost universally outside the cities and towns.—Philadelphia Record.

Field in a "Liable" Suit.

Attorneys have lots of quiet fun over some of the legal documents which find their way into court. A St. Joseph lawyer has the following gem which was filed in a neighboring county, a copy of which was sent to him: "E. L. Smith, of lawful age, Being duly sworn on oath deposes and says—That one John Blake did on or about the 4th day of February A. D. 1888 did then and there in the County and State of Missouri did Wilfully Maliciously and Unlawfully refrain and liable said E. L. Smith in that said defendant had stolen Oats from the said John Blake—on or about the 1th day of January A. D. 1888 Contrary to Statutes in like cases Made and provided."—Kansas City Journal.

Prince Avoids Orleans.

One reason for the prince of Wales giving up his intended visit to Marlborough at the last moment was his desire to avoid a meeting with the duke of Orleans, who had prolonged his stay at that watering place in order that he might be there when the prince arrived. It is believed that the duke of Orleans had intended to force a fussy and florid reconciliation upon the prince, and to "make him a scene." The queen has never invited him, and the prince of Wales has taken no notice of him for a long time past.—London Truth.

We love and are loved entirely as we give ourselves colors which may harmonize with those about us.

Eating at a Nation's Heart.

From the highest home to the lowest in America this idea of caste has entered, destroying our old high ideals and making us pretentious and vulgar," writes "An American Mother," of "How We Can Lead a Simple Life," in the October Ladies' Home Journal. "The idle rich man covets high social place with a hunger that is both ridiculous and tragic. If he has money enough he buys a titled husband for his daughter. He tries to establish a precedence for himself over his neighbors by claims of high descent. Nor is this appreciation of rank confined to the leisured class in the country. It

BIVALVE'S ENEMY.

Curious Way a Starfish Devours an Oyster.

The oyster when at home lives in a hard lime shell which nicely protects him from the attacks of enemies. Man, with his tools, can open the shell and remove the soft animal, but besides man the oyster has few foes. Oddly enough, his greatest foe is not, as might be expected, an animal with a powerful jaw and strong teeth, but one wholly without jaws. It is the common starfish, so common everywhere at the seashore. Now, the starfish is a soft, flexible creature, very sluggish, seemingly helpless and utterly unable to attack such an animal as the oyster. Its mouth, which is the center of the disk, has no teeth or jaws. How can such a helpless creature open the formidable oyster shell and get at the animal concealed within? Its method of doing so is odd enough. It first clasps the oyster in its arms, wrapping its five arms around the shell tightly. Having thus seized the oyster, it quietly waits. Just exactly what happens next even our scientists do not exactly know. The two shells of the oyster are held together by a hinge which is opened by a spring. The spring is so adjusted that the shell will be pushed open unless they are held together by the muscles. Some scientists tell us that after the starfish has held the oyster for awhile the oyster opens its shell in order to get food, and the starfish that has been waiting for this now injects into the shell a little reddish liquid. This acts as a poison, says H. U. Conn, in St. Nicholas, paralyzing the muscles and thus making it impossible for the animal to close its shells tightly together until the oyster is smothered. As soon as it is stupefied by the suffocation the muscles relax and the shell opens. Whichever of these two accounts is true it is certain that after a little the oyster shells fly open. Now comes the oddest feature of all. The stomach of the starfish is very large and elastic, and it is now thrown out of the animal's mouth much as one would turn a bag inside out. This stomach is then thrust within the oyster shell and wrapped around the soft animal, beginning at once to digest it. The starfish does not take the trouble even to remove the oyster from its shell, digesting it in its own home and eventually crawling away, leaving behind the gaping, empty shell.

MONUMENT TO A DOG.

In Memory of Barry, Rescuer of Forty Persons.

Considerable human interest is being found by the Italian press in the ceremonies that recently attended the erection of a monument on the Mountain of St. Bernard, to the memory of a famous dog belonging to the convent there. Barry was the dog's name, and in ten years he saved the lives of forty persons who had lost their way on the glaciers of Mount St. Bernard. What is considered his most remarkable achievement was performed about three years ago, when he found a child ten years old lying in the snow under the influence of the fatal slumber which precedes death. Barry, with curious comprehension of the needs of the situation, first warmed the child with his breath, and then aroused it from sleep by licking its face. This much accomplished, Barry, by lying down by its side, gave the child an obvious invitation to get on and ride. The child did so and was carried by Barry to the convent. This episode, like his other achievements, is recorded at the convent, and to the truth of its circumstances several witnesses have subscribed. The death of the dog was due to the timidity or rashness of some unknown man who perhaps fancied that Barry was approaching him with evil intent. The stranger killed the dog by hitting it on the head. These two events in the career of the useful animal are commemorated on the monument, which represents in bas relief the St. Bernard carrying a child on its back, while underneath is the following inscription: "Barry, the Heroic, Saved the Lives of Forty Persons and Was Killed by the Forty-first."—New York Times.

Setting Apart Forest Reserves.

On the recommendation of the war department of the agricultural department is preparing an order setting apart as forest reserves the island of Rombola, north of the island of Paultani, which is one of the extreme group of the Jelo islands. Officers of the army who have been looking over the islands, have found that these are perhaps the richest in the world for rubber trees, and it is the intention of the Washington authorities to have the trees preserved and cared for.

Burns Prized Cicero's Works.

The Burns museum at Kilmarnock, Scotland, recently received one of the poet's most highly prized volumes, an edition of Cicero published in 1756. On the fly leaf is the following in Burns' hand: "Edinburgh, April 23, 1787.—This book, a present from the truly worthy and learned Dr. Gregory, I shall preserve to my last hour as a mark of the gratitude, esteem and veneration I bear to the donor—so help me God!—Robert Burns."

King to Indulge in Music.

It seems that the young King of Italy, economically inclined though he be in all other respects, intends to indulge in good music and plenty of it. Both he and his Queen are passionately fond of music.

The Drummer's Victory.

BY MILTON GOLDSMITH.

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The telegram, which, though innocent in itself, was the cause of it all, read as follows:

"Go at once to Burkesville and sell Featherly & Co.'s new concern. Get ahead of Dinkel's man."

"Lyman & Jones."

This brief message from my firm was pregnant with significance for me, their traveling salesman, and much as I disliked disarranging my plans and doubling on my tracks, I decided to leave for Burkesville at once. I knew that Featherly & Co., the new concern, were rated high and would buy liberally, and my anxiety to get ahead of my competitor, Griggs, who traveled for Dinkel & Bros. was due to the knowledge that whoever secured the patronage of the new house was reasonably sure to hold it.

Griggs and I were stopping at the same hotel in Hannibal, where, for the last two days, we had been leading a merry war over one of the manufacturing concerns there, each trying to



"I rushed into the waiting room for my companion de voyage."

forestall the other in fitting out the plant.

Placing my telegram into the innermost depths of my pocket so as to more effectually conceal its contents from the grasping and unscrupulous Griggs, I sauntered to the desk and paid my hotel bill.

"When does the next train go to Burkesville?" I asked.

"In ten minutes," replied the clerk. "You'll just have time to make it if you rush."

I grasped my satchel and prepared to rush. "By the way," I said hurriedly, "don't let Griggs know of my departure."

"Mr. Griggs left half an hour ago to catch the same train," replied the suave clerk.

My heart fell! Then Griggs must have had similar information and was after the same game. It was annoying! All the more reason, however, why I should hurry.

I jumped into a cab and reached the station, nervous and excited.

"A ticket for Burkesville?" I cried.

"The train has just left! There won't be another till three fifteen in the morning."

For a moment the ticket office, with its red-headed vendor, swam before my eyes, and I gasped for breath. Then I swore a strange, horrible oath, such as traveling men only use under great provocation.

Griggs, the unscrupulous, bargain-driving Griggs, had half a day's start of me, and would certainly capture the prize I had set my heart on.

"Give me a special train," I cried, "anything to get to Burkesville ahead of the local."

The ticket agent smiled sweetly. He evidently thought I was daft. But I was in earnest.

"Well," said the agent, "if you want a special, go and see the superintendent. Perhaps he can accommodate you. It is only a matter of price."

At that moment a young girl, a vision of loveliness came to the window.

"Please, sir," she said, "when can I get a train to Burkesville?"

"Not till three fifteen in the morning!" was the curt reply.

"Why, I thought there was one around nine o'clock," said the girl, tremulously.

"So there is, but it left five minutes ago."

The girl turned her eyes towards me. They were wet with tears. Such eyes! They shone like stars through pearls of dew. My heart went out in sympathy towards her, her disappointment seemed so deep.

"I suppose I'll have to wait," she said simply, but her mouth twitched sadly.

"Are you anxious to reach Burkesville quickly?" I asked.

"Yes, sir. I've just had a telegram that my father met with an accident and he is all alone. I don't know what I shall do." Here she broke into sobs and I led her to a seat.

"Don't cry, miss," I said reassuringly. "I, too, am in a hurry to get to that town. Perhaps I can get some kind of a car to take us."

I left the young woman to her tears and sought the superintendent. He listened to my story patiently, and finally replied: "I can't give you a special train, but if you don't mind riding on a locomotive, I may be able to accommodate you. An engine has just been ordered at Sabina to replace one which has broken down. We could stop at Burkesville to let you off."

I stammered my thanks. The relief was so unexpected as to stagger me. "You will have to hurry," said the superintendent. "The engine leaves in

two minutes. That's her coming up the track now."

I rushed into the waiting room for my "companion de voyage," seized her unceremoniously by the arm and hurried her into the train shed, explaining as I went.

In a minute we were on the locomotive and in another the throttle was open and we sped along the line.

The girl, who incidentally told me that her name was Jane Loaly, thanked me profusely for my kindness. She became cheerful again at the prospect of reaching her father without delay and we soon became quite confidential. Our other fellow travelers were the engineer, a young fellow of thirty and a gray-haired fireman. They were too engrossed in their duties to pay much attention to us, and we were left to our own devices.

Traveling on a locomotive is not as luxurious as in a Pullman car. It is not the kind of traveling one would select for a pleasure jaunt. The soot, dust, cinders, odor, heat are all objectionable and uncomfortable, but I must confess that with all these disabilities it was a most enjoyable trip for me.

Firstly, I knew that I would circumvent Griggs and reach town ahead of him. I scented victory and was elated accordingly. Secondly I was traveling with a most charming girl whose bright eyes and fascinating conversation made me forget the annoyances of the trip and converted the cab of that grimy engine into a veritable paradise. We sat on a bench where there was just room for two. In fact we had to sit rather close in order not to inconvenience the engineer, and so we were soon in sympathy with one another.

Miss Loaly soon told me all about herself, her family, her pursuits. Her mother was dead, her father a prosperous merchant in Burkesville. She had been visiting relatives in Hannibal when she received news of her father's accident, a fall from his wheel. Whether it was serious or not she could not tell. I cheered her and led her to hope for the best.

On we flew! Over bridges and culverts, around curves, through high walled cuts, over steep embankments, past straggling houses, through verdant farms, along glistening rivers, up steep inclines—rocking, swaying like an infant's cradle from side to side as we rushed along on our mad course. The stoker piled on the sooty fuel. Every time he opened the furnace door a heat as of hades burst out in our direction and the air became lurid. Great streams of smoke were belched out by the chimney and blew into our faces. Showers of cinders fell about us and filled our eyes, ears, nose and mouth. By the time we had traveled an hour, we were scarcely recognizable, so covered with soot were we. But we smiled and were glad in each other's society.

Still onward in our exciting chase! There was no stop until we reached Burnette, and there we wired for a clear track. At the next station, Cedarton, we passed the local train, which had stopped there for water. I got a glimpse of Griggs sitting at a window. He was smiling, no doubt with glee at the ease with which he had outwitted me. When next we met the smile had vanished. By the time we reached Owassa Jane and I were the best of friends. We might have known each other a lifetime. Her favorite authors were mine. She played the piano and knew all the pieces I most admired. She could speak with me in my favorite language, French. She had all the traits, virtues, accomplishments I longed for in a girl. She was beautiful and amiable besides. Nothing was wanting—she was perfect. And I was in Eden. I blessed the loss of my train and the gain of a locomotive.

At last, after three hours' ride, we pulled in at Burkesville.

Jane, after giving me her address and asking me to call, got into a cab and drove home to her father. I went to the hotel, scrubbed the dirt and

selling the biggest bill of my life.

When Griggs, the smooth-tongued, insinuating Griggs, arrived half an hour later he found me busily engaged selling the biggest bill of my life, and he was completely left. To this day he cannot explain how I got to Burkesville ahead of him, nor have I vouchsafed an explanation. That evening I called on Miss Loaly. To my joy, I found that her father's hurts were not serious. A detention in bed for a day or two would set him right. The old gentleman received me very cordially, thanked me for my kindness to his daughter, and expressed a hope that we might become better acquainted. That hope has since been realized. Last Wednesday, Jane, my darling, beautiful Jane, became my wife.

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