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gring, the Caspian beyond the wilderness; the altar around which we all kneel in thankfulness; the dear walls which take us to their loving embrace and hide us from the comfortless world without.

Home again, and a peace had come to her she had never known since she had gone out in June as the birdlet from its nest.

At the front door her dear old father, who had been at his desk ten hours daily all the weary while she was away, met her.

"My daughter!" he said, holding out his arms to her.

Like a tired wanderer, footsore and heart-tick, she came to him.

Trusting, confidently, restfully, she laid her soft white face, in its frame of golden hair, upon his bosom.

"At last," she murmured, "at last I have found some one to be a popper to me."

And the dear old father, in the tumultuous joy of having his darling child again, didn't catch on.—Detroit Free Press.

### Three Costly Hothouses.

This is the season of the year when the great army of gardeners employed by New York's millionaires who have a fad for flowers are putting their hothouses in shape for the winter. I met Jay Gould's chief gardener yesterday and he told me that everything was in excellent shape at the railroad king's \$500,000 hothouse up the Hudson. A lot of choice plants and exotics have just arrived from India and other eastern countries.

John Heay's difficulties have not deterred him from looking after his pet flowers in his grand hothouses at Hollywood, N. J. I am told his chief gardener has had several conferences with Mr. Heay during the past two weeks about his favorite flowers and their care. Mr. Heay is passionately fond of flowers, and selects the seeds and bulbs himself, and at times superintends the work of his gardeners.

Another man who has a half a million dollar hothouse is the Standard oil king, John D. Rockefeller, who has a palace on the Hudson. It has not been completed long and his gardeners are constantly receiving new additions. Mr. Rockefeller says he will have the finest flower show in the world in a year or two.—New York Telegram.

### Crime Decreasing.

All the criminal returns published of late have happily tended to show that crime is decreasing. The judicial statistics for the past year bear the same testimony. Whether under the head of "criminal classes at large" or "in local and convict prisons and reformatories," the figures show a steady decline. The same is true of the houses of bad character, by which is meant such as are the resort of thieves, deprecators and suspected persons. In England and Wales there are 2,688 houses of this description.

It seems rather odd to be told that of these 2,688 are public houses and 263 beer shops, because if they are known resorts of such characters, why are their licenses not withdrawn? Is it for the reason once given by a French administrator that they serve the ends of the law by providing places where those who are wanted by the police can easily be found? The known houses of receivers of stolen goods had declined from 778 two years ago to 724 last year.—London Telegraph.

### Rewards to the Good and Bad.

Every schoolgirl and boy in Bellmore, L. I., knows Lawyer George A. Mott. A few days ago he visited the village school in that place with the pockets of his overcoat bulging out with prizes for the pupils. The prizes were for good conduct and excellence in different studies. More than a dozen boys and girls were made happy. Two prizes still remained, and then Mr. Mott requested the teacher, Miss Fish, to call up the worst boy in the school. A bright-eyed urchin named Clinton Moore was produced by Miss Fish in response to Mr. Mott's request. He was presented with one of the remaining prizes and promised to try to do better. When Mr. Mott asked for the worst girl in the school, the saucy Jennie Hicks raised her hand. She received the other prize.—New York Sun.

### What is "Trotty"?

I ask for information. I have been reading lately a very clever novel about English artist life and English smart society. Twice over in the story a smart young woman is made to describe certain articles of costume in a bride's trousseau as "quite too awfully trotty for words." I have never to my knowledge heard the phrase "trotty" used in that sense. Is it an epithet of London smart society? If so, what is its supposed derivation? Is it imported from America, as most of our slang phrases lately are? Any information on this point kindly supplied will be rewarded with the best thanks of this writer, who feels a considerable interest in slang, but likes it genuine when he can get it.—Justin McCarthy in New York Herald.

Robert Shaw, of Snow's Falls, Me., went to sleep in a field the other day, and when he awoke he was minus a good pair of trousers. Field mice, which swarm in Oxford county, had gnawed the garment into shreds and carried it away.

Recent experiments upon the electrolytic generation of pressure from gases formed in a closed space have been very successful, and a pressure of 1,900 atmospheres has been obtained.

Latimer's plots in Pennsylvania. Yorker who has been hunting in Maine, "and now I would like about the way some women up pine forests have of showing the and skill when it comes to dealing with certain wild animals.

"A family named McDonald lives way back in the wilderness of the Molus river. It consists of the husband, Roderick McDonald, his wife and his sister, both young women. They have a snug little farm in there, and keep a few cattle. Their most valuable possession in that line was a yoke of steers. One day McDonald was obliged to go to one of the settlements several miles away, and his business was to keep him over night. His wife and sister were left alone to look after things during his absence. Just before dark a great bellowing was heard among the cattle in the barnyard. The sounds were of such an unusual character that the two women became satisfied that they were crisis of terror. Mrs. McDonald, armed with a pitchfork, and her sister, carrying an ax, hurried to the barnyard.

"There they found an enormous bear, standing defiantly between the prostrate bodies of the two steers, each of which he had felled to the ground and killed. The other cattle were huddled in terror in a corner of the yard. The bear growled and snarled and showed his teeth as the women approached, but, in spite of his terrible front and threatening attitude, the sight of the steers lying dead on the ground was more than the plucky young women could stand, and they rushed with desperate intent on the snarling bear.

### THEY KILLED THE BEAR.

"Mrs. McDonald charged with her pitchfork and thrust its sharp, long lines deep into the bear's neck. The bear gave a howl of pain, and striking the handle of the pitchfork a powerful blow with one forepaw he wrenched it from Mrs. McDonald's hands and sent it flying across the barnyard. While the bear was doing that Miss McDonald pitched into him with the ax, and at the first blow disabled one of his terrible forelegs. The bear turned on her and she rained blows thick and fast upon him as she backed slowly away. Mrs. McDonald quickly regained possession of the pitchfork and renewed her attack on the bear.

"Between the attacks of the two determined and plucky women the bear was so badly harassed that he made an effort to escape from the field, but the women pressed him too closely. The battle was not of long duration, for the lusty blows of the axe in the girl's hands and the deep and painful stabs inflicted by Mrs. McDonald with her pitchfork soon had their effect on the bear, big and tough as he was, and in ten minutes after the fight began he was stretched dead by the side of his victims, the two steers. The two nerwy women had their clothing nearly stripped from them by the claws of the bear, but beyond a few scratches they were not injured.

"They were not on the scene in time to save the valued steers, but their pluck in avenging the death of the cattle aroused so much enthusiasm and admiration at the settlement that a purse was raised among the lumbermen and hunters, with which another yoke of steers was bought and presented to Mrs. McDonald and her brave little sister.

### ANOTHER WOMAN'S BEAR.

"In that same Molus river wilderness, but nearer the headwaters, lives during the summer and sometimes as late as the middle of November, if the weather is not too severe, a family named Baker. They are Boston people, but on account of the health of one of the family, who is benefited by the spruce and pine air of the region, they spend most of the year in their commodious cabin in the Molus woods.

"Baker's wife is a pretty woman of about thirty, and has learned to handle the rifle like an old woodsman. She insisted on making one of a party that had formed to rout out and kill a big bear that had been located in a swamp a mile or so from the cabin. She was stationed by the guide at a spot where in his judgment the bear would not be likely to come out when the dogs got after him, as he had no faith in a woman's ability to stand and shoot at a bear as it bounced into sight out of a thicket.

"His judgment was right, for when the dogs got on the track of the bear Mrs. Baker heard them taking a course that would fetch brain out of the swamp at a place where she would be unable to see it or get a shot. But she wasn't there to be fooled, and she started on a run for the spot where the bear was evidently headed for, and she got there before any one else did. The bear, a tremendous big fellow, as black as ink, broke through the thick brush on the edge of the swamp, and was putting in his best licks across the opening for cover on the other side. But he never reached cover. Mrs. Baker put one rifle ball close behind his left shoulder and another through his loins. When the guide, Mr. Baker and another member of the party came tearing to the spot, Mrs. Baker was sitting on the carcass of the bear as cool as a cucumber, and with mock disgust exclaimed: "You're a nice lot of hunters, I declare! If it hadn't been for me this bear would have been a mile away in the woods before you stupid things knew what had become of it!"—New York Sun.

### Differed with the Speaker.

The Minister—I now come to that great rite, the Passover, and— Drowsy Railroad Official (awaking suddenly)—I tell you you have no right to a pass over this rail. Sam, show this man to the door.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

much la. with rugs, the idea bet. one must lie. take a nap after.

People living in apartments costing as high as \$1,000 a year, and in the new quarter of Paris in the neighborhood of the Champs Elysees, when they wish to bathe, other than take a sponge bath in a small portable tub, either go to the public bathing establishments or send to them to have a bath brought to their apartments. Sunday morning one sees a strange looking two wheeled cart like a very high dog cart, on which there is a framework built over the wheels. This framework can hold three bathtubs. They are made entirely of copper and are about 5 feet long, 20 inches deep at the end and 18 inches on the side.

The driver of this vehicle is perched up high on a small seat in front, is bare-headed and wears a blouse. On each side of him an iron ring encircles a copper colored vessel, holding about three gallons of hot water, which rests on a little shelf. He also carries a supply of dry towels and sheets. The bathing establishments have these carts, and when a patron sends word that he wants a hot bath at a certain hour the bath is put on the cart, the kettle filled with hot water, and the cart with its strange load is rapidly driven to the building in which the apartment is.

The driver carries the bathtub, as an Adirondack guide carries a canoe, on his head and shoulders, from the first to the fifth floor, as the case may be, and after spreading a sheet to protect the carpet, he spreads also a clean sheet inside of the tub, so that the bather does not touch the metal. Then he carries up the kettle of hot water which he has brought from the main establishment. The necessary cold water he gets on the premises, either on the same floor with the apartment, or in the courtyard.

When the bather has had his bath, the attendant removes the soiled water by dipping it out, wipes out the tub and carries it with his kettles and soiled towels down stairs to his cart. The charge for all this is about sixty cents, with the usual additional tip to the man.—Engineering Record.

### Montana Sapphires.

The only locality in Montana which has been at all prolific of sapphires is the six or seven miles of placer ground between Ruby and Eldorado bars on the Missouri river, sixteen miles east of Helena. Here sapphires are found in glacial auriferous gravels while sluicing for gold, and until now have been considered only a by product. Up to the present time they have never been systematically mined. In 1899 one company took the option on 4,000 acres of the river banks, and several smaller companies have since been formed with a view of mining for these gems alone or in connection with gold.

The colors of the gems obtained, although beautiful and interesting, are not the standard blue or red shades generally demanded by the public. The stones embrace a great variety of the lighter shades of red, yellow, blue and green. The latter color is found quite pronounced, being rather a blue green than an emerald green. Nearly all the stones, when finely cut, have an apparent metallic luster which is strikingly peculiar to those from this locality. Neither red rubies nor true blue sapphires have yet been found.—Omaha Bee.

### Curiosities in Eggs.

We met our old friend, Mr. Jesse Eaton, on the street the other day, and he told us of a wonderful egg his daughter came across a short time ago. On breaking it she discovered another perfectly formed egg with a shell inside of it. It was about the size of a partridge egg. Another gentleman standing by told of a curiosity in the shape of a double chicken that had been hatched on his place. The backs of the twins were united, and while one would be standing on his feet the feet of the other would be pointing upward. When growing tired of this position it or they would flop over and stand on the other feet, the positions being reversed. He said the chickens lived several days.—Farmington (Me.) Times.

### Animals and the Peanut Habit.

There is now said to be no animal or bird in the Central Park menagerie that does not eat peanuts. Many species in the cages were at first much averse to peanuts, but the persistence of the children in forcing them upon every creature there has had such an effect that even the lions and pelicans, and everything except the snakes, have felt obliged to acquire the peanut habit.—New York Sun.

### Growing Celery.

There have been many ways suggested for blanching. It is said that in the Old World, where first class celery is desired, instead of burying the plant in the earth they simply tie up the leaves and then wrap them in coarse brown paper. It is said that much better celery can be obtained this way than by any other method of blanching.—Meehan's Monthly.

The November of 1861 will ever be famous in our political history, because in that month, for the first and only time, two presidents were elected within these United States—Abraham Lincoln to rule in Washington, and Jefferson Davis in Richmond.

of recent date, and which had been used by a certain lariat. The wound refused to heal, notwithstanding careful attention and the application of remedies. friend handed Sawyer some of Haller's Barb Wire Liniment, the most wonderful thing ever saw to heal such wounds. He applied it only three times and the sore was completely healed. Equally good for all sores, cuts, bruises, and wounds. For sale by all druggists.

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