



may be found every evening dur- nerves another shock. ing the summer in the Hoffman Hoffman, Ed Stokes.

Five men who have grown up with the far west from the days of the pioevery step they advanced toward the and came toward me with a rush. Golden Gate.

dian, and getting out of that corner I down my bare arm. There I was, with that were not on the warpath were down the moment I raised my head. ready to scalp any white man who fell into their hands. There were plenty of bears around, too, and as a rule very far from camp alone,

"One morning I started out to follow the day before and along the banks of ground without stinging me. But I which were some scant outcroppings of silver. I got so interested in examining specimens of rock that I pushed on, quite forgetful of time and distance until a feeling of emptiness of my stomach warned me that it was noon. Then I made a note of my surroundings, and found that I was fully ten miles from camp. I was on the bank of the ravine which was more than one hundred feet deep at that point. All around there was a sort of stunted half-grown forest with plenty of rocks and small caves-splendid hiding places for bears and Indians. I looked around very carefully and, seeing no sign of an enemy, 1 decided to cat the cold dinner I had brought with me before starting back to camp.

"It was a hot day, and when I had finished my dinner I was sleepy. I lay down in the shade of a tree to take a short map, knowing that I would wake up in less than an hour which would give me plenty of time to get to camp before dark. I took off my coat and put it under my head, rolled forgot to grab my gun as I rose, and

around on the under side of my arm and stopped. Every instant I expected to feel the sharp sting of the insect, and I was trying to nerve myself up and let the bear finish me in short order, rather than suffer the torture of the slower death.

"But the bear looked me over, pushed my arms and legs about and licked my face: still the centipede did not move. The bear stood there for several minutes, it seemed to me, but at last appeared to make up his mind HE WEAL- that I was dead and he would leave thymine own- me to the coyotes. Then he turned ers, ranchmen | and lumbered off in the same direction and politi- from which he had come.

"But the deadly centipede was still cians of the far west go to on my arm, and by this time I was so New York to weak as to be in danger of rolling spend their over in utter collapse. Then a sudden summer vacations. Crowds of them warning of a new danger gave my

"The bear had gone less than fifty house cafe. There they meet Buffalo feet away when I heard the sharp Bill and his friend and host of the crack of a rifle on the other side of me, heard the hiss of a bullet as it flew over me and saw a bunch of fur fly from the side of the bear. The anineers were seated around a table in mal had been hit just back of the left the Hoffman cafe telling stories of shoulder, but the bullet did not even their adventures in the days when knock him down. With a growl of they fought Indians and grizzlies at rage the big shaggy monster turned

"I was certain that the shot had "I had some pretty close calls in the been fired by an Indian, and if there old days fighting Indians and bears was any faint hope of escape lingering single-handed," said Col. Burrows, of in my breast before, it rapidly van-Montana, "but once I was cornered by | ished. The centipede had been startled a grizzly, a centipede and a Crow In- by the shot and was now running had the closest shave of my life, I the deadly insect on my bare flesh, an guess. I was prospecting along the enraged and wounded bear coming at foot of the Rockies one summer away me from one side, and an Indian on back in the days when all the Indians the other side of me ready to shoot me

"I quickly made up my mind that if my time had come I had rather be shot by the Indian or torn to pieces by the none of the men in our party went bear than to be stung to death by the centipede. With a bound I sprang to my feet, and to my intense relief the up a small ravine that I had discovered centipede dropped from my arm to the served on files. It is well, then, that



I HAD DRAWN MY KNIFE.

up the sleeves of my flannel shirt and when I got on my feet the bear was so made myself as comfortable as possi- close I did not have time to stoop and

LITERARY DERELICTS.

Scrapbooks, Their Value and the Changes in Taste Which They Show.

Who so keepeth a scrapbook keepeth a good thing, and the manner in which it is kept is an indication of the presence or absence of certain qualities in the "keeper," as order, perseverence, continuity of purpose and fixedness of memory. A scrapbook is, moreover, an index of literary taste and feeling, and a scrapbook, or a series of scrapbooks kept for a number of years, shows how that taste may change, broaden and rise with reading and the reception of new ideas and impressions. Could we have all the scrapbooks of one lifetime extending from youth to age, we should have a literary history of that life. Those scrapbooks are most interesting and valuable which may be classified as personal; kept by some one in. on Good Friday. Even the cars were dividual for personal use and behoof; which record the workings of one brain and, in a way, the emotions of one ligious silence. heart. These, preserved, become in time histories and autobiographies. Next in interest to these private scrapbooks are those which are kept for a | nainder of his life, so he resolved to purpose; to collect and preserve facts support a missionary to labor in the in regard to some event in history; some historical charactor, as Washington or Napoleon, or better yet, some contemporary personage. From these Congo, a monthly paper in the Flote the biographer of the future may col- dialect whose title means "Messenger lect his choicest material; for be it of Peace." The paper costs twenty known that newspapers from which cents per year, and is printed in five scrapbooks are generally made are no hundred copies. longer the "abstract and brief chronicles" of the time, but are extended and even diffuse chronicles, telling all there is to tell. Anyone who has had occasion to write a post-mortem last portion of the scaffolding has now sketch of any modern statesman has found his facts stated at length, not in last be seen in all its beauty. books, but in newspapers. And yet newspapers are evanescent and perishable. Out of the one hundred thousand copies a newspaper issued on a certain day, it is quite possible that every copy may have disappeared in a to nine hundred, and can not promise few days, except the half dozen prethe scrapbook keeps the eream, the gem, the one poem, or sketch, or speech, or story that made a certain copy of the newspaper sought after and

valuable for elipping purposes. It is a fact that every reading person must have noticed, that there is not in the world a perfect book of quotations. Complete as the work on hand may be, it frequently does not contain the line. the verse, the "eloquent extract" one is looking for. Scrapbooks, old scrapbooks, are the repositories of these things; these poems by unknown authors; by the poets who wrote but one poem each, and never got credit for that. These are very often resurrected from antique scrapbooks and sent on their anonymous round through the newspapers, to be again secured in the scrapbooks and again for a time forgotten.

The scrapbook, or rather the keeping of it, is an aid to the memory. One does not entirely forget that which he in an index. He retains a portion of investigations in printing-offices, inches long, like so many hooks of it, a scrap of the scrap, as it were, in sweating-shops, and other places where steel on a sledge-hammer, it tears to his mind, so that in any event he the working-day was practically with- shreds what it fails to crush. There knows where to find it. The practice out a limit. of keeping scrapbooks, considered by many persons old-fashined, is not the less an excellent fashion; preserving to us in our youth; keep for another time what one day made us smile or weep; a biography, a history, a journal writour own .- Kansas City Star.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

-The first annual Christian Endeavor convention ever held in China was held in Shanghai, recently.

-Two thousand one hundred and ninety-five Jews in the kingdom of Prussia became Christians from 1875-

-The Scandinavians of this country possess 42 institutions for secondary and higher education, with 5,000 students. The value of the property is \$1,250,000.

-There are five government universities in India, but these universities are forbidden to teach any religious doctrine, and have no care over the morals of the students.

-A few years ago no man dare ride through the streets of any Chilian city not allowed torun. No sound of human labor was permitted to disturb the re-

-Bishop Taylor tells of a man converted late in life, who wanted to make up for lost time and double the refield while he labored at home.

-The missionaries of Swedish societies are publishing, at Kibunzi, on the

-The highest cathedral tower in the world-that of Ulm Minster-though finished some years ago, has been hidden by scaffolding until recently. The been removed, and the tower can at

-The board of education of the Presbyterian church has decided that it must limit the probable number of students under its care in colleges and seminaries during the coming season to give a larger sum than eighty dollars for the year.

-It is the fashion in France for the government to parcel out the public funds for the support of public wor- either ship. From \$8,000,000 to \$10,000,000 are annually given the Catholics; the Protestants receive about \$350,000, the Jews about \$40,000 and the Mohammedans about \$50,000 .- Missionary Review.

Ill., a pair of heavy silver candlesticks to his appeal.

of society, recently addressed a social- is hard to kill quickly, and kill so and women at Kimball hall, Chicago, nunter. upon the wrongs of women wage-car-

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

PIGS AND SHEEP.

White pigs has baby, ten, For each little pig is a toe; Five on this foot, five on that, All drawn up in a row: Eight white pigs are dainty and small.



When baby's sound asleep; Eight white sheep are dainty and small,

And the two great thumbs are the parents of all. -R. W. Lowrie. in Our Little Ones.

THE GRIZZLY'S PLUCK.

He Can Do Plenty of Damage When R. Is "Nominally Dead.

Personally I have more respect for his majesty, the grizzly bear, than for any other animal I ever trailed, the tiger not excepted, writes W. T. Hornaday in an article on the bears of North America in St. Nicholas. It is quite true that many an able-bodied grizzly is caught napping and killed "dead easy," as the baseball language says, but so are big tigers also, for that matter. In fact, I know of one large tiger weighing within five pounds of five hundred, who was promptly laid low by two bullets from a mere pop-gun of a rifle, and there was no fuss about it,

It is easy enough to lau a grizzly at a good safe distance of a hundred yards or so, which allows the hunter to fire from three to six shots by the time the teeth and claws get dangerously near -The queen of Italy recently sent to But to attack a fully-grown and wide-Rev. Father Tonello, of Galesburg, awake Ursus horribilis in brushy ground at twenty or thirty yards' disand a copy of a picture by Giotto of the tance is no child's play. As an old Virgin and Child, beautifully framed hunter once quaintly expressed it to in silver. Father Tonello is of a noble me: "A grizzly bar'll git up an' come Italian family, and was a childish play- at ye with blood in his eye after he's mate of the queen. Not long ago he nominally dead!" The point of it is, wrote to her, asking some aid for his this bear is so big, and so enveloped in mission, and her gift was sent in reply long, shaggy hair, his head is so wedgelike, his strength and tenacity of life -Mrs. Charles Henrotin, the wife of so great, and his rage when wounded a Chicago banker, and herself a leader so furious that at that short range he

istic meeting of over one thousand men dead that he cannot get a blow at the The strength in a grizzly's arm is newspaper and fasten to the receptive ers and the advantages of the eight- tremendous, and when the blow comes page, and perhaps (as he should) record hour law, recounting the results of her accompanied with claws five or six

BUMMER AND LAZARUS.

Story of a Generous Dog Who Protected a Friendless Old Cur.

A homeless dog straved into a Sam Francisco engine house, and was made welcome by the jolly firemen. Though they named him Bummer they treated him kindly, fed him, made him a bed and gave him the freedom of the house.

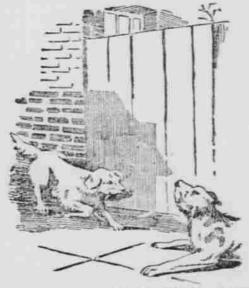
Bummer repaid their kindness by devoting himself to his new friends. He ran with the engine to every fire, marched with it proudly on parade, kept other dogs out of its way and guarded the men if they needed his care. He was seldom off duty unless hunger prompted a visit to a neighboring restaurant, where a friend of his engine kindly fed him.

One day, after eating a hearty meal there, he crammed his mouth with ment and bones and trotted off. He did the same the next day, and the next. Then he was followed. Going through several streets he entered a small, dark, dirty alley, and, at its farther end laid the food before a halfstarved dog; then, wagging his tail in satisfaction, he kept guard while the old creature ate.

Learning that Bummer was supporting a friend the firemen went to see what attractions there were about the old dog. They found a miserable, dirty skeleton with a broken leg. Much of his hair was gone and his body marked with sores and scars, telling of recent and carlier battles. Though they saw nothing desirable in the old fellow, Bummer's kindness and wistful look conquered.

The old creature was taken to the engine house, his leg put in splints, an addition made to Bummer's bed, and the newcomer given a share in the other's rights. To the dog with sores the firemen gave the name of Lazaras. Kind treatment and good food showed their effect on Lazarus, but could not make him young again. He regained strength, recovered the use of his leg and was able to walk about, but never to run far with the engine. His duty seemed to be to guard the house while his younger friend attended to the engine in the streets.

The old fellow appeared to be the butt of every cur in the ward. The meanest and most cowardly canine of the street need only see Lazarus away from his business and there followed .



I had been asleep probably fifteen minutes when a peculiar tickling leap to one side that I escaped the sensation on my right arm caused me elutch of the grizzly as he rose on his to awake suddenly. Fortunately for hind feet and made a lunge at me with me, I did not spring up with a start paws outstretched and mouth wide "Opening my eyes, I looked first at open.

my arm where I had felt the tickling. As I did so my heart stopped beating for a minute, it seemed to me, and I of my death warrant.

without even turning my eyeballs, and "I gave a sigh of relief now that I I lay perfectly still. How I did it I had only one enemy to fight instead of don't know. It seemed to me that three. But I was not yet out of danthere was a ton of weight on my chest ger by any means. The pain of his



a scorching hot day, I was soon as the Indian had not reached a vital cold as if I had been lying in an ice- spot, and the bear was good for hours box. The centipede would crawl up of hard fighting yet. my arm to where my shirt sleeve was "As I dodged about to avoid the savrolled up, then crawl all around the age rushes of the animal I kept getarm, back to the wrist, and then up ting nearer the brink of the ravine. again. He must have made the cir- Finally I stook on the very edge of it, cuit twenty times, and the strain on with the bear facing me, twenty feet my nurves was telling on me fast. It away. Again he rose on his hind feet coln Inn after quitting Oxford, and seemed to me that it had been hours and came to me with a vicious growl. since I awoke, and I knew that I could I stood still until I could almost feel not stand the strain much longer.

before my staring eyes. I heard a I sprang quickly to one side. rustling of leaves, and a moment later a "My plan of escape was a success huge brown bear, gaunt and hungry The momentum of the big brute was looking, walked out of the bushes and such that he could not stop in time came straight toward me. My rifle and he plunged headlong over the was lying on the ground within easy bank and went tumbling to the botreach of my right hand, but to move tom of the ravine. I heard him strike that arm ever so little would invite the the rocks a hundred feet below with a deadly sting of the centipede on the thud, and then as I realized that I was instant, and the bear was so close it safe I dropped to the ground as limp was doubtful if I could get a shot at as a wet rag. I was as weak as a baby him anyway.

and half closing my eyes I tried to fore I was strong enough to pick up think of a prayer to say. The bear my rifle and start back to camp. saw the bear coming, and crawled St Louis Globe Democrat.

get it. In fact, it was only by a quick

"As I leaped aside and faced about I caught sight of the painted face of a murderous-looking Crow Indian who felt a cold sweat starting out at every stood, rifle in hand, not less than thirty pour. Half-way up my arm I saw a yards away. The Indian was evidentfull-grown centipede crawling around by not aware of my presence until I on the bare flesh. He was very wide jumped up from the ground, and had awake, and it was evident that he was his rifle raised for a shot at the bear. there for business. The slightest He was so startled by my sudden apmove on my part would be the signing pearance that he lowered his rifle, and, instead of taking a shot at me, ran "I could see the venomous insect away as fast as he could go.

wound made the bear frantic. Growling furiously, he turned and made another rush for me. He was now between me and my rifle, and my only weapon was a long hunting knife which I carried in my belt. Glancing that can not be thrown off by outback over my shoulder for a second, I discovered another and serious danger. | Cincinnati Enquirer. I was within twenty feet of the bank of the ravine, which was directly behind me. A stumble or slip of the foot would carry me over the brink, which meant a fall of one hundred feet, to

strike on a mass of rock below. "As the bear rushed at me the second time I again sprang to one side and escaped him by only a few inches. I had drawn my knife, but I knew that if I had closed with him he could tear me to pieces before I could reach a vital spot with such a weapon.

"As I dodged about a plan of escape suddenly occurred to me. It was a desperate chance, but my situation was desperate, and by this time it was holding me down, and although it was plain that the bullet from the gun of

his hot breath in my face. Then duck-"Suddenly a new danger appeared ing to avoid his outstretched forelegs

from the effects of the strain on my "Then I gave myself up for good, nerves, and it was nearly an hour be-

walked straight up to me, and begin- "With two of my companions to help ning at my feet began to smell and me I went up the ravine the next day push me with his nose. The centipede and secured the hide of the bear."-

Loud Grief Expends Itself.

"The person whose grief is manifested in violent paroxyisms is fortunate," said Dr. L. J. Wilton. "I have never known a case where there were loud cries, wailing, and moaning that did not soon recover completely. One of the first patients I ever had was a young man who had met with an accident. He died within an hour, and the grief of his young widow was most distressing to those present. It was with the greatest difficulty that we could restrain her from throwing herself upon his coffin in the grave, but in two months she was married again and seemed to be perfectly happy. Grief ward manifestations is what tells --

A Mythologic Character.

The young man had been telling the girl a lot of marvelous stories, which he thought she was swallowing whole, until she began to quiz him and queer his yarns.

"Do you know," she asked after she had been making him feel silly for half this free alkali that becomes prejudicial an hour, "what mythological character to the skin, as it not only acts as an ir-I represent?"

"Diana," he responded, anxious to please.

"No," she desented; "Orpheus." "How Orpheus?" he inquired. "He was a man.

"I know, but he played upon the lvre."-Detroit Free Press.

-There is but one woman lawyer in India, and that is Miss Sorabji, a Parsee, who, after winning academic honors in India, went to England, and was a successful student at Oxford, where she was a protegee of the late Prof. Jowett, the master of Balliol. She worked in a solicitor's office in Linthus familiarized herself with a lawyer's practical work. Miss Sorabji took up the study of law from the desire to help her countrywomen, whom religion and custom alike forbid to receive legal advice from men; but, after all, she has not yet been able to practice law a India. She still believes it her mission in life, however, and, pending the opportunity, she has a post at Baroda as director of woman's education

-Along the west coast of Africa there are now about 225 churches, 40,000 converts, 100,000 adherents, 200 schools, 40,600 pupils. Thirty-five languages or dialects have been mastered, and parts of the Bible and other books have been printed in these languages, while it is estimated that 8,060,000 of the natives have more or less knowledge of the Gospel of Uhrist.

THE USE OF SOAPS.

How the Skin Is Injured by the Cheaper Kinds.

Even in perfect health, the skin may be said to be one of the most sensitive ten by a thousand other hands and yet of the bodily tissues, and when it is naturally irritable and harsh it is liable to be seriously affected by the simplest of external influences.

The skin is roughly divided into two avers: the deeper one, or the true skin, being the vital portion, and for the most part responsible for the health of the whole structure; while the external layer is more of the nature of horn, and serves as a protection for the tissues underneath.

The natural function of the true skin. which is to excrete the perspiration, tends, in normal conditions, to lubricate this horny epidermis, as it is called, and to keep it always soft and somewhat moist.

The perspiration is, in the main, composed of watery and fatty sweat; and in determining the suitability of any cleansing medium, it is its relation to these substances more than anything else that we have to study.

Soap, as we all know, is made by the action of alkalies, like potash and soda. upon fats. There is generally, even in the best of soap, a greater or less amount of alkali above that required to transform the fat into soap. It is ritant, but combines with and removes the fatty sweat. By its continued action the skin is rendered harsh and dry.

We may guard against the danger which may attend, in some cases at least, the free use of soap in either of two ways-by limiting ourselves to articles made by reputable firms, or by using a soap which has an excess of fatty matter in its composition, like that known as "castle."

Cheap soaps, while they may appear all right to the sense of sight and smell. are generally perfumed highly to hide the presence of free alkali, and their Companion.

Breaking the Record.

Oh, grandma, Harry broke the record at the college contest. Grandma-Well, I declare, that boy is always breaking something. What will it cost to fix it, or will he have to get a new one?-Detroit Free Press.

Small Brother (enthusiastically)-

A Record.

"How are you getting along with your new servant girl?" asked the galler.

"Cur new servant gisl?" repeated the hostess with some indignation in her voice: "why, she has been with us for four days!"-Washington Star.

-The boy stood on the burning deck: He wouldn't stir an inch. J or he was writing up the fire For the Daily Evening Cinch.

Harper's Bazar.

are many authentic instances on record of hunters and trappers who have been killed by grizzly bears, and I believe it could be proved that this animal has killed more men than all the other wild animals in North America combined, excepting the skunks and their rabies.

In the days of the early pioneers, the only rifles used were the muzzle-loading, hair-trigger squirrel-rifles of small caliber, and they were no match for the burly grizzly, either in speed or strength. As a result, bruin had the est bof it, and in time brought about @



at short range with my father's old Kentucky rifle of 32 caliber, unless I had my will made, and all my earthly affairs in shape to be left for a long period. But with the rise of the breechloader the tables turned; and, like all other dangerous animals, the grizzly soon found that the odds were against him. To be sure, he kills his hunter now and then, sometimes by one awful stroke of his paw, and sometimes by biting his victim to death. But he has aimost ceased to attack men wilfully is always to be discouraged .- Youth's and without cause, as he once did. Unless he is wounded or cornered, or chinks he is cornered and about to be attacked, he will generally run whenever he discovers a man. But when he is attacked, and especially if wounded. he gets mad clean through. Then he will fight anything, even a circular the start.

A Neighborly Neighborhood.

Boy-Mother wants to know if you won't lend her your carpet sweeper? New Neighbor-I haven't any.

"We saw one unloaded from the wagon.'

"That wasn't a carpet sweeper. It was a lawn mower."

"Gee whizz! I don't know what I'll do now. If I tell her it was a lawn mower she'll want to borrow that, and | feet (usually given as even 1,000), and then I'll have to push it. I wish you'd it is to be the property of the builder send out and buy a carpet sweeper, for twenty years, beginning with 1899, and please don't use your lawn mower until we move away."-Good News.

HE ENTERED & SMALL, DABE, DIETT ALLEY.

dght, with the cld fellow invariably the under dog. Too old and weak to battle successfully, yet he seemed to know nothing about victory. He was a dog of peace when he had his way; of defeat when the other had a chance.

After a few battles Lazaras was let alone when Bummer was near, but never if his champion was out of hearing. The strong dog need but hear the faint yelp for aid of his venerable friend and there came like a black flash through the streets something that sent the aggressor tumbling over and over without knowing what had struck him. If the scamp desired to fight he must meet Bummer's strength and prowess; usually the battle ended with the champion's first charge.

Though kindness and care prolonged the life of Lazarus, they could not stop the later approach of death. It came slowly but surely. The old dog ceased to eat, nor would he try the nicest dainties. Bummer's watching and the attention of the firemen, appreciated by the old fellow, made his end easy.

The men made a box, placed the body of the dead dog in it, and, followed by Bummer, carried it out to a vacant lot and gave it decent burial.

A change came over Bummer after his friend's death. He lost friskiness, refused to follow the engine, declinea food, would not take medicine, and seemed to be grieving himself to death. Though he received the attention of the firemen kindly, he showed no has terest in them nor anything they did. Sitting at the door of the engine-room, or lying in his bed, he allowed time to pass as though he had lost all interest in life. Thus he gradually wasted away, died from grief and starvation. A few weeks after the death of Lazarus Bummer's dead body lay in the same bed.

The firemen made a neat box for a coffin, and carried their friend to a pleasanter vacant lot than had been used for the other, and, while some dug a grave for Bummer, others dug up the other dog, and in the new grave they '.id the friends side by side. Over the 1 wound they raised a stone, on which they had the names of the faithful friends; and, unless the stone has been removed recently, it yet marks in that vacant lot the last resting place of saw, so it is said, and give it five turns | Bummer and Lazarus .- Chicago Inter Ocean.

The Eiffel Tower Dissected.

The total weight of the ironwork in the Eiffel tower is 7,767 tons, and the foundations of each of its four indepen dent legs are sunk to a depth of fifty feet. It is constructed of iron throughout (most people think it is of steel), the pieces of the metal used in its construction being 112,000. The exact height of the great iron skeleton is 984 after which time the sole ownership I reverts to the city of Paris.

STRUCTURE THE STRUCTURE AND

