

HOW HE GOT A STORY.

A Newspaper Man's Pursuit of One Printed in Detail. The other evening the head of the news staff of a local daily was standing in front of the Palmer House. An elegantly dressed young woman suddenly stopped before him, and with evident embarrassment inquired the way to the Casino. The direction was given and the newspaper man added that the place was closed.

"Closed?" echoed the woman in surprise. "Yes; it hasn't been open for several months."

"Oh, well," she continued, "I guess it is all right, anyway. I am a stranger in the city; a gentleman and his wife from New York asked me to meet them at 8 o'clock in front of the Casino to go to the theater. I supposed we were going to the Casino. My friends evidently are going to some other theater and asked me to meet them where they thought would be most convenient for me."

She thanked him, gave him a smile which he remembered afterward, and passed on. A minute later "the newspaper man threw away the remnant of his cigar. A bit of ashes, caught by the wind, fell upon his coat lapel. In brushing it off his hand accidentally touched his cravat. The scorpion which had nestled there a moment before was gone."

"It wasn't worth a dollar, anyway," he said to himself consolingly. "and she's welcome to it; but I'd like to know how she did it. There's a great story in that woman if I could only find her again and make her talk."

His intended visit to the theater was given-up forthwith, and he began patrolling the down-town streets in search for that story. An hour later he came face to face with the woman he was looking for. She evidently had seen him first, but she made no attempt to avoid him.

"I want you," he said bluntly. She laughed. "Well," she said, "I suppose all of us sometimes want what we can't get."

"And some of us," he added, "it seems, help ourselves to whatever we want."

"Oh, did you miss it, really?" she asked, smiling like a houri. "I couldn't help taking it, you know; really I couldn't. But it wasn't worth keeping after all. You'll find it in your left-hand overcoat pocket."

And he did. "Come," he said, "there's a restaurant across the street. I owe you a dinner."

When the last particle of the broiled lobster had been washed down and she had told a fairy story which he mentally concluded would make at least a column they arose to go.

"Do you know," she said, "you were pretty lucky to-night? Well, you were. When I was talking to you on the street I tried for your watch. Your coat was buttoned, and it covered the pocket so tightly that I couldn't get the watch without your noticing it. See," she continued, pointing to his tightly buttoned coat. "I couldn't get my hand under there without your knowing it. Notice how tight the coat is over that pocket. There's a pointer for you—always keep your coat buttoned in a crowd. Then you're safe."

The newspaper man offered to escort his companion to her hotel. She declined. He insisted. She hailed a passing hansom, jumped in and was whirled away. He lighted another cigar and strolled toward the theater. He wondered if he would be in time to see the second act.

What he said when he reached for his watch couldn't be printed.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Prowling Wolves Increasing.

The gray wolf, the bane of cattleman and stock masters, appears to multiply and flourish in defiance of the efforts of the hunter and the price set upon his head. Advice from all sections of the range country report that gray wolves are as numerous and destructive as ever. Range riders are witnesses to the fact that the fastest and strongest steers are frequently overcome by these ferocious beasts, while the weak and lazier surrender to their attacks at almost without a struggle. The live stock laws of Montana from this source cannot be calculated, but from the nature of the case it must be tremendous. Professional hunters state that the gray wolf is an exceptionally difficult animal to circumvent. His cunning is remarkable and his suspicious nature causes him to avoid any locality which his keen senses notify him has been lavished by his human enemy. He is not a gregarious animal, preferring to roam in small bunches, which prevents such a wholesale killing as could be accomplished if a large band should fall within the power of the hunter. He avoids poisoned baits and dead carcasses; he is essentially a beast of prey, preferring fresh meat at all times and when the pangs of hunger are felt he starts out to find something with warm blood in it.

For these reasons wolf hunting is an exceptionally slow and precarious occupation; trapping, chasing and shooting are practically the only methods that produce results, and attractive inducements are necessary to encourage hunters to engage in that work as a means of livelihood.—Benton River (Mont.) Press.

Calm and Collected.

Reporter—It is said that yourself and your comrade, O'Hogarty, were calm and collected after the dynamite explosion at the quarry.

O'Hogarty—Well, it was like this. O'H was calm and O'Hogarty was collected.—New York World.

Paraphernalia.

My father began life as a peddler. I don't know they

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

A CHOICE SELECTION OF INTERESTING ITEMS.

Comments and Criticisms Based Upon the Happenings of the Day—Historical and News Notes.

No sane man will now presume to dispute the efficacy of a Turkish bath as a remover of grease.

The Atchison Globe says that a young woman of that place "has begun to look around for means to support a husband." Whose?

Cornell University has issued an elaborate work entitled "Notes on Plums." Such a treatise ought to sell pretty well in Washington nowadays.

A Duluth man claims to have seen in the clouds a mirage showing a bloody battle in progress. Boll the city drinking water—and use more of it.

It is said that strawberry boxes are now manufactured for one-thirty-fifth of a cent apiece." But the bottoms surely come much higher than that.

It is at least passing strange that the fellow who sues for \$100,000 for the alienation of his wife's affections never values them so highly while he has them.

"We shall welcome the sweet girl graduates," says the St. Louis Star, "with open arms." The St. Louis divorce courts may as well prepare for a business boom right now.

It is claimed that a pool has been formed to corner Kentucky whisky and hold it for a rise. It is perfectly safe to bet that whisky will go the other way, no matter where prices may go.

A catalogue of the newly discovered widows of departed millionaires is about to be printed for the benefit of the legal fraternity. It will be in six octavo volumes, handsomely bound in half morocco.

A Buffalo man the other day refused to accompany a policeman to the lock-up until a physician had examined him and pronounced him drunk. Buffalo policemen must be more accommodating than bluecoats ordinarily are.

The City Council of Hutchinson, Kan., has licensed the sale of "hop tea." For the information of those who are unfamiliar with the peculiarities of prohibition it may be said that "hop tea is an insidious beverage which looks like beer, tastes like beer and acts like beer."

Gov. Taylor of Tennessee is expected to resign his office soon and again go upon the lecture platform. The announcement of his purpose has caused a chorus of protests to arise from his constituents, but whether they object to the resignation or to the lecture part of the program it is impossible to state accurately at this distance.

One of the queerest walkouts which ever took place was that of twenty-two men in the Lake Shore shops at Buffalo, who refused to obey the request asking them to wash their hands and faces on quitting work at the noon hour. The master mechanic says they were not ordered to wash, but requested to do so, and that they left of their own accord. The men, however, assert that it was an imperative order, and that they refused to obey it because too many men were required to use the same water and they were afraid of contagious diseases. They were evidently not willing to acquire godliness at the expense of their health.

Medical scientists, and laymen as well, have been greatly interested in a new cure being practiced in London by which wounds of all sorts are treated with oxygen. A home has recently been opened for patients who wish to be treated, and the system has the approval of high medical authority as well as the patronage of royalty. The cure, which is something the English have learned from the Zulus, consists in concentrating oxygen on the wound in an air-tight glass. The new application of the gas is the work—or discovery, one may call it—of Dr. Stoker, an English physician of standing. Suffering which has lasted many years has succumbed to this treatment, and medical men look for wonderful achievements from it.

From Duluth, the zenith city of the unmeted seas, comes the story that a wonderful mirage was seen there recently, the picture representing two armies awfully arrayed, bombarding each other with artillery. The observers of this phenomenon took it to be a representation of a battle in Cuba, although while the alleged mirage was being gazed upon a conflict much nearer Duluth was being waged, where the Canadian police were shelling Almighty Voice, the Indian chief of the Northwest Territory. It is nearly time, too, for the annual report of the Alaskan mirage showing the mystic, silent city. In the Popular Science Monthly Prof. Jordan explores the last-named fake. No one has ever seen this mirage, but only alleged photographs of it. These photographs Prof. Jordan proves to be copies from a negative of an unsuccessful attempt to photograph the city of Bristol, England. Photographs of the battle mirage of Duluth will probably soon be on the market.

Many lines of trade have complained of the effect of the bicycle craze, but one did not expect to hear that wheeling had affected the making of furniture. Yet that is what is asserted by the manufacturers of Grand Rapids. They say that an excessive use of the

passion for wheeling became that it has actually undermined the pride which the heads of families formerly took in the interior furnishings of their homes. Instead of furnishing their houses with articles of taste at moderate or even great cost and constantly adding to or replacing the goods, they now put the money into wheels. This is no guess at the cause of the falling off in the furniture trade, but has been determined by actual investigation. If this is really so a reaction in the bicycle fever may be looked for.

The Mobile Register is at present engaged in a very serious controversy with a writer in Scribner's Magazine on the important subject of the origin of the "siss-boom-ah." To those very ignorant persons who may not know what the siss-boom-ah is, it will be necessary to explain that this remarkable combination of sounds is something that certain colleges, but Princeton in particular, use at the end of their college yells. The writer in Scribner's claimed for Princeton the honor of originating it as a collegiate slogan. To this the Register objects and sets up the claim of the Hon. Gerald Stith, formerly Mayor of New Orleans, who introduced the skyrocket ejaculation as a sort of addendum to "three cheers" as far back as 1858, while Princeton did not make use of it until the year the civil war broke out. The magazine writer has replied with some warmth to this claim, and several other men have taken a hand in the controversy, which threatens to involve the whole country.

Chicago Chronicle: It was thought that the introduction of bicycle riding would work a change for the better in the form and color of men's clothes, the uniform ugliness of which has been a subject of a great deal of pain even to those not esthetes, but the reverse has been the case. It is true that the long trousers, so inexpressibly bad, has been to a certain extent superseded by the knickerbocker, which is better, but the costume as a whole is far from being an improvement. In fact, the average man or woman upon a wheel is a fright of so terrible a character that it is a wonder that all the clocks in town have not gone on a strike and ceased to run. The average man who rides a wheel thinks it necessary to get himself up in a costume the ugliest that can be imagined. It is shapeless, and the combination of colors is sufficient to give a cat fits. The materials, texture and colors of the average costume are simply shocking, and they are making our streets and boulevards moving panoramas of hideousness. The women's dresses are somewhat better, but there is vast room for improvement in those also. The ungainly, crouching attitudes of many riders and the strained expression of their faces add to the uncouth ensemble and tend to keep many from adopting this graceful and expeditious means of locomotion.

San Francisco Call: We learn from the Los Angeles papers that last month the heaviest consignment of ostrich plumes ever sent from California was shipped from Paris. This is coupled with the report that the industry has completely passed beyond the experimental stage and is not only profitable but likely to increase. There is a prospect that from \$50,000 to \$70,000 will be added during the coming year to the \$200,000 already invested in this business of supplying fashion with fine feathers. The ostrich ranches being successfully conducted at Pasadena, Anaheim, Fallbrook, Santa Monica, Coronado and Pomona have made sales this season aggregating \$190,000. The profits of these ventures were for a long time in considerable doubt, but now it is known that so long as the ladies continue to delight in plumes the industry is an assured success. There is no great danger of the market being flooded with feathers, for the cost of starting an ostrich farm in any effective way at all is about \$15,000, and a thoroughly equipped one requires an outlay of \$25,000 to \$30,000. This large investment and the care and time necessary to obtain good results will deter any disastrous rush of capital to compete in the work. The prosperity of this growing business is not only pleasing in itself but has a suggestive feature which enhances its value: It makes clear the fact that there are always splendid possibilities of introducing enterprises in California that will afford new uses for capital and industry and thus widen the extent of the State's resources. Varied industries constitute a safer base for prosperity than restriction to a few, however profitable, and the lesson of the ostrich farms teaches the advisability of making still other experiments in the way of adding to our productive occupations.

Woman's Curiosity.

"Why, mother," said Farmer Gray to his wife, "what be ye lookin' at John's bicycle so long for?"

"I was a wonderin', Silas," said she, "if I couldn't have one of them 'ere things that tell how far you go hitched to me somewhere. I'm cur'us to know how many miles I travel in a day doing this 'ere housework."—New York Tribune.

Mother's Gaffe.

"Mother," said Mrs. Smarton, "says the smell of stale tobacco makes her sick."

"Ah," said Mr. Smarton, "filling his pipe."

"So she has concluded, she says, that she will stay until she gets used to it if it takes her all summer."—Indianapolis Journal.

There's Many a Slip.

"Is it settled, Mrs. Flynt, that your daughter is to marry young Bullions?"

"Not at all. There's nothing more serious than an engagement between them."—Boston Free Press.



"I demand the payment of the \$10,000 in gold," said Miss Magruder, a little testily and quite determinedly. "I owe this to my niece, who is about to be married. As you know, I am her guardian, and I do not wish to diminish her legacy by any oversight on my part just now, when no one knows just what effect a possible silver victory may have upon the financial condition of the country. Once married, her husband may do as he likes."

"Very well, Miss Magruder," said Cashier Holt. "Your request will be honored if for no other reason than to show you that this bank is amply able to meet all demands."

The lady whom he addressed as Miss Magruder was a spinster of uncertain age, regular features and a determined and business like manner.

Cashier Holt, a middle-aged man with Vandyke beard and curly flax-colored hair, had tried vainly to demonstrate to his shrewd client that her money would be safer in the vaults of the bank than in her house.

Now he gave a whispered order to the only clerk the bank afforded. The latter turned an inquisitive face upon the spinster and her companion, a pretty country girl of 20 summers.

When he returned from the vault he carried in his hand a leather satchel, which he placed on the counter before the cashier. "Here are your ten thousand," said Mr. Holt, whimsically. "Remember my warning! Take good care of the money!"

Miss Magruder was not so easily satisfied. She opened the satchel, took from it a buckskin bag and counted the money, which was in \$50 coins. Then she pushed it all back, locked the bag and left the bank, accompanied by the clerk, who carried the satchel and deposited it under the buggy seat. As the ladies entered their conveyance they were accosted by a tramp. The fellow looked anything but prepossessing, and Miss Magruder curiously denied him aid.

During the drive from New Brunswick to the little hamlet which was their home, Miss Magruder gave vent to her annoyance over the cashier's hesitancy to pay her niece's legacy in gold. His warning against robbers was especially distasteful to the spinster, who had never been afflicted with fear of anything. Nora Wilson listened to her aunt in silence. She was not at all inclined to share her guardian's confidence that their house was as safe as the bank vault; but out of deference to the older woman she refrained from expressing her opinion. Even when the money was safely stowed away under Miss Magruder's bed, Nora felt uneasy. When bedtime came she herself examined every window and door, to see that it had been securely fastened by the servant. Anxious dreams disturbed her slumber, which she waded in vain for a long time. In the middle of the night the girl awoke with a start. She was not certain at first whether her imagination had played her a trick, or whether she had really heard a stifled noise in the next room. She hearkened with bated breath, and was soon convinced that what disturbed her were stealthy footsteps.

Without a moment's hesitation the girl jumped from her bed. A door led from her room to her aunt's chamber, but this she would not open. After all, it might only have been the vivid play of her imagination, and she dreaded Miss Magruder's ridicule. So she unlatched the door that opened out into the corridor and groped her way to her aunt's room. It was ajar.

Nora Wilson scarcely breathed as she listened. She could distinctly hear the respiration of two persons. One breathed regularly and quietly, the other's breath came in short, stifled gasps. A sweet, penetrating odor came from the room. Then all her doubts were dispelled.

There was a robber in the room. He was searching for the hidden gold. Nora was a courageous girl. She pressed her lips firmly together, advancing carefully with outstretched arms. Almost instantly she came in contact with a human body. The man—for it was a burglar—clutched her around the waist and held a sponge saturated with chloroform to her nose. Nora tried not to breathe to keep from inhaling the noxious vapor. The girl's fierce struggle made the burglar resort to other means to overcome her. He dropped the sponge and plunged his hand into his breast pocket.

"He has a pistol and he is going to kill me!" thought Nora. Quick as a flash she seized his hand the moment he withdrew it. Her fingers closed over the handle of a large bowie knife, not the butt end of a revolver.

The marauder dragged Nora from the room, down the stairs and into the lower corridor. There he biased into her ear that he would kill her if she made an outcry and did not release the knife. Gathering all his strength he thrust her into the pantry, the door of which stood wide open.

Miss Wilson made no reply, but with an almost superhuman effort attempted to wrench the weapon from him. She succeeded in clutching a few inches more of the long handle of the knife, and the man uttered a terrible oath. The blade had sunk into his hand. Snatching his left arm from her waist, he struck her a fearful blow with his leg.

Realizing that she could no longer cope with the robber, Nora turned

quickly and dashed past him toward the door that led out into the yard. It was open, but on the threshold the girl stumbled and fell prone to the floor. When she awoke a few moments afterwards from the stupor caused by her fall, two men were bending over her. They were grappling, and by their voices Miss Wilson recognized in one of them her aunt's gardener. The girl, brave as ever, came to his assistance.

Their combined cries for help brought one of their neighbors to the scene of the struggle. The marauder was soon overcome, and when the servant maid appeared with a lamp, Nora and the gardener recognized in him the tramp who had accosted them in the afternoon in front of the bank.

"Take him to prison," commanded Miss Wilson. "My aunt and I will lodge complaint against him in the morning."

While the two men carried off their prisoner, Nora hurried to her aunt's room. By this time the effect of the chloroform had disappeared, and Miss Magruder was acquainted with the events of the night. The little satchel with its precious contents was moved a considerable distance from where it had originally been placed, and the spinster admitted that the cashier was right after all in admonishing her as he did. To relieve herself from further responsibility she sent for her niece's betrothed early in the morning.

In the meantime the prisoner had a preliminary hearing before the judge. Miss Wilson deposed that she had met the man in the afternoon; that he had seen the satchel which they carried from the bank, stowed away under the buggy seat. She then narrated her struggle with the intruder and his final arrest by a neighbor and her aunt's gardener. The latter corroborated her statement. The prisoner firmly declared his innocence, even in the face of these grave charges. He denied having struggled with the young lady in her aunt's room, and said that he had sought shelter in Miss Magruder's woodshed for the night. When he heard Miss Wilson's cries for help, he thought a fire had broken out, and rushed from the shed to aid in suppressing it.

Without a word Nora Wilson pointed to the prisoner's right hand, which was bandaged with a dirty rag. The judge understood her meaning and asked the tramp how he had injured his hand.

His answer was that he had cut himself with an ax, as he cleared the place in the dark to find a comfortable spot to lie down in.

His statement was not credited, and he was remanded to jail.

An hour later Nora and her betrothed were on the way to the bank. They had with them the satchel of gold, ready to again entrust it to the custody of the bank cashier.

"Good morning, Mr. Holt," said the girl. "Here is the money! You were right, some one did try to rob us last night."

"Ah, ha!" cried Mr. Holt, coming close to the cashier's window to receive the money.

A penetrating odor of chloroform was noticeable. It came from the clothes of the cashier.

"Oh, James!" cried the girl, still pale and nervous from her terrible experience of the night.

"My name is Cliff," said James. "I am Miss Wilson's fiance. Permit me to lead her to yonder couch. She is not well. A little rest will soon restore her."

He was not inclined to grant the request to admit the two young people to the back room without opposition. "It's against the rules of the bank," he remarked stubbornly.

James Cliff paid no attention to him, but pushed the door open and led the young girl to the leather sofa in the

"My hand? I sprained it last night while trying to move a heavy piece of furniture. I have been bathing it with arnica and must keep it bandaged."

"Won't you let me see it?" The cashier hesitated, but when he pulled the hand from the pocket at last, the bandage showed other stains than those of arnica.

With a bound the girl stood before him.

"This is blood, James," she cried. "A sprain could not have caused them. The smell of the chloroform, his voice, his look; and the hairs wrapped around the button of his coat! Do you recognize them?"

Her lover snatched the overcoat thrown over the back of the chair in the room in which they were.

"They are yours, Nora," said James Cliff, carefully loosening them from the button that held them confined. "I would recognize them anywhere!"

"This is the man who broke into our house, with whom I struggled, and in the struggle he cut his hand," said Nora, firmly and menacingly.

"I wish I had killed you," muttered Holt, now blind with rage over the girl's discovery.

They called the clerk and sent for the sheriff, but James Cliff was com-



QUICK AS A FLASH SHE SEIZED HIS HAND. pelled to keep the desperate bank cashier at bay with the point of a revolver.

At his home were found a bottle half filled with chloroform, a blood-stained cuff, a bowie knife, a bunch of skeleton keys and other paraphernalia belonging to the light-fingered genry.

Years afterwards, when Nora Wilson and James Cliff celebrated their marriage anniversary they learned the cause for the crime of the bank cashier. He had been in love with the pretty country lassie, and as James Cliff was then an impecunious attorney he thought if he robbed her of her fortune the young man would not marry her.

"But you know better, dear wife," whispered James into the pretty matron's ear. She nodded her head in silence, and wound her arms around his neck.

The 10,000 in gold were deposited in a larger bank, and the interest has been piling up from year to year, making a nest-egg for the three little children of the Cliff.—St. Louis Republic.

The Poor Children of Cities.

In the Ladies' Home Journal Edward W. Bok makes an earnest appeal that the poor children of the cities be given an outing in the country during a part of the heated summer season. He heartily commends the work in that direction being done by the various organizations, and urges that they be given heartier support and greater cooperation. "Strange as it may seem to some," he says, "the word 'country' is only a meaningless sound to countless waifs in our cities. Of a winding stream, of a running brook, of a hill higher than a pile of refuse in the street they know nothing. The only water they know is that which flows past the city piers. Of a run in a field white with daisies, yellow with buttercups, or red with clover, they have never even dreamed. Their only playground is the hot and ill-smelling pavement. Even a clean bed is unknown to them; the fire-escape, the roof of an uncovered wagon are their sleeping-places on the hot summer nights. The only glimpse of God's beautiful sky they ever see is through the city's smoke. And yet how many of us think of these little ones? Think of them we may, perhaps, but what do we do for them? Do we ever stop and consider how much we might; how much others are doing?"

"Ten cents will keep a sick baby for a whole day in the country or at the seashore under the direction of some one of these associations. One dollar will bring untold happiness to a child for five days. Three dollars will keep a child in the country for thirteen days. Why not look into the work of the fund or association of summer work for children nearest you, and, before you take your own children to the country, leave or send something, even though it be but ten cents, to one or more of these Fresh Air Funds? It will bring health and happiness to some little child whose mother cannot afford to do what God has made it possible for you to do for your little ones. It is not so much that many of us are disinclined to be charitable; it is rather that we are apt to take the trouble to find out, or to know how much we can do with very little. We would give if we but knew where and how to give. The noblest offering we can make to God is the saving of the life of one of His little ones."

The Chaco. "Is Jones still pursuing literature?" "Yes, but he's not coming up with a yet."—Pick-me-Up.



ADVANCING CAREFULLY WITH OUTSTRETCHED ARMS.

bank room. Nora was far from fainting. Her mind had never worked more quickly and to the point. A sudden suspicion that not the tramp, but another tried to rob them of her fortune flashed through her brain. There was the odor of the chloroform, and besides the cashier held his hand concealed in his coat pocket.

"What is the matter with your hand, Mr. Holt?" she asked.