

THE LAND SAILOR.

Come, fill my sails, you wasterl wind,
And waft me o'er the fields,
The golden fields, rich harvest lined
With all that red earth yields.

Come, blow me down the valley way
Between the crimson hills,
Where hardwoods make the landscapes gay
And Nature's glad heart thrills.

Blow, blow my craft where yellow leaves
Swirl vagrant through the air,
And blow me where the rustling sheaves
Dot fields of stubble bare.

For I would sail the autumn land
While glow its radiant hues;
With boat and breeze at my command,
Down all its vaues I'll cruise.
—Frank Farrington in Lippincott's.

GENERAL JOLLYMORE'S IVORY HUNT.

By C. L. O. LUCKEN.

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"Hello, Jollymore; when did you get back from South Africa?"

The remark was addressed to a rather portly personage, of medium stature, who was seated at the window of one of the most popular clubs, his chair tipped back and his feet on the sill, and a long, pale cheroot in his mouth.

"General Jollymore, if you please, duly commissioned by the joint governments of the Orange Free State and the South African Republic. Well, I returned a few days ago. Nothing doing in South Africa after the Boers quit; I put in a month or so up in the north country ivory hunting, but found it too tame," replied the "general," toying with a miniature ivory elephant's head, which was attached to his watch guard.

"Hunting elephants, eh, and brought back a trophy of the chase?"

"Oh, yes. The adventure was such a peculiar one that I felt disposed to retain a memento, and so had this head carved from the tusk of the elephant which so nearly finished my career."

"Well, general, I should like to hear of it, provided the telling will not entail the recollection of any unpleasant features."

"No, indeed, not at all. Were such the case I would not wear this," and the general twirled the ivory head between his fingers. "But there's not much to tell, after all, and perhaps I am disposed to magnify the danger."

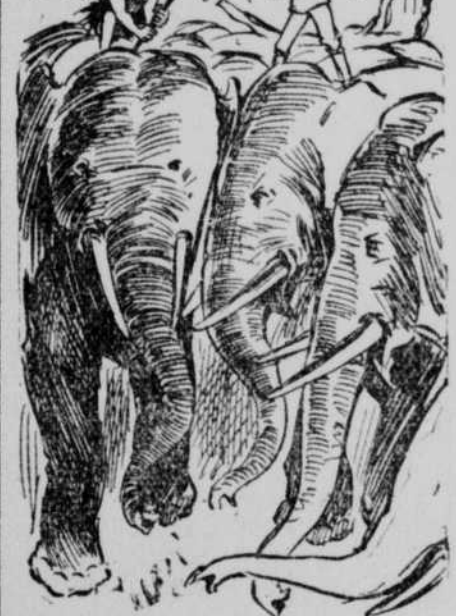
"At the conclusion of the war I decided to go north, having been informed that lions, elephants and other large game were abundant. I had put in five days in Msirir land, reaching the native village of Mpweto on the evening of the fifth day, without having sighted an elephant, although the spoor was there in plenty, and abundant evidences were encountered which showed that large numbers of the animals were in the immediate vicinity. I accordingly resolved to remain at Mpweto for a few days, and the morning following my arrival there, I started out, accompanied only by my extra gun bearer, a native named Umbolalla, with the hope of encountering the game I sought."

"A few miles east of Mpweto there is a circular plain, probably a mile in diameter, almost entirely surrounded by forest. Upon approaching this plain, it became evident that my quest was at last ended, and that my eyes were to be gladdened by the sight of an elephant, for the frequent trumpeting of a large bull-elephant were distinctly audible. Pushing rapidly ahead in the direction of the trumpeting, we arrived within sight of the plain, and there, standing in a clump of small trees upon whose tender branches he was feeding, was the largest elephant it had ever been my good fortune to see. Cautioning Umbolalla to keep close to me with the extra gun, I maneuvered around for some time, endeavoring to secure a position from which I could fire a shot which would prove fatal, but the frequent movements of the elephant rendered this impossible. Becoming impatient at the delay, I finally risked a shot, the bullet lodging, as I afterwards learned, in the beast's left shoulder, producing only a painful and irritating wound, without in the least impairing his vitality."

"With a scream of rage, the huge animal plunged wildly through the forest and out into the open, running straight across the plain. Snatching the extra gun from Umbolalla, and telling him to follow as soon as he had reloaded the empty gun, I set out in pursuit, hoping to get another shot. The trumpeting of the wounded elephant was terrific, and he had nearly

grabbed his gun and fired it point-blank at the massive head of the elephant, which by this time was less than twenty feet from us. Providence must surely have guided that bullet, for it entered the right eye, and with one last ear-splitting scream, the monstrous bulk tottered and fell.

"Aroused, undoubtedly, by the dying scream of the elephant which had just fallen, and which was probably the leader of the herd, there appeared from the forest which surrounded the plain, a herd which in points of numbers outdid anything I had previously encountered, and I flatter myself that I had never before seen such a large number of elephants in one place."



This plan worked well.

self that I have, in my time, seen considerable of them. In fact, it seemed as if all the elephants in Africa were assembled at that particular place, and were bent on my destruction. With trumpeting which were deafening, they came rushing toward us from every point of the compass. Flight was impossible, for we were entirely surrounded, nor was there a distance of even ten feet between the foremost ones, and as the leaders in this magnificent charge neared us, of course even this space was narrowed.

"I felt that my time had come, for, unfortunately Umbolalla, in his haste to reach me before I was crushed by the wounded elephant, had dropped the ammunition, and we were without arms other than my two army revolvers and Umbolalla's assegai, a weapon without which no native African can be induced to enter a forest. The bullets from the revolvers would have proven as effective against the tough hides of the elephants as from a boy's sling-shot, and I did not, therefore, deem it worth an attempt to use them, nor did it then occur to me, as I remember it now, that I had them with me."

"Then it was that a most remarkable thing occurred. You know what will happen if you place a number of moving bodies at an equal distance from each other, upon the circumference of a circle and start them toward the center? Well, that is just what happened in this case! Those elephants in the lead reached the circumference of the smaller circle at precisely the same instant, and there they stuck, utterly unable to approach an inch nearer!"

"Not only had the terrific momentum of their huge bodies served to wedge them tightly together, but behind the elephants comprising the inner circle were scores and scores of others, each possessed by an uncontrollable desire to get at the something which formed the center of the circle of which they were the circumference, and serving to hold fast in their positions the elephants on the inner circle."

"Conceive, if you can, the picture of two men seated upon the carcass of a dead elephant, surrounded by a living circle of other elephants, and these in turn pushed and crowded and wedged in still more tightly by hundreds of others! The elephants on the inner circle might as well have been trees, so far as their powers of locomotion were concerned. With almost over-powering trumpeting, they swayed from side to side, lashing each other with their trunks in their rage, but absolutely unable to stir either forward or backward. Although I had, but a few moments before, resigned myself to a speedy and apparently inevitable death, the humor of the situation now struck me, and I rolled from the carcass in a violent paroxysm of laughter."

"To make a long story short, it was a simple matter, considering the position in which we had the herd, to finish a few of the elephants nearest us by well-directed shots from my revolvers, as a bullet penetrating the eye would readily reach the brain. We had killed perhaps half a dozen in this manner, the bodies retaining their upright position in the circle through the pressure of others, when Umbolalla reminded me that the remaining revolver cartridges might better be saved, and that we could kill the elephants as well with his assegai. His plan was to climb upon



"I should like to hear of it."

reached the forest on the opposite side when I stumbled and fell, the gun being discharged as it struck the ground. On hearing the report, the elephant turned in his flight, and, observing Umbolalla, who had reloaded the other gun and was hastening toward me, gave utterance to a terrific cry of rage and rushed toward the native. Without a second's hesitation I

sked of the elephants, place the assegai over the spinal point where it enters the head using the heavy elephant sledge, drive it home. This I found upon trial worked after seven hours incessant work had stilled the trumpeting of that vast herd not one remaining.

Going to Mpweto we enjoyed the rest, and in the morning I saw an African native, in arrangement with Chief Mugbokuku, who gave his tribe the carcasses of the elephants in exchange for the services of his men in removing and carrying them to a point on the Nile at which transportation could be secured. From the time I returned to Cape Town, two months later, I re-shipments taken from the 463 elephants at Copenhagen, where the ivory disposed of at a profit of \$300,000.

HAVE YOU A PET ECONOMY?

Most of us have a pet economy. Have a Falling in This Direction.

"Which about you?" asked the bookkeeper of the chief buyer. "You wouldn't buy matches once more?" growled the buyer. "I've been applying you with matches for years," said the bookkeeper. "It is my pet economy. Nearly every man has one." And the bookkeeper was right. Nearly every man has a pet economy, and it is a great length to indicate it. A member who was particularly strong a certain kind of soap, but they use up at the club, and he took them as fast as he needed them.

The saving of economy in small things makes a big difference. People stuff themselves in order that no butter melt on their plate and waste it. Men would not dream of a lead pencil. To save buy others write their letters. And so it goes. It is not the actual money saved that people in these little schemes are inborn desire to economize.

Immortal Ranch.

A dispatch from Austin, Tex., says other American ranches. W. C. Green, a New York and three other Americans purchased a solid tract, situated in the state of Sonora, northern Mexico, embracing 7,000 acres. This land is now being worked with a four-strand wire and is to be the largest cattle ranch in the world. The tract is 100 miles long and 100 miles wide, and is 1,000 miles from any other ranch. It is estimated that this vast ranch property will furnish pasture for about 50,000 head of cattle in its present raw condition. The usual ranch will furnish grass for thirty-six head of cattle to a section. This number is to be greatly increased in this Mexican ranch by means of crops. It is proposed to install an immense irrigation system on the land and to give much better farming.

A Queer Sex.

A bright little girl, four years old, who is the daughter of a prominent merchant of the city, is said to be a decided genius. She is said to be able to think and decide quite up to the standard of her ancestors.

She was repeating her prayers at bedtime recently. Her father, who is a prominent merchant of the city, was with her, and, as he is winding up with petition for the various members of the family of both sexes. But this time she came to the conclusion, at a moment as a new idea hit her, and then in a new deed added: "Amen and a-wo."

"Why, daughter, what did you say that?" asked her mother. "Well," replied the philosopher, "didn't I pray for as well as men?"—Lippincott.

"Talked A. The neighbors talked her nearly everywhere they went. They talked about her; they talked about her; they talked about her. The high and low all of her, as did the old and young. And every gossip tossed upon her nimble tongue."

"Twas she who kissed it first and beat its happy birds; 'Twas she who helped it to rest through all the parables; 'Twas she who watched the bed whereon the dying; 'Twas she who soothed the friends when one was away."

The neighbors talked at nearly everywhere they went. They talked about her; they talked about her. They talked about her with their hands, her heart so full of it. And now the angels talk who dwell with them above.—Nixon Waterman in L. A. Lippincott.

Only Trying B.

There are many ways of fishing in the piscatorial art, but Burlingame, who was up to the hilt in the piscatorial art, was a peculiar reason for his Sabbath operations. He saw, a squirrel, it was experimentally, a kind of bait for the Beaver fish. I tried it in the river and lots of fish, but it didn't work over Creek. "I was only experimenting with bait when those people thought 'was fishin,'" he remonstrated. "That's certainly the best I ever heard of," replied Burlingame, who was a moderate fisher as a rule, a locality.—East Liverpool



ROBERT E. CATTON.

SAVED FROM DANGER IN A STAMPEDE OF WILD CATTLE.



One afternoon last month Mrs. Betty Lieter, a school teacher near Sheridan, Wyo., remained later than usual at the school-house, then on her way home stopped by a pile of huge boulders to examine some curious inscriptions cut into the surface. She let the pony graze along the trail and soon was deeply engaged in deciphering the marks.

A low rumbling sound startled her. She sprang to her feet. A large herd of cattle was coming toward her, their noses to the ground, their horns clanking together and enveloped in a cloud of dust. At the same moment her pony became frightened, tossed his head in the air, and dashed away across the plains.

She uttered a scream and sank down. Yells arose from the cowboys. They rode madly into the herd, trying to check the onward rush of the leaders by firing revolvers in their faces. Betty crouched for a moment on the rock pile directly in the path of the stampede; then, impelled to make an effort to save herself, she rose and darted off across the country ahead of the herd.

The cattle came thundering after her. She heard the angry roarings, almost felt their hot breath, and, weak from exhaustion, blinded by the dust, she stumbled and fell. Without strength to rise, she could only lie there and await the oncoming merciless hoofs that would soon trample out her life.

At that moment, from out of the clouds of dust, dashed a snorting broncho, maddened by the gashing spurs of his rider. A few leaps and

he reached the prostrate form bending down from his saddle, strong arm lifted her from the ground, hardly checking his speed, and study pony sprang forward under double weight. She was saved.

A little later the cowboy reined his pony at the Lieter gate, and the first time Betty opened her eyes and looked into the face of her rescuer Robert Catton. Her arms, his neck tightened for one brief moment, she hid her blushing face, his arms and ran into the house.

The next day she received a letter no less than the little pony that saved her life.

Young Catton is now a frequent visitor at the Lieter ranch and other cowboys in the country are soiling one another, each regretting could not have been the lucky one to save the life and win the heart of the intrepid girl.

It is said that Miss Lieter will have no more school, and that all the boys on the range have been invited to the wedding.

Reading by Sound.

M. de Turine has invented a new style of book for the blind. It consists of a sheet of transparent paper with signs representing the letters of the Morse alphabet printed on it. The signs are small white squares on a black background, and the sheet is placed between two pieces of glass and illuminated from behind. The light passes through the white signs, and the blind person reads the words by moving an opaque piece of card



BETTY LIETER.

along the lines from left to right. Being blind, he cannot see the illuminated signs, but the light passing through them falls on a selenium cell in circuit with a battery and telephone, or some equivalent device, and he can hear them.

The Shah's Wives.

The Shah of Persia is the happy possessor of sixty wives and thirty children, quite a small household when we remember that the late Shah had over 1,700 wives and nearly 200 sons and daughters! When the Shah's wives go out for a drive the loyal subjects of His Majesty do not through the streets to welcome them, as would be the case in a European country. A band of running footmen precede the Royal carriages, crying out: "Run and hide yourselves!" and on receipt of this hint every passer-by scampers up a side street to avoid the crime of high treason by looking on the Royal ladies.

Insurance Against Being Out of Work.

Insurance against non-employment is an accomplished fact in Germany. Working men who have resided two years in the city of Cologne and are over eighteen years of age can join the society. The subscription is six cents a week. If no employment can be procured for a member during the dull season sixty cents per day is paid to him if married, thirty-nine cents if single.

Bats Are Poor Walkers.

A bat is the worst walker of any four-legged animal.

ROUTE OF THE TELEGRAPH MESSAGE THAT WENT ROUND THE WORLD

The twentieth century, as foretold by the mechanical prophets, has sent a telegraph message around the world. The message was started from Boston and in thirty-eight hours and twenty minutes was delivered at the point from which it had started.

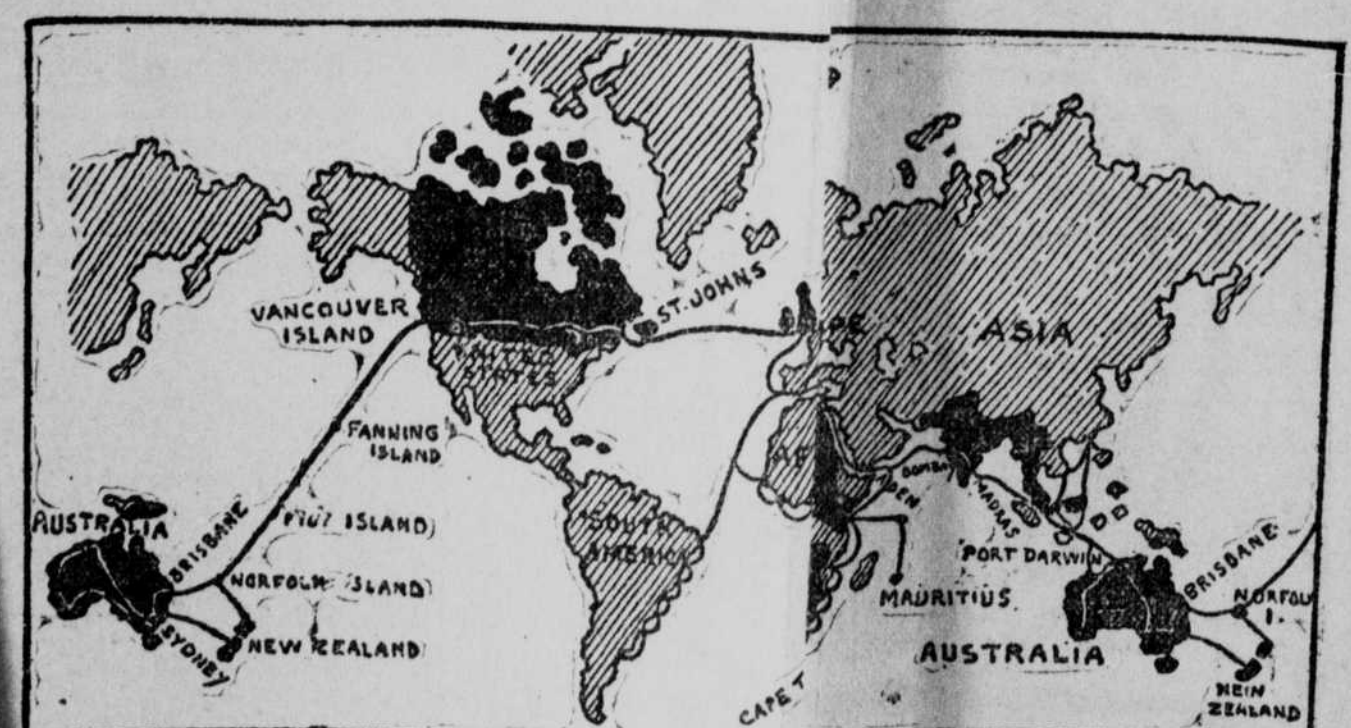
The message around the world by cable was made possible by the completion of the British line from Vancouver, B. C., to Brisbane in Australia.

wrote out the message: via Vancouver, British cable, Glidden, Boston, around the world.

The dispatch was filed in Boston office of the cable company when the rest of the business of it was sent off the operators along the line that it is a matter for surmise, as they all new business to them, they knew there was a shorter way

cable to Canada and down to Boston. The message handed Mr. Glidden had met with a few mishaps on its tour of the world, but was still recognizable as the one originally sent. Mr. Glidden's name had been changed to "Glendon" and "Around the world" read "Arround the world." An extra "Boston" had been inserted, but in all other respects the message was the same.

The time it took to get around was due in part to the relays needed in the transmission and partly because there was nothing on the message to show that any haste was desired. It was, in fact, only an idle experiment, with no idea of making a record. The cost has not been computed accurately, but it will be only a little over \$12 for the first six words of the message and a proportionate sum for the others. Mr. Glidden thinks he has secured a bargain at that price.



Route of the All-British Cable the World.

The last gap had been filled in on the evening of October 30, and the next day the British officials were content to send messages of congratulation to the new stations across the Pacific ocean, but to none of them did the idea occur to try for a world girdling word.

Charles J. Glidden, a Boston business man, in no way connected with the cable company, was deeply interested in this latest achievement of modern engineering skill, and decided to put it to a practical test. He

ton than by way of the world. The message here Fanning Island. There was a cost of time and ticked ahead and touching point in the next from there to Norfolk is to Brisbane.

After Brisbane it was clear sailing, as the line lay utter-danean, through France and then on the old estab-

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Wisdom seldom runs in a rut.