

Stories of Animal Life

Coach Horses Join in Fox Chase.

(From the London Tribune.)
They had some spirited horses in the old coaching days. Just a hundred years ago a remarkable proof of this was given, and fortunately recorded for the astonishment of later motoring generations, in the case of the Liverpool mail coach. Horses were changed at Monk's Heath, between Congleton, in Cheshire and Newcastle-under-Lyme.

On this particular occasion a pack of foxhounds was heard in full cry just as the horses from Congleton were freed from the coach, and they started off with the harness on their backs and followed the run to the finish. One of them, a blood mare, stuck close to the whipper in and took every jump after him through the two hours. And in the evening they took the return coach to Congleton as merrily as if they had been in the stable all the time.

Pony Goes to School for Little Girl.

(Boston Herald.)
Barney, the little black pony for some years owned by John A. Jones, city engineer of Lewiston, has been sold to Mr. Conant of Hebron, who purchased him for the use of his daughter, an invalid.

Every day the little girl rides Barney the half mile from her home to the schoolhouse, then turns him loose, and he promptly goes home; at the proper time the people at home start him away down the road, and he never fails to be waiting for his mistress when school is dismissed. He learned this trick in a very few days and seems to take much pride in it.

A Hare at Sea.

(From Country Life.)
A coast guard saw a hunted hare, which had been lost by its pursuers, swim in from the sea, and land.

She appeared to be violently sick, probably from the effects of swallowing salt water; she then cleaned herself thoroughly all over and went quietly on her way, having thus effectually thrown off her hunters.

Dog Watched Master's Body.

(From Charleston News.)
The body of Dozier Huckabe, a white man was found in the woods twelve miles north of Columbus, near the Harris county line, this morning. He had been shot to death, and it is suspected that he was killed by Gene Bryant.

When the body was discovered this morning it was still being guarded by the man's dog. It is supposed that the faithful animal had been at his dead master's side for hours.

Cat's Nest in a Tree.

(From the London Standard.)
In a disused thrush's nest near the top of a pear tree growing on the wall of the Heston Council schoolhouse, near Hounslow, a cat has made her home, writes Miss M. Foster, and the cat may be seen daily surveying the world from her strange abode.

It is believed that a family of kittens shares the nest with its adventurous parent.

Mice That Were Tipplers.

(From the Madras Times.)
A correspondent writes: In Quetta some years ago I had occasion to go early one morning into a miscellaneous store kept by a Parsi, who also kept a liquor bar. As I entered the shop I noticed a mouse reeling across the floor, and I remarked to the shopkeeper that the mouse seemed to be hurt, but his reply astonished me.

He said that that mouse and several others that infested his shop were confirmed drunkards. During the night they regularly drank all the liquor which remained in the glasses which the soldiers had used in the evenings for their drinks.

Wildcat Children's Pet.

(From the Los Angeles Times.)
How would you like to have a real live wildcat for a pet? This is what little Elsie Stearns, eight months old, and Helen Stearns, aged nine, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Stearns of Pasadena, regard as their dearest treasure.

They would rather play with this big California wildcat than with their smaller domestic cats, and he is just as good natured as any of the rest, too. Bengal is his name, and he looks the part, for his markings is very similar to a Bengal tiger's. He is a beautiful animal, three and a half feet long and very heavy.

He is now three years old and power-

ful, yet as gentle as any ordinary cat. He is devoted to the children. He will lick the baby's hand and face and let her play with him just as roughly as she wishes, with never a growl or sound, and he is also fond of little Miss Helen. He likes women and children generally, but does not care for men. Mr. Stearns says the reason for this is that he has been obliged to take Mr. Bengal during the summer and shake him up in a bag of insect powder to rid him of fleas. Bengal regards this as a decided insult to his dignity and thinks all men must be responsible for it. He usually growls at them.

Strength in Vegetable Growth.

"Strength is not a thing usually attributed to maidenhair fern," remarked a local florist, "and yet, if its roots have not sufficient room, they will break the strongest flowerpots. Blades of grass will force the curbstones between which they spring out of place. Indeed the strength in vegetable growth is wonderful.

"The most striking example is the island of Aldabra, to the northwest of Madagascar. The island is becoming smaller and smaller through the action of the mangroves growing at the foot of the cliffs. The roots break off immense pieces of stone which fall into the sea. Into the gaps thus formed the waves eat their way. In a few years it is likely that by the combined action of the waters and mangroves the island will disappear."—Philadelphia Record.

No Striped Trousers for Him.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, who has recently given such an effective proof of his detective skill, has seldom been tempted to exercise his talent outside the covers of his books.

"If," he once modestly stated, "I undertook to unravel the entanglements of other people I believe I should fall. On one occasion, however, I solved what might have been a puzzle to some. I was in a tailor's shop while a rather unattractive man was selecting a pair of trousers. He flatly objected to striped material, and I got the idea that he was an ex-convict. To satisfy myself I visited a number of prisons, and, sure enough, I found the man's picture in the rogues' gallery. Doubtless he had had enough of striped wearing apparel."—Reynolds' Newspaper.

Rabbit Discharges a Gun.

An extraordinary incident occurred close to the village of Milton, near Newport Pagnell, on Friday. A commercial traveler while driving along the road stopped to speak to two gentlemen who were shooting rabbits alongside the hedge.

One of the gentlemen laid his gun on the ground while he placed a ferret in a hole. A rabbit bolting at this moment ran over the triggers of the loaded gun, which it released with its feet, the traveler having a very narrow escape.—London Daily Mail.

ROYAL GHOST STORIES.

Tales of uncanny happenings cling to old Hampton court, the English royal palace on the Thames, built by Cardinal Wolsey. Not long ago a policeman asserted that he saw a ghostly funeral procession there. The London Chronicle remarks: "The most definite of these old stories concerns Mistress Sibell Penn, who was Edward VI.'s nurse and died at the palace in 1552. She was buried in Hampton church and a monument was erected which was irreverently destroyed when the old church was pulled down in 1829. Soon after this strange noises were heard through the wall of one of the rooms in the southwest wing of the palace. When search was made by the office of works, an ancient chamber was discovered in which an antique spinning wheel was found, the old oak planks being worn away where the treadle struck the floor. After this Mrs. Penn's ghost is said to have appeared to many occupants of the palace, but according to Law, the historian of Hampton court, she has not been seen since 1886, when her tall, gaunt form, dressed in a long gray robe, nearly frightened a young soldier to death.

"Another well-accredited story relates how a certain lady of title, who lived on the west side of the Fountain court in 1870, was frequently conscious of the presence in her room of two invisible beings, and she was greatly disturbed by the mysterious sounds that emanated from various quarters of her apartments. She addressed a formal complaint to the lord chamberlain. This gentleman referred her to the office of works, which however, declined to interfere on the ground that there were no funds at their disposal for any such purpose, and that the jurisdiction of the first commissioner did not extend to the spirit world.

"At last, however, on November 2, 1871, some workmen, while excavating in the cloister of the Fountain court, came upon two perfect skeletons of full-grown men opposite to Lady's door. They were given Christian burial in Hampton church and the mysterious noises immediately ceased. Now the only ghost that is seen

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in the palace is that of Jane Seymour, queen of Henry VIII, which some residents says still occasionally wanders, with a lighted taper in her hand, in the neighborhood of Silver Stick gallery."

FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK.

Recently a city editor in Ottumwa, Ia., was informed by phone at a late hour that a prominent citizen had died suddenly. Calling one of the reportorial staff, the city editor instructed him hurriedly, and the young man shot out of the office on double quick. Some twenty minutes later he returned, and as he hastened to the corner where his typewriter stood, the city editor asked him:

"Well, what about it?"
"Oh, nothing," said the young man, as he began making the keys rattle, "only as Mr. Blank was walking along the street, he says, 'I'm going to die,' and he leaned up against the fence and made good."

James L. Mock, until a few days ago, holding an influential position in the New York police department, first reminds one of Senator Bailey and then he does not. Mock is found to have done a great deal of systematic borrowing from men who were not in position to risk gaining his official ill-will. The flint souled New Yorkers never for a moment assumed that these loans were evidences of pure and distinguished friendships, as Senator Bailey asked us to believe of his transactions with the Standard Oil company. It is evident, however, that there was a difference between the two cases somewhere, for Mr. Mock was promptly "fired."

IN A MODERN SEA FIGHT.

Capt. Vladimir Semenovoff of the Russian navy, one of the survivors of the great naval battle of Tsushima in the war with Japan, writes of his experiences in a recently published volume. He was on board the Suvoroff, the Russian flagship. Capt. Semenovoff tells of "the stupor which seems to come over men who have never been in action before when the first shells begin to fall. A stupor which turns easily and instantaneously at the most insignificant external shot into either uncontrollable panic or into unusually high spirits, depending on the man's character." After the Suvoroff was fairly alight and completely riddled Capt. Semenovoff found himself enveloped in an impenetrable smoke. "Burning air parched my face and hands, while a caustic smell of burning almost blinded me. Breathing was impossible. How did I get out of this hell? Perhaps some of the crew who had seen me on the bridge dragged me out. How I arrived on the upper battery on a well-known spot near the ship's image I can't remember and I can't imagine." Finding a few signal men, Capt. Semenovoff set to work with an undamaged piece of hose on the fire. Then Lieut. Danichiev came up. "Haven't we any stretchers?" he said. "For whom?" asked Semenovoff. "Why, for you. You are bleeding." Looking down he saw that his right leg was standing in a pool of blood.

Danichiev seemed to be making an "unnecessary fuss." He wanted some one to go with Semenovoff. "Who wants to be accompanied?" said Semenovoff, angrily, and started to go down the ladder, not realizing what had happened. When a small splinter had wounded him in the waist at the beginning of the fight it had hurt him, "but at this time I felt nothing," he writes. "Later, in the hospital, when

carried there on a stretcher, I understood why it is that during a fight one hears neither groans nor shouts. All that comes afterward. Apparently our feelings have strict limits for receiving external impressions, being even deeply thing can be so painful that you feel impressed by an absurd sentence. A nothing, so terrible that you fear nothing."

Rojestvensky behaved well. Capt. Semenovoff says that, although wounded in the head, back and right leg, besides several small splinter wounds, the Russian admiral bore himself most cheerfully, going off to look for a place from which he could watch the fight. Proceeding to the starboard turret, he received another wound, which caused him much pain. A splinter struck his left leg, severing the main nerve and paralyzing the ball of the foot. He was carried into the turret and seated on a box, but still had sufficient strength at once to ask why the turret was not firing.

ENEMIES NOW.

Eva—"There goes Belle. She was selling kisses at the church fair last night. She said it was for charity."
Edna—"I don't doubt it. It certainly would be charity for any one to kiss her."

SORRY HE SPOKE.

"Just one kiss, Jeanette. I vow you are the first girl I ever kissed."
"But—but, Harry, you will disarrange my gold pin."
"Nonsense! I am no awkward clown."
"Well, surely you will upset my hat and I put it on with such care."
"On my word I will not."
"And my hair! Could you kiss me without mussing my hair?"
"Of course I could, I—"
"You deceiver! No man could kiss a girl without mussing her hair unless he had practiced on a dozen girls. Go! Now I will not let you kiss me at all."

Certificate of Publication.

State of Nebraska, Office of Auditor of Public Accounts:
LINCOLN, Feb. 1, 1907—It is hereby certified, that the Prudential Insurance company of America of Newark in the state of New Jersey, has complied with the insurance law of this state, applicable to such companies, and is therefore authorized to continue the business of life insurance in this state for the current year ending January 31, 1908.

Summary of report filed for the year ending December 31, 1906.

INCOME.	
Premiums	\$48,274,168.45
All other sources	5,250,889.31
Total	\$53,525,057.76
DISBURSEMENTS.	
Paid policyholders	\$16,245,287.68
All other payments	14,333,539.17
Total	\$30,578,826.85
ADMITTED ASSETS	
\$127,328,902.34	
LIABILITIES.	
Net reserve	\$102,122,776.00
Net policy claims	1,196,974.57
All other liabilities	3,429,561.32
Capital stock paid up	2,000,000.00
Surplus beyond capital stock and other liabilities	18,580,491.45
Total	\$127,328,902.34

Witness my hand and the seal of the auditor of public accounts the day and year first above written.

E. M. SEARLE, JR.,
(Seal) Auditor of Public Accounts.
JOHN L. PIERCE, Deputy.