FIGHT FOR THREE-CENT FARE

Cleveland's Long Struggle for Cut Prices on Street Cars.

SUCCESS BELIEVED TO BE NEAR

Story of Mayor Tom Johnson's Persistent Battle Against the Five-cent Roads—Much Bitterness Manifested.

A good fighter in a public cause commands the admiration of friends and the respect of enemies. Especially so if the fight is carried on for public benefit. The pluckiest long drawn-out fight on the boards right now is that led by Mayor Tom Johnson of Cleveland for reduced fares on street cars. Contrasted with Omaha's feeble effort in the same direction, Cleveland's struggle looms as a Pike's peak above a butte in the bad lands.

This fight for low fare, which began in 1897, has grown in strength until today cities everywhere are watching its daily development. It is a fight that has elected and re-elected Mayor Tom L. Johnson, overturned the method of city government in Ohio, disturbed party conventions, defeated the republican party repeatedly in Cuyahoga county and sent a number of men sailing smoothly into a sea of political prosperity. While it centers around Mayor Tom L. Johnson, who is known from coast to coast as the great apostle of 3-cent fares, it has drawn many other persons of more or less local prominence into its meshes and caused the late Senator Hanna many troublesome moments during his triumphal and tempestuous political career.

The Situation Summarized.

The situation today, as summarized by a New York Times correspondent, is this:

After years of fighting Mayor Johnson a few weeks ago saw the first cars on a 3-cent fare street railway start down a Cleveland street. The company operating these cars is only waiting the outcome of the legal suits now pending to spread out until a pretty healthy rival of the Cleveland Electric company could be competing for the public patronage. The building of this 3-cent line, popularly known in this city as the "Three Fer," was only accomplished after twenty-five injunction suits had been surmounted. The twenty-sixth is now awaiting the action of the highest court in the land. At every step the plans of Mayor Johnson were met by legal opposition on the part of the Cleveland Electric company. How the courts were used by both parties would take a good-sized volume to relate, but the Forest City Street Railway company, a child of Mayor Johnson's brain, finally got tracks down and cars started. So far the low-fare line has not been able to get its cars into the east side of the city, where the heavy traffic lies, but tracks are partially laid, and if Mayor Johnson wins in the supreme court he will have several long streets that will afford the low-fare line a firm foothold in the front yard of its adversary.

The real crisis came when a few weeks ago the mayor on a busy Saturday stationed policemen on a downtown street and stopped the cars of the Cleveland Electric company from going over a short section of a street which gave them a loop to send cars around the public square. Mayor Johnson said he took the action to determine if the company had any further right to use streets on which he insists the franchises expired over a year ago.

Appeal to the Courts.

This action sent the Cleveland Electric company into the United States supreme court, and the case was argued there a week ago. The Cleveland Electric company claims that the franchises on the streets in contest have not expired, because franchises on a certain downtown line to which transfers from all lines intersecting it are given has several years to run. Mayor Johnson insists that if this claim holds good the Cleveland Electric company can just as readily lay claim to permanent franchises, as new franchises are given almost every year for certain extensions and cross lines. But the latest legal action has practically brought the fight to the last ditch, and Cleveland people who have been regaled with a steady diet of low-fare talk for many years expect soon to get a little real benefit other than excitement and good newspaper stories.

The fight went on with unabated vigor, until a year ago the 3-cent-fare line took on a definite shape by the organization of the Forest City Street Railway company, to be operated under a lease by the Municipal Traction company. This company holds a franchise revokable at any time; it must stick to a straight 3-cent fare and give transfers all over the city. Yet with all its limitations such great faith had the people in the success of the new company that its stock was oversubscribed in a short time, nearly all of it being held by small investors. In fact, large offers for big blocks were refused, and the application of personal friends of Mayor Johnson from various parts of the country were turned down.

Brisk Competition.

With stock subscribed and money in the treasury the company at once began track-laying. Then came more sensations. The Cleveland Electric company had a single track in Fulton road. The new company had a franchise there for a single track, and the old company had been ordered to move its track over to make room for its competitor. The track was not moved, and one night Mayor Johnson ordered a force of men to tear it up. When the Cleveland Electric company heard of this move it went to court and got an injunction, but the track was torn up before the papers were served. Mayor Johnson was haled into court for contempt, but a hearing cleared him, and the new company had its track down.

All summer the work on the new line has gone on when it was not tied up by injunctions, and during that time Cleveland Electric stock has dropped from around 80 to 66, but by a rallying of the stockholders was again brought to 70.

Both sides are doggedly determined to win out, but the nervous stage has been reached. The Cleveland Electric company realizes that it has all at stake, while Mayor Johnson only smiles.

Johnson Points the Way.

Why Cleveland should have a street railway fight at all seems strange to outsiders, because the city probably has the finest street car service in the United States. Large, clean cars, plenty of them, good schedules and long rides for 5 cents ought to make the Clevelanders satisfied, says the visitor, but Cleveland has been taught by Mayor Johnson that street car rides are not worth 5 cents each, and they are going to hold out for every concession that is possible. At present the Cleveland Electric company offers seven tickets for a quarter, transfers on all the lines and better rapid transit in return for a twenty-five-year franchise, but Johnson won't listen to it. The Cleveland Electric company wanted to submit the question to a vote at the recent election, but Johnson put his foot down on it, asserting that it was a question in which politics should not appear.

While the fight has waged most bitterly there has always been the best of feeling between Mayor Johnson and President Horace Andrews of the Cleveland Electric company, who is regarded as one of the best street railroad men in the United States. Courteous to an unusual degree, thoroughly honest and fair in all his business methods, President Andrews has conducted an honorable fight, and the mayor has always received him as a man who, like himself, fights in the open, but there are directors of the Cleveland Electric who think he ought to change his methods of warfare, and there has been no little talk of friction at certain board meetings, but Andrews still remains at the head.

Toy Republic for Sale.

An attempt was made lately to sell by auction in London what was described in the prospectuses as "the smallest empire on the face of the earth." It is Lundy island, a speck in the Bristol channel, which belongs to the Rev. H. C. Huevon, whose father bought it in 1836 and left it to him.

"A little empire for a little emperor," exclaimed the auctioneer, as he started to describe the beauties of the island, which includes 1,046 acres, with hill and dale, wood and water, and a feasible landing place in fair weather.

No tax gatherer comes there; the hum of the factory is unheard and the automobile peril is entirely absent. As the climate is peculiarly healthful and the air always fresh, it was suggested that the island would be an ideal site for a sanitarium.

Notwithstanding these attractions, the highest bid made for the island was £18,500 about $92,500, and this did not meet the owner's idea of the value of the property. The sale was called off and Mr. Huevon decided to remain a little emperor himself a little longer—New York Sun.

Truth Travels Slowly.

A New Haven man was praising the late Judge David Torrence of Derby, Conn.

"Judge Torrence," he said, "uttered many an epigram from the bench. In a case concerning a noise nuisance a scientist was once testifying before him about the speed of sound.

"'Sound,' said the man, travels at the rate of 400 yards a second.'

"'All sound?' asked Judge Torrence.

"'All,' replied the scientist.

"The judge smiled.

"'I'm sure you're wrong,' he said. 'I have noticed a great difference between the speed of certain kinds of sound. Thus, slander travels at the rate of quite 1,000 yards a second; flattery, 500 yards, while truth makes only a few feet a second, and, slow as its progress is, truth often fails to reach the goal, no matter how short the distance.'"—Indianapolis Star.

Musings of the Gentle Cynic.

If powder won't remove freckles, why not try dynamite?

The average political platform is made up of gang planks.

Woman is the one problem that science can never solve.

Money won't get a man into heaven, but it may keep him out of jail.

A girl isn't grown up till she begins to worry about her complexion.

Old age is the evening of life, but second childhood is the next morning.

Lots of men would sacrifice principle to success, and consider it dirt cheap.

Love will find a way, preferably in the dark.

Every man should be his own fool killer.

Many a man feels like consigning his automobile to the place that is paved with good intentions.—New York Times.

Awful Agony of Piles

Positively Relieved by The Pyramid Pile Cure.

A TRIAL PACKAGE MAILED FREE.

There is no reason—surely no good reason—why any man or woman should continue to suffer with piles when a reputable company of druggists have placed in every high-grade pharmacy a positive and unfailing cure for this dread disease at a price within the reach of the poorest. They have done more. They offer to relieve the sufferer temporarily and start him well on the way to recovery, by giving to any piles patient who sends his name and address, a free trial package of the wonderful Pyramid Pile Cure in a plain sealed wrapper. There are

Where Most Piles Sufferers End. Act Before Too Late.

enough of the curative elements in this trial package to greatly reduce the swelling of the affected part, to heal much of the soreness and ulceration. After the sample is gone your druggist will supply you with a box of the Pyramids for 50 cents.

Read Mrs. Bond's letter, which tells how she suffered and was relieved, if not positively cured, after using one 50 cent box.

"I have tried your pile cure and find them all you recommend them. I am very thankful to you for ever putting them within my reach, for I have had one box and I have not used all of them yet, and I feel like a new woman today, and I tell everybody about them. When I started them I could not walk across the floor, but now I can do my work all right. My work was a burden to me before I started them, but I can tell you that I can work much better now. You can rely on me. I will tell everybody about Pyramid Pile Cure. Yours sincerely, Mrs. J. Bond, Toronto, Canada, 33 Pears Ave."

There is positively no risk or danger with the Pyramid Pile Cure, for there is nothing but curatives in the preparation. They are suppositories which, placed in the affected part, act as a soothing ointment working upon the infected and ulcerous tissues, giving them new life and stimulating a stronger circulation of the blood.

By the use of the Pyramid Pile Cure the patient is cured at home without losing a day's work, no matter what his occupation. The cure may be accomplished in absolute privacy. We use no names for advertising purposes without the voluntary consent of the patient.

The Pyramid Pile Cure is quick, permanent and painless. Do not delay, but send your name and address today, and we will furnish you at once with the free trial package. Pyramid Drug Co., 73 Pyramid Building, Marshall, Mich.

The 50 cent size packages are for sale at all druggists.

DEALERS IN DOMESTIC AND STEAM COAL
PHONES 1291 1292 1616 HARNEY
CENTRAL COAL AND COKE CO.

AMERICA'S PULSING ENERGY

Strenuous Life in New York Considered the Country's Type.

HIGHEST MANIFESTATION OF GET-THERE

Emphatic Impressions of a Member of the British Parliament Noted During a Visit to the Metropolis.

Thomas Power O'Connor, Irish member of the British Parliament, recently visited New York, Boston and Philadelphia and gives the readers of his London paper his impressions of America's gigantic activities as reflected by life in New York City. In part, he says:

I will never forget the first meal I took in a hotel on the evening of the day I landed in America as a member of the Irish delegation in the interests of home rule.

Imagine a room of glaring white marble; imagine a brilliant, nay a dazzling and blinding, electric light pouring down its rays of almost Port Arthur searchlight intensity on all this white marble; then imagine a band playing in this room of dazzling color and light; and, finally, let there come into the room from outside a tumult and a tempest of noises which suggest a compound of an earthquake and a gigantic locomotive factory, and you have some idea of what I felt as I sat down to that meal. Outside there was not merely a single set of street cars, but, apparently, on that particular spot there were junctions and partings, comminglings, and combinations of all the tramway systems of New York. There was clanging of bells, as though a hundred belfries were shouting out their evening summons to prayers and warnings to sinners; there was, besides, a cataclysm of sounds as though the earth were being tortured or uplifted by some fierce tornado of force and sound; in short, it was pandemonium outside; and inside in this room, heated to an appalling temperature, the loud band played, and the electric light blazed on the white marble walls and floor.

Eating Quietly Amid Great Noise.

I looked around with the feeling that either I was abnormal or everybody around me was abnormal. Either they were lunatics or I. For to sit down and eat calmly, as if nothing were occurring, in the heart and core of this earth shaking tumult, and amid this crash of elements, seemed to me about as unexpected as if, at the worst hour of the San Francisco earthquake, you found your women and men making eyes at each other as they passed on the opposite sides of a street into which cupolas and domes were toppling, and there was a crash of elemental furies. But I looked around at my fellow guests in the restaurant, and there they were, talking in the low, soft tones which are so characteristic of the American—at least at home; eating their food slowly and tranquilly, and after the sober fashion so characteristic largely of Americans; and, in short, conducting themselves as if the conditions were normal instead of being the horror, tumult, and chaos which they seemed to me to be. I felt inclined to pinch myself as I swallowed the oysters that came up on their bed of snow white ice, and ask myself whether it was really true that I was seated at a dinner table and eating and drinking quietly as though nothing unusual were occurring when at every second I felt the whole building quiver under the reverberations of the tramways outside, and when the glare of the light and the marble suggested not the life of everyday reality but some wild and magnificent and frenzied spectacle in a great melodrama or perhaps pantomime.

Swifter Tide of Life in America.

And this sense of people living their ordinary lives in the midst of an environment that to me suggested earthquake, eclipse, some mighty disturbance of nature, was the feeling that I carried with me in my innermost mind all through the days I spent in New York. It is true that I gradually and even swiftly began to accommodate my mind to its environment; that I also became deaf to the anarchic music and blind to the dazzling light; but I never entirely lost the feeling that I was living under conditions that had no more resemblance to those of ordinary life than as if I were thrown on a volcanic eruption or a city in the throes of some mighty catastrophe. To compare the tide of life as it runs in London is to compare the swirl of some mountain stream with the roar and fury of the unbounded ocean.

Travel on the Subway.

Take the question of locomotion. We have our underground railway; we had it twenty to thirty years before it was ever thought of in New York, and I remember well the first time I ever traveled upon that underground railway, and how, coming from so small and quiet a provincial capital as Dublin, I was overwhelmed by the sight as a symbol of the might and glory of this wonderful new land into which I had been cast by fate. But the underground with us has as much resemblance to the underground—they call it in New York the subway—as the slow crawling of a suburban line has to the speed and splendor of the Flying Dutchman or the Irish express. Again and again, when traveling in the subway, I had this overwhelming sense of wonder why people conducted themselves in extraordinary conditions as if they were witnessing or doing nothing in particular or out of the way. You get in the train at Twenty-eighth street. You have just barely time to jump into the carriage when it is off again. Nobody stops; nobody talks; nobody hesitates; every person—man or woman, or even child—makes for that train at once, at once takes a seat, and in a second it is driving onward again. But this is not enough. You have passed two or three stations when you come to Fourteenth street, and then you get out and jump into another train. This is the express. Instead of stopping at every station it runs right through half a dozen stations and two or three miles at a speed that almost makes you dizzy. People who are going in the other direction do exactly the same thing. They also get out at Fourteenth street; they also are carried in the opposite direction at lightning speed, passing station after station without stopping, and getting over two or three miles in almost as many minutes.

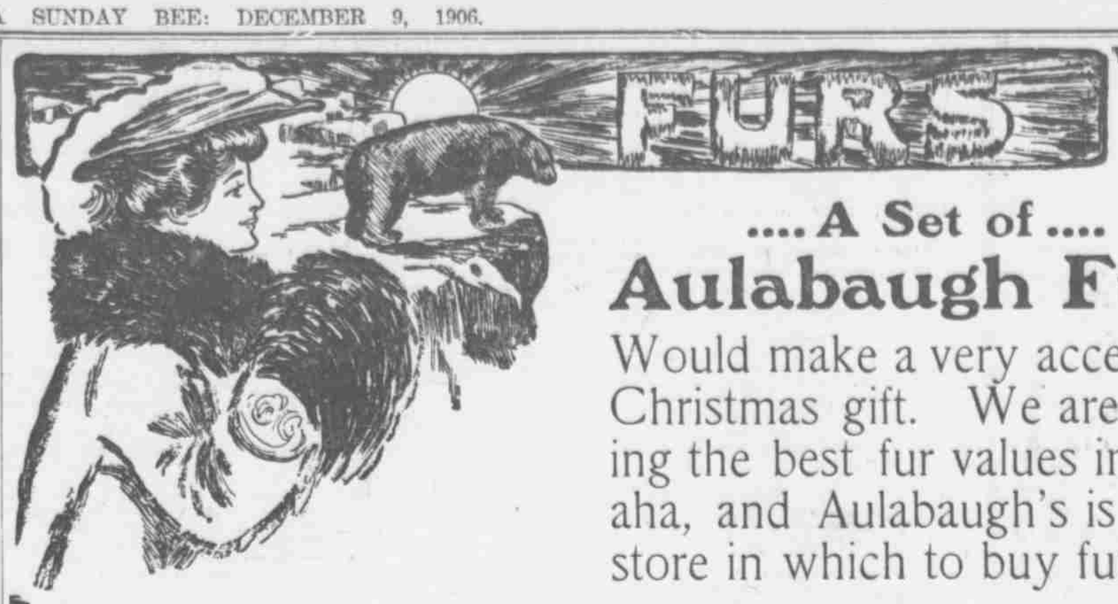
Like Victims of Destiny.

This mad rush of speed and its effect upon you cannot be fully realized unless you can manage to get into your ears, as you read these lines, the almost appalling noise amid which all this rush backwards and forwards of trains takes place. Every three minutes almost you hear the rush of one train following another into the same station. As you fly past, three other trains fly past, too; and all this noise combines and commingles until you feel that the world is being shaken to its center, and that there is a frenzy of noise that might make even heaven's artillery sound tame and gentle. And inside these trains you see people not talkative, not gay, not expansive, as the American is usually supposed to be, but silent, absorbed, as I thought, sad. This girl, with all the delicacy of beauty for which American womanhood is celebrated, has an air as serious and absorbed as though she were an elderly financier engaged in world-wide operations. This child sits silent and self-absorbed, as though it had already inherited the world's heavy weight of inevitable woe. Others have their noses deep in newspapers or magazines. Conversation you scarcely ever hear; indeed, to talk amid this deafening tumult, is as if you tried to talk going through a long and low, roofed tunnel in one of our trains. Silent, then, self-absorbed, isolated, sad these human beings seemed to me, like so many playthings and almost victims of destiny. Whirled through the air, deafened by the noise, swayed as helplessly as houses where the volcanic forces of nature are shaking everything into chaos, puppets of some resistless and gigantic force that plays with their activities and their wills as potently and as wantonly as the storm with the leaves of trees in the bleak time of coming winter.

Deafening Noise Everywhere.

A gigantic energy outside and independent of man—that is my first impression of this terrific city of New York. That is the impression I have of most of America.

When you get down to the office in Wall street and the other business streets of New York you get the same impression of deafening noise, of overwhelming and bewildering speed, and in contrast with all this, of universal and brooding sadness. You find not one, but half a dozen lifts in a single building; they rush up and down at intervals of a few seconds. They have there, as on the subway, the ordinary elevator which stops at every floor, and then the express elevator, which rushes at a speed that almost makes your heart stop, up past twelve or twenty floors without a pause. And inside the elevator stands a man or boy, self-absorbed, silent, barely answering a question, suggestive again of some victim of omnipotent and resistless and gloomy destiny.



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Would make a very acceptable Christmas gift. We are offering the best fur values in Omaha, and Aulabaugh's is a safe store in which to buy furs.

SCARFS—Siberian Squirrel .....**$4.00** to **$25.00**
Brook Mink .....**$3.50** to **$12.00**
Russian Marten .....**$3.00** to **$10.00**
Black Marten .....**$8.00** to **$22.50**
Japanese Mink .....**$7.50** to **$35.00**
American Mink .....**$15.00** to **$60.00**
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Muffs to match, ranging in price from **$6.00** to **$50.00**

Beautiful Brook Mink Coats at.....**$60.00**
Regular retail merchants ask $75.00 for these coats.
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Otters, Seals, Persians and an endless variety of Fur Coats at prices below competition, quality considered.

All of these, from the cheapest to the best, are reliable, up-to-date garments—the work of a first-class furrier.

Furs! **AULABAUGH,** 1508 Douglas Street Furs!

Ensrance Through Kern's Millinery Store

TRACING POSTOFFICE ROBBERS

Proposed Series of Postage Stamps Bearing Name of Cities Where Sold.

A number of reasons have been suggested to explain the fact that all the United States postage stamps for 1907 to be issued from the 6,000 presidential postoffices will bear each the name of the state and city in which the postoffice is situated. Twenty-six of the 6,000 postoffices will have these names engraved upon their stamps, while in the case of the other postoffices the names will be printed across the face of the stamps after they have been engraved.

The chief reason for the change is said at the Postoffice department to be the belief that it will help to do away with the big postoffice robberies and make it much easier to trace criminals. The postoffice robbery in Chicago a few years ago is a good example of the ease with which stolen postage stamps can be disposed of, for no trace of the perpetrators was ever discovered, although nearly $100,000 worth of stamps were stolen, and these mostly of small denominations.

At one time the authorities thought they had found a clew to the robbers. A Chicago mail order house a couple of years after the robbery received a $5,000 mail order, in payment of which was tendered a package containing that amount of 1 and 2-cent postage stamps. The order being so unusual in character, the head of the firm informed the United States authorities, and efforts were made to find out from whom the order had come, but without avail. It was regarded as fairly certain that these stamps were a part of those taken from the Chicago postoffice, but there was no way of proving it.

But this is only one of the purposes the change is expected to serve, say stamp authorities. Another is to enable the Postoffice department to determine the amount of business done by the different postoffices.

A great deal of complaint has been made in the past on the ground that certain offices were doing a very much greater volume of business than they were credited with doing, and postmasters have had more or less trouble in showing that they needed increased facilities for handling their mails, as in the opinion of the congressional committees having the matter in charge the receipts from the sale of stamps did not warrant the increase.

"It is no exaggeration to say that New York City's postoffice does millions of dollars' worth of business every year for which it gets absolutely no credit; that is, as far as the sale of stamps is concerned," said Joseph S. Rich, an authority on stamps. "Hundreds of mail order houses in the metropolis each day receive from out of town points thousands of dollars' worth of stamps, all of which are bought at interior postoffices.

"These stamps remain in New York and are transferred to smaller houses in part payment, and soon afterward the stamps are doing duty on mail sent through the New York office, but for which that office gets not a cent in revenue.

"Chicago suffers in the same way, as do most of the offices in the larger cities where an extensive mail order business is carried on.

"By this means the government will be able to find out just how much business is being done in certain minor offices where the postmaster's salary depends upon the amount of stamps he sells, and there is still another use to which the new plan can be put.

"There are many small places having postoffices to which they are not entitled by the amount of mail matter that passes through the office. For instance, take a small cluster of houses located not far from the city. Say they have a postmaster, and the number of letters passed through each day is small.

"Well, along comes a postal inspector, looks the receipts and records over, and comes to the conclusion that the business done does not justify the maintenance of a postoffice. Then he tells the postmaster that there is a possibility of putting the settlement on the rural delivery list.

"The postmaster goes to one of the prominent residents and tells him of the likelihood of losing the postoffice.

"'Now,' he says, 'you use a couple of dollars' worth of stamps each day in your business in the city. Suppose that instead of getting them there you purchase them of me. I will get credit for the sale and the postal business here will appear to be picking up.'

"This is a reasonable proposition. The resident doesn't care to be deprived of the convenience of a near-by office, so he consents.

"The same proposition is made to two or three other residents of the place. They also agree.

"The result is that the next time the inspector comes around he finds that a material increase has taken place in the sale of stamps, and will then say to himself: 'Well, this little place seems to be growing. I'll just wait and see about that rural delivery idea.'

"The postmaster goes from one resident to another and induces each to buy from him all the stamps he uses. By this maneuver he assures the permanence of the postoffice at that particular village, although there has not been the slightest increase of business to justify it.

"But some large postoffice will handle the mail matter, and when the postmaster of the large office asks for a greater allowance owing to the growing business he is told that the apparent business done as told by his sale of stamps does not justify the increase."

This plan of engraving the names of the city of issue on postage stamps is not entirely new, as it has been followed in Mexico for years. In Liberia also the names of five of the principal towns are engraved upon the stamps.—Washington Post.

ELK HUNT IN AUTOMOBILE

Montana Man Forsakes Pony for Chugwagon and Bags a Big Buck.

An elk hunt on foot or on horseback is sufficiently exciting, but to hunt down the noble antlered animal by means of a touring car is an unusual experience. This, however, was undertaken by a party of five men near Billings, Mont., recently and a magnificent specimen of a fast disappearing species of animal was bagged as the result of the exciting chase. Hunts of the common field variety "a la automobile" have long since ceased to be a novelty, but an elk hunt by the aid of this means of locomotion is decidedly out of the ordinary. The party, consisting of the driver and four hunters, chartered a White steam car and started off before daybreak for the place where the elk were ranging. Many years ago Paul McCormick, a prominent resident of Billings and a pioneer of Montana, put several elk in this pasture, and since that time, under the rigid protection enforced, the animals have multiplied and are scattered in goodly numbers over the immense preserve. They are by no means tame; on the contrary, some of the older bulls are exceedingly vicious, and it was for this latter class in particular that the automobilists were looking. The purpose of the hunt was to secure venison for a big barbecue given at the Montana state convention of Elks in Billings.

After arriving on the hunting grounds the party spent several hours in fruitless search, but suddenly, while driving over the open range, five fine specimens of the elk family, headed by a big buck, sprang out of a small coulee by the side of the trail and made a break for the hills. Although the car was sent after the animals at the best rate of speed it was possible to make, no perceptible gain was made upon them, and they disappeared down a narrow defile in the rocks without being struck by any of the shots fired at them. As it was impossible to follow the quarry, except on foot, it was decided to go by a circuitous route of several miles to the mouth of the canon, down which the elk were heading, in the hope that they would continue their course to the range on the opposite side of the hills.

After their first fright had subsided the animals proceeded slowly, for when the party arrived at the selected spot they were nowhere to be seen. It was decided to wait for them and, concealing themselves behind the rocks, the members of the party lay quietly with everything in readiness. In about forty minutes, which seemed to the anxious hunters several hours, the herd was seen coming slowly down the canon. When the animals were within 300 yards of the automobile they scented danger and stopped to reconnoiter.

The leader, a magnificent bull, with high and wide spreading antlers, sniffed the air suspiciously, and then he hesitated a moment and turned aside to make off. The big rifle, which had been resting on a boulder, cracked spitefully. The handsome beast made one wild leap into the air and then stretched out quivering on the rocks, while his frightened companions broke for cover. The bull was one of the finest specimens killed in that vicinity for several years. The antlers, which were of the twelve-pointed variety, will grace the halls of the order that is named for the animal which gave them up without an opportunity to defend himself.—New York Sun.

DIVES INTO SHARK'S MAW

Careless Kanaka Sailor Meets His Fate in Swimming to Recover Boat.

Some years ago I was living at a seaport about ninety miles from Honolulu. One day a boat from a coasting schooner lying about a quarter of a mile from the shore got adrift and went sailing down the wind. When the sailors observed what had happened they ran aft and jumped overboard and swam toward the runaway tender. One, two, three and four jumped into the water, disappeared for a moment and then the Kanakas' heads appeared. We could count only three heads swimming to the boat.

Where was the fourth? They were all excellent swimmers and we wondered what had happened. The three men climbed aboard the boat and rowed back. They were some time rowing about the schooner in an aimless way and then came ashore. They told the sad story of the loss of their mate. They had seen bloody water near the schooner and an enormous shark swimming about. So unconsciously I had really seen a man jump into a shark's mouth. Evidently the men jumping into the water attracted the shark's attention and he took the last man as he hit the water.

For many years there was a one-armed native working at odd jobs about the wharves. One day I inquired of a native friend how the man became maimed. "Mano," was his significant reply. This is the word for "shark" in the Hawaiian language. The man had been a great diver. One day he and a companion were diving for squid near the reef. A shark attacked him and as he tried with his outstretched arm to shove himself clear of the monster he arm was bitten off nearly to his shoulder.

An island schooner was capsized in the channel. The schooner's boat was cut adrift, but was bottom side up. The native crew and a white skipper clung for hours to the last hope they had. The skipper while in the water endeavoring to right the boat had both legs bitten off by a shark. Although he was got on the boat again, he soon expired from loss of blood.

To my mind there is no question that certain sharks will eat humans.

I don't think they are exactly lying awake nights watching for a man, but one will make a supper on a goat, horse, seagull, dead or alive, if he is hungry and these temptations come in his way. But sharks are not always hungry. One day I was drifting off the island in a yacht and the weather was very clear. We noticed a large shark swimming under the boat about twenty feet below. With nothing else to do we set out to capture the fellow.

Baiting a hook with half a chicken, a loaf of bread and a ham bone, all tied on the hook with marlin, we lowered the attractive morsel right in front of his nose. All stood ready to take a quick turn around the bits when he made off. Well, this unappreciative monster refused to notice it, even when we lowered it on his nose and carefully slacked it down over his nose within easy reach of his mouth. Soon he slipped away into the blue depths. Then another came. It seemed to us they enjoyed the shadow the yacht made. Again we tried, but with the same luck as with the first. I had never seen a shark before refuse anything in the eatable line.—Forest and Stream.

Devastation of Gypsy Moth.

The gypsy moth is pursuing its devastating march through all New England and has now attacked the trees of Maine. Orchards and forests of spruce and pine are alike its victims. Its ravages among conifers are especially fatal from the fact that, as stated by D. M. Rogers of the national bureau of entomology, where such trees are stripped by the moth their death follows in a single year. Minnesota is far from Maine; but it was once as little thought that the pest would spread from Cambridge all over New England as it is now thought it may find its way to the North Star state. Minnesota should therefore, if only as a matter of self-protection, urge its representatives at Washington to an active support of the measures, however costly, which the Department of Agriculture urges for the extirpation of the moth.

Brutality.

Here the far western orator waxed fervent.

"Fellow citizens," he exclaimed, "ordinarily I pay no attention to campaign slanders, but the candidate on the other ticket has lied about me so persistently and maliciously that forbearance has ceased to be a virtue and I am going to handle him without gloves."

"You can't!" hoarsely bellowed a man with short hair, a thick neck, and a bulldog face.

"Why not?" demanded the orator.

"'Cause it's agin the rules. Anywheres in this state you've got to have gloves weighin at least two ounces!"—Chicago Tribune.

Quite Legitimate.

"I have a position now that pays me very well."

"Indeed! What is it?"

"I have been engaged by a large department store to take charge of a profitable blackmailing scheme."

"Great Scott! Aren't you afraid to tell it?"

"Not a bit of it. You see it is to write the advertising circulars of their mourning millinery department."—Baltimore American.

Making a Distinction.

"There is not a particle of evidence, your honor," said the attorney for the defense, "to show that my client was within a dozen miles of the scene when the crime was committed——"

"I beg your pardon," interrupted the other lawyer, "but his brother-in-law testifies specifically that he saw him there."

"I know it," rejoined the defendant's attorney, "but his testimony isn't evidence."—Chicago Tribune.

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