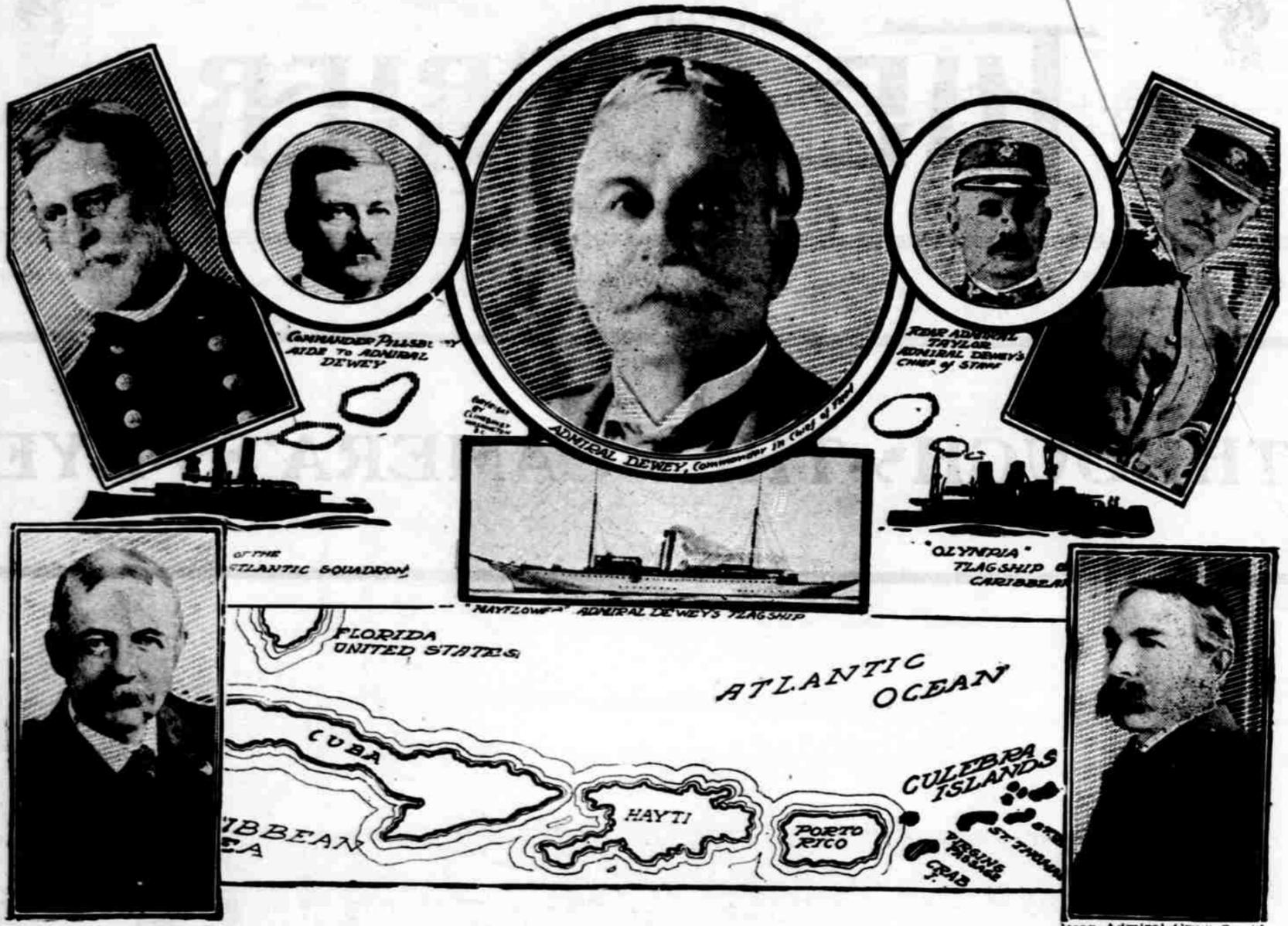


Winter Maneuvers of American Navy



The principal warships of all the Atlantic Squadrons of the United States Navy are comprised in the big fleet of battleships, cruisers and torpedo boats now assembled in the Caribbean Sea to participate in the great winter naval maneuvers which will go down to history as the most extraordinary naval display ever attempted by the American navy in time of peace. All America's famous naval commanders are there and Admiral George Dewey who is in supreme command takes the strongest personal interest in the great demonstration. The Maneuvers started Monday, Dec. 1st, and for weeks to come the Caribbean waters will be alive with naval evolutions, day and night attacks on different ports and strategic experiments of all kinds along the coasts of the different islands. The whole world watches this remarkable display.

We and Our Neighbors

Many stories of shooting from ambush have been brought out by the trial of the Wyoming murderer, Tom Horn. Similar to these, is the story of Elliot Brown of Lusk, Wyoming.

Elliot Brown was a young Englishman, representing an eastern syndicate, which was running a bunch of 20,000 sheep on Black Thunder creek, Wyoming. The home ranch is twenty miles below the sheep range. The house stands in a wooded valley, whose natural beauty Mr. Brown has improved, until it is more like an English park than a rough valley of Wyoming. About a mile from the ranch house there are a few acres of wild wood tangle that Mr. Brown was too busy to subdue. The road to the ranch led through this dense undergrowth of bushes, overrun with wild grapevines. In all Wyoming there is not a lonelier spot. Even at midday there is something "creepy" about it. No place was ever better adapted for a midnight ambush. One night Elliot Brown was riding through the wooded tangle. Suddenly from the choke-cherry bushes there was a sharp report, and a bullet plowed a red furrow across the bridge of Elliot Brown's nose. The horse lunged forward around the curve, another report of the pistol, but the very density of the underbrush saved the man's life.

Brown drove quickly home, took down a brace of revolvers, and on foot returned to the dark wood. He could not find his enemy. Everyone in the country knew Brown and preferred to shoot at him from ambush, rather than in the open field. The would-be murderer knew that Brown would return with firearms. He judged that in his own case discretion was the better part of valor, and made friends of his feet.

Brown was a peculiar and lovable character. He always said that he hoped at death to be killed by a horse. Near the ranch is a road nearly as

steep as the roof of a house. No one else would dream of driving down it. But Elliot Brown drove down this road singing an old English song at the top of his voice. Seeing him start at the top, no one expected to see him alive at the foot of the hill.

A curious example of the fulfillment of presentiment is found in the death of Mr. Brown's mother. One afternoon he told his foreman and wife, that he knew something was wrong in England with his mother. The foreman's wife said:

"You are not well, Mr. Brown, you are sick, or you would not worry so over your mother."

The presentiment was so strong, however, in Brown's mind, that he decided to arrange his affairs and start in a few days on a visit to his mother. Before he could make the necessary arrangements for the trip, a telegram came informing him that on the very afternoon of his anxiety, his mother had died in far-off England.

His mother was the only relative that Elliot Brown had in the world. Her death made him melancholy and inconsolable. For hours he sat under the great cedar trees with his face buried in his hands. The help on the ranch all loved him. Each, in his rough way, tried to comfort him, but with no avail. For weeks it was feared that he might put an end to his own life. At last, when every one on the ranch had failed to cheer him, the foreman's wife decided to try her little child of five years.

"Mr. Brown," she said, in afterward repeating the story, "was lying on the ground by the creek, his feet were in the water, but he did not notice it. A soft rain was falling, but still Mr. Brown lay under the trees. I made up my mind I would send little John to him as everyone else had failed to cheer him. I washed John's little face, and curled his pretty yellow hair, and said:

"Go talk to Mr. Brown, Johnny, tell him to get up and come in out of the rain."

"I watched from behind the door to see how John would succeed. The little boy went right up to him, took hold of his hand, and with all his might, tried

to pull him up from the wet ground. 'Get up, get up, Mr. Brown' he cried, 'Why, you are lying here right in the water, don't you see you are? You know, Mr. Brown, that your mother in England died, and you will die if you keep on lying in the water.'

"All the time John was pulling with all his might to try and drag Mr. Brown from the ground. Mr. Brown looked right at John, and said, slow-like:

"Johnny, are you all that I have left in this world to love me? Is there no one left in the world to care if I am alive or dead but you, Johnny?"

"Then jumping quickly from the ground, he gathered John in his arms and, with great strides, marched into his own parlor in the other house.

"When John came home I asked him what Mr. Brown said to him.

"Oh," said John, "he asked me to stay with him all night. He said the nights were so long, but I told him I could not because my mama was 'flaid nights excep' when I slept with her. Then he took me hard in his arms and kissed me—one-two-three—times right on my mouth."

"As we gathered wild currants above the ranch house, Johnny told me more of the story:

"Mr. Brown never came home but he had something for me. One time he bought me a red kite, and we went out together to fly it. He don't bring me any more things now. He always took me with him in the buggy, or just sometimes. We went together over Old Woman creek, and he had me with him, and he was all right, but the next time he went, he did not take me, and you know how it was. The little creek, was, oh, so wide, and making a great noise. When Mr. Brown rode in, the horse sunk out of sight, then the horse turned in the water and kicked Mr. Brown in the chest, and he drowned. Now I always fly the kite all alone."

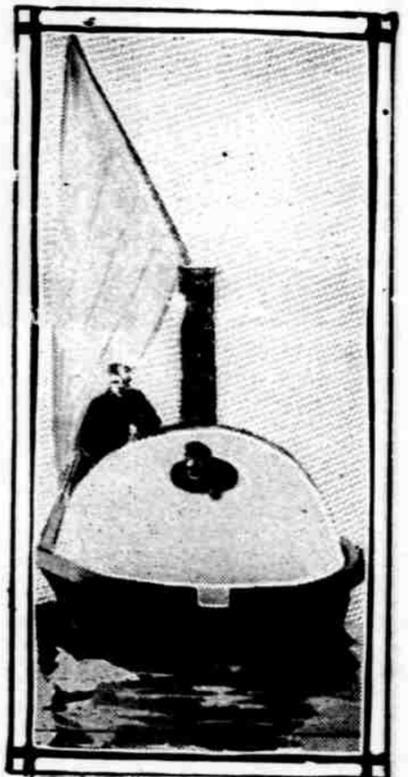
It is the remembrance of courtship that makes married life a tragedy.

"Why do you refuse to do my washing any more?" asked the erotic poet of the laundry-woman.

"Because," answered she, "of the things you write on your cuffs. They ain't proper, and my daughter reads them."

Briggs—It's a funny thing about coal. Griggs—I don't see the fun. Briggs—Why, just as soon as it began to come up it went down.

NEW GLOBE LIFEBOAT A SUCCESS.



The new globular lifeboat is pronounced a distinct success and is hailed by the British coast guards as a great invention. Recent tests in the British channel demonstrated the ability of the new boat to brave the roughest seas. The boat will later be introduced in the United States.