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AMERICAN SENTINEL.

VOL. 59 NO. 36. WESTMINSTER, MD., SATURDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 12, 1891. ESTABLISHED 1833.

Select Poetry.

AN OLD BOAT.

I passed a boat to-day on the shore
That will be launched on the sea no more.

Worn and battered—the straight keel bent,
The side, like a ruined rampart rent;

Left alone, with no covering,
For who would steal such a useless thing?

Is was shapely once, when the shipwright's hand
Had laid each plank the master planned;

And it danced for joy on the curling wave
When first the sea's broad breast it clave;

And it felt the pulse of the well-timed stroke,
That rang on the thole-pin of tuneful oak.

Oft it has carried home the spoil
Of fishers, tired with night-long toil;

And often, in summer days it know
The laugh of a pleasure-seeking crew.

Or launched by night on the blinding waves
It has rescued a life from the sea's dark graves.

It is useless now, as it lies on the beach,
Drawn high beyond the billow's reach;

And none of all it has served in stress,
Remember it now in its loneliness.

Select Story.

JOHN'S SUGGESTION.

As a Suggester Rosa Thinks He Is Simply Perfect.

From DEMOREST'S MAGAZINE.

"I don't see why you should mind it at all, Janet; it isn't a bit like going to an alms-house, you know. And really, it seems the only thing to be done under the circumstances. If you knew how to get your living in any way, and were able to do it, of course things would be different; but as it is, you haven't any choice. And your hundred and fifty dollars won't last very long."

"No," and Janet Reeves sighed, a very sad look on her gentle face; "and but for your kindness in keeping me here the past six weeks, a great deal of it would have been gone already."

"Well, we needn't talk of that," said Mrs. Wayne, briskly. "Let's go back to the subject of this Old Ladies' home. John says it is a lovely place, and—"

"You—you surely haven't mentioned the subject to your brother?" interrupted Janet, a red flush springing to her pale cheeks.

"Goodness! No! I wouldn't think of such a thing for a moment. It isn't a matter in which he would be at all interested. But Beechwood is only a little way from the Old Ladies' home, and, of course, he knows all about it. I have heard him say it is a perfect paradise for old people—a big, old-fashioned house, almost hidden by vines, and surrounded by old oaks and beech trees. Why! there's John now; come to take Rosa out driving, I suppose. If you really wish to speak to him about this project, Janet, or ask him any questions, I'll—"

"Oh, no, no! Not for the world!" cried Janet, hurriedly, a look, almost of terror, in her brown eyes. "As you say, it would not interest him in the least. Lida, promise me you won't speak to him about it. I ask it as a special favor."

"Certainly, I promise," answered Mrs. Wayne, with alacrity and before Janet had time to speak again the door opened and John Humphreys came in.

He was a tall, fine looking man of about forty-five years of age, with keen blue eyes, a heavy, dark mustache and brown hair thickly strewn with gray. Life had been pleasant to him, always; but love had played no part in it, and he had repeatedly assured his sister that he was too busy to find time for love-making or matrimony. But Mrs. Wayne felt sure that at last he had fallen a victim to the tender passion, and inwardly rejoiced at the good fortune which had made Rosa Burthnot her guest, for Rosa was young, beautiful, rich and charming, and would make a fitting mistress for John's handsome home, as well as an admirable sister-in-law.

Mr. Humphreys shook hands with Miss Reeves and nodded affectionately at his sister.

"Miss Rosa ready?" he asked.

"I'll tell her you have come;" and Mrs. Wayne put down her work—a piece of blue satin she was embroidering—and went out.

Mr. Humphreys walked to the window and stood there, staring out into the garden. It was easy to find subjects of converse with rosa Burthnot, who was all life and spirit, but with this shy, elderly spinster he found himself tongue-tied.

"You're better to-day, I hope, Miss Reeves," he said at last.

"Oh, I am quite well now," she rejoined, without looking at him, and apparently intent on the covering of a little primer belonging to Mrs. Wayne's only child. "I cannot call myself an invalid any longer, and I shall go very soon."

"Go! Go where?"

"I—I scarcely know," hesitatingly. "But I cannot trespass any longer on your sister's hospitality. I have already stayed too long."

"That is absurd! I don't see why you should go at all. Considering what you did for—"

"O, Mr. Humphreys, that was nothing—nothing at all!"

"'Nothing,' to rescue an only child from drowning! I don't agree with you."

"I mean that I have been amply repaid," said Janet, very much embarrassed. "Think of how devotedly your sister nursed me all the time I was laid up with that dreadful rheumatic fever, and how I have stayed on here, day after day, since I got well."

"The fever was the result of your plunge into the icy water after little Ruey. It would have been ungrateful, indeed, in Lydia, not to have done all in her power in return. Where do you propose to go—"

But the question was never finished, for, to Janet's great relief, there was a sound of gay laughter in the hall, and Lida and Rosa came in, the latter drawing on a pair of long undressed kid gloves of the latest shade of tan. She was a stylish looking girl, and John Humphrey's eyes rested on her admiringly as she advanced to meet him and threw over his arm, with easy familiarity, her light shawl. And Janet, who also admired her wondered how any man could help falling in love with such a gay, fearless young creature; and, taking an opportunity when they were all talking, slipped unnoticed from the room.

The hall window commanded a good view of the broad carriage drive, and Janet, safely hidden from observation by the heavy curtains, watched John Humphreys as he helped Rosa into his light buggy and gathering the reins in his hand sprang in beside her with some merry remark which the pale watcher at the window could not hear.

"She has everything, everything!" murmured the poor, lonely little woman; "and I—I have nothing. Oh, why should things be portioned out so unequally in this world! And yet how foolish to repine. At my age I ought to have more sense and courage."

But as she thought of her utter loneliness, and that in a day or two she must go forth among strangers, to become an inmate of a charitable institution, she put her head down on the broad window-seat, and cried until she was exhausted. She did not dream for a moment that the handsome couple in the carriage were even then talking of her.

"Janet Reeves is the best, most unselfish woman I ever knew," said Rosa Burthnot, as the buggy rolled out from the gravel drive into the shaded country road. "I have actually fallen in love with the poor, lonely little thing, and I don't see how anyone could help it. She is so thoroughly sweet and good!"

John Humphreys pulled his mustache thoughtfully, his eyes on the sleek backs of his chestnut horses, but said nothing.

"She is evidently troubled about the future," continued Rosa, "and it is a shame that she is so utterly alone in the world. She ought to have married long ago; but of course she never got a chance, penned up in this little country village, taking care of her old father. She was telling me yesterday about her home and w[illegible] a pretty, old-fashioned garden [illegible] had, and she cried so pitifully tha[illegible] couldn't help crying, too. And w[illegible] her father died his income stop[illegible] and the sale of all the personal [illegible] fects brought only two hundred [illegible] lars! She seemed to think she ou[illegible] to be very grateful to Lida for h[illegible] ing given her a home for so long, [illegible] made nothing of having risked [illegible] life to save Ruey from drowning. [illegible] wish I could do something for [illegible] but she is so proud I would be [illegible] to hurt her feelings if I offered [illegible] anything. Can't you suggest so[illegible] thing?"

"I don't know. I'll think [illegible] matter over," answered John Humphreys; and then he turned the conversation to something else, and Janet's name was not mentioned again.

Two days after this, when Rosa came down to lunch at the ringing of the bell at half past one, she found only Mrs. Wayne and Ruey at the table.

"Where is Miss Janet?" she asked.

"She has gone," answered Mrs. Wayne. "She left at ten o'clock. I suggested to her that she ought to say good-by to you, but she is such a timid creature she wouldn't disturb you at your letter writing. She said it would be a matter of no moment to you that she was leaving, and I could make her adieux for her. But I think she was afraid you would ask where she was going. Such absurd pride!"

"Why, has she left the village?"

"Yes she has taken my advice and gone to the Old Ladies' home."

"Lida! you don't mean it!"

"Yes, I do. It was the best step she could take under all the circumstances. She has neither the ability nor the strength to earn her own living and it would be useless for her to attempt it. At the home she will have a good room, and plenty to eat, at least. It is a lovely place, and not at all like an almshouse, for it is well endowed! and she must pay one hundred dollars to secure admittance."

"But oh! Lida! how friendless the poor little thing must feel; how entirely alone in the world! My heart aches for her."

"But what else could she do, Rosa? I think it very fortunate there is an Old Ladies' home for her to go to."

"It is cutting her life short at forty, Lida. She isn't an old lady, and she won't feel that she is in her true place. She will fret herself to death there, and die of a broken heart. But she shan't stay there very long if I can help it. Just as soon as I am married I will take her away."

"You speak as if your marriage were a probability."

"So it is. I have been making up my mind for several days to speak to you about it."

"Rosa! I am delighted!" and Mrs. Wayne rose hastily to press a kiss on the girl's blooming cheek. "But it seems to me John might have given me some inkling of it, knowing as he does that for years I have wanted him to marry."

"I don't exactly understand you, Lida. Mr. Humphreys has nothing to do with my marriage, except that, as guardian for Roland Raspton for ten years, his consent was asked—but as a mere matter of form."

Mrs. Wayne stard at her friend a moment in bewilderment.

"You are engaged to Roland Raspton!" she exclaimed at last.

"Yes, and we are to be married just as soon as he returns from Europe."

"I think you ought to have told me before, Rosa; and I confess I am bitterly disappointed. I was so anxious to have you for a sister-in-law."

"My dear Lida, what utter nonsense! Why! your brother is twenty-five years older than I. We are not suited to each other at all."

"Nevertheless, I am disappointed; and I am sure he cares a great deal for you."

"Only as a friend; but if I am not mistaken he cares in an entirely different way for some one else."

"What do you mean?" and Mrs. Wayne looked startled.

"Wait and see;" and with a merry laugh Rosa ran from the room in answer to a call from Mrs. Wayne's little daughter in the garden.

Meanwhile Janet, a little Russian-leather bag in her hand, and a look of utter dejection on her face, was making her way from the Ridgefield station to the Old Ladies' home, a distance of two miles by the country road. She had left her trunk to be sent for later, and had declined the use of the station hack, feeling that she could not afford to spend an unnecessary penny. Tired, dusty and warm, she was glad when she came in sight of the home; but just as she reached the gate and was about to [illegible] d of [illegible] of a [illegible], to [illegible] held [illegible] sty- [illegible] ohn [illegible] tate [illegible] the [illegible] had [illegible] mo- [illegible] up [illegible] his [illegible] Thy, [illegible] and [illegible] pen- [illegible] etrating gaze of her questioner.

"Do you know anyone in here?"

"No," she faltered, "I—I have had some correspondence with the matron, and—and," desperately, "I have applied for admission."

"You!" For a moment John Humphreys stared at her aghast. "You can't be in earnest. You are joking."

Janet shook her head sadly, though she tried to smile. "It is true."

"But you are not an old lady."

"That does not make any difference. I am obliged to go here for a time, at least. That rheumatic fever left me very weak, and I am not able just now to make any effort toward my own support."

"But surely you have some friend," he began.

"No, there is no one at all," she said, the tears standing thickly in her eyes.

The sight of them moved him very strangely.

"Don't speak so positively. Do you count me as no one? I am your friend, Janet, and I will never let you enter this gate if I can help it."

His voice was low and determined, and there was a ring of passion in it that made Janet tremble from head to foot. No one had ever spoken to her like that.

"You don't say anything, Janet. Don't tell me that you won't let me save you from this. I have known for a month past that you were all the world to me. Janet, darling, look up at me."

She looked up, their eyes met, and the next instant she was in his arms. Ah! she had never known until now how sweet it was to be loved and to love again, but she was none the less happy because of that.

It was well that the buildings of the Old Ladies' home were situated a long way from the road, and that no one was about the grounds, otherwise the old ladies might have had food for gossip for a long time; for it is not every day that a little dusty spinster is seen weeping on the shoulder of a big, handsome and very devoted lover.

However, Janet's tears were soon dried, for they were tears of relief and joy; and five minutes later she was sitting in the carriage by her lover's side, on her way to Ridgefield, where, in the small parlor of the Methodist parsonage, she was speedily made Mrs. John Humphreys.

Mrs. Wayne refused at first to be reconciled to the match; but when she saw how perfectly happy her brother was, and how graciously Janet filled her position as mistress of Beechwood, she concluded to make the best of it, and held out the olive branch forthwith.

But she never forgave Rosa for having disappointed her, and there was a decided coolness between them on that account, which was not lessened when Rosa told how she had urged John to suggest something for Janet's relief.

"And as a suggester, he is simply perfect!" she said.

To which Mrs. Wayne made no reply.

A Stone in Mexico that Foretells Rain.

Roy Meninger, of New Orleans, who has just returned from a tour through Mexico, during which he visited many of the out-of-the-way places usually passed over by travelers, gives an account of a singular rock to be found near the little village of Chilpancingo, in the Sierra Madre del Sur. This rock he describes as being possessed of the property of being able to foretell rain, and it is said by the natives to be infallible. Mr. Meninger himself was able to witness several exhibitions of its remarkable power, which repeatedly foretold a shower twenty-four hours before any other warning of its approach was given. The rock stands in a little valley unusually fertile and green, and seems to protrude from the ground rather than rest upon its surface.

It is irregular in shape, above five feet in height and ten about the base, and in fair weather is of a dull grayish tint and as smooth as polished marble to the touch, but unnaturally cold. On the approach of rain it loses its neutral color and begins to turn a dingy-red, deepest about the base, and a light pink about the summit. Its temperature increases to about 50 degrees Fahrenheit, and it presents the appearance of being slowly heated by an internal fire. This heat and crimson color increase rapidly as the atmosphere grows heavier, until the rain begins to fall, when, according to the descent the rock glows and becomes lighter in hue.

When the shower is over the warmth and color gradually depart, the gray tint is resumed and the rock becomes cold. During electrical disturbances this mineral barometer often assumes a highly-heated appearance, omitting a pale blue light, and is so strongly charged with electricity as to be unapproachable. Mineralogists who have examined the stone declared themselves at a loss to identify it.

Scientific men rely almost entirely upon the regularity of the motion of the moon for fixing and determining dates among the people of earlier civilizations.

A Kansas boy who earned a Bible by memorizing verses traded the book for a shotgun and then accidentally shot his aunt in the leg.

Only six horses have trotted twenty within one hour.

The Ring Lobby Plunderers.

From the BALTIMOREAN, (Dem.)

It has been the fashion to say that the Democratic party has been in the ascendent in Maryland since 1867, but as a matter of fact it has been so for only a very small part of that time. Its supremacy has been for at least two decades merely a sort of polite political fiction. Its fortunes have been controlled and its destinies directed by men professing allegiance to that party, but in reality belonging body and soul to another organization, a secret and mysterious society created for purposes of boodle, and bound together only by the cohesive power of plunder. Within the last fifteen years or so the pecuniary profits which have resulted from this organization have been termed the "Grandmothers' Fund," a phrase which in no way describes the evil represented by this name or the character of the evil-doers who compose this secret political corporation.

In whatever way the name may have originated, it is certain that the thing itself exists and has existed for some fifteen or twenty years.

* * * * * * * * * * *

It was nothing more nor less than a society for political robbery, and it was eminently successful from the first. It was a sort of political syndicate or trust, and like all trusts it grew rapidly rich and powerful. It was on hand at every nominating convention, and it was never absent at Annapolis when the Legislature met, or from the City Hall when the council was in session. It posted its sentinels in the lobbies of the State House and City Council and halted every public and private enterprise that approached, which had any money in it. The individual or the corporation which refused to "stand and deliver" the regular license fee or toll to these political bandits found it impossible to secure a hearing from Legislature or City Council, or if they secured the hearing to accomplish anything more.

Thus these political bunco-steerers had posession of all the approaches of the halls of legislation and levied at their own sweet will and pleasure upon all who came their way. For nearly twenty years they have thus controlled the legislation of the State and city and have been absolute masters of the situation. How much money they have realized from their criminal traffic can be known only to the members of this organization themselves, but it is safe to say that their gains have amounted to millions of dollars

This is no idle assertion or wild exaggeration. Any man who will take the trouble to go back for twenty years and trace the course of political events in this State and city, and by the help of newspaper files and legislative records, note the mysterious current of legislation and the curious laws which have marked the ebb and flow of the legislative tide, will see at every step of this political journey, a hundred evidences of the existence of an all-powerful influence behind legislatures and city councils.

For many years there was no one to gainsay them, and "enterprises of great pith and moment," which were obliged to secure legislation were practically at the mercy of these boodlers. Their harvest of blood-money was, therefore, enormous. Men who twenty-five years ago entered politics as "lean and hungry" as Cassius, and so poor that they could scarcely make both ends meet at the end of the week, now possess large fortunes.

How did these men make these great fortunes? Out of the offices they have held, or by their mere activity in politics? There is no such royal road to wealth known to honest politics. They have become rich because they belonged to the Grandmother's Trust, and have been receiving for twenty years the revenues that belonged to the city and State.

It is frequently remarked with regret that the City Council and the Legislature should have granted in the past so many valuable franchises to corporations without any consideration or return, and calculations have often been made as to how much money has been lost to the public through the false and mistaken generosity of its representatives.

Never was there a greater delusion. No corporation in this State for the last twenty years has obtained any legislative franchise or favor without paying for it and dearly, too.

No wonder that under these circumstances the Grandmothers' Trust has fought desperately for life; no wonder that it has been willing to proceed to any length to maintain its existence and continue its plundering career.

To men who have been growing wealthy on these rich spoils, bribery, repeating, ballot-box stuffing and crimes of that sort are as nothing. They would move Heaven and earth and a lower and more congenial region to retain their hold on public purse-strings.

All know what they have done in the past to carry elections and to break and beat down honest and independent sentiment. We see them now opposing everything in the nature of true reform and endeavoring by dictation and every method of which they are masters to defeat the necessary reform measures, which they clearly see will prove the final nail in the coffin that outraged public justice is preparing for them.

They are preparing for the next session of the Legislature to continue their old practices. It is said that they expect to squeeze out of corporations and individuals at least $1,000,000 before the Legislature adjourns.

Corporations should be made to pay for valuable franchises, but the money should go to the city and State and not to these political confidence men. They would doubtless rather deal with the public authorities than with the merciless crew that has been plucking them for so long.

The game which these men are playing is not so easy as it used to be. Public attention and indignation are thoroughly aroused. Let the people watch legislative proceedings at Annapolis next session and in this city carefully, and they may be able to detect these boodlers and do the State much service.

Diving for Lost Gold.

From PALL MALL BUDGET.

Some time ago we gave an interesting account of the diving exhibit at the naval exhibition, and referred briefly to the recovery of a vast quantity of treasure from the Alphonso XII. Mr. A. D. Stevens, a son of Captain Stevens, who had charge of the expedition, now writes as follows:

In February, 1884, the Spanish mail steamer Alphonso XII, belonging to the Lopez line, bound from Cadiz to Havana, sank off Point Gando, Grand Canary, in twenty-five and a half fathoms of water and about a mile from the shore. She had on board £100,000 worth of Spanish dollars, these being the only five dollar pieces bearing the year 1884, which were specially coined for the trip. The insurance was effected on the specie at Lloyds and was paid over to the insurers after the vessel foundered.

More than a year had elapsed before the underwriters organized a salvage expedition, and in May, 1885, Captain L. Stevens, a Lloyds surveyor of great experience in salvage operations, was intrusted with the expedition, taking with him three well known divers—namely, Messrs. Lambert, Tester and Davis. Special diving apparatus had to be constructed for the work by Messrs. Siene & Gorman, the submarine engineers, and in the above month Captain Stevens and his men left Liverpool in the steamship Niger for Las Palmas, and arrived at their destination on the 25th of May.

LOCATING THE WRECK.

On the morning of the 29th Captain Stevens proceeed in the steam launch Alianza in search of the wreck, a strong trade wind from the northeast, with a choppy sea, blowing at the time. On arriving at her supposed position he steamed about, sounding at intervals, endeavoring to strike the wreck, but failed to do so. Captain Stevens then employed a boat's crew of fishermen to assist him in finding her, and after some little time the fishermen gave a signal, and on steaming up he found that they had swept the foretopgallantmast, and on looking down through the water he distinctly saw the shadow of the mast and the foretopgallantsail loose and floating in the water at a depth of six fathoms.

He then had the topgallantmast buoyed, and as soon as the weather moderated he intended laying down moorings, so as to place the vessel in such a position that the diving was to be done from directly over the wreck.

The money was in the mail room, almost at the bottom of the vessel, and to obtain access to that part of the ship it was found necessary to blow up the decks. The dangers and difficulties which were experienced in these operations were of the most extraordinary nature. Not only bravery, but great patience and perseverance, had to be exercised, as testified by the fact that Captain Stevens and his plucky divers were about nine months on the island before they had completed their task.

The wreck lay on a ridge of rocks, and one of the fears entertained before the explosion was effected was that the force might precipitate the vessel to almost fathomless depths. But fortunately, through Captain Stevens' great experience in the use of explosives, the fear was not realized.

ALL BUT $50,000 RECOVERED.

When the explosion took place one of the masts shot right out of the water, and thousands of dead fish came to the surface. Another difficulty, and probably the greatest the divers had to encounter, was the extreme pressure of the water at so great a depth, but the gallant fellows were most enthusiastic in their work, and although Captain Stevens had been advised to abandon all hope of recovery of the treasure, he was sanguine of success directly fine weather would set in. And his hopes were soon realized, for on Nov. 17, after waiting anxiously and patiently, he had the pleasure of wiring to London as follows: "Lambert has got both scuttles open, and succeeded in sending up first box of gold." This was glorious news to all concerned, and especially to Captain Stevens, who had charge of such a tedious undertaking.

The saving of the remaining boxes of gold was now merely a question of opportunity. Dip after dip was made by Messrs. Lambert and Tester with various success, and by December 12 they had recovered between them six boxes, the lion's share being obtained by Mr. Lambert, thus leaving a balance of four boxes to be raised. In a very short time, considering the unfavorable weather, they succeeded in sending up three more boxes, making in all nine boxes, or £90,000 out of £100,000.

Unfortunately, the last box could not be found, so Captain Stevens and his plucky divers had to come away without it. No praise is too great for the manner in which Messrs. Lambert and Tester worked under such an able commander. I have noted these few facts down from my dead father's log book. As the treasure chest and the gold dollars at the naval exhibition attract so much attention I send you these additional facts.

Overfeeding Hogs.

Many seem to think that a hog cannot be overfed and that it makes no difference if they do leave a lot of feed at one meal they will come back and eat it up when they are hungry, so that there is nothing wasted after all, says a writer in the Swineherd. But it is easily possible to go to the other extreme—to either feed too little, so as not to secure a steady gain, or to feed too much and so increase the cost as to materially lessen the profits. Feeding too little is a loss, while feeding too much is a waste. A good as well as economical plan is to feed regularly at stated times and then feed when fattening all they can eat up clean. They will keep healthier and thrive better than is possible by keeping feed before them all the time. It is what the animals digest, not what they eat, that determines the gain in proportion to the amount of food supplied. Feed left over is, to say the least distasteful to a hog, while if slop is soaked before feeding it will ferment and get sour to more or less extent. The hog, whether growing or fattening, should relish his food to derive the most benefit from it. And they will hardly do this if they eat what they want, go away and leave it, and then are obliged to come back and finish it up. This is not economical feeding, and when the margin of the profit is small, as it is this year, the waste in feeding this way will greatly, if not entirely cut off the possible profit. It is an important item at all times to feed stock well, and fattening stock should have all they will eat clean, and be supplied with a good variety, in order to secure as good a growth as possible, but beyond this it is unprofitable to go. Provide good tight troughs for feeding slops and soft feed of every kind, and generally it will pay to provide a tight floor for feeding grain, so that it can be kept clean and free from waste. No ration can be made that may by any means be considered applicable under all conditions. Generally the ration must be determined with each lot of hogs on every farm, and the careful breeder should know the amount that should be given with more certainty than any one else. But whether hogs are fed in a close pen or in a good pasture, they should be fed liberally, but without waste.

The newly formed Salton Lake in the far west is only a month old, but already possesses a sea serpent—the regulation fifty feet in length, the usual scales, mottled brown in color, with streaks of yellow under the neck. It was seen by an Indian, and a boat load of white men have gone in search of it.

A miner dressed in armor went into a burning mine at Republic, Mich., to fight the fire.

A Ranchman's Happy Family.

There is a strange ranch just over Puget sound, near Renton, on which wild animals and ordinary domestic animals are being successfully reared side by side, the former not interfering in the least with the others. This has been going on for years, and wild and tame animals dwell together in the greatest harmony.

The ranch, says a Seattle paper, is owned by Peter Gallagher, who settled in the woods there over twenty years ago, and has managed to clear up over one hundred acres. During all these years Mr. Gallagher has not been given to hunting, although all kinds of animals have constantly surrounded him. Because of this they have grown tame, and they often come right into the barnyard and make themselves perfectly at home.

One of these is a black bear. He has for nearly a year visited Gallagher's yard almost daily, eaten with the cattle and lain down with the calves, displaying neither fear nor ferocity. Gallagher often goes among the stock at such times, passing within two or three feet of bruin, who weighs some three hundred pounds, but as Gallagher has never disturbed him he does not bother to move away. On the contrary he appreciates as a favor various scraps of bacon and other articles from the table which the worthy rancher feeds to him. Gallagher thinks a great deal of his pet, and would not have him molested for anything. The bear seems to enjoy being with the cattle and especially with the calves.

A handsome pair of fawns also run about the place, associating regularly with the calves, and at times with the shaggy black bear, and not in the least fearing the other animals of the motley collection, nor Mr. Gallagher, who is uniformly kind to the stock, wild and tame. The fawns came from the vicinity of Cedar Lake, where considerable hunting is done, and from which section game is being driven. Some five years ago another pair of fawns came to Mr. Gallagher's ranch and made their home there for a couple of years, even going into the barn during stormy nights and being locked up with the stock. Mr. Gallagher at length gave them to a neighbor who had taken a fancy to them, and he in turn presented them to a friend on the Snohomish, who yet has them.

Numerous flocks of wild ducks and geese and other wild fowl alight in the worthy rancher's yard, showing no fear at his presence. The advent of a stranger, however, will quickly put them all to flight. Mr. Gallagher says the whole secret of it is in being kind to wild animals. He does not hunt himself nor will he permit others to do so on his premises. As his ranch is somewhat secluded, being bounded on nearly all sides by deep woods, the wild animals and fowl are rarely disturbed.

Royal Teacher.

Many stories are told of the Emperor Frederick of Germany, known to the people while he was crown prince as Unser Fritz, which show why he was so loved, almost adored, by his subjects, over whom his reign was so short.

He was always kind to the poor, the sick and the helpless, and reading of his many deeds of charity one can easily understand how, during the war of 1870, the terrified French peasant so quickly learned to feel confidence in the commander of the invading army.

One day, while he was crown prince, Unser Fritz was paying his accustomed visit to the school at Bornstedt, and talking to the children, when a telegram was handed to the schoolmaster, informing him of the severe illness of his mother.

"Go at once," said the prince, "and leave the school to me!"

Though the poor schoolmaster at first demurred, he was at last persuaded to hurry off, and Unser Fritz continued his instruction of the astonished but delighted scholars until 11 o'clock, when the clergyman arrived and relieved him from his duties as schoolmaster.

A Man-Eater.

A tigress in the Nagpur district, India, has a fondness for the employes of the Bengal-Nagpur railway, frequents a tract of country only about nine square miles in area, and is possessed of extraordinary cunning and sagacity. This year she has killed seven people, besides wounding others. She lives in a rocky and precipitous spur, in which there is a heavy bamboo and other jungle. Several springs of water rise at the foot of the scraps, and there is a cave which shows many signs of being used by her and her family. A big stone just outside of the entrance is scored deep and long with many scratches of their claws. In February last, in broad daylight, she carried off one of a gang of permanent-way men from under the eyes of his companions. She has been shot at many times and her cubs killed, but she has got off scratchless. Sometimes the man-eater traverses very long distances.

It is an interesting fact that there are no bald-headed tramps.

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