[illegible] lottery. Generally, [illegible] some suggestion in the ex[illegible] of the trunk, a label or initials; some conjectural knowledge of its former owner, or the idea that he might be secretly present in the hope of getting his property back for less than the accumulated dues, kept up the bidding and interest.

A modest-looking, well-worn portmanteau had just been put up at a small opening bid, when Harry Flint joined the crowd. The young man had arrived a week before at San Francisco, friendless and penniless, and had been forced to part with his own effects to secure necessary food and lodging, while looking for employment. In the irony of fate that morning the proprietors of a dry goods store, struck with his good looks and manners, had offered him a situation, if he could make himself more presentable to their fair clients. Harry Flint was gazing half abstractedly, half hopelessly, at the portmanteau without noticing the auctioneer's persuasive challenge.

In his abstraction he was not aware that the auctioneer's assistant was also looking at him curiously, and that possibly his dejected and half-clad appearance had excited the attention of one of the cynical bystanders, who was exchangding a few words with the assistant. He was, however, recalled to himself a moment later, when the portmanteau was knocked down at $15, and considerably startled when the assistant placed it at his feet with a grim smile.

"That's your property, Fowler, and I reckon you look as if you wanted it back bad."

"But—there's some mistake," stammered Flint. "I didn't bid."

"No, but Tom Flynn did for you. You see, I spotted you from the first, and told Flynn I reckoned you were one of those shaps who came back from the mines dead broke. And he up and bought your things for you—like a square man. That's Flynn's style, if he is a gambler."

"But," persisted Flint, "this never was my property. My name isn't Fowler and I never left anything here."

The assistant looked at him with a grim, half-credulous, half-scornful smile.

"Have it your own way," he said, "but I oughter tell ye, old man, that I'm the warehouse clerk, and I remember you. I'm here for that purpose. But as that thar valise is bought and paid for by somebody else and given to you, it's nothing more to me. Take or leave it."

The ridiculousness of quarrelling over the mere form of his good fortune here struck Flint, and, as his abrupt benefactor had as abruptly disappeared, he hurried off with his prize. Reaching his cheap lodging house he examined its contents. As he surmised, it contained a full suit of clothing of the better sort and suitable to his urban needs. There were a few articles of jewelry, which he put religiously aside. There were some letters which seemed to be of a purely business character. There were a few daguerreotypes of pretty faces, one of which was singularly fascinating to him. But there was another, of a young man, which startled him with its marvellous resemblance to himself! In a flash of intelligence he understood it all now. It was the likeness of the former owner of the trunk, for whom the assistant had actually mistaken him! He glanced hurriedly at the envelopes of the letters. They were addressed to Shelby Fowler, the name by which the assistant had just called him. The mystery was plain now. And for the present he could fairly accept his good luck and trust to later fortune to justify himself.

Transformed in his new garb, he left his lodgings to present himself once more to his possible employer. His way led past one of the largest gambling saloons. It was yet too early to find the dry goods trader disengaged; perhaps the consciousness of a [illegible] the word to the crowd yonder that you are a dead broke miner called Fowler. I allowed that you might have had some row with that Sydney duck, Australian Pete, in the mines. That satisfied them. If I go back now and say it's a lie, that your name ain't Fowler, and you never knew who Pete was, they'll jest pass you over to the police to deal with you, and wash their hands of it altogether. You may prove to the police who you are, and how that d——d clerk mistook you, but it will give you trouble. And who is there here who knows who you really are?"

"No one."

"Then take my advice and be Fowler, and stick to it! Be Fowler until Fowler turns up and thanks you for it; for you've saved Fowler's life, as Pete would never have funked and lost his grit over Fowler as he did with you; and you've a right to his name."

He stopped and the same odd superstitious look came into his dark eyes.

"Don't you see what that all means? Well, I'll tell you. You're in the biggest streak of luck a man ever had. You've got the cards in your own hands! They spell 'Fowler.' Play Fowler first, last and all the time. Good-night and good luck, Mr. Fowler."

The next morning's journal contained an account of the justifiable killing of the notorious desperado and ex-convict, Australian Pete, by a courageous young miner named Fowler.

"An act of firmness and daring," said the Pioneer, "which will go far to counteract the terrorism produced by those lawless ruffians."

In his new suit of clothes and with this paper in his hand, Flint sought the dry goods proprietor—the latter was satisfied and convinced. That morning Harry Flint began his career as salesman and as "Shelby Fowler."

From that day Shelby Fowler's career was one of uninterrupted prosperity. Within the year he became a partner. The same miraculous fortune followed other ventures later. He was mill owner, mine owner, bank director—a millionaire! He was popular, the reputation of his brief achievement over the desperado kept him secure from the attacks of envy and rivalry. He never was confronted by the real Fowler. There was no danger of exposure by others—the one custodian of his secret, Tom Flynn, died in Nevada the year following. He had quite forgotten his youthful past, and even the more recent lucky portmanteau; remembered nothing, perhaps, but the pretty face of the daguerreotype that had fascinated him. There seemed to be no reason why he should not live and die as Shelby Fowler.

His business a year later took him to Europe. He was entering a train at one of the great railway stations of London, when the porter, who had just deposited his portmanteau in a compartment, reappeared at the window, followed by a young lady in mourning.

"Beg pardon, sir, but I handed you the wrong portmanteau. That belongs to this lady. This is yours."

Flint glanced at the portmanteau on the seat before him. It certainly was not his, although it bore the initials "C. F." He was mechanically handing it back to the porter, when his eyes fell on the young lady's face. It was the face of the daguerreotype.

"I beg pardon," he stammered, "but are those your initials?"

She hesitated; perhaps it was the abruptness of the question, but he saw she was confused.

"No. A friend's."

She disappeared into another carriage, but from that moment Harry Flint knew that he had no other aim in life than to follow the clew and the beautiful girl who dropped it. He bribed the guard at the next station and discovered that she was going to New York. On their arrival he was ready on the platform to respectfully assist her. A few words disclosed the fact that she was a fellow-countrywoman, although residing in England, and at present on her way to join [illegible] the family of a [illegible] secreted for a year [illegible] discovery is made. A [illegible] who is supposed to have the [illegible] is sent to the receiving station [illegible] Honolulu, where he is examined by [illegible] medical experts. If "a lepe" be [illegible] the verdict, money, position, influence, [illegible] race or color cannot change the decr[illegible] which sends the patient to Molokai.

The marvelous development of the Canadian northwest is illustrated by the sales of land for the year ending June 30 last. The Canadian Pacific sold 2,639,529 acres for $9,693,950, as compared with 1,536,454 acres for $5,145,842 last year; Hudson's Bay Company sold 368,078 acres for $2,095,603, as compared with 196,844 acres for $999,685 in the previous year, and the Canadian Northern Railway sold 263,351 acres for $911,336. The immigration arrivals for the year numbered 110,100, as compared with 55,261. Homestead entries increased 150 per cent., owing to the enormous influx of British settlers.

It is reported from Berlin that a woman, charged with killing four husbands and attempting to poison the fifth, was sentenced to death by the court at Allenstein. The motives of the woman are not known, but it was [illegible] at the trial that a fortune teller [illegible] her that she was destined to have six husbands before attaining happiness with the seventh. It seems that the husbands were all young and healthy when they married her, but after a year they began literally to sink into the grave, states the New York Times. The wife administered arsenic to them systematically in small quantities, mixing it in their food. According to local alienists, the woman [illegible] murdered her husbands from sheer [illegible] lust in homicide.

The statistics showing the large number of so-called "electric fires" which have occurred in this country during the past three months call attention to a condition of things which will bear close investigation, thinks the New York Sun. By electric fires are meant those which arise from the grounding of high potential circuits, from the crossing of telephone and telegraph and signal wires with trolley wires and others highly charged, and also from defective insulation. Between April 10 and July 10 of the present year, the electrical fires reported number 128 and the loss of property is estimated at nearly half a million dollars. Other losses aggregating over $300,000 are believed to have been due to similar causes, but absolute proof as to their origin cannot be obtained. Seventy-eight fires were started by the grounding of cuts on the framework of awnings, the roofs of buildings, gas retorts and elsewhere; twenty arose from the crossing and entangling of wires, while ten originated in short circuits in flexible cords. Electricity is a valuable servant, but it becomes a mighty dangerous force when allowed to escape.

INDUSTRIAL

Soap, when one has been cut during shaving, plays the same valuable role as does the antiseptic in surgery, says the Lancet.

Molybdenum and titanium produce fast shades on leather. Molybdenum tannate has a great affinity for animal fibre. It is a deep yellow color, but a larger variety of shades can be obtained by employing it in connection with logwood extracts.

Harry Bartel, of New York, has been granted a patent on a lawn mower attachment, which is designed to pick up and deposit in a receptacle not only the grass which the mower cuts, but all extraneous substances with which the mower may come in contact performing its functions.

M. Devic, a French engineer, has been trying experiments at Elbeuf with a new application of the monorail devised by him. With a small model on a scale of one-tenth of which the actual working train will be, he secured with ease thirteen miles an hour, from which he deduces that with a real train he can easily obtain from 300 to 400 kilometres an hour. He relies chiefly on two factors, a diminution of weight and a more effectual grip of the driving wheels on the single rail.

The Hewitt mercury vapor lamp was recently exhibited in London, and the remarkable effects exhibited by its light upon the appearance of colored objects attracted a great deal of attention. A report of Nature says: "The light plays such pranks with color that the color sense seems to have gone crazy. One red thing will appear blue, another black, one blue thing blue, another brown; but the skin becomes ghastly." The color of a particular hue of crimson is gloriously enhanced. For any purpose where color is not of importance the light is pronounced beautiful, and its production is very economical.

Professor Curie, of Paris, who, aided by his wife, discovered and extracted from pitchblende the strange substance called radium, recently remarked that he would not venture into a room containing one kilogram of radium because it would probably destroy his eyesight, burn off his skin, and even kill him. Radium gives off more abundantly than any other known substance the mysterious emanations named Bacquerel rays, which are supposed to consist of almost infinitely minute particles. They are driven off with a velocity as high as 100,000 miles per second, and cause serious inflammations upon the hands of persons working with the substance. They also give rise to luminous effects.

Artificial Flower Fairs.

Chinese artificial flower fairs are among the most interesting sights of the Celestial Empire. In a certain street of Pekin an exhibition of pith, paper and silk flowers is held daily, the stalls of the flower makers extending for over half a mile. Each maker is provided with glue, wire pincers and some vari-colored paper, and in a few moments he will manufacture any given flower from a real model, his skill in shaping the blossoms being only equaled by his eye for accurate coloring. Like their neighbors in the Mikado's empire, the Celestials are wonderful flower lovers, and the women, wearing no hats or bonnets, generally ornament their hair with flowers. Indeed, in some parts of China it is always shown whether the ladies are single, married or widowed by the color of their floral adornments.—Golden Penny.

Paper gloves and stockings, for summer wear, are now being made in France. It is claimed that they will last fully as long as ordinary stockings.

[illegible] clergyman escaped by coming to the surface of the water again. Then the shark rose also and darted at Mr. McMillan for the second time.

Mr. Tull had meanwhile seized a long boat-hook that had a sharp prong on the end of it. He was standing at the boat's side awaiting the reappearance of the shark. When it came up and started murderously for the clergyman, Mr. Tull drove the prong-shaped boat-hook down with all his strength. It passed into the shark's body. The fish began to founder helplessly. Half a minute later it lay still in the water. The single blow had killed it and had saved Mr. McMillan's life. Then the clergyman was helped aboard.

Afterward the party landed the shark. It measured more than nine feet.

FIGHT WITH A SNAKE.

C. E. Stevenson, of Pittsburg, who is at present in the oil fields at Knoxville, has them all flagged when it comes to a genuine hair-raising story. Stevenson weighs about 250 pounds and is not used to strenuous life, being possessed of some money and ill trained for the mortal combat in which he accidentally became engaged.

While wandering around over the oil territory, Stevenson came across a romantic spot, cool and shady, so inviting to his tired and corpulent body that he desired to rest awhile. While he was thus reposing on the log he felt something touch his back, but paid little heed, thinking it but a stray dog. Finally he turned around and saw the largest monster in the snake line he had ever beheld in or out of captivity. The demon seemed to laugh at him from its wicked, fiery eyes, as it edged toward him, while he seemed rooted to the spot. Gathering his nerves by one supreme effort, he jumped over the reptile and emitted a yell that would have caused a Comanche to turn livid with envy, while he sped down the hill in huge, reckless lunges that were extremely trying on the seams of his garments.

A glance back showed the snake to be gaining, and realizing he could not keep up the killing pace Stevenson took to a young sapling and shinned up, only to be followed by the snake. He dropped to the ground and grabbed a club and decided to die game. The snake reared at him and the battle was on. At first he could not hit the elusive and wiry demon. He finally got in a crushing smite on the animal's back and the fight was over, while he dropped from exhaustion. Those who saw the snake are at a loss to classify it. One native writes to a friend in this city that it was a nine-foot black-snake with horns and ears and that it had thirteen buttons on its tail, with pink and green stripes along the back. —Detroit News-Tribune.

A REMARKABLE SHOT.

"One of the best and most remarkable shots made during the late war with Spain," said a gentleman who made an effort to get into the thick of the fight, "was, in my judgment, made at Miami, and the man who fired the shot was a Louisiana boy and a member of my company. He was doing duty as a provost guard at the time. It was late at night when the soldiers were roused by the quick, clear crack of a Krag-Jorgensen on the outskirts of the camp. No particular attention was paid to the matter at first, as only one shot was fired. But, with a couple of officers we went out to where the guard was stationed, in order to find out just why it was that he had fired at that time of night. He explained that he had seen a man slipping through the bushes some distance away, and had called on him to halt. He failed to obey the command, and the guard blazed away at him, more to frighten him into a stop than anything else. Of course, the fellow never halted. He was probably too badly frightened to stop at that time. While we were talking to the guard we heard a fearful noise [illegible] a mile from the guard[illegible] made a break for [illegible] she did look a picture of fury as [illegible] stood lashing her tail and snarling. It was too easy a shot to be really easy, also, having a huge creature [illegible] but breathing in my face seemed [illegible] mesmerize me, in a way, and I felt myself trembling all over and unable to move my eyes from her hard, green ones. But I fired, and she made a grand spring into a clump of bamboos and was lost to sight. She never uttered a sound.

When the coast seemed clear I blew my whistle; the others came up, and we found fresh drops of blood. The grasses and bamboos were smeared with blood about a foot from the ground, which showed I had hit her low in the stomach.

Well, we formed a line, and inch by inch advanced into the jungle, with a man always ahead.

We were just thinking she must be dead—we had gone about one hundred and fifty yards—when a man in a tree yelled out, "Zira giggy!" which means "She is charging."

In an instant everyone was trying to save himself. It looked like a ship wreck, with desperate people clinging to branches. I climbed a small bamboo which played seesaw with me between earth and sky. Timmins could not gain a climbable tree, so he got behind one and was ready to shoot for his life.

The tigress gave a roar and charged past and out by our right flank, and did not hurt anyone. When all was quiet again we crawled out, but as it was dark we made for camp and left her in the jungle. The next day a search party went out and found her dead about three hundred yards off. I had wounded her mortally with my first shot.—Chicago Record-Herald.

HIS LAST SHOT.

Vigan, Zapote, the Tilad Pass, Batac, Catubig, Cagayan, and a string of others are all names that recall incidents of daring that stir even sluggish blood. It was at Vigan that Sergt. Spencer, of Company B, Thirty-third United States Volunteers, showed the stuff of which they make men in Texas. He was one of ten men who tried to rush a position held by scores of Filipino insurgents. Four of the ten were dropped almost at the first fire. Spencer was one of the four and he was mortally wounded. When the rest of the party fell back Spencer could not keep up. His comrades got under cover about twenty yards in rear of where he lay, and then discovered that he was not with them. They called out to him to get out of the way so that they could open fire, and he replied, "I can't; I'm hurt." Then he realized what the situation was, and tried to crawl out of the line of fire. He made about twenty feet in a direction that would have put him out of the way in a little more, but he couldn't go on. "I can't make it," he called out to his comrades. Then he turned around and emptied his magazine at the insurgents. A minute later he was dead.—Everybody's Magazine.

Cream to Burn.

Two little girls were engaged in an animated discussion as to the merits of their respective houses.

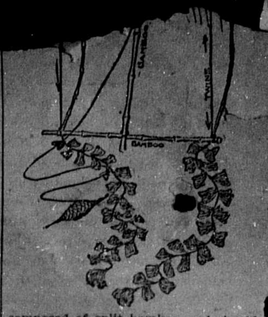
"Well, anyway," said one little maiden in a triumphant tone, "you may have more bedrooms than we have, but we have more cream than you do. We have enough for our cereal every single morning."

"Pooh!" said the other, "that's nothing. We own a Jersey cow and we get a whole cowful of cream twice every day."—Lippincott's.

The Chicken and the Horse.

Fort Branch, Ind., has produced a strange case of affection between animals of different species. It is the case of a spring chicken and an old gray horse. The chicken lost its mother some time ago and now roosts nightly on top of the [illegible] head, sitting between the [illegible] ears. The horse seems [illegible] for the chicken [illegible] seen [illegible] all the [illegible] young and bought by Sam, who started to educate the beast immediately. It was a very willing and intelligent monk and soon learned to do many amusing tricks, being exhibited to the friends of the inspector and causing much wonder by its cleverness. When its master was at work it was chained in the yard, and soon became accustomed to the domestic animals which were its neighbors. The family cat and Joko were the first to make real friends, and when Tabby brought a family of nine kittens from under the house, Joko nearly went wild with delight.

Having none of its own species to associate with, the lively little monkey took to the company of the tabbies, and soon shared the responsibility of the care of the numerous family with Mrs. Tabby. The little tabbies grew up after a while and shifted for themselves, leaving their foster parent lone-



composed of split bamboo, and should be covered with tightly stretched Scotch cambric. Although called "square," yet it is not exactly so, it being about one-half longer than it is broad. The frame should be bent backward, both at the top and bottom. This is to make the kite bulge outward, a position which should be maintained by means of twine stretched from the corners, both above and below. The breast-band should be attached in the usual manner, and the completed kite should have two tails instead of one, one at each lower corner.—New York World.

A PICTURE PUZZLE.

"Do you know who those ladies are, Andrew?"
Where is Andrew?

some again, and so Joko next adopted a small pig. The monkey bossed the little porker about to its heart's content until the pig also grew up, and then the monkey, which was not very large, rode the pig about in a very comical fashion. After several years' captivity Joko learned to gather eggs, which he dutifully brought to the kitchen every day, one at a time.

His last accomplishment was learning to fish. He would haul in a small net which was set at Paulea, and taking the fish out one by one, bite them in the head as he had seen the native fishermen do, and put them in a basket. One day he attempted to drag the net all by himself, and succeeded in making a pretty good job of it, but in his excitement he got himself entangled in the meshes and was pulled into the sea and drowned. When his master went to get his net he found poor Joko's body along with a large haul of fish. The monkey was buried, but the memory of his amusing tricks and useful assistance will long live in the recollection of the back inspector.—Honolulu Bulletin.

BIG BILL AND HIS BOASTING.

He was the proudest elephant who ever walked in a circus parade, and his name was Big Bill. He had a way of boasting about what he had done, for he said that he had gone to war and had hunted tigers and killed lions with one blow of his trunk.

When the circus cars went from town to town Big Bill pushed the cars on the side tracks, for he was sure that he could do it better than any em[illegible] [illegible] all the [illegible]

CONUNDRUMS.

What plant stands for No. 4? IV.

If a man bumped his head against the top of a room, what article of stationery would he be supplied with? Ceiling whacks (sealing wax).

Why is a tight boot like an oak tree? Because it produces acorn (a corn).

Why is a plum pudding like the ocean? Because it contains so many currants.

What is that which never uses its teeth for eating? A comb.

What ships hardly ever sail out of sight? Hardships.

Why is a peach stone like a regiment of soldiers? Because it has a colonel (kernel).

When is a watch not a watch? When it is a ticking (ged ticking).

What is the difference between a bald headed man and a rooster? One has a comb and the other doesn't need one.

When is a rose like a book? When the leaves are read (red).

What musical instrument should we never believe? A lyre.

What smells most in a perfumer's sh[illegible] [illegible]le nose.