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The Wind in the Trees.

By SEAMAN BRIGHT.

"Whirr-r-r!

Meadows, the sub-editor, threw down his pen impatiently and crossed the room to the telephone.

"Yes?"

"Gentleman wants to see Mr. Pelham, sir."

"Mr. Pelham is very busy. Tell the gentleman to send up his name and business."

"What's the row?" broke in Pelham, looking up from his desk.

"Some one wants to see you. Dare say it's another confounded anecdote about the Japanese Prince or the King." And Meadows, whom the royal affairs of England and Japan had somewhat wearied that day, walked across to the window and stood for a moment looking down into the misty shadows of the street.

The traffic of the day had thinned out now; it was 10 o'clock, and save for the flitting lights of an occasional cab carrying a night editor to his office, and the flapping of the English and Japanese flags at the window opposite, Fleet street was silent and deserted.

The bell rang again.

"Never mind, old man, I'll see to it this time myself," said Pelham as he rose and crossed the room.

"The gentleman says he must see you, sir. It's most particular," answered the hallboy in response to his imperative demand. "And he ain't got no name. He's a little foreign lookin' gent, sir, and he seems a bit flotty," came to Pelham in a hoarse whisper. "He says I'm to tell you a friend from the East has called, and wants to know if you remember something or other about the wind in the trees?"

"A friend from the East! The wind in the——Good Lord!" broke off Pelham suddenly, dropping the receiver in his excitement.

"What's up?" asked Meadows, turning round.

"I think I once told you about an incident that happened soon after the passage of the Yalu—the one in which a Japanese celebrity saved the life of an English war correspondent, and the same day located a concealed Russian position by watching the passage of their bullets through a clump of foliage. He called it 'the wind in the trees'?"

Meadows nodded.

"Well, I think I also told you the correspondent said some things that day, that wild horses wouldn't have dragged from him at a saner moment. Among them he told his Japanese excellency that if ever the chance came to return the favor in any way it would be done. It seemed extremely improbable, and a bit highflown when it was out; but, curiously enough, his excellency took it quite seriously. He said the big things of life were never done of ourselves—only the little things, and this promise he felt belonged to the big things. When the day came to claim it, he said he would ask me to remember 'the wind in the trees.'"

"By Jove! You?—"

"I mean to say there's some one from the East downstairs who wants to know if I remember 'the wind in the trees,'" answered Pelham tersely.

The room seemed very quiet for a moment, as he finished speaking, and in the silence the flapping of the English and Japanese flags at a window opposite sounded curiously loud and insistent.

"But it couldn't possibly be," argued Meadows, as he recovered from the question. "The latest bulletins from Japan confirm the statement, made some time ago, that he had temporarily abandoned public life and retired for the summer to a remote country estate."

"The Japanese are a very wonderful people," smiled Pelham enigmatically, and, crossing to the telephone, he sent down an urgent message.

Meadows took down his hat, and a moment later opened the door, as an elderly, clean shaven man, with Oriental eyes, stepped out of the lift. He bowed courteously to the fortunate as he passed, then turned to Pelham with a smile.

"Oh!—I beg your excellency's pardon," stammered Pelham, as he recovered himself. "But the loss of your beard and mustache makes a tremendous difference; and besides, the news agencies—"

"Ah, yes! The news agencies, poor things, are sadly deceived," laughed his excellency, as he came in and closed the door. "They think I am nicely docketed and put away for the summer months, when lo! I am in their very holy of holies itself—the immortal Fleet street. Ah, well!" he went on, as he took the chair Pelham brought forward, "life is a daily miracle, only we are so used to it we forget to wonder. But you, my friend," turning kindly eyes on Pelham, "how goes it with you since we said goodby among the Russian guns? You are a great newspaper proprietor nowadays, are you not? They tell me you own the most powerful journal in all England?"

"It certainly has the largest circulation," smiled Pelham, "and a great deal of it I owe to your excellency. Those articles you allowed me to send home from the front built up a reputation—"

"And brains did the rest. Good. Brains are wonderful things. Better than money or muscle, and almost, but not quite, as good as principles. The gods take particular care of the principles. But you would know why I am here to night," he went on, in response to the inquiry in Pelham's eyes.

"What strange fate brings me from the East in this guise?" and he touched his shaven cheek, as he rose and began to pace the floor. "It is their secret, not mine," he went on, after a moment's pause, pointing to the two flags opposite. "All I can say at present is that I am here on a political mission of great secrecy and importance, the ultimate issue of which may be largely influenced by the promise you made me some years ago."

"I am ready, your excellency," said Pelham, simply; and his visitor bowed in acknowledgement.

"Well, then, to begin with, I want a radical view to your national opinion on Anglo-Japanese relations. I don't want your good humored, superficial opinion, but the one you hold deep down—the one you would really express if suddenly faced with a grave issue. Ah, yes," as Pelham would speak, "you will tell me, of course, that English opinion is as solid now as it ever was on the alliance, and it may be so. Personally I think it is, but there is just a little doubt. There are people in Japan who say that King Edward's diplomacy has rendered you independent of our friendship—that these coalitions with Italy, France and Spain no longer leave you isolated—"

"Oh! But that is sheer nonsense, your excellency," broke in Pelham, indignantly.

"I think it is, but we Japanese are a proud race, and before I make my final decision on a matter that gravely affects my country, I want to be quite sure. At the present moment," he continued, with grave earnestness, "I personally stand for the whole spirit of Japan. The Emperor has intrusted to my decision a question that will determine our national future, and as this question centres around English public opinion, I am anxious to apply to the latter a certain test. Now, when people test a thing, Mr. Pelham," he went on, "they don't as a rule test the entire bulk—they are content with a sample. You remember 'the wind in the trees?' Well, I want you to create a second wind in the trees, and the way I propose to do it is through your newspaper, The Rapier. The latter stands for the largest sample of public opinion available, and to it I propose to apply the following test: Here," and he drew a packet of papers from his pocket and handed them to Pelham, "is a series of three newspaper articles which I wish you to publish in your newspaper—the first to appear to-morrow, the others consecutively for three days. They are, as you see, wholly unfriendly to the present happy understanding between our countries, and my aim in publishing them is to probe the great section of Englishmen who read your paper, and, if possible, force them to express an opinion—"

"To put it crudely, your excellency wants to twist a sample of the Lion's tail, and see if he will roar?" said Pelham, grimly, as he glanced through the typewritten sheets in his hand.

"That is the point—will he roar?" smiled his excellency. "But your paper? The publication of these articles may affect its sale?" he added a moment latter, as he rose to go.

"Perhaps, your excellency, but a promise is a principle," said Pelham, shaking hands, "and, like you, I believe that the gods, in some way or other, take care of the principles."

The words, almost unconsciously uttered, seemed to have a strange solemnity, and long after the Japanese statesman had driven away they lingered like an echo in Pelham's brain, and gave him the confidence he needed at the end of a second and more deliberate perusal of the articles.

The latter were brilliant, incisive, and evidently written by a political expert of the first rank, but they ran counter to everything on the Japanese question that had hitherto appeared in Pelham's newspaper.

In essence they resolved themselves into a violent attack on the political relationship his readers held most sacred, and, but for this theory, that the carrying out of a principal never yet permanently injured a man Pelham would have been appalled at the prospect that awaited his Japanese excellency's curious test.

Nor were his anticipations falsified when The Rapier appeared the following morning, for seen telegrams and letters from all quarters began to herald the coming storm.

These, one and all, demanded the unequivocal withdrawal of the articles begun that morning, and continued at a rate which left Pelham with no doubt of the unqualified success of his excellency's experiment; hour by hour the commotion gathered volume, and next day, when the second article appeared, attacking the spontaneity of the welcome then being extended by London to the Japanese prince, the outburst of angry protest that followed was in every sense national and complete.

Indignation meetings were hastily convened in many places throughout the country, and virtuous rivals lectured The Rapier on its lack of public good taste; everywhere a hurricane of denial met the accusation against the nation's hospitality, and finally a deputation actually waited on the Government and demanded the immediate suppression of the articles.

Pelham had waited for this, as he had waited for a more or less negative effect on the circulation of his paper, but the second, and even the third and last day came, without either event having happened.

On the contrary, the sales of The Rapier far outpaced the output of the printing presses, and still the Government made no sign.

Coming as such a violent counterblast to prevalent newspaper opinion, the articles eclipsed even the royal visit round which they centered, and became the sensation of the hour.

Their point, their brilliancy, their marvellous grasp of international politics, were qualities before which even the bitterness they evoked was forced to subside, and at the end of the third and last day of their appearance, the question, "Who wrote them?" had not only practically obscured the part The Rapier had played in the whole affair, but left Pelham thoroughly satisfied in his own mind that no very permanent injury would follow "the wind in the trees."

"Truly the gods do take care of the principles," he thought, with mingled relief and gratitude, as he threw open the office window and looked out into the calm serenity of the night.

Everywhere men were making misty old Fleet street gay with decorations in honor of the Japanese Prince's visit to the city on the morrow, and the flags of the two nations at the window opposite hung tranquilly in the still air.

As he looked at them, Pelham wondered if their repose really symbolized a bigger item in the world's history than even the advent of a Japanese Prince, and he had begun to abandon himself to a long train of political speculation, when a cab drew up outside the offices of The Rapier.

For the moment he thought it was Meadows who had arrived, but the man who descended from the cab gave Pelham a thrill of excitement his friend and brother editor had never done.

"I have come to thank you, and to explain," said his excellency, when they met a moment later.

He looked very tired and old, notwithstanding the indomitable light in his eyes, and something of Pelham's thought reached him before he spoke again.

"Ah, yes! It has been a trying time for you and for me," he said, "but it is over now, and we can congratulate ourselves on having sealed a new friendship between England and Japan for a long time to come. Years ago," he went on in response to Pelham's puzzled expression, "two nations of the East and the West made an alliance. It was an alliance of esteem as well as of interest, and the gods smiled, because it made for the peace and progress of the world. But time flies fast, and all too soon the term of years covered by the contract began to draw to a close. This term had been a source of deep regret to certain statesmen of both countries—they had always considered it far too brief—and now as the friendship of the two nations officially neared its end, these men sought to safeguard the future by absorbing the remnant of the old treaty in a new one."

He paused for a moment as if waiting for Pelham, but the latter was too spellbound by what he had heard to speak.

"For this purpose," continued his excellency, "a son of our Emperor came to England. Ostensibly the visit had little political significance, but in reality its object was to discuss and, if possible, settle certain aspects of the agreement. And in the wake of the prince came, secretly and alone, an old watch dog of the Empire."

"This old watch dog," resumed his excellency a moment later, "had spent his youth in England, and it was to his knowledge of the English character that the Emperor now confided the final decision of Japan. This decision, in the last issue, centered round a question of English public opinion, and thanks to your aid in the matter, Mr. Pelham, my course has been made an easy and an obvious one. At any rate," he concluded with a smile, "I had sufficient faith in our experiment to sign a new treaty this afternoon between England and Japan."

"But, your excellency, no one dreams?—"

"No one!" The secret has been marvellously well kept, and outside ourselves and the statesmen immediately concerned, few in England or Japan have any idea of the momentous document signed this afternoon. For your part in the affair, my friend," he went on, "the Japanese Government—indeed, I may say the two governments—are deeply grateful; and although they cannot of course take official cognizance of the matter, they have deputed me to make the following proposal, in the hope that it may redeem any injury your newspaper may have suffered. Here," and he drew a document from his pocket, "is a rough draft of the salient clauses in the new treaty, and I am at liberty to offer you the choice of publishing it twenty-four hours ahead of all your rivals."

Pelham's face was very white and his voice, when he spoke, uncertain.

"Your excellency means?—"

"I mean, my friend, that the Governments of England and Japan have agreed to withhold the official announcement of the new treaty for a period of twenty-four hours," said his excellency. "In the meantime they offer you the privilege of publishing the news, without reserve. You will not only be the first to announce publicly the greatest political secret of modern times, but even the actual terms of the document I now place unreservedly at your disposal. No, no, my friend," as Pelham would speak, "do not thank me, rather the gods, who have once more proved their ability to take care of the principles. And now, my friend," as he rose to go, "we must say farewell. My country has more work for me to do out there," pointing to the East, "and I go to-night. We may not meet again on this sphere, for I am old and my body is growing tired; but souls that are akin have a place of meeting—somewhere. We will not say 'goodby,' then—let it be, 'till we meet again!'"

He held out his hand as he spoke, and for a moment they stood in silence—the East and the West—the one man young and strong, the other old and tired; but the spirit in the eyes of both was the same. It knew neither Youth nor Age, but eternally works for Freedom, Right and Progress; it was the spirit that prospered the growth of England, and fires the heart of New Japan.—Black and White.

The Answer.

Recently a traveler chanced upon a resident of a sleepy hamlet.

"Are you a native of this town?" asked the traveler.

"Am I what?" languidly asked the one addressed.

"Are you a native of the town?"

"What's that?"

"I asked you whether you were a native of the place?"

At this juncture there appeared at the open door of the cabin the man's wife—tall, sallow and gaunt. After a careful survey of the questioner, she said:

"Ain't yo' got no sense, Bill? He means was yo' livin' heah when yo' was born, or was yo' born befoah yo' begun livin' heah. Now answer him."—Success.

Switzerland has three official languages, German, French and Italian.

For the Younger Children....

A NARROW ESCAPE.

Little Miss Frog
Went out one day
To call on a friend
In a pond 'cross th' way

When she started out
The sky was serene;
The flowers smiled,
And the grass was green.

But before she had hopped
'Cross the open space
She felt something damp
Fall down on her face.

A cloud had gathered,
And raindrops fell
'All about Miss Frog,
Coming down pell-mell.

So she hopped along,
With all her might,
To the pond of her friend,
And lept in out of sight.

For she feared the rain
Would spoil her dress,
And that she'd get wet
And take cold. Goodness!

—Maud Walker, in the Birmingham Age-Herald.

JOKES AND CONUNDRUMS.

Why need no one starve in the Desert of Sahara? Because of the sandwiches there.

How came the sandwiches there? The children of Ham had bread and mustard there.

What is the difference between a sculptor and a barber? One makes faces and busts, the other curls up and dyes.

What famous Frenchman does the small end of a ham suggest? "Boney-part."

What animal falls from the clouds? The rain, dear (reindeer).

How does the sailor know that the moon is made of green cheese? Because when he has no wheat to grind he can grind his teeth.

Why is a bald head like heaven? Because there is no more parting there.

How do you know that chickens are not immortal? Because they have their necks twirl'd (next world) in this.

When is the moon most to be pitied? When it is reduced to its last quarter.

What part of speech is kissing? It is a conjunction.

When is a thief best understood? When he is apprehended.

How many insects does it take to make a landlord? Ten-ants.

What relation is a loaf of bread to a steam engine. Mother, because a loaf of bread is a necessity, and the steam engine is an invention, and necessity is the mother of invention.

What man had no father? Joshua, the son of Nun.

When is a man duplicated? When he is beside himself.

What is the shape of a kiss? Ellipitical (a-lip-tickle).

When can donkey be spelled with one letter? When it is U.

Why are clouds like coachmen? Because they hold in rains.

Why is a fisherman's the most lucrative employment? Because it is all net profit.

Why are fixed stars like wicked old men? They scintillate.

What is the oldest table in the world? The multiplication table.

THE THISTLE IN THE HEART.

"I've come again, mamma," said little Lillie White, softly, peeping into the chamber where Mrs. White sat writing letters. "Lillie couldn't help it, mamma."

"And what is the matter with my little girl this time?" Laying by her pen when she had written the sentence out, she extended a hand to the little girl, adding, "You haven't got another thistle in your finger, have you?"

"No, mamma, my finger is almost well, but something keeps stinging in my bosom. You needn't take off my dress, mamma; you couldn't see it—it's deep. I know what it is—it's naughty, wicked hate. I hate Genia Marsh; she's never good to any of us. But her aunt in New York sends her the prettiest things. Now she has sent a blue dress and a doll all dressed in white and pink. She brought 'em out and showed 'em to me, and she said, 'You can't have such pretty things, Lillie White.' Then the hate stung me harder than the thistle a while ago. Won't you take this out, too, mamma?"

"Only Jesus can take out a sting like that," said Lillie's mother, very gently, her arm about her darling. "Go directly to your chamber, dear, and kneel down and tell the dear Jesus all your trouble, and ask Him for just the help you need."

The little girl slipped from her embrace and left the room. A little while after she was seen walking in the garden, talking to her poor, soiled dolly and kissing her face as lovingly as Genia Marsh could have kissed her brand-new one. By and by she raised her bright and smiling face to the window, and, seeing her mother looking down, called out:

"It's all gone, mamma—all gone."—Home Herald.

DO SPIDERS SLEEP?

The question, "Do spiders sleep at night?" is not easy to answer. I have made a careful observation of the sleep of ants, and that could readily be done by watching colonies in their artificial formicaries. It is almost impossible to deal with spiders in the same way. I would answer, however, in general terms, that spiders sleep, as all animals do, and doubtless parts of the night are spent in slumber. Many species, however, prey on the night-flying insects, and so must be awake in order to catch their prey. If you will watch the porch or outbuildings of your home on a summer evening you will be likely to see an orb-weaving spider drop slowly down on a single thread in the gathering dusk of the evening. From this beginning a round web will soon be spun, and either hanging at the centre thereof, or in a little nest above and at one side is the architect, with forefeet clasping what we call the "trap line," and waiting for some night-flying insect to strike the snare. In this position spiders will sometimes wait for hours, and it is just possible that they may then take a little nap. They might easily do that and yet not lose their game, for the agitation of the web would rouse the sleeper, and then it would run down the trap line and secure its prey. Some species of spiders do the chief part of their hunting at night, and there are some who chiefly hunt during the day, but as a rule these industrious animals work both day and night.—From Nature and Science, in St. Nicholas.

GREEDY TIM.

Little Tim, a greedy boy,
Ate too much of cake;
He went to bed and thought he'd die
With a cramping stummic-ache.

—Birmingham Age-Herald.

A DOG AND A PIG.

Here is a true tale of a dog and a pig. They were both passengers on the same ship, and became warm friends. They used to eat their cold potatoes off the same plate, and but for one thing would never have had any trouble. This was the fact that the dog had a kennel, and the pig had none. Somehow the pig got it into his head that the kennel belonged to whichever could get into it first, so every night there was a race. One rainy afternoon the pig found it rather unpleasant slipping about the deck, and made up his mind to retire early. But, when it reached the kennel, it found the dog inside.

Suddenly an idea flashed upon it; and, trudging on to where their dinner plate was lying, it carried it to a part of the deck where the dog could see it, and, turning his back to the kennel, began rattling the plate and munching as though at a feast. This was too much for Toby. A good dinner, and he not there! Piggy kept on until Toby had come around in front of him and pushed his nose into the empty plate. Then, like a shot, it turned and ran and was safe in the kennel before the dog knew whether there was any dinner on the plate or not.—Sunday Magazine.

QUEER POSITIONS OF HEARTS.

There is one curious fact which not everybody notices about the common, finger-long, green caterpillars of our larger moths. Their hearts, instead of being in front, are at the back of the body and extend along the entire length of the animal. One can see the heart distinctly through the thin skin and can watch its slow beat, which starts at the tail and moves forward to the head.

Hearts of this sort reaching from head to tail are not at all uncommon in the simpler creatures. The earthworm has one, and so have most worms, caterpillars and other crawling things. Hearts in the middle of the back also are quite as frequent as those in what seems to us to be the natural place. Many animals, the lobster, for example, and the crayfish and the crab, which have short hearts like those of the beasts and birds, nevertheless have them placed just under the shell in what, in ourselves, would be the small of the back.—St. Nicholas.

THE TALLEST ANIMAL.

The giraffe, with its unequal legs, sloping back, long neck and two horny knobs on the head, appears to be the most awkward animal in the menagerie. It is one of the most interesting, because it is so queer. Giraffes are brought from Africa, and are used only for exhibition in the circus or in zoological gardens. A few naturalists say that there are eleven species, others think there is only one. Some giraffes have two horns, others three or even five. Those with two horns are the kind usually exhibited. The entire number of giraffes in captivity is said not to exceed thirty, but to buy a single one takes from two thousand to six thousand dollars, according to its age. When about three years old one costs nearly three thousand dollars.—St. Nicholas.

The Watermelon.

What is a watermelon, anyway? Nothing but a thick rind, a small quantity of sweetish pulp and a whole lot of water.—Chicago Tribune.

PLUCK and ADVENTURE

A BOY PIONEER.

In 1844, when emigrants from the Middle States were going to make homes in Oregon, many young boys joined the pioneers and made the hard journey over the plains and mountains. One of these lads, Joseph Watt, of Missouri, is described by the author of "McDonald, of Oregon." He was about seventeen years of age, and was employed to drive cattle. He walked most of the way to his new home.

"I have borrowed $2.50, Joe, to fit you out," his father had said at parting, and with that the young man had bought a pair of boots, and invested the rest in pins and fish-hooks to trade with the Indians. But new boots! He slung them over his rifle and put on moccasins.

At a certain point in the journey, away back on Burnt River, the man for whom Joe was driving said, "You had better leave us and hurry on into Oregon. Provisions are getting scarce. We shall need all there is for the children."

"All right. I can take care of myself." Without a morsel of food Joe Watt and Elisha Bowman struck out with their rifles—and Joe's boots.

"If we could only eat the boots!" sighed Joe. Bare to the knees from continually cutting off his trousers to mend his moccasins he strode through the lacerating sagebrush.

"How are you going to get down?" inquired the boatman, when every other eager passenger had piled on the Hudson Bay bateau sent up by Dr. McLoughlin. Alone on the shore stood Joe Watt. "How are you going to get down?"

"I don't know."

"Have you any provisions?"

"No, nothing."

"Can you sing or tell yarns?"

"Yes, both."

"Very well; climb on to the bow of that boat." So they started.

"Well, Figurehead, pipe up!" was the present demand.

With sad and solemn eyes, without a smile, Joe sang, told stories. Everybody laughed. The weary emigrants needed entertainment, and Joe was a born comedian.

The doctor was building a flour mill at the falls, and, with some misgivings, Joe was engaged as a carpenter. At night he slept in the shavings. The first pay day he was rich. With $12 in hand, clothes, soap, Hudson Bay blankets were his.

Never blankets felt so soft. Passing his hand thoughtfully over the wool, within sound of the potential falls, a great idea came into the heart of Joseph Watt: "I will build woolen mills on this Pacific Coast." Years later the boy fulfilled this resolve.

A DANGEROUS SITUATION.

Of the glories of the Canterbury Cathedral the most fascinating is perhaps the Bell Harry Tower, the Angel Steeple, as it was also called, from the angel that originally surmounted it. In "The Life of Walter Pater" is related an interesting story connected with this tower.

In the centre of the lantern of the tower is a circular aperture. In the chamber above there was a windlass for drawing up rolls of lead or other materials for repairing the higher parts of the tower or the roof of the cathedral. At one time, during some repairs, the windlass was managed by a deaf workman, who was stationed in an upper chamber. When the workmen below brought in any load and had fastened it, they pulled the rope as a signal and he began to turn.

One day a vestryman came in, and happening to look upward saw, to his horror, a boy, holding to a rope, rise above the organ, which was then on the screen.

Thinking this some boyish freak, yet breathless for the consequences, he hastened to the spot. His terror increased when he saw the boy nearly at the top, and then, without pause, saw him let down. He came down in safety, but with hands badly blistered, and was almost lifeless from pain and fright.

It transpired that this boy, a King's Scholar, coming into the cathedral, had seen the rope, and had taken hold of it and pulled it, with the result that the man above began to draw him up. The boy thought it was fun, and that the man would raise him only a few yards and then let him down. He soon found that he was being gradually drawn to the top, so he held on with the grimness of desperation.

When the deaf man at last grasped the situation, instead of landing him, he immediately, in terror for the boy, began to reverse the windlass, and let him down, which doubled the danger.

HOW FEAR WON.

Here messenger after messenger arrived, breathlessly reporting that at the celebrated canon, the Pecos Pass, fifteen miles from Santa Fe, Governor Armijo was preparing to make his stand, his position being almost impregnable, and this time the report was correct. To dislodge him from such a position would have been a well-nigh impossible task. But what force could not have brought about, save with the utmost difficulty, the terror of the American arms accomplished without a shot. Governor Armijo, having called a council of war to decide upon the best method of meeting the Americans when they should advance from San Miguel, his chief officers took council of their fears and, deferring to his own, advised against any attempt at defense. Accordingly the 4000 Mexican soldiers marched out of the abatis, which had been constructed with so much labor, and dragging their six pieces of artillery behind them, proceeded, at no dignified pace, toward Chihuahua. Early on the morning of August 18 the American army reached the defile, now quiet and deserted. "On seeing the great advantage we should have had to fight against," writes Frank Edwards, "we could only look at each other with a stare expressive of 'we are well out of it.' . . . Five hundred resolute men could have defended the pass against twice our force." But as it was, the American army marched through as travelers following a dusty road, and "on the evening of the 18th of August we fired a salute of thirteen guns over the city of Santa Fe," thus giving the volunteers their first smell of powder after a triumphal march of fifty days, in which almost a thousand miles of wilderness had been traversed. Without striking a blow they had conquered a province which contained some 80,000 square miles and boasted a population of 100,000 souls.—From "The Mexican War," by Robert McNutt McElroy, in the Metropolitan Magazine.

PRESENCE OF MIND.

Two oil well drillers, Earl Sheets and Frank Winks, near Carl Junction, underwent an experience last week that would make a "feature" for a life and death melodrama. The two men were superintending the shooting of a well. Three hundred quarts of nitro-glycerine had been brought to the well to be used in the shot.

A "shell" containing thirty quarts had been lowered, but it stuck in the well. The operators thought they could shove the can on down in the well by letting the baler down in the well on top of it. The plan appeared to have worked all right, and the baler was drawn up out of the well and part way up toward the top of the derrick before the horrified spectators noticed that the can of deadly explosive had caught in the baler and was then dangling in the air, ready to fall.

Just as Sheets and Winks looked up, the shell came loose and started toward the ground. Realizing that if it ever hit the ground those thirty quarts of nitro would explode and kill every one in the vicinity, the two men, with presence of mind, ran under it and caught it in their hands. If they had failed in this, not one of the spectators would have "lived to tell the story." It was a real thriller.—Kansas City Star.

COLLIE KILLED COYOTES.

It takes a wonderfully good dog to kill a wolf. Yet I knew a collie, "Old Frank," the property of my neighbor, Mr. John Thompson, of Carberry, Manitoba, that had several times run down and killed coyotes single handed. I saw him actually perform this feat in November, 1882. The wolf faced him again and again, but the collie managed each time to escape serious injury from its jaws, and when the wolf turned to fly he would snap at his rear. On skinning the wolf I found that the dog's teeth had sunk deep into the wolf's flesh each time, so that its hind legs were disabled. The wolf, however, died fighting gamely.

In my early days I caught a great many wolves in traps—many scores, if not hundreds—and I found great diversity of behavior among them at this trying time. Some were utterly cowed, and submitted to the death sentence in sullen silence; others struggled to escape; some yelled defiance, and not a few barked and growled savagely, trying to reach me, raging and defiant to the end.

I have often known a coyote to tempt a dog to chase him, then at a safe distance from the dog's human backers turn on him and drive him back with noisy demonstrations that looked like a wild, practical joke.—Ernest Thompson Seton, in Success Magazine.

BOYS KILL 211 REPTILES.

About one mile east of the Country Club at American Lake is located a gravel pit owned by a rancher of Parkland, who is assisted by his two sons. The youngsters while exploring the pit yesterday ran onto a nest of snakes and started out to kill them all. For more than an hour they fought the reptiles as they came from the cave, and when at the end of the battle the spoils were counted 211 garter snakes, ranging in size from six inches to four feet, were found.

The fight waged hot for some time, the old snakes hissing and spitting in an attempt to protect their young. Many of the snakes made their escape, but nearly all the big ones fell victims to the shillelahs of the boys.—Portland Oregonian.

THE THING TO THINK ABOUT.

Captain Coffin, one of the old-time whalers of Nantucket, had a thrilling experience with a big sperm whale in the South Pacific. He had fairly harpooned the whale, when the monster turned, crushing the boat in its enormous jaws and scattering the crew into the waves.

The captain found himself in the whale's jaws, but managed to wriggle out, and he was rescued with his men, luckily uninjured.

"Captain Coffin," said a solemn friend, when the old sailor was relating the adventure, "what did you think when you were in the jaws of that great whale?"

"Think!" said the captain. "Why, I thought he'd make a hundred barrels—and he did."—Woman's Home Companion.

Beginning [illegible] Men.

Jay Gould wa[illegible]

Henry Villard [illegible]

Elihu Burritt was a [illegible]

Benjamin Franklin [illegible]

A. T. Stewart was a [illegible] er.

James J. Hill began as a [illegible] boat.

Abraham Lincoln was a rail[illegible] ter.

Daniel Drew began as a [illegible] trader.

Cornelius Vanderbilt ferried [illegible] own boat.

William Lloyd Garrison was [illegible] printer's devil.

John Wanamaker began life a[illegible] $1.25 a week.

Andrew Carnegie began life at $2.50 a week.

William A. Clark as a young man was a miner.

John Jacob Astor sold apples in the street.

Thomas Edison began as a telegraph operator.

Henry H. Rogers was a grocer's delivery boy.

John D. Rockefeller worked in a machine shop.