



A LADIES' RIFLE CLUB IN ONE OF THE SUBURBS OF LONDON, ENGLAND. Marksmanship, always popular in England, has had a revival of interest lately, which has extended even to the women of leisure and wealth.

IBSEN'S COURTSHIP.

Amusing Story Told About the Noted Dramatist.

A French contemporary relates a very amusing and hitherto unpublished story of the courtship of the late Henrik Ibsen. It appears that, although the old man was not lacking in moral courage, he was, in his younger days, just as timid as most young men in love. At the time when he received the "coup de foudre" he was fulfilling an engagement at the theatre at Bergen, and he fell hopelessly in love with the pretty daughter of Pastor Thoresen. But he could not muster up sufficient courage to declare his passion. At last he decided to compromise on the matter and propose by letter. He accordingly wrote to Fräulein Thoresen, and said he would come to the pastor's house at 5 in the afternoon to receive his answer. If the young lady received him he would know his suit had met with favor in her eyes; if he were told that the fräulein was not at home he should consider himself rejected. Punctually at 5 o'clock Ibsen was at the home of the pastor. A servant girl opened the door to him and bade him enter, and he followed her to a sitting room, where she motioned him to be seated on a sofa, adding that the young woman would appear shortly. With a great sigh of relief the dramatist sat down and commenced to turn over in his mind what he should say to the maiden whom he loved when she made her appearance. She gave him plenty of time to do so, for when fifteen minutes had passed, and twenty, and then half an hour had gone, and there was no sign of the fräulein he commenced to grow impatient. He began to pace up and down the room, asking himself if it were possible that the servant had made a mistake. But he hastily dismissed that supposition, arguing that in such an important matter mistake was impossible. He would never have been invited to come in if the pastor's daughter had meant to reject him. Three-quarters of an hour had gone. Still no one, and Ibsen's pacing up and down the room became faster and more nervous. An hour—an hour and a quarter, and still no one came. He stopped to listen. Everything in the house was deathly silent, and the distracted lover asked himself if it would not be better for him to steal from the house and be gone. Yet, if he went now he should lose his prospective bride forever. Once more he sank back on the sofa, which seemed to exercise a peculiar fascination over him. It could not be that Fräulein Thoresen had become suddenly ill, for if it had been so they would surely have informed him. His thoughts became confused, and when an hour and a half had passed and he was still alone, he began to think himself a fool for waiting there so long in that lonely, silent room. Two hours! She was evidently playing a trick on him, and when he had gone she would make fun of him and relate how she had made him wait two hours for nothing. A prey to mental torture, Ibsen at last could stand it no longer, and, dashing into the corridor, he was making for the door when he heard behind him the sound of a laugh—a merry, clear, silvery laugh. It seemed to come from under the sofa, and on hurrying back Ibsen, to his utter astonishment, saw the fair hair and bright, laughing face of his sweetheart peeping from beneath it. Her pretty eyes dancing with irrepressible fun, she exclaimed: "Do you forgive me! I simply wanted to find out how long you would wait for me. You have borne the test well. Now help me to my feet." The sequel is easy to guess.—London Globe.

STILL LEADING.

Heinrich Conried, in his office in the Metropolitan Opera House, said of a musicians' quarrel: "How strange it is that music, which is har-



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mony, should cause discord. Music often causes discord. Once, in my native state, it nearly caused a duel.

"Two Silesians, seated in a music hall, began to argue about the music of Wagner. The argument, as it advanced, grew heated. The upshot was that the younger challenged the older Silesian to a duel.

"But the older Silesian declined to fight.



SHE WANTS TO VOTE.

One of the English woman suffragists who called on Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman lately, demanding the franchise. She wore the typical costume of a female mine worker from Lancashire.

"No, no," he said. "I refuse to meet you. The risks are not equal. You, you see, are a bachelor, whereas I am a married man with three children. I'll tell you what to do. Go get married and wait till you've a family as large as mine. Then, when our risks are alike, come and challenge me again."

"The younger man complied. He married. Three years passed, and one day, three years

later, he went, accompanied by a nursemaid, to his opponent's house.

"Here I am," he said, fiercely. "My wife is at home. In this coach are my three children. Now for our duel."

"But the older man shook his head. "Not yet awhile," he said. "I have five now."

FOR FOREST RANGERS.

Continued from second page.

up for work were typical Western youths. There was one big, broad shouldered chap from the School of Mines at Golden, but most of them were ranchers' sons and ex-cowboys. Two were guards in the forest service who were taking the examination for promotion. The cowboys were unanimous in deciding that forest ranging would be preferable to the work in which they had been engaged.

The first day of the examination was given to "schoolhouse work," and it is likely that this caused more gray hairs to sprout than anything suggested by the forestry expert in the succeeding two days. Inasmuch as the ranger must know how to scale timber, and how to make out full and complete reports of every happening within his "beat," the questions covered a wide range, and there was much scratching of heads and chewing of pencils while the examination was in progress. Finally, when the expert said in a kindly voice that the applicants might as well throw away their pen and ink or pencils, as far as any more work of a clerical nature was concerned, there was a general chorus of "Bully!" and one cowboy, with a blot of ink on his nose and a look of despair in his eyes, rose on his high heeled boots and fervently exclaimed, "Thank God!"

The second day the applicants brought out their saddle horses, and, at an early hour, started on the trail. After proceeding five or six miles in the mountains axes were given the candidates, and they were told to show their skill in cutting and scaling timber. Some of the cowboys, who had little experience with an axe besides cutting wood for a roundup campfire, had rather ludicrous experiences. The two forest guards, who were skilled in such work, made the chips fly in a manner that excited the admiration of the rest of the class.

After all the candidates had been examined as to their fitness with the axe they were given work in following blind trails and reading trail signs.

On the third day the field tests were continued. A brisk ride was made to a water course, where camp was pitched and notes made of the manner in which each man proceeded to make fires and prepare a temporary resting place. In order to test the accuracy of the men in judging distances, the forestry expert rode over a huge triangle, and then required the men to pace it, Indian file. The candidates were then required to reduce their estimates to feet, and then the ex-

pert went over the course with a surveyor's tape and compared the result with the estimates made by the candidates. This is an important part of the work, as a forest ranger is often required to estimate distances, with no other facilities than his eye or the length of his stride.

One of the most important tests was that of packing. A small pack animal was brought out in front of the hotel, and each candidate was told to go ahead and show what he could do in the way of putting a load on the horse's back. Each man put on the blanket, the little pack-saddle, and then stowed away the bags of feed, the tarpaulin, the shovel and axe, and tied the whole load with the diamond hitch. This hitch is one that can be tightened or loosened with a single pull at the rope. It never slips, and when it is correctly put on a well packed animal the load cannot be bucked off. Each man had a different style of packing, and each pack was critically inspected by the expert while it was in process of construction and after it had been completely tied. Then the pack animal was stripped again, and another candidate took up the work.

After the packing, which consumed the greater part of the day, some compass work was done, to show the familiarity of the candidates with this invaluable instrument.

The papers in the examinations, with the report of the expert on the field tests, are all forwarded to the Civil Service Commission, and the fortunate ones who pass are informed in due time.

One cannot witness an examination, especially in the field work, without realizing how much in earnest the government has become in the work of preserving the forests and in putting the care of the great reserves in the hands of men who are conscientious and able, and whose politics, as one of the cowboys put it, "don't amount to a blank."

A CATCH.

The late Susan B. Anthony once attended a wedding in Rochester, and at the reception she said to the bridegroom:

"If you want this marriage to be a happy one, you must be as kind and tender always as you are now. I once knew a young couple whose marriage had not turned out as happily as it should have done. The wife said to the husband one evening:

"Before we were married, dear, you were always giving me presents. Why do you never give me any now?"

"My love," the husband replied, "did you ever hear of a fisherman giving bait to a fish he had caught?"

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