SOME WORKING CHRISTIANS.

NO LAZY BONES IN PASTOR MAC GREGOR'S FLOCK.

Blisters Have Formed Here and There on the Hands of Members of the Congregation, but the Foundations for the New Parish House Will Soon Be Laid.

There are four deep trenches on a crest of the Orange mountains and there are thirty odd pairs of blistered hands in the little community of St. Cloud. The Rev. Robert Gardner MacGregor smiles as he surveys the quartette of ditches, for arising from them he sees in his mind's eye the handsome proportions of a parish house for the St. Cloud Presbyterian Church.

When Pastor MacGregor, dominie and athlete, accepted the call to St. Cloud's church six years ago, he interested his flock in summer in field sports and otherwise strove to inspire enthusiasm. A lack in the church work, however, was a parish house where the men could assemble in the more inclement seasons. To get a parish house and make his congregation love it became his ambition. Nobody loves another's offspring as well as his own. So Mr. MacGregor resolved to set his congregation, many of whom belong to the leisure class, to build the parish house themselves.

John C. Brown gave a lot near the church. Offers of money were made by several millionaire members of the church, but these offers were declined.

"Give us building material if you wish," said the pastor, "and then help us to put it together."

Ground was broken on July 4. Mr. Brown, who is a deacon in the church, took out the first shovelful of dirt and worked until his hands were blistered and his back began to ache. Then the pastor and half a dozen others took up the shovel and pick.

Each evening since then at about the time the farm hands are coming in from the fields and the commuter is hustling home for dinner a dozen or more men may be seen swinging down the turnpike toward the site of the proposed parish house, shouldering shovel or pick. Some are dressed in natty flannels, others in overalls and jumpers.

"Great! isn't it?" exclaimed Pastor MacGregor last night as he watched a squad of men transferring earth from the trench to wheelbarrows on the surface. "Why in the three nights we have completed three-fourths of the excavating. By Thursday——"

"Look out, deacon. That last shovelful went mostly down my neck."

The speaker scrambled out of the trench Two or three of his coworkers scrambled after him. Half a dozen young women climbed up on the mounds of dirt and smiled.

"Bend over," suggested Pastor MacGregor. "That's it. Now shake your head."

"It's all——"

"What's the matter now?" asked another man down at the end of the ditch.

"Oh, nothing," replied the man behind him. "Another blister burst, that's all."

The broken blister having been bandaged and the dirt removed from the neck of the first worker to get into trouble the pastor resumed his conversation with the reporter.

"By Monday night the digging will be over. Then the masons and those who are willing to act as masons will get busy. That part of the work—the entire foundation—I expect will be laid by Saturday, and the construction of the building proper will progress rapidly after that.

"Not a cent is to be paid for the material or construction of this building. Nor will there be any delays or strikes. Amateurs we may be, but every time we strike it will be in the right direction, square on the head."

"If not," remarked one of the inspectresses from the top of a pile of dirt," on the finger."

LAWN TENNIS.

Mollenhauer Wins in Kings County Tournament—League Matches.

By defeating Samuel A. Westfall yesterday in the final round of the open singles, Henry Mollenhauer wins first place in the Kings County Tennis Club tournament, which has been running all the week on the club courts, Kingston avenue and Bergen street. Both players are members of the Kings County club, Mollenhauer holding the club championship. Westfall has come to the front of late, last week taking the championship of the East Jersey Association. Yesterday played a close match with Mollenhauer, the latter finally winning, three sets to one. A bad fall on the last set put Westfall at a disadvantage, but he pluckily continued play.

The women's singles gave Miss May Sutton another easy win, this brilliant player defeating Miss Bessie Moore, the former champion, in hollow style. Miss Moore was completely outclassed and failed to score a single game in the two sets played, a remarkably poor showing for one who has held national honors more than once. Miss Sutton has won all her matches this week without the loss of a set.

First place in the men's doubles went to Wylie C. Grant, New York T. C., and C. C. Kelley, West Side T. C., who won a four set match from the Crescent Athletic Club pair, F. B. Alexander and W. A. Campbell.

Men's Singles—Final round—Henry Mollenhauer, Kings County T. C., defeated Samuel A. Westfall, Kings County T. C., 2—6, 7—5, 8—6, 6—1.

Men's Doubles—Semi-final round—F. B. Alexander and W. A. Campbell, Crescent A. C., defeated Theodore R. Pell, New York T. C., and Torrance, Englewood Field Club, 3—6, 6—3, 6—2.

Final Round—Wylie C. Grant, New York T. C., and C. C. Kelley, West Side T. C., defeated F. B. Alexander and W. A. Campbell, Crescent A. C., 8—6, 2—6, 6—4, 6—1.

Women's Round Robin Singles—Third round—Miss May Sutton, Pasadena, Cal., defeated Miss Bessie Moore, Kings County T. C., 6—0, 6—0.

At Homestead Park, New Rochelle, the open tournament of the Siwanoy Tennis Club was finished yesterday, with the exception of the consolation event. The honors in the men's singles went to the New York club player, Robert Bryan, who defeated the home entrant, David Sands, in the final round. First place in the doubles went to Bryan and G. L. Wyeth, both of the New York T. C. They scored an easy win over H. D. Montgomery and H. Graves of the home club. In the consolation, Montgomery and Shethar are now in the semi-finals.

Men's Singles—Final round—Robert Bryan, New York T. C., defeated David Sands, Siwanoy T. C., 6—8, 7—5, 6—4.

Men's Doubles—Semi-final round—H. D. Montgomery and H. Graves, Siwanoy T. C., defeated A. Freedman and G. Carleton, Siwanoy T. C., 6—4, 6—1; Robert Bryan and G. L. Wyeth, New York T. C., defeated David Sands and L. Freedman, Siwanoy T. C., 6—0, 6—0.

Final Round—Robert Bryan and G. L. Wyeth, New York T. C., defeated H. D. Montgomery and H. Graves, Siwanoy T. C., 6—4, 6—3.

Consolation—First round—H. D. Montgomery, Siwanoy T. C., defeated Dr. McDonald, Bedford Park T. C., by default; L. Freedman, Siwanoy T. C., defeated L. De W. Seaman, Siwanoy T. C., by default.

Second Round—H. D. Montgomery defeated L. Freedman, 6—1, 6—2.

In the Metropolitan League series but one match was played yesterday, the New York Athletic Club winning a close contest out of three from the West Side club players at Travers Island. P. M. Mallory and F. M. Cauldwell played for the home club and A. J. Shaw and Hugh Tallant for the visitors.

The result leaves the West Side club still in the lead with 12 wins and 6 defeats and the Kings county club, which postponed its meet with Montclair, is still second with 9 victories and 6 defeats. The New York Athletic Club moves up from fourth place and is now tied for third with the Crescent Athletic, each with 10 wins and 8 defeats. The others follow in this order: New York T. C. won 7, lost 8; Englewood, won 6, lost 9; Montclair A. C., won 1, lost 17.

Men's Singles—Hugh Tallant, West Side T. C., defeated R. M. Mallory, New York A. C., 9—11, 6—0, 6—0; F. M. Cauldwell, New York A. C., defeated A. J. Shaw, West Side T. C., 6—2, 6—3.

Men's Doubles—R. M. Mallory and F. M. Cauldwell, New York A. C., defeated Hugh Tallant and A. J. Shaw, West Side T. C., 3—6, 10—8, 6—4.

On the courts of the Roselle Casino Club the play off in the men's doubles for the East Jersey League championship was held yesterday, with a big gallery in attendance. First place went to the home team, G. H. Miller and E. McKay Miller, who defeated A. L. West and R. A. West, Bergen Point L. T. C., in the final round in three straight sets.

This win makes the Roselle Casino tied with Bergen Point, each having scored 7 points. Ilderon Outing Club has 5 points and Elizabeth Town and Country Club 2 points.

Men's Doubles—Semi-final round—A. L. West and R. A. West, Bergen Point L. T. C., defeated M. S. Charlock and Clarkson Runyon, Jr., Elizabeth Town and Country Club, 6—1, 3—6, 6—3.

Final Round—G. H. Miller and E. McKay Miller, Roselle Casino, defeated A. L. West and R. A. West, Bergen Point L. T. C., 6—4, 4—6, 6—2.

DUEL WAS NOT FOUGHT.

Device Employed by Senator Lamar to Prevent Principals Meeting.

From the New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A story about Mr. Lamar that I have never seen in print proves that to his other qualities he added a grim sense of humor.

During the course of a heated debate sharp words were exchanged between a Congressman from New York and one from Mississippi. A challenge was delivered and accepted, and as both were courageous and determined a bloody meeting seemed imminent. Friends interposed, but in vain. Both men were resolute, and neither would yield to the suggestion of an amicable arrangement. As a last resort Senator Lamar was called in to save the situation. He realized that no ordinary methods would serve his purpose, and so resorted to strategy. The principals in the purposed duel are still living, so I will call the New Yorker Jones and the Mississippian Smith.

Senator Lamar called on the New Yorker, and, after the usual civilities had been interchanged, he said:

"Jones, I've come here to do you a friendly turn. I know that you and Smith are determined to fight, and that nothing will stop you. I have not come as a mediator, but simply to mitigate, if possible, the horrors of a fatal end, so far as you are concerned. As to Smith, I have no fears. He is a dead shot, and can take care of himself; but he is not an unfeeling man, and is inclined to respect any partiality you may have in favor of any particular part of your anatomy. Some men entertain a mortal dread of being disfigured after death, and if the choice were left them would prefer not to be wounded in the eye, or mouth, or cheekbone. Now, if there is any particular spot that you would like to have Smith's bullet enter he has commissioned me to say that your wishes will be respected."

This extraordinary proposition staggered the New Yorker. Even his undoubted courage did not stand so severe a test, and he paled visibly. After he recovered his composure he replied that he would confer with his second, and Mr. Lamar, after an impressive farewell, took his leave.

The tip was given to friends of the principals and new negotiations entered upon. The duel did not come off. Lamar's device had succeeded.

TIMELY BOXING TALK.

Sports Wonder Why Fitz-O'Brien Fight Was Called Off—Is O'Brien to Blame?

Local followers of the fistic game will have plenty to talk about within the next two months, as there are a number of schemes to keep the sport popular. One which is attracting a good deal of attention is the project of Sam Fitzpatrick to give weekly boxing bouts on the water in conjunction with an outing such as are held most every day by political and social organizations in Greater New York. Fitzpatrick's plan, which was outlined at length in THE SUN a few weeks ago, is to charter a large fireproof steamer and have the contests decided on board within the three mile limit. Fitzpatrick has consulted expert legal authorities, who have assured him that he need not be afraid of any interference. If Fitzpatrick's venture succeeds, and there is every reason to believe it will, local devotees of the manly art will be in clover, for they will have a chance to see scraps in the old orthodox way, without being compelled to travel from one spot to another like fugitives from justice.

The last time that a venture of this nature was tried on the local sports was when John Flood and John L. Sullivan met in their fight on a barge on the Hudson River in 1881. Those who were fortunate enough to witness this contest say that the conditions under which the encounter was fought were considerably better than in some of the goes which held the boards during the much lamented Horton law days.

Frankie Neil of California, whose ability to punch has landed him the bantam title, will have an opportunity to give his powers a fine test when he faces Hughey McGovern at Chicago this month. The boys are to meet only for six rounds, but for little fellows this is a fair journey to decide their relative boxing ability. McGovern, like his brother Terry, has a stiff punch. He can knock an opponent out with either hand. He is as aggressive as the "ex-terrible," and some critics think he is Terry's superior in cleverness. Like his noted brother his rise was meteoric. He has only been prominently before the public two years, but in that time he has demonstrated his right to be taken seriously. Most of his boxing was done at Philadelphia in six round bouts. Once in a while he has been called upon to travel a little further. He is fast, heady and very game. But the question remains—can he avoid Neil's heavy solar plexus punch? This blow has been the downfall of most of Neil's opponents, and is a hard smash to get away from. Neil has landed it on clever and more seasoned pugilists than young McGovern, and is confident that it will stand him in good stead when he tackles Hughey. If Neil defeats McGovern he will not be allowed to rest. There are plenty of bantams hereabouts willing to exchange jolts with him. Neil says he will go through the list, and if successful will visit England and have it out with the much touted Jim Bowker, England's bantam champion.

Young Corbett is in a pugnacious mood these days. Being a fighter he wants to fight, but strange to say, there are few who care to give him a trial. Before Jimmy Britt outpointed Corbett most every ambitious boxer in the business at his weight wanted to fight him. Had he noticed and accepted all the challenges hurled at him he would have had no time to eat or think. Corbett renounced his desire to meet Jimmy Britt next December because he does not want to wait until then. He is willing to face Britt in September, but no later. As Britt will not do business before the winter, Corbett must naturally look elsewhere for a match. The Denver youth has not been very careful with the money he has earned in the ring, and he has made plenty. He needs the long green, and the only avenue left open to him to secure it is to fight for it. Corbett has challenged Terry McGovern again—something he would never have thought of doing had not he experienced the Britt reverse. He has defeated Terry twice, and so far as superiority is concerned the public knows who is who. But Corbett realizes that with McGovern as an opponent in a six, ten or twenty round bout, there will be few empty seats when they meet, and he wants the engagement. McGovern is a bit shy about taking on Rothwell, and thus negotiations are at a standstill. McGovern declares that Eddie Hanlon, by virtue of a previous match, must needs have his attention. They are, as per schedule, to meet at San Francisco next fall, and if Hanlon is in form and McGovern has not deteriorated to a great extent it should be an excellent battle.

Disappointment, especially where an important bout is involved, is a bitter pill for the sports to swallow. It is all the more aggravating when the mill is cancelled at the last moment, as in the case of the Fitzsimmons-O'Brien "go" at Philadelphia on Friday night. Everything looked rosy for the scrap to take place, but Mayor Weaver of that city willed otherwise. His reasons for doing so were flimsy and naturally he was severely criticised. The calling off of this fight will furnish food for reflection for some time to come. Ring followers think that there is a "nigger in the woodpile" somewhere. It is hard to see the consistency of the Mayor's action in stopping one bout and permitting another in the same city on the same night. If one is a violation of the law the other ought to be. There are some folks cruel enough to say O'Brien was the real cause of the failure of the combat to materialize. Some of his enemies, and he is supposed to have very few, declare that O'Brien at the twelfth hour was seized with a severe case of "frigidis pedalites" which in common English means cold feet. They contend that he was afraid Fitz would hurt him had the Mayor not come to his aid. Fitz thinks so, too, and says that if he ever consents to face O'Brien again the latter will have to put up one of his Philadelphia tenements, which he is reported to own, as a forfeit.

Why the Baltimore Woman Complained.

From the Baltimore Herald.

"Women," said the cashier of a Baltimore quick lunch emporium yesterday, "are the worst kickers.

"Yesterday a tall blonde flounced up from her seat and glared about her as if she intended to break a few barrels of dishes. When she started toward the desk I knew there was trouble in store for me because I had seen her quarrelling with the waiters, but she knocked me off my feet when she said:

"'You serve three times too much for anybody, and the strawberries were so big I could not get them in my mouth.'

"Her ticket was 30 cents, but she only put down a quarter, and I never said a word."

NINETEEN BEARS TO HIS CREDIT

MEMORABLE RECORD OF OLD-TIME ARIZONA HUNTER.

Boyhood Fight With a Big Grizzly and a Struggle to Capture Her Cubs—Tracking a Wounded Bear Over the Snow—How Morse Bested Starling Driggs.

It isn't every hunter who can boast that he has killed a bear, but Riley Morse of Mesa City, Ariz., has nineteen shaggy coats to his credit, and he isn't dead yet. Bears are scarce now, and he may not be able to make the tally stand a score, but he is still looking for that odd one, says the *Los Angeles Times*, and hopes to make it an even twenty before he is called to the happy hunting ground.

J. Riley Morse is the son of Capt. Justus Morse, one of the early settlers of Charlton county, Mo. Capt. Morse, at an early age, embraced the Mormon faith, and from layman was in time advanced to the rank of high priest. He was with the first notable gathering at Independence, Mo., and was prominent in the work of building the temple at Nauvoo, Ill. With the faithful he made the weary march across the plains and helped found the colony and lay the foundation of an empire at Great Salt Lake. Riley was born in 1836, and well remembers the stirring events incident to the Mormon war, the long, weary tramp across the plains, the suffering and privations while upon the journey and during the early establishment of the colony in the desert, near the great inland sea.

With his father he went to San Bernardino county, Cal., in the year 1853, and it was there that he made his first record as a hunter and bear killer. A black cow had strayed away from his father's herd, and he had been told that if he would find her he might have both her and the calf which was expected to be found with her. It was a wild country, and Riley thought it would be pleasanter to have company, even at the expense of part of the profits. He took his brother and Mart Taylor into the syndicate, and on Saturday morning, well armed, and with provisions to last a day or two, they started out toward Cajon Pass. When nearing the mountain pass they saw, fully a mile away, what they took for the black cow and a calf of the same color lying near her.

"Easy money," said Riley, and his companions chuckled assent. They even planned how they would spend the amounts which would fall to the portion of each from the princely sum, as they walked enthusiastically toward the mountain side. When one-fourth of a mile away Taylor's experienced eye caught something of the movements and general contour of the cow which was not bovine; and a moment later he noticed the calf, which had been resting in a curled up, contented way, roll into three equal parts. He called a halt, and, pointing toward the find, asked the boys what they thought of that. "Three calves, by thunder!" shouted the younger Morse. "One apiece and the old cow to divide. But, gosh! ain't they little ones?"

"Nary a cow and calf," sneered Taylor. "There's b'ars, grizzlies, and she's a big un, too." And, sure enough, there in plain view before them lay an immense mother grizzly with three cubs tumbling over each other, glad in the warm sunshine of the mountain side, and only asking to be let alone.

A council of war was held. Rifles and revolvers were examined, and all made ready for an attack. A big boulder lay within seventy-five yards of the bears, and the hunters, by skirting a row of sycamore trees, could crawl up behind this rock and get within firing range. As they looked over the side of the rock, the old mother rose, shook herself, and seemed to sniff trouble in the air.

"She looked bigger than a buffalo bull," said Riley, years afterward, explaining why none of them fired after having taken so favorable a position. Taylor weakened when he saw the size of the animal, measured the distance with his well trained eye, and thought of the small calibred rifles and their revolvers of doubtful efficiency. Once he drew a bead on the big black beast, his right forefinger toyed gingerly with the hair-trigger, but discretion suggested a retreat, and they retreated single file, in good order, but very close to the ground.

They climbed trees that they might better look the field over. The old one had seen them, but during the day she seemed willing that the truce might last so long as she and hers were let alone. Toward night, however, she drew the little wabbly and woolly train after her right down to the clump of trees in which the hunters had taken refuge. It was her lair and love nest, and she meant to have peaceful rest among the leaves and branches, even if she had to fight for it. She stopped within four rods of the tree in which Riley rested, and he prepared for a shot. The wind was blowing hard, and the tree shook until he could not catch the sights of his gun. He climbed down, determined to take rest and make a sure shot, but as she stood upon her hind legs, showed a row of glistening white teeth, uttered a growl and started toward him, he lost no time in scampering up the tree again. She now stood within a rod of the tree, eyeing him fiercely.

With his heart thumping against his ribs until it sounded to him like a drum corps marching through the Cajon Pass, he drew down upon the enraged beast. He aimed at the double row of white molars, as she had her upturned face toward him. At the crack of the gun she rolled backward and down the hill, the startled cubs scampering after her as fast as their soft little feet would carry them. It was a parlous moment with the boys, for they feared to venture down from their perches lest the old beast had only been scotched and put in good fighting humor. In due time they climbed down and, cautiously peering over the bank, found her dead as a door nail. The shot had passed through the brain from the inside of the mouth, and had done what a larger shot might many times have failed to do under less favorable circumstances.

The cubs were rolled up in a bunch under a fallen bough, and an attack was made upon them next. Taylor killed one, and Riley Morse slightly wounded two others with his revolver. Driven from their cover, the two surviving cubs ran to the dead mother and cuddled up between her legs in their extremity seeking succor which instinct had taught would never fail them. They were only about as large as full grown raccoons, and the boys thought it would be easy to capture them. Laying aside their guns, they closed in upon them. Pouncing down upon one of them, Riley Morse one second thought he had the cub, and the next second knew that the cub had him. With one stroke of the paw, which looked as soft as plush, he tore all the back fleshy portion of one of Riley's hands away, leaving a mark which the old man will carry with him to his grave. A hot fight ensued, and not until the cubs had been hammered and kicked thoroughly did they succumb. The captives and the skin of the old one were taken back to San Bernardino Sunday morning, and the cubs in time became noted pets there.

Riley's reputation was raised to pa by this first adventure, and he was a few months later invited by Price Nelson, a redoubtable hunter, to join him for a trip to Little Bear Valley, in the San Bernardino Mountains. There was snow on the ground, Indians were out gathering piñon nuts along the Mojave River, and the hunters kept well to the higher lands. They had camped by a roaring fire, risen early and killed some squirrels, and were preparing them for breakfast, when, startled by a noise, they looked up, to see four bears, two old ones and two yearlings, within forty yards of them industriously scraping the snow and leaves away in their search for piñon nuts.

"Riley, get your gun," whispered Nelson, as he dropped a half skinned squirrel and seized his own rifle. "You shoot old one on the right; count 'one, two, three,' and fire." Riley obeyed orders, and as he called three, the guns blazed and bellowed simultaneously. The old ones both fell, shot through the hearts; but the younger ones showed fight, and the hunters had to climb trees as hastily as possible to keep out of their reach. There they reloaded and, each singling out his bear, made easy and safe work with one shot.

Old Jim Waters, known by everybody from the Colorado to the Coast, had shot a big she bear and had not been able to get her. Riley and his father were asked to join in the chase. The men tracked the bear by her blood to a thicket. They had a dog with them. "Keep sharp, Riley," cautioned the elder Morse, fearing that the son's past successes would lead him into danger. Presently the dog roused up two cubs which had followed the old one into her retreat. Riley shot and killed one and was following the other in hot haste when he heard a growl and caught a glimpse, through the brush, of the massive shaggy form of the wounded mother rising in her wrath to attack him. The dog proved his salvation, for it put on a bold front, baying and snapping at the bear until he had managed to get enough start to keep out of the way. The bear, by one swift uppercut, lifted the dog ten feet off the ground and put him out of commission permanently. Retreating again into the thick undergrowth, she escaped.

During the spring of 1854, Lyman, Riley Morse and his father were building a sawmill in Little Bear Valley. It was known that the woods were full of bears, and Lyman sent for Starling Driggs, a hunter of local renown, to come out and kill some meat for the camp. Driggs was a good shot, but a great boaster. He readily accepted the invitation, and with his fine rifle, which had been known in the community as "Old Luck," loaded for bear, and with Riley as a stalker, or rustler, he went forth on his mission of death. There was water everywhere.

They had not gone far before the old hunter discovered a black bunch on a knoll which he pronounced a bear; and so it proved, and more, for closer investigation showed a mammoth she grizzly and a cub six months old. Wading across the shallow water, they easily came within shooting range. Driggs gave orders for Riley to hold the pup while he took the first shot. Riley whistled, and the old one raised her head. Driggs drew a fine shot and fired, but overshot. He had barely creased her neck. It was now Riley's turn. Both bears had risen to sitting positions, and the cub's left forefoot lay across the mother's side immediately over the heart. The paw was a fine mark, and Riley drew a bead on it and fired. At the report of the gun the old one rolled over, growled hoarsely, sniffed the air madly and started after her assailants. There was not a tree near, and she would surely have overtaken them before they could have run to cover, had her life and strength lasted two minutes longer. As it was, she dropped dead within a few feet of them. The cub ran off down the valley, and the hunters followed him, loading as they ran. Driggs fired first and missed, and cursed "Old Luck" for the misdirected shot. It was a running fight, and both hunters missed two shots. Finally Riley brought the animal down, leaving Driggs empty handed.

The old hunter was terribly discomfited on account of the part he and "Old Luck" had played in the performance; but he was resourceful. As they skinned the animals, he suggested that they tell the camp that he had killed the old one and Riley the cub. Riley protested, claiming his full credit. "Well, then, Riley, let us say that you killed the old one, and I killed the cub." Riley was non-committal even on this basis of compromise, so they took what meat they could carry and went back to camp. A hurrah was raised as they came in sight.

"Well, Star!, you did get a bear, didn't you?" cheerfully queried Lyman. "Did you ever know Star! Driggs to go hunting for b'ar and not get one?" interrogatively answered Driggs. "We got two," suggested Riley, and Driggs, mentally sizing up the situation, thought Riley would do the fair thing in a division of honors.

"Yes, I got the old one, and Riley shot the cub. That boy's goin' to make a hunter, Justus," he said, turning to the elder Morse. The compliment was grateful to Riley, but something about his clouded brow suggested to the father that the boy had not got all that was coming to him.

"Who killed the old bear, Riley?" asked the father. "I did," replied the boy. "And who killed the cub?" again he asked. "I did." There was a roar of derision at the expense of Driggs and "Old Luck," and from that day until death, which came to him by getting tangled up in a threshing machine, Starling Driggs never forgot that he made a mistake when he tried to hog more than half of the boy's bears. "I felt sorry for him," said Riley afterward, "and would 'a' let him have the cub, but when he tried to work me for the old un, I just couldn't bear it."

It would be a long story to tell how and where Riley Morse killed the rest of the nineteen on his list, but he got them in the Sierra Madres, the Sierra Nevadas, in central and southern California, and in the Sierra Anchas of Arizona. He can enumerate the incidents in all of their interesting details, and can convince his hearers that he claims not a single bear more than properly belongs to his score. He was once shot for a bear by a fellow hunter and badly wounded. He has located mines in half a dozen States; had fortunes within his grasp a dozen times and figured in adventures which would make a volume if half told; but of all the trying experiences, nothing has left more indelible impress upon his memory than his boyhood hunts and the bear fights, which from first to last put bear killings on his tally sheet.

City Bred Girl in the Country.

From the Syracuse (Kan.) Journal.

A lady and gentleman from one of the floodbound trains Wednesday were walking along a side street when a hen cackled. The woman was interested and asked what was making the noise. He told her that it was a hen cackling.

"Is that so; and why does it cackle?" she asked.

"Laid an egg, I guess," replied the man.

"Oh, is that possible? Is it fresh?"

"Why, yes, of course."

"Wonder if we could buy it?"

So they called on Miss Dorothy Wood and insisted on giving her a nickel for the fresh egg, which the lady carefully and minutely examined and carried in triumph to the car, delighted that for once in her life she had a fresh egg. A little later she heard a blast and wanted to know about it. The gentleman told her that it was a jack braying.

"But what does he blow on?" asked the sweet thing from the city.

Mines Not Located in Picturesque Places.

From Mines and Minerals.

The mining engineer's business leads him into many queer, out-of-the-way places, sometimes very beautiful and picturesque; at others, and more often, just the opposite, repulsive, desolate and forbidding, for it is a strange thing that, generally speaking, mines are in the barrenest, most forbidding places in the country.

Witness Butte, Mon., a granite rock, without a blade of grass, nothing but the smoke-stained rocks and the smelter poisoned air and sky. Central City, Col., is another such, mines and rocks, rocks and mines and nothing more. The tin mines of England are along the barren "backbone," as it is called, of Cornwall, whilst on either side the scenery is beautiful. So we may go on to the mines of Arizona, of Randsburg of Lower California, and a hundred other such.

It is rare for a mine to be located among beautiful scenic surroundings. Those of northern California, among its orange groves and woods of live oak, are exceptions to the rule

Short Notes of Scientific Interest.

United States Consul General Guenther at Frankfort, Germany, reports the discovery of a new anæsthetic and of new radium finds and cures. Somnoform is the latest addition to medical terminology; its principal virtue from the scientist's standpoint is that breathing stops before the heart when it is administered. At the opening of the Medical Exhibition recently held in London, somnoform was publicly displayed. It is a liquid, the boiling point of which is 23 degrees below zero. The moment it comes in contact with air it turns into gas.

Radium, according to Mr. Guenther, is said to exist in the layers of Oxford clay in southern England. It is expected that these deposits will become more valuable than gold mines. The location in Sweden of a very rich deposit of uranium, in which radium generally occurs, is being kept secret by the chemist Laudin. A commission of experts, furthermore, has been appointed by the Portuguese Government to investigate the nature of the uranium deposits in the mining districts of that country, and also to establish a radium industry, if possible.

Sir William Ramsay, the great English physicist, according to Mr. Guenther, has declared that spreading ulcers are curable by radium and that it may possibly be an unfailing remedy. Mr. Ramsay ascribes the failure of treating cancer successfully with radium to the fact that these ulcers reach too deeply into the tissues of the body and are therefore impervious to its rays.

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STRAIN ABOARD A DESTROYER

CRAFT THROBBING WITH DRIVE OF ITS OWN MACHINERY.

Rocks in Every Conceivable Direction as She Cleaves the Water at Thirty Miles an Hour—Intensity of Life at Time of an Attack Conducted As in War.

The destroyer is brought up all standing and trembling, and waits darkly for just so long as you can step into a wherry and be rowed to her low, black side and swarm up it.

She is gliding seaward before you quite know what has happened, says Walter Wood in the *Royal Magazine*, and although she is merely walking, so to speak, she outstrips everything that is going her way. You feel the joy and pride of the young commander into whose keeping a destroyer is given, because you know that under your feet is a ship which is the swiftest, most destructive and most merciless of all the ships of war that float.

Very soon you get into the open sea, rushing past wabbling lightships and slow-going craft which you overhaul so quickly that they appear to lie inert on the water. The destroyer seems to scent the battle with the weather from afar. She pants eagerly on her rapid way.

By this time you are in oilskins—which you need badly—and when you proceed along the deck at all you do so crabwise, and grip with tenacious affection anything that will save you from a fall. You have tumbled instinctively into the way of destroyers, which is one demanding that you should put all dignity and stiffness aside, and obey all her whims and fancies, which are many. Her purpose is to harry and oppress, and being a ruthless mistress she harries most those who serve her best.

Pitchings, rollings, wallowings, twistings, dippings—all the sea gyrations that ever were—are loved and practised by the destroyer. In these marine gymnastics she stands an easy first, for which reason, in bad weather, the commander has his spells of sickness and the toughest seaman keeps him sympathetic company.

The outlook is unpromising, the destroyer is wallowing; it may be that the time is coming for the realization of the prophecy that before the Kennet is an hour out you will be glad to go below and stay there for the rest of the trip. But the wind veers, the sun struggles out a bit, and by the time you are abreast of Dover cliffs you have settled into a grim enjoyment of a destroyer's discomforts, and are approximately standing in the shoes of the Lieutenant-Commander.

The work of the commander is not fancy work, nor is his ship a fancy ship. There is no poetry of sail about her, no evidence of luxury; but if you care for the poetry of motion, and plenty of it, you will find it there.

Think of what he controls—a long, black, low hull, rising for the most part only a few feet above the water, the exception being the bows, which serve the double purpose of protecting the ship in heavy weather and affording accommodation for the crew. Very excellent accommodation it is, for there are two forecastles in which about sixty men live and sleep—not all at one time, of course, since there is always the watch on deck—so that those below have plenty of room in which to move and sleep and eat, and do the numberless odd jobs that occupy the waking and off-duty hours of the wonderful "handy-man."

For the rest, the deck runs flush from the forecastle, the levelness being broken up, however, by the low, huge ventilators, the two torpedo tubes, one behind the other, amidships, where they command a wide range of action, and the after gun platform. In these tubes a couple of torpedoes are stowed, and another pair of these beautiful and deadly weapons are in reserve in a water tank below.

The commander has; therefore, four torpedoes at his service; that is to say, he has the means of destroying utterly, with luck—which, in practice at any rate, is never likely to come his way—four first-class battleships which have cost in round figures more than a million pounds sterling, and in all a sum of five millions! And the value of his own craft is £70,000.

Let us climb down one of these round holes with which the deck is pitted. The hole is just big enough to permit of the entrance of an average man—for a corpulent individual there would be a tight fit, if not a suffocating squeeze. But fat men have no place in destroyers, and if they went on board they would quickly thin to workable dimensions under the strain and stress of the life.

You put your feet on a slippery short iron ladder, and after descending a few steps you are on the floor of the engineroom and face to face with engines of all descriptions—the main engines, which are the heart of the ship, and the auxiliary engines for the condensers, feed pumps, electric light and the searchlight, or projector, as it is technically called.

But your eyes are fixed on the beautiful masses of oil smothered metal which are driving the ship along at a dozen, eighteen, or twenty knots, or her full speed of twenty-five and a half. There is no bulkhead between the engines—both port and starboard are within complete view, so that one glance enables you to comprehend the ship's full power. To any one accustomed to the engines of big steamers these destroyer engines look absurdly small; but although they occupy less than half the space which is taken up by the machinery of many a fine steamer of great tonnage but slow speed, still they will develop twice the amount of her horse power.

Leave the whirring machinery and the incessantly vigilant engineers and climb through the circular hole back to the deck. Clutch your headdress, unless it is lashed on, for the roaring wind will whisk it from you. The wind embraces you and balloons you out absurdly, but it helps you up, and you crawl or drag yourself to another manhole, and descend to the stokehold—this time down two little ladders instead of one.

In the stokehold an astonishing revelation awaits you, especially if you have had experience of other similar dens. I have been in the stokeholds of a good many steamers, from a Cunarder—in which I gasped and shovelled for nearly two hours before resigning my post—to a North Sea trawler, and have marvelled that men could endure it and live. I expected the Kennet's stokehold to be a perfect oven; and, lo! it was quite cool and comfortable, and marvellous in its devices for saving labor and safeguarding life and limb.

Even at top speed the place is perfectly tolerable, owing to the extraordinary advances which have been made in marine engineering and to the perfection which has been attained in the boilers. You are, indeed, almost bewildered by the devices for getting the best work out of coal and steam with a minimum of danger and discomfort.

Come right aft, behind the armored shield which protects the hand steering gear, for use when the steam gear is disabled. The little steam steering wheel is in motion corresponding to the turns of the wheel on the bridge—so, too, is the wheel in the conning tower; but for the present the hand-wheel, which is larger, is disconnected and is securely lashed. You may safely grip the spokes of the hand wheel—you have to grip something if you wish to save your limbs and perhaps life—and watch and feel your destroyer's performance at her best.

She is doing her top speed, and you may know it by the mad rush of the water past you, the metallic rattle which almost deafens you, the crazy trembling of the deck beneath you and the furious belching of the smoke from the funnels, to say nothing of the showers of fine cinders which are shot out of the stacks and are carried overboard or fall in myriads on the deck.

Just under your feet the two propellers are whirling at the ends of their shafts; immediately below you the torn water is seething in a cloud of spray which never settles, and hanging to the stern as if part and parcel of the craft is a long white wake and roaring low hill of water, like a cataract—for it is a peculiarity of destroyers' sterns that they lie so low on the sea as to draw it up when the engines are working.

We have seen what sort of ship it is that is put at the disposal of the Lieutenant-Commander. Let us get her cleared for action—not a long process, because she is at all times little more than a stripped hull. The razing of a few stanchions which are in the line of fire of the torpedo tubes is one of the chief things to be done, and that is speedily accomplished. The torpedoes, fitted with their war heads, are in their tubes, ready for firing; the seamen gunners are standing by their quick-firers; the engineers are below, and every other officer and man is at his appointed post.

In the brain of the ship—appropriately situated in her head—is the commander. This brain is the conning tower—that circular structure under the forward gun-platform, just ahead of the bridge, which is more than likely to escape the attention of the ordinary visitor to a destroyer. It is made of armored plate thick enough to resist rifle bullets and small missiles, and just large enough to hold two men and the necessary machinery for guiding the ship. From this conning or steering tower the destroyer is controlled when in action. There is a small steam steering wheel, a compass, engine room telegraphs and tubes and electric signals communicating with every part of the vessel. It is quite round, and is fitted with a number of small portholes, from which the commander can get a view all round his ship, except right astern, in which direction his vision is interfered with by the chart house and the funnels.

But a destroyer is a wonderfully handy steerer, and if the commander wants to look directly astern, a little turn of the wheel enables him to do so. He enters the conning tower through a door which forms part of the circle, and which, closing behind him, is fastened securely with clamps that are levered into position instantly and with a single turn. If he likes to do so the commander can armor himself completely by securing the steel deadlights which are fitted behind each porthole.

We will suppose that all have been screwed down except the one straight in front of him as he stands by the wheel in the tower. Like all officers who serve in destroyers, he is young and daredevil—and he has need of being both for such a desperate task as that which has been allotted to him. His motto, in all probability, is, "Death or Glory," and, inasmuch as he despises all risks, and does not even pause to consider them, he is certain to meet with the one or gain the other.

War has broken out—a great naval war—and at last he has the opportunity of putting into practice the lessons of courage, endurance, and resource, to the learning of which his whole service in destroyers and his entire life in the British Navy have been devoted. He has been detailed to locate the position of a battleship which is known to be in the neighborhood, and has been allowed great discretion.

He knows that he is at liberty, if he feels so disposed, to risk his ship and crew in an attempt to destroy the enemy, and, being young, fearless, and ambitious, he resolves to take his chance. It is considered that a destroyer and her crew are not a heavy price to pay for a battleship and her company.

In the dead of the night he has found his quarry—a huge, noble, new battleship, which is lying fearfully at anchor in a roadstead, dreading an attack from some sea hornet and making her best defensive preparations. Her torpedo nets are hung around her, and her crew are on the alert. At almost numberless guns men are stationed and the muzzles command an area of sea in which a destroyer cannot live for more than a very few seconds. The odds are seriously against the commander, but he has made up his mind to face them and take his chances in a grand and daring rush.

The die is cast. It is touch and go with death. The destroyer gives no mercy, nor does she expect any—she would not receive it if she did. Full speed ahead she rush