

The American Man.
There is as distinctive a type of American manhood as there is of any other country. True, the American people are a mixture. We combine several different races and bloods. But the intermixture has gone on so gradually, the original American type always prevalent, that the American man is a distinct representative of civilization, says the Louisville Herald, differing from the Englishman, the Frenchman and the German, as much as these differ from each other. Examination of the portraits of revolutionary times and those of the present date show little if any difference between the men of the earlier times and those of the present day, save in the matter of attire. Dress the people of the present day as were the people of the revolution epoch appeared, and nothing could be found to establish a notable difference between the American of to-day and the American of the last quarter of the eighteenth century. Food, climatic conditions and occupations have all much to do with the physical peculiarities of a people. The races that have for centuries received no admixture of foreign blood retain peculiarities that seem unchangeable. What people eat and drink, their dwellings, places, the soil and climate they inhabit, their worship, amusements and work, all determine looks. The American Indian, when first met on this continent by adventurous Europeans, lived almost exclusively on a meat and fish diet, the product of the chase and other adventure. He was tall, thin, muscular and daring. His eye was bright, his hearing acute. He looked the fearless being that he really was. He had to fight wild beast and savage man. He feared neither. He, in fact, courted danger. His descendants to-day show in many features that the same qualities abide, in form less emphasized indeed, but still notable in the aboriginal man. The early white settlers, obliged by the peculiar conditions of pioneer times to live in a measure like the Indians, became also tall, thin, muscular, daring. Their eyes flashed with the fearlessness that characterizes the American race of the present. We have a more generous and varied diet than our ancestors. Diet affects personal appearance in marked degree. We are becoming a larger and heavier race, but the distinctive features of a century or more ago are still in evidence. The American is easily recognizable everywhere he goes in foreign lands. He will for a long time present the same type that to-day distinguishes him from men of all other races.

Make Your Will.
In drafting and executing wills of persons in extremis, I have often found that the relief occasioned them by the satisfactory settlement of their affairs exercised a very marked improvement in their condition, and in one instance effected a complete cure, writes Judge Henry A. Shute, in Good Housekeeping. Every person capable of holding, of accumulating property, should have a voice in its distribution after his death, and this in justice to himself, his heirs and beneficiaries. It seems hardly credible that a business man who has spent a lifetime in hard work to accumulate property, who has given the best part of his life to careful calculation to preserve the property, will often die without having made any provision for its proper distribution, or, having made such provision, has made it in so careless and slovenly a manner as to defeat his purpose, and yet the records of courts, both probate and supreme, are full of such cases, and the reports of every state are crammed with decisions against the validity of such testaments.

It does not seem needful to follow the impossible laws of the past and levy a tax upon the bachelor, as Wisconsin suggests. As the married man, like virtue, is his own reward, so the bachelor, like vice, is his own punishment, observes the Chicago Journal. There was a time when a bachelor filled a more or less useful place in the world. He used to attend parties and dance with the girls. He used to pass articles of food and drink to the more elderly ladies. He used to make calls which were a joy to himself and to those called upon. But nowadays he does none of these things to any extent. His one remaining place is that of best man at a wedding—and he is there only because the bridegroom likes to feel that there is somebody else who looks more or less silly.

We don't want to make a mill race out of Niagara. We can't afford to do it, considering the honeymoon of the future. The nation needs Niagara just as it is, opines the St. Louis Republic. The institution of marriage would be incomplete without it. The future of the race is involved. We venture to say that President Roosevelt doesn't endorse the proposition to barter what is virtually a universal marital idea for a materialistic manufacturing agency. The falls should remain, by all means.

Three wealthy young eastern men own a 70,000-acre game preserve at Hickory Valley, Tenn., 60 miles from Memphis. Their preserve, reports an eastern contemporary, is considered the finest in many respects in America, though others exceed it in size. The bird dogs are undoubtedly the best on this continent—they have demonstrated this in field trials for many generations—and the fox and bear-hounds cannot be equaled either in the United States or in any other country.

THE COUNTY'S MESSAGE

A LOVE AFFAIR THAT CREPT INTO AN INSURRECTION IN RUSSIA

IT WAS nine o'clock in the morning. In the large library where he had spent the night, the governor general was busy receiving and answering the reports constantly sent in from the various posts established throughout the insurgent city.

In spite of the fur coat he wore and the red-hot stove beside him, the governor shivered. The glass at the windows, broken by the rioters and yet neglected, gave free passage to the cruel winter winds. The man's face was white, and large black circles were around his eyes.

The fatigues and emotions of the frightful day of the insurrection, through which he had just passed and which had come like a thunderbolt to disturb the peaceful quiet of his life, had left their marks on his tired face, and his cigarette hung unlit from his pale lips. The knowledge of his appearance, his unkempt air, and he, the most correctly dressed man of the city, added still another sting to his troubles.

He glanced wearily for the thousandth time at the broken panes as he handed the last dispatch to his aide.

"I suppose the glass settlers will reap a harvest after yesterday," he said, bitterly. "Things are quieter to-day, but we must still be on our guard."

He repressed a yawn. What would he not give for a good sleep! After these tragic hours, this unexpected uprising in a city whose loyalty to the imperial rule had been legendary, so that the position of governor had seemed a sort of alibi rest cure; after these massacres, which he had himself ordered with more of a sense of outraged indignity than anger, the energy which he was astonished to have found in himself was becoming exhausted.

From his window he could see the ravages of the fight, which had raged furthest about the palace. The public gardens were trodden into mud by the cavalry, the gate wrenched away and broken off. At the entrance were the smoking ruins of a once prosperous cafe, and the snow was stained with dark spots that had first been red.

The governor general could hardly comprehend that such events had taken place in so short a time, and that his peaceful life had been shaken by so frightful a crisis.

"Gentlemen, you will, of course, remain in the palace," said he as he dismissed his officers.

"Just my luck," cried one of them, Count Michael Liguine, as, saluting stiffly, he hastened out of the governor's presence and strode down the broad stairway.

that were not occupied by the soldiers. After the hours of disorder that had followed the terrible repression of the people, the anger of the populace was once more rising, desperate, careless of the punishment that was certain to follow. A crowd of victims, many sorely wounded, breaking the truce established by mere terror, marched blindly and wildly through the streets.

At the sound of the bugles blown from the other side of the bridge, Yemelian knew that the alarm had been given. But his duty was to deliver the letter in his saddle bag; this was the instruction he had received.

He continued to ride ahead. Another moment and he was face to face with the insurgents, a column of white-faced, haggard men, ready for the supreme sacrifice. In his gruff, good-natured voice Yemelian called loudly: "Way! Make way there!"

But the brute instincts of the people were unchained. The rider was surrounded, shrill voices rose in biting insults. An old man, whose fur cap had been torn to shreds by bayonets, cried, waveringly: "Here's another. Here's another of 'em!"

A workman, armed with a stick, aimed a rude blow at the soldier's head. This attacked, Yemelian spurred his horse, trying to free himself. But a wave of human beings flowed over him, heavy hands grasped his bridle, paralyzed his arms. He spoke again: "Brothers, I must do my duty. Let me pass."

A cry of rage answered him and a voice shrieked: "Did you and yours have pity yesterday?" "Kill him!" yelled a hunchbacked beggar.

The rioters swarmed upon this victim whom the fates had delivered into their hands. Had they not been ruthlessly shot down the day before by men like this one?

Collecting all his strength Yemelian sought to grasp his sword. The simple man thought less of his own danger than of the obstacle which threatened to prevent him from accomplishing his errand.

The sword was torn from his belt, amid loud shouts. An insurgent, seizing it, glared at him wildly, and a cruel laugh greeted the leaping blood.

Yemelian fought in vain. His horse, wounded, cruelly cut with knives, sank beneath him and the dragon was thrown down and stamped upon.

A young woman whose husband had been taken prisoner, tore one of the boots from Yemelian's feet and beat him in the face with the improvised weapon. A tragic drunkenness possessed the crowd, their whole suffering was being revenged upon the soldier; their hatred was refined for his agony.

Yemelian swore bitterly beneath the blows and wounds, but even in his torment one thought remained with him, loyalty to the orders he had received. With fast weakening hands, he still sought to grasp the saddle bag.

REVELATIONS BY AN EX-SPEAKER

INSIDE HISTORY OF A STATE LEGISLATURE BY ONE WHO KNOWS.

"Average Run of Boodlers in a State Legislature a Cheap Lot"—Payments Made for Putting through a Street Railway Measure—How the Organization Politicians Netted Small Fortunes—"Farm" Given for One Vote—How Briber "Got Even" with a Troublesome Boodler—A Briber Bitten—Honest Legislator Bought Without Knowing It—How Grafter Beat Railroad Company.

BY AN EX-SPEAKER OF THE LEGISLATURE OF ONE OF THE LARGEST STATES IN THE UNION. (Copyright, 1906, by Joseph B. Bowles.) Much has been said and written about the "big prices" paid for votes in state legislatures. The popular conception of a boodling assemblyman is a poor man who serves in one or two sessions and ever after is able to be on speaking terms with multi-millionaires.

Before I became speaker of a certain street railway company wanted some special legislation enacted so that it would be able to maintain its monopoly in the metropolis of my state. The company sent its skilled lobbyists to the capitol and the up went around that easy money and plenty of it was to be had for the asking. The bill came out of committee; it went from one step to another and finally passed. Its every move was followed by a convulsion of public sentiment in the city.

The newspapers attacked the bill bitterly and every member of the legislature who in any way contributed to the advance of the measure was called a boodler.

Rumors that extravagant sums were offered and paid for votes; that small fortunes and big ones were being distributed among the law makers were current and these rumors soon developed into explicit statements that \$10,000, \$15,000 and even \$25,000 were paid for affirmative votes. The country press contained stories to the effect that some of the rural members had been given thousands of acres of land in exchange for their votes and it was commonly believed that several millions of dollars had been expended for vote buying before the bill became a law.

I happen to know that a few men, a very few men, got \$4,000 each, not for their votes alone, but for their services in handling the bill on the floor of the house and senate. These men were members of the controlling clique; they "put" the bill through. One or two members, who did not "get right" for a long time, got something over \$1,000 each for their nerve in waiting until promises to vote were more valuable. But most of the men who got money for their votes on this particular measure were perfectly satisfied with payments of amounts under \$500.

It is true that the campaign for the street railway bill realized a fair-sized fortune for some of those who had much to do with giving the traction company all it wanted, but these men were not members of the legislature. They belonged to a coterie of politicians, most of them holders of offices, who controlled the organization of the dominant party in the state. The members of this outside clique netted large returns for their influence and exertions from the rise in the speculative value of the stock of the street railway company. They were "carried" in brokers' offices by the officers and attorneys of the traction company; not one of them put up a cent for margins. Not one of them got a dollar directly from the company for his services. The rise in the stocks of the company, due to the passage of the measure, permitted the company to pay these men out of the pockets of the public, that is the speculative public.

I know one member who sold his vote for a quarter section of land. It was agreed between the buyer and him that as soon as the clerk had recorded his affirmative vote he would be handed a clear title deed to 160 acres. The member read the deed carefully and memorized that portion which described the location of the property. Seeking a convenient opportunity he made inquiry of the member in whose district the land lay as to the character of farms in that vicinity. The reply was enthusiastically favorable and he voted "aye" right heartily.

The title deed was given him after the formal transfer of a dollar as tangible evidence of "value received," and he impatiently waited the end of the week, when the house adjourned over Sunday, to visit his new possessions. He found the quarter section all right, with fine farms all around it, but every square rod of his "land" had over it from two to five feet of slack water. It was the wettest real estate in the district and would cost a dozen times its value to reclaim it. This was one of the "farms" which common report declared had been paid for votes. There were four more like it, all in the same river bottom.

The wonder is that men will take such large risks for such miserable rewards. I have known members of the lower house to accept \$25 and say, "Thank you" in the bargain for a vote; they were willing to take a chance of spending some years in the state penitentiary for that beggarly sum. The largest amount of cash I was told was paid for a single vote on any bill was \$5,500; the smallest was one dollar and a quarter. It is only fair, however, to the thrifty scion who scored lowest in the boodling game to say that the "ten bits" he finally got for his vote was what was left after deducting unexpected expenses. It happened this wise.

The bill for which votes were wanted was what the boys called a "pot boiler," an unimportant measure to

Kindness as a Corrective Measure With Criminals

By JOHN L. WHITMAN, Jailor of Cook County (Ill.) Jail.

more than 15 per cent. of the men incarcerated are criminal from choice. The others are victims of evil environment rather than inherent viciousness, and consequently are easily influenced by appeals to their higher instincts.

Since the organization of the Moral Improvement society at the county jail, the membership of which is made up of inmates of the jail, the moral tone of the institution has been raised to a remarkable degree, the necessity for punishment for misbehavior has been eliminated and the lasting influence of the society is good upon its members has been demonstrated in numberless instances through records and statements of criminals released from the jail.

Crime is a disease and should be treated as such. The successful management and the betterment of the condition of the 5,000 men who are placed in the Cook county jail every year are to be attributed entirely to the policy pursued there of treating the prisoners as patients and using kindly and corrective measures as a remedy rather than punishing them. Results have more than justified this policy and have proved that the diagnosis and remedy applied are correct.

You cannot tell me that the several hundred inmates of a jail who can be trusted out of their cells to attend a meeting of their society in the chapel, with only eight or nine guards on duty in the whole building, and who will commit no act of violence or disorder, have not been benefited by the kindly treatment to which they have been subjected.

every one but the railroad company and not worth much to it. The company was willing to "come down" a bit, but the total boodle, when divided between the members in the deal, gave each only \$50. One of the members had scruples against taking cold cash; he was a trader. He owned an ancient white horse, which, he said, he would sell for \$50. The agent of the company at once drew up a bill of sale, paid the \$50 and took the member's receipt, of course, with the implied understanding on both sides that the venerable equestrian relic should remain on the member's farm.

But the legislator, after receiving the money, demanded more, and being refused made some trouble for the agent which that worthy noted in his little red vest pocketbook. The bill passed, the member with the white horse eventually voting for it. Some weeks after the session had ended he was surprised to receive a letter from the railroad lobbyist directing him to ship the horse to a certain town some hundreds of miles distant, to prepay the freight charges and send a man along with the animal to care for it in transit. There was nothing to do but carry out the order, for the railroad man was undisputed owner of the horse and the bill of sale called for its delivery. The steed was shipped and when the member struck a balance between the cost and selling prices he found he was just one dollar and a quarter to the good, figuring the animal as worth \$25.

Once in awhile the biter gets bitten, as was the case during the excitement preceding a joint caucus to nominate a United States senator. Several candidates, most of them wealthy men, kept the legislators in ferment for some weeks. Every senator and representative was checked off again and again by the respective aspirants for the office, but a small group refused to be counted for any man. It was evident they were on the market.

One of them had a musical daughter at his home in a minor city and the handsomest of one of the candidates suggested to his principal that it would be a clever thing to send to this daughter a piano, the instrument to arrive on her birthday, nearly at hand. The candidate immediately sent his manager to buy a handsome piano and ship it to the daughter. He wrote a letter, wishing her many happy returns and begging her to accept the piano as earnest of his assistant hope that she would become such a famous musician as would bring credit to her state. It was planned to send this letter attached to the keyboard of the piano.

The salesman who took the order for the instrument happened to be an enthusiastic partisan of an opposing candidate and before boxing the piano for shipment acquainted his friend with the plot. The letter, which was unscaled, was read, and another one inserted, signed by the piano giver's opponent. This letter, addressed to the member's daughter, was simply a testimonial of the beauty, worth and high quality of the instrument.

The piano reached its destination on the daughter's birthday. The girl's father at once detected the purpose and when he read the testimonial, signed by a leading candidate for United States senator, he came to the conclusion that that gentleman had presented the musical instrument to his daughter. When he returned to the state capitol he met the handy man of the candidate who had bought the piano. The man said: "I understand your daughter got a handsome present on her birthday."

The member grinned, winked and retorted: "It's all right," and passed on. The handy man immediately reported to his principal and the member was marked "all right."

The key to the proper management of penal institutions is reformation and not punishment of the criminal. This has been demonstrated at the Cook county jail, where less

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THINK OF IT!

This Pretty Matron Had Headache and Backache, and Her Condition Was Serious.



MRS. M. BRICKNER.

99 Eleventh Street, Milwaukee, Wis.
"A short time ago I found my condition very serious. I had headaches, pains in the back, and frequent dizzy spells which grew worse every month. I tried two remedies before Peruna and was discouraged. I took the first dose, but my condition soon returned. In less than two months my health was restored."—Mrs. M. Brickner.

The reason of so many failures to cure cases similar to the above is the fact that disease peculiar to the female sex are not commonly recognized as being caused by catarrh.

Catarrh of one organ is exactly the same as catarrh of any other organ. What will cure catarrh of the head will also cure catarrh of the pelvic organs. Peruna cures these cases simply because it cures the catarrh.

If you have catarrh write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case, and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, O.

SICK HEADACHE
Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Stomach, Bowels, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

CARTER'S LITTLE PILL
Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature
Refuse Substitutes.

Observations.
It is hard to say which is the more difficult—living down a past of living up to a future.

Expire—since—the name we give our failings.
Impulse—what we regret next day.—Beatrice Sturges, in Smart Set.

An old coat that's paid for feels better on you than a new one that ain't—but, then, it's the looks of the garment nowadays and not the feel of it that counts.—Judge.

Agricultural and Horticultural Colonies on the Kansas City Southern Railway.

Lockesburg Colony in Sevier County, Arkansas, containing about 30,000 acres, and Loring Colony in Sabine Parish, Louisiana, containing about 21,000 acres, are now open for settlement on land ranging in price from \$7.00 to \$15.00 per acre, and are sold on easy terms to actual settlers. Lockesburg Colony is well suited for General Farming, stock raising and commercial fruit growing. Loring Colony lies in a splendid fruit, truck and tobacco region, and is good for corn and cotton also. Both are situated in a beautiful country, with a healthy climate and an excellent water supply. Write for books concerning Lockesburg and Loring Colonies and "Current Events" Magazine, to S. G. Warner, G. P. & T. A., K. C. S. Ry., Kansas City, Mo.; T. E. Roessler, Immigration Agt., K. C. S. Ry., Kansas City, Mo.

"It makes no difference to me," says Brother Dickey, "if the 'rat' is fat or thin; what's bothering me is how not to fall off."—Atlanta Constitution.

Just Discrimination in Railway Rates
All railroad men qualified to speak on the subject in a responsible way are likely to agree with President Samuel Spencer of the Southern railway, when he says: "There is no division of opinion as to the desirability of stopping all secret or anti-discriminatory devices and practices of whatsoever character."

Mr. Spencer, in speaking of "unjustly discriminatory" rates and devices, makes a distinction which is at once apparent to common sense. There may be discrimination in freight rates which is just, reasonable and imperatively required by the complex, commercial and geographical conditions with which export rate-makers have to deal. To abolish such open and honest discrimination might paralyze the industries of cities, states and whole sections of our national territory.

This distinction between just and unjust discrimination is clearly recognized in the conclusions of the International Railway Congress, published yesterday.

"Traffic should be based on commercial principles, taking into account the special conditions which bear upon the special character of the services rendered. With the reservation that rates shall be charged uniformly alike under like conditions, the have all the elasticity necessary to produce the greatest results to the public and to the railroads themselves."

The present proposals, as Mr. Walker D. Hines, of Louisville, showed in his remarkable testimony the other day before the senate committee at Washington, to crystallize flexible and justly discriminatory rates into fixed government rates which cannot be changed except by the intervention of some government tribunal, and by this very process to depart from the published rate and the lawful rate in order to meet some overpowering and urgent commercial condition.—New York Sun.

Antique Egg.
The University of California has in its possession temporarily a specimen which is said to be an egg 2,700,000 years old.

Eagle as a Fighter.
In the pine woods on the Jersey coast a man was hunting, and by the afternoon was pretty well tugged out. He lay down under a tree for a dose and fell into a deep sleep. He was awakened by a fierce commotion, in which canine howls were uppermost. As he jumped up he beheld his dog in combat with an immense bald eagle. It was soon evident that the dog was no match for the bird, and the hunter was afraid to use his gun for fear of injuring the dog. So he picked up a stick and sailed in. The eagle immediately attacked him and beat and tore him so unmercifully that he fell to the ground. Then the dog rushed to the defense of his master, and kept it up until knocked out again. The man then rose and reached for his gun, but before he could get it the eagle flattened him out with its wing, and then flew away. The man and the dog were home feeling rather happy that they were not hurt worse, but rather crestfallen at the same time.

Worst of a Hunter and His Dog in Combat Much to Their Chagrin.
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