

### IN A HUNDRED YEARS.

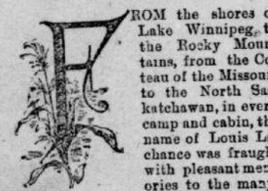
Mayhap this life does not please;  
Lest void not to the sulks, or the blues;  
For on this ancient mundane sphere  
Who has things he would choose?  
Misfortune will I undertake these:  
Yet mind not peers, nor sneers—  
What difference can this make to thee  
In a century of years?

Abandon many pet projects;  
For sooner or later, they'll fail;  
Then upon others place no blame,  
Nor at thy mishaps rally.  
'Gainst adversity bravely battle,  
N'er envying prosperous peers;  
Success would make slight differences  
With thee in a hundred years!

Beast by divers temptations,  
Thy living a failure of seem;  
But in lamenting waste no time,  
Nor spend it in selfish schemes.  
Go aid thy fallen wretched brother,  
Assuaging his sorrow and tears,  
With him, and these vast differences  
'Twill make in a hundred years!

Fanny L. Fauscher, in New York Observer.

### THE GOOD-FOR-NOTHING.



FROM the shores of Lake Winnipeg, to the Rocky Mountains, from the Missouri to the North Saskatchewan, in every camp and cabin, the name of Louis Lachaise was fraught with pleasant memories to the mazy.

Louis was a good-for-nothing, as even those who loved him had to acknowledge. He was a wanderer of the wanderers; here to-day, away to-morrow, ever on the move; tripping, trading, driving dogs, fishing, hunting, freighting, trapping, a handy man in camp in the woods, in a boat or canoe, or on the plains, at home—everywhere. A fearless rider, a skillful dog driver, a trusty guide, an expert gambler, an inimitable raconteur, a rarer good fiddler, and withal a jovial poor soul whose abundant good qualities outnumbered the bad in his oddly equipped personality. The men pretended to despise him when removed from the influence of his irresistible good humor, the women scolded and petted him by turns, the girls admired him in secret, and the children worshipped him. The hero of many an unenviable exploit—duties neglected or promises forgotten, but never guilty of the meanness of theft or criminal untruth—there came a day when Louis found himself in sad disgrace.

He had joined the autumn brigade of buffalo hunters that started westward from the Red River early in mid-summer, and—just as their hope of securing a winter's robes was on the point of fruition—had committed an act which, in its very thoughtlessness, transcended all his past sins and called for condign punishment.

The laws of the half-breed hunters of the plains were contained in an unwritten code, whose "shalt not's" were few and easy of comprehension, but their observance was rigorously enforced, and punishment for their infraction was immediate and severe. The penalty varied with the degree of guilt, and ranged from the loss of the offender's saddle, bridle or coat, to flogging, and, in extreme cases, banishment from the brigade. Louis's crimes fell within the last category.

One evening the scouts reported a great herd of buffalo three hours ahead of the advancing brigade. Camp was made at once, sentries posted, and strict silence enjoined upon all. Then, after long hours of nervous alertness, the hunters sped swiftly and silently away before dawn, to the mighty deed of slaughter, which was to mark the birth of the new day. The riders spread out in a long line to right and left as they advanced, and at length crested the summit of a range of low lying hills that bounded one side of the valley in which the unsuspecting prey were grazing peacefully. From the height they overlooked a broad depression whose further limit of encircling hills was already made glorious by the opalescent tints of the rising sun; beneath them floated a cloud of quivering, undulating, snowy mist that hid the valley's bottom and shut from their view the thousands of wild cattle, whose presence was, nevertheless, made certain by the muffled snorts and low bellowing that reached their ears through the evanescent curtain.

A sign from Pierre Delorme, the captain, brought the line to a halt; the hunters made hasty preparations for the grand charge—loosening their powder horns, filling their mouths with bullets, and adjusting cinches and saddles—all eyes were fixed on Pierre, whose signal "Ho!" should set a charging mob on the herd. At the supreme moment an eagle came soaring over the valley, Louis's gun rang out, and the bird tumbled, a disheveled bulk, through the startled air. In an instant the distant hills were black with fleeing buffaloes. Up from the mist they rose like sea monsters from the waves, and were off over the divide, the earth vibrating beneath the shock of the myriad hoofs. The hunters charged, but too late; all that was left for their bullets and knives were the poor outcasts and strays—the sick, disabled, or weaklings—distanced or injured in the blind, mad rush for life.

Conscience-stricken and heavy-hearted, Louis picked up the dead eagle and returned to camp. He made full confession of his fault, but expressed hope of pardon and offered no excuse. The women and old men hooped reproaches upon him. The unfortunate bird, the cause of it all, was flung on the fire—a burnt offering to their outraged feelings—and Louis might have shared its fate if some

of the fierce could have had their will of him.

"Oh! the accursed good-for-nothing!" yelled old Baptiste Charrette, the oldest man in the camp. "Figure to yourself, we others, with our women and children, rendered destitute by this pig of a Louis, who, to feed his vanity, makes to run the whole herd that we have had so much pain to arrive at! It's infamous! Infamous!"

"My poor boy," said Pere Lachaise, "how did it come that thou couldst make a stupidity like that?"

"I know not, my father; perhaps it was the devil who tempted me." Then, after a pause, "Marie Ducharme asked me to get her some eagle's feathers, and what would you, 'twas the first eagle that I met."

"Aha! It was that little Marie, with her beads, and her quills, and her feathers, and all her shopful of nonsense; 'twas she who had turned the boy's head and made him a good-for-nothing, fiddling rascal like herself. Ah, the little cat!"

The storm of feminine wrath was diverted to poor Marie, who sobbed bitterly as it broke on her in shrieking fury, for it was her fortune to be preyed on and hated according to the degree in which her good looks equaled or surpassed their own; and the majority of them were hopelessly plain. Louis made a brave attempt to defend his sweetheart, and his defiant attitude and voice raised in anger told heavily against him with the experienced hunters, returning from their profitless chase, for they mistook his demeanor for one of truculent vindictiveness.

A court was hastily organized. The culprit waived examination and offered no defense.

The sentence—twenty-five lashes and banishment from the brigade—was carried out forthwith, amid the tears and wailings of the women and children, whose appeals for mercy were in vain. Louis never flinched beneath the lash, but when the little ones looked about him with farewell kisses, he broke down and wept like one of themselves.

"Adieu! To the good God for me. And you others, I only ask that you forget my fault. Your blessing, my father." He knelt a minute before the priest, then vaulted into his saddle and rode rapidly away.

The oncast shaped his course northward, as the crow flies, intending to make the settlement at Edmonton, on the North Saskatchewan. His road lay all before him, for the great plains were as familiar to him as the streets of a city are to its inhabitants. His back throbbed and smarted from the lashes he had received, but the greater smart was within. Every fiber of his moral being tingled with the disgrace that had been put upon him, and he resolved to bury himself forever in some far-off corner of the north country, where, perchance, the story of his shame might not penetrate.

On the third day of his solitary ride he sighted the Wascana creek, and noticed three Indian lodges standing on its bank. A couple of starved dogs howled dementally as he drew near, but no other sign of life was apparent. He halted in Cree; silence, save for the mournful whining of the dogs, that now slunk whimpering about his horse's feet. He advanced cautiously, puzzled at the uncanny appearance of the things, and became conscious of an offensive odor that grew more palpable at every step. Alarmed, and intensely excited, he leaped to the ground and strode swiftly to the door of the nearest lodge. Horror! Within lay five swollen corpses—a man, a woman and three children—small-pox had turned to fly from the plague-stricken place, but a feeble moan, so faint as to be almost inaudible, arrested him. He listened intently.

"Water."

In an instant Louis had forgotten his terrors, his danger, his disgust, everything except that a fellow-creature was in dire distress. In less time than it takes to record the good deed, he was tenderly supporting the poor, fever-stricken form, while holding a precious, life giving draught to the swollen lips.

The survivor of the camp was a young Cree woman. She had nursed the others while her strength lasted, and then, overcome by the pestilence, had lain down to die. When Louis found her the disease had run its course, and thanks to the timely cup of cold water and his after good offices, her life was saved. He made a shelter of willow branches near his water's edge, to which he removed his patient, making her a comfortable bed of grass and leaves, over which he spread his own blankets. Then he set about disposing of the dead. He burned the corpses and their contents, and managed, with infinite toil, an axe being the only tool available to scoop out the trench in which he deposited the poor samplings of humanity—eleven in number. His self-imposed task when it was completed he felt sick and exhausted.

He learned from the young woman, who was rapidly regaining strength, that she and her companions had formed one of a number of small parties into which the main camp of the Crees had broken up when the disease first attacked them, hoping in that way to avoid contagion. It was believed to have come to them through the Bloods and Sarcees, from the Wood Mountain country, where it was said to be raging. He heard her story with great concern. He knew that the hunters were following the buffalo to the southwest, which would lead them directly to the very source of the disease. If, apply, they had thus far escaped, being in with any of the fugitives, who were fleeing in all directions from the dread pestilence, there might yet be time to save the brigade by

turning them back to the settlement. He was sick. His bones were racked with pain, his head splitting, his eyes burning, his throat parched, his step heavy and unsteady, but no matter how would make the attempt. The woman dissuaded him.

"Stay, my brother. It is not in thee to do what thou wouldst. The bad sickness is upon thee, ere now, and before thou hast ridden far, the blindness will come, and who then will lead thee to thy people? Stay, I will care for thee when thy strength leaves thee, and when it returns, we will go together and warn the hunters."

He would listen to neither argument nor appeal; his resolve was taken and he would carry it out or die. So he mounted his horse and set his face southward. His thought was to head off the brigade on the trail which he felt sure they were following, and post up a warning that they would be sure to find. If he could only succeed, what would the rest matter. He had lived too long. The day of his disgrace should have been his last, but if he accomplished his present purpose, and saved his dear little child friends and their good mothers, and Marie—his Marie—his life had been well expended. Weak and pest-stricken as he was, he urged his horse forward, taking no heed of time, unless to curse the lagging moments when he was forced to rest and feed his trusty broncho. He dared not sleep. When not in the saddle, he forced his trembling limbs to bear him to and fro, and from a weary picket repelling the advertisements of death.

How long and how far he rode he knew not. The horse, flogged and forced to the limit of endurance, faltered in his stride and gave signs of collapse, as one morning at sunrise he toiled wearily to the summit of a little hill that overlooked the Wood Mountain trail. The poor brute stopped on the hilltop and uttered a loud neigh that roused his master from the stupor into which he had fallen. An answering neigh came up from the valley, and raising himself painfully upright Louis saw, through a blood-red mist, two mounted men approaching rapidly—the advance guard of the brigade.

"Ho, ho!" they hailed as they came nearer. "But, holy name, it's Louis! Ho, ho, what are you doing there?"

"Stop!" he shrieked, "stop for your lives! The pest—the small-pox—is everywhere on the plains! To the westward, to the settlement! Tell Mar!" His voice died away in a moan, and he fell from his saddle, inert and lifeless. The horse, freed from his weight, made an attempt to join his fellows, but the hunters shot him dead and rode away toward camp as if pursued by demons, shouting the warning as they went, "The small-pox! The small-pox!"

"God be praised. The fever has left him; he will live."

The words, spoken in a low, familiar voice, greeted Louis's ears, roused from unconsciousness, as it seemed to him, by the presence of a soft, cool hand on his forehead. He opened his eyes wearily, and they rested on the kindly face of Pere Lachaise, smiling down into them, and beside it another face, beaming with love and newborn hope—Marie's—Massey's Magazine.

### Gambling Women.

A very noticeable and unpleasant feature of the Ostend Kursaal is the number of women who are to be seen gambling there. English women take the lead as heavy players. The nightly scenes at the Kursaal are of a startling nature. A correspondent writes from Ostend to an English newspaper:

"At Monte Carlo the maximum stake is nine napoleons on a roulette number. Here at the Ostend Kursaal one can go up to 300 francs, and it is calculated that 300,000 francs can be won at a stroke. At Trente et quatre the maximum is 12,000 francs, but the croupiers often permit a supplementary stake of 6000 francs. It should be added that while at Monte Carlo one can only play with gold, at Ostend counters are allowed up to a value of 6000 francs, and certain well known persons obtain almost unlimited credit from the bank. I remember seeing four players at once who put the maximum of 12,000 francs each turn, and this went on for hours, nobody putting himself out in the least, while at Monte Carlo the fact of a player risking the maximum is always publicly announced.

"Unfortunately it is always the fair sex who chiefly cultivate the taste for gambling this year. The English ladies take the lead and are closely followed by the Germans. It is a scandal which it is high time should be stopped."

### Laughable Use of "Again."

The little word "again" once threw a large assembly into fits of laughter. It was at a public meeting in New York. One of the speakers, Rev. Mr. R., had the misfortune, when he tried to take a seat, to miss his chair and come down at full length on the platform. The accident occasioned not a little subdued mirth. When at last it came his turn to speak, the president officer introduced him in these words: "The Rev. Mr. R. will again take the floor." The reverend gentleman never met with so enthusiastic a reception as greeted this announcement.—Argonaut.

### The Alibi Office.

A new Parisian institution, which is pretty sure to be copied in all civilized countries, is an alibi office. The concern undertakes to post letters for customers from any point of the world, and render other little services tending to indemnify the client's presence at a certain point while he is otherwise engaged elsewhere.

### THE FIELD OF ADVENTURE

#### THRILLING INCIDENTS AND DARING DEEDS ON LAND AND SEA.

#### Desperate Battle With a Wildcat—Catching a Big Shark—A Ride on a Cowcatcher.

ABE DANIELS had been around the mountains for a good many years, but not long enough to familiarize himself with the cunning stratagems of an Adirondack Mountain wildcat.

When Abe came into town one day last week he was a sight to behold. His clothes were in shreds, his face badly scratched, and his gait as unsteady as that of a drunken man. He had met a wildcat, and though Abe was the victor the fight was probably the most savage that ever took place between man and animal on the mountains in this region.

"I started out about 3 o'clock in the afternoon," he said, when relating his story to the Times correspondent the next day, "and I had no idea I was going to run up against the stiffest fight a man ever put up in this part of the mountains. I took my gun and dog, as I always do. I wasn't out for anything in particular, but just to shoot anything in the way of good, reasonable game. And now I wish I had left the dog home. Pete was the best dog I ever had. The poor fellow's gone. He's been made mincemeat of. I guess it must have been near 5 o'clock when I calculated I'd turn back to town. I had been tramping for two hours and didn't see hide nor hair of anything with shootin' at."

"I was kind of tired, and so I took a short cut down the mountain side. And that's just where your Uncle Abe got into trouble. If I had kept to the old trail I wouldn't have had to fight like a demon to save myself from being clawed all to pieces. I hadn't been pushin' my way through the woods more'n five minutes when I happened to look up. There in a tree on a low limb sat one of the biggest wildcats I ever see. Before I could raise my gun to fire that cat dropped from the limb and lit on my shoulder. I screamed and threw myself to the ground.

"Quicker than a wink the cat was at the cat. He went at the cat from behind, and finding itself attacked from the rear, the cat let go its hold on me and went for the dog. I jumped to my feet and clubbed my gun, and made a smash at the cat. I missed by a hair. I was afraid to shoot, for I didn't want to take any chances on hittin' the dog.

"I swung the gun again, and this time I caught the cat on the back and knocked it clean out of the dog's clutches and into the undergrowth. It was an ugly blow, but the cat was so furious and worked up and excited that it came at me like something infernal. Scream! I never heard such screamin' in all my life. Its eyes blazed like fire, its mouth was wide open, and when it wasn't screamin' it hissed like a dozen snakes. It was enough to make any man tremble in his boots. But I was too busy tryin' to save my life to do much tremblin' then. Afore I knowed it the cat bounced through the air and landed plumb on my breast. The shock was so great that I went down. Fortunately for me the cat didn't tear my eyes out. It scratched and tore at my clothes for a minute. Only twice did it scratch my face. Pete was at it in a minute, and that was all that saved me.

"With a scream that I'll never forget the cat went at poor Pete. It was a game fight, and a fight to the death. Pete was in many a fight, but he never tackled a wildcat before. He could bite and gouge, but he couldn't scratch and tear. Over and over the time like cat rolled, fighting all the while. I couldn't shoot; the two was mixed up too much. I was deter-mined I'll kill that cat or die in the attempt." I remember that made it screech on the shoulder and let go its hold on Pete. It was not until the cat sprang to one side that I saw how badly Pete was hurt. His skin and flesh had been torn into ribbons by that mountain devil, and he was smeared with blood from head to foot. I wheeled around and made for the cat. But the brute was quicker'n I was. It was at me in a second. Pete was no longer any use now; he lay giving a few feet away. I think—and you may laugh at it—that the knowledge of his condition saved my life, for it made me fight all the harder. I had had Pete for years; he went everywhere with me. Whenever you saw Pete you were sure to find Abe Daniels, and 'jes' the other way about. I clinched with the cat; it was the only thing I could do. It couldn't fight as hard as before, for it was too wounded. I 'jes' hugged it tight. It tore my clothes and scratched my legs in an awful way, but it didn't last long, for I cut with my knife and 'jes' disemboweled that cat.

"The blood gushed out, and even then the cat made a fearful effort to bite me in the face. I threw my head as far back as I could and ripped and slashed with all my might. I felt the cat's struggles gettin' weaker and weaker. It gave a few convulsive kicks, and died still hanging to me. I had to tear it loose from me. Afterward I measured the cat. It was 4½ feet long from tip tip. It was my first fight with a wildcat. I hope that I'll never have another. To tell you the truth," said Abe pathetically, "now that Pete's dead, I really don't care to go huntin' any more. I loved Pete."

And as he spoke the words tears made misty the eyes of the rugged, tender-hearted guide.—Philadelphia Times.

### Catching a Big Shark.

"On a recent trip," said a Pittsburg

### MONEY IN SHARK FISHING.

#### A PECULIAR INDUSTRY OFF VANCOUVER'S ISLAND.

#### Catching Maine Monsters for the Oil Contained in Their Livers—Fierce Struggles for Life.

WORKING their way through the thickly wooded forests of Vancouver's Island, a party of hunters and explorers came out one night upon a bay that was illuminated by a blazing bonfire—a welcome sight in this little-known and unfrequented wilderness. A rude camp next came into view, and the party soon was receiving a hearty welcome from a crew of sharkers who hailed from Tacoma, Washington, and the adjacent country.

"It's a curious thing," said the leader later on, "to find a fisherman who can load with halibut shark fishing, but that's just what it amounts to. I went South with 30,000 pounds of halibut some time ago and lost money on it, and now we are trying shark oil."

Great pots or caldrons were resting on piles of stone, seething over the hot fires that were converting shark's liver into an oil valuable to machinists in nearly all trades; an oil that had a possible wholesale value of forty cents per gallon. Off Cape Scott was the fishing ground, and there and along the coast of Vancouver's Island large sharks are found all the year around, and the Norwegian sharkers were just returning to the fishing that had been their means of livelihood in their own country.

"In the old country," said one of the men, "the fishing is very different from here. There we saved every bit of the shark. We got them in very deep water, a sort of ground shark, and sometimes had to tie them aboard on the windlass. The liver was taken out to be tried, and the body towed ashore to be made into fertilizer for the farmers; but there's no farmers about here, so we let the bodies go."

Two days later the trim little schooner that had been lying in the bay bore away for Cape Scott with several of the hunting party, who wished to obtain some idea of shark fishing, as passengers. The fishing ground was almost anywhere swept around, though where the currents swept around the Cape was for some reason a very favorable place. Here the men caught a number of halibut for bait, and then the decks were cleared for the real work of shark fishing, and a dozen heavy ropes lines about as large as a clothesline were baited with tempting pieces of halibut.

There was a long wait and then the sport, if so it can be called, began with a zest that soon made hard work for the men. At first there would be a slight nibble at the line, as though a fish was nosing it; then it slowly ran out a few feet and then it was that the man at the line leaned forward and with all his strength jerked the hook into the shark's mouth. There was a fierce snarl, tearing the rope from the man's hands and dragging it over the rail; coil after coil leaping from the deck, hissing and writhing like a living thing. Finally a turn was made about a belaying pin, and the first rush of the big fish was partly stopped; then the fisherman with the aid of all hands started the monster, which came slowly in, testing every muscle of the men on the line. Soon another line was running out, then another, and three sharks, famous for their pulling power, were hooked at once. Slowly they came in, fighting every foot, and finally a vicious looking fellow at least fourteen feet long and weighing possibly 800 or 1000 pounds, was rolling and tossing at the surface. A block and tackle were lowered over him, and in a few minutes the struggling monster was hoisted above the surface and despatched and swung over the deck, where the liver was skillfully taken out, the body being thrown overboard to be devoured by the rapacious creatures that make the coast line of Vancouver their home. The long olive colored liver of a single shark when dropped into a barrel half filled it, and was estimated to be worth from \$1.50 to \$2, as it would produce several gallons of oil worth from thirty-five to forty cents per gallon. The other sharks were soon taken in and despoiled of their livers, and in the course of the day ten were caught, making nearly five barrels of liver, and it was estimated that many more per day could be taken. The vessel could carry about 175 barrels of oil of a capacity of sixty gallons each.—New York Post.

### Novel Test of Pure Air.

A novel method for the detection of the admixture of one gas with another has lately been described. It depends upon the fact that when air, of the same composition and temperature, is blown into similar pipes, such as organ pipes, they produce the same note, but if one of the two feed-pipes be fed with air containing even a small proportion of gas of a different density it gets out of tune and beats with a terrible sound, the number of beats being proportional to the amount of the foreign gas in the mixture. It is claimed that by this method the presence of marsh gas in a mine can be detected, and that it can be employed for acoustically determining the amount of carbonic acid in furnace gases.

### Immense Pearl Fisheries.

The pearl shell fisheries of the Merguian archipelago, in the Government of Burma, comprise 11,000 square miles. The gathering of pearl shell is the chief industry, though, of course, pearls are also found. The banks are rented from the Government, and rights to fish must be on a royalty.—Philadelphia Ledger.

There are five women on the Brooklyn (N. Y.) Board of Education. Of the three who had left the city for the summer, one traveled from New Hampshire, another from the vicinity of Boston and the third 150 miles to attend the July meeting of the Board.

### SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

#### Mexico has a 130-ton locomotive.

#### Gas engines propel Dresden cars.

Around Puzet Sound the region is exceedingly rich and promising in its marine and animal life.

A nail making machine produces as many nails in a given time as were formerly made by 1000 men.

A fossilized tooth of some extinct species of animal recently found in Cedar County, Nebraska, weighs 14½ pounds.

Furniture made of compressed paper is being manufactured. It possesses the advantages of lightness, and can be molded into any desired shape.

A company has been formed to lay a pipe line from the Indiana oil fields to Chicago. The distance is 170 miles, and six-inch pipe is to be used.

A great find of platinum is reported from Pitfield, New South Wales. The mine is a mile long and from sixty to 150 feet wide, and the ore yields seventy-five per cent. of platinum.

That newest thing, the roller steamer on which M. Boudin proposes to wheel himself across the channel next month, is not, it seems, new at all. In 1880 a Captain Bagot patented a vessel essentially identical to the Ernest-Bazin, and a year or two later one similar in idea was said to be building on the Hudson.

The stopping capacity of the bullet fired from the new English army rifle is rather indefinite. Whenever the rifle has been used against a savage foe it has seemed singularly ineffective. If the bullet happens to strike a vital spot the victim is dead beyond recall, but if not the bullet is of no more injury than a charge from a pop-gun.

An Italian physician has been making interesting experiments as to the effect of fatigue on the nervous system. Twenty-four bicycle riders, who had ridden thirty-two miles in two hours and a quarter, were examined as to their hearing and in every instance were found to be defective. After a couple of hours' rest their hearing became normal.

#### Chil-Dwellers at Home.

Hamlin Garland contributes an interesting article to the Ladies' Home Journal on the houses and home life of the Pueblo Dwelling Indians (Chil-Dwellers of the Southwest) whom he designates as "The Most Mysterious People in America." "It took fear of man to set these villages on these heights," he writes. "As I approached Walpi I could hardly believe anything living was upon it. The houses, massive, dirt colored, flat and square as rocks, secreted themselves upon the cliff, like turtles. The first evidence of life was a small field of corn set deep in 'the wash' or dry river bed. Then an old man watching us—seated beneath a shade of pinoon boughs. The sun some peach trees knee deep in sand. Then some red roof houses built by the Government. By this time I could see tiny figures moving about on the high ledges and on the roofs of the houses. Up the trail a man on a burro was driving a flock of sheep and goats. He wore light cotton trousers and a calico shirt. His legs were bare, and on his head was a straw hat. Further up the trail some old women were toiling with huge bottles of water slung on their backs. From the moment I entered that trail I was deep in the elemental past. Here was life reduced to its simplest form. Houses of heavy walls, with interiors like cellars or caves, set for defense upon a cliff. Here were flat roofs, thick, to keep out the sun and to make a dooryard for the next tier of houses above. Here were nude children with tangled hair, wild as colts and fleet as antelopes, dancing on crags as high as church spires. Here were dogs just one remove from wolves—solemn dogs, able to climb a ladder. Here were men and women seated upon the floor and eating from plaques of willow and bowls of clay of their own shaping and burning."

#### Caught a Dog in the River.

The story is told in the Seattle (Wash.) Post-Intelligencer by W. H. Morris, an eye witness, as follows:

"Judge Hayes and myself took a trip Saturday afternoon to Greau River in the vicinity of Palmer for a day's fishing. We camped near the river that night, about three and a half miles east of Palmer. The next morning we started in fishing and had great luck, successfully landing 175. Along in the afternoon I was fishing in a sort of canyon where the water was fifteen or twenty-five feet deep. Below me on a sort of spit was the Judge, his homely dog sitting at his side. Suddenly there was a noise in the bushes above the bank above the Judge and a pretty dog appeared on the bank of the river. The dog jumped for the dog and the dog took to the water. The dog followed and, in a moment, was on the dog's back and had her by the ear. The dog dived to get rid of the dog and was successful.

"As she came up the Judge fired a stone at her but missed. The next time he was unsuccessful, the missile striking the animal in the eye and stunning it. Fearing that the body would sink, the Judge plunged boldly into the water, clothes, boots and hat on, and with one arm swam to and on, and which he grappled and held. With his hunting-knife he cut the dog's throat and then swam ashore where several jiggers had gathered. One of them who had a revolver claimed the deer on the ground that he had 'jumped it.' The Judge said 'ait,' and held the fort. Afterwards, however, he made all of us a present of meat."

The custom house of Azcomora, 16,000 feet above the sea, is the highest inhabited place in Peru.