

Story of a Clever Pony

Great numbers of wild geese were killed along the Texas coast during the past winter, as happens every year. That region divides with the Dakotas in the fall the honor of being the greatest goose field on the American continent.

The increasing shyness of the birds was more marked than ever. The geese have been shot at so much in the same territory that they have not only grown wiser, but many of them have ceased visiting that region.

It is no longer possible to kill quantities of geese in Texas by simple pass shooting or digging pits on the Gulf sandbars.

There died not long ago in the Nueces region a Mexican poacher named Gregorio who in the winter sold geese by the dozen when other men could not get a feather. All of that country is in vast pastures fenced by barbed wire and Gregorio being a market hunter, was ordered to stay out of them all.

In order to keep him out the gates, which are far apart, were locked and only the ranch bosses had keys. Still Gregorio would continue to go from pasture to pasture, covering thirty miles in a day and to show up in Corpus Christi or Rockport at night with Canada geese hanging to his saddle and strung all over him.

One day an overseer of cowboys saw him a mile away on the prairie and, being curious, dismounted and watched him. Gregorio was on foot 700 yards from a large flock of geese. His pony had been unsaddled and unbridled.

Secret of a Hunter's Great Success Explained.

Keeping the horse between him and the geese, the Mexican began to circle around them. Now and then the pony stopped to take a mouthful of grass. Any man, let alone a goose, would have taken him for a loose animal grazing on the prairie.

In course of an hour he had been worked within fifty yards of the thickest part of the bunch. Some of the stragglers were not twenty yards from him.

Then Gregorio stepped from behind him and fired one barrel at the geese on the prairie and another as they rose. He gathered five or six, then rode to the division fence a quarter of a mile away.

Evidently it was his intention to enter the next pasture. The fence was of three strands of wire, the lowest one two feet from the ground.

Gregorio got down from the saddle and at a word from him the horse sunk to his knees, then turned upon his side. Gregorio took him by the headstall and pulled his head under the fence, then took him by the tail and pulled his hindquarters under, and so, pulling first at head and then at tail, worked him through.

Once clear of the bottom wire, the pony rose, shook himself and stood to be mounted as if nothing but of the ordinary had happened. The mystery of Gregorio's ability to go from pasture to pasture in search of geese and ducks was explained and the ranch boss was so tickled by it that he instructed his men to let the Mexican alone.

TO CATCH SQUIRRELS

Advice Given by a Farmer Puzzles New York Man on His Vacation.

Although there are few men of his age more active than William Curtis Gibson of East Houston street, the oldest survivor of the Volunteer Fire Department, he gives strong proof of his Scotch ancestry occasionally by his inability to appreciate a joke.

Mr. Gibson was born in New York and he has always lived here. His friends say that only once in his life has he traveled more than ten miles away from this city. That was last summer, when he went up to the Catskills.

It was on this trip that he met a farmer who discussed him with every thing rural. Mr. Gibson says he never met a more stupid man, and when he tells his squirrel story to prove it all his friends laugh. The experience speaks for itself.

Mr. Gibson was interested in the farm at first because it was a novelty. At the end of the first week he said to the farmer:

"Say, this is great. I am glad I came. I wish that I might take some of your squirrels back to New York with me as souvenirs of this trip."

"Sure you can," said the farmer. "Just go out and help yourself to as many as you want. I've got more of them than I want."

"Thank you, very much, but how will I get them?"

"Catch 'em, of course. It's easy when you know how."

"All right, you tell me how and I'll catch a few."

"Well," said the farmer, "first off you creep up as near as you can get to them."

"Yes," said Mr. Gibson.

"And then you make the right kind of a noise to attract them and they will come to you."

"What kind of a noise ought I to make?" asked Mr. Gibson eagerly.

"Just make a noise like a nut," replied the farmer, and off he walked.

When Mr. Gibson tells this story he says positively that a nut does not make any noise and that a farmer who had lived in the country all his life without discovering that fact is too stupid to live anywhere else.—New York Sun.

Took the Starch Out of Station Autocrat

"That reminds me," said the traveling man, "of an experience at McLeansboro, Ill., years ago. It was a bitter cold Sunday morning when I went to the depot to take a train west. It was the only one that day and due in about an hour. The waiting room was cold. Huddled in a corner was a country woman, a waiting passenger, with two small children, both crying from the cold. An empty stove, no coal, no matches, no agent in sight."

"While debating what to do to relieve a trying situation, I thought I heard a noise from within the ticket office, which was hidden from view by a window covered with paint. I listened closely and soon distinguished the hum of voices from within."

"A little scratch in the paint covering the ticket window revealed on close examination four young men on the inside by a warm stove, playing cards. One was evidently the agent."

"Enraged, I kicked on the door and alternately rattled on the window till, with a slow, hesitating shove, it went up a little and from within the agent, a youth with a surly air, demanded, 'What do you want?' Boiling with rage, yet imperturbable as a millpond, I asked for a telegraph blank, which was flung to me, and this is what I wrote:

"General Manager, B. & O. S. W. R. R.—Dear Sir: Send competent agent to care for McLeansboro station. Present agent playing cards in office; waiting room no fire; passengers freezing."

"As placid as if nothing was out of the ordinary, I handed him a \$5 bill with the request to take the pay out of it and send the message at once. Before half the words were counted by the autocrat of a moment ago, he was an humble servant of the present. Apologies and explanations by the score were forthcoming, intermingled with pleading, that to send it would involve ruin for his career."

"It was my turn to assume the role of dictator; and if ever a fire was kindled in a hurry, then was the time. With all the dignity due to a prince and his suite the freezing family and I were treated."

"Passing through a year after, I asked the bus man how the agent was getting along. The story had evidently leaked out in McLeansboro, for he said: 'He got a dressing down last winter from an official of the road who happened along in disguise, and it has made a man of him. I was that official, a plain traveling man, but the bus man was none the wiser.'—Indianapolis News.

main of Drummond castle, which are now possessed by Lord Ancester, who inherited them through his grandmother, Miss Clementine Drummond, who married Lord "Whoddy" de Eresby. Lord Perth failed in his efforts to regain the Drummond property. In addition to this disappointment he had grave domestic sorrows to encounter, so that his long life was neither prosperous nor happy. Few men have been so severely tried. The earldoms of Perth and Melfort will now be separated, the former passing to Lord Strathallan, while the latter title and the French honors are inherited by the late peer's daughter, Lady Edith Drummond.

One convincing proof of good citizenship is the prompt payment of your bills.

UNLUCKY AT CARDS.

Copyright, 1902, by Daily Story Pub. Co.

They were coming home from a card party and, with the exception of Donelson, were a rather silent trio. Progressive euchre had been the game; Donelson had carried off first prize and was mildly jubilant; or, as Morton said, aggressively cheerful.

It was a cold night; the snow lay deep and only a narrow footpath ran irregularly along the sidewalk. The last car had passed some time before and they were walking in single file to keep out of the drifts. Donelson had assumed the lead, and Morton followed, Miss Wilson, who carried on a desultory conversation fore and aft.

"How long will you be in town this time, Edith?" Donelson asked.

"I am going back to-morrow; just as I was having the best of times."

"The time of your life?"

"Well, one of them. But I received a letter from home this morning and simply must go."

"I'm awfully sorry, I wanted to take you to the cotillion next Tuesday. Anyhow, I'll try to see you again before you leave. What train do you take?"

"Half-past ten to-morrow; I mean this morning."

"All right, you wait for me, and I'll take you to the station. Come up to the station, Jack, and see me see Edith off."

"Thanks, Frank, I feel sorely tempted; but I can't get off at that time, you know."

"Bah! you mean you feel sore because you didn't ask her first. You could get off if you wanted to. I say, Edith, do you believe in the saying, 'Unlucky at cards, lucky in love'?"

"Why, Frank?"

"Oh, nothing, only I was just thinking Jack might console himself with it. He came out in to-night's contest way down the list, and it struck me he seemed rather cut up. No offense meant, old chap, I wouldn't feel so badly about it if I were you; because if you really wanted the thing you could get a duplicate of it for a couple of dollars."

"You make me tired, Donelson," says Morton, "I don't care for the thing, as you call it. I wanted to win it for a reason of my own."

"A reason of your own? Not all yours, dear boy. Dry your tears, I'll give the bohe of contention to Edith. So she gets it, what's the difference?"

"None; to you," replies Morton.

"Brace up, Jack," says Donelson, "perhaps you'd have better fortune at something else. Card playing is not your forte. Now, I always win. And yet I'm an exception to the saying, too, for I'm equally fortunate in—but modesty forbids me to be more specific."

"Then it's the first time it ever did forbid you."

"As I said before, Jack, you are too much cut up over a trifle to see any fun in the affair. Don't be a fox barking at the grapes just because you can't have them. The fact is you're jealous of my winning ways; that's what the matter with you. But cheer up. If not at cards, why then along some other line. Just follow me and you'll always—"

"Oh, quit," cried Morton. "You're very tiresome."

"Stop quarreling, you two, and follow me," said Edith, "follow on, follow on, and the light of faith you'll see."

"I could always follow you, Edith," says Morton, softly, "only give me the light."

"Frank!" (this from Miss Wilson, suddenly and rather irreverently) "I wish you would walk a little faster. I'm continually stepping on your heels."

"Sure! And I hadn't noticed it, Edith. Your feet must be as light as Jack's head. But anything to please you. So here goes," and Donelson plunged ahead.

"Edith," continued Jack, "won't you prove there is truth in that old saying, 'Unlucky at cards, lucky in love.' I love you, dear, with all my heart. Give me something to build hope on."

"Nonsense; don't begin that all over again, and in the street, too. Anyhow, I, for one, have not the slightest faith in any musty, old proverb. If you are



They were walking in single file.

unlucky at anything it is your own fault. Take to-night, for instance, you could have won time and again. But no, you paid no attention to what was going on. You were thinking all the time about something else."

"Yes, of you, Edith. I do hardly anything else."

"Then I advise you to seek a more profitable occupation."

"Come, Edith, I've told you before what I think of you; what I care for and desire above all else. Don't say 'no' again. Give me yes to-night. Tell me, Edith; Frank has reached the house and we'll be there in a minute."

Silence. A dozen steps bring them to where Donelson is standing.

"Frank," says Miss Wilson, "here's the key, open the door, please."

Donelson mounts the steps, and she turns to Morton. "Good night, Jack; good-bye, I should say, since I won't see you to-morrow."

"Edith?"

"Let go my hand, Mr. Morton; let go, I say."

"Only on your promise, Edith."

"Will you let go?"

"No."

"Yes, then; yes," says Miss Wilson. "Now, are you satisfied?"

"Not quite," and Jack mounts another step and whispers something



"Accept my congratulations, Morton; though you don't deserve them."

"Well, it's the only one I do believe in. And that only because—Oh, Jack, suppose someone had seen us?"

"Suppose they had?" and Jack laughs. "Ten thirty, Edith? Good-night."

"Yes; good night."

Donelson comes down the steps and holds out his hand, "Good night, Edith."

"Good night, Frank."

As the men turn the next corner Donelson says: "Accept my congratulations, Morton; but you don't deserve her."

The Seagull and Fish Pirate.

The growing sentiment for the protection of bird life, writes a correspondent, should not be endangered by wrong direction. The appeal for the sea gull, for instance, is one that must ultimately fail for sound reasons. Beautiful as he is, and attractive as his evolutions are about the bridges, he is a noted fish pirate, and when the long delayed but inevitable legislation comes for the scientific protection of our coast fishing industry, the gull will be marked as an enemy. At a certain stage of the life of the gull, for instance, the baby fish floats helplessly on the surface of the water, and a single gull is quite capable of disposing of a hundred turbot in a day. Even an alderman who could do such a thing would be legislated out of existence—much more a sea gull—and the woman who wears an opera cloak made of the pure slate and white wings is helping to keep down the price of fish.

The Pin-Pong Language.

Pin-pong is a game of pygmy paraphernalia, to which, however, a giant may enjoyably set his hand, though not necessarily with success. Although a game of ball and that, at pin-pong the greatest sluggers at either base ball or cricket may easily bite the dust at the feet of the pet of the school room.

"Form" must be acquired by practice, but the Sun can help educate its votaries by presenting the correct inflection of the present tense of the indicative mood of the verb to "ping-pong."

I ping; We grovel on the floor; Thou pongest; Ye tear your trousers; He pung. They break the furniture.

Local dialect may vary this somewhat, but what we give is, we believe, the veritable Sanscrit.—New York Sun.

Knew His Points.

Judge Horace Russell tells the following story of the late Irish "barrister," Tom Nolan:

The barrister was flushed with oratorical enthusiasm as he started in to argue from his brief, point by point, before the late and equally eminent jurist, Chief Justice Shea of the Marine Court. The thunder of the barrister's voice ceased to reverberate for the moment as he rested after delivering Point 1.

"Denied," came from the Chief Justice of the Marine Court.

"Thin," said the barrister, rising, "I thrust your honor will hear me with patience during me presentation of Point 2, for it is equally conclusive."

—New York Times.

What Did She Mean?

Ex-Judge Miles Hoffman, formerly of Arkansas, who was at the Waldorf-Astoria a few days ago, told this story of a personal experience:

"About two weeks ago I woke up in the night sick, weak and nearly fainting. My wife became somewhat excited and slept no more that night. Next day, when she was telling of the occurrence to a friend, she put it in this way: 'Mr. Hoffman soon got better, but he became so quiet I thought he was dead; and I was afraid to touch him for fear he would wake up.'"

—New York Times.

The History of a Famous Park

Gift of Two Old Maids to City of Providence

The city of Providence, R. I., is indebted to two women for its beautiful Roger Williams Park, the only park in the country, or in the world, for that matter, which has descended straight from its original white owner, never leaving his family until at last it passed into the possession of the city which he founded.

Roger Williams owned a good deal of land in the vicinity of Providence, at one time and another, but this particular piece was given him by Miantonomi, chief of the Narragansetts, and it was the old Williams' homestead, where the founder lived and died. It passed to his descendants in the direct line for five generations, until at last it fell to two sisters, Rhoda and Betsy Williams. These women were of the old primitive New England stock, with a streak of heroism in their mental fiber. The farm was mortgaged when their father died, imbued with a passionate devotion to the

Gift of Two Old Maids to City of Providence

old place, they could not endure the thought of its passing out of the family.

One of them taught school; the other sewed. Eventually, through these avenues of scanty profit, they paid off the mortgage. Then they determined that the old place should never be cut up, but should be preserved unchanged for all time. The sisters decided that they would give the place, under certain conditions, to the city of Providence.

And so it came the Roger Williams Park, one of the prettiest parks in the country, and one of the chief points of interest in Providence. The old Williams' homestead, where Roger Williams died, and where Betsy died two or three years after her gift was accepted, is retained in all its primitive quaintness. Just outside the door is the well which Roger Williams dug. The old burying ground, full of dead and gone Williamses, is also kept in neat array.

The Japanese Regalia

History and Legends Connected with the Island Empire's Unique Crown Insignia.

Goji Ukita, chancellor of the Japanese legation, has been lecturing in London on the imperial regalia of Japan. These emblems consist of the mirror, symbolic of knowledge; the sword for courage, and the divine jewels for mercy. They are merely of copper, steel and stone, and it could not be claimed that they were beautiful. As to the legendary story of their origin the Sun Goddess was once enraged and withdrew herself into a cave, thereby leaving the earth in darkness. But the other deities resolved to work upon her curiosity, and by making a great noise outside, assisted by a pair of vigorous roosters, the Sun Goddess duly came to see the reason of the disturbance, and was told that rejoicings were in progress that a more beautiful goddess than herself had been found, and they then held the mirror for her to see herself. The Sun Goddess' brother met two old people mourning that an eight-headed serpent had annually devoured one of

their eight lovely daughters, and was now coming for the last one. But Susenoo, as was named, placed eight great tubs of wine in the monster's way, and when he was sleeping killed him and removed the sword from his tail. The jewels are strangely shaped pieces of agate, based perhaps in form on an animal's tusk. The symbols became separated at one period, but copies of the earlier ones have been made from time to time. To-day the sword is kept in an apartment near the imperial bed chamber and called the Room of the Sword. The jewels have also a room to themselves, and the mirror is in charge of a priestess. The regalia have the highest significance in the eyes of the people, and it is held that no emperor can possibly rule without the three virtues which they represent. He must, moreover, hold the actual tokens, and in the imperial code it is enjoined that on the death of the sovereign his heir must take possession of them.

PARNELL IN RETIREMENT

How the Great Irish Leader Spent His Time During the Political Crisis.

Henniker Heaton in "The Leisure Hour," tells the following characteristic story of Charles Stewart Parnell, showing the latter's power of detachment: "He came into the house of parliament one afternoon when the fiercest excitement prevailed regarding the publication by the Times of the forged Pigott letters. He in a short speech denied the authorship of the letters and then walked into the lobby and engaged me in conversation. Everybody thought he was telling me of the awful political event then stirring men's minds. This is what he said to me: 'I have just read in the afternoon paper that a mountain of gold has been discovered in western Australia, and that some tons of the specimens have been sent home to you.' 'I replied that it was true, and that I had in my locker in the house some of the crushed specimens. We proceeded to get them, and I gave him about a wineglassful of the 'crushing.' He took it away with him, and to the bewilderment of his party no one saw him for a week, and very few indeed knew his address."

It is easier for God to work a wonder than for us to comprehend it.

Notes from Women.

A Philadelphia druggist has made the following collection of amusing missives that have been sent to him from time to time:

"I have a cute pain in my baby's stummick. Please give bearer something to cure it."

"My little girl has eat up a lot of buttons. Please send a nematic by the enclosed box."

"Dear doctor a dog bit my child on the leg please send some cork plaster and cutter eyes."

"Please send by bearer one postal card. Also kindly give bearer, my son, some licorice root."

"Dear doctor what is good for trefroy fever send some quick I got it."

"Let my Johnny have a glass of sody water. I wd come myself but I am washing. P. S. the five cents is for the sody water."

"If you can fill the enclosed prescription for 25 cents do so. If not return by bearer."

A Most Unique Will.

Mr. John Murdoch, who for some time was a plumber in Dundee, and who died in December at the Edinburgh hydropathic establishment, Craigholm, by his last will and testament has bequeathed over £60,000 (\$291,900) for a somewhat novel public scheme destined to benefit indigent bachelors and widowers. The beneficiaries may be of any religious denomination or belief, but one of the necessary qualifications is that they have practical sympathy either as amateurs or professionals in the pursuit of science in any of its branches and that their lives have been characterized by sobriety, morality and in-

"On that day week," Mr. Heaton proceeds, "almost at the same hour he again appeared in the lobby. Walking up to me he said, smilingly, 'I have analyzed the specimens, and they go thirty-two ounces of gold to the ton.' I said he was wrong. He then took from his pocket a scrap of paper and read: 'Twenty-seven ounces of gold and five ounces of silver.' I replied that this was indeed remarkable, for it exactly coincided with the analysis of Johnston, Matthey & Co., the famous metallurgists. Parnell then showed me the small pin's point of gold he had obtained. I expressed surprise at his work. He said: 'The fact is, I take an interest in the matter. I have a small workshop to test the minerals in the mountains of Wicklow, some portion of which I own.' The astonishing thing is that while his hundreds of thousands of adherents were fulminating against the Times he was quietly working away testing minerals in his laboratory."

It is easier for God to work a wonder than for us to comprehend it.

No widower or bachelor under 55 years of age is to be eligible.

Open Door Policy Defined.

Once upon a time a statesman greatly interested in our foreign relations, and who kept his wife well informed on the international problems in the far East, was awakened by his better half in the early hours of the morning and informed that she knew there were burglars down stairs.

With outstretched arms the statesman started for the hall, without a light to guide him, and brought his nose in violent contact with the edge of a door that was ajar. He fell to the floor with a howl of pain.

"What is the matter?" asked his wife.

"I have nearly knocked my brains out on the edge of the door," he answered. "I thought that you approved of the open door," she said.

"Not half open," he replied.

Long Island Peculiarities.

The class in geography in one of the Brooklyn schools was being examined the other day when the teacher asked:

"What are some of the natural peculiarities of Long Island?"

The pupils indulged in some heavy thinking, but none responded. Suddenly a fat boy with a red face, who had been shifting uneasily about in his seat, received an inspiration.

"I know," he exclaimed, raising his hand.

"Well, what are they?" encouraged the teacher.

"Why," said the fat boy, with a triumphant look around, "on the south side you see the sea, and on the north side you hear the Sound."

He was moved up to head of the class on general principle.