Skill With a Lariat WINS Bride for a Cowboy

ROLLA A. SEATON, a wealthy Louisiana planter, who is just at this particular time enjoying the hospitality of the cowboys on the Idaline ranch, out on the plains of the San Saba, is the hero of one of the most remarkable adventures that ever occurred in Western Texas.

Mr. Seaton spent two years of his life in company with the young men who were exerting hemselves to entertain him. He now owns a controlling interest in the ranch property, and his word, as the boys say, "is law and gospel," where he was once a bronco buster and cowpuncher, drawing $10 a month for his services and spending his money freely, like any other good fellow.

"He came to us," says one of the bosses, "a pale young man, with a bad cough and we supposed that he would last about a month, but he roofed us all immensely."

Mr. Seaton had impaired his health while a student in college, and after he graduated he went to Western Texas, hoping to regain his lost vitality and harden his muscles by vigorous exercise in the open air, says the Chicago Tribune. His father had bequeathed him a handsome fortune, and he could have coaxed and courted the curative balmy atmosphere of the mosquite plains in luxury, surrounded by servants, but he had determined to rough it from start to finish, and when he appeared at the famous Idaline ranch he wore overalls and a Mexican sombrero. Introducing himself to one of the bosses, he admitted that he had a little money, and, after apologizing for feeble appearance and rather suggestive cough, he asked permission to camp and ride with the outfit until he recuperated sufficiently to made a hand.

Though regarded as the rawest kind of a tenderfoot he received a warm welcome, and the hospitable cowboys told him to consider himself at home "as long as there was chili con carne in sight and beans in the pot." They regarded his talk about regaining his health as the usual hopeful delusion of a consumptive, and they supposed that he would go all to pieces after the first day's ride and strike out for the nearest town.

The young man soon proved that tender flesh was no indication of weak will power or entfeebled resolution. He had to be lifted from the saddle with blood streaming from his raw knees after the first long ride, but he was ready to mount when they broke camp next day. The boys smiled approvingly, and one of them said: "I believe that tenderfoot will pull through if he don't get killed before he catches on."

It was not long before Mr. Seaton could ride with the best of them, and he soon learned to throw a rope with unerring precision. Not a man on the ranch suspected that their lively, intelligent comrade was anything more than he appeared. He worked for wages and squandered his money like any other rough rider who has no care for the future.

The young man's health came back to him slowly, but at the end of two years there was something so pronounced and encouraging about his strong muscles and his broad, deep chest that he was beginning to think of returning to his old home.

About this time an event occurred which created a great stir among the cowboys on the Idaline and adjoining ranches. Colonel Wilder, the president of the X-4 Cattle company and sole owner of the ranch inclosures, wrote Mr. Scott, one of the bosses, to fit up two or three rooms in the big stone house, known as Carline's Folly, as best he could in order to make the place as comfortable as possible for a young lady. The rough old bachelor would not have been more surprised nor could he have exhibited greater trepidation if a bombsheell had exploded at his feet. The letter fell from his nerveless hands and his answers to the inquiries of the boys, whose attention his nervous conduct had attracted, were uttered in trembling tones.

After making a second attempt to read the letter, he called a council of war and submitted the whole matter to his comrades. "You are all brave men," he said. "I have seen many of your ride between a precipice and a stampeded herd, and I know that you can be trusted to fight Indians and cattle thieves, but I doubt whether there is one among you who be dragged up to the ranch house with a yoke of elephants if you should happen to catch a glimpse of a bunch of calico and some red ribbons fluttering about the door."

After the foreman had concluded his remarks Seaton read the colonel's letter loud enough for all to hear its contents, and though several young men called for their time and others avowed their intention of fleeing to the high mountains, the moment that ribbons and calico appeared, he soothed their fears by promising to delay his contemplated departure until the feminine visitor had come and gone.

"I will stay with you," he said. "You can keep your ponies saddled and sleep on your guns, and if she turns out to be a female lawyer or something on the order, boiling over with strong-mindedness like that Miss Duplex Calculus who roped old Pinto Furgerson and carried him off to Europe, with all his steers in her pocket, why, I will give you warning."

The cowboys had long before divined that Seaton was a man of superior intelligence and desperate courage. Consequently they greeted his determination to prolong his stay on the ranch during such hazardous times with acclamations of the highest regard. While they were all busy discussing the change that was about to disturb the monotony of ranch life the overland stage, drawn by six restless mustangs, rolled up to the front gate and stopped. This was not an unusual occurrence, and the bunch of buckskins who were filing out into the road with clanking spurs would not have mingled any exclamations of surprise with the music of champing bits and the bells at their heels if Colonel Wilder had not sprang out into the road with boyish agility and a happy display of temperament. "Here we are," he said. "I found it necessary to follow my letter, and I have brought my daughter. I knew you would not have the rooms ready, but we have brought a cook and a housekeeper. Idaline needs ozone and she would not wait."

The bunch of buckskins sat in their saddles like statues. They saw two women and an angel in the stage, and while they were wondering whether a man would fall dead or only suffer a paralytic shock in case the angel should happen to speak to him, the pretty girl in whose charms of face and form they had discovered celestial attributes thrust her little head from the coach window, accompanying the act with many acclamations of delight and admiration. "I have read so many wonderful things about ranch life and cowboys I am glad to be here. I know we will soon be good friends. I have brought you lots of nice things to eat—pies, cakes, jellies, apples, oranges and bananas, and papa has got something in old bottles that he got out of the cellar. I have got a guitar and a fiddle and a French harp. Come in early tonight and we will give Carline's Folly a housewarming. Tomorrow you must loan me a gentle pony, for I am going to ask you to teach me to ride while I am out here."

Amazement and surprise struggled for mastery in the countenances of the bewildered cowboys. One whispered to another: "Why, she talks just like a human bein'." The boss, in hopeless speechlessness, was nudging Seaton to say something. After a moment he spurred his horse a little nearer the coach, and with sombrero in his hand, between bows he uttered a few words of welcome in such choice language that the young woman regarded him with a glance that betrayed a flash of feeling stronger than curiosity.

It did not take long to prepare a comfortable suite of rooms in Carline's Folly, for it is a wonderful house. For many years it has excited the wonder and admiration of all travelers. The man who built it was a mysterious character, who shot himself in Paris without leaving any key to his strange career in Texas. He bought ranches and herds of cattle and squandered vast sums of money in building and furnishing his palace as if he possessed an inexhaustible bonanza of gold. The great pile of granite covers a quarter of an acre of ground, and it is four stories high. The books and paintings were gathered from every part of the world, and the furniture was imported from Paris. One fine day the Frenchman wandered away and left all these wonders, and in the course of time the fine ranch and great house fell into the hands of the X-4 Cattle company, of which Col. Wilder was president. The pretty girl found many things to interest her in this strange palace in the wilderness. "It is like an enchanted castle," she often said, and there were moments when she thought that the influence of some magic wand was about at least one mortal being under the roof. Rolla A. Seaton puzzled her. She had quickly discovered that he was well educated and familiar with all the amenities of polite society. She could not understand why such a handsome young man, favored with so many admirable attributes of mind, form and character, was engaged working for wages on a cattle ranch.

She soon learned to ride, and as health, vigor and exhilaration came into her little body nothing pleased her better than to gallop over plains and mountains accompanied by the accomplished horseman whose every act and move were becoming more puzzling and interesting to her as the days passed. Seaton's comrades wondered how he could ever summon the courage to stand right up within easy reach of so much sweetness. "Some day you will fall dead as a beef right at her little feet," they would say, shaking their heads.

Finally the time came when Col. Wilder and his daughter began to make preparations to return to their home in Alabama. Seaton was ready to go, and he asked permission to accompany his friends a part of the way. He owned a fine Comanche horse named Silver Heels that he had cut from a band of wild mustangs and tamed. The animal had saved his master's life upon one occasion by his superior speed and strength, and Seaton had determined that he should be well rewarded. "I am going to take Silver Heels home with me," he said, "and I will ride by the stage and keep the bandits and wolves away."

Idaline and her father both pressed the young man to take a seat in the coach and send the horse to the railroad by a messenger, but he persisted in his determination to make the journey in the saddle, and now those who are ever ready to discover the hand of Providence in all affairs insist that Cupid or Idaline's good angel hovered near when the big overland coach rolled away from the ranch gate with an accomplished horseman and ardent lover galloping after it mounted upon the swiftest and gamest horse in Western Texas.

A few miles beyond Carline's Folly the road follows the San Saba river along a narrow, precipitous trail cut out of the side of a mountain more than 100 feet above the water. The wild mustangs were champing the bits, and, with foam flying from their sides, they were drawing the coach over the plains at a gallop about a mile from the dangerous piece of river road, when a large herd of fat steers came in sight, crossing the trail. Idaline, pleased with the picturesque scene, thrust her head from the coach window and waved a colored scarf toward Seaton. The big steers in front threw up their heads and, with a snort, bounded away. The whole herd stampeded, filling the air with the roar of a cyclone. The mustangs were stricken with terror, and they ran at the top of their speed, in spite of the strong arms of the driver. The big coach bounced and floundered like a ship in a storm. Seaton realized the peril of his friends, and he urged his horse forward. Before he reached the side of the stage he saw the driver's body pitched from the seat, and the next instant it fell headlong upon the earth, leaving the lines fluttering in the wind. The frightened cattle were surging about the wheels and the flying mustangs.

Seaton expected to see the coach turn over at every step. Though the maddened cattle and terror stricken mustangs were floundering together in inextricable confusion, the tangled mass kept in the road, and Seaton could see the leaders through a cloud of dust plunging straight toward the narrow grade on the side of the precipice above the deep water of the San Saba. Above the bellowing of the brutes and the roar of the clattering hoofs he could hear the shrieks of the women, and once he caught a glimpse of Idaline's white face and one little hand held toward him. Driving the steels into the flanks of Silver Heels, he drew his revolver and opened fire upon the tangled mass of mad cattle and mustangs in front of the coach. Several steers fell, but the horses continued to plunge forward toward the precipice, apparently unhurt. The fearless horseman could now see the dangerous gorge only a few yards away, and he well knew that horses, cattle and coach would roll in a tangled mass over the bluff, to be crushed and mangled on the rocks below or swept to death by the current unless he could stop the flying crazed brutes almost instantly. He had pressed to the side of the off wheel horse and snapped his pistol against the animal's head. There was but one thing to do, and not an instant to lose. Loosening his lariat, he hurled it through the air with all his strength. The noose dropped over the head of one of the leaders, and Silver Heels, planted upon his haunches, threw the tired beast across the road on the brink of the abyss ,and held him there until his mad mates floundered and fell in a tangled mass over his body with the coach at their heels.

When the coach stopped Idaline was the first to gain her feet. Silver Heels, still on his haunches, with his master firmly seated in the saddle, was near the door within easy reach of the girl. She held out her hands, and Seaton, observing that the cattle had passed and that the mustangs were choking and kicking each other to death, turned about and lifted the pretty girl upon the saddle in front of him. Col. Wilder and the other occupants quickly escaped.

When the old gentleman had looked about and felt of himself he walked toward Seaton with extended hands. "Young man, how am I ever to reward you for your heroic conduct?"

"I hold the only reward," said the young man, "that I want in my arms."

"The ranch goes with her," was the reply.—Brooklyn Eagle.

ERRORS CREEP INTO PRINT.

Even the Most Careful of Authors Sometimes Make Blunders.

It is not given to a man to be infallible and it is not a matter that should excite surprise to find errors in the works of even the best of the world's writers that betoken either ignorance or carelessness. Thus we find that in Sir Walter Scott's "Ivanhoe" a knight of Richard I. holds converse with a contemporary of William the Conqueror, who was Richard's great-grandfather.

In "The Newcomes" Clive in a letter dated 183— asks, "Why have we no picture of the sovereign and her august consort from Smees' brush?" The reason was probably due to the fact that there was no prime consort before 1840.

The moon seems to be a very dangerous planet for writers to trifle with. In "King Solomon's Mines" Rider Haggard makes an eclipse of this satellite take place at the new instead of the full moon—an astronomic impossibility. In the "Children of Gibeon" Walter Besant has caused a new moon to rise in the east at 2 o'clock in the morning. The most casual observer has without doubt noticed that the new moon appears in the western sky and sets from the moment it becomes visible.

Trollope makes Andy Scott come "whistling up the street with a cigar in his mouth."

At the close of "Around the World in Eighty Days" the hero arrives triumphantly at his club just as the clocks of London strike 11:50!

A Paris journal recently recorded the discovery in the Seine of the nude corpse of a man with ten sous in his waistcoat pocket. But this was scarcely more paradoxical than the case of Robinson Crusoe, who, before divesting himself of his clothes to swim to the shore, took precaution to fill his pockets full of biscuits.

In "Don Quixote" Sancho continues to ride on his ass after having lamented the animal's death.

The anachronisms and errors of Shakespeare are too well known to require repetition. He speaks of cannon in the reign of King John, a century and a half before their invention; he refers to printing in the reign of Henry II., of clock in the time of Caesar, makes Hector quote Aristotle and Coriolanus refer to Cato. He introduces a billiard table in the house of Cleopatra, makes Delphos an island and gives seacoast to Bohemia. —Exchange.

Was Waiting.

"What were you doing at the time of your arrest?" asked the magistrate of the prisoner.

"I was waiting."

"Waiting for what?"

"To get my money."

"Who from?"

"The man I was waiting for."

"What did he owe it to you for?"

"For waiting."

"I don't know what you mean. Explain yourself."

"I thought you knew I was a waiter in a restaurant."

"Oh!" gasped the magistrate.—Ex-

Trapper Calls Grizzly Bear "Most Peaceable of Critters"

Timely Advice to Eastern Hunters Who Wish to Try a Shot at the Monarch of the Western Plains—Best Way to Use Horses for Bait.

SAN BERNARDINO, Cal.—"The most absurd thing that Eastern people believe they know about grizzly bears," said Capt. Harvey Deddam, the most famous veteran trapper and hunter in California nowadays, "is that they are the most ferocious beasts on foot in America. The fact is that a grizzly is about the most peaceable of critters. I have killed over 200 of them, and thousands of smaller wild game, in my forty years in the Sierras. Now, a grizzly never picks a quarrel and never attacks anybody except when it is wounded, and I have even known a grizzly smarting with a rifle ball to get up and run away. However, when a wounded grizzly charges straight at its foe, it is generally a most terrifying thing in its furs and claws. Imagine, if you can, the sensations which a lone hunter has when he is charged upon by a half-ton beast that comes bounding straight at him, with swaying head and open mouth, uttering a deep roar at every bound. Consider how the hunter feels when he knows that a ball must instantly be planted in a very vital spot in the bear's anatomy if he would save himself from being torn into shreds by the infuriated beast.

"There are very few grizzly bears in Southern California. I have not seen one in this region for a dozen years, but, taken as a whole, there are about as many black and grizzly bears among the Sierras and Coast Range Mountains as there were twenty-five years ago. The beasts have retired further back among the canons and up on the mountain sides. It seems like a foolish statement, but the clearing of timber from the mountains has helped the increase of the bruin tribe. When the timber was thick the bears were compelled to skirm more for food, and had to depend to a great degree on roots and bark and on the rather scanty supplies which the pigpens and sheepfolds of the scattered ranches afforded them. The clearing of the woods has been followed by the appearance of all kinds of berry bushes, the fruit of which forms the favorite food of the bears. At the same time, the cutting of the timber has not disturbed the character of the dense chaparrals, in the confines of which the bears find safe places for breeding. The rocky ledges, with their ravines and caverns, still remain almost unvisited by man, and there the shaggy critters find winter lairs as secure and comfortable as when the forest grew above them.

"How big are grizzly bears? The size varies according to the length of the summer season and abundance of food in the locality in which they are found. I believe the largest grizzlies are those in California, where long hibernation is not necessary, and where there is good bear food any month the year round. Now, the Rocky mountain grizzlies in Montana and Idaho are generally 200 and 300 pounds lighter than their California cousins. The Montana and Idaho grizzlies hibernate at least fourteen weeks, and when they come out in the spring they have to rustle over hundreds of square miles for food amid the melting snows. So they soon become skin and bones. It is a heavy setback every year for the beasts, especially the cubs. Now, the California and Arizona grizzlies don't have such climatic conditions to fight. The average weight of a full-ground California grizzly is 900 pounds. I have killed a few that went even to 1,200 pounds. I have read stories of 1,600-pound grizzlies, but there are no such beasts. When you consider that an ordinary milch cow weighs 700 pounds, you see that 900 pounds of bear, when that bear is maddened, roaring and clawing, is a mighty awing creature to face, because a grizzly, for all his clumsy appearance, is as quick as a cat, and is the most powerful of American wild animals.

"How do we bear hunters know where to go to find our game? There are many ways of knowing likely assembling localities for the beasts. In early summer bears live in muddy places at the head of the canyon streams and about the streams that dry up in the middle of the summer. The bears live in the damp spots, and early in the summer, if they are about, the soft black mud along the edge of these places will be broken up as if a herd of cows had been walking through it. At intervals the mud will be hollowed out in places eight or ten feet long, two or three wide, and as many deep. These are wallow holes made by bears. In these holes the animals wallow and lie and sleep. Some hunters watch these holes, and shoot the bears when they come there to wallow, but as at that time of year their flesh is poor and their fur valueless, such killing of bears is senseless and unprofitable. In looking for bear signs in early summer we always examine the trees around the damp places to find if any bear has been measuring himself. Bears have a habit of getting up on their forepaws and tearing the bark off as high as they can reach. Some old hunters believe that in doing this the bears are measuring their height to see if they have grown during the winter.

"My advice to the hunter who wants to add the pelt of a great American monarch of wild beasts to his collection of sportsmanlike trophies, is to seek his game in the early summer months. On the Pacific coast a grizzly's skin is the best in June. In Rocky Mountain regions it is best a month later. In the autumn, even up to the time they retire for winter, their fur is not prime, and, again, having become rolling fat by gorging themselves on berries, they move about very little, and that mostly at night, so that a hunter might be in a good locality for them for weeks and never see more of them than their tracks. But in the spring, the minute a bear leaves his winter quarters he begins a ceaseless tramp for food. Then the wise hunter will procure three or four old crippled horses and kill them in some favorite places along the foothills, where bruin is likely to travel. If one has three baits, they should be placed about five miles apart, and camp made within a mile or two of the middle one. Early in the morning, and again at evening, the nearest bait can be visited afoot, and the other baits can be visited on alternate days, a tenmile horseback ride being just good exercise for the very weakest tenderfoot. Great care should be taken in placing the horse baits. If possible, find a small hill entirely bare of timber or brush, which slopes steeply down to the west, at the foot of which is some heavy pine timber and brush, also water. Kill the horse so that he will lie about fifty yards below the brow of the hill, and, if you wish, cut three or four stunted pines and stick them side by side on the brow of the hill so that they will afford a good screen when approaching the bait, or when sitting and watching for the bear to appear. As on this east slope of the Sierras the wind is always blowing from the west, and as the bear, once having found the bait, will put in his time between gorges lying in the thick timber at the foot of the hill, there will be no danger of his getting wind of the hunter and lightning out for parts unknown. Having once found the bait, a grizzly will go to it four or five times a day, and eat until he can hold no more, and when not eating he will lie in the nearest thick timber to it.

"It doesn't take a grizzly long to eat up a horse. Several years ago a guide went on a spring bear hunt with a New York sportsman. They killed a horse for bait on the side of a hill as just described, and going to it the next morning found that two-thirds of it had been eaten during the night. They sat behind the screen of pines to watch, and in less than an hour three fine grizzlies came out from the pines and sauntered up the hill to the bait. The first shot the hunter fired took one of them in the brain, and he sank down without a kick, while the others sat upon their haunches and gazed stupidly around. The next shot brained another one, and the remaining one, and the largest of them all, started to run. But a ball through the heart keeled him over, and so in less than a minute they had three fine grizzlies, all of good size and wearing thick coats of prime fur.

"Dogs are the natural enemies of bears. But few experienced dogs are foolish enough to go beyond the opening of a cave where a bear has been scented or to pitch into a bear that has turned. A full-grown bear with its dander up can ward off a whole pack of the most savage dogs. A fair blow from the bear's paw will kill or stun any dog. At sight of a man a bear will make every effort to get away as a rule. A bear rarely fights a man unless forced to it. A she bear with cubs, when followed closely, will keep her cubs ahead of her and bring up the rear to protect them. If she is pushed closely she will try to frighten off her pursuer by making a great show of fight. She growls, shows her teeth, tears the bark from trees and scatters it about with much fuss and noise, and makes herself generally as obstreperous as possible. If the enemy presses and there is no help for it, the mother bear fights as long as she has a spark of life left in her. The cubs meanwhile huddle together a short distance off and whine.

"A bear chase is often a long and tiresome piece of work, for when a bear finds that it is tracked it picks out the most tangled paths. It often leads the hunter twenty miles over mountains and through valleys, where the brush and briers are harassing and the swamps almost inaccessible to man, although the bear shuffles along with his clumsy gait as rapidly as if on the best of roads. I once followed a bear thirty miles in a day and a moonlight night. I never knew such a cute beast as she was. She would hide behind rocks and boulders as well as any boy seeking escape, and run as fast when she knew I had a chance to fire at her. At last she got away by dodging into some boulders, when I was too tired to follow her any longer.

"A bear hunter's outfit is simple: A good up-to-date rifle, heavy boots, thick trousers, a light hunting axe in a belt, a pistol and a long-bladed knife for emergencies. If a hunter is anxious to be put on his mettle while on the hunt, let him give the bear a scent of him. Then the bear will take a course which will require nerve, wind and a tough skin to follow. When the snow is deep a bear chase is generally slow and tedious. With a light fall and a fresh track, however, there is no sport so exciting, and even an amateur hunter will find himself going miles on a good stiff trot. It is no hard matter to kill a bear if the dogs understand their business after the bear is brought to bay, for it will give all its attention to the dogs that are yelping around it, while the hunter stands off and fills him with lead. But there are times when a bear will brace himself for a fight from the word 'go,' and then if the hunter does not kill at the first fire, he is apt to have about as lively a time as he ever dreamed of. No story of a bear fight that was ever told can be much ahead of the incidents that occur during a fight, if it is a good one."—Special correspondence the New York Times.

Use Colors to Cure Insane

Ward's Islands Physicians Try Their Effect on Patients.

A NEW cure for insanity is being tested by Drs. Bond and Monette on Ward's Island. The color cure is a treatment new to alienists, but one that promises to become very successful, for, so far, a great many of the patients taken to the color ward have been cured. Dr. Dent, superintendent of the woman's hospital on the island, directed that a ward be set aside for the color treatment, and be fitted with all that the experiment required.

In this new treatment only the primary colors are employed, but so completely is a patient surrounded by an atmosphere of a particular color, deemed best by the physicians for his particular mania, that the vibrations must act upon him. The rooms of this ward are small, and the furniture consists of an iron bed and a chair. The walls are painted in vivid color, the bed and chair colored to correspond with the walls, and the light sifts into the room through a shade of the same color, so that an atmosphere of this color is created.

When one of the patients suffers from acute mania the room that is painted black, a very dungeon of a room, falls to her lot. This complete darkness and the silence of the place seldom fail to have some effect on the patient. As a matter of fact it tends to soothe, and soon it is noticed that the subject becomes quieter. Red, producing more vibrations to the second than any other color, is employed when melancholia is being treated. These rays of red attract the mind, their vibrations are necessarily felt by the patient, and the thoughts in the poor brain are set in motion. There are violet rooms for mild forms of insanity; blue and green rooms for the boisterous, and a white room for the person who is practically well.

A recreation room or hall extends through the middle of the long, low building. On each side of this hall are ranged the rooms, and as the visitor steps from the outdoor light into the subdued quiet of the hall the combination of the rays of light from the different rooms is quite startling for a moment.

That the different colors have effect on the insane patient was well illustrated the other day when a woman suffering from melancholia was led down the hall. First come the black rooms; these she passed without evincing any difference in her state of observation. The violet, green and blue rooms had the same effect; before each door she paused, but did not raise her eyes. Then came the brilliant orange room. For a moment she raised her eyes, then lowered them again. Three of these rooms she passed, and was then brought abruptly in front of the room with the red walls. She raised her head instantly, looked into the room, and then about her. The vibrations produced by this color had evidently been felt by her, while the others had had no effect. In this way the room is generally selected for the patient. Of course, when the case of melancholia is so bad that nothing will attract attention, a red room cannot be supposed to have immediate effect, but after a week or two weeks in this room some slight improvement may be noticed, the glance of an eye, the motion of a hand or the head mean much to the doctors—more than the layman would ever imagine.

There are rooms of three shades of the same color, each lighter by several degrees than the preceding one. From red the patient is removed to a deep pink room, from this to one of a flesh tint, and then they generally come out well, or so nearly well that only a certain number of hours in the day need be spent in the color room.—New York Times.

Chair Leg for a Dog.

Last summer a pet dog named Prince, belonging to the fire department of Savannah, Ga., was run over by a trolley car and one of his legs badly crushed. The firemen were so fond of him they could not bear to have him killed, so they had the leg amputated. The dog improved in health, but could not get around very well on three legs, so a novel substitute was planned. The leg of a chair was sawed off and fitted neatly to the stump of Prince's leg, then strapped into place.

At first the dog disliked it and tried to get it off, then he began to use it, awkwardly at first, but soon with more ease. When he finally got accustomed to it he exhibited great satisfaction and ran through the city, the firemen declare, on purpose to show the other dogs what a fine new leg he had got. He had a fight with one or two dogs—probably they said something about his wooden leg that he objected to—but he came off victor, and now shows his good sense by avoiding trolley cars.—Our Fourfooted Friends.

Adequate Provocation.

An old Scotswoman had imbibed so much of the doctrine that music in church was sinful that when she came to this country she refused to subscribe to the general sentiment in favor of choir singing, etc. She scowled one day in her own church when the congregation took up an anthem that was sacred rather elaborately and complained to her pew neighbor of the foothold the devil was getting even in the service of God.

"But," protested her neighbor, "that anthem is very old and very sacred. Why, David sang it before Saul!"

"Weel, weel," commented the old woman, "I noo for the first time understandin' why Saul threw a javelin' at David when the lad sang for him!"—Philadelphia Times.

A Just Cause.

Author—I have a grievance.

Editor—What is it?

Author—In my article on the Italian Renaissance your compositor set up "assuaged" "sausaged," and "building" bulldog."—New York Times.

A Smoke House Romance

THE people of the town of Coopersville could remember the exact date of the quarrel between Deacons Spooner and Hopkins. They lived opposite each other on the outskirts of the town, and one was a Baptist and the other a Methodist. That fact had made no difference with them for years, except that each secretly believed the other was taking a roundabout way to reach heaven, but there came a Sunday when they walked home in company after church services, and something was said about Jonah and the whale.

There wasn't a doubt in the mind of either that Jonah was swallowed, but they differed as to particulars. Deacon Spooner said it was a plain case that Jonah was cast directly into the whale's mouth from on shipboard, and that without so much as getting his coat tails wet, while Deacon Hopkins aggressively held that Jonah had been swimming about in the sea for some time before he found a haven of rest.

Two bad men, without any religion at all, would have flipped a copper to decide the question and then had a drink of hard cider to show that there was no ill feelings, but the two good men, each with a church on his shoulders, couldn't afford to dismiss the point so easily. They argued and reasoned and protested and disputed, and by the time they reached Deacon Hopkins' gate they believed each other fools and bigots and parted in anger. That was the beginning of a quarrel that lasted for years and years. From that time on they nodded stiffly to each other when they met, but there was no more neighboring or borrowing or lending.

When the trouble came to the two deacons one had a son of sixteen and the other a daughter a year younger. Boy and girl had walked to and from school together and had a strong friendship, but the quarrel broke this up. They were not forbidden in so many words to speak to each other, but they soon understood how matters were, and tacitly avoided each other, though having no hard feelings.

At the end of two years Tom Hopkins was sent off to school and a year later Kate Spooner departed for the home of an aunt in the East. When they returned to their parental homes Tom was ready to open a law office and Kate become what the villagers called "a regular young lady." There had been no making up between the deacon. Never again had they walked to or from their respective churches in company. Deacon Spooner had always started from home four or five minutes first, and Deacon Hopkins had been careful not to overtake him. In returning Deacon Hopkins had taken the lead and Deacon Spooner had let him keep it.

Tom Hopkins came home with only a dim remembrance of the misunderstanding, and the sight of Kate Spooner in church on the first Sunday of his arrival drove away the last fragments of that. It was so with Miss Kate. They greeted each other in the most friendly and informal way after the close of the services, but they were soon to understand that there was a gulf between them. On the way home Deacon Hopkins said to his son

"Thomas, Deacon Spooner insists that he is right about Jonah, while I of course refuse to yield one iota. You will therefore realize that there will be no social intercourse between my son and his daughter."

"I don't realize anything of the kind, dad," responded the son. "You and Deacon Spooner are the only two people in all the world who care a continental how Jonah was swallowed, so long as the whale got him down, and I refuse to mix in. I'm going to call on Kate if he turns me slap out of doors."

"If you do you will not only put me in a painful position, but I shall have good reason for regarding you as a thankless child. Thomas, you must heed my wishes in this matter."

Tom didn't defy his father, but on the other hand he wouldn't bind himself by any promises. Forty rods behind them were Deacon Spooner and his daughter, and Deacon Spooner also had something to say.

"Daughter," he began, as she was thinking to herself how good looking and manly Tom Hopkins had grown. "I saw you greet Deacon Hopkins' son, Thomas, after church, and I was not at all pleased. The deacon is still stiff necked about Jonah and the whale."

"What? Is that old quarrel still alive?" she asked.

"Very much so, and it will never die unless the deacon acknowledges his error. You must be coldly polite to young Thomas and no more."

"But I was just hoping he would call on me to-night."

"If he does I shall have to show him the door. I cannot recede, nor seem to recede, from my position that Jonah was cast directly into the whale's mouth to be swallowed."

"I don't see what difference it makes how the whale got hold of him!" petulantly exclaimed Kate, and she would have added further protests had not the father commanded her to silence.

But the attitude of the deacons did not keep the young people apart. They were bound to meet on the street or at the houses of mutual friends, and meet they did and fell in love. This fact was discovered in time, and the parents' foot was put down on each case. Indeed, it came to such a pass that Tom Hopkins was threatened with being cut off with a shilling, and Kate was threatened with a diet of bread and water, and the good deacons felicitated themselves that love had been nipped in the bud. It wasn't, however, it was simply rendered more cautious.

One afternoon a note was put into the hand of Miss Kate saying that Tom would be at the lane behind her father's house at a certain hour in the evening. She meant to be on hand at the hour named, though she could see him only for a moment, but she was detained a quarter of an hour over time. The impatient and incautious Tom climbed the fence to see why she did not appear, and, thinking he might be observed, he sheltered himself in Deacon Spooner's smokehouse. He had been in hiding only a few minutes when the deacon walked down the path to see that all was right at the barn. On his return he would have encountered his daughter had she not dodged into that same smokehouse to avoid the meeting.

"Smokehouse door open, eh?" queried the deacon as he came to a halt. "Well, I'm no man to put temptation in the way of others, and I'll shut it and lock it."

An hour later the good deacon was called out of the house to unlock the door and give a foolish looking couple their liberty. The deacon also looked foolish. He escorted the couple into the house and then crossed the road and aroused Deacon Hopkins and related the incident, and added:

"Deacon Hopkins, about that whale and Joner?"

"Yes."

"I'm willing to say I may possibly be mistaken if you'll say the same thing."

"I think I'll say so, Deacon Spooner."

"We'll say that the whale got Joner, but not go into particulars."

"That's my idea."

"And about Tom and Kate?" queried Deacon Spooner.

"Y-e-s," replied Deacon Hopkins. "Y-e-s, I see. Well, I'm willing."

"So'm I."

"And——and——"

"There's nothing more that I know of except to shake hands and congratulate each other and wish the young folks every success. Good night, Deacon Hopkins—good night"—Chattanooga Times.

The explanations of children for various happenings are weird and wonderful. No matter what it is, their active minds can figure out how the thing occurred, and they are not backward in announcing their solution. The other day a car of the Thirteenth and Fifteenth streets line in Philadelphia was passing under the Pennsylvania station, when the pole slipped from the wire and the car was left in darkness. At the same moment, according to a Philadelphia paper, a tall passenger who was clinging to a strap happened to sneeze. Instantly a small voice piped out: "Mammy, mammy, light the gas! The big man wif the red nose blowed it out! I heard him."—Exchange.

"Talk about nerve!"

"How now?"

"Why, the hotel I was staying at burned down, and the next day I got a bill for a fire in my room."—Life.

Owen Wister On Kickers

He Emphasizes His Praise of Them With a Philadelphia Trolley Tale.

YOU know that Herbert Spencer has said we Americans are losing our love of liberty. I hope that he is wrong, but I know very well what he means. We suffer a host of daily routine impositions rather than do what is called "make a kick." We suffer these things not at all from good nature, but from a species of cowardice; and to cover this cowardice up and preserve our self-esteem we have invented the word "kicker." "Thank heaven," a man exclaims, "I am not a kicker." And then he goes and pays an unjust bill rather than dispute it. And if you ask why, he will be apt to say, "Oh, let us live and live!" After that he feels comfortable because he has got round the corner from his cowardice. But it is there just the same.

If he had disputed his bill the next man would do it, too, and presently bills would be correct. If everybody treated the motorman as the president did, presently motormen would be more careful. And as for the trolley car conductor—here we come to the rear end of the machine and find standing on it all too frequently a special sort of coward, the sort who refuses to turn a drunken and disorderly passenger out of the car, and mutters by way of defense, "He's paid his fare, and he's got as good a right to ride as anybody."

You have probably me this specimen yourself. He, like the motorman, usually knows that a powerful corporation, if not a political pull, stands behind him, and that your sufferings and complaints, unless you happen to be president of the United States, will not weigh much with his employers. Thus are you and I, the public, ground between the upper and nether millstone of capital and labor because we are afraid to be "kickers."

One afternoon a case of this grinding was taking place in Philadelphia. The car was bound up town, and business men and shopping women filled it fairly well. Among them sat a citizen, quite dirty and quite drunk. He was an offense to decency, a public nuisance; he had no business to be there. The conductor knew this, and therefore took good care not to see the citizen. The citizen (as is frequent) had a cigar, not in his mouth, but in his hand, and the fumes of it rose and stank in the car. Of course smoking was expressly forbidden; but you know this trick of the cigar in the hand.

You know also what we men were all doing. We were behind our papers, or otherwise pretending that nothing was the matter, or else making a smile and a wink of it to fool our consciences. I take it we were few of us secretly at ease, because the cigar and the drunkenness of the man were plainly annoying to two women. They, poor things, dared to make no more complaint than we did, and for the same reason; they were afraid to be conspicuous; they shrank from a scene; they chose rather to suffer an ill-smelling invader of their rights than be stared at for telling the conductor to do his duty.

Thus we should have all continued to journey in smug Philadelphia tolerance of the intolerable, but for a refreshing interuption. There sat among us in the plain clothes of labor one who was not of ourselves. Living in Philadelphia had not yet cured him of his independence. He had earned his bread west of the Missouri, sometimes as a cowboy and sometimes as a soldier, and he now proceeded to disclose all the symptoms of his training.

"Conductor," said he with a pleasant intonation (and we all came from behind our papers, "that man ought to have been put out some time ago."

The conductor went through quite a performance of being busy with his exchange tickets.

"You heard me, conductor," said the passenger (I wish I could make you hear his pleasant intonation), "but it's not too late yet."

At this the drunken man began to show some symptoms, too. He looked bovine and belligerent, while the conductor was now forced to play his customary false ace of trumps.

"He's paid his fare. He's got as good a right to ride as you have."

But the passenger played his joker.

"You'd not say that if he had smallpox. Well I'll have to get out myself." And he walked out of the door.

"Why says I got smallpox?" roared the drunken man, furiously following the passenger to the platform, where he was seized up by the quick muscle of the West and set down in the track behind, and the car went on without him.

Here is open-air education for you, and applied just right! This man who had got his full growth made the rest of us men in that car look small. He stood head and shoulders above us in a number of ways, among which muscular strength was the least important. Indeed, it may well be that in the mere matter of throwing a man off a car there were others present as able as he. But brute force is not the point, for this can easily be developed in a gymnasium. Nor even is readiness of brain or promptness of action quite the point, though both are marks of the superior man. It was unquestionably superior (so at least I think) to play that drunken citizen like a trout and land him; to observe decorum, first by an appeal to the conductor, then, after sizing up the victim, to mention smallpox and thereby instantly accomplish a wholerapid design. No tussle in the car, no fright for the ladies, the entire business dispatched neatly on the back platform! I envied him very much such brains and quickness, such perfect co-ordination between thought and act; I envy him to-day.

But the still more precious thing which he possessed, and which I do not, was his unconscious and absolute independence. He had a mind, he made it up, he went ahead. He did not stop to look right and left at the bystanders. Let them stare if they want to! He cared not a baubee or a picayune.

That man of the people who had got his full of growth by open air education, who put us smoothly dressed and smoothly conducted civilians to shame, who respected the women, snubbed the conductor and abated a nuisance, all as easy as rolling off a log, would have pleased Herbert Spencer as much as he pleased me.—Owen Wister, in Evening Post.

A Game Bird of Civilization.

Reports of the scarcity of quail in Northern Ohio are so general that there is no room for doubt that adverse weather conditions last winter cut down the stock of the most popular American game bird far below the normal average. "Bob White" seems in danger of extermination, in some localities where there are usually quail in plenty.

But it is only an apparent danger. With ordinary seasons and a little better protection than is commonly given by farmers and game wardens, the quail will rapidly make good their losses and be as plentiful as ever. The bird is hardy, brave and adapted to civilization. Unlike the pheasant, quail prefer open fields and flourish much better where the land is quite generally tilled than they do in wild and forest-covered regions.

It is not doubtful that the number of quail in the United States very much exceeds the highest average in good seasons when white men first landed on American soil. The bird has gone West with the plow and become common where it was unknown in the days when the Indians held the land. Its range is far greater than it was two or three centuries ago, and it is more common where it was found at that time.

So quail will never die out if given a decent chance by the laws and by public sentiment. The lack of a fair opportunity to flourish in the United States would be a disgrace to the country. Not only is "Bob White" a fine gabe bird, but his cheery call is a pleasure to lovers of nature, and he has a brave American spirit which ought to make him the national favorite which he is.—Cleveland Leader.

The Marriage Record.

"Why did you decide upon such a sudden marriage?"

"Well, you see, Arthur got one of those French automobiles, and I got to thinking that a husband in the harness might be worth a good deal more than a lover in the wreck."—Chicago Record-Herald.