

The Cost of Cities.

New York city's budget next year will be \$116,805,490.37. This is one-fifth of the total expenditures of the 151 cities of the United States having a population of over 30,000.

Plaint of the Hindus.

The Anglo-Indian Pioneer has undertaken to print the complaint of Hindus with reference to the "injustice and insolence" of the English in India.

Alaska's First Campaign.

Alaska is to have a novel experience in the shape of a congressional campaign. The "Seward purchase" is now a full-fledged territory, entitled to representation in the national legislature at Washington.

The new census statistics of the newspaper business are staggering, even to those who make, or help make, newspapers.

The diet expert who preached on the value of whole wheat and then gorged himself to death with boiled crabs merely emphasized the common instance of the distance between preaching and practice.

THE AID OF A STUFFED BEAR

By JAS. B. HAWLEY.

For the sixteenth time I had asked Marjorie to marry me. And for the seventeenth time—twice she didn't even notice my remark—she had given me her sweetest smile—and refused.

Well, I cajoled, I threatened, I promised—promised everything under the sun from a trip to Europe to an acquiescence to any number of women's clubs—and still a sweet but emphatic NO.

Whish! Snap! I caught the leader just under the forelegs and off we flew down the road rocking from side to side and Marjorie clinging desperately to my sleeve to keep from falling out.

With a final exhibition of skill—and I was a good whip in those days—I drew the horses to a stop just in front of the colonel's gate, and swinging down from my high seat I waited for Marjorie to descend.

As she swept majestically up the narrow path that led to the house she told me in no uncertain terms her opinion of such exhibition of temper from supposed (accent on the "supposed") gentlemen when their slightest wish was refused.

Slightest wish! Darn! I drove off in dignity and disgust.

After I had eaten dinner and thought the matter over, I was just fool enough to be ashamed. So I harnessed my little mare and drove over to the Curtis' to apologize.

Whether it was the hand or the moonlight, the Lord knows what, I couldn't for the life of me keep off the forbidden subject, and so for the seventeenth time I made a—that is I proposed.

Well, there was no more of the sweet smile business. She gave me another of those withering looks and then in the vernacular of my slangy brother, "I got mine."

I sat there as quiet as a mouse and meekly took all that came. But when her flow of language ceased the beastly unfairness of it all came over me, and I started.

I accused her of unfairness and I accused her of having led me on and all the other crimes on the calendar that I could think of.

For two weeks there was no social intercourse between Marjorie and Jack Van Dorsen. I only saw her once during that time for I carefully avoided any proximity to the Curtis estate, and I'm sure she didn't hang around my house.

Gosh, but was mad. I went home and fired things around for an hour. Harry Euston! Bah! To be practically cut before that insufferable little ass.

Another week came and went and still no advances from the other side. Late one afternoon an errand called me to P—; and as my horses had been driven hard all day, I took the train for the two miles, with the determination of walking home.

I completed my errand, had dinner in P—, and about eight o'clock started on my homeward journey.

For the first mile or so the walk was beautiful, but as I reached the corner that turned into the road that led past the Curtis house the bank of clouds that had come up from the west swept across the face of the moon and from almost daylight I was plunged into almost the darkest night I have ever experienced.

I almost collided with Mrs. Curtis when I reached their gate, and as soon as she recognized me she explained that she had been locked out and asked me if I would mind waiting on the porch until either Marjorie or her father arrived, and then tell them that she would be down at Mrs. Johnston's.

For a moment I hesitated and then the temptation to see Marjorie became too strong for me, and I succumbed. Almost before I knew it the old lady was going down the road, and I was left on the porch making up wonderful speeches to say when Marjorie arrived.

But when she finally came all my grand words seemed to have left and I was just about able to give her her mother's message.

She thanked me, and, although I couldn't see her I could hear her fumbling with the lock. At last she exclaimed in disgust: "Dear me! I took the wrong key," and she continued, "might I ask you to escort me to my mother, Mr. Van Dorsen?"

"Certainly," I replied in my most formal tones and then we turned to go down the steps.

When we had reached the third step or so from the bottom the heavy clouds broke away and the moonlight streamed up the path and threw the house and surroundings into the light again. I turned my head to look at Marjorie, and then started back with a cry of horror. Just a little to the left of the stoop lying at full length in the moonlight was a big black bear.

Marjorie must have seen the bear at the same time as I, for she made no sound and slowly we moved back into the shadow of the porch.

There had been a report in the town of a big bear having escaped from a traveling showman, and this was evidently the animal.

I looked around in terror. I had absolutely no weapon but a nail file and a pocket knife, and I was about to suggest to Marjorie, who was shaking with sobs that we make a bolt for it, when in the corner of the porch I spied a long pruning knife that some of the men had left about.

I made a move toward the edge of the stoop, I heard a frightened little cry from Marjorie. I immediately returned and gathered her up in my arms for a moment.

I simply forgot all about the bear and everything except that I was holding the woman I loved the best in the world. And would you believe it, the habit had become so strong that even there I proposed, and what is more the slight affirmative of the head showed me that I had been accepted.

With a parting injunction to Marjorie to have no fear, I again moved toward our enemy.

The bear was evidently asleep, or something, for it had made no move since we had discovered it, but lay there full length. Slowly, and not making a sound, I approached it and when I was within four feet of the furry thing I let him have the knife as near in the heart as I could judge in the uncertain light.

Five times I stabbed him, and then as he made no move, I approached with a lighted match to examine his wounds.

A great, big, unswallowable lump rose in my throat, and I couldn't speak; for, instead of blood pouring from the wounds, all I could see was a little straw that the knife had pulled out.

A shriek of laughter greeted me when I almost yelled: "Marjorie! Marjorie! This isn't a real bear; it's only stuffed."

"I know it," she managed to gasp. "Papa's guide sent it to him and the m-moths got into it and-and w-we put it out to air and-for-got to b-bring it in."

I was mad. "See here, young woman, if you knew it was stuffed, what in Heaven's name were you crying about?"

"I wasn't c-crying; I was l-laughing," and she went off into another fit of laughter.

I waited until she calmed down and then I said in my most severe tones: "Marjorie, you promised to marry me. I suppose—"

"I know I did, you silly boy; but what has that to do with a stuffed bear?"

And the little mixx laughed again. (Copyright, 1906, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

FIERCE FIGHT WITH PANTHER.

Adventure in Which a Little Fox Terrier Saved His Master's Life.

It was dark and the windy darkness was full of the mysterious noises of the jungle. My shikari and I were huddled silently on a platform in the boughs of a tree on the edge of the jungle.

With the sunrise we descended from the platform and began to examine the panther's trail. The effect of the shot was shown by the patches of blood on the ground, which led us through a couple hundred yards of thick jungle.

The shikari and I followed quickly on its track. It led finally to a deep and thickly wooded nullah, which had taken the form of a horseshoe. The panther entered the nullah at the center of the bend and turned along the left arm, growling angrily as it covered the ground in heavy strides.

Then all was silent. The animal seemed to have vanished. Suddenly it sprang out right under my feet, having doubled back along the water course, without making the slightest noise.

Suddenly my little fox terrier Toby flew at the panther and fixed itself on its back, tearing hard at its neck. This diversion caused the panther to leave me to attack the dog, and I was able to stagger up and out of the nullah and run to where the native trackers were cowering.

MONUMENT TO BURNS.

CHICAGO SCOTCHMEN HONOR MEMORY OF GREAT POET.

Movement Begun 18 Years Ago to Erect Statue Crowned with Success—Work of Noted Edinburgh Sculptor.

Chicago.—One of the most notable of the many magnificent monuments erected by Scots the world over to the memory of the great poet of the people, "Bobby" Burns, has just been unveiled in this city.

The magnificent bronze, carved by W. Grant Stevenson, the noted Edinburgh sculptor, is the result of nearly 30 years of patient, loving effort on the part of the Scottish citizens of Chicago. Aside from a few large donations, the heavy sum required for the carrying out of the great project was subscribed in small amounts and came from the hearts of the thousands of loyal sons of Scotland scattered throughout the city.



MONUMENT TO ROBERT BURNS.

the love and pride of Scotchmen for their great poet has been displayed in this long-continued and finally triumphant effort to erect a worthy monument to him and one that will grace the second city of America.

The statue is one of the finest in the city. Its conception is noble and the execution will add fame to the already famous name of its creator. The four panels which adorn the sides of a splendid pedestal of Vermont granite are also the work of Stevenson and provide a fitting base for the heroic bronze.

WILL HANDLE SAGE MILLIONS.

C. W. Osborne, New Power in New York Financial World.

New York.—Charles W. Osborne, for many years a humble employe in the small office which bears on its door the name, "Russell Sage," by a sudden turn of fortune's wheel, finds himself one of the most powerful figures in Wall street.

He had a vacation once. It was in the year 1902, and for a whole week did not come to the office.

Other hand there is more certainty about it. It will never be known positively whether the doughty old Captain of Plymouth did really send his young friend John Alden to woo the fair Priscilla for him or not.

He worked year in and year out over the account books and the envelopes of securities and never seemed to feel the need of rest.

The only other time he was absent from his post was when the madman Norchoss threw a bomb at "Uncle Russell." Osborne was carried from the office with clothing torn in shreds and was thought to be badly wounded.

It is said of Osborne in the street, that he never mislaid a security. He never made a blunder in his judgment of collateral on loans.

Quill Toothpicks From France. Quill toothpicks come from France. The largest factory in the world is near Paris, where there is an annual product of 20,000,000 quills.

Under the workmen's sickness insurance law about \$9,500,000 was spent in Germany in the treatment of tuberculous patients in the years 1901 to 1905.

The Alden house is still standing, as is also Alexander Standish's house, which he built for Sarah Alden in 1666. Miles Standish's home was destroyed by fire and the son is said to have used some of the timbers from the ruins of his father's house in the construction of his own.

Robert Louis Stevenson's mother wrote in one of her letters from Samoa: "The people here are now discovering that Louis writes, as 'The Bottle-imp' is coming out in the native paper, having been translated by Mr. C—."

Long Journey for Pleasure. Justus Miles Foreman has left New York for an extended journey, the itinerary of which includes Australia, New Zealand and the South Sea islands, and which is undertaken, he said, not to gain new literary material, but solely because he "wants to play a little."

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A. N. K.—G (1906—36) 2142.

GAINED 34 POUNDS

Persistent Anemia Cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills After Other Remedies Had Failed.

"When I began taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills," says Mrs. Nathaniel Field, of St. Albans, Somerset county, Maine, "I was the palest, most bloodless person you could imagine. My tongue and gums were colorless and my fingers and ears were like wax."

"Nothing had helped me until I began taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, in fact, I had grown worse every day. After I had taken the pills a short time I could see that they were benefiting me and one morning I awoke entirely free from pain."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure anemia, because they actually make new blood. For rheumatism, indigestion, nervous headaches and many forms of weakness they are recommended even if ordinary medicines have failed.

DONKEYS TURN UP TOES.

Don't Know Enough to Get in Out of the Raip.

The war department has learned through experience that the American donkey has not sense enough to live in the Philippines.

Some time ago, more in the nature of an experiment than for any other reason, the bureau of insular affairs sent a dozen American donkeys, commonly known as "burros," to Manila for use among the Spanish-speaking people.

Seven died. Such was the news received at the bureau recently. When the torrential rains set in the little animals were caught out in the open, and not knowing how to shelter themselves like the native beast of burden, seven docile, dumb beasts turned up their toes.

"They ought to die," said a war department official who has a deep interest in everything pertaining to the Philippines; "they ought to die if they don't know enough to get in out of the rain."

The Central American Soldier.

These barefooted soldiers are antagonists not to be despised. Nearly worthless in attack, they are nevertheless tenacious in holding a position, a trait that comes from their Spanish descent probably.

Troubles of an Author. Robert Louis Stevenson's mother wrote in one of her letters from Samoa: "The people here are now discovering that Louis writes, as 'The Bottle-imp' is coming out in the native paper, having been translated by Mr. C—."

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