GUNS FOR GRIZZLIES.

Interesting Account of Big Game Hunting in the Wild, Wild West.

Theodore Roosevelt Relates Some Thrilling Stories of Bear Hunts.

The Killing of a Man Under the Most Peculiar Circumstances.

Hunting the Grizzly With a Pack of Thoroughbred Hounds.

The only really dangerous game of the United States is the grizzly bear, says Theodore Roosevelt in the Philadelphia Inquirer. It is true that the cougar will, under very exceptional circumstances, assail the hunter, and so will the bull moose, if his pursuer blunders too near him; but with both of these animals the element of danger is so small that it may be practically disregarded. With the grizzly it is different. Any man who makes a practice of hunting this great shaggy mountain king must make up his mind that on certain occasions he will have to show nerve and good shooting in order to bring down a charging bear. Still, the danger has become much exaggerated. The average grizzly has but one idea when he sees a man, and that is to get away; it will run as quickly as a rabbit. Even when wounded a great many bears absolutely refuse to fight, seeking refuge only in flight. Nevertheless, there are plenty of grizzlies that will fight when wounded and cornered, and there are a very few which will take the offensive themselves without any particular provocation.

Personally, I have never been charged but once, and this was by a grizzly which I had once wounded and had approached to within forty yards, late one evening when I had strolled away from camp, more with the hope of knocking off the head of a grouse than with the expectation of seeing any larger game. The bear came at me most resolutely, although one of my shots nicked the point of his heart, and although one of the four bullets which I put into him would have ultimately proved mortal.

All of the other bears I have killed started to run, or fell at the first fire, so that they had no chance of showing fight. It is, however, very unsafe for a man to generalize in any kind of shooting, and particularly in bear shooting, merely from his own experience. Thus, I know one gentleman, an officer of the United States army, who has killed six grizzlies, three of them charging him before they were wounded or even fired at. The incidents of the three charges were curiously alike; that is, he stumbled on the bear in each case at tolerably close quarters, at from ten to twenty yards away from him, and each time the instant the animal saw him it galloped toward him like a locomotive, only to be rolled over by a well-placed rifle ball.

The grizzly is very tenacious of life, and so great are his vitality and pugnacity that a fighting bear will continue charging when its body is fairly riddled with bullets. A shot in the brain or spine will of course bring one down in its tracks, but even a bullet through the heart will not prevent an enraged grizzly from making good its charge at close quarters.

A man was once killed near my ranch by a grizzly undar peculiar circumstances. He was one of a couple of men who had been coming down the Little Missouri on a raft in the time of the freshets. They stopped at our ranch to get lunch. Both of them were rather hard looking customers. When they had eaten their fill they pushed off their raft again and continued down stream; but a couple of days later one of them turned up with the information that the other had been killed by a bear. They had seen the animal and had followed it into a little basin or valley less than a hundred yards across and filled with dense underbrush. Their utmost endeavor failed to enable them to catch a glimpse of the bear in this thick cover, and after circling round and round and throwing stones into it to no purpose, one of the men announced his intention of crawling in after the bear. His companion remonstrated with him in vain, and in he went on all fours, dragging his rifle after him and peering ahead in the gloom among the dark twisted stems of the young growth. Before he had gone a dozen yards he came right on the bear, so close at hand that he had neither time to shoot nor so much as call out before the great paw of the bear smashed in his skull like an eggshell. His companion finally got the body out, but the bear escaped scathless.

IN A FIX.

The best way to hunt the grizzly is with a pack of thoroughly trained, large and fierce dogs. Ordinary hounds not specially trained for the work are valueless, being entirely unable to hold the great animal at bay; and it is exceedingly difficult to get a pack which can do really effective work. In fact, I know of the existence of but one or two such. The only legitimate methods of hunting the bear ordinarily in vogue are still hunting proper, and lying in wait at a bait. In still hunting one goes abroad early in the morning or late in the evening, and hunts through the localities where the bear is likely to be found feeding, keeping a sharp lookout, and trying to creep up on the shaggy monster unobserved. The best time for pursuing this sport is in the spring when the snow is on the ground, and when the bears have just emerged from their holes and are roaming with hungry eagerness all over the land. Successfully to stalk a bear tries all the hunter's knowledge of the craft, for, although its sight is not particularly good, it possesses the keenest both of noses and ears. Another and ordinarily successful method is to toll the animal to baits and lie in wait beside the latter. In this kind of hunting a steer, an old horse or an elk carcass is left at some likely spot where the hunter lies ambushed and awaits for the approach of the bear. It is customary to allow him to feed on the carcass two or three nights undisturbed first. If he is a shy brute he rarely makes his appearance until midnight, and unless there is a full moon it is impossible to get a shot at him. Where they are not much hunted, however, bears will come to these carcasses quite early in the afternoon. I have obtained several under such circumstances.

A LUCKY SHOT.

A great many bear are killed by trapping. This is perfectly legitimate if they are being killed as a matter of business for their hides, or for the bounty, or as vermin, but it is not sport at all. No sportsman has any right to kill a trapped bear and claim the animal as of his own killing. If he can not shoot one legitimately by still-hunting or in some other lawful kind of chase and has to rely upon his guide setting a trap for the animal, then for heaven's sake let him hand the guide the rifle and have him finish the work he has begun. Shooting a trapped bear for sport is a thoroughly unsportsmanlike proceeding, and stands only a degree or two higher than that foulest of butcheries, shooting a swimming deer in the water from a boat.

In spite of the great bulk, formidable teeth and enormous claws of the grizzly, it is normally a frugivorous and insectiverous animal, feeding on berries, nuts, and the insects it obtains under stones and logs. At times, however, it becomes a flesh-eater, and it then attacks the largest animals, whether wild or tame. Not only horses, cattle and elk, but even the bison itself has fallen victim to the hungry grizzly. Like all bears, however, it has an especial taste for pork. In the Yellowstone Park the pigs in the sties near the hotels have, on several occasions, been carried off by bears which have leaped the wall, seized the poor squeeling piggy and bundled him out to his doom over the fence. A gruesome trait of the bear is his habit of eating his prey alive, with bland indifference to its yelling protests.

CURED OF A CRAZE.

In the Clutches of the Little Tin Bank and Out Again.

One of these little nickel pocket savings banks, of which the street venders are selling so many nowadays, has been the cause of upsetting all the veneration in which I previously held the old adage about taking care of the pennies and letting the dollars take care of themselves, says the New York Herald.

Some weeks ago I first noticed the banks. Hundreds of people were buying them on the streets. I knew it was a craze, an epidemic like the fifteen puzzle and "pigs in clover," and wisely kept away. But Dick Smith marked me out for his victim. With Mephistophelean glee he gave me one. I immediately became interested and wanted to see how it worked. It was an innocent-looking little tin tube with a slot in one end, which would admit only a 10-cent piece. When full it held just $5 in dimes, and only when filled could the bottom be pushed out and the coins be recovered again.

Dick assured me that it was a great savings institution; that by slipping all the dimes I got into it I would never miss them, and be $5 ahead of the game before I knew it. In fact, he led me to believe that a fortune could be accumulated that way in a very short time and without any perceptible effort.

I caught the fever.

For a week it engrossed all my spare time. Dime after dime was shoved into its rapacious little tin maw. I jingled it in my pocket, "hefted" it and constantly watched tho progress of the accumulation through the holes perforated in the side.

Meanwhile I was continually inconvenienced by a lack of change. Just as I would get to the ticket window during the rush hours on the "L," I would recollect that all my change was in that bank, and would lose my place in the line while stopping to fish out a bill. Such incidents forced a habit of profanity upon me.

It never occurred to me before that I would consider being deprived of the evening papers as very much of a hardship, but day after day I suffered agonies of curiosity to know what was in them. It did not seem suitable to offer a newsboy a bill for one, and I never seemed to have anything smaller. All the change that came my way turned, as if by magic, into dimes.

Well, at last the thing was loaded to the muzzle and consented to be opened. It came to me as a happy thought to give the proceeds of this bank to my wife as extra pin money. Naturally she thought it would be very nice, too, and received the $5 bill for which I exchanged the handful of dimes with no little satisfaction as the beginning of a regular weekly custom.

When I returned from business that day her face was as long as a December night.

She had been shopping. To absolutely insure its safety she refrained from carrying her pocketbook in her hand and placed it in her shopping bag that hung from her waist. In the pocketbook were $23.68, including the five-dollar hard-hoarded bill, five dress samples, two postage stamps stuck together, part of an "L" ticket and a memorandum card. Coming from a crowded bargain counter she noticed that the shopping bag was unclasped. One wild dash of the hand inside assured her that the pocketbook was gone.

And so after all those dimes that I so laboriously gathered will probably go to buy Bock beer for a pickpocket. If that is the kind of luck that follows on the heels of an inclination to save I prefer to die a pauper.

This little tin bank is empty now.

AFTER FORTY.

After forty, locks grow thinner,
  We grow stouter—there's the rub!
Linger longer o'er our dinner,
  Shirk the matutinal tub.
After forty we get lazy,
  To the lads the girls resign—
They may flirt with Dot and Daisy
  While we loiter o'er our wine!

After forty we discover
  Aches and pains distinctly new,
Once a lobster salad lover,
  Now we court the homely stew!
After forty fidgets find us,
  Sad to tell, an easy prey;
Leaving lightsomeness behind us,
  We grow graver day by day!

After forty, saucy misses
  Treat us like their own papas;
No fear now of stolen kisses,
  Billets doux—trate mammas!
But, their white arms calmly resting
  On our shoulders, if you please,
They will ask (I am not jesting)
  After our rheumatic knees!

After forty we're approaching
  Fogydom—so Ethel thinks;
And we growl at aught encroaching
  On our precious forty winks.
O'er a stile we crawl with caution,
  We, once agile as a roe;
For life's autumn is our portion,
  And its spring went long ago!

What's the moral of the matter?
  This, and lay it well to heart—
After forty cease light chatter,
  Act no more the stripling's part!
Let us take with resignation
  In old fogies' ranks a place;
'Tis an art worth cultivation,
  That of growing old with grace!

—Philadelphia

BOSTON'S BIG BOODLE

Short Biographies of Some of the Eminently Rich Men of the Hub.

J. Montgomery Sears Has Been Termed the Typical Astor of Boston.

Ben Butler's Fortune Is Rated at Several Millions of Round Dollars.

The Ames Family History the Ground-Work of a Commodious Law Suit.

The rapid increase in real estate values is always a matter of interest, whether it be due to booming, to gain in population or to change of business centers. Here in Boston the advance in valuation has not been so sudden as in many other places, but a remarkable instance of great increase is that of the Sears estate, on the corner of Washington and Court streets. In 1820 it was valued at $24,000, while last year it was assessed for $721,700, says a Boston correspondent of the Chicago Herald.

J. Montgomery Sears, the owner of the property, has been termed the Astor of Boston. He ranks third in wealth among the capitalists of New England, and is the second largest individual real estate owner in the "Hub." Mr. Sears has a fortune estimated at $15,000,000. Besides his elegant home here in Boston he has a costly summer residence at Bar Harbor and a fine farm at Southboro. Like the other many-time millionaires of the Atlantic coast cities he also has a handsome steam yacht, the Novya, in cruising on which in the yachting season he takes no little delight, and entertains Boston and Bar Harbor friends. He married a daughter of Charles F. Choate, at one time president of the Old Colony railroad, and has a charming family. Mr. Sears, who is a graduate of Yale, is above medium height, of fine address and bearing; yet with all his wealth is modest and unassuming. The care of his real estate claims a large share of his attention, yet he saves time for much practical philanthropy. He established a workingmen's club in this city, and presented the Episcopal society, of Marlboro, with a fine church edifice. Mr. Sears is the son of Joshua Sears, an eccentric but successful East India merchant, who married late in life, and died when his son was quite young.

Speaking of real estate reminds me of Gen. Butler, who, some time since, in giving advice as to how a young man may acquire wealth, wrote as follows: "When a young man has a very little money let him buy some property, preferably a piece, however small, according to his means, of improved real estate that is paying rent. He had better buy it when sold at auction, under a judicial sale, paying in cash what he can, giving his notes for the balance in small sums coming due at frequently recurring intervals, secured by a mortgage on the property, and then use all his extra income in paying up those notes. It always safe to discount your own note, and if the notes come a little too fast, as soon as he gets anything paid his friends will aid him when he is putting his money where it cannot be lost, and where the property is taking care of the interest, and in a very short time he will find that he has got a very considerable investment. He will become interested in it, save his money to meet his notes and he will directly come into a considerable possession of property and hardly know how it came to him. That is, he will have had a motive for saving, and will get the result of that saving, and will not be tempted to enter into speculation. Nothing is so safe for an investment as improved real estate. Nothing is likely to grow in value faster. In the last fifty years 90 per cent of all the merchants and traders in Boston have failed. In the last fifty years ninety per cent of all the business corporations have failed or gone out of business, so that their stock has been wiped out. In the last fifty years all the improved real estate, on the average, has paid its interest and taxes and quadrupled in value."

Butler's Real Estate Possessions.

Mr. Butler's fortune is placed at several million dollars, a large part of which he has made by investing in manufactories in Lowell and elsewhere. Besides possessing a considerable amount of real estate in Boston, Washington and Chicago, he also owns vast tracts of land in the West. The Craig ranch, near Pueblo, Col., the finest in the state, belongs to him, and he, with one or two others, controls the Mora grant of 600,000 acres in New Mexico, besides which the general has 150,000 acres of coal and mineral land in Virginia.

Early in the winter Gen. Butler was confined to his house by illness for some time, but finally rallied, and, as soon as he was able, completed his autobiography, on which he had been engaged for some time. There has been some trouble over the publication of the book, as the publisher with whom he first contracted became financially embarrassed, and the general transferred his work to another firm. The original contractors objected to this, and the great lawyer soon found himself with a lawsuit of his own on his hands.

Gen. Butler's pluck and perseverance were well illustrated in his efforts a few years since to secure the governorship of the Old Bay State. Although defeated time and again, he was not in the least daunted, and fought on till he was finally successful as the nominee of the Democratic and Greenback parties in 1882. He was a candidate for re-election, but was defeated, and has not been much heard of in public life since. A certain district judge, whose home is in Rhode Island, gained considerable undesirable notoriety and excited much sympathy for the general by using his official position to sit down severely upon the old man in a case in court last summer. Gen. Butler, however, said he did not mind the matter at all, as the official in question was "an inferior judge of an inferior court of an inferior state."

Another wealthy Bostonian who has recently been involved in litigation over a book is Frederick L. Ames, widely known in railway circles and nephew of Oakes Ames, of Union Pacific fame. Half a dozen years ago F. L. Ames was put down in the reports of the United States, Mexico and Canada as a director in fifty-two different roads, and has been elected to other similar positions since then. The fourteen-story Ames building on Court street, the tallest in this city, completed last fall, and directly opposite the Sears estate, above spoken of, will be a lasting monument to his enterprise. Mr. Ames has sat in the state senate,, is a member of the board of fellows of Havard university and a liberal patron of art, his residences, both at North Easton and on Commonwealth avenue, in the fashionable quarter of this city, being filled with equisite paintings. Like all in his line, Mr. Ames is tall and robust. He has a cool head, clear judgment, an even temperament and a warm, kindly heart. This latter part of his anatomy was lately somewhat hardened toward another member of family, however, and a suit at law was the result.

Lawsuit Over a Family History.

The subject of the controversy was a history of the Ames family, and the object of the suit was to stop its publication. F. L. Ames was the plaintiff in the case and Dr. Axel Ames Jr. the de-

fendant. The plaintiff stated that in 1888 he had a conversation with the defendant, the result of which was an agreement that the latter should procure all of the material which he could find relating to the Ames family and prepare a history, for which he was to be paid for his services and disbursements. The plaintiff further averred that he had advanced for the purchase of material, including manuscript, books etc., $2,817, and in addition had paid to the defendant for his services $2,525. The plaintiff claimed that he was the lawful owner of the work, and that he had called upon the defendant to deliver it to him, but the defendant refused to do so, and further threatened to publish the history himself, and was taking subscriptions for it. The plaintiff alleged that the work was of such a character that he was informed and believed that the defendant was able to make changes and alterations in the work that would injure the rights of the plaintiff, and the court was asked to issue an injunction restraining Dr. Ames from publishing the history, and an order directing the defendant to turn into the hands of the clerk of the court, or some other discreet person, all material which he had.

When the case was called the lawyer who appeared for the defendant said that there was an agreement of counsel that the case should be postponed. Dr. Ames' defense to the suit was that although he had made a contract with Frederick Ames, as alleged, there had been a disagreement between them, and that he had a perfect right to publish the history, the plaintiff having some two years ago abandoned all interest therein.

The Ames family occupied a conspicuous place in the history of Massachusetts. The corner stone of its fortunes was laid in 1776, when Capt. John Ames, great-grandfather of the present senior representative of the name, began the manufacture of shovels at West Bridgewater. The same industry is still carried on by his descendants. The wealth of ex-Gov. Ames, who served Massachusetts two terms as its chief executive, is between $7,000,000 and $10,000,000. When he was governor he annually gave the members of the legislature a magnificent banquet at his regal residence on the Back bay that made the eyes of the country representatives open with wonder. Mr. Ames is largely interested in railroads, notably the Union Pacific, of which his father, Oakes Ames, was the first president. In 1873, when he had been in the shovel business for twenty-five years, his father died, leaving an immense estate, but it was scattered in almost every state in the Union, and was dreadfully involved in debt. The indebtedness amounted to $8,000,000, while an appraisal of the assets led to the belief that the unsecured creditors could hardly hope to get more than 40 cents on a dollar. Most of Oliver's earnings in the factory had been loaned to his father, so that financial ruin stared him in the face. But in spite of the panic which came six months after his father's death, in spite of the overwhelming load of indebtedness, in spite of the fact that the most intricate problems of financial management presented themselves on all sides, he succeeded in making the estate pay the debts dollar for dollar, and there was enough left to pay $1,000,000 of legacies, and leave a surplus besides for the residuary legatees.

Since that time Oliver Ames has, owing to his great ability as a business man, climbed rapidly up the steep hill of fortune. He has acquired large railway and other interests, and has for years been an extensive and successful dealer in railway securities. Without being a mere speculator, he has been what might be called a bold operator in the stock market, being always ready to invest at times when others would fear to touch certain securities, and having the rare faculty of knowing just when to sell, after a reasonable advance had occurred, and having the courage to sell then and not wait for a still further advance which might or might not come. In business matters Oliver Ames is regarded as the soul of honor, and the possession of large means by him and his family has been coupled with a large public spirit, shown in the Oakes Ames Memorial hall in North Easton, and other fine public buildings and many notable illustrations of liberality.

Vanderbilt of the Hub.

The Vanderbilt of the "Hub," as he has been styled, is Nathaniel Thayer. His father was Nathaniel Thayer, the famous banker and railroad man, one of the founders of the great banking house of Eliot, Thayer & Bro., of which Kidder, Peabody & Co. became the successors. He was widely known in Western and Southern railroad affairs, and founded the Union stockyards in Chicago. He lived to be over eighty years of age, and left, in his time, the largest estate in Boston, amounting to $16,000,000. "Nat" Thayer, as the younger representative of the house is sometimes called, is essentially a railroad man, inheriting his father's ability for business affairs. Most of his railroads are in the West, as were those of his father. He graduated from Harvard college in 1871, a university to which his father gave Thayer hall, Thayer Commons hall and the Gray herbarium, besides bearing the expense of the trip of Prof. Agassiz to South America. Mr. Thayer is of solid build, six feet tall, has brown hair and eyes and a mustache of a lighter hue. He is a member of the Somerset, Union and Country clubs and the Eastern Yacht club. He has a fine house on the Back Bay, another at Newport and a third at Lancaster, where the family name is perpetuated by the town hall of Lancaster. His sister, Miss Harriet Thayer, married Congressman John F. Andrew, president of the Algonquin club.

Among those who have made a prominent place for themselves in the financial world in the past decade are the Swift Bros., the dressed meat shippers. Both Edward C. Swift, who is frequently seen in this city, and his brother, Gustavus F. Swift, who is located in Chicago, were born in Sandwich, on Cape Cod. They started with almost nothing as drovers between Brighton and Provincetown, and as late as fifteen years ago were no more than fairly successful live stock dealers and market men. But last year they are said to have done a business of $45,000,000 in their packing houses in Chicago, Kansas City and Omaha, and at their numerous local agencies in various parts of the country. G. F. Swift, the head of the firm and founder of the packing house business, has but just passed his fiftieth milestone in life. He has a family of nine children, seven of whom are boys. The oldest has charge of the Chicago packing house and the next other of the house in Kansas City. E. C. Swift has a residence in Lowell. They are said to be the largest handlers of beef and mutton in the world, and no one but Phil Armour handles more hog products than they. The Swifts have a delightful summer cottage down on "The Cape," where the family passes part of each year.

The Old Man Spoke.

New York Herald.

"I'm afraid," sighed the mother, "that our Charles is getting to be nothing but a fashion plate."

"You don't know him," her husband growled. "He strikes me more like a contribution plate."

LOVE, AND IN A COTTAGE.

She who is mine, whose soul is all my own
As mine is hers, long loved and early known,
With what warm hands, with what a loving face,
She gives me welcome to this quiet place,
This cottage hearth, where we two dwell alone!

We have the poor for neighbors: we are one:
Content with simple duties simply done:
And she, at least, of no ambitious race,
She who is mine.

Ah, yes! Life's vain results have come and gone:
And the dry heart, like a cold kernel stone
Within its withered pulp and shrunken case,
Might well have lost such fullness and such grace
As once it had, but for this love, full grown
And resolute and pure, that she hath shown,
She who is mine.

—Academy.

CHOKED BY A GHOST.

A Wild, Weird Tale From the Town of St. Louis, Down the River.

Hair-Raising Experience of Mr. and Mrs. Weder and Their Boarder.

A Ghostly Visitor That Has Created Quite a Decided Sensation.

White Figures Rock Chairs and Mysteriously Open and Close Doors.

The people living in the neighborhood of Eighth and Morgan streets are in a perfect frenzy of excitement over the queer and, in some instances, almost blood-curdling antics of a supposed ghost, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. Joseph Weder and his wife occupy the third floor of 819 Morgan street, and have living with them a boarder named Joseph Alback, and the story told by all three concerning the ghost is as follows:

The Chairs Rocked.

Friday night Mr. Weder, who is a machinist by trade and employed in a foundry at Rock Springs, was detained unusually late at his work, and did not return home until about 10 o'clock. Mrs. Weder, who was alone in her room about 8:30 o'clock, was startled to see a rocking-chair, which was in the middle of the room, rocking violently without any apparent cause. She watched for a few minutes, trying, if possible, to discover the cause of the rocking. Suddenly the chair fell backward to the floor, the back of the chair resting on the floor.

She started toward it to lift it, but before she got to the chair it assumed an upright position without any visible assistance, and again began the violent rocking. She caught hold of the chair and held it to prevent its rocking, but as soon as she let go her hold the chair began rocking again, and just then one of the other chairs in the room turned over. Mrs. Weder picked it up, and had not more than done so before it again fell over on its side.

By this time Mrs. Weder had become excited by the strange actions of the chairs, and went to the room of her boarder, Mr. Alback, and asked him to come to her room and see the strange manifestations. As Mr. Alback entered the room there was a crashing noise, which sounded as if the whole window-sash had been smashed, immediately after which the rocking-chair stopped its rocking, not settling into a quiet position gradually, as is usually the case, but stopped suddenly, and as if it were raised several inches from the floor.

The Door Opened.

Mr. Alback then locked the room door to prevent any thing that might be in the room from leaving, and began a search under the bed, in the closet, etc., to see if he could discover any reason for the strange noise and actions of the chairs. After stooping down to look under the bed he was very much surprised on rising to see the door, which he had locked a few minutes before, slowly opening without aid from any visible source. The door was again closed, and after a few minutes again opened. A footstool, which was sitting on one side of the room, suddenly flew over to the other side of the room just as if thrown by some one. By this time Mrs. Weder was almost crazy with excitement, and Mr. Alback promised to stay in her room with her until the arrival of her husband.

While waiting for Mr. Weder, who did not arrive until 10 o'clock, as stated, the most strange and unearthly noises were heard. The noises at times would resemble the moans and groans of a person in great agony, at other times the howling of a dog. Every possible effort was made to discover the source from which the unearthly noises emanated, but without success. Mr. Weder finally arrived, and was told of the strange happenings of the evening. At first he was a little incredulous, and expressed the opinion that the vivid imagination of Mr. Alback and his wife had got away with their reason.

It was not very long, however, before his doubts were dispelled, for while he was in the bedroom washing his face and hands preparatory to eating his supper, which was prepared for him and sitting on the table in the dining room, a spoon which was lying on the table in the dining room was thrown by unseen hands into the bedroom. A few minutes after this, while he was seated at the table eating his supper, an iron poker which had been lying on the floor near the stove in the dining room suddenly flew through the air over to the other side of the room, and would have struck Mrs. Weder had she not dodged quickly.

A White Figure and a Choking.

At 11 o'clock Mr. Alback went to his room and for that night heard and saw nothing more of a strange character. Not so, however, with Mr. and Mrs. Weder. They had been preparing to retire for the night when Mrs. Weder left the bed room to go to the dining room for a pitcher of water. As she opened the door between the two rooms she discovered standing in the middle of the dining room (where there was no light) a shadowy white figure with its arms stretched toward her. She called at once to her husband to come and see the ghost, and as she did so it vanished. She then returned to the bed room.

All the doors were locked, and Mr. and Mrs. Weder retired for the night, but not to sleep. They had not more than got to bed before another noise was heard, and on investigation a peculiar-shaped stone was found to have fallen into the middle of the room. The doors and windows were still closed, and, as none of the windows were broken, there is no possible way to account for the stone getting there. Finally Mrs. Weder, worn out with excitement and nervbusiness, fell asleep. Before she had been asleep many minutes she was awakened by a choking sensation. As she opened her eyes she says she again saw the ghostly vision that she had seen earlier in the evening standing in the dining room. Mrs. Weder says she could plainly feel the cold, clammy fingers of the ghost as they were pressed against her throat. During the rest of that night Mr. and Mrs. Weder did not again go to sleep.

Another Visitation.

All day yesterday up to 7 o'clock last evening there were no peculiar manifestations of any sort, and Mrs. Weder was beginning to think that his ghostship had disappeared. Not so, however, for promptly at 7 o'clock the rocking chair, which had been first to show evidences of a spirit's presence the night before, again began rocking. Mrs. Weder, as on the night before, called Mr. Alback to her room, and very much the same experiences were gone through as on Friday night. Chairs rocked and were overturned, doors opened, footstools flew about the room, and strange noises were heard.

When Mr. Weder returned from work and again found his household in an uproar as a result of the strange doings, he decided that he would not spend another night in the house, and, accordingly, he and his wife left and went to the house of their son-in-law, James Alenbeck, living in the rear of 1520 South Fifteenth street, where he spent last night, and where they will remain until they can rent other quarters and move their effects.

One of the strange things in connection with the manifestations is the fact that they seem to be directed solely toward Mrs. Weder, and do not take place

when she is not present. As soon as she left the house everything quieted down, and up to an early hour this morning nothing further of an unusual nature had occurred.

Mrs. Weder said that on last Wednesday a lady who occupied the second floor of the house died, and was buried Thursday. Shortly before the death of the lady they had quarreled, and the lady now dead said in a spirit of vindictiveness that she would never forgive nor forget Mrs. Weder, and that when she died she would haunt her. Mrs. Weder seems to think that the strange happenings are due to the spirit of her late neighbor. Mr. Weder is in a very high state of nervous excitement, and her husband fears that it will result in a serious illness.

SLANG, NEW AND OLD.

Variety of Expressions Coined by Master Minds of Literature.

The present age has a tendency toward sacrificing elegance for aptness in its daily conversation, and this gives rise to many popular expressions not in accordance with the rules of books of the wise men, which are known as slang. The word slang is of obscure origin, probably coming to us from the gypsies, according to the Kansas City Star.

A slang-whanger is a noisy, turbulent fellow whose language is not of the best, and slang itself is generally considered disreputable. But there are qualities, classes, distinctions and differences even in slang. There is the low, vulgar slang whose origin is in obscurity and whose use is among the vicious and degraded. Above this is the dictionary slang of known pedigree and traced descent, often classical.

"High-toned" is an expressive term which precise people generally walk around. It means "nobly elevated," especially in character, and was coined by Sir Walter Scott. Similar to it are "upper ten" and "upper crust," meaning the higher class of society, which are said in the dictionary to be Americanisms, colloquial and low, the former being contracted from "upper ten thousand," and the latter carrying with it the suggestive superiority of the fancy top crust of a pie.

The "brick" is a merry citizen, rarely one of the "upper ten," and usually a grade or two below the "upper crust" in social standing; but he bears his mediocrity lightly, and laughs his cheery way through the world, often enjoying more than his stiff-starched superiors. He is a jolly good fellow, and never lacks friends. W. M. Thackeray first used the word in the sentence, "He's a dear little brick." "A brick in his hat" is an expression applied to an intoxicated person, probably from the fact that in that condition his head feels as heavy and useless as a brick would be if worn in the hat.

"The dickens!" does not come from the name of the genial novelist, but is a contraction of devilkins, diminutive of devil, and therefore only a polite Sunday school sort of way of saying "the devil." Webster calls it a vulgar interjection. "To play the devil" means to interfere with in a ruinous way or to imitate the evil one, and this expression is given a solemn seriousness by the staid old dictionary without any sign of disapprobation, from which it may be concluded it is good English, although it would not add to the elegance of drawing-room conversation.

John Russell Bartlett, in his "Dictionary of Americanisms," is authority for the statement that "on his own hook" means by himself, or on his own responsibility, and John Milton, stately and ponderous, is accused of having originated the phrase "by hook or crook," which means in any way or by any method, and it is in this way that Americans are accused of obtaining the "almighty dollar," this last being an expression fathered by Washington Irving, which is so apt that it has had large use.

The modern use of the word "rats" as an interjection can hardly be explained. Sometimes it expresses incredulousness, and is uttered disdainfully just after the climax of an exaggerated statement. Sometimes it is used to express disgust, and if rightly pronounced is effective. Its use as a noun has a place in the dictionary of slang as one who deserts his party or associates, among printers one who works at less than established rates.

Lord Stanhope, also known as Lord Mahon, an English statesman and historian who died in 1875, gives this interesting history concerning it: "It chanced that not long after the accession of the House of Hanover some of the brown, that is, the German and Norway rats, were first brought over to this country (in some timber, it is said), and being much stronger than the black, or, till then, the common rat, they in many places quite extirpated the latter. The word (both the noun and the verb to rat) was first, as we have seen, leveled at the converts to the government of George I., but has by degrees, obtained a wider meaning, and come to be applied to any sudden and mercenary change in politics."

In the Book of Job, the oldest literature extant, and, according to John J. Ingalls, "the highest production of the human intellect," appears the sentence: "I am escaped with the skin of my teeth," which is modernized "by the skin of my teeth," and gives the idea of a narrow escape, one so close as to be just by the thickness of the skin of the teeth, which is so thin that no microscopist has yet been able to find it. "To cast in the teeth" means to throw defiant reproaches or insults spitefully, as one would cast a stone at the exposed teeth of a snarling dog. "Tooth and nail" denotes the manner of an action full of frenzied fury, typified by biting and scratching, as when two belligerent cats make the fur fly.

Vaseline.

Philadelphia Press.

Every now and then an item goes the rounds of the papers recommending vaseline as a sovereign cure for every ill the feminine complexion is heir to. As a matter of fact it only agrees with about five out of every ten skins. On some it has no more effect than so much water, some it absolutely irritates, and to each and every woman who persists in its use it will sooner or later bring a pronouncedly hairy look. If there is ever so dainty a shade on the upper lip, vaseline will develop it into a distinct mustache, and the smoothest of cheeks will grow downy. If any one is willing, however, to brave all these perils and use vaseline or kindred preparations, don't buy them in bottles, they will be smeary and horrid from the first; get a tube, like those in which moist colors come. You can squeeze out as much or as little as you want, and the rest will always be in order.

'A WINTER WOOING.

Guess I reckoned that I'd never
Pop that question t' Mirandy.
First I tried to was one summer,
Sittin' on her dad's verandy.
Then one August, too, I thought I'd
Ask her, in the clever medder:
Had a set speech, but somehow she
Looked too cold to take the header.

Next time wuz th' slidin' party
Out at Crawford's, and Mirandy
Said she'd slide if I could find a
Extra-sized toboggan handy.
That just set me tinglin', so I
Asked her if she'd go a joggin'
With my arms around her, slidin'
Right along on life's toboggan.

Then Mirandy smiled her sly way,
With the color all a-buddin'
In her cheeks, an' said as how the
Question took her kind o' sudden
Like, an' left her without breath t'
Say a word, but guessed the flyin'
Down the hill, with winter blowin'
In your face, wuz rather tryin'.

But she whispered, if I'd steer her
Jest as straight an' jest as clever
Down life's groove as that toboggan
She would slide with me forever;
If I'd always guard her, keepin'
'Round my arms for safe protection;
Watchin' for the bumps and strivin'
Always in th' right d'rection.

So we climbed th' hill, while all th'
Stars that winked above and hovered
Slipped behind th' clouds and told th'
Other stars what they'd discovered.
And, with Mandy's eyes t' light me
Down the hill, I've found the joggin'
Just uz pleasant 'n' as easy
As that night on that toboggan.
—Charles Gordon Rogers in Outing.

LICKED BY A LOBSTER.

A Diver's Terrible Struggle for Life With a Deep Sea Monster.

The Creature Was Five Feet High and Nearly Ten Feet in Length.

He Seized the Man and Dragged Him to His Den to Devour Him.

Final Rescue of the Unfortunate Diver by His Fellow-Workers.

Sea monsters and their doings are occasionally given mention in newspaper paragraphs, and most of such accounts are vouched for by this or that scientific man, says the New York Herald. When Victor Hugo wrote in "The Toilers of the Sea" about the frightful monster which clasped its clammy arms around the diver every one thought that the thing was a mere fabrication. But it was not. The monster described was almost identical with the octopus or giant squid.

So, too, men relate how, living in the deep and silent caves of the sea, is a huge lobster, resembling the smaller fish in structure, but being very voracious. It is said that it seldom comes near the shore, if ever, but that enormous lobster shells are sometimes thrown upon land after a violent storm. Northern fishermen have heard of the monster, and I have seen them shiver in the cuddles of their fishing smacks as some one described the size and appearance of the fish. How far the general impression is correct I do not know, but let me relate a story told to me by a diver:

"When the Anglo-Saxon, a ship laden with costly merchandise, ran into Chance cove, on the Newfoundland coast, and sunk by striking a hidden reef, the government at once took steps to have all the unlucky ship contained removed. There were over a hundred persons on board, but not so much as one, if my memory serves me, escaped. When the ship was lifted by a heavy swell upon the sharp ledge she 'hung' there, as sailors say, but with the rise of the tide she was lifted off the ledge and

Went Down, Head First,

into the deep water lying inside. There was a passage from the outside leading to this deep water, so that fishes or sea beasts might go in or out in quest of prey. There was no beach or strand, but upright, naked cliffs in the form of a semicircle rose around to a height of about 300 feet. Giving back a little on the top was a lighthouse.

"As soon as possible divers were brought to the spot, but it was difficult to find it smooth enough to go down. The first day we got below we could do little but lay out our plan of operations. The ship was on her side, the stumps of the masts turned toward land. I had never gone down before in water so far north, and the place was so wild that I was timid. Lines were attached to our bodies and the ends fastened to the skiff above, so that if any diver pulled his line he was at once drawn to the surface. We walked about the bottom and around the ship with our feet weighted to keep us from rising.

"The water was a pale green, and I could notice objects quite plainly for many yards distant. There was a huge break in the bottom of the ship, her stem was stove in, so was her stern. Already the fishes had discovered that there was feasting inside, for as I was about to enter by the hole in the bow a number of Spanish mackerel, cod, sculpins and dogfish began to flounder about inside. I moved back, for I did not know but there might be a shark there. There were, as you know, over 100 bodies in the ship, so I was anxious that they should be saved from the desecration of these fishes. Worst of all to get among the bodies of the drowned are Spanish mackerel and cod. I had charge, so we all went to the top and made arrangements for getting the dead. I shall not give you the details, but after extremely hard work two days saw our ghastly task completed. Then came the raising of the costly merchandise. It was mostly silks and cashmere shawls. One afternoon while my two men remained above repairing their diving apparatus I went down alone. We were now removing the bales from the after compartment of the ship, and had only one way to enter or leave this compartment, namely, by the break in the stern. The method of

Raising the Goods

was to lower down the heavy hooks which could be fastened into the bales after they were pushed outside. Some of these bales or cases would float and some would rest lightly on the bottom. I had selected a large case which I was about to move when, happening to turn my eyes, I saw outside a huge creature moving toward the vessel. I had never seen anything like it before. Its body was four to five feet high and about twice that length, and it had on each side an enormous arm. There seemed to be an unlimited number of legs attached to the hideous creature. Its color was a dun brown, mottled over with dark spots. Two round, black, shining eyes were in its forehead, and two supple horns, each resembling an enormous whip, likewise came out of its head. All this I noticed with one glance. A numb terror seized me, and I moved for the outlet from the ship. But, as if knowing what I intended, this brute, looking straight at me with its frightful eyes, walked, or rather crawled, directly toward me. I hurried in the hope of being able to seize the hanging hook, now my only means of signaling the skiff; but it hurried, too, and I had barely put my foot upon a gray rock outside when the two writhing horns of the detestable creature were twining about me, and again untwining. Then he would touch me with these and sweep them up and down, as if feeling what description of prey I was. The round, frightful eyes seemed to burn through and through me. In my hand I held the crowbar which I used to loosen the cargo; in my belt I carried a heavy sheath knife. These were my only weapons. Suddenly and without any warning the monster threw out one of its arms and seized me below the shoulder. I felt as if my bones were being crushed, and that my arm would soon be severed from my body. No sooner had he done this than he turned and began to drag me into a deep corner of the nook. The more I resisted the more

Terrible Was the Pain,

so I had to go, turning over in my mind what I should do. I still had the crowbar in my right hand, but it was of no use to me, so I let it drop.

"But the horror of that time! Well, I knew why the awful thing was dragging me to this quiet place. He was going to devour me.

"His arm terminated in a claw which opened and shut. This horrible mouth like thing had two rows of shining white teeth. Several of these were piercing my arm to the bone. Some distance above this mouthlike hand I obserued a joint, and then I drew my knife. But alas! the heavy shell so overlapped the fleshy tissue that I could not injure my captor. Still he dragged me on, on, till at last the deepest part of the sea nook was reached. There he stopped and turned those terrifying eyes again upon me. The whiplike arms again began to move and curl about my body, and a hideous motion seemed to run through the body of the fish. What this meant I knew.

"His head was only about a foot distant from my body, and drawing my knife again I plunged it into the eye nearest me, turning the blade round and round. I saw that I had destroyed the eye, for an inky fluid issued out of the socket, darkening the water about his head. This checked the aggressive movements of the thing, but did not seem to hurt it. I waited, waited for many seconds, I think, and then its head turned, so I supposed, he might be enabled to see his prey. This was what I wanted, and with a sure, swift thrust I sent my knife into his other eye down to the hett. This time it must have touched the brain, for the beast reeled, and the grip on my arm slightly relaxed. But though totally blind my captor had no idea of releasing me.

"The agony of my arm soon grew unbearable, and the waters around me seemed to be filling with greenish smoke. A strange sound began to buzz in my ears, and my pain seemed to disappear. I thought, too, that I saw other figures moving about the ship, then the light went out of my eyes, and I remembered nothing more.

"When I recovered my senses I was in the skiff, and learned how the divers, alarmed at my long absence below, had come down. They saw my plight, and after a time succeeded in severing the arm from the body of the fish, which they both declared was the awful deep-sea lobster.

CHINESE OPIUM SMOKERS.

Many Thoueands of the Natives Would Be Free From the Habit.

Cheok Hong Cheong, superintendent of the church mission to the Chinese in Victoria, B. C., has just arrived in London as the representative of a Chinese society in Australia, which is anxious that the importation of opium into that continent be prohibited, says the New York Sun. He says the Chinese victims of opium smoking in Australia are themselves eager to have temptation placed beyond their reach. "I have met in my time," he says, "thousands of opium smokers who are anxious to get rid of the baleful habit, but they cannot so long as temptation is within their reach." He adds that if England can be induced to wash her hands of the traffic there is every reason to believe the Chinese government will be compelled by the strength of public opinion in China to take steps to stamp out the traffic. Li Hung Chang, the ablest statesman of China, is opposed to the opium trade, and has written and spoken most strongly against the traffic.

A while ago the society for the suppression of the opium trade was organized in London. The society is collecting a large amount of information about the calamities which opium is inflicting. They corroborate the statement that even smokers condemn the practice. In a statement of the prevalence of the opium habit in China they say smokers wish to be free, and yet cling to the pipe as its slaves. Fifty years ago the opponents of opium smoking in China had to contend only with the foreign import. They have now in addition the large native growth. Fifty years ago there were probably not over 2,000,000 smokers in China. The number is now estimated at 20,000,000. Formerly the habit was confined to adult males. It now numbers among its victims women, and even children, particularly in the large opium growing regions of the upper Yangtse river and Southwestern China. The habit is particularly common in these opium-producing regions, where it is estimated that from 80 to 90 per cent of the men above twenty years of age smoke, and 50 or 60 per cent of the women, not to speak of the many young people in their teens. In the non-producing districts the evil is chiefly confined to the cities. The villages are comparatively free. In Canton over seven-tenths of the officials smoke opium. In Hunan not one-tenth of the same class are addicted to the pipe.

The imperial family and the high officers of state in the capital and throughout the empire are free from the vice, it is said, but the evil seems to be spreading more every year. It is slowly finding its way into agricultural districts, is permeating all classes of society, and is not looked upon with the same abhorrence as formerly. The legalization of the import many years ago (a crime for which the British are responsible, for they forced opium upon China merely to secure a large market for the Indian product) did much to spread its use.

The society says the reports of its mission hospitals speak in the clearest language of the widespread extent of the evil. Large numbers of opium smokers apply yearly for relief. Large numbers are treated in the wards and in refuges set apart for their treatment. The extent of the evil may be inferred from the great sale of native and foreign remedies to cure the habit. The cry everywhere is, "Deliver us from this curse." There are many who undertake their own cure by means of opium ashes mixed with some medicinal ingredients. A few heroically undertake to give up the indulgence without help of any kind, no matter what may befall them, and some are known to have perished in the attempt. The ordeal through which a smoker passes who tries to break off the habit is so severe that few have the courage to support it. The victim loses his appetite, is seized with pains in his bones, an indescribable feeling of prostration and distress pervades the whole body, sleep forsakes him, and the horrors of the day are added to those of restless nights. His sufferings are worst about the third day, partly subsiding by the fifth or sixth day, and if the victim holds out for a half month he is usually able to withstand further temptation.

A Princess' Choice.

A sister of the late king of Spain consented to mingle her proud Castilian blood with that of the people by marrying a doctor of medicine who had not a solitary handle to his name. When the courtiers heard of the infanta's choice they turned up the whites of their eyes to the sky like ducks in a thunder storm at the bare notion of this superb patrician lily giving herself to a husband belonging to the professional classes. The doctor in question is well provided for mentally and physically, and his spouse is evidently proud of him, for when she was twitted with marrying an untitled individual she said: "I preferred a man without a title to a title without a man.

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