CLEVER AND BRAVE.

SOY IN BOER RANKS.

the Stath United States Cavalry—Has into Stath United States Cavalry—Has Intel® Heard From Through the War Correspondents.

One of the Americans now in the Bor army who has been heard from crough the South African correspondent is "Beau" Blake, formerly a cower's Beau" Blake, formerly a cower's down in Texas. "At the time I made his acquaintance." said an old mised the other day, "Beau" was interested, with a Kentuckian of the same of Harvey Watson, in a horse math south of Brownsville, He was a hig good natured, powerful fellow, with humorous Irish blue eyes and a cettl, sandy mustache. Although he had no record as a 'bad man,' it was getty well understood that he had jeaty of gand and could take care of hisself in an emergency. I saw that fally demonstrated one night at Fort worth. He was in town on some busiof the Americans now in th fully demonstrated one night at Fort Worth. He was in town on some busisex, and, happening to waik into a lar attached to a gambling house theu amous throughout the southwest, encentered a cattle man of the name of Ed Armstrong, with whom he had had some difficulty over a stock brand.

'Armstrong had the reputation of being a 'killer,' and as soon as he saw like he reopened the old quarrel. Blake replied to his remarks goodsmoredly, but he became more and



COL BLAKE e insulting and finally whipped out in-shooter and leveled it at the iman's head. 'Now, you hound!' oared, 'I want you to tell the whole

wishman's head. 'Now, you hound!'
is roared, 'I want you to tell the whole
house that you're a liar!'

The action was so sudden that
Biake had no time to defend himself,
hat he never turned a hair. 'Aw, put
that thing away,' he said laughingly.
Then, looking over Armstrong's shoulder, he added, as if speaking to somebody behind him: 'It's all right, Harvey, he's only kidding.'

Thinking that Blake's partner, Watuo, had entered the place and was
in his rear, the desperado instantly
wheeled around. As he did so the big
frishman hit him a crushing blow unier the ear and knocked him fully a
loten feet. His revolver flew out of his
mad as he fell and exploded harmlessy in the air, and before he could relover his senses Blake was on his chest
with his hands on his throat.

That ended the row and made an
rerlasting impression on my mind.
By the way, Blake got his nickname of
Beau' from a favorite expression of his
while a cowboy. On Sundays he used

By the way, Blake got his nickname of Beau from a favorite expression of his while a cowboy. On Sundays he used to beau up, as he called it, to visit ome girls on an adjoining ranch. Beauing up consisted of shaving and aking his trousers out of his boots." Blake was a lieutenant colonel in the luth cavalry, U. S. A., and spent nine ears, until 1889, fighting Indians and Ampaigning in Arizona. New Mexico. ampaigning in Arizona, New Mexico, adian Territory and along the Mexi-an border. He was born in Missouri.

on works or smelters was made last teek when Dudley M. Gray of Crip-le Creek closed a contract with the adependence mine management for the delivery of 200 tons of one per day from that om that mine continuously for a peod of five years. The work of breakg ore at the mine for transfer under
te terms of the contract agreement
ith the reduction firm has been beab. Outside of the immense magnide of the contract in the matter of
e ore tonnage which it involves for
whole period stated, it also repretis the greatest amount of value in
Production for nis the greatest amount of value in production for any like period of a which has ever been made from y exclusively gold-producing claim staining the same amount of proceive territory within its prescribed sits,

Tortoise Traveled.
tortoise story comes from Center
se, Bucks county. Edward Johnidge, Bucks county. Edward Johnwas walking over his farm the
was walking over his farm the
was walking over his farm the
was walking over his farm the
loss bearing the initials of his
her, D. R. Johnson, and the date
to the county of the county of the
tolas when Mr. Johnson's father,
to has been dead several years, was
boy of seventeen, making the torse over fifty-four years old. It has
an picked up on the farm several
nee by members of the family, but
deen missing for a number of
the the farm has been in the possion of the Johnson family for over
century.—Philadelphia Record.

here were 197 wolves killed in the last year and the bounties aled 12,075 france, or 6532.

### ELECTRIC STORMS.

ELECTRIC STORMS.

Mea's Hair Stands on Ead and Scene Cra: his Under Their Feet

"Perhaps the most peculiar of the mountain phenomena are the so-called electric storms. There is no precipitation, no lightning, no thunder, and usually no wind. Nothing to be heard and nothing to be seen except the gatarring clouds. But much may be felt. Everything is charged with the electric fluid; the earth, the air, the very stones and trees, and even human beings are full of it. A mining engineer, visiting a tunnel located on a mountain side at an elevation of 13,260 feet, describes his sensations during one of these storms. All alone he was climbing up the trail to the tunnel, where he wished to examine a vein of ore. Great black clouds began to gather on the horizon, and were soon rolling about the mountain side below him. A calm prevailed, then an unnatural stillness seemed to be in the air. Steadily the clouds rolled up the mountain side like a flood of black water. The stones, as he stepped on them, began to crackle and snap, i.ks dry wood in a fire. Realizing these unusual conditions, he hurried to the water. The stones, as he stepped on them, began to crackle and snap, lks dry wood in a fire. Realizing these unusual conditions, he hurried to the sheltering tunner above him. His hair felt as if a swarm of files had settled in it. When he tried to brush them away with his hand, he found each hair standing almost straight. The stroking of his hair increased the recullar sensations he experienced, and, tingling from head to foot, the now thoroughly frightened man ran into the tunnel. No sconer had he passed the entrance than the peculiar sensations ceased. After resting awhile, he went to the opening and discovered himself entirely surrounded by clouds so black and dense that he could scarcely see five feet away, although the hour was not far from noon. Stepping outside to investigate, he received a shock that sent him reeling back into the tunnel, where he remained for over an hour before the storm passed. Such electrical storms seem to be formed in strata. If a human beling over an hour before the storm passed. Such electrical storms seem to be formed in strata. If a human being should make such connection as to draw the charge from one of the layers, he would instantly be incinerated. This accident, however, has never been known to occur. Electrical storms prevail throughout the mountain region, but the severest storms of this naturare met only at the great altitudes. With all the severity of electrical storms, and thunder showers, it is a fact that human beings are seldom struck by lightning in the mountains. Death from that cause is much more frequent on the plains bordering the ranges than in the mountains themselves.—Ainslee's Magazine.

## DIED ALMOST FORGOTTEN.

William Steinitz, who died in an in sane seylum in New York recently, was for many years the world's master at chess. He was born at Prague, Bo-hemia, in 1836. In his early boyhood he showed marked proficiency at chess. He won the world's champion-ship in London in 1872 and success-fully defended it against the greatest players of the day. He was defeated by Emanuel Lasker a few days ago, after which his mind began to fail.



WILLIAM STEINITZ. WILLIAM STEINITZ.

Although at one time the world rang with his name, innumerable honors were heaped upon him and he was summoned to play in the presence of Kings and Queens, during the three months that he was in the public asylum his friends had almost forgotten that he ever lived.

All should swim.

The remarkable number of deaths by drowning proves that too many persons venture into waters without knowing how to swim. About 80 percent of those drowned so far this summer did not have that knowledge. This is all the more wonderful when knowledge of swimming may so easily be had. A person of average physique should be able to swim several hundred feet after a dozen lessons. Even weaklings may be taught to swim 25 feet or more without exhausting themweaklings may be taught to swim 25 feet or more without exhausting themselves. There are dangerous places on the ocean beach, where the sea pull or undertow will sometimes overpower the strongest swimmer. Even on the beaches of the great lakes there is at times a strong and dangerous undertow, but a knowledge of swimming is within the reach of all.

Mt. Marcy's Volcanic Tendency.

Mt. Marcy, the highest mountain in the Adirondacks, is very uneasy, with volcanic tendency. This mountain is one of the curiosities of the Adirondack section and it is said to be the first mountain in the world to have received the cooling breezes after the chaos period, and to this fact is attributed the continued salubrity of the air and general healthfulness of the Adirondack mountains.



An Imitation of a Prize Fight.
One of the latest attractions in Chinatown is a man known as "Bill," who makes a punching bag of himself for the benefit of sightseers, says the New

York Sun.
Bill first made his appearance there Bill first made his appearance there about two months ago. He had been with a vaudeville show, but he said luck was against him and he went to the different resorts in Chinatown and did a couple of turns nightly, such as buck dancing and singing. The profits did not amount to much and Bill decided to shake the place. He reappeared a couple of weeks ago, saying that he had a new sketch which would take the people by surprise.

he had a new sketch which would take the people by surprise.

On the following Saturday when the largest one of the resorts was well fill-ed Bill announced that he was ready to go ahead, and saked that the floor be cleared so that he could have plenty of room. His request was granted. Bill took his stand and said that his new sketch was a correct imitation of the McGovern-Erne fight, and after a short speech by wound up, by saking the

McGovern-Erne fight, and after a short speech he wound up by asking the spectators to kindly refrain from passing any remarks. Eill is a talker and owing to this fact the people paid great attention to what he was saying.

He then placed two chairs in opposite corners for the supposed fighters to sit on. Next the referee was latroduced and the fighters were called to the center for instructions, Bill being fighters, referee and everything else.

duced and the fighters were called to
the center for instructions, Bill being
fighters, referee and everything else.
Then the mock battle began.
From the start to the finish of the
first round Bill harrwered himself in
the face, head and abdomen. The second round was pretty near the same as,
the first, only Bill was working a little
harder, and he went to his corner much
the worse from his own punches. His
face was beginning to puff. Before
coming up for the third and last round
Bill made it known that he would represent Erne and that his heavy
smashes were supposed to be delivered
by McGovern. Bill got at himself and
smashed away until he was reeling
around the floor. He went down for
the second time with blood coming
from his nose. He staggered to his
feet, as Erne did,only to go to the floor
again after hitting himself a hard blow
in the face. He lay there long enough
for the supposed referee to count him
out. After Bill got through and had
fixed himself up he went around with
the hat and received enough money,
as he said later, to pay for a week's
board.
Of late he has been going through his

board.

Of late he has been going through his mock battle only once a week, as he is afraid the people will get tired of it and he hasn't been able to think of anything new.

# THE MOTOR FOR SPEED.

The dare-devil ride of Albert Cham-The dare-devil ride of Albert Cham-pion on his motor bicycle at Boston re-cently, and the wonderfully fast time that he made, have opened the eyes of the public to the possibility of the mo-tor as a speed producer. There was not a spectator at the track who did not wonder how Champion steered his bicycle and kept his balance at the rate of speed he was going. A mile in 1:26 2-5 by electric light, in a heavy wind, and on the low-banked track, was taking life and limb into danger. wind, and on the low-banked track, was taking life and limb into danger. The motor bicycle is a novel piece of mechanism. The frame is that of an ordinary bicycle with tandem fittines, tubing, rims, forks and tires. So wheel has a coaster brake, and attached to the side of the rear wheel is a one-inch steel grooved band 26 inches in diameter. Over this runs a one-inch leather belt to a six-inch band from the shaft of the motor. An idler arrangement fastened to a long steel rod which sets in ratchets on the top frame bar, tightens the belt or throws the motor on and out of gear with the rear wheel at the rider's option. This, in connection with the coaster brake, enables the rider in going through a crow-led thoroughfare or on slippery pavements to ease up on the belt, throw the motor out, and with his coaster brake and pedals, proceed as slowly and cautiously as on an ordinary wheel. The oil tank, carburetter and spark coil are set within the diamond frame in such a compact man-



THE NEW MOTOR CYCLE. ner that they do not interfere with the rider pedaling or make the wheel look freakish.

An Exciting Ride Upside Down.
A test was made last night at Revere Beach of an interesting and decidedly novel roller-coaster, says the Boston Evening Transcript. Starting in a car from a tower 35 feet high, the passengers shoot down a decline of 45 degrees, whirl around the inside of a 29-foot upright circle, part of the time head down and feet up, and then along an ordinary up-and-down roller-coaster course for a third of a mile. The car and passengers, when riding on their heads, are held in place by the same force that keeps water from spilling out of a pall swung about the head. The upper circumference of the circle is of course properly safeguarded, so

that if the wheels of the car should slip they would fall into grooves that would hold them in place.

"Kid" McPartlend, at one time re-garded as one of the best lightweights in the business and who stood close to the championship, has about reached his limit as a fighter. His recent de-



"KID" M'PARTLAND "KID" M'PARTLAND. feat by George McFaddon leaves no doubt as to which of the two men is the better. McFadden is showing great form at present and bids frir to become the champion lightweight. McPartland was born in New York city, and is 25 years of age. His beight is 5 feet 8 inches and his weight is 122 pounds. He has fought nearly all the best lightweights and has to his credit draws with such men in the welterweight division as Joe Walcott and Matty Matthews. He has been knocked out but once and that by Dal Hawkins in New York in three rounds.

John L. Talks of Fighters.

I never could see where the gymnasium-trained, incubator-raised prize-fighter came in, says John L. Sullvan, who cnce knew a thing or two about the fistic rame. I have studied this ring game from Alpha to Omega, and I think I know whereof I speak. There never was a fighter raised in a gymnasium who amounted to anything. The true fighter is the man of muscle who has handled a pick and shovel or a sledge—the fellow who has been raised hard and who could stand a knock or two before he entered the prize ring. This business of making champions out of clerks and bell boys doesn't go with me. Take all the great fighters, for instance. With one exception, there never was a heavy-weight champion who had not accumulated the horny hand with either shovel or sledge. One them did not—but he didn't last lang.

McGovern is my style of fighter.

them did not—but he didn't last last.

McGovern is my style of fighter. There's a fellow who will mix it up. He was born a fighter. I tell you that it's the boy who comes from the hod-carrier-washerwoman stock who does the business. They tell me McGoven's mother can fight. I hear she once whipped five policemen. That shows that the lad is gifted with ability. It is hereditary with him. Jeffries, Fits-simmons, Sharkey et al., are of the same class. It's got to be born and bred in a man to be a real fighter. A man can fiddle and fool in a "gym" all his life, but it won't do him any good when he gets into the ring for keeps. Brawn is born, not raised. That philosophy is that of yours truly. Smoke on it.

Dizen's Popularity.

George Dixon was the most popular colored fighter that ever lived. Peter Jackson was nothing compared to Dixon as far as popularity was concerned. The public looked upon him as a great fighter, but he was not accorded the generous treatment given Dixon. In fact, Jackson was not at all popular even with his own race. Any time Dixon and Jackson happened to be in the same town together the sporting element always showed a noticeable preference for the little colored fighter.

Cresceus "The Great."

Cresceus is greater than Tommy
Britton and is probably the speedlest
stallion on the turf today. In a match
race at Washington park, Chicago, the
chestnut son of Robert McGregor defeated the Chicago horse in straight heats and did it easily. He went the first heat of the race in 2:06% and wrested from Alix the honor of having trotted the fastest mile ever made in a race over a Chicago track.

An English pilgrim just returned to London from Rome gives a striking account of the continued strength of the ninety-year-old pontiff, Leo XIII., though appearing emaciated, is full of vigor, and not only went through the very trying process of blessing the 25,000 pilgrims, among whom he was carried on his chair, but stood up many times in order that none might lose the benediction.

The lord mayor of London wears that of office which contains dismonds valued at £120,000.

No Time for Trifles.
We teach the children Danish,
Trignometry and Spanish;
Fill their heads with old-time notions
And the secrets of the oceans, And the cuneiform inscriptions
From the land of the Egyptians;
Learn the date of every battle,
Know the habits of the cattle, the date of every crowning. Read the poetry of Browning, Make them show a preference For each musty branch of scien Tell the acreage of Sweden,
And the screen's wiles in Eden;
And the other things we teach 'em
Make a mountain so immense,
That we've not a moment left

To teach them common sense.

-London Standard.

"Homestek in Heaven."

The following unique poem, written by James E. Kinsella, otherwise known as the "Historian of Halsted Street," is given an unclassified place in the odd corner, Halsted street, the longest city thoroughfare in the wJrll, is a densily populated street of Chicago, teeming with many diversified commercial interests and a mixed population. It is the front door of the celebrated Union stock yards, and, many miles north of that region of blood, cuts Goose Island, the tannery section, squarely in two parts. The heart of Halsted street near its intersection with Madison is intensely commercial, with stores and theaters of every description and an all-night contingent of human owls of many district varieties. It is the six miles of Halsted street that lies in the heart of the great west side that the oracle historian here attempts to describe under the title of "Homesick in Heaven."

"Say, what's the ruction down the line?" growled Hogan, with a

line?" growled Hogan, with a leer,
Has Mullarkey got the horrors since, he switched to cheaper beer,
Or is he running hard amuck and slashing with his knife?
Is he carving up his progeny or alleing up his wife?
It takes ten cops to hold him down on roaring Halsted street,
And one's now waltzing of his chest, and walloping his feet,
They are dashing helter skelter as they ring for the patrol,
Auld Lanty Shay falis by the way and prays to save his soul.

"That sounds just like a pistol shot," said Clancy with a groan.

The way they're rounding up the bunch would meit a heart of

stone,
I can see the coppers' finish, they will will hand him out a few.
They will chase the slant-eyed Boxers out of Tilden avenue.
"Is the Suicide Club in session?" sald

Gilhooley, with a sob.

If mey've got religion round these parts, bedad I've lost my job.

Since the "Whisky Belt" has signed the pledge the atmosphere is blue.

pilgrim tarries here no among the thiewish crew.

They are waking Dan McNulty, they are planting him in style, Says the coffin man, "Begob the string of hacks will stretch about a

of hacks will stretch about a mile,"

And all his friends and nabers have rallied in a throng.

There's clay pipes and tobacco, and music, mirth and song.

There's a tranquil smile on Daniel's face as tho' he liked the jest, There's an ugly hole near Daniel's heart, a puncture in his chest, He's the Master of the Revels, with his gray, impassive face,

his gray, impassive face, eems to dominate the scene and reign tyrant of the place.

They are waking Dan McNuity, and there's music in the air. They give a dandy send-off, but poor Daniel doesn't care. Dan was kinder reckless in his morals,

ban was kinder reckiess in his morakinder keerless in his gait,
He took a punch at Destiny a
swung an upper cut at Fate,
The rude chivalry around his b
lament their kinsman's end,
The best of rough and tumblers,
good rassier and firm friend,

good rassler and firm friend,
Dan was the King of Halsted street,
he perished in his prime.
He tried to stay the distance, but
Death, the referee, called

Death, "Time."

A toothless crone crouched all alone, sits keening o'er the dead;
"Shure Danny was my first born boy, would I were there instead,
The curse of God light on the hound that wrought me this disgrace.
Danny was the sunshine of my life, oh, let me kiss his face.
Heart of my heart, flesh of my flesh, you left the mother nest,
And now they'll chuck you in a trench,
I nursed you at my breast,
Black, bitter grief gnaws at my heart,
for vengeance do I pray,
Oh, let me press him to my breast,
and kiss his mangled clay!"

"Is the Whisky Belt converted?"
bawled Mulcahey, with a sneer,
"They are sometimes shy on comms,
they are never shy on beer,
Old Halsted's retting plous since poor
Daniel petered out,

IN THE ODD CORNER.

GUEER AND CURIOUS THINGS
AND EVENTS.

No Time to Trach Children Common Sense—A Shique Foem by the "Historian of Halsted Street"—Chiases Giri Can Yota.

"Oh, don't he make a lovely corpse,"

"Oh, don't he make a lovely corpse,"
cooed a pouting, tearful lass,
"He bailed me from the booby hatch,"
he's struck the Chi-koot Pass.
"It's just like a theater," purred a
piquant, pure-eyed maid,
"When they flag him at the finish
will he learn the stoker's
trade?"
Old Blind Barney is the fiddler, and
makes them welt the floor.
They sashay down the middle and
they tumble through the door.
There's a bonfire in the alley and a
dog fight in the rear.
"The house is pulled," bawled Hennesey, "let's mosey out of here!"

'It will make a jolly pien'e," coosd the

Halsted street Gazelle,
"It will be a dandy carriage ride when
they toll Dan's funeral beil,
The priest heard his confession and
booked him through and

booked him through and through, He'll feel ionesome now in Heaven; how he'll miss the Halsted crew, He'll be homesick for old Halsted, where they never sleep at night, His ghost will haunt the old shebang and tame the cadgers' spite.

He'll be scrapping with the seraphs climbing up the Golden Stair, He'll be rasslin with the ange's as they flutter through the air, He'll be grappling with St. Gabriel to punch him on the wing, He'll be homesick for old Halsted when he hears the cherub sing-biacestepping round the ivory throne, he'll uppercut St. James, He'll teach the dove-eyed cherubim some sinful Halsted games, He'll teach the heavenly choristers rag-time of Halsted street!

rag-time of Halsted street!

This Chinese Giri Can Vote.

A China woman will step up to the ballot box in Idaho City next autumn and exercise her right to vote as an American citzen. Mrs. Ti Di, who enjoys this unique distinction, is the only voter in the family. Her husband, Ti Sang, will have to stay at home and take care of the large family of children, while she goes forth to the polling booth, for he is a native of China, and is forever barred from the franchise. His wife was born in Idaho City, Consequently Idaho's woman suffrage law took her in and left him out.

It is no small thing to have Mrs. Ti Di enlisted politically on one side of the other. Her good fortune in carrying elections has become proverbial in Idaho City. Albert Jones, a representative in the state legislature, owes his election to little Mrs. Ti Di. Mr. Jones ran on the fusion ticket last campaign, being supported by the Democrata, Silver Republicans and Populists. There are just three Chinese voters in Idaho City, the other two being good friends of Mrs. Ti Di. All are nominally Republicans. Mrs. Ti Di was friendly to Mr. Jones and did a little election-eering with her two almond-eyed brethren and turned their votes to Mr. Jones. He was elected by three votes. Mrs. Ti Di received a common school education and is unusually bright. She is a constant reader of the American dailies. Her conversation is not "pig-con English." but is like that of any other intelligent young woman.—Chicago Tribune.

odd Chinese Customa.

Among the Chinese marriage is not the result of acquaintanceship and a ripened affection. The bridegroom may not see his betrothed until after the marriage rites. A professional matchmaker is the go-between. She is employed by the bridegroom's friends, and goes at once to a home in which she may find a young woman suited to the young man's station. When she has seen the parents they seek a fortune teller, who casts the horoscopes of the pair, and if the signs are ripe the parents consent. When the wedding day arrives, the bride, surrounded by her friends, starts for her new home in a sedan chair. Half way between the two places she is met by friends of the bridegroom, who escort the party to the house of the groom. With her head covered until her features are indistinguishable, she is led into the room where her future husband awaits her. In silence they sit down side by side, one trying to sit upon the dress of the other, in the belief that the one who succeeds will rule the house. From this room they go to the family altar, where they worship heaven, earth and their ancestors. They drink a glass of wine together, and for the first time the bridegroom sees the face of his wife.

The Waterloo chamber where the operatic performance took place during the khedive's visit by the queen's command at Windsor, was originally a courtyard in the middle of the state apartments, left purposely open to admit light and air. It was called the Horn court. George IV. had it roofed in, put doors in the surrounding walls where there had been windows, and made it into a picture gallery. As there are doors all around it, there is no difficulty in using the adjacent rooms or arranging separate entrances for the queen, her guests and the performers.

No wonder a man is dissatisfied with his lot when he is gradually losing ground.