

CLEVER AND BRAVE.

RECORD OF AN AMERICAN COWBOY IN BOER RANKS.

Was Formerly a Lieutenant Colonel in the Fifth United States Cavalry—Has Lately Been Heard From Through the War Correspondents.

One of the Americans now in the Boer army who has been heard from through the South African correspondence is "Beau" Blake, formerly a cowboy down in Texas. "At the time I made his acquaintance," said an old friend the other day, "Beau" was interested with a Kentuckian of the name of Harvey Watson, in a horse race south of Brownsville. He was a big, good natured, powerful fellow, with humorous Irish blue eyes and a small, sandy mustache. Although he had no record as a 'bad man,' it was pretty well understood that he had plenty of sand and could take care of himself in an emergency. I saw that fully demonstrated one night at Fort Worth. He was in town on some business, and, happening to walk into a bar attached to a gambling house then famous throughout the southwest, encountered 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 Blake he reopened the old quarrel. Blake replied to his remarks good-naturedly, but he became more and



COL. BLAKE.

more insulting and finally whipped out a six-shooter and leveled it at the Irishman's head. 'Now, you hound!' he roared, 'I want you to tell the whole house that you're a liar!'

"The action was so sudden that Blake had no time to defend himself, but 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, Watson, had entered the place and was in his rear, the desperado instantly wheeled around. As he did so the big Irishman hit him a crushing blow under the ear and knocked him fully a dozen feet. His revolver flew out of his hand as he fell and exploded harmlessly in the air, and before he could recover his senses Blake was on his chest with his hands on his throat.

"That ended the row and made an everlasting 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 to 'beau up,' as he called it, to visit some girls on an adjoining ranch. 'Beauing up' consisted of shaving and taking his trousers out of his boots."

Blake was a lieutenant colonel in the Fifth cavalry, U. S. A., and spent nine years, until 1889, fighting Indians and campaigning in Arizona, New Mexico, Indian Territory and along the Mexican border. He was born in Missouri.

Big Mining Contract.

The largest contract ever let by a mining company in the state of Colorado for the delivery of ore to reduction works or smelters was made last week when Dudley M. Gray of Cripple Creek closed a contract with the Independence mine management for the delivery of 200 tons of ore per day from that mine continuously for a period of five years. The work of breaking ore at the mine for transfer under the terms of the contract agreement with the reduction firm has been begun. Outside of the immense magnitude of the contract in the matter of ore tonnage which it involves for the whole period stated, it also represents the greatest amount of value in production for any like period of which has ever been made from an exclusively gold-producing claim containing the same amount of productive territory within its prescribed limits.

Tortoise Traveled.

A tortoise story comes from Center Edge, Bucks county. Edward Johnson was walking over his farm the other day, when he picked up a land tortoise bearing the initials of his father, D. R. Johnson, and the date 1868. These initials were cut on the tortoise when Mr. Johnson's father, who has been dead several years, was a boy of seventeen, making the tortoise over fifty-four years old. It has been picked up on the farm several times by members of the family, but has been missing for a number of years. The farm has been in the possession of the Johnson family for over a century.—Philadelphia Record.

There were 197 wolves killed in Kansas last year and the bounties totaled 12,076 francs, or \$333.

ELECTRIC STORMS.

Men's Hair Stands on End and Stones Ors: 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 gathering 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 13,200 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. Suddenly 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, like dry wood in a fire. Realizing these unusual conditions, he hurried to the sheltering tunnel above him. His hair felt as if a swarm of flies 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 peculiar sensations he experienced, and, tingling from head to foot, the now thoroughly frightened man ran into the tunnel. No sooner 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 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 nature are 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 insane asylum in New York recently, was for many years the world's master at chess. He was born in Prague, Bohemia, in 1836. In his early boyhood he showed marked proficiency at chess. He won the world's championship in London in 1872 and successfully 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.

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 per cent 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 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.



IN THE ODD CORNER.

QUEER AND CURIOUS THINGS AND EVENTS.

No Time to Teach Children Common Sense—A Unique Poem by the "Historian of Halsted Street"—Chinese Girl Can Vote.

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"Homestead 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 world, is a densely 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 ovis 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 "Homestead in Heaven."

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"That sounds just like a pistol shot," said Clancy with a groan, The way they're rounding up the bunch would merit a heart of stone, I can see the coppers' finish, they will hand him out a few, They will chase the slant-eyed Boxers out of Tilden avenue, "Is the Suicide Club in session?" said Gilhooley, with a sob, If they've got religion round these parts, bedad I've lost my job, Since the "Whisky Belt" has signed the pledge the atmosphere is blue, The pilgrim carries here no more among the thievish crew.

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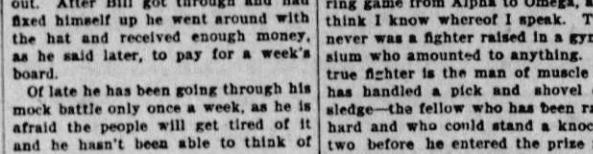
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M'PARTLAND ON THE DECLINE.

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feat by George McFadden leaves no doubt as to which of the two men is the better. McFadden is showing great form at present and bids fair to become the champion lightweight. McPartland was born in New York city, and is 25 years of age. His height 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 welter-weight 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.

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I never could see where the gymnasium-trained, incubator-raised prize-fighter came in, says John L. Sullivan, who once knew a thing or two about the fistic game. 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 of them did not—but he didn't last long.

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 McGovern'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, Fitzsimmons, 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.

Dixon'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.

Crescous "The Great."

Crescous is greater than Tommy Britton and is probably the speediest 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 1/4 and wrested from Alix the honor of having trotted the fastest mile ever made in a race over a Chicago track.

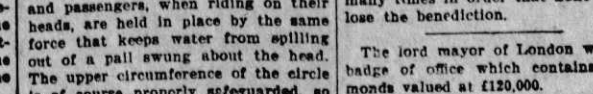
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THE NEW MOTOR CYCLE.

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 pail swung about the head. The upper circumference of the circle is of course properly safeguarded, so

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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 match-maker 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 Horn Court.

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.