

HELD IN CHECK.

In 1855 a man named Tappan moved with his family from New York to the remote west. He had failed in business; was broken in spirit; his children, he thought, needed fresh air; so he accepted as a gift from his brother a large tract of land upon the edge of the wilderness and settled thereon.

Very soon enterprising people began to settle beyond him, and there came to be much travel past his door; and, as an act of humanity, he frequently entertained wayfarers. As these calls upon his hospitality became more and more frequent he enlarged his house and put up an innkeeper's sign.

Not long after this a party of young men, eight or ten in number, well mounted, were returning by a round-about way from an electioneering expedition. Toward the middle of the afternoon they reined up before Tappan's door, pretty well under the influence of various kinds of fiery fluid, and, having dismounted and secured their horses, they entered the house and noisily demanded whiskey.

It so happened that Mr. Tappan and his wife were both away, and only his daughters were in charge, and it also happened that the host had never kept any liquors in the house. Of this fact the visitors were informed by the eldest daughter, a handsome, intelligent girl of 18.

But the riotously inclined invaders still demanded whiskey, and when they had become assured that they could not have it they resolved that they would set down the sign before the door, and the leader so informed the young lady.

Three or four of the party made a rush for the woodpile, cursing as they went, while the leader of the gang, a young man who would have been decidedly handsome if he had been himself, with others of his companions took a notion to overhaul the house, insisting that there must be "a drop of something" somewhere.

In a small, well furnished apartment, apart from the guests' room, was found a pianoforte.

"Hello!" cried the leader, "who plays on this? Can you?"

"If it is mine, sir," answered the girl thus addressed.

"And you can play?"

"Yes, sir."

"Can you sing?"

"I sing sometimes, sir."

"Will you play and sing for us?"

She opened the piano, and sat down, and played and sang. Her voice was clear, musical and rich, and the accompaniment was played with skill and grace.

Some of them had never heard a piano before, and not one of them had ever heard sweeter music. After a pause at the conclusion of a piece, the leader spoke again, but in a strangely subdued tone:

"Will you sing for us another song?"

And she played and sang "The Old House."

Other songs were sung. Their sympathies were aroused, their hearts warmed and the best part of their natures brought to the surface, and when they had taxed the fair songstress so far that they felt ashamed to tax her more, they thanked her and withdrew with as much decorum as might have been exhibited had they been retiring from before the throne of a monarch.

A year after this event Mr. Tappan chanced to be in Jacksonville on business, where he was introduced to Philip St. Clair, a rising young lawyer of the place.

"Is this the Mr. Tappan who a year ago kept a public house on the Cloud Hill road?" asked St. Clair.

"The same, sir."

"And I, sir," pursued the lawyer, "was the leader of that party of riotous men who so shamefully frightened your daughter. I suppose they told you of the circumstances?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, Mr. Tappan, from that day I have not touched intoxicating drink. I would like to see your eldest daughter and tell her of the blessing her music bestowed upon me."

St. Clair once more visited the way-side inn, the result of which was that in less than another year the sweet songstress had become his wife.

"My angel," he said, clasping her to his bosom when she was his own, "never can I sufficiently thank heaven for the providence that led me within your saving influence in that dark hour of my life."

Bicycle Shouts "Stop Thief."

An English bicycle "crank," who recently had two wheels stolen within six weeks, comes forward with a novel invention to do away with bicycle thieves.

He would have the wheel, as it is being ridden off by the thief, cry out at every revolution of the treadles, "Stop thief!"

The young man has affixed a miniature phonograph to his bicycle, directing the needle to a square box, and the apparatus weighs only two pounds and a half. A wire connects with the rear wheel of the bicycle, and with that the apparatus is complete.

When the young man enters a building he presses a button, and his thief-detecter is set. When the thief jumps into the saddle and starts to ride away he is stopped by a voice which shouts, "Stop thief!"

The thief then sees the wheel the thief-detecter grows the pursuing voice, until finally the thief in disgust vaults off the wheel and leaves it to its fate.

The presence of the button by the owner of the mechanism is detached, and the thief is free to ride. The young man would have a patent for this invention.

Bismarck's Duels.

Bismarck fought twenty-eight duels, and in all these conflicts received but one wound, which was caused by the accidental breaking of his antagonist's sword.

HUNTING IN CUBA.

THE ISLAND IS AN IDEAL PLACE FOR THE SPORTSMAN.

All Sorts of Game in Abundance—Over Six Hundred Distinct Species of Fish in the Waters—Eight to Ten Deer in a Day a Common Bag For a Small Party.

Cuba is a paradise for the sportsman, wild game and fish of all kinds being abundant.

Parties of gentlemen on horseback, with their pack of hounds, hunt the fleet-footed deer. It is a common thing for a small party to kill eight or ten deer in a day.

The wild boar is plentiful, and sometimes, if cornered, dangerous, especially the old master of the herd, called "un solitario," which will tear a dog to pieces or make a green hunter climb a tree, but a Cuban easily kills him with a machete. The island boar sometimes weighs 200 or 300 pounds, and has huge tusks, often five or six inches in length. The meat of the female is much relished by the natives. Wild dogs and cats, wild cattle, horses and jackasses abound. But the jutia, peculiar only to Cuba, which looks like a cross between a squirrel with a rat's tail and a rabbit, and which lives in the trees and feeds on nuts and leaves, is the great delight of the Cuban.

Fowls are in great numbers. Wild guinea hens and turkeys are found in flocks of from twenty-five to 100. The whistle of the quail and the flutter of the pheasant and perdiz are heard on all sides in the rural and mountain regions. Ducks in abundance come over from Florida in the winter and return with the spring. Wild pigeons, with their white tops and bodies of blue, larger somewhat than the domestic bird, offer, in hunting, the greatest sport to gentlemen who will be restrained within reason. In the early mornings the pigeons generally go to feed on the mangle berries when ripe, and which grow by the sea or near some swampy place. A party of three persons have been known to kill 1,500 of the pigeons within a few hours. Robiches, tojosas and guayros are found in the thick woods.

Mocking and blue birds, orioles, turpials, negritos, parrots and a thousand kinds of songsters and birds of brilliant plumage fill from tree to tree.

There are 641 distinct species of fish in the Cuban waters. Among those that delight the sportsman are the red snapper, lista, manta, gallego, cubera, surela and garfish. The alerra, which weighs from forty to sixty pounds, is extremely game, as is the ronco, so called because it snores when brought out of the water. For heavy sport, fishing for sharks, which are good for nothing, or the gusa, which weighs from 400 to 600 pounds and is excellent eating, offers abundant exercise. Delicious shrimps, crabs and lobsters, clams and oysters abound. The lobsters have no claws and weigh from two to eight pounds. They are caught at night in shallow places along the sandy beach, a torch, harpoon and net being the necessary outfit. Some of the rivers abound in alligators, but few hunt them.

An Electric Freak.

An odd electric freak is reported from Kingston-on-Thames. The lighting was very vivid, and a singular effect of it was the ringing of the fire bell at the fire station, which communicates with a fire alarm near the free public library. The firemen were hastily summoned and the horses and the steamer arrived, but it was discovered in time that the alarm was caused by the lightning, so that a full turn-out of the brigade was obviated.

The Dancing Crane.

Lincoln Park, Chicago, has a dancing crane, called Mme. Juliet. Her keeper has only to thrill a little roundelay, to bow and scrape, and perhaps toss a stick or two in the air, for the gay creature to spread her wings from the top of her long neck to the tip of her ungainly toes—for all the world after the manner of Lolie Fuller with her

Guinea Pigs and Rats.

The hundreds of people who see queer little animals called guinea pigs in the show windows of bird stores know that they are of any use except for pets. It is said that rats will not stay in the same building with guinea pigs and for that reason they are in great demand by chicken raisers, who usually suffer by having "peeps" carried off by rodents. Besides this the animals cost absolutely nothing to keep, as they will eat anything and everything and seem to thrive on nothing but grass. They are very prolific. One pair will rear a dozen young every year.

German Cyclists.

It is estimated that there are 3,120,000 cyclists in Germany, each one of whom had to pay a tax of 50 cents to have his name entered and to receive a number for his machine, together with a book, which he must carry about him, as it contains a description of his person.

Scale of Animal Voices.

According to a musical authority, the mooring of a cow is set to a perfect fifth, octave or tenth; the bark of a dog to a fourth or fifth; the neighing of a horse is a perfect octave. Yet it is thought that the quality of the donkey's voice might be improved.

A Rare Cook.

An eating house proprietor in Tacoma, Wash., arrested for selling game out of season, escaped on evidence, satisfactory to the jury, that his wife could prepare mutton to make it taste like venison.

Always With You.

Hat brushes are being made in Germany with a spring handle, attached to the back, which when opened out, serves to fix the brush in the top of the hat so as to be always at hand.

A Great Truth.

It seems strange that a dog can find any enjoyment in his ear-vexing bark. But then there are men and women who delight to hear themselves talk.

Try This.

To know genuine juvenility, try going around with a man or a woman twenty years older than yourself.

Make Up.

American women spend \$50,000,000 a year on cosmetics.

Chicago's Dancing Crane.

petticoats—and begin a system of pirouetting, of nodding, winking, and blinking, of tiptoeing, curvetting, whirling, of rhythmically spreading and closing her wings, manipulating them as easily and deftly as though they were yards of china silk instead of quill and bones

Chicago's Dancing Crane.

START OF ONE MILLIONAIRE

Earned His First \$10 Throwing a Circus Hercules.

"Had I caught my train that night," laughed the man who had nothing to do for a quarter of a century but sit and watch pine trees grow to swell his bank account, "I would probably be a farmer now, trying to raise a mortgage and a few other things. I had gone to a little town in lower Wisconsin to see a colt there that a man wanted to sell me. I was a good judge of stock and shrewd on a trade, but a greener country lad never broke into a town. I would have walked back to the farm after I found myself too late for the train, but I saw a handbill announcing a show that night, and couldn't resist the temptation to see it, though it did cost a quarter.

"In my hilarious appreciation I was more of an entertainment than they had on the stage, especially as I was utterly oblivious to the fact that I did not look like any one else in the audience. Toward the end a huge fellow came out, tossed cannon balls in the air, and held men out at arm's length, and lifted heavy weights. After this showing of his prowess he offered \$10 to any one whom he could not throw inside of two minutes. I was the crack wrestler in all our section, though none present knew it, and I felt as though the challenge was aimed directly at me. I turned hot and cold during a few seconds of intense silence. Then I sprang up, and as I came out of my old blues, shouted 'I'll go you, b'gosh.' There was a roar of laughter and then some of those about me urged me not to go up there and have my neck broken. But one old man told me to go in. It was a tough job, but I finally threw the giant almost through the floor with a hip-lock. There was a little hesitancy about giving me the \$10, but the crowd shouted till I got it. Then the old man took me home with him, and in a week I had charge of all the teams in his lumber camps. In time I became a partner, and he cleared the way to make me rich. That was really a match for a million."

A Bullet's Air Waves.

This is a photograph of the hyperbolic air-wave in front of a flying bullet. The head wave appears white in a grayish field, from which a sharp black

line separates it. The bright and dark bands intermeddling between the head wave and the tail wave are the rays of the previous less distinct figures and mark rows of greater or less density.

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UNHEALTHY BED CLOTHES.

Rendered Deadly by Devices of the Manufacturer to Increase Weight.

Science! Thy name is adulteration. Another terror has been added to existence by the revelation made by an English trade paper of the processes by which certain manufacturers "fill" the sheets and blankets with which they flood the market. We are told that after a piece of waste sheeting has been woven the cloth is passed over a trough containing a solution of zinc sulphate of magnesia (commonly known as Epsom salts) and water. This is called a sprinker. A revolving brush plays a spray of these noxious ingredients upon the cloth, with the result that a fifty-pound piece after the operation weighs seven and one-half pounds more than when it left the loom. As the goods are sold by the pound the object is evident. But what about the purchaser? A piece cuts up into ten pairs of sheets. Each pair, therefore, contains three-quarters of a pound of moisture-attracting material. The results are appalling. As soon as a wet day comes the sheets become damp and the luckless wight who sleeps between them is apt to contract a chill that may send him to the bourn whence no traveler returns. Even if suspicions are aroused and he boldly casts aside the sheets and wraps himself in the blankets it may avail him nothing. For the blanket makers have learned the trick, and the same ill-results may ensue. Next we shall hear that the counterpane makers are equally astute, and the timid sleeper may be driven to provide himself with the woolen sleeping bags that suggest travels in the furthest north. The only advantage of these "filled" or heavily "sized" sheets and blankets is that they are death to insects. But if they kill the sleeper as well as the pestiferous insects—to say nothing of the climacterical—what boots it?

The Penance Stone.

In India, three miles from Killigor, is the famous penance stone. It is a

slab on top of a hill. Here the religious Hindoos journey and squeeze themselves through the opening, a most painful process, and emerge meritorious and candidates for the favor of the gods.

Insects and Disease.

Nothing could more strikingly illustrate the importance of small things than the large role which is now attributed to the mosquito in the etiology of some of the most serious and widespread diseases to which the human race is subject. It is truly said that what prevents the successful colonization of many tropical countries, and what throws the greatest obstacle in the way of civilization and of good government in vast regions of central Africa, is not climate, not distance from home, and not unfriendliness on the part of the natives. The obstacle is malaria, and now we find that the prevalence of malaria, so far as man is concerned, depends on the mosquito, and that this pestilent little insect, in addition to irritating and annoying, is the means by which the poison of malaria is propagated and distributed. For years back botanists have known the important part played by birds in the scattering of seed, and of insects in the distribution of the pollen of plants; and it seems not unlikely that pathologists will have to recognize in a much larger degree than has till lately been done, the large part taken by the subordinate forms of life by which we are surrounded—our cattle, our horses, our dogs and cats, our flies, our mosquitoes, and perhaps even our fleas—in distributing disease from man to man, and, as is stated in regard to the mosquito and malaria, in deciding whether the extension of our empire over great areas of the globe's surface shall be possible or not.

Pia Productions.

In Birmingham 37,000,000 pins are produced daily, while the other manufacturing places of England are responsible for about 19,000,000 a day. France furnishes the market with 20,000,000 each day, and Germany and other countries yield 10,000,000.

Cod Liver Oil.

The best cod liver oil is made in Norway. For three months, beginning in January, the fish come in from the Arctic Ocean to the Norway fjords, or bays, to spawn, and sometimes as many as 60,000,000 or 65,000,000 fish are caught in a single season.

Buried Church.

At Soules, in Gascony, a cross was discovered projecting above the sand. Further investigation showed that it was attached to a steeple, and later a well-preserved church of the thirteenth century was excavated. The church is now in use.

No woman can be a heartless flirt unless she has had a real love affair.

THE INDIAN FIGHTER.

INDIVIDUAL FIGHTING HIS STYLE, AND TIME HASN'T CHANGED IT.

It is Seldom That an Order is Given Him in Battle—The United States Regular Knows His Trade and is an Expert at the Game.

The Indian method of fighting, as shown at Leech Lake, is a unique type of warfare and as such is a subject of great interest to foreign military men. The United States regular soldier is an expert at it, and has learned to fight the Indian as the Indian fights him. Military attaches sent by foreign governments to observe the Spanish-American war asked many questions from American officers on this topic, and considered the veteran Indian fighter, represented by such men as Generals Chaffee and Kent, as one of the best types of soldiers.

Individual fighting is the Indian style. It was so in the days before the revolution, and century has not changed it. The Indian has adopted many innovations taught him by the white man. He usually wears "store clothes" in these days and lives in a house, even if it is only a log hut. But he fights as his forefathers did, seeking to gain an advantage over his foe by ambush or some other form of strategy. The Indian who can hide behind a rock or tree and shoot down an unsuspecting foe who is passing is considered much more of a hero than one who will fight in the open and die bravely facing the enemy.

Indians on the warpath are commanded by chiefs, who are generally elected at a council fire. These chiefs are usually the heads of large families and command squads of from twenty to 100 men, composed of their brothers, sons, cousins and other relatives. One of the chiefs is known as the "Great Chief," and is usually given this rank for prowess in war or hunting. He occupies something like the same relation to the forces under him that a general or colonel has in the United States army, but his authority is much more restricted and is exercised only in rare cases.

The usual method in a fight, such as that at Leech Lake, is for the chief to advance and his men to follow him, keeping near enough to see his movements and acting in conformity with them. When the foe approaches within range general firing begins, one of the chiefs usually setting the example. When his men see him fire they fire, too, and so the rattle of the gun becomes general.

It is seldom that an order is given to an Indian in battle. He follows his chief, picking out individual foes and fighting them individually. His scant commissary and quartermaster's arrangements are attended to by squaws.

The United States regular, when fighting Indians, adopts their tactics only when the Indians are near. The skirmish formation is then used and the men dodge behind trees or rocks, but they listen for and quickly obey orders of their officers. If hard pressed they usually assemble and throw up hasty intrenchments, where they can pour a collective fire into any foe that may attack them.

Joaquin Miller's Tomb.

Joaquin Miller, the California poet, will sleep the long sleep in a tomb satisfactory to himself.

It has already been built under his own supervision, and from his own designs in a romantic spot on the top of a heaven-kissing hill back of the poet's home in Oakland, where big trees thrust themselves up into the air and huge boulders dot the ground.

Upon one of these is carved in big letters: "To the Unknown," the poet's greeting in the future, which his eyes cannot pierce.

Joaquin Miller's Tomb.

The tomb itself is square, solidly built of 620 rough blocks of stone, to last for all eternity. Three steps lead up to it. It is ten feet square and eight feet high, so that from the top step a man can look over and see in its top only a shallow depression.

Here the poet has directed that his body be cremated and the ashes scattered to the winds.

Queer Pills.

A wanderer from the Flowery Kingdom recently died in Melbourne. It transpired at the inquest that he had been treated by a Chinese physician, who gave him pills, each the size of a duck's egg. There were said to be forty different ingredients in the medicine, including blood, grasshoppers, ashes, bone dust, clay, dates, honey, sawdust and ground-up insects.

Vegetable Wealth.

In Russia no one knows how rich are the Demidoffs or the Yousouffs, because their fortunes are in the shape of vast domains containing gold and silver mines of incalculable value. These have not yet been developed, but they are but two of the millionaire families, and there are hundreds of others in the empire.

RED HAIR IN HISTORY.

Sir Walter and Michelet Disagreed About Unhappy Mary's.

The exact tint of the Scottish Queen's hair has a vexed subject of discussion. Some give it an unmitigated red. Michelet, for instance, who so far forgets himself and history as to call the poor lady a great red camel; others, siding with chivalrous Sir Walter, 'oldly endow their martyred Queen an' mistress with rich dark brown tresses. It should not be forgotten, however, that red hair, even modest auburn, suffered a severe eclipse during the early years of our century, whereas, under the Valois, no one with any pretensions to elegance could be seen wearing it black. In this particular, at least, Mary Stuart must have had the advantage of Queen Margot, who inherited her father's dark coloring, and was reduced to dissemblable nature's shortcomings by the perruquier's art.

We are told of three gigantic blond lackeys, kept in her service, and brought to the sheers as regularly as sheep. Brantome, indeed, protests that his incomparable Princess could carry with grace "even her natural black hair twisted and plaited a l'Espagnol, as she sometimes wore it, in imitation of her sister, the Queen of Spain." But no such need of insistence one feels when he comes to praise the curled golden tresses of the Scottish Queen. "Alas!" he cries, "what profanation was that at the dreadful moment of her death, when the barbarous executioner snatched her bonnet, and there lay revealed those same fair locks, now whitened, thin and wintry, and which her friends of France had so often seen but to admire, curled and adorned as befitting their beauty and the Queen they graced."

The Man Tree of Tallangatta.

In the forest of Tallangatta is a tree known in the district as the "Man Tree," on account of the extraordinary formation taken by a portion of the old trunk in its process of decay. Owing to the elevated position of this remarkable natural curiosity, the "statue" stands out in startlingly bold relief as one of the last and most curious relics of the primeval Australian forest, which in that district consisted chiefly of gigantic gum trees.

Woe of Paris.

Parisians say that their beloved city is being ruined by the automobile fad, which is ten times worse than the bicycling fever ever dared to be. Luckily there are not so many automobiles as bicycles, for they are expensive. The sights, sounds and smells resulting from the carriages propelled by petroleum are driving people from the boulevards.

Half an hour after an automobile has passed traces of petroleum linger in the air. The beauty of it is that the drivers of the vehicle cannot smell it—it inflicts itself only on the passer-by.

Some stunning toilets are to be seen on the pretty women who have deserted their bicycles for the automobile. Sometimes the carriages are upholstered to match madame's favorite gown—in gray or crimson broadcloth, with parasol tops and soft cushions for dainty shoes. The fact that she has to guide her carriage successfully before a critical judge, who passes on her proficiency in the art before she can get a license to wheel wherever she will, has no effect on madame's determination to join the merry throng on the boulevards.

Some Physiology.

The muscles of the human body exert a force of 534 pounds. The quantity of pure water which blood contains in its natural state is very great; it amounts to almost seven-eighths. The blood is a fifth of the weight of one body. A man is taller in the morning than at night to the extent of half an inch or more, owing to the relaxation of the cartilages. The human brain is the twenty-eighth part of the body, but in the horse the brain is not more than the four hundredth.

Lighthouse by a Mirror.

The lighthouse on Arnish Rock, in the Hebrides, is about 500 feet from the shore. To avoid having an attendant on the rock, the light is produced on the shore and projected across the water upon a mirror in the lighthouse, the mirror reflecting the light in the desired direction.

A Curious Fact.

It is an inexplicable fact that men buried in an avalanche of snow hear distinctly every word uttered by those who are seeking for them, while their most strenuous shouts fail to penetrate even a few feet of snow.

Excentricity.

An eccentric man is one who has money enough to keep people from calling him a crank.

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