

THE TALE THAT WAS TOLD.

How can I tell my story to-day? My heart is filled with a tale that is told. How can I sing my song to-night? My voice is tuned with melody old.

WILDCAT BILL.

"There was a few days ago," said Ernest Wilberforce, "a man at Badger Rock, Mont., who joyed in calling himself Wildcat Bill, the Rattlesnake of Bender's Flat, not that that was his name, of course, or that his name was Bill, or even William, or that, so far as I know, he had ever seen a wildcat, or would have known a rattlesnake if he had met one; and I am certain there was no such place as Bender's Flat; but this is what he was pleased to call himself. In point of fact, his name was Ernest Wilberforce, or something of that sort, and he came originally from Baldwinville, Conn., or some such wild, wildcat and non-rattlesnake neighborhood.

"If the fellow has stuck to Baldwinville, I fancy he'd have carried on a country store, and if his tastes had happened to run in that particular direction, have perhaps become a collector of postage stamps. Even in Montana I don't think he'd have become anything more sanguinary than a janitor of a school house if he had not felt himself drawn to a particular work. This was the consumption of liquor. He faced the problem earnestly, and did what he could. Had the stock not been increased, I am confident that he could have soon greatly reduced, and perhaps have overcome, the visible supply, but the manufacturers resorted to the underhand practice of constantly making more liquor, so his efforts were as naught. But he did not despair, and remained comfortably intoxicated from year to year.

"Naturally, his prolonged efforts in this direction reduced his finances, and the time came when something had to be done. He determined to take up the vocation of desperado in a purely commercial way. It is unnecessary to say that he had never shot a man, or shot at a man, or shot in the direction of where a man or other member of the human race was, or had been, or expected to be. Indeed, you couldn't prove it by me that he had ever shot off a gun, or know a trigger from a canteen. Badger Rock was at that time a small town engaged chiefly in the business of transferring people from the railroad station to the stages which ran to certain gold and silver mines. A great many Eastern people, capitalists and so forth, passed through it, but few stayed in the place more than a few hours.

"One day, a half hour before the train from the East was due, the clerk of the hotel was astonished to see this man enter, clad in most striking cowboy costume, wearing a belt with two revolvers and a knife in it, and carrying a heavy, double-barreled shotgun with the barrels sawed off, so that they were not more than a foot long, making a weapon such as is sometimes used by desperate characters, or by other individuals engaged in turn-of-the-hand against their fellow-men. It is a piece of ordnance which is supposed to be loaded with inordinate charges of powder and irregular sizes of lead. It makes an excellent companion for one gentleman to wait around the corner with for another gentleman who has been telling about town that he (the first gentleman) is a liar.

haps he could be hired to postpone the operation for a few hours—say till after you have left for the mines." "The upshot of it was that for \$10 the Rattlesnake agreed not to shoot Pete till after 5 o'clock, and the Boston man again drew a full breath. "Naturally, so easy and rapid a way of making money could not be left uncultivated, and Wildcat Bill became a regular thing behind the hotel door at train time. He divided profits with the clerk, and they did a thriving business. His terms for consenting to postpone temporarily the awful slaughter of his enemy varied from five to fifty dollars, according to the means or terror of the subject. Only one attempt was made. This was in the case of a rollicking youth from Louisville, who sat down and announced that he was going to wait and see the fun. He was mainly freed out by the inexplicable failure of Pete Smith to arrive. "The game was kept up several years, and would, perhaps, have been still going on had it not been for an unfortunate accident. One day a man came into the office with a black ebony cane. Having a valise in either hand, he was carrying this cane in a horizontal position under his arm. When the end of it poked around the door, Wildcat Bill, the Rattlesnake of Bender's Flat, mistook it for the muzzle of some sort of a weapon, uttered an acronyms cry, dropped his own gun, snatched through a window, and ran a half-mile for safety. It unnerved him to such an extent that he never returned to his profession, and finally dropped out of sight."

Over the Telephone. They were evidently two girls who were to sing a duet at an entertainment. This is how the telephone got it.

"Just try it once more. Stella—oh, Stella!" "Hello! Is this Clara?" "Yes, I say, just try it once more; that 'snaky' nook' part. See if we get it together." (Two voices) "In shady nook, in shady nook. Oh, yes, oh, yes, in shady nook, in shady nook to dwee—eee—ee!" "My! I know we'll fall on that high note. Wouldn't it be awful. And I just can't come over to-night, you know. Try that last again."

"(Both) "Dwee-eee!" "That's better. If you'll just use every spare moment and I can get over Sunday. Say, how have you got that 'distant bell'?" "Horrible." "Snakes! Haven't you, really? Let's hear you try the high."

"(Stella) "Bel-l-l-l-l!" "Good! Say, let's just try that passage. See if you can follow." (Voices) "To hear the bell—to hear the bell—to hear the distant, distant bell, the bel-l-l—the bel-l-l, to hear the distant bell—to hear—" "Stella, oh Stella! I say—" "Hello—oo—oo! Is this Clara? Hello, Clara! Say, Clara, did you hear some one swear just now?" "No, I thought you were holding the note. Try that sustained note again; I'm flat." "Bel-l-l-l-l-l. Br-r-r-r-rng. Br-r-r-rng." "Stella, oh, Stella!" "Br-r-r-rng. Say, get off that line there!" "Oh, Stella!"

Napoleon and Wellington. "If it hadn't been for you," observed the shade of Napoleon, accosting the shade of the Duke of Wellington, "the world might have been mine. That is plainly evident. I must confess that I was too many for you." "And yet," the Emperor continued, "look here!" Together they leaned over the cloudy battlements. "Observe," Napoleon said, with a broad downward sweep of his arm, "thousands of books, millions of magazines, portraits my own mother wouldn't recognize, the whole world talking Napoleon." "And what of me?" the Duke said. "Well," Napoleon patronizingly returned, "now and then you are mentioned—in a footnote, maybe." Effectively stroking his high-shouldered proboscis, the Duke of Wellington turned sadly away. "And to think," he muttered bitterly, "that I should be responsible for this man's greatness. Waterloo! I was!"—Rockland Tribune.

The Old to Work at Ninety-Six. A delightful story of poor-law administration comes to me from Thirk. At Carlton Hushwate, a small village in that neighborhood, lives a man about ninety-six, who was at the battle of Waterloo. For some considerable time he has been on the union books as a recipient of outdoor relief. But recently a great doubt arose in the minds of the guardians, why the old man did not earn his own livelihood. So the expense was incurred of sending a medical officer some miles to examine the nonagenarian, and report whether he was fit for work or not. It is needless to say that he was not. The doctor might, indeed, have been more usefully employed in inquiring into the state of mind of the Bumbles who sent him on such an errand.

Atmospheric Tides. Distinct tides in the atmosphere, corresponding to those of the sea, and produced twice daily by lunar attraction, have been traced by M. Bouquet de la Grye in the barometric records of stations removed from powerful local disturbances. The recorded observations of Brest, St. Helena, Cape Cor, Bantavia, and Singapore, give positive evidence of a regular ebb and flow according to the moon's position. The effect is slight but measurable, the greatest atmospheric tide at Brest being shown by movement of a quarter of an inch in a water barometer, which is equivalent to about one-fiftieth of an inch in the mercury barometer. The tide seems to bear about the same ratio to the weight of the atmosphere that the sea tide bears to the depth of the ocean.

The New Man. Alexander Mc Ivaime, of New York, who has been doing the cooking and washing for the family while his wife managed a stationary store, rebelled the other day and refused to be the cook and washerwoman any longer, whereupon, as he avers, Mrs. Mc Ivaime stood over him with a horsewhip and compelled him to do the work. Not satisfied with this she had him arrested for loafing and he was sent to prison for a month. The early samples of the "new man" do not show up well.—Chicago Tribune.

CLEVER MR. LONG-TAIL.

Stories of Members of the Squirrel Family. Migration Develops Their Faculties. If only conceit and contentedness were poundable, "Mister Long-Tail," as the negroes name the squirrel, would weigh as much as a calf, says the New York Sun. The three sorts of squirrels have this in common, they all war with pretty nearly every sylvan thing, and most of all with each other. The red or fox squirrel will not tolerate either the black or the gray fellows in his chosen haunts; the black squirrel in turn hounds the gray and drives him out, and the gray revenges himself by stealing the hoardings of his lowly brother, the ground squirrel. The gray squirrel is far and away the quickest in wit of the three. The squirrel family are epicures. Only the sharpest hunger will drive them to feed upon buds or young leaves. They will not store bitter acorns in the nest along with hickory nuts, chestnuts, chinquepins, sweet acorns and walnuts. Instead, they bury the bitter ones under a few inches of earth and leave them undisturbed until spring, when the acorns are ready to sprout. Then by nature's alchemy, the bitter has become sweet, the starch in the cotyledons having turned to sugar, and the astringent taste almost vanished. Science says we owe to the squirrel planters much the larger part of our oak forests, as well as some nut woods.

It is a liberal education in dainty feeding to watch a squirrel rifling a hazel copse. The nuts grow in clusters, at the very tips of slender stems. "Mister Long-Tail" runs down the stem as far as he dares, lies along it, reaches with his fore-paws, and catches the nut-cluster. Still holding it fast, he backs a little, then sits upright holding the green-frilled cluster fast and sinks his sharp teeth in one nut after another, and sucks out the kernel; then when he has eaten the very last, he lets the hull fly back to place. It may have held a dozen young nuts, but he rarely misses one.

A failure of nuts is sure to result in the migration of squirrels. All save the few saucy enough, or bold enough to plunder corn-cribs, or industrious enough to cure a sufficient quantity of dried apples. This curious feature of securing food when the nut-crop is short was discovered by a good farmer's wife noticing little heaps of pieces of apples on a number of flat stones in the orchard. Being curious and watching for some explanation she found it in a motherly old squirrel who came every day to turn the pieces, and carry them off when cured. The less industrious set out about the same time, commonly about the first of October, in search of new feeding grounds. Often they travel hundreds of miles, crossing considerable rivers by the way. This is the more wonderful because commonly they have great fear of water. They swim well for a few yards, but beyond that the big bushy tail drags them down in the migrating, old hunters say they develop a faculty very close to reason. When a broad stream is reached they run up and down on it hunting for bits of stick or bark small enough to be moved and light enough to float them over. Upon these improvised rafts they keep safely afloat by taking pains to get their tails out of water.

Vanity. "Your dolly looks just like you doesn't she?" "Why wouldn't she? I picked out the prettiest one I could find." What Do You Think of This. If you cross a stick across a stick, Or stick a cross across a stick, Or stick a cross across a cross, Or cross a cross across a stick, Or cross a cross across a cross, Or cross a crossed stick across a stick, Or stick a crossed stick across a stick, Or stick a crossed stick across a crossed stick, Or cross a crossed stick across a cross, Or cross a cross across a crossed stick, Would this be an acrostic?

Jimmy Wants to Know. "And, pa, did the Prince of Wales decide that anybody can go to Mr. Astor's parties that wants to go?" "I guess that's about the size of it, Jimmy." "An' eat all the ice cream an' cake they wants?" "I suppose so." "An' fill their pockets with his best nickel cigars?" "Very likely." "Well, I know what I'd do if I wuz in his place." "What's that, Jimmie?" "I'd go to boardin'!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Similarity. "What do you think of these yarns about the Chinese being among the most civilized people on earth?" asked Plute Pete. "Well," answered Three Finger Sam "I must say their way of treatin' strangers they don't happen to like reminds me of the palmy days in our great an' growin' city of Crimson Gulch."—Washington Star.

To those who read "The Story of a Song" in the Ladies' Home Journal, it revealed the most romantic chapter from the life of Franz Schubert, the famous composer. The writer of this story has told, with exquisite charm, of Schubert's early love, and of the episode which inspired him to write one of his best-known songs—a song which is still offered by musical woefulers at the shrine of Cupid.

GRANDDADDY GANDER.

Tells How He Found a Wife and Stole a Goose at One and the Same Time. If the ducklings and goslings and silly geese have got through their sputtering and clacking I'll begin my story. When I see how you go on all day long I wonder if I was ever as fighty and foolish as the most of you. In my young days no goosing or duckling under a year old was permitted to state his or her ideas and put on airs, and I can't get used to it. I am, as you know, called Granddaddy Gander. That is because I am the oldest goose on the farm. As near as I can make out I'm ten years old, and you may guess that I've seen many changes in that time. Bless you, but when I came to this place, only a yellow gosling and weak on my legs, the farmer had only one child, while now he has three sons and a daughter. I have seen Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year's come and go ten times, and if I should tell you of the number of geese and ducks killed for those holidays you'd look pretty serious for a day or two. Let that pass, however, while I tell you how I found a wife and stole a goose at one and the same time.

When I was a year or more old I began to look around for a mate. There were only seven or eight of us then, and the only goose without a mate was so homely and ill-natured that I wouldn't even speak to her when I could help it. It looked as if I should become an old bachelor, and there was a good deal of laughing and joking at my expense. After thinking the matter over one day I found a hole in the gooseyard fence and started off across the fields. I think I walked a good five miles, and at length I came to a farm where there was a large flock of geese. Some were swimming in the pond and some feeding in the fields, and pretty soon I noticed a fine young goose all by herself. I edged along up to her, trying to look my best, and when I had come near I said, "Ahem! Pleasant day, isn't it?" "Very pleasant," she answered with a smile.

"Are you folks all well?" "All in usual health, thank you. Did you want to see our gander about anything?" "Oh no, I am just strolling around, you see." Then I looked at her out of the corner of my eye, and I also saw her looking at me, and pretty soon I said, "Yes, I am just strolling around, but looking for a wife at the same time." "In me?" she replied with a blush. "Would you think it impudent if I asked if you were engaged?" "It would be awfully impudent, young gander." "But I have taken a great liking to you," I said. "Please don't!" she giggled. "Yes, I admire you, and if you think you can learn to love me I will ask you to be my wife. She cast down her eyes and blushed, and then to hide her blushes she hid her head under her wing. I was pleased enough, you may be sure, and, after promising that she would have everything a sensible goose could expect, I put my wing around her and walked off. At home they thought I was lost and had been devoured by a fox, and as we entered the farm yard the farmer, his wife and all the geese and ducks came running to greet us. I was congratulated, the good looks of my wife were loudly praised, and the farmer slapped his big leg and laughed and said to his wife, "I tell you, Mary, that's a smart young gander! He's not only found a mate, but he's added another goose to our flock, and do you see that they have a good supper and a good big share of the mud puddle—St. Louis Globe-Democrat."

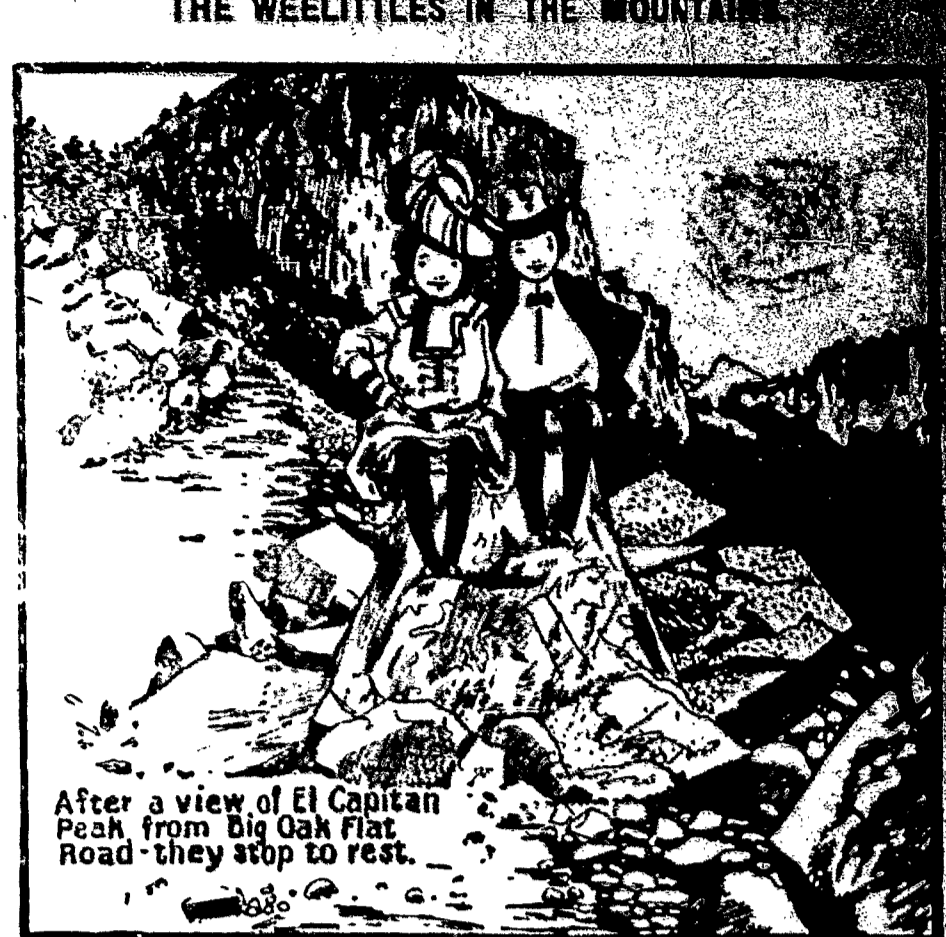
The Foolish Boy. Under the spreading apple tree The boy with freckles stands; A hungry little lad is he, With scratches on his hands. Above him is an apple that His appetite demands. The apple's young and small and green, A deadly thing to take. The agile boy climbs up the tree And gives the limb a shake. The howling that you hear is from A child with stomach ache. Man is but of few days, and full Of trouble here below. He starts with colic and he keeps On adding to his woe. Green apples and Welsh rarebits and That sort of thing, you know.

Fruit Juices. Fruit juices are indispensable in families where summer drinks and water ices are liked, and are useful in making sauces for puddings. To can these juices mash the fruit and rub it through a sieve. To every pint of the juice and pulp add three cups of sugar. Fill the fruit jars with the mixture, cover them and place in a kettle with sufficient cold water to about cover them. Bring to a boil slowly and boil half an hour. Then fill the cans full, seal them and cool them in the water.

Candy for Soldiers. Germany was the first nation to give confectionary to the soldiers. Great Britain followed the example. The United States took the matter up, and candies have been sent as regular rations to the soldiers in the Philippines. It is noticeable that chocolate is the principal article of this kind, and it recalls the fact that when Cortez landed in Mexico, he was much interested in discovering how the Indian runners he employed were able to travel many days and long distances without food. Investigation revealed the fact that they subsisted entirely upon the leaves of the cocoa plant, and that their strength was augmented rather than impaired.

No word is ill spoken if it is not ill understood.

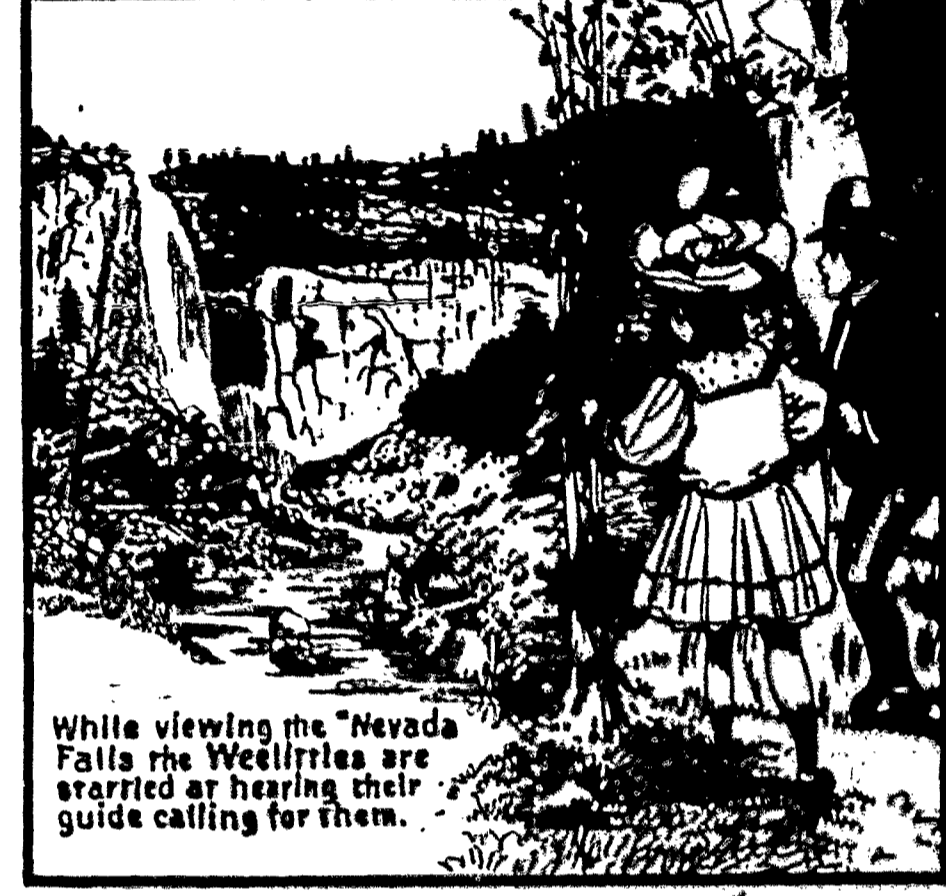
THE WHEELITTLES IN THE MOUNTAINS.



After a view of El Capitan Peak from Big Oak Flat Road—they stop to rest.

FIND TWO ROBBERS AND AN OLD WOMAN.

THE WHEELITTLES AT NEVADA FALLS.



While viewing the Nevada Falls the Wheelittles are startled at hearing their guide calling for them.

FIND THE GUIDE.

THE WHEELITTLES IN YOSEMITE PARK.



From a ledge they view the mountain of the Three Brothers in Yosemite Valley.

FIND THEIR ATTENDANT.

THE WHEELITTLES AT YOSEMITE FALLS.



Yosemite Falls takes a summer vacation. The Wheelittles yell for him for mid.

FIND THREE MEN WHO ARE NOT UNDERSTOOD.