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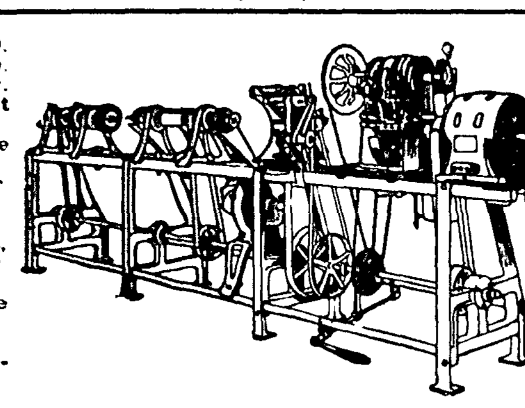

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A PAIR OF MOOSE HORNS

As trophies of many seasons spent in the deep wildernesses of Maine and New Brunswick, Mr. Winston has in his house an impressive number of mounted heads of deer, moose, caribou and other of the [illegible]. Among these is a pair of moose antlers of unusual spread, one [illegible] marked by a hole through the broadest part. There is no [illegible] great branching [illegible] of their taking is such [illegible] er regards them as a [illegible] and trophy of a very poor [illegible]

Some years ago before the open season was [illegible] in the Aroostook [illegible] Lake [illegible] on the snow [illegible] days before Christmas.

The two were [illegible] with the guide [illegible] suddenly stopped and [illegible] warning hand.

Winston halted [illegible] and followed the other's example [illegible] in his tracks.

"What is it [illegible]?" he whispered.

[illegible] ahead there? [illegible] the right place just [illegible] spruce.

"Yes. I've got it now."

"Well, there's a [illegible] moose right in behind there. He's [illegible] now [illegible] when I stopped [illegible]. Wait a minute; there now you can see him."

Winston looked. There was no sight of the [illegible] appeared the [illegible] with his side toward [illegible]

"[illegible] from here," whispered the [illegible] and he [illegible] Winston's path [illegible] can [illegible] before he moves. Hold on [illegible]"

Winston did not have buck fever [illegible] the meeting excited him.

"Yes, yes, I know! I know!" he [illegible] He threw his rifle hastily [illegible] his shoulder and pulled the trigger.

At the crack of the gun the horns [illegible] from sight.

"[illegible] him! I got him!" cried Winston.

The guide listened a moment.

"[illegible] ain't hurt bad, I guess, and he's [illegible] down the hill to beat the world [illegible] on."

The two ran forward. As they approached the bushes Winston panted:

"[illegible] you, Clint, he's lying right [illegible] I can see a horn."

"[illegible] nothin'," cried [illegible] he's makin' tracks for the [illegible] big uns too."

[illegible] broke through the screen of [illegible]

"[illegible] did I tell you," both [illegible]

[illegible] Winston added. "O shucks!"

[illegible] declared. "Well, I swan! [illegible] as he held up the enormous [illegible] with a bullet hole square [illegible] its broad blade.

[illegible] that time of the year the moose [illegible] ready to shed his horns. The [illegible] of Winston's bullet, which he [illegible] aimed low, had given just the [illegible] jar necessary to shake off the antler. There it lay while its owner was separating its mate [illegible] as rapidly as possible.

[illegible] hunting instinct was the first [illegible] his amusement. "Come. He won't travel fast with that horn. He's all lopsided."

And the trail soon gave evidence that the startled animal was finding difficulty with his suddenly unbalanced [illegible]. The left side was now some [illegible] five pounds heavier than the [illegible] and a very ill balanced twenty [illegible] pounds too. The moose swung constantly toward the left, stumbled every few steps, ran into trees and stumps and was evidently having a most unpleasant time of it.

In a few minutes the men were near enough to hear it crashing along in laborious awkwardness.

Then there came to their ears a sudden tunk!

"Ran into another tree, I guess," panted Clint. "Come on!"

The next moment, however, there were indications of suddenly accelerated speed on the part of the game.

Clint's jaw dropped. "I know what that means!" he muttered.

"What?" gasped his employer.

Before Clint found breath to answer they came in sight of a tall beech with a fresh scar on its bark—and at its foot was the other horn!

A distant sound of breaking underbrush indicated the point where the moose, probably very grateful for the little assistance given to nature, was making a speedy and final exit from the scene.

"Well," said Clint, "even if you did make a thunderin' poor shot, you got a fine pair of horns, and Mr. Moose, he ain't regrettin' 'em any. I guess the arrangement ought to be gen'ally satisfactory."—BLISS COBURN.

MEN'S BONES ON FOOTPATH

Remains of Ancient Indians in Road Material Taken from an Old Mound.

Mill Valley, Cal.—Mill Valley has public roadways that are unlike any others in the world. Every time milady walks on the pretty, smooth white pathways and drives that lead to many of Mill Valley's fashionable homes she treads on the bones of men long dead, the aborigines of America, for mingling with the shell and gravel that compose the paths are the remains of the Tamal Indians. Whenever she puts down a dainty French heel the sole of her shoe stamps into the earth a fragment of a skeleton of a redman.

Now there are those who object to all this and therefore Mill Valley is split into factions. One side has no qualms about using the bones of the Indians for paths [illegible] driveways [illegible] strenuously because they [illegible] it as a desecration of the dead.

Near the entrance to Mill Valley [illegible] a big [illegible] is about the height of a three [illegible] [illegible] investigations were made [illegible] was thought [illegible] of [illegible] was discovered that the mound was an old burial ground of the Tamal [illegible] Mount Tamalpais was named, Tamalpais meaning [illegible]

Owing to the accessibility of the [illegible] a number of persons in Mill Valley have paved their garden paths with material from the mound and unwittingly carried with the shells the bones of the old Indians. And now the dust of the red American remains of mighty warriors and hunters serve to [illegible] while the gorgeous flowers and green lawns of the Anglo-Saxon conqueror.

Efforts are being made to have the trustees erect a [illegible] over the remains of Mill Valley's first settlers and to stop the carriage of the shells and bones from the mound. The protesting ones are that [illegible] respect should be shown the dead whether Indian or white, even though they be merely bones [illegible] for footpaths does not appeal to them.

Many of those who [illegible] have their paths and [illegible] still cast covetous eyes on the [illegible] have different ideas [illegible] at the proposition from a [illegible] practical standpoint [illegible] bones [illegible] and that settles [illegible] experience [illegible] and [illegible] makes excellent coverings for [illegible] paths as [illegible] waters percolate through [illegible] and one may pass dry shod over the path.

Several persons have been quietly excavating the mound and a number [illegible] have been unearthed. Among them are stone mortars used in grinding grains and nuts. A skull in a mortar also has been dug out. The skull is indoubtedly that of a woman, as the Tamal Indians always buried females in this manner.

Long arrow heads of obsidian and a dozen spear heads of volcanic rock also have been brought to light. Further and deeper explorations will no doubt uncover skeletons, relics and implements of both peace and war.

100 YEARS FOR ROCKEFELLER

Dr. Biggar Gives Three Reasons for His Fine Physical Condition.

Cleveland, Ohio.—Dr. H. F. Biggar of Cleveland is John D. Rockefeller's physician.

"Is the report true that Mr. Rockefeller is suffering from [illegible]?" a reporter asked him.

"Absolutely untrue," said the physician. "I saw Mr. Rockefeller only three weeks ago. His health is perfect. He will live to be 100 years old for three reasons.

"First, he avoids all worry.

"Second, he takes plenty of exercise in the open air.

"Third, he never overloads his stomach and always gets up from the table a little hungry.

"If other men would follow Mr. Rockefeller's physical methods we would all be young at seventy."

500,000 Opium Suicides a Year.

Cleveland, Ohio.—"Opium causes half a million suicides a year," declared the Rev. A. S. Gregg of the International Reform Bureau with reference to the opium conference. The statement is based on letters and reports from Dr. E. W. Thwing, special secretary of the reform bureau sent to China by the bureau to attend the opium conference. Dr. Thwing states that he has obtained statistics from the provinces of Kueichau, Yunnan, Szo Chuan and Annwei with a total population of 580,000, in which he says the proportion of the population using opium is from 20 to 80 per cent. and the amount of money spent for the drug is $200,000,000 a year.

City Pays 10 Cents Each for Rats.

Seattle, Wash.—Bounty on four hundred rats, the catch of one day this week by the bounty squad, was paid by the city at the rat laboratory. Driven out of the brush bulkhead near the Moran Shipyard by excessive high tides, the animals sought shelter along the water front, and were trapped and poisoned by the men who make their livelihood from the bounty of 10 cents per head for all rats brought to the laboratory.

Dog Fur Train's 700-Mile Trip.

Winnipeg, Man.—From a 700-mile journey across the wastes extending to Hudson Bay ten dog trains, heavily laden with furs, reached Winnipeg. The furs, which are valued at hundreds of thousands of dollars, are bound for the London market.

His Fond Ambition

All at once Mr. Biglow sighed—not gradually, or by degrees, or little by little. Ah, no. But all at once he sighed, setting the plenitude of his countenance into a cast of woe that resembled a mask of tragedy and sighing as though he simply had to do it or else burst into tears. And while this sound of sorrow is taking physical form and rippling mournful over the plumpness of him and over the manifold chins of him until it shakes his mighty breast with ever mightier tremors of woe let us look at Mr. Biglow and consider his case.

He was then one of those noble men of nature who exemplify the might, majesty and dominion of man; and when he walked across a floor or leaned against a wall the [illegible] fates drew three long breaths of apprehension and pitched a penny for it. And yet his [illegible] blossomed with the blossom of roses and his [illegible] When he was [illegible] of pedestrianism and [illegible] to pick up a pin [illegible] the earth trembled and the [illegible] And yet his [illegible] and the [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] Mr. Biglow, the gentleman, was [illegible]

"Why, Mr. Biglow," exclaimed Miss Gabbleton, "What is the matter?"

[illegible]

[illegible] Miss Gabbleton [illegible] resembled the fourth dimension and [illegible] with the focus of philosophy caught the attention of her arms [illegible] and marveled at the mysteries.

"Why, Mr. Biglow," exclaimed Miss Gabbleton, "what is the matter?"

But with his eye on the mistletoe Mr. Biglow shook with sorrow again and made no further speech.

"Don't you feel well?" asked Miss Gabbleton.

Mr. Biglow moved forward as though about to speak, but he and the lounge only groaned in concert.

"Is something troubling you, Mr. Biglow? Is there any way I can help you?" she asked, and caressing him [illegible] she added [illegible] Mr. Biglow."

"Miss Gabbleton," said Mr. Biglow, blinking his eyes as though in perpetual surprise at the falsetto of his tenor, "I am not a half bad fellow."

"Why, Mr. Biglow, I should say you weren't. Why, you are one of my dearest friends."

"But sometimes," he continued with a rising inflection, "I feel as if—as if nobody cared for me-e-e-e!"

"Why, Mr. Biglow!"

"Nobody," he repeated.

And [illegible] an arch, arch manner she lifted her brows and cried: "Am I nobody, then?"

For a moment she seemed to him to be nothing but a spiritual state floating in the shadows of the room; but knowing that she was there all right he looked at the mistletoe again and said:

"Miss Gabbleton!"

"Mr. Biglow?"

"Do you know that —"

"Yes, Mr. Biglow."

"— ever since I —"

"Ye-e-e-e-es, Mr. Biglow?"

"Er-er-er-er-er, Angeline!"

"Peter!"

He arose and so did she; he took a step forward and so did she; he took another and so did she and they met beneath the mistletoe.

So much for the prologue, the prelude and the preface. Let us look carefully now together and consider those things that hide themselves in the innermost heart of man.

Half an hour had passed and they were sitting on the lounge. On his face was the rapt look of a mystic whose ideals are fast being materialized, but now and then a look of wistfulness passed over his countenance as if — as if —

"Are you happy?" she whispered.

"Awfully," he answered. "But——"

"Ye-e-e-e-es, Peter?"

And dropping on his knees with a fearful impact he caught and found his most plaintive tenor, crying:

"Oh, do not call me Peter!"

Adding, with the tender smile of one whose dreams have all come true:

"Call me 'Tiddleywinks'!"

Needed a Starter.

One night little Margaret, on kneeling by her mamma to say her prayers, finished, "Now I lay me," and forgot. "Mamma," she said, "you just start me and I can go a-whizzing."

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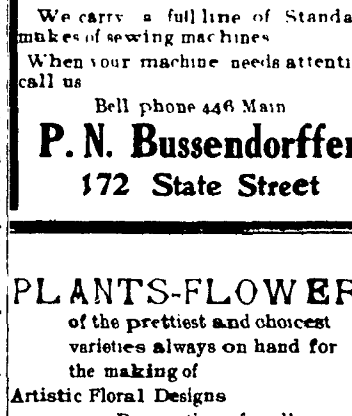

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