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THE STRONG WOMAN

By M. QUAD
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During the first year of her existence the female who came to be known as "the strong woman" was called Hetty Davis. That was her correct name. George Davis was a farmer, and both he and his wife were undersized people. The infant was a weakling, and the doctors frankly said that the first symptoms of measles would be the end of her.

At the age of eighteen months Hetty took a start in life and was soon known as "the big kid." She took on fat and simply played with mumps, measles and whooping cough. Her weight at two years was that of the average girl of ten. She grew from "the big kid" to "the big girl." At the age of sixteen they were calling her "the strong woman," and that title stuck to her.

The Davis farm was worth marrying, and there was money in the bank besides. There were young men and bachelors and widowers who were willing to marry it. They came counting and were laughed at, but at length the strong woman announced that on a certain day, if the swains would all gather, she would select a husband from among them. The gathering numbered thirty. As they sat around, casting sheep's eyes at her, she rose and said:

"Gentlemen, I want a man who can control me. The man who wins must beat me in a fair tough and tumble fight. There are no other conditions."

There were only five men out of the thirty who wanted matrimony that way. Out of the five there was a wild forty years old who could mow hay and hoe more corn than any other ten miles round. He stepped on the grass and peeled his coat and vest and spat on his hands. According to authentic reports, he was a licked man in five minutes. Not only the but he carried a stiff neck for the rest of his life. The strong woman had almost twisted his head off, and none of the others came forward as No. 2.

The farm was run by hired men. Now and then for the first two years they got impatient at times or did not keep up to their work. They were knocked unconscious, thrown over the fence into the road, or sent away with broken bones. It was a great highway for traps, or had been. They (the strong woman) had demanded food. They were that kind of things. When they got to threats (the strong woman) yelled in. She struck and slapped, she kicked and bit, she knocked their heads together until their brains rang for days afterward. Her greatest victory was over a black of five. After the dawn of that got about all traps would do six miles around to dodge her farm. The strong woman paid no attention to science. She just waded right in any old way to win, and if she got her teeth fastened upon a man's ear it was but for him.

The strong woman didn't pay much attention to other women. She knew they didn't like her and that they gaped about her, but she continued to pass it by for years. Then a casual remark rolled her. A certain woman said that she was so homely that she couldn't catch a husband. No homely woman ever yet admitted that she was homely, nor was there ever an old maid ready to admit that she had tried and failed. The strong woman seized out notice that she had hit the trail for a husband. No one responded. On the contrary, men hid out in barns and haystacks and trembled in their shoes. Two weeks and no husband.

Then the strong woman bought a bear trap, covered the teeth with heavy cloth and set it at the open barn door. Three nights passed without a victim, but at midnight the fourth night along came a horse thief, "gaily," and was caught by the leg. His yells of pain aroused the woman, and she lighted the lantern and went out. After taking a good look at the prisoner she turned away with the remark:

"I guess you'll do. Stay right here till morning."

He begged and pleaded and yelled, but there he stayed for four hours more. Then came daylight and his captor, and she asked:

"Does it happen that you are a married man?"

"No."

"Then you soon will be. Listen to me. You'll be laid up for about a week. After that we shall be married, you and I."

"I marry you?" he asked after a long look at her.

"You will."

"I'll go to prison first!"

"You'll do nothing of the kind. Perhaps you've heard of me—the strong woman."

He uttered a groan of despair.

"They say I can't find a husband, but I'll show 'em!"

"But, woman, I'm a horse thief!"

"I don't care for that."

It is a fact that after a week they were married. It is a further fact that he ran away, and after a hunt of a month she brought him back and hammered him until he didn't get out of bed for three weeks. He settled down then and made a good husband, and the two lived happily together for twenty years, when the strong woman met a death befitting her name. A barn sixty feet long and thirty feet wide blew over on her, and she was gathered to her fathers. A walnut tree or a brick horse couldn't have done it.

SINGS ITS DEATH SONG.

A Peculiar Bird Found in the Jungles of South America.

There is a queer bird in the jungles of northern South America which is called the "paui" by the natives, but is known to science as the galeated curassow. It is chiefly remarkable because it sings its own death song.

It does not really sing, but makes a deep humming noise which sounds very much like the Spanish words "El muerto canta" (the corpse sings).

"It is while uttering this melodious chant," said a South American traveler, "that the bird usually meets its death, for the hunter can then usually track it to its retreat, and it falls victim, as the Indians say, to its own death song."

If the paui gets suspicious it immediately raises its wings, and that is a sure indication to the hunter that the bird has seen him or is in danger. In such a case the only thing for the sportsman to do is to remain perfectly still. The bird may become reassured after waiting a while and again begin to call. "The corpse has gone." It can then be cautiously approached and killed.

If it is only wounded the paui usually escapes, though it cannot fly much better than the ordinary domestic fowl. It is a very fast of foot and will outrun the hunter until it is lost in the dense undergrowth of the jungle.

In the mating season the male paui is the most passionate of birds, and will fight his own kind, attacking and spearing them. Often the fight ends in the annihilation of both combatants.

A New Method of Rescue

By ROCKFORD KING
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People wondered why I took such interest in this, and why I constantly studied different makes. Then, when I had fitted a flight into a distant land, no one knew, white, and after my return all my interest in air navigation had vanished, they wondered still more.

I have been a great traveler, though I am not yet thirty years old. Some years ago while in Russia I made the acquaintance, followed by the friendship of a member of the American embassy at St. Petersburg. In this way I saw something of court life there. One night at a function at the Winter palace I was introduced to the daughter of a general in the Russian service. Not for an ordinary would I give her name, so I shall call her Sophie. In my travels I have picked up a number of foreign languages. Russian I speak tolerably, and Sophie spoke some English. There usually comes in a man's life, if it comes, when he is young, some woman who appeals to him as no other woman has ever appealed to him. From the moment I met Sophie I knew that she had there up in my path whom I must possess, else the victory had passed out of my life.

I went to her hotel after my acquaintance with her to her apartment. The night with the exception of the fact that I had found a mate, and the fact that I occupied it for some time for several months I was with her as often as I could manage to allow. I dined with her, I stayed with her, I met her at the opera and on court gala occasions. She gave me unmistakable signs that in me she had found what I had found in her. But when I came to tell her my story her whole manner changed.

"No, no, no!" she moaned. "I have permitted myself to sink into a dream. You have awakened me. I have done very wrong. Go away from me. Forget me."

What there was between her and me that led her to talk thus I could not induce her to tell. I left Russia and tried to forget her. I consulted my system, but the habit of her no longer came out of the superficial of forget. The pyramids, the Colosseum, the rocks of art that had before me, and now were now mostly in my mind.

One day I took up a newspaper and saw by telegraph news from that a conspiracy against the life of the czar had been discovered, and that the daughter of a prominent general had been implicated. Something I had seen that she was Sophie. I returned to St. Petersburg to learn that my suspicion was correct. The girl I loved had already been sent to Siberia. Now I understood her sudden turn of mind.

I felt there a great work had to be done before me—the work of liberating Sophie. A famous traveler was in St. Petersburg at the time and was about to start with the permission of the Russian government, to write up the condition of Siberian exile. I succeeded in inducing him to appoint me his secretary or amanuensis. In this way I would be able to look the girl I had made up my mind to free. On arriving in the prison region I learned that Sophie's father had been enabled to secure for her simply exile, not imprisonment. She was, it was said, in a lonely walk. But her position was not so comfortable as it seemed. Her work was to take her out of Siberia.

I saw her talked with her and told her that during the same month that that the following day to be sent with Sophie by train to the prison.

That autumn and winter I was known to be one of the principal forces to the liberation of her. I tried every kind of expedient that the "prison" had. I had been both by day and by night, and I had seen the land of the unknown. I had used to dying in the cold. I had no prison, suffered no cold, I had not been with this purpose in view. I was to make a flight to Russia, even down by the hut in which lived the love and best her away to freedom.

I pass over the details of things which I found a machine specially adapted for my purpose. I intended it to be sent to freedom. From there to my destination was no far, but I must make the journey at my risk with one supply of fuel. On my journey I rose to a height of 300 feet and drove my machine westward. I was possibly kept at a certain height until I stood directly over the prison. Then I might attract the least possible attention. From where I was poised was a glinting course down to the hut. I hoped that she might be outside, but she was not. I descended to her door. It was closed. I was about to leave the machine to enter the hut when I saw her face at the window, and in another moment she was sitting beside me on the machine. I had provided for starting by attaching my machine with apparatus especially adapted to the purpose, and though keepers were by, this time running toward us from every direction, we rose above them and the shots they sent up in time to save ourselves.

After a ride high in the air we came down in Sweden, nearly frozen. From there we traveled southward not stopping till we reached St. Petersburg, where we took a steamer.

We are now both in America and are soon to be married.

His Story

By MATTHEW HARRIS
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When I was a young man I was a member of the Central Council of the Catholic Church, and was at one time a member of the group that was known as the "Catholic Club." It was a group of young men who were interested in the Catholic Church and its activities. We were a group of about a dozen men, and we were very active in our work. We were very interested in the Catholic Church and its activities, and we were very active in our work. We were very interested in the Catholic Church and its activities, and we were very active in our work.

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SALVE FOR HIS WOUND

A Stronous Scene That Was Not on the Hill at the Play.

Giovanni Grasso, a Sicilian actor of unusual dramatic energy, was playing in Florence in one of his best parts, where he had to stab his enemy with a dagger. Suddenly, in the heat of his passion, Grasso let the weapon slip out of his hand. It slipped to the pit on a man's head, cutting it slightly.

An indignant member of the audience, seeing the knife back to the stage, where it was dexterously caught by Grasso. Raising it aloft in his hand and as if it were accursed, Grasso smashed it in two and then stamped upon it.

Then, with a swift bound, Grasso was in the pit beside the injured man. The next minute he had slipped back to the boards, with the victim in his arms.

After setting him in a chair Grasso threw himself on his knees and began a long ecstasy for forgiveness. This was rapidly granted by the man who betrayed, Grasso, who on his side begged to be allowed to return to his seat.

But this was not to be until Grasso, weeping copiously, had begged no fewer than fifty recollections upon the man's bleeding cheek.

The action was stopped with loud cheers, and after Grasso had gracefully bowed his thanks the play was resumed and successfully concluded.—London Express.

Pearls of the Hair Cut

"Ouch!" cried the barber and something besides. He struck the side of his thumb in his mouth and began sucking it.

"Cut yourself?" asked the man in the chair.

"No, it's an ingrowing hair," replied the barber—"an ingrowing hair" under my thumb nail."

The man in the chair laughed.

"Pard!" said the barber. "If you had a customer, you'd either be giving a customer a hair cut or a bit of hair often lodged under the finger nail, and if it isn't removed it is apt to fester and get sore. Sometimes we don't even know it's there until it begins to get in its work. It hurts like the dickens, sometimes. If you don't believe me, ask any barber, and he'll tell you the same thing."—New York Times.

A Gun Club's Treasures

Three million cartridges, shells, the result of eleven years of shooting by the members of a gun club, have been gathered into a huge pile by one of the leading sporting organizations of England. Eleven years ago one of the members conceived the idea of having the members save all their shells and deposit them on the pile. The club bank is now the club's most prized possession. If a single man were to shoot one cartridge a second day, and night it would take him about twenty-five years to discharge 12,000,000. The club maintains a vigilant guard over its precious shell pile.

Filial Repartee

Richard Brusley Sheridan, who was always distressed for money, was one day backing his face with a dull razor when he turned to his eldest son and said:

"Tom, if you open any more of those with my razor I'll cut you on with a shilliner."

"Very well, father," said Tom, "but where will you get the shillinger?"

Halley's Achievements

Edmund Halley was a very great man. He was not only the first to predict correctly the return of a comet, that which is now known by his name, but also—before Newton had announced his results to any one—arrived at the conclusion that the attraction of gravitation probably varied inversely as the square of the distance. While these and other important achievements of his are well known it seems to have been forgotten that Halley devised a method of determining the age of the ocean from chemical deposits.—Dr. G. S. Becker in Science.

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