



## THE WRONG MAN.

BY G. B. DUNHAM.

When our foreman went away to the Northwest territory to find a cattle range unspoiled by settlers, Robert was put in charge of the ranch. This was equivalent to a promotion of Biddy also, for the Missourian, whose bony frame had been built from the limestone waters of his native state, was still the partition and protector of the happy youngster from northern Vermont.

"You are a Canadian pony and I am a Hambletonian," said Robert; "but if we like to trot together, I guess the other horses on this range will have to take our dust."

The friendship between these two men was founded on complementary qualities, and only a woman could break it. The woman in this instance was Miss Bell, the schoolteacher at the Bend.

The burned child dreads the fire, but a bird will return and again dash into the flames. Robert's encounter with the fair fence-cutter was like flame to the bird. He sought an introduction and forthwith became a suitor for her hand. Biddy, the only one in camp who took it upon herself to criticize any act of Robert's, remonstrated with him.

"You are a bird, aren't you?" said he; "the girl mesmerized you once, she'll bamboozle you for twice, and bounce you for three times. What do you mean to do?"

"I mean to marry her if she will have me," replied Robert, simply. "Yes, I know I told you plenty times that a cowboy had no business to marry, and that's right, but I'm an exception. I don't know how and I don't know why, but I know I'm hit hard. I got to have her."

So Robert, big, hulking, forty years old, was in love for the first time in his whole life. If force and earnestness avail, he should win.

Loss of flesh, less earnest, half as old, Biddy was in the same plight. His advice to Robert to let the girl alone was in good faith; he thought it the best thing for Robert—but he had a bad case of "physician heal thyself" upon his hands. He, too, was resolved to win and marry Miss Bell. He did not say so to Robert, so hard it is for most men to be open in a love affair, and for a time Robert knew nothing of it. Everyone else saw it, and Scotty told Biddy he had better stand from under.

"If you look horns with Robert," said he, "he'll get you down and walk all over your frame." And Scotty added some reflections on the law of supply and demand. "If there were twenty schoolma'ams round here you wouldn't look at one of them, but because there is only one, you are fixing to get your skin so plumb full of bullet holes that the wind won't whistle as it blows through."

Biddy laughed and went his way to call upon Miss Bell and urge his suit. And Robert went his way, which was the same way, upon the same errand. I do not know whether Miss Bell gave to either man any encouragement, but as the dead-shot is said to add a notch to the marks on his pistol-grip for each man he drops, so it is supposable that about this time this young lady increased her list of rejected suitors by the names of these two cowboys.

It was done in her kindest manner, this rejection, and she had said to each: "I am sorry this has occurred, but since you have so honored me, you must come to my wedding. I am to be married next month in the church at Hammond. I shall really feel it if you do not come."

And each man had promised to be there.

It had come to Robert's notice before this time that Biddy was his rival, but with the hope and intention of success strongly within him, he had been affected differently from Scotty's forecast. He went straight to Biddy and told him to "go in and win if you can. I don't want the girl unless I

can get her fair and hold her against all comers." But when both had been refused, each man thought the other was accepted, and each waited for the other to breach the subject.

It was a difficult time. There were dark looks, but no explosion. They avoided each other, and this little cloud, no bigger than a woman's hand, seemed about to cover the whole sky. Biddy asked for leave of absence and got it. They did not meet again until the wedding day.

That day found Biddy still storming at fate; but Robert, who had a simpler and stronger nature, had put his own disappointment behind him and was looking forward with pride if not pleasure to his friend's happiness.

What follows is in Robert's words: "I got there early and took a seat in the back part of the church. I wanted to be where I could get out if my nerve failed me. Many people came in, and at last the bride, looking very beautiful, came out from a side door with three men and stood up in front. And I was proud for Biddy that he was going to have such a fine wife. But I couldn't see him anywhere. And the preacher said any man having an impediment was to step forward."

"Then I looked for Biddy, but he didn't come. I had never before been at a wedding in church, and I thought maybe it was the way to keep him corralled in the little room until the last moment, for fear he would go back onto the old range."

"The preacher went on saying things, and I didn't pay close attention, because I was thinking how pretty she looked, until a bold man in a Herford shirt and low-necked vest took her hand, and the preacher said 'I pronounce you man and wife.'"

"Then I jumped up wild. 'Great Scott!' I yelled, 'that's the wrong man!'"

"At that instant somebody clapped a hand over my mouth and hustled me out of the church."

"If you don't want to get shut up for drunk and disorderly," said Biddy, for he it was who dragged me out, 'stop that racket!'"

"What's up?" I said, soon as I could get my breath. "Why aren't you in there getting married?"

"I am not in there getting married," said Biddy, "because she wouldn't have me. I thought you were to marry her today."

"What, me?" says I. "I never was within a thousand miles of it."

"Why didn't you say so, old man?" asked Biddy.

"Say so yourself," said I. "You were dumb as an oyster."

"Then we both laughed, and while the folks inside were crowding up to the front to congratulate the happy pair, Biddy and me had a hearty handshake on the sidewalk, and we went home together."—Argonaut.

## Captain Heard's Exploit.

The speed of the Baltimore clippers in days gone by made history redound with their exploits. Every boy and girl has read at some time or place of the piratical, long, low, rakish-looking schooners that cruised the ocean ostensibly as privateers, but chiefly as pirates, in those days, and have marvelled more or less at their astounding adventures. A good story is told of the late Captain Augustine Heard, that while in command of a fine ship richly laden, bound from China to New York, he was overhauled by one of this kind, which came up under his lee, fired a shot into his ship, and demanded in "good English" that she should be hove to. Captain Heard watched a favorable opportunity, squared his yards, ran the privateer down, passed over her between the masts, and when well to leeward brought his ship to the wind and resumed his course. She had lost some of her head-gear, but sustained no damage in her hull. Captain Heard left the "long, low, black privateer," or pirate, to her fate, and had no doubt that all her crew perished.

It was a dangerous thing to do, but Heard relied upon the good timber in his ship's bows to withstand the shock, although his heart grew sad at the loss of life. Still, as he put it, "My honor and life were at stake, so he had to go under."—Harper's Round Table.

## A Question of Pronunciation.

Guest (sarcastically).—How do you pronounce the word "oleomargarine?" Hotel Waiter.—I pronounce it "butter," or I'd lose my job.—Boston Traveler.

## Beans as an Army Ration.

"Take it altogether," said the old soldier, "I think I liked beans the best of the army rations. Hard bread, of course, was essential, and we expected to get that any way; but I am speaking now of the comparative luxuries on the army bill of fare. I should prefer corned beef, if that issued in the army had been uniformly of a desirable quality; but often it was of a hardness more like that of quartz, and of a saltiness past belief by those who have never tried it."

"Salt pork—well, fat salt pork, even of the best quality, is not desirable as a steady diet of food, and we got more salt pork than any other meat, and it was most always not of the best. In fact, no old soldier will ever forget the salt pork of the army, but his recollections of it will not be surrounded by an aura of boredom of delight."

"Not everybody liked beans, but according to my notion they were the best of the army rations, all things considered. If we had a piece of pork to put in the kettle, so much the better; but we had salt any way, and bean soup, with hard bread to break into it and a cup of coffee made of meal that had decided elements of hopefulness in it."

"It is true that sometimes when we had beans day after day for days together some of the men would get tired of them. But you would grow tired of oranges, wouldn't you, if you had too many of them."

"I always used to be glad when we had beans; and to this day I like now and then a dish of bean soup, and I never eat it without pleasant recollections of the army."—New York Sun.

## QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

Bicycles are taxed in France. Maine has a state photographer. A pound of phosphorus heads 1,000,000 matches.

The Isle of Man possesses many privileges and unique features. It has a music all its own.

The ancients knew how to cheat. Loaded dice have been found in the ruins of Herculaneum.

Twenty years ago there were only 328 miles of railroad open in South Africa; now there are 2,590 miles.

The highest village in Switzerland is in the valley of the Avers, 3,133 metres above the sea. But on the Italian side there is the village of Bery, which lies twenty metres higher.

Sailors do not like cats. They have a saying when the cat is frisky she has a gale of wind in her tail, and a charm is often resorted to in a cabin by throwing the cat overboard to raise a storm.

Dentistry is one of the oldest professions. It is known that the Egyptians had dentists 5,000 years ago. Dr. Gelesta-Jacobi of Frankfurt, Germany, has written a history of dentistry from 3700 B. C. to the present time.

There are 536 authorized guides in the Alps. One hundred and four of them have taken a regular course of instruction in their profession and have received diplomas; 35 of them are between 60 and 70 years of age, and six are over 70.

A London thief has been doing a thriving business by providing himself with a hook attached to a line, by means of which he managed, from the flat roofs, to secure birdcages with their inmates, which he sold at a great profit on his investment.

The largest mountain lion probably ever killed in the State of Washington was killed near Mount Baker two weeks ago by a hunter and brought to New Whatcom. Its body is seven feet long, and with tail outstretched it is more than ten feet altogether.

The "Drummer boy of Arcola," who saved the day for Napoleon, is not a myth. At least France does not consider him a myth, and is about to erect a statue to his memory at Castanet, in Vaucluse, his birthplace, where he was known as Andre Etienne.

King Humbert of Italy holds the record of having shot the largest ibex ever seen. The horns measure thirty-five inches in length the circumference at the base is nine inches, and the distance between the horns twenty-seven inches. He has also shot the second best specimen, whose horns measure thirty-four inches.

Perhaps the most remarkable art exhibit in the world is that of the lunatics in the Ville-Evrard asylum in Paris. Most of the patients in the asylum have been painters or designers, and the physician in charge inaugurated a "salon" of their works. The effect on the minds of patients is said to be excellent.

## HORSE HOSPITAL.

An Institution Much Like Similar Ones for Suffering Humanity.

Equine Patients Are Carefully Nursed and Treated.

There was recently established in New York a horse hospital that is attracting considerable attention, especially from turfmen and owners of racing stables. The horse hospital, says the Detroit Free Press, is one of the natural results of a progressive civilization. It is now very generally admitted that in most cases of sickness and in all cases of injuries the best place for a human patient is a well-conducted hospital, because there every useful appliance and convenience, trained nurses, cooks experienced in preparing food for the sick, constant attendance of physicians, surgeons and apothecary, regularity and perfect sanitary conditions will give the patient a much better opportunity of recovery. If this is true of the human patient, it is much more applicable to the horse.

Human habitation is generally in better condition than stables, and while there may be readily obtained all appliances for the relief of human patients, this is almost impossible for horses—besides nearly every one knows something about the intelligent nursing of a human patient, while few know anything about nursing a sick or injured horse. In the new horse hospital doctors, surgeons, assistants and grooms sleep on the premises, and the whole institution is conducted like any other hospital. On the first floor is located the office, reception room, apothecary's room and the necessary stalls and box stalls. The horses are brought by the ambulances of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Upon their reception they are examined and a receipt given for them, when they are assigned to a stall and at once put under treatment.

Horses are in many respects like human beings in their ailments, but as they cannot talk and tell their symptoms, very much depends upon the power of observation of the veterinary surgeon in making a correct diagnosis. If the injury is such that the horse cannot be cured, the animal is destroyed to put it out of its misery. If there is a possibility of a cure the best means to accomplish that purpose are taken. The most ingenious slings are provided to take the weight of the animal off its feet; it is so fastened that it cannot possibly injure itself. The pulse, temperature and respiration are taken at regular intervals and medicines are administered with the regularity of clockwork. Proper food adapted to the requirements of the animal is prepared and given and the results achieved are wonderful.

Cases of apparently incurable disease or injury are frequently found amenable to skillful medication or surgical treatment. While inspecting the hospital, the writer saw one horse with an injury to the hoof. A rubber hose was attached to its foot, from which a constant stream of cold water had kept the hoof irrigated for weeks, both night and day, resulting in the cure of a case that had been pronounced hopeless by some of the best veterinary surgeons in the city, all of whom had advised the destruction of the animal. Of course there are some important differences between the treatment of a sick and injured horse and that of a human being. One of these arises from the fact that the heart of a horse is weak, and therefore chloroform or ether cannot be administered to produce anesthesia. Again, though a horse may have some of the weight taken off him by suspending him in a sling, the whole weight cannot thus be supported, for fear of producing peritonitis; therefore, where an injury of a horse disables more than one leg it is difficult to give relief from supporting its weight on its feet.

## A Watch That Wins Itself.

The latest novelty in the line of timekeepers will appeal to lazy and forgetful people. It consists of a watch which does not require any winding. All that is necessary for its owner to do, in order to have the time with him always is to walk half a mile a day. The watch does the rest.

These novel watches are got out in several varieties of cases, some of them extremely ornamental, but the kind most commonly seen in Chicago is made with a plain black case and an open face. The winding mechanism consists of an ingenious contrivance by which a small weight is raised and lowered from the jar of walking. The motion of the weight works a small

ratchet arrangement, which winds the spring to its full tension, and then is automatically held until more winding is needed. A course of shaking up and down for a few minutes will answer the same purpose as a stroll about, while all the jolts and jars of ordinary existence are likewise made useful as a means of winding.

The possibilities which this new watch opens up for forgetful and lazy people are enormous. The man who comes home late at night by an irregular course of progression down the street will no longer need to leave his wife wind his watch in order to keep it going, and the more tempestuous and full of ups and downs his evening has been the better the watch will be wound. The student, college professor and the young woman in love will all be blessed with a perfect running timepiece, no matter how often they forget to wind it before going to bed at night. Above all, society will be delivered from the necessity of hearing the remarks of the fool man who says he doesn't carry a watch simply because he isn't too lazy to wind it.—Chicago Tribune.

## How Three Coyotes Got a Breakfast.

George Bird Grinnell tells in Forest and Stream about some coyotes he has observed.

"I went out one morning," he says, "to get the horses for the camp. They were nowhere to be seen, so I climbed a hill from which I expected to see them. Just before I got to the top an old doe antelope came into view, closely followed by a coyote. Both seemed to be going as hard as they could, having their tongues out as if they had come a long way. Suddenly another coyote appeared close to the antelope's heels, taking up the chase, while the first coyote left off following and sat down to watch. The antelope ran a long way, always bearing to the left, showing that she was circling like a dogged rabbit, and would most likely come close to the hill after a time. The wolf I had first seen trotted off 200 or 300 yards and sat down on the prairie again, almost in the line of the antelope's run."

"As the antelope approached the sitting coyote crouched close to the ground, raising its head slowly now and then, crawling along a little as if to get directly in the antelope's path. As the antelope drew near the crouching coyote I saw that she was staggering tired. When she reached the crouching coyote the wolf leaped at her throat, and down the two went. The wolf that had taken up the chase had been joined by another, and those two mixed in with the antelope and first coyote. When the waving tails and stretched legs had straightened out and were quieted down the three coyotes were seen eating their breakfast."

## Frozen Sausages Scared Him.

McNab was the hero of a hair-breadth escape. It was in Canada, where McNab, a beaver-hunter Scotchman, was a collector. He was riding through a forest unarmored. He had a package of hilies on one side of his saddle, and on the other a string of frozen sausage, which were to be thawed and cooked for his breakfast. A highwayman stopped McNab's reflections and his progress at the same time. The Scotchman was frightened. He had a little money in his boot, and he leaned over to remove the boot and satisfy the demand of the robber. His hand struck against the frozen sausages. He betthought himself of these. Perhaps they would be accepted instead of money. He broke one of them in two, and was about to offer half of it to the highwayman, when suddenly he found himself alone, and heard the clatter of a horse's rapidly retreating hoofs. The robber had mistaken the cracking of the sausage for the cracking of a pistol, and had fled.—Argonaut.

## A Woman Scorned.

Often mentioned is Cecil Rhodes's dislike to women, and the fact that he will not allow a female to serve him in any way. He had a secretary to whom he was much attached. One day he announced the fact that he was going to be married. The chief was thunderstruck, and after glaring at him for a second growled out: "Where the mischief am I to get another secretary?" and then walked out of the room and banged the door. His untold goodness of heart, however, prevailed after a bit, for he presented the bride with some lovely diamonds; and when, soon after, he left for England, he lent the young couple his carriages and horses, so that the offending bride was enabled to return her wedding calls at his expense. It never occurred to him, however, to keep his favorite secretary on. The more fact of his marrying put that quite out of the pale of possibility.—New Orleans Picayune.

## A FACTORY OF FEAR.

DYNAMITE-MAKERS EAGER TO OBEY ALL SAFETY RULES.

Making and Mixing the Terrible Explosive—20,000 Pounds Turned Out Daily—Shanties in a Jersey Wilderness.

RECENTLY the Cuban Junta, located in this city, placed a large order for dynamite, variously estimated at from 50,000 to 500,000 pounds, says a New York correspondent. It was probably nearer the former than the latter figure, but even if it was the minimum amount, it would be sufficient to tear some pretty big holes in the Spanish ranks, if properly applied.

The concern that secured this order has made lots of dynamite for the Cubans in the past twenty months; it also supplies the needs of Uncle Sam whenever he is in want of anything in this line. For a long time it was kept busy turning out 20,000 pounds of the stuff a day for the contractors at work on the Chicago canal. In a year it turns out enough of the explosive to almost blow the earth into smithereens.

It would seem that a concern which does all this would be an imposing affair, with a factory, or series of factories, with numberless acres of floor space. But it is just the reverse, and a stranger could stand in the very center of the dynamite factory and not recognize it as such.

Dynamite is a peculiar commodity, and it is manufactured under peculiar conditions. Uncertainty is the ruling thing about dynamite, and this dominating feature permeates the whole establishment. The factory is located at Gibbstown, N. J., a place so small, and in a section of the State so sparsely settled that the outside world would never have heard of its existence, perhaps, were it not for the dynamite.

kind must be carried on the person. Another is that no iron or steel pegs can be worn in the shoes. Wooden pegs are permissible, because they are safe.



FILLING CARTRIDGES.

This latter rule was formulated some years ago, after one of the workmen had stepped on a tiny piece of dynamite, the nails of his shoes causing it to explode. The shock caused quite a quantity of the stuff on one of the work tables to go off, the shanty was blown up and there were some fatalities among the workmen.

There is no need of employing special men to see that the precautionary rules are observed, as every workman is a spy upon his neighbors, for he knows that his safety depends quite as much upon the others as upon himself.

Dynamite is principally a mixture of sulphuric acid, Chile saltpeter and boxwood sawdust. There are a good many other things which enter into its composition, and before it takes the shape of the finished cartridge it passes through a variety of hands. There is one thing that the dynamite worker is thankful for, and that is his



HUMBLE ADAPT OF THE BIGGEST DYNAMITE FACTORY.

Its remoteness from everything was the reason of the factory being located there. A branch railroad runs into the property connecting with the principal railroads and the Delaware River. By these means the commodity is shipped through the country and to the seaports.

The factory spreads over a mile of swampy land and is nothing more than three score of wooden buildings, one-story in height, and not very securely built. For the most part they look for all the world like the run-down cabins of the South and are just about as handsome. They have one modern appliance, however, and that is an attachment for depriving lightning of its power.

None of these shanties are very close to the other. Plenty of open space is a necessity when tons of thousands of pounds of dynamite are always lying around. Commercial prudence accounts for the cheap and scattering look of the factory. Experience has taught the owners that a single big building would be a rash enterprise. Explosions occur once in a while no matter how carefully they are guarded against, and it is an easy matter to replace the shanty.

A more potent reason is the protection it affords to the work people. Were all the business concentrated in



WORKING DYNAMITE.

one building and an explosion to occur in any one department, the shock would cause instantaneous upheavals throughout the building, killing or maiming every one in the place.

Several hundred people are employed in the factory, including a dozen women. Each and every one of them realizes the danger of their calling, and they exercise the greatest caution in performing their work. There are certain rules formulated by the company which they must obey, and this they are only too glad to do. One is that no matches, firecrackers or explosives of any

job will never be usurped by machinery.

Nearly a dozen of the shanties are chemical houses. They are called "safety buildings" and are used for the storage of the many acids which help to make dynamite what it is.

One of the intricate stages of the cartridges is "cooking" of the dynamite gelatine. The product of the cook is nitro-glycerine. Many acids are poured into a big leaden tub, and the most conspicuous feature of which is a thermometer like a hawk, and chilled water is added from time to time to keep the temperature of the mixture down. Should it evince a sudden desire to rise there is nothing for all hands to do but run.

After all the acids have been added the mixture is allowed to stand, and then nitro-glycerine comes to the top like cream in milk. It is skimmed off and carried to another house, where it is mixed with the prepared saw material, principally sawdust.

When the coalition has been effected the result is loose dynamite, looking for all the world like brown sugar. It is conveyed to another building, called the pack house, where it is stuffed into the cartridges. The loose dynamite is placed in a dampened trough on a damp table, and the men fill the long narrow tubes with the stuff, using wooden scoops. Great care is taken that none of it drops on the floor, as a happening of that kind might be the preliminary of a big disaster. In this room the cartridges are packed for shipment. The women in the factory are employed in a little house given over to making the paper caps for the cartridges. As there is no danger about this work, machinery is employed to some extent, and as a result only a dozen women are employed.

As little finished dynamite is kept on the ground as possible. Stock is never maintained. The dynamite is shipped off as rapidly as it is made into cartridges, and the burden of watching it passes on to others.

During 1896 the big Anaconda copper mine, in Montana, earned a profit of \$1,000,000, the output in that year being 107,000,000 pounds of copper, nearly 500,000 ounces of silver and about 15,000 ounces of gold. More than \$1,000,000 was spent on improvements.

Colorado College, at Colorado Springs, has succeeded in raising an endowment fund of \$300,000, and its future is now reasonably assured. Dr. D. K. Pearson, of Chicago, gave the handsome sum of \$50,000 towards the undertaking.

A favorable report was made in the Texas Legislature on a bill making the payment of the poll tax a qualification for suffrage.