

A DOUBLE SHOT.

IT SAVED A LIFE AND MADE McCANN A MINER.

JUST as the summer was coming on Pat McCann was coming down the gulch from the camp on the plains into the hills in a bad humor with himself and the world. He had tried to be a cow-puncher and had been promptly bucked off. He had tried to be a prospector and had been promptly bucked off. He had tried to be a prospector and had been promptly bucked off.

Early the next morning he and another man walked down the gulch through the scrub bushes for half a mile, turned abruptly to the right, climbed the uneven length of zigzag trail, and at last halted near the top of a ridge. The pine trees, slim and tall, grew out of the unevenly carpeted ground, through which cropped irregular slices of a red-brown, crumbly rock. At the very crest was a dark-gray "dike" of quartzite, standing up steep and castellated for a height of thirty feet or more.

With a sharp knife he cut these into lengths of about three inches each, and dropped them one by one into the hole in the rock. He then rammed them home with a hickory ramrod, just as all old miners will insist on doing. Because of this a large percentage of old miners have no fore and middle fingers on their right hands. The last piece he split, inserted in the crack a bit of fuse, on the end of which was a copper cap, dropped it in, and then carefully chinked-in with the wet grit which had been spooned out of the hole.

"Money for cover," he said, and touched it off. From behind his tree McCann saw the sputtering fuse disappear. The next instant there seemed to bulge, splitting in radiation as it did so, and then the smoke belched forth in a canopy, filled with fragments of quartz. Following the miner, he found a jagged opening in the rock. Then they sharpened their drills at the forge and went at it again. By night they had fired two more blasts, and had made a start toward a shaft. After the third, Bob, the miner, said, gazing at the west:

"That'll do, Pat."

They cached the tools, caught up the water bucket, and swung rapidly down the trail. Bob was ahead, slouching along with the mountaineer's peculiar gait, which seems so lazy, and yet which gets over the ground so fast. In a very few moments he reached the gulch below, plunging from the bare, rock-strewn hill-side under the pines to the lush grasses and cool saplings of the canon bed, as from a desert to a garden. He looked around to say something. McCann was gone.

"Well, I'm stumped!" he ejaculated, and yelled loudly. After a moment's pause, from far down the opposite slope came a faint whoop. Bob sat down on a fallen tree, and waited philosophically, shouting at intervals. In a little while the Irishman came charging frantically up the gulch, tearing along through the vines and bushes at full speed, so terrified that he passed within ten feet of Bob without seeing him. The latter watched him surge by with an old little twinkle in his eye. Then suddenly he shouted again. Pat slowed up, looked about for a moment vacantly, and then his rugged Hibernian face broke into a multitude of jolly wrinkles.

"Arrah, it's yerself, darlin'," he said; "O' thought it's Pat McCann as is goin' t' shape wid th' mountain lines this night!"

"You stick t' me," was Bob's only comment. After a short climb over the men reached the camp on a knoll overlooking two adjacent gulches. There was the superintendent's office, the cook-house, the bunk-house, the blacksmith's shop, the stables and the

ch that knocked him over the blood flowing—he said at the thought the bone was broken. When he could see, he went to find what had hit him, and discovered ten feet away the body of a puma.

The great cat lay watching him with half-shut eyes, lazily switching its tail back and forth. From this position he tried to rise, but could not. He started to crawl painfully through the passageway of the rocks. The beast opened its eyes and followed stealthily, step after step, still switching its tail, and still purring. It was in a sportive mood, and played with the cat's tail, and played with the cat's tail, and played with the cat's tail.

At this moment Pat McCann, a blazing pine-branch in his hand, looked over the ledge. Bob saw him and faintly warned him back. The puma saw him too. The purring ceased, and the little muscles tightened under the skin. The game was over. The animal was preparing to make its spring.

It did not occur to the little Irishman's fighting soul to retreat. His comical features stiffened; his little blue eyes fairly snapped. Slowly he drew himself up on the ledge, keeping his eye fixed on the puma, until he stood erect, then he shifted his brand mechanically into his left hand, and drew his sheath-knife. He did not know that the fire was his best weapon, and Bob was too weak to tell him. The brand, held point downward, began to blaze. The puma's great eyes shifted uneasily at this, and its muscles relaxed. It was evidently discomposed. Pat did not await the attack, but stepped forward, holding his knife firmly.

When within a few feet of the animal Pat hesitated and stopped. His nerve was still unshaken, but he did not know how to begin. The puma still snuffed uneasily at the blaze, but had recovered from its first fear, and was again gathering its powers for a spring. For a moment there was absolute silence, and Pat heard through the still air the sharp chatter of a squirrel and the clank of the ore team's wheel-trees from the ore road far below. While he stood thus uncertain, the fire from the pine, having run up along the torch, began to burn Pat's fingers. Without moving his head or shifting his eyes, he dropped it gently—plumb upon the fuse he had so carefully arranged a few moments before. Then he took a step backward to avoid the smoke. There was a splutter and a flash, then a sudden roar. The man and the beast were hurled violently in opposite directions, and a volcano of rock shot high in the air and showered down again.

The axe-gang found the puma very dead and Pat very hard to revive. He looked hazily about him in evident bewilderment until his eye caught sight of the dead animal, but then his face lightened up with eager joy.

"Glory, O! a miner!" he shouted.

"O'iv'e 'shat' at last!" Stewart Edward White, in San Francisco Argonaut.

Eating Poi in Hawaii.

The eating of poi by the Hawaiian seems a ceremony of profound meaning. The kalo root is an ovate oblong, as bulky as a large beet, and it has large leaves shaped like a broad arrow, of a singularly bright green. The choicest kinds grow in very wet soil. The patch is embanked and frequently inundated, and each plant grows on a small hillock of puddled earth. The cutting from which it is grown is simply the top of the plant and a little of the tuber. The root when boiled and sliced is excellent, but the preparation of poi is an elaborate process. The roots are baked, and are then laid on a hollow board and beaten hard. The men do this work, and find it no easy task. They dip their hands frequently in a calabash of water to aid them in removing the sticky mass, which is anything but appetizing at this period of its manufacture. When it is removed from the board it is set aside for several days to ferment. When ready for use it is either mixed with pink and tastes like soured milk bladders' paste, but is very nutritious.

Made the Patient Get Well.

A professional nurse at Leeds, England, was remarkably successful in the care of patients suffering from smallpox, diphtheria or pneumonia. In fact, she had never lost a patient with one of these complaints. Not long ago, however, she had a pneumonia-case which was given up by the physician, much to the nurse's chagrin.

"He can't live through the night," said the doctor.

Sure enough, when the nurse went to give the sick man his medicine he only shook his head. The distracted nurse saw her proud record about to be broken and she urged the patient to take his dose.

"No use," he murmured.

"Well, sir," said the nurse in despair, "you've got to take it! And if you die I'll kill you!"

Whereupon the patient began to laugh, took his medicine and got well.

The Old Finland Government.

Finland enjoyed large powers of local government till recently. After it was taken from Sweden by Russia, Alexander I., in 1810, pledged himself to maintain inviolate its ancient constitution, liberties and customs. The National Parliament consisted of four states, the nobles, clergy, burghers and peasants. These met every five years. About 1899 Russia began to make a radical change in its policy toward Finland. The use of Russian money was made obligatory. Russian had to be taught in the schools, and now Finland, like Russian Poland, has become practically a Russian district.

Electric Eyes.

The incandescent electric light in a bulb at the end of a flexible wire, easily moved about as it may be, is employed in various uses; a novel employment of it is seen in an up-to-date window, where two lights glow, one in either eye socket of a human skull.—New York Sun.

EUROPEAN ARMIES STRUGGLE FOR SUPREMACY IN MILITARY SIGNALING.

Devices That the Next War Will Bring Into Use.

In all European armies now great attention is being paid to the signal corps, and each nation every now and then vaunts itself over the others with the announcement of the discovery of some new method of signaling, says the New York Press.

The really reliable systems of military signaling are few, and none of them is exactly new. In our own army the heliograph and the "wig-wag" system of flag signals are most relied upon. The captive balloon at Santiago was only a qualified success, but it has not diminished the ardor with which European powers are seeking to solve the balloon problem.

The bravery and the efficient work of the signal service men in the war with Spain received high praise from all the foreign attaches and from our own Government, but Europe seems loath to take up our system of signaling. With every nation on the Continent of Europe military signaling is a military hobby, and each rides its own special hobby hard, and spends great amounts of money on it.

All over Europe experiments are going on constantly in military signaling. Every bright young officer and every crack regiment regards the signal corps as the body which shall make his fame and fortune by a signaling invention. And it would seem as if every King and Emperor and every field marshal lay awake nights to think up some new invention for that branch of the service.

No matter what branch of the service has to go short on funds in a European army, the signal corps gets what money it wants. That the signal service of an army is of the first importance is not to be denied, and our own corps will compare in efficiency with any in the world. But in Europe the corps is a fad.



WIGWAGS OF THE FRENCH PIONEERS.

The German Emperor is credited with having said the other day: "So important will be the part played by military telegraphy in the war of the future that the army having the most efficient system of signaling will hold a trump card which may be of most decisive influence on the conduct and success of the war."

Another German authority says: "Electric telegraphy, with and without wires, is a main branch of the service. And not only with the 'pioneers,' but with every troop, infantry, cavalry, artillery and railroaders. The German army, adhering to its principle of meeting the enemy on the latter's own territory, must needs possess greater alacrity in and better facilities for building electric telegraph lines than the French and Russians, the Austrians and Italians, who might be eager enough to keep war out of their own territory, but who are behind Germany in the rapidity of mobilization."

Neither the German nor the other European armies rely exclusively upon the electrical telegraph which may fail for various reasons, the principal one being that the ordinary commercial lines, as well as the field lines established in their stead or for the purpose of supplementing them, may be destroyed by the enemy or the elements, thus robbing the commanding general of the means for communicating with his subordinate commanders.

The Germans, like other nations, rely largely upon optical methods of signaling. The favorite device of this kind in the German army is the semaphore, which is made more efficient



SEMAPHORE APPARATUS IN USE IN THE PRUSSIAN ARMY.

colors are placed in the ends of the cones. Personally the Kaiser has more faith in the captive balloon than in any other optical means for telegraphing. The German captive balloon is furnished with means for photographing, and the parties in the car communicate with those on the ground by means of the telegraph or telephone. For telegraphing an instrument similar to the Morse apparatus, arranged in compact form, is used. The system is practically that used in this country.

For the signal corps of the German army the brightest men of each battalion and regiment are selected. They are thoroughly drilled in all the maneuvers connected with the transportation, the erection and operating of the apparatus. Each German signal station is manned by five privates, a non-commissioned officer and a lieutenant.

similar to our railway signal poles and is worked by arms. There is also a telescope in the top which commands the mast at the next station. The mast can be inserted at any place. As to the cone, each one represents a number, 1, 2, 3 or 4. If 1 and 4 are down, that means 5, and similar additions are made with the other figures.

Signals can also be given without the cone by moving the arms horizontally against the body, or by placing them in any other position agreed upon.



LIME LIGHT SIGNALS IN THE RUSSIAN ARMY.

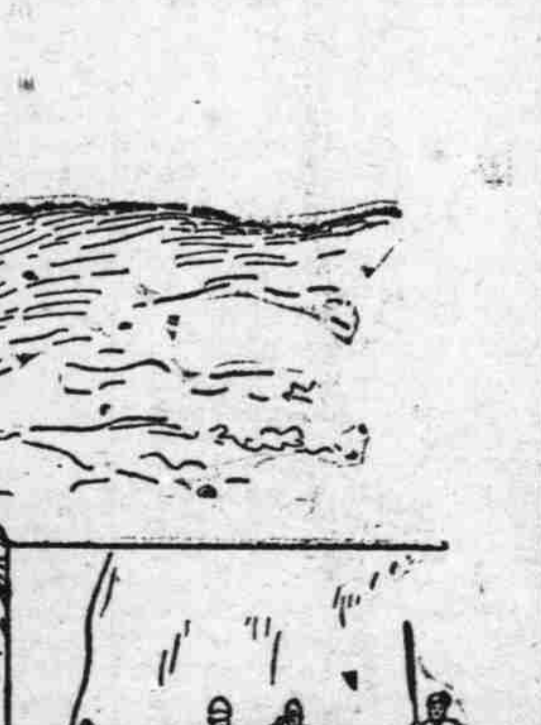
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In the English army a similar number of signal men are employed with each company, squadron of cavalry and battery. The French employ eight instead of five men; the Russians think four men of each company sufficient for the service.

The French army employs as optical telegraph flags and lanterns. The flags are worked according to the naval code and Morse alphabet. French signallers are said to be able to execute 120 movements per minute. To signal the dot of the Morse alphabet the French hold up one flag. Two flags represent the dash of the Morse alphabet. After each letter there is a short pause, after each word a longer pause, the latter being accentuated by the flag being held over the head of the signal man. If the telegram is finished the signal man repeats the last word three times. If the receiver doesn't understand the operator he raises a flag with his right hand to his head. Of course, flag signals can only be used in daytime.

At night the lantern is employed when search and flash lights are not available. Signal lanterns are handled after the fashion of the flags, dots being marked by opening and shutting the slide respectively. A dash is marked by exposing the flame four times longer than in case of a dot. Thus dispatches of twenty words can be forwarded in a minute.

The Austrians follow the French method of signaling in all but the size and form of flags. To the standard colors of black, white, red, blue and yellow they add green. Green plays also a part in the Italian flag signals.



THE UPPER PICTURE REPRESENTS FLAG SIGNALING BY AUSTRIAN MOUNTAIN ARTILLERY. THE LOWER PICTURE REPRESENTS THE BRITISH ARMY IN INDIA USING THE HELIOPHORE.

By Redi's system of cones. The semaphore proper is quite an ancient device. It was first introduced by the French in 1794 for conveying intelligence from Paris to the various on the frontier. As the illustration shows, the German army semaphore is

The English largely employ the heliograph. By means of the heliograph trained signal men can communicate with each other at a distance of fifty miles, whether they have a telescope or not. General Roberts once sent 1200 telegrams by heliograph in

AN ELECTRIC FARM.

I. R. Beardslee, of St. Johnsville, Sets Lightning to Work.

Near St. Johnsville, N. Y., is a farm of 350 acres belonging to G. B. Beardslee. On this place is a complete electric plant, which produces the current for lighting and heating, as well as supplying the power for other operations connected with the farm.

This electric installation is the first of its kind ever used for doing the work of farm hands.

All the mechanical energy is supplied by nature, and the cost and maintenance of the plant is inexpensive. It has demonstrated that electricity used for manual labor is a success.

The farm land is situated on both sides of the East Canadian Creek, which is a good-sized stream containing two falls within the bounds of the Beardslee property. These waterfalls, one of which is sixty feet and the other 180 feet high furnished the power.

The owner of the farm employed the Westinghouse Company to put this scheme in operation.

The smaller fall was used as the operating power, and near it was built a power house in which was placed a 180-Kilowatt Westinghouse generator, connected with a horizontal turbine operated by the water.

From this central power house the current is transmitted by wires to the dwelling house and other buildings.

One motor of ten-horse power runs a mowing machine, another a threshing machine, and a third works a forty-four-inch saw for cutting logs.

The farm house is brilliantly lighted and well heated by electricity. The kitchen is supplied with an electrically heated cooking stove and in the laundry the flatirons are heated by the same power. In the dairy the churns and other appliances all have electric motor attachments. The grounds are lighted by several arc lamps, and their use in the barns greatly facilitates the work and lessens the danger from fire.—New York World.

Worms and Cyclones.

This is the time the small white torredo worm does business down South in the wharf piles of cypress wood. The first warm day of spring the wharf owner looking down into the green water lapping the edge of his pier sees a swarm of floating insects about an inch long and about a yard below the surface. The next day he looks for them and they are gone every one—gone into his good piles. They will never be seen again this season; they will come the next, and by the third year the wharf owner will need to put in a new lot of piling. The torredo worms eat away steadily until they eat the hard logs fairly through just below high water mark.

In years past it was the custom in some of the seacoast cities of the South to build wharves of a cribbage of logs, resting on the harbor bottom and packed in with concrete. But the almost yearly cyclones picked up these contrivances and set them down bodily a quarter of a mile up town in some quiet street. With seventy feet of mud for a bottom and heavily loaded wharves and the torredo worm working persistently "into the morning," "the Lord knows," as a Charleston wharf owner said the other day, "what holds us up."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

A Literary Question.

The citizens of a small Western settlement in which there were no school facilities decided on a literary club, or debating society, for the improvement of the mind.

A drummer came along and gave them the first subject for debate: "Who was the greater poet, Tennyson or Browning?"

"As a majority of the members knew nothing of either, an old inhabitant rose in meeting and said:

"Sein' as we ain't got no books here to go by, I move that Tom Green an' Bill Spurlin, git out in the middle of the meethin' an' see which th'ows the other down fast. We'll give each one o' them the name o' one of the gentlemen we're debatin' an' decide the question that a way."

Tom Browning and Tennyson—in the persons of Tom Green and Bill Spurlin—came forward and went at it. Spurlin, who masqueraded as Browning, threw Green four times, after which the President announced Browning was a greater poet than Tennyson, and the Secretary was instructed to secure Mr. Browning's address and tell him how he had come out.—Atlanta Constitution.

Some Real Answers by School Children.

Q. What caused Caesar's death?

A. Caesar died because he was assassinated.

Q. Between whom, and what was the result of the battle of Waterloo?

A. The battle of Waterloo was fought between the Spanish and English, and the Russians whipped.

Q. When and where were railroads first used?

A. Railroads were used in Arabia in B. C. 402.

Q. When and by whom was America discovered?

A. America was discovered by Columbus in 1782, while he was making a voyage from London to San Francisco.

Q. What were General Wolfe's words when he heard that the French fled?

A. General Wolfe said he never died so happy.—Harper's Round Table.

Books That Really Circulate.

New South Wales has a circulating library that has circulations within circulation and is the most far-reaching institution of its kind in the world. The public library in Sydney has 100 wandering libraries, each of which is made up of from fifty to ninety volumes. The books for this service are put up in particularly strong bindings and are shipped from place to place in steel-fastened oak cases. They are sent temporarily to 150 different little country libraries throughout the colony. All transportation charges are paid by the Libraries of Sydney, which has an annual Government appropriation of \$1500 for the scheme. The field is to be increased gradually and 150 cases of light literature and novels are to be added to the stock levied to it.

The English Language in Cuba.

Here is an advertisement that appeared the other day in a Havana paper: "This is without doubt one of the factories of first class and of the most universal credit, and we affirm that no other has this credit with more merit, by the goodness of intelligence and care employed in the preparation and perfectioning of his productions."—New York Tribune.