Days in the Saddle.

Adventures with a Troop of Cavalry After Indians.

Cavalry were sent out to the different posts on the Rio Grande. Their principal business was to watch Indians, who would cross over from Mexico to steal horses. The Indians seldom destroyed ranches; that would not be good business. The men living on the ranches, if not driven off or killed, dians to steal. Our troop and one other were sent to Camp Verde, Texas, which was one of the frontier posts then; about all the country west of it was still out of doors. We began hunting Indiana as soon as we had got here. There were a good many settlers east of us and several small towns. Kerrville and Banders were the nearest ones. They are probably

The citizens were continually levine horses and we were kept busy hunting them. The greatest drawback to our finding them was due to the fact that these men did not report their losses soon enough, and about the tinge we would be told of it the Indians would be safe in Mexico. There was an arrangement now under which we could follow Indians to Mexico, and the Mexican troops could follow them He was not exactly a fool. across to our side of the line if they wanted to do so. They ran them over followed them 150 miles into Mexico. I have been as far down as that after them myself while in the Fourth Cavalry. We had no such arrangement there been any civil government in but at this time there was no civil government in Mexico, or rather there were two so-called governments. Gen. Juarez was at the head of one, the Emperor Maximilian had the other, and they were too busy just new trying to keep out of each other's way to

An old gentleman who had a ranch near Kerryllie lost a bunch of horses and told us about it. We followed up the Indians, and crossing the Rio Grande a few hours after them, ran into their camp at night when they thought they were safe at home. We got back all the horses, the Indians making their escape on foot, all except a few that came in contact with our pistol balls; they stayed where they were.

These Indians were Lipans and Kickapoos. They had originally belonged in Texas, but had emigrated to Mexico and would now come over on foot, then ride back on stolen horses, sell them to the Mexicans and come and get more. We returned the horses to where they belonged and a owner, paid us another visit. He had found us more Indians, but they had not taken his horses this time. had been west of this hunting up his cattle and had seen a bunch of Indigns, how many he did not know; he had not stopped long enough to

count them. About a dozen of us under command our First Lieutenant, a Brevet Mawere sent out with Crawford to help him count those Indians. He led up through Bandera Pass, a few of the post, then turned

Soon after the close of the Civil War | found us no Indians this trip, and number of troops of the Fourth never made another one with us I will have to take his word for it, but from what I saw of him afterward, if I were an Indian he would be the man I should want to follow me. I would not expect to have to fight him

oftener than twice a day. We went into camp more than half a mile beyond the cave, and as soon | teamster or citizen guide, and he often another bunch of horses for the In- to Crawford and asked him if he would go and examine that cave with rxe. No, he did not care to walk that

> "It is only half a mile." I said. pack, and I ain't used to walking. You may go down and get that bear if you "I want him of course, if he is

there. "Oh, he is there all right. I saw his tracks there."

I went to the major and asked permission to hunt the bear. "Yes." he told me, "hunt him, but

don't crawl into that cave after him, as Mr. Crawford was going to do." I had no idea of doing that. I did and I don't think that Crawford had ever meant to crawl into it, either.

On my way to the cave I began to to us, then quit, while we have often | was in it, without going in and dragging him out. I first thought to climb

tended diplomatic correspondence be- does. I have followed one with a rifle lie on at night. tween Mexico and Washington to ex- a half day, then did not kill him. I plain what we were doing over there, don't know that I ever wounded him, though I shot at him often enough. than two minutes with a pistol. It kill him.

I got down in front of the cave and xamined the ground for bear signs, but found none. The ground, what little there was of it that was not covered with loose rocks, was hard yellow lay-an ox team passing over it would hardly leave a sign.

Gathering up a lot of dry brush, eeds and leaves I piled them in front of the cave, set them on fire, and going off a few feet to one side waited kether; he was busy praying. for the bear or bears to come out. I had a Speacer carbine and a Colt's pistol, and I though that I could stop all the bears that might be in there The wind drove the smoke right into was too much smoke in it I had to crawl out. I went back to camp and the bear

"No sir there is none there nor has there been any lately."

"Oh, yes, there has been;" he seen their signs. "You could not see a sign there with microscope. The ground is too

"There might be plenty of signs there that an old hunter could see. been in this country long."

"Yes, I know; but we have men this troop that have been some of well over nunted with w something

ere born and

dor told you, we

up there. I can't n early next morning idians of Crawford's. breaking camp it began pt on raining all foreafor went into cemp as

ould find grass and wood. all we wanted of that and timber here was cypress, and was a lot of blocks of it that at been cut to make shingles out of hich had been left; Indians had probably interrupted the shingle making

before it had got well started. That had been some years ago, "before the war," probably, to use Crawford's favorite expression when giving the date of his numerous fights with Indians We tried to start a cook fire with these blocks but they were wet and would not burn, only smoke.

I got a liberal dose of this smoke cure. Then I hunted up something that would burn more and smoke less and found a lot of dead cedars, but it took hard work to get wood off them, the branches had to be broken off. We had no axe; we never carried one on a pack mule then, and there is hardly anything that can be carried on him that is needed oftener. When I had anything to do with the pack trains in after years I always carried at least one axe in a leather sling and a spade, While riding through the rain today we were continually passing small bunches of cattle. They belonged to ranches away east of us and had wan-

there, yo

pretty

self trying

I rode just be-

about 60 years old

stirrups so short

and in riding he leane

ers are represented

any one else could follow

saddle something as

would not do to

dered out here. ght to ride with stirrur Nearly every cow had a differen hough to allow our legs brand, some had none at all. They were still tame and would let a man did, an officer's saber but further west could be found thou is would have straightsands of them that we could not get on the saddle in front of d around two Colt's pis any of them had his brand on, he said. We had to do that ou ut unless I was told to keep been an Indian fighter all These men would not think of com- ules or two-peace to the aten-or said be had, and as he ing out here alone. If they did they - London Telegraph.

Indians they wanted.

I noticed the Major watching Crawwhile he was engaged in taking the census of these cows, and I knew that if Crawford did not find Indians in a day or two he would hear from the Major. The Major had risen from the ranks and could swear not only like the proverbial trooper, half a dozen of them. He dare not curse an enlisted man, and never did; he would stand a chance of being court-martialed if he had, or else have to give the man he had cursed an apology in front of his troop. It was given to me by another officer in the presence of the Colonel once, after I har reported this officer for cursing But the Major could curse A

would in the course of time gather up as our horses were staked out I went did, and I expected Crawford to get the full benefit of the Major's expetience in the line of cursing before he was a week older. When in camp Crawford kept down among us. He would not go near the Major unless "Yes, but it is another half mile he was called, and we kept him busy blowing about the Indians that he had killed. I had found out from him that he had been in the Confederate Army of Northern Virginia, Lee's army, and I had been in the Army of the Potomae at the same time, so I got him started telling about the time that "we uns had fit you uns," and we put In some hours fighting the War or the Rebellion over again.

The weather had cleared up this afternoon and gave the ground a chance to dry. I had been thinking not want bear quite so badly as that, that I would have to sleep tonight seated on my saddle with my back to a tree: I often had to sleep that way We carried no bed blanket; we were not allowed to put one on the horse; study plans to get him out of it if he I would not put it on anyhow; I never varried anything on him I could do without: I did not want to make a up there, then give him a shot or two pack mule out of him, then ride him. into, but I dismissed that plan. I It had been good weather when we might kill him if I did and would left the post and no one had an overwhen we first went across, and had not know it. I was not going in to coat along with him. I had a rubber see. According to some authorities coat, though few were worn then. It Mexico then our presence over there on bears, it takes a man and a gun did not weigh much and often came in would have been the cause of an x- half a day to kill one. Sometimes it handy. In dry weather I used it to

Soon after dark tonight we were Bathered around the fire and Crawford way giving us an extended account of And again I have killed one in less the Indians he had killed "before the war"-he had not got to the ones he depends a good deal on where you hit had killed after the break-up yet. the bear how many shots it takes to When he was about in the middle of this interesting nararative the sentry on post outside of the borses fired A shot We picked up our carbines and fan out to form a line out beyond the herd. Crawford had followed me with his rifle and I thought he had fallen in line until I heard a noise behind me as I stood in line in my place on the ieft. Looking around I saw Crawford down on his knees here among the horses, with his hands pressed to-

I wanted to tell him to postpone that prayer and fall in here and shoot a few more Indians but I was not in command. There was a sergeant here who ranked me, and had I begun to the cave, the fire burned out, but no give orders he would soon let me know bear made his appearance. There that he was here. The Major had not would be no danger in going into that got out here yet. He had been outside of camp somewhere when the shot was fired, and came tunning out now and almost fell over Crawford. What he said to Crawford need not be repeated here. His remarks would have to be principally if dashes if they were recorded. None of them could be

mistaken for a prayer, though We satisfied ourselves that there vere no Indians out here now, nor had there been any here lately. The sentry had fired at a bunch of cows without challenging, as he had been told to do; it was dark, and he could not see them. We went back to the fire and tried to get some more Indian stories from Crawford, but I had hurt his feelings on the way in by telling him that we generally fought our Indians without the aid of a chaplain. He went to bed now.

This happened to be his last night with us. Had he remained, I don't suppose he would have given us any more Indian stories. His failure tonight to get out to where he could slaughter them, after both he and we had thought that there were plenty of them here, had put a large discount on the stories he had given us

Next morning the Major gave no orders to saddle up. He seemed to be going to make a permanent camp here. But calling Crawford up, he told him to go out and find those Indians or trail or be shot. That was the gist of his remarks.

Crawford started to find the trail Whether he found it or not I don't know; he never came back to tell us about it. He probably found a trail that led straight home, then took it. The Major waited until noon, then started us home.-Correspondence in Forest and Stream.

A Regular Customer.

Uncle Erastus, the village plasterer nd white-washer, who had married and buried four wives, was about to acquire a fifth. He went to the house f the Presbyterian minister, a venerand a small dose of cypress smoke is able man who had officiated at several of his previous weddings, to make arrangements to be married there the

following evening. "Of course I shall be glad to marry you to your new wife. Uncle 'Rastus.' said the minister. "This will be the third or fourth time for me, won't it? How does it happen, uncle, that you never have a colored preacher tie the knot for you?"

got in de habit o' gittin' a white re n to do my marryin', an' I reckes i'll allus do it. I'se turrible sot in my ways."-Mistah Pa'ker."-Youtk's Com-

A Record Summer of Tips.

Last summer has been a record one in Paris for tips. The inference is before. The porters in all the never had such a prosperous ses abrellas and sticks they took charge of than even during the World's Fat es much as £1 is daily in hips of pen-

FACTS AFOUT AMERICA'S MOST POPULAR GAME BIRD.

Qualla Being Rapidly Exterminated, Though They Might Easily Be Preserved-They Are Great Allies of the Farmer-It Would Pay to Raise

A little pamphlet just issued by the Department of Agriculture's Bureau of Biological Survey might properly be entitled "The Story of Bob White." It treats of the quall and was the last official work of Prof. Sylvester D. Judd, an assistant in the bureau who hanged himself a few weeks ago at his country home near Baltimore. Prof. Judd had been in poor health for everal months and just before his death had been released from a hospital in Baltimore, after a course of restment for melancholia.

The story of Bob White is simply told, as becomes the life of a simple member of the quall family. Many interesting facts concerning the habits of the bird, its usefulness to the farmor and its popularity on menu cards

There are seven members of the quall family in the United States. The most beautiful species occur in the Southwest and on the Pacific Coast. Of the seven species only one, the Bob white (Colines virginianus), is indigenous of the eastern United States, where it ranges from southern New England to Florida and Texas. The sub-species, the Florida Rob White and the Texas Bob White are recognized by selentlate.

Owing to the climatic influences, the birds of Florida and of Texas differ enough to be distinguished as geographic races. But wherever it occurs, the Bob White has the same call and varies little in habits.

The Bob White proper is a handome bird, but is the plainest of the seven species, with the exception of the cotton top or scaled quail of the deserts of southern Texas and Aritona. The latter is slatey bluish on whitish crest.

"The most bizarre and curious of said Prof. Judd, "is the Merns quall of the high broken plains and mountain - slopes of southwestern Texas, southern New Mexico and Ari-It looks not unlike a little guinea

hen. It is the gentlest and most unsuspicious of the quali family and is frequently killed with a stick or a tone by persons who encounter it in their walks. The people in the region which it inhabits have given it the name of fool quall on account of this trait.

The Bob White is the most widely distributed and popular game bird in he United States. While it is rapidly being exterminated, its preservation could be secured very easily, for, unlike most wild fowls or animals, it does not vanish with the growth of he life.

The Bob White is called a quall in the Northern Western and Middle States, while in the Southern States it is known as a partridge. names were brought to America by English colonists. The name Both White is from the familiar call hote

In some of its characteristics the and differs strikingly from other members of the family. "For example, the crest-a well developed adornment of several closely related American qualls in Bob White is invisible except when the bird is excited."

The common Bob White ranges nore or less generally over the eastern half of the United States and south ern Ontario, except in the colder mountainous parts, from Maine to Florida and west to South Dakota, Kansas and Texas. I naddition colonies have been ntroduced and found to thrive in Colo rado, New Mexico, Utan and the Island of Jamaica. The bird has also been found in limited numbers in Cuba, Mexico and Guatemala.

"In the field," said Prof. Judd "the nuptial call note of the cock bird is an infallible guide to its identity. This familiar challenge, sounding to the sportsmen like 'Bob White,' 'Bob-Bob-White,' and to the farmer like 'more wet' or 'no more wet,' is by no means the only note of the species during the breeding season.

"It was the good fortune of the writer during the last week in June, 1902, to hear the nesting note and oth er calls. Again and again the cock left his distant perch, where he had been whistling 'Bob White' and, still calling, approached the nest on the banks of a little sluggish briery run between open fields.

"When within fifty yards of his mate he uttered the rally note, as thrilling to the sportsmen in the fall, ka-lolkee,' which the hen often answered with a single clear whistle. Then fol lowed a series of queer responsive caterwaulings,' more unbirdlike than those of the yellow breasted chat, suggesting now the call of the cat to it kittens, now the scolding of a caged gray squirrel, now the alarm notes of mother grouse, blended with the strident cry of the guinea hen.

"As a finale cometimes came a loud, asping noise, not unlike the effort of broken voiced whippoorwill." The call of the hen to her young

ters is invariably "ka-loi-kee," lol-kee," while the youngsters respond "wholl-kee." At a close range the whistle of the bird loses all its melody and becomes a nasal shrick almos painful to the ear. As many as forty-two eggs

been found in the nest of a Bob White The main breeding season for the Bot White in the Northern States is May June and July, although Prof. Rober Ridgeway, curator of ornithology in the Smithsonian institution, found a nest of Bob White eggs in southern Illinois in the middle of October. Another naturalist found a nest filled with eggs in Missouri in January, on which the mother bird was found en. Two or three broods have

THE STORY OF BOB WHITE approach of winter and congregate

near the large water courses. The habit of the bird during the hunting season is to move about most actively and feed in the early morning and late afternoon. The best shooting is to be had the hour before sunset, in the places where the birds have decided to spend the night. roost on the ground, forming a solid ring, with talls in and heads out.

The Bob White as an ally of the farmers is chiefly valuable as a destroyer of weed seeds. Prof. Judd made an estimate of what the Bob White would accomplish in this line for the farmers of the two states of Virginia and North Carolina from the beginning of September to the end of April.

He allowed four Bob Whites to each square mile of land, which is a low estimate, and would give 354,820 in the two states. The crop of each bird holds half an ounce of seed and is filled twice a day.

Since at each of the two daily meals weed seeds constitute at least half the contents of the crop, a half office daily is thus consumed by each bird, and on this basis the total consumption of seed in the two states covering the period mentioned would amount to 1341 tons. A similar calculation shows that 340 tone of destructive insects would be consumed by the birds in the same period. The Bob White cats the Rocky Mountain locust, the chinch bug, the potato beetle, the cotton boll weevil and cotton worms and army Prof. Judd estimated that with prop-

er management some farms of from 500 to 1000 acres would yield a better revenue from the raising of Bob Whites for the market than from poultry growing. In North Carolina many farms yield a regular income by this industry. The shooting rights are leased to

sportsmen who pay considerable sums for the privilege. In some places in Maryland, Virginia and North Carolina sportsmen pay from five to twenty-five cents for every bird shot.

Millions of dollars can be realized by the proper management of the the upper parts, which are ornamented with scale-like markings, and has a game is so much sought for in the narket as quall.

"The writer," says Prof. Judd, knows of a single dealer in Washington who in 1902 sold 100,000 quail. The present price is \$3 to \$5 a dozen. yet Audubon tells us that in 1810 the wirds could be bought for 12 canta a dozen and in 1851 for 50 cents a

T. S. Van Dyde, the author says Dear little Bob White has brought more rest to the business wearled soul, more new life to tired Humanity than nearly all other American game confbined." Prof. Judd said that the pursuit of many kinds of game is possible only in the distant wilderness, where traveling is difficult and the exposure incident to the sport may be dangerous to health; but the pursuit of the Bob White belongs to open, ac cessible country, and is not too severe for men accustomed to a sedentary

To thousands of such men quai hunting is the yearly scans of restoration and results in t direct benefit to the community, though one not readily computed in money value. At a conservative estimate, between 300,000 and 400,000 sportsmen go out from cities every fall to bunt Bob White, which means a large expeliditure of money, much of which goes to farmers who hold shooting land.-New York Sun.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS

Her eggs having been taken from her, a hen at Aythorpe Roothing, in Essex England is brooding over a litter of young pigs, which readily

India has, for the first time, given ecognition to women as aids to good government by appointing Mrs. Ramabai Ranade, widow of the late Justice Ranade, a visitor to the Yenowda central jail

The visiting card is not an exclusive institution of polite society. The Corcans have visiting cards a foot square The savages of Dahomey announce an intended visit by sending in advance board. When the visit is paid th board is returned to the owner, who keeps it for future use. The Sumatrans use a piece of wood decorated

There is a regular business in Italy of making little wire cages for grassoppers. The insect is regarded lucky and if one can be kept alive in a cage for a month it is believed the year will be prosperous. The superstition arose from this incident. dinal of the Medici family invited a bishop to dine with him in his gar-The cardinal handed the bishop a glass of water. A grasshopper fell from a tree into the water and the blshop did not drink it. The water

"A little incident that occurred at a fashionable society wedding last week should serve as a warning to the bar gain hunter at the summer sales," says the London Chronicle. "A woman in a new hat-it was a particularly successful hat-sat serene and telf-satis fied in one of the top pews. To her came an agitated lady's maid. A whispered colloquy followed, resulting in the blushing discomfiture of the seren and well-satisfied woman. The maid fumbled in the chiffon, dealing havoc among the spring, summer and auamazing spontaneity on hats of this sort, and finally retired with a label, but not before many a feminine eye and one or two masculine ones had read on it the compro "They say that sneaky-lo

OLD-TIME CATTLEMEN!

Zack Addington Tells About the Glori ous Days.

Zack Addington, of Addington, down in the Chickasaw Nation, dropped into Paul's Valley the other day and the old-time cattleman held a pow-wow at Jim Hybarger's real estate office that was like writing a history of the old times. Jim Hybarger was engaged in the cattle business until he got mixed up so much in the land business and building railroads that he had to drop riding round and looking after stray steers and take to riding round and looking after stray land buyers and "vamoosing" tenants on his places up and down the Washita and Wild Horse creeks.

When Zack Addington rode into town and saw Jim Hybarger's real estate sign he resisted his impulse to perforate it with a few free and easy trigger pulls, got down off his horse, drifted into Jim's office with the result as stated of starting a pow-wow that gathered a regular round-up of old-timers in town. "Old Zack Addington," as he is called all over the southwest territory, came to the territory from Texas in 1857 with a little bunch (43,000 head of cattle and located near Burneyville. along about 1866, he put in the first land lease of 1000 acres, known as tae "B. I." ranch on Mud Creek, and worked up a string like 30,000 head of cattle. He prospered in those palmy days until he became the largest cattle owner in the territory and felt able to take his regular outblow in St. Louis, until 1884, when, between the alien land law, drought and rustiers, the "hell and ...gh water of the cattle men," he went "bumped for his pile" and walked out of the Kansas City stock yards a few hundred thousand dollars worse off and no cattle worth putting an iron on, much less pulling grass by hand to feed.

"We used to throw crackatoo for \$20 gold pieces in those days," said Addington with a sly wink, "and shoot slickers just to while away the time while waiting for the camp cook to make gravy." .

Shooting "slicks," by the way, for the benefit of the modern generation, was filling a tin cup of nickels, quarters or dollars, as the case might be, and throwing them in the air instead of heads and tails; it was heads or "slicks," "slicks" being the reverse side of the coin. The man who guessed "alloke" got the pot if most coins came slick side up.

"These days of town building and farming are all right," declared Old Zack pensively, "and show a fellow that the cattle business and the cattleman is not the 'only pebble on the beach,' or the 'only chip on the prairie,' but it makes a feller feel what I read in a poem called "Sweet Pain' when he gets to talking over the old days and thinkin' about 'em." Plans are being made to have an old-time cattlemen's reunion at Paul's never been anything of the kind in fair of this kind will be a notable round-up. James (Jim) Hybarger, E. M. Moore and others have been appointed a committee to take the that ter in hand and push it .- Daily Ard-

A Jailer's Experience. 'No, sir, that lady, with all her

pleadings and the likes, can't come into this lock up unless she leaves that cat behind," said the old jailer. "I have had some sad experiences with cases like that, and I'm more afraid of cats than I am of lightning, You know I've been a jailer for nearly 25 years, and I will never forget an experience I once had with a crying ady and a eat. The lady who had just left here wanted to go in to see that teld in 27 Sha save that eat was his net at home and he wanted to see t. I told her there was nothing do ing, as that chap was charged with a capital crime and I couldn't let her take the cat up because I didn't know but what she had stuffed some fine saws into that cat's stomach or among its fur. But about that sad experience. was up in the East at the time. There was a youngster in the jail convicted of murder in the first degree. He came from a fine family and his folks swore he'd never hang. The day before the execution a lady came to me crying. She was the kid's sister and she said she wanted to see him before he died. She told me that the little cat she had was a particular pet of the condemned youngster, and, after listening to her pleadings for a while, I decided to admit her with the cat. Around the cat's neck was a little ribbon, and sewed up in the little ribbon was enough poison to kill three men. I didn't know it. Anyhow, when the lady went out the ribbon was not on the cat's neck, but had been left in the cell. Three hours later we went to the kid's cell to give him his last supper. He was dead'r'n Hector. The little ribbon was in his drinking cup, and when the water in the cup was analyzed it was found to contain nough poison to kill two other men. That's why I am suspictous of cats and crying women, sonny."-New Orleans The Criminal Year in England.

The annual report of the commis sioners of prisons shows that the number of commitments per 100,000 of the population has been the subject of nsiderable fluctuation during the last quarter of a century, varying from the highest (621.6) in 1882-3, to he lowest (460.7) in 1900-1. Since 1900-1 there has been a progressive rise, calminating in 586.2 for the year 304, which is the highest since 1884-5. offences tried summarily. So far as erious or indictable crime is con llen from 37 in 1880-1 to 25.9 for rear under report. Summary offer ces have arisen from 542.8 to 560.3. The principal offences which ac-counted for this increase are as fo

WITH THE WILD DUCKS.

The Common Varietics Can Rarely Be Coan Cichely.

By the river, the lake, and the

swamp, where the tall grasses and reeds are sighing in the wind, an interesting company of birds is gathering. Perhaps we have made the acquaintance of some of them in spring when they went north-they are the wild ducks. Do not expect them to allow you so close a friendth p as the robin and other bitus that people do not often harm. For the ducks, you remember, are great game birds, and so they have a dread of everything that looks at all like a shocter. Bo hide near the water and watch them from a distance. If we keep still and out of right, they may come quite close. Most of the drakes are handsomely colored, while the ducks are generally gravish and look a good deal alike at a little distance. When you see one distinctly marked, black next to white, or any very dark and light colors which meet withou, blending, you may be pretty sure it is a drake. Three of the kinds we see most often are a own in the heading -the scaup, the mallard, and the pintail. Others are the teal, which you may know at a gence, they are so small; the widge n, wood duck, shov-eler, black duck, baldpate, goldeneye, bufflehoad, and the mergansers, or fish-ducks.

If you am cord in getting acquainted with several of these you will do well. It needs pat once and good eyes, and if you can add to these an operaglass, you will be still better fitted for duck-hunting.

To stalk ducks near the shore in open water, approach them by short stages whenever all are under water at once. A duck will usually remain under water about half a minute; in the meantime you have covered a hundred feet or more of ground, and concealed yourself as much as possible, allowing only an opening to watch from Sometimes one finds a feeding ground where he can life and wait for the ducks to come. This is the best way to observe them at close range. I knew of a small pend, surrounded by willows and other bushes, where scaup-ducks came every day to feed. While waiting beside the pond I have seen a flock of ducks sall down over the water only a hun dred feet from me, then turn and, coming back, repeat the performance As they swooned down with set wings and making a loud, swishing noise they were a fine sight, well worth an

hour's waiting. Although ducks are very wary and alert, they do not readily see danger when they are about to alight in the water. This appears to be a rather difficult act, for it seems to engage

their entire attention. The most common can rarely be seen closely. of ducks black duck is not often to be studied, except at an aggravating distance, all less trouble, aren't you?" said the symthough he is found in every marsh. It pathetic friend. "You are mistaken." Valley in the near future. There has is a common saying that water leaves no traft. But where some black ducks | never have less."-Washington Star. the territory, and responses to letters | had been pluming and sunning themhave read the story very plainly in the water, where numerous small, downy feathers floated

clung to the grassy tussocks. In a lagoon, in Jackson Park, Chicago, where no shooting is allowed the ducks are remarkably tame though on Lake Michigan, a quarter of a mile away, they are hunted and are wild. There are other places waere ducks find safe retreats from shooters, and in these they soon be come very tame.-From Nature and Science, in St. Nicholns.

Valuable Military Records.

The navy department library has recently come into the possession of ome valuable documentary These include the old papers of Guert Gansevoort, consisting of diaries fournals and official correspondence which have been retained in the fam ily for many years and which are now acquired from the estate-in New York city. The papers relate for the most part to the Northwest boundary roubles and show that the situation between this country and Great Bri tain approached perilously near the state of war. The library has als acquired the Reynolds papers which embrace the period of the civil war and include some valuable historical documents descriptive of the situs tion abroad. These papers have 'een obtained from descendants of Rev nolds who now live in Rochester, N. Y. Still another acquisition of value is that which includes the diaries of Flag Officer William Mervine, covering a long period beginning with the war of 1812 and describing the situation on the African coast in the early days of the slave trade.

Would Learn New Songs, A Kansas City lawyer has in his office a small boy who is addicted to the whistling habit. The lawyer tries to stop the whistling, but he is only partially successful. The noise both ers him greatly, but as the lad is a good office boy his employer is loath to discharge him and gets along with

him the best he can. Monday the boy said to the lawyer: "Mr. Blank, kin I draw half a do lar? I want to go to the minstrel

"Any new songs being sung in the

show?" asked the lawyer. "Yep, some dandy ones. "I'll tell you what I'll do," said the lawyer, after a pause. "If you won't go to the minstrel show I'll let you draw haif a dollar and make you

present of another half." The boy accepted the offer and the lawyer is now priding himself on his success as a strategist.—Kansas

A Memphis (Mo.) men has discovered a new way to get rid of mo takes a bite, it puckers his but it can't sting. It sits down in a di ace, tries to dig the pucker loos tiches its death of cold and dies seumonia.—Kansas City Star.

HOW SHE'D REPLY. "If I should say," I asked my love,
"That your dear eyes outsions the blue
That geams in yonder sky above—
What would you do?"
"I'd smile at you."

"And if I'd tell you that my beart,
Whatever bappened, would be true,
And that from you I'd never part—
What would you do?"
"I'd laugh at you."

"But should I swear to make you mine,
Whatever swains came here to woo,
And asked you for a true love sign—
What would you do?"
"I'd wink at you."

"Then if this connerry should force
Me to turn chill and freeze you through
If I pursued a calm, cold course,
What would you do?"
"I'd sneeze—atchoo!"
—Cleveland Leader.



Mrs. Enocker-Professor Searchlite is going on another baboon hunt, they say. Mr. Knocker-Is he going out of town?-Judge. Hoax-Why did he commit suicide?

loax-The after effects of a blow-out. Hoax-A blow-out, eh? Gas or brains? - Philadelphia Record. Cashler (coughing)-Pardon me, didn't catch your last name. Ethel-(blushing)-I haven't caught it yet,

myself.-Cleveland Leader. "Was he kind to his family?" I should say he was. He couldn't have been kinder if he had been an insurance president."-Cleveland Plain

Farmer Socede-What's thet book er readin' all about, Mandy? Aunt Mandy-Bout the war, Joshua, It's one o' these here hysterical novels .-Brooklyn Life.

"It takes a lot of patience to run an automobile, does it not?" asked the "Yes, lots of patients," replied mani. the doctor; "and I've got 'em."-Yonkers Statesman. Lady-Don't you know that a barking dog never bites? Tramp-Yes,

but how am I to know that all of a sudden your dog won't quit barking?-Detroit Free Press. Shorte-Chugger is just carried away with his automobile. Sharpe-Yes; and were it not for Hank Hibbley

and his two horses he wouldn't be back for several days .- Judge. "What are you making such a kick about? You're carrying a policy of only a thousand." "I'm kicking because I find I am carrying all the president's relatives."-Chicago Tribune.

"You are always having more or answered the Czar with hauteur. "We "I wonder what Bragg means by for-

ever talking of his 'social obliga tions'?" "I suppose he's a member of several social organizations and never pays his dues."-Philadelphia Ledger. "Ah, darling," remarked Newed, "I see you have prepared some pudding with your own little hands.

kind is it, pet?" "T-that," sobbed Mrs. Newed, "is b-bread."-Chicago Daily Old Gentleman (as the train gets a terrific bump at a station)-Phew! What's that? Old Lady-I guess they must be coupling on that buffet car

Weekly. "Pop, what's a synonym?" "It's one of those places where you have nothing to do for a big salary. That's right, my son. Always come to papa for information in your studies."-Baltimore American.

we've heard tell about .- New York

Knicker-So James got mixed in his excuses? Bocker-Yes. He told his wife that he had been up all night with the baby, and his employer that he was detained in the office on business. -Harper's Bazar. Mrs. Hunks-I wish you wouldn't be

so positive. There are two sides to every question. Old Hunks (with a roar) -Well, that's no reason why you should always be on the wrong side! -Chicago Tribune. "Starr's manager has promised to give a presentation of that comedy of

mine," said De Riter, "but I don't

know when it's to come off." "Proba-

bly the night after it's put on," sug gested the cruel critic.-Philadelphi Little Gladys-Auntie, dear, do all the people who die and go to the bad place camp out? Aunt-Why, no child. Why do you ask? Little Gladys-Well, our Sunday school teacher told

us today that the heat was in tents. "What do you think posterity will say of you?" asked the indignant Sorghum, "what posterity says I do not expect to hear. It is the present generation that duns you if you do not look out for your finances "-Washing-

ton Star. "What silly verses that woman 's reciting!" "I wrote them, sir!" "Ahoh, yes-to be sure-clever lines, but woman must be a fool to bungle 'em so who is she?" "My wife, sir!"-Cleveland Leader.

Tom-I hear you called upon Miss Subbubs last night. Dick-Yes, and it was as much as I could do to tear myself away. Tom-She is fascinating, isn't she? Dick-Oh, I wasn't thinking of her, but of her father's bull

"I don't think I'm conceil Bragley, "but I can the back of me." how much the girls make of me." "Say," remarked Knox, "don't leave in that careless way." words out in that careless "What do you mean? What w "The word 'fun' after 'much."