OLD BUCK ROGERS.

By Thomas P. Montfort.

HERE was a time when the cowboys pretty nearly carried things their own way on the prairies of western Kansas. That was a long while ago, before the hardy settlers came to seek claims and build homes in that country, and while the cattlemen grazed their great herds on the millions of acres of public lands and amassed quick fortunes from the free government pasturage.

In those days the cowboys rode the plains free and unrestrained, disregarding all law, and governed their conduct by nothing except their desires. They were wild, impulsive creatures, overflowing with the spirit of liberty which they caught from the boundless prairie and breathed in with the pure, exhilarating air that invigorated the blood with life, vigor and strength.

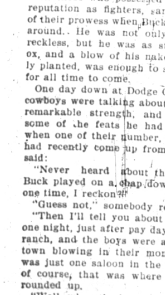
Of all the cowboys on the plains of Kansas at that time, old Buck Rogers was, perhaps, the most impulsive and reckless. He had for years lived a ranch life, and had "chased steers" in every part of the cattle range from the river Rio Grande to the Platte. Besides, he had fought Indians and Mexican greasers, and had helped Buffalo Bill round up the meat which he was supplying, under contract, to the men who were constructing the Kansas Pacific railroad.

At that time Dodge City was pre-eminently a cowboy town. They used to "round up" there after pay-day. Throw their money into every folly they saw, get uproariously drunk, and proceed to paint things ultra red. It was nothing unusual for a gang of men to race up and down the streets, yelling like Comanche Indians and shooting at the signs and terrifying women and children and the pale tenderfoot almost out of life. They had full possession of the town, and they ran it to their own liking.

If old Buck Rogers happened to be present he was sure to lead in all this devilitry. It was a saying that went undisputed that he "could drink more whisky, yell louder and shoot straighter than any other man on the range." And he certainly did everything that lay in his power to justify this statement.

Often and often as he stood at the bar of the saloon and in rapid succession tossed glass after glass of whisky down his throat until the hardest drinkers in town looked on in fear and amazement. Then he would go out and mount his broncho and, throwing his hat to the wind, would charge up and down the street at a mad gallop, his long hair flying out behind, each of his hands working a pistol with astonishing deftness, while from his throat there came a series of the most terrific and unearthly yells that ever emanated from a human being.

And fight! There was nothing that old Buck wouldn't stand up before; and it was his boast that he had never met anything, either man or beast, that he had not been able to lay on its back.



SWUNG THE GAMBLER OVER HIS HEAD.

The boldest and most daring cowboys, even those who possessed an enviable reputation as fighters, sang very low of their prowess when Buck Rogers was around. He was not only brave and reckless, but he was as strong as an ox, and a blow of his naked fist, fairly planted, was enough to settle a man for all time to come.

One day down at Dodge City a lot of cowboys were talking about old Buck's remarkable strength, and recounting some of the feats he had performed, when one of their number, a man who had recently come up from the south, said:

"Never heard about the trick old Buck played on a chap down in Texas one time, I reckon?"

"Guess not," somebody replied.

"Then I'll tell you about it. It was one night, just after pay day at the XL ranch, and the boys were all down at town blowing in their money. There was just one saloon in the place, and of course, that was where the crowd rounded up.

"Well, when the boys had got pretty well loaded with liquor a slick stranger made his appearance at the saloon and opened up with some kind of a flim-flam game. The game was a clean steal from first to last, but the boys 'bucked' it, and were, one after another, cleaned out so quick that it almost made their heads swim. The losers didn't feel a bit good over being worked that way, and there was a good deal of muttering and cursing, to say nothing of menacing scowls and nervous fingering of pistols.

gambler, a thin, wiry little cuss, had his nerve with him, and he proceeded with his game as coolly as though he had been surrounded by friends.

"At last old Buck went over to the table and put up a twenty dollar gold piece against the game.

"'Do I stand any show to win in this business?' he asked.

"'Oh, yes,' the gambler answered. 'You stand an equal chance to win or lose.'

"'Then I am either going to win on this investment,' old Buck said, 'or I am going to smash the game.'

"Well, the play was made and in little more than a second Buck's money went into the gambler's pocket. Buck waited a moment, then he said slowly:

"'I remarked that I was going to win or else smash the game. Well, I didn't win, so I'll just—'

"And before anybody knew what he intended to do he had reached over, caught the gambler by the arms, swung him over his head and brought him down broadside across the table with all the strength he possessed. The game was smashed, the boards in the table were splintered, and the gambler lay on the floor as limp as a rag.

"Everybody thought at first that Buck had killed the fellow, but they were mistaken. The chap lived, but it was a long time before he was able to walk a step, or even to stand on his feet. It is safe to bet, though, that he never tried any more skin games on cowboys."

The old saying that 'sooner or later every man will meet his match' proved true in Buck Roger's case. For years he rode the range, unconquered and invincible and victor in every contest with man or beast. But he at last met his match. He "went up against" a thing in comparison to which he was a mere feather. In plain words, he "buckled a cyclone.

One Saturday afternoon in July Buck was down at Dodge City. The town was full of cowboys, but they were not very lively. The day was intensely hot and sultry, and even a cowboy did not feel inclined to exert himself unnecessarily. The usual amount of liquor was disposed of, however, and old Buck managed to take care of his portion.

Along about the middle of the afternoon a black cloud came up from the east and another from the west. These clouds advanced and met overhead, and then began to conduct themselves in a most peculiar manner. They rolled and tumbled and pitched and churned, and twisted in and out among themselves.

The street was lined with people who watched these clouds anxiously, for every one felt assured that a cyclone was brewing. People had left their homes and the stores and shops, and the cowboys had left the saloons—at least, those of them who were not too drunk. Old Buck had mounted his broncho and was standing in the road in front of the postoffice.

Pretty soon there came sweeping across the prairie from the west a mass of black cloud, funnel-shaped and bristling with electricity. Every one knew in an instant what that meant. The dreaded cyclone had appeared.

Some of the people fled in search of places of safety, some dropped down right where they stood and began to wail and pray, while others stood, open-mouth and dumb, staring stupidly at the terrible engine of destruction. But old Buck Rogers did none of these things.

At the first cry that a cyclone was coming he tore off his hat and threw it down in the road, gave one long, unearthly yell of defiance, and dashed down the street right toward the cyclone's track. Ah he went he cried:

"I've never seen the thing yet that was able to do old Buck Rogers up, and I've fought white men, Indians and bears. I'm not the man to be scared of a little wind of wind and cloud. Whoo-o-o-e-e-e-e!"

The people watched him as he raced out across the prairie, his long hair flying and his face set squarely to the front. They saw him as he bore down toward the cyclone, and above the roar of the wind they heard the shout of defiance which he gave out. The next moment they saw the mighty moving monster and the man meet. They saw the latter swallowed up in that black cloud. That was all.

In a minute the cyclone had passed. It had missed the town, and the people breathed easy once more.

Immediately a party went out in search of old Buck, and after a long hunt somebody found him. He was hanging in the forks of a cottonwood tree, about twenty feet from the ground, and jammed down so tight between the limbs that he could not move. His broncho lay ten yards away, stone dead. Buck was rescued and carried back to town, more dead than alive. The doctor examined him and found that while his injuries would not prove fatal he would be a cripple for life. When he heard the announcement old Buck groaned. He looked at the cowboys who collected about him and said:

"Boys, I'm done. I went up against a critter at last that was too much for me. I was licked fair, and from now on I'm gentle as a lamb. When a little wad of wind and cloud can pick a man up and toss him into the fork of a tree like that done me, it's time for that man to pull in his horns and shut up shop as a fighter. I've got no more to say, and after this, if a 10-year-old boy wants to lick me he can do it."

In the course of time old Buck was able to get about, but he was never the same man. His spirit was completely broken. He had lost all zest for fighting, and instead of being the rashest and most obstreperous character in the section, he had become the quietest and most demure. He lived a good many years, but as it was necessary for him to use a crutch he never returned to ranch life.

Another Glittering Scheme.

Capitalist—"Well, sir, what can I do for you?" Inventor (who has been waiting an hour and a half for admittance)—"I will occupy your time only a few minutes. I have a plan for making a fortune in one season with the outlay of only a little money. Everybody recognizes the fact that the rush to Alaska and the Klondike region next spring and summer will be tremendous. Every man, woman and child who goes there will have some money to spend. Very good. Now, mark me. My scheme is to start a 'shoot the chutes' company up there, lease or charter one of the biggest glaciers, shave it smooth for about a mile back from the ocean—the ocean being the pond at the foot of the slide, of course—haul your boats up to the starting point by a simple endless chain arrangement, load them with passengers, who will be standing in line waiting for a thrilling ride down this grand chute provided by nature, and will cheerfully pay the trifle of 50 cents for—" Capitalist (to office boy)—"James, show this man out."—Chicago Tribune.

Too Optimistic.

"And," were the concluding words of the professor's lecture to the medical students, "do not promise too much; I knew a physician of real ability who covered himself with ridicule and obloquy by promising a patient, whose legs he had just amputated, that he would have him on his feet within two weeks."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

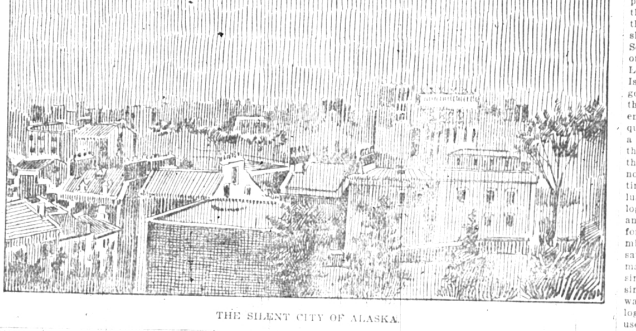
IN A MIRAGE CITY.

THE WONDERFUL SIGHT WITNESSED IN ALASKA.

The Silent City in the Clouds—Supposed to Have an Original Somewhere on This Sphere—Lately Seen by a Seattle Man.

ONCE again "The Silent City of Alaska" has been brought before the public with its mysterious towers, its deserted streets, its quaint roof tops and its quaint beauty. The man who "describes it this time is C. W. Thornton, a well known citizen of Seattle and a member of the Young Men's Christian Association of that city. He was one of the party that made up the expedition of Prince Luigi of Savoy to the top of Mt. St. Elias. Five other men were with Mr. Thornton when the beautiful mirage was seen. The mirage city has formerly been reported as having been seen from the Muir glacier. Mr. Thornton and his companions saw it from the Malaspina glacier. They had left the expedition to return to the coast for provisions. The mirage was noticed at about 4 o'clock in the morning and lasted for thirty-five minutes. Then it vanished.

The first that was ever heard of a mirage city in Alaska was in 1885, in that year Richard G. Willoughby, a prospector of Juneau, Alaska, came down from the Muir glacier with the assertion that he had beheld a wonderful city in the clouds. It was standing out in the sky, in full view. There were masses of tall brick houses with sloping roofs, elm trees in the foreground and a river with shipping in the distance. From the midst of the buildings arose two great towers surrounded with scaffolding. Mr. Willoughby minutely described the mirage and claimed to have seen it several times. Changes had taken place in the towers as if progress had been made in the construction of the building. The people heard the miner's story with wonder, but as no one but himself had seen it to any great importance was attached to the tale, until in June of the year named he succeeded in photographing the mirage and fixing the picture upon a plate. These pictures had a large sale, and in 1889 several of them found their way to Chicago. A citizen of this city who saw a copy of the photograph declared that it was a view of Bristol, England. Others who were familiar with Bristol verified the identification and more lately Prof. William H. Hudson of Stanford University, California, recognized the view of Bristol from the noted Brandon hill,



THE SILENT CITY OF ALASKA.

In the June (1897) number of the Popular Science Monthly Professor David Starr Jordan, president of the Stanford University, published an article in which he charged that the Willoughby photograph was a fraud, and said it had been made from an old plate taken twenty years ago. Professor Hudson remembered that the famous cathedral of the town was at that time undergoing repairs. An investigation into the methods of photography used by Mr. Willoughby which was made by an officer of the Albatross was not satisfactory. The old prospector flatly refused to disclose what sort of chemicals he had used or how he had developed his plates. Professor Jordan took high scientific ground in his criticism of the photographs, and did not hesitate to say that so far as mirages in Alaska were concerned, he Willoughby pictures were a rather poor and unsubstantial guide.

Professor Jordan's argument would be strong or even convincing from the standpoint of circumstantial evidence were it not counterbalanced by testimonial evidence, the validity of which there can be no reasonable doubt. Even if Mr. Willoughby's photographs were not genuine, the chances that he really saw a mirage city are very great. A man named Bruce, well known in Alaska, testifies that he saw the city described by Mr. Willoughby. S. B. French also says he was fortunate enough to see it. There is an Indian legend about Glacier Bay in which the story of the phantom city is preserved. Robert Christie and George Patterson of Bartlett Bay aver that they, too, have seen it. And now comes Mr. Thornton, a man of position in Seattle, and five members of Prince Luigi's party, who agree perfectly not only in their statement of having seen the city but also in the detailed description of it.

All who have seen or claim to have seen the mirage agree in several important details of the appearance. The streets in the mirage are always deserted. The observers all say that the architecture is not at all like the architecture of an American town. The houses are quaint, solid and old-fashioned. Then there seems to be unanimity in the presence of towers and domes, as if of some monster building and of at least one thin which will admit of no doubt of their genuineness. Until this is done scientific men will ridicule the stories, and for that very reason, perhaps, it will not be a man of science who will be the first to obtain indisputable evidence of the alleged phenomenon.

church spire in the distance. The accompanying illustration is a copy of one of Mr. Willoughby's photographs taken in 1885. In the foreground are seen several houses, unquestionably of English architecture. There are the elm trees with leafless branches. The main feature of the picture is the lofty structure in the middle, said to be the famous Episcopal cathedral of Bristol as it appeared twenty years ago, when the building was undergoing repairs. The shipping and the river are not visible. The strongest points made by Professor Jordan in his article are found in his indications of the nearness of the house in the foreground and the leafless elm trees (in midsummer). These two things are certainly telling points against the genuineness of the Willoughby photographs. Even the small tiles on the chimney pots are visible. But judging by the tales told by Mr. Thornton, apparent proximity and clearness of detail in the foreground are not impossibilities in mirages.

Are there two silent cities in the skies of Alaska? If the Willoughby photographs are genuine there must be for the description given by Mr. Thornton of what he saw in July does not coincide with the photographs taken nine years ago from the Muir glacier. The vision, said Mr. Thornton, was so distinct as to require strong faith that it was not a real city. The principal feature of the mirage was what appeared to be two large temples in the middle of the city. One was a huge building with great columns reaching from the ground to the roof. Surmounting this was a great dome. Near this structure was a group of solid buildings which Mr. Thornton described as "business blocks." Then there was a church with a tall spire and then "three buildings that looked like factories." He added that these three buildings were only partly visible, but that the city seemed to extend far away in that direction.

Three theories only are open to account for all these stories. The alleged observers are deluded and no one ever saw a city, silent or otherwise, in the Alaskan skies; all these stories are pure fabrications and the travelers are attempting to deliberately deceive their hearers; or silent cities are seen in mirage from the Muir and the Malaspina glaciers in Alaska. It would seem absurd to charge six men with willful deception. Such a supposition involves concerted action among them, and six men of ordinarily good character do not deliberately lie with no especial purpose in view. Equally absurd is it to suppose that these virtuous witnesses were the victims of illusion, delusion or hallucination, whichever the scientific man desires to call it. Even scientific men have been doubted when they have made assertions concerning marvelous matters unsupported by more substantial evidence. The only absolute truth of the proof of these travelers' tales will be, of course, photographs taken under conditions

Alaska's mysterious city (if it be a mirage truly), is of that class of mirages known as "Fata Morgana," so called because of the Sicilian belief that the wonderful mirages of the Sea of Reggio are caused by a fairy (fata) whose name is Morgana. The phenomenon seen in the Straits of Messina is a most remarkable and beautiful effect of mirage. The airy images take the forms of grand architectural structures, magnificent landscapes, columns, arches, towers, castles, avenues, trees, and wooded plains, with crowds of moving men and women and animals, the whole scene being full of the highest animation and changing rapidly and marvelously in color. These transformations are caused by extraordinary reflections in the atmosphere. The silent city of the glaciers is a most commonplace and orderly mirage compared with the almost incredible effects of refraction that are seen in Calabria, and if Mr. Willoughby had told of a mirage such as the Fata Morgana is known to be he would probably be given a severer scoring than that which he has received at the hands of Professor Jordan in the Popular Science Monthly. But as Professor Jordan confidently predicted a new boutreak of the glacier city and more newspaper stories concerning it he will no doubt feel more than justified for the opinions he has expressed concerning the unfallibility of the untrained observers of Glacier Bay.

Too Late.

Myrtle—"They say that you made a regular fool of Algy Piersons, at the islands, last week." Maud—"No; they are wrong. I might have done it but for one thing." Myrtle—"What was that?" Maud—"Somebody had finished the job before I got hold of him."—Cleveland Leader.

Absence extinguishes small passions and increases great ones as the wind will blow out a candle and blow in a fire.—La Rochefoucald

TOO ENGAGING YOUNG MAN.

Breach of Promise Suit Causes Him to Change Brides Quickly.

Freeport, Ill., correspondence of St. Louis Globe-Democrat: George Spearen, superintendent of the water company at Warren, and Miss Mary Schroeder, also of Warren, were married here today under rather unusual circumstances. Spearen went to Warren about a year ago from Batavia, Ill., where he had lived for some time, and where he had courted and became engaged to a wealthy but not very attractive young lady. Shortly after he went to Warren, Spearen met Mary Schroeder, who is beautiful and had just been divorced in this city. The young engineer at once fell in love with her, and was soon engaged to her, but he did not break with his Batavia sweetheart, and their wedding was to have occurred early in the summer, but the ceremony was postponed. A breach of promise suit threatened him whichever one he married, and, after a month's hesitation, he concluded to take the wealthy girl. He, therefore, left Warren for Batavia, where he expected to marry her tonight. Miss Schroeder heard of his decision, and she came here yesterday, secured a lawyer and began a breach of promise suit. When the young man stepped from the Warren train this morning he was met by the sheriff with a summons, and he accompanied the officer to Justice Martin's office, where he met Miss Schroeder. They made up their quarrel in a short time and were married, leaving directly after ward for New London, Ontario, where the young man's parents live. They will probably stay there. All preparations were made for the Batavia wedding tonight, but the bridegroom failed to appear.

A Klondyke Struck Convict.

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat: J. B. Johnson, the desperate convict who fired the prison and led the revolt in '83, by which $300,000 worth of property was destroyed, and who has since made several murderous assaults on officers, is suffering with a severe attack of Klondike gold fever. He has written a letter to State Auditor Jas. M. Seibert, one of the prison inspectors, that he is very anxious to try his luck in Alaska, make a fortune, become a good citizen and retrieve his good name. He wants Auditor Seibert to intercede for him with Gov. Stephens and secure him a pardon. He points out in forceful language that, if he is kept in prison until the expiration of his sentence, in 1912, the gold field will be overcrowded, and his chances of striking a rich lead will be greatly diminished.

Taking Him at His Word.

There is a story of Bishop Barrington and Philpotts, afterward Bishop of Exeter, who was at the time Barrington's secretary. The bishop said.

"I wish you to select for publication twelve of my sermons that you think will do me least discredit."

Shortly after, when the sermons had been chosen, the bishop asked; "Do you think that these will do me credit?"

"I prefer, my lord," answered Philpotts, "to adhere to your lordship's former expression."

The sermons were not published.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Another Theory

The most curious thing about the insane rush to Alaska is that the proportion of fools in the rest of the world does not seem to be materially decreased.—New York Tribune.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

Prince Henri failed to throw the soup into Turin.

Wheat is rising so rapidly that flour seems no want powder.

No man ever gets discouraged in trying to live without working.

Woman is a lovely dream—and dreams always go by contraries.

England would own the world if she were allowed to make its maps.

Absence sometimes makes the heart grow fonder—of some other person.

Truth to tell, we all know people who ought to go to Alaska, but don't.

Love may be blind, but it can smell the cloves on man's breath just the same.

When some mothers sing in order to quiet the baby it only adds insult to injury.

A wife is called the better half because she usually gets the best of the other half.

Patience may roost on monuments, but truth seldom finds a place on tombstones.

When a man freely admits that his wife is not stubborn he can afford to stop praying.

If Andre returns alive, after this long absence, his book will have an enormous sale.

The man who figures on marrying an heiress often finds he isn't well up in mathematics.

Senor Sagasta is counting his Cuban chickens without any regard to the contingencies that may impede their incubation.

THE WEST'S LUMBER.

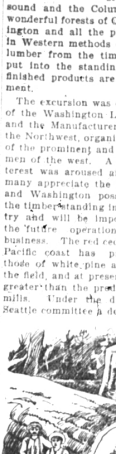
HALF THE STANDING TIMBER OF THE COUNTRY.

Prodigal Waste Everywhere—How the Klondyke Excitement Depopulates the Camps—Unique Methods of Transporting Logs—Tremendous Trade.

(Special Letter.)

THE excursion of lumbermen to the Pacific northwest has just been brought to a conclusion, and all unite in declaring it the most successful trip of the kind. They have seen the majestic scenery of Puget sound and the Columbia river, the wonderful forests of Oregon and Washington and all the processes involved in Western methods of manufacturing lumber from the time the ax is first put into the standing tree until the finished products are ready for shipment.

The excursion was due to the efforts of the Washington Lumber Exchange and the Manufacturers' Association of the Northwest, organizations composed of the prominent and progressive mill men of the west. A great deal of interest was aroused among dealers, as many appreciate the fact that Oregon and Washington possess almost half the timber standing in the entire country and will be important factors in the future operations in the lumber business. The red cedar shingle of the Pacific coast has practically driven those of white pine and cypress from the field, and at present the demand is greater than the production of all the mills. Under the direction of the Seattle committee a delightful day was spent upon the sound. Port Blakely, where the largest mill in that country is located, was one of the places visited. Four hundred thousand feet of lumber is the average cut in ten hours, and vessels gather there to take the product all over the world, sometimes thirty are loading at the long dock at the same time. On this occasion one ship was chartered to carry timber to South Africa for the gold mines, another was bound for China, a third for London, and others to the Sandwich Islands. A visit was made to the government dry dock at Portland, Ore., the largest in the world. It was built entirely of fir timbers, and was consequently an appropriate thing to show a party of lumbermen. From Tacoma the party made its first excursion into the forests, for which the region is noted, and spent an entire day in the timber. The St. Paul and Tacoma lumber company took them to their logging camps. The fine logs, some 50 and 100 feet long, to make timbers for foreign shipment, were greatly admired. A frequent topic of conversation was the prodigality in western manufacture, which compares with similar work in Michigan and Wisconsin, where nothing is allowed to go to waste. Many remarked, as they saw logs rejected in the woods, or the refuse material in the mills, that enough was thrown away to make a fortune in the east. The time will undoubtedly come when everything will be utilized in this section, too, but now there is such a wealth of timber that nothing but the best will be accepted.



FIR LOG NINE FEET IN DIAMETER.

The effects of the Klondike excitement were frequently mentioned. Mill managers said they would have no men left if they had enough money saved to take them to the land of gold, and that many were hoarding their wages so as to make the trip to Alaska in the spring. Some men who had worked in the mills for years had returned with ten-gallon kerosene cans full of nuggets, and that spread the craze more than newspaper reports. Portland and the Columbia river were not neglected in the itinerary. One day was devoted to a trip up the river and to looking over the unique plant located at Bridal Veil, Ore. This little town is noted among lumbermen on account of the novel way in which logs and lumber are transported, and many who have read of the plant were anxious to see it. There is a rich body of timber in this vicinity, but the mountains skirting the river are so rugged that logs cannot be put into the water, nor brought to the railroad. The difficulty was solved by placing a sawmill two miles back in the mountains, at an elevation of 1,200 feet, where logs could be brought to it, and transporting the lumber to the railroad station below by means of a V-shaped flume, carrying a stream of water. In this way the lumber makes the two-mile trip in four minutes, big timbers shooting down the steep places at a high rate of speed. Another feature of the plant is the unusual manner of operating the logging railroad. This carries an immense amount of freight without the use of a truck or wheel, aside from those on the locomotive. The modus operandi, which was illustrated in Grit a few weeks ago, is to hitch a long string of logs end to end, and the locomotive takes hold of these and "snakes" them along on greased boards laid down between the track. At a distance this queer train looks like a huge snake winding down the canon. It seems strange that the logs do not roll over the track. It is the only place of the country where logs are handled in this manner. The railroad has a heavier grade than the ordinary mountain roads, the average being six per cent, and in one place it is ten per cent. The visitors, mounted on cars, were pushed the entire length of the road. They had an opportunity to see all the operations of logging, including a camp where a long hum of powerful oxen haul trains of logs to the railroad. At one camp logs are handled by a complete system of cables, just as street cars are propelled. A chute, down which the huge logs dash at a tremendous rate of speed, attracted attention. The greatest part of two days was spent at Portland and its vicinity visiting points of scenic and trade interest. The visitors saw, while in Portland, Ore., a vessel taking on the largest cargo of lumber that ever left the Pacific coast. This is the Florida, which will carry 2,000,000 feet of railroad ties for the road being built in Northern China, 450,000 feet were loaded in one day.

A MONARCH OF THE FOREST.

GERMAN CURE FOR DRUNKS.

Their Names Placarded in Official Announcements.

A considerable number of German towns and villages have for some time subjected the libulous inhabitants to the regulations of a modified prohibition law. This not only restricts the time for the sale of all kinds of liquor and the hours of public restaurants and places of amusements, but exercises a sort of censorship over their affairs. Persons who neglect their families on account of drinking or who have been repeatedly brought before the magistrates as drunk and disorderly are denied the privilege of procuring alcoholic beverages. A "drunkards' list, published periodically, exhibits the names and occupations and copies of it are sent to local innkeepers and liquor dealers, who are liable to pay heavy fines if they sell liquor to those mentioned in the list, which is placed on the wall of the restaurants and hotels and reads something like this: "To whom it may concern: It is not permitted to sell liquor to the following persons: Hans Sueffel, tailor; Peter Cheesecake, shoemaker; Fruitz Spundloch, carpenter; Fraulein Klara Klatsch, seamstress; Kunz Kater, laborer. Von Beinstein, Mayor." A simpleminded servant girl recently thought the burgomaster included and refused to enter his service.

THE SEA-OTTER.

Its Pelt Is Very Valuable, and the Species Is Nearly Extinct.

The sea-otter occupies a peculiar position, being the sole species of a distinct genus, and it is to be feared that he will not long occupy that, for the value of his skin is advancing with increasing rarity, and when an animal's pelt acquires special value that animal as a species is practically doomed. The average price of good sea-otter skins is now about $300, but a pelt of exceptional beauty may be worth as much as $1,000.

SEA-OTTER SKIN AND ALEUT BOY.

A peculiarity of the sea-otter is the looseness of his skin; it is far too big for his body, and when removed from the carcass may be stretched to an incredible degree. According to natural histories, the length of an adult sea-otter is about four feet, including a 12-inch tail. The largest skins in the group from which accompanying picture is reproduced, measured eight feet. The sea-otter is found only on the islands and coast of the North Pacific. It is a remarkably playful creature. Aleut hunters say that a sea-otter will float on its back for half an hour at a time, resting a shred of seaweed from paw to paw, apparently delighting in this primitive game of "catches."

Bulgaria's Blackguard Prince.

From the Chicago Record: In what estimation Prince Ferdinand is held in Bulgaria is demonstrated by the fact that the windows of his palace have been repeatedly broken of late by the populace of Sofia, that he can no longer rely on his army and that he feels his position so shaky as actually to resort to Constantinople to invoke the support and appeal to the friendship of the Sultan, whose very name stinks in the nostrils of all the Europe courts. The manner in which he is looked upon abroad is best shown by the remark of Emperor Francis Joseph, who, when asked to receive him the other day, when Ferdinand was on his way back from Rome, curtly declined on the ground that Ferdinand was "kein anstandiger Mensch"—that is to say, "a dishonorable blackguard."

You cannot dream yourself into a character; you must hammer and forge yourself one.—J. A. Froude.