New Dog Proved His Worth

Wildcat and Bear Hunt In a Nova Scotia Swamp.

Annapolis, N. S.—Uncle Ned held up a letter, took out his big iron rimmed spectacles, set them carefully across his nose and read:

dear sir I received yor leter will sel the dorg for ten dollars he is a good dorg for wildcat fox minka otter or enny track you poot him on he wass trained beefor i got him sevven bares with him is sevven yeers old i give 24 dollars for him wood not sell him but am getting so I kant go in the woods with rumatism if i wass yunger i wodnt part with the dorg I send him C o d as you want by mister pennyman he will stay in a canoo skold him if he goze rong he wil go rite he'll chace all daiy wil come back at nite be careful if are after cats or fox if he smells a moos or a bare he will leeve and go after it if he wuz you jest stay whar you ar and he wil bring the moos back to you he is a god dorg his name s range range wel wil cloze so good by yours truly mr John McBain.

With a smile Uncle Ned transferred his attention from John McBain to the "good dorg," a fairly well bred English foxhound of uncertain age and modest demeanor, with a few deep scars on head and ears that represented his diploma as a wildcat and bear dog.

"H'm!" he mused, critically regarding the animal, who wagged his tail amicably, "ten dollars is a pretty good bargain for a really first class hound. I've heard of him before, too. Old John McBain used to be one of the best all around hunters and trappers in Digby county, and this old Range was always called the best dog in Digby county. Wonder why he wants to let him go, and at such a price."

We explained that the old man was really getting too feeble to cruise about the woods and wanted to have his dog in kind hands, but Uncle Ned was still sceptical as he led the way to the canoes for the cat hunt.

The late November weather was cold and crisp, and a light dry snow that covered the ground for about three inches promised to make tracking and going easy.

Our costumes were regulated by the advice of Uncle Ned.

We wore thin underclothing of pure wool, thick woollen gray shirts, neckerchiefs, stout knickers with long stockings, and canvas leggings over a pair of ankle larrigans, which were made to fit closely by wearing an extra pair of socks. We also wore our canvas shooting coats, which, though noisy, we soon found were excellent for smashing through the killing Nova Scotia thicket, and there is no reason for especial quiet when after wild cats with a hound.

Hardly had we landed when the hound began to whine and howl and sniff the air eagerly. Uncle Ned nearly lost him by an unexpectedly hard and sudden tug on the chain, but recovered and let the dog drag him ten yards up the carry, where, sure enough, a fresh wildcat track led directly across the path. Uncle Ned hung on to Range only long enough to make sure of the freshness of the track, and the next moment the merry music was echoing through the frosty air: "Ow! Ow! O-o-o-o-ow! Ow!"

Jack and I started to dash into the thicket after the hound, but Uncle Ned restrained us.

"Hold on, boys; no rush," he said. "Let's see where he's going. May come right around across the trail again, you know.

"We'll just sneak along the carry for a while and listen. If he gets too far away we'll follow and keep him within earshot.

"No use tramping through these swamps more'n necessary. We're likely to get enough of it before night anyway, for I guess the 'best dog in Digby County' is a good one, all right."

The admonition was well timed, for though the trail did not actually recross the carry, it would certainly have necessitated a forced march of some miles without result had we followed the hound, for that cat's track must have described several figure 8s with a couple of miles between the sides, judging from the baying of the dog, now faint, now stronger.

At one time he was entirely out of earshot, but a plunge of half a mile into a black spruce swamp brought this ridiculous and yet mellow old howling bay to our ears again, and almost before we knew it he was past us not a hundred yards off. Uncle Ned and we hurried over to the track and found that the cat was evidently getting tired; at least, so said the old man, who judged from the slightly irregular footprints.

"We've got her sure, boys," he exclaimed, and a moment after the words left his lips the dog was heard again a quarter of a mile on our right.

"He's circling," said Uncle Ned. "Likely the cat won't leave the swamp, so we might as well wait and see what'll happen," whereupon the old trapper squatted on his haunches while we, less afraid of forest chills, or rather less experienced in woodland precautions, followed his example as to rest, but seated ourselves upon adjoining logs.

Nearer and nearer came the deep baying and all at once I thought I heard him puffing at my very side. Looking down I saw an enormous wildcat half trotting, half slinking through the tangled and snow broken brakes, his ears laid back and his mouth half open. He seemed to take no notice of me, and before I could raise my .303 had disappeared in the bush.

In a second the hound rushed past as fresh as a daisy, and we all followed as fast as the thick tangle of fallen logs second growth hemlocks and spruces and soft swamp would permit. Within half a minute we heard the hound bay "Treed!" with frantic but regular barks: "Ow! Ow! Ow!" without rest.

Pretty soon came a yowl from the cat, followed by a series of howls, snarls and barks which betokened a canine-feline scrap of the liveliest description. As we came to the scene of the battle there was puss, a big tom, backed up against a log, like the very image of Satan. He was puffing and had evidently been cornered by the hound before finding a tree suitable for escape.

Now, I read last winter a series of letters by famous woodsmen on wildcats and Canada lynxes, the purport of nearly all of which was that these animals are poltroons of the worst description. Manly Hardy told us even how they are killed by a man with bare hands alone.

So be it, I question not the fact. But of one thing I am sure, namely, that those cats were not the kind we have in the Maritime Provinces, or at least in Nova Scotia, the Lynx gigas, or giant wildcat. However the question may be determined, let it be placed on record that this wildcat put up an excellent fight, all in and outnumbered as he was.

He would make little jumps at the dog and at us if we came too near. He got one good lick in on Range's nose that drew blood, and he growled spitefully. No doubt if a wildcat knew its power it could make it very lively for an unarmed man, for a full grown one is about as much like a bunch of steel springs run by a small cyclone as anything I can think of.

Range would rush in and grab the cat by the hindquarters when its attention was attracted by one of us, and the cat would turn and swat him well, though he was clever enough to escape in time nearly always. Jack and I richly enjoyed the mixup, but we were afraid that Range would eventually get a strangle hold on the big cat and possibly spoil the skin, so not waiting for Uncle Ned, who was hacking at a small birch with his hunting knife, Jack took advantage of a retreat on the part of the hound and sent a .22 calibre bullet through the cat's body, unfortunately a trifle too far aft to kill.

Uncle Ned uttered an exclamation of impatience.

"Sho! Too bad! You'll spoil the skin," said he. "We had him cornered and tuckered, and could have laid him out with a stick.

Puss was still game, and though paralyzed in the hind legs, growled and cuffed savagely at the dog, who continued to worry him. Uncle Ned put an end to his struggles by a deft stroke over the head, after which he took the cat and "pulled its heart," an operation neither Jack nor I had seen or heard of, but which is common among trappers of an older generation, who were careful not to hurt their pelts.

A wildcat or any animal larger musty, of course, first be rendered hors de combat before being handled, but such small game as mink, marten, hares and even foxes used commonly to be killed by pulling their hearts. The animal is either walked down with the snowshoe and then grasped with the left hand by the throat, or a coat or skin is thrown over the head before the grasp. The business end of the game being held harmless by the left hand, the right feels for the heart, which, on account of the strangulation, palpitates with unwonted power. Outside the soft skin the heart is seized by the right hand on one of its down jumps, and a pull in different directions by the two hands ruptures the heart strings, causing instant death.

The demeanor of old Range after the quarry was dead was amusing in its staid dignity. He sat down gravely and watched proceedings with an air of only half interest, as if to say, "My part of the work is done; I'd like to make a meal of that cat, but it's not allowed, so why excite myself?"

His apathetic manner continued as he trotted along in front of Uncle Ned, the chain being hardly necessary to keep him in step. Suddenly his mane bristled and a howling whine came from him as he snuffed the air suspiciously.

"Aha!" exclaimed Uncle Ned under his breath. "See his back go up. That's no cat. Whoa, boy, not so wild! Go on now, but don't get too skittish!"

And he let the dog pull him along into the swamp at right angles to the course we were taking, Range getting more and more excited with every step. Suddenly he burst out in a prolonged howling bay, a sure sign of a fresh track of some kind.

"A bear, I bet you!" said Uncle Ned, and sure enough the next moment the footprints of old Bruin appeared in the light snow. "Sho! I thought they'd all denned in by this time. Mild fall, though; likely they're late this year."

As he spoke he released the hound, who sprang up a slight rise crowned by dwarf spruce, on the top of which appeared an enormous boulder cleft in twain by some playful freak of prehistoric nature.

"Great Scott!" exclaimed the old man, "Don't mean to tell me that's a den? I've looked that pile over fifty times."

But a den it was nevertheless, a fact at once proved by the actions of old Range, who stood at the mouth of the gaping hole in the rock and barked furiously. It wasn't five minutes before we got action. Uncle Ned, who was unarmed except for his axe, crept a yard or two into the arch of stone, but presently backed out with an alacrity unusual in a man of his years.

"Jerushy! he yelled. "It's a den all right, and by gum the old man's at home! Get your soft nosed cartridges out, doctor! Go in there, boy! (To Range.) Sick 'em! Take hold of 'em!"

I was decidedly in the limelight now, for Jack's .22 was a bad card of introduction to a full grown bear outside of a trap, while, besides steel jacketed bullets for wildcats, I carried a handful of soft nosed "Hoxies" for my .303, with which I now proceeded to fill up my magazine with feverish haste.

Nor was I any too quick, for good old Range, obeying the command of the trapper, had rushed into the hole without a moment's hesitation. In a trice came a medley of howls, snarls and yelps, borne to us as from the horn of a huge gramophone.

In ten seconds the hound came backing out, barking and snarling and snapping at something that was evidently following him, and as soon as the dogs' entirety was again in full daylight this something was revealed to us in the form of a big she bear, whose little red and black eyes snapped viciously, while she emitted a curious snarling whine. When she saw us she raised herself to a semi-erect position and was on the point of retreating into the den when Range sprang fiercely at her throat.

Facing him like lightning, she handed him a cuff that would have laid the foundation for his epitaph had it reached him in full force, but the veteran hound had been there before, and got away with a badly ripped ear. As he bounded back my chance came, and I pumped a bullet full in the old lady's face.

As I did so, and before we could tell what was the effect, a curious scratching was heard at the mouth of the den, and one after the other out rushed two more than half grown cubs. There was a lively and very complicated mix-up of bears, men and hound, in which no one of us dared to use his weapon for fear of making matters worse.

I was dimly conscious of Uncle Ned astride a cub bear, a beast like a hound of the Baskervilles being whirled in the air, and Jack doing a tight rope performance over a big windfall, the whole picture being suddenly blotted out by an awful bump, the full force of which was concentrated at the very base of my anatomy, and which in some occult but most efficacious manner landed me on the other side of a big rock with my slightly clouded gaze directed toward the heavens.

Uncle Ned was the first to recover; in fact, perhaps he didn't have to, as he strenuously denied afterward that he had ridden a cub bear. Anyhow his stentorian "Lively there, boys!" brought us both to our feet. The first thing I saw was one of the cubs going it hell bent up the hill, and I brought up my rifle to stop him when Uncle Ned called out:

"Steady, Doc; let the cubs go; they'll be better next year. Drop the old lady—there she goes over that log!"

I turned in time to catch a glimpse of the dam ambling off in the middle distance, but as I was on the point of firing Range bobbed up at her heels and both disappeared from sight together. We scrambled after them as fast as we were able, and as the hound and her wound impeded the bear's retreat we came up to them in a few minutes.

She was bleeding badly from her neck, but the bullet had evidently not disabled her to any extent, for she was full of fight. She would face the hound, drive him back with a wild pass or two and then turn and run, only to be brought up again after going a few yards by the dog at her heels. I waited for a good chance and then let her have it behind the shoulder, when she came down in a heap and for good.

We laid her over a big log for a gloating contemplation and were glad enough to sit down and confine our entire energies to gloating.

"Wow!" exclaimed Jack. "Talk about the strenuous life!" With which he passed his flask, that was summarily emptied between puffs. The sun was high in the heavens when Uncle Ned struck through the woods for the end of the carry, where our canoe and lunch awaited us.

As we ate great were the praises of the "best dog in Digby county," and we voted to grant him heraldically an augmentation to his title (since he bore no arms), dubbing him "The best dog in Digby and Annapolis counties."

ODD CAUSES OF DESERTION.

Sometimes They Are Epidemic at an Army Post.

"A lot of them are bulging forward, I see, with replies to that question. What's the matter with the army?" said a grizzled old sergeant at one of the New York army recruiting offices. "The reasons given for desertions are pretty close to the mark, too. But there are some others.

"Pretty often desertions become epidemic in a military post. Any number of things can start an epidemic of desertions and nothing can stop it short of switching the whole layout to another post, and even that doesn't always work.

"I recall the deserting epidemic that broke out in Fort Sheridan, near Chicago, a few years ago. Inside of three months only the skeleton of the command was left. The thing was started by an outfit of unpopular officers, who fell to quarrelling among themselves.

"One domineering or unjust officer in a post can cause more desertions than bad rations or crucifying fatigue or practice march duty. Once I knew a little runt of a shavetail just out from West Point to cause twenty-eight men from one cavalry troop to jump the fit-out within two months after he'd joined down in Arizona.

"The death of a well liked officer or even of a very popular enlisted man will often start an epidemic of desertions. Once at a little two battery post in the far Northwest where I was stationed there died a First Lieutenant who was immensely popular with the enlisted men, and that in spite of the fact that the drink had got him. He was a fine man and he sure was square in his treatment of us bucks in barracks. He wouldn't stand for anybody imposing on the layout, and—well, as near as men can get to loving a man, I guess us fellows loved that fine chap and square officer.

"It was a pretty gulpy layout when we scraped out a hole in the ground for that one, tossed him into it, fired a volley over him and listened to the blubbering kid of a windjammer sounding 'Taps.'

"The desertions began the next day. The post was not only lonesome, it seemed almost uncanny without him. When, a month or so later, the outfit was shifted to the seaboard, we were not much more than one battery of heavy artillery instead of two, and there isn't any doubt that the cashing in of that officer with the heart and the gizzard of a sure enough man was the only cause of it.

"Little unscheduled things will start desertions. The reappearance at a post of a former member of the outfit togged out in joyous mufti and showing other evidences of prosperity always has the effect of getting the gang a-going.

"Once I belonged to an outfit that was stationed at the Presidio of San Francisco. One of our men caught on as a faro bank dealer of a big San Francisco gambling house at the wind up of his second enlistment. It wasn't long before he had an interest in the bank himself, and he got the money fast.

"Well, all diked out in expensive clothes and wearing the sparks and dingdongs, he used to drive out to the Presidio behind a stylish pacer in a trig trap with yellow running gear. After a few months of that the commanding officer of the Presidio had to request that ex-swaddie as a special favor to him to cease his visits at the post. A large number of desertions were easily traced to his visits.

"The gang would look their ex-mate over and become ambitious all of a sudden. If he had made such a fine thing of it in civil life why couldn't they do the same, or make some kind of a stab at it, anyhow? So they hopped out of the Presidio gate, not to come back any more, just because they had seen all those signs of prosperity on a man who had once bunked under the same roof with them.

"Rumors about the transferring of outfits, too, is another cause, and in the aggregate a big contributing cause to the desertion business. Men who enlist in a certain part of the country for service in that section don't like to make a long shift to another part with a different climate. More desertions result from the shifting about of regiments than ever appear in the figures.

"Soldiers who get mixed up with women outside the post gates are particularly liable to jump when their outfits are ordered away. The soldier rarely has the price to pay the woman's way to the new station and he does not feel like leaving her behind, and there's only one thing—so he imagines—left, and that is to quit.

"Queer, too, the distance some soldiers will go when they get mixed up with women. The most aggravated case of that kind I ever saw was when I was in the Philippines the first time.

"With my outfit was a snappy, hustling youngster from Tennessee, a boy not much past his majority, who got the corporal's chevrons very soon after hitting the islands for nervy work in campaigning. The kid had all the makings of a fine soldier, and as he was well educated a commission wasn't any too high for him to look if he'd been of that mind and had kept out of trouble.

"But he got all wrapped up with a Filipino girl, the daughter of a Filipino presidente down Mindanao way, and when we were ordered to Manila to take the transport for the United States he couldn't see the thing of leaving the girl. I believe they'd been married. Anyhow, when we went to Manila, this judgment lacking gossoon stayed behind with the Filipino woman.

"But he did something even more idiotic than that. When the old man sent a noncom. and some bucks back for the kid, he was insane enough to join the enemy—the war was still going on down there—instead of just taking to the undergrowth and staying there for a spell until the search for him was over. They got him by the time our transport reached the States.

"Well, d've know what that nice looking and bright kid from Tennessee is doing now? He's doing ninety-nine years on Alcatraz Island for deserting to the enemy—the court-martial's sentence was death, but it was changed to ninety-nine years for him. Did you ever happen to take a look at Alcatraz? Well, if you'd ever seen it you'd wonder how a white boy from Tennessee—boy with a head, even if he didn't have any sense—could let a skinny, mop haired, bigoon toed, rice powdered Filipino girl land him at Alcatraz for a dose like that, even if her eyes were fine."

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Trackless Trolleys in Ireland.

According to the Electrical Engineer a movement is on foot for the introduction of the system of trackless electric tramways in Ireland, the first contemplated route being between Donnybrook, in the suburbs of Dublin, and the pretty seaside resort at Bray. The new system, it is said, can be worked inexpensively on the existing roads from power derived from the usual overhead wires. The trolley can be made to diverge to any distance required, so as to enable the motor to pass any other conveyance or vehicle in the ordinary course. The project has been submitted to the manager of the Dublin United Tramways Company and to the county council. The promoters claim a good return from small traffic, as here is no big sum sunk in the permanent way.

PIETRO'S BATTLE

(By Captain C. Crichton, in the London Sketch.)

Antonio Vailani sat listlessly on a crumbling battlemented wall which overlooked Granada, while Pietro lay at his feet—an Italian gypsy and his dancing bear.

The man, his wife and the beast had trudged afoot from Italy along the luxuriant shores of Southern France, where living had been so expensive; then across the Pyrenees and down into Spain, where, though the cost of living was cheap, centimos were correspondingly few.

Across the sun-scorched plains of La Mancha they had plodded, subsisting on a bunch of grapes and a bunch of coarse bread here, a handful of olives and a cup of sour wine there, until they reached Andalusia and the old Moorish capital.

At Grenada, the woman's strength gave out, and she lay, sick and emaciated, amidst the filth, the suffocating stench and squalor of a southern slum.

Since Maria Vallani had fallen sick weeks had passed. The Grenadines had ceased to laugh at and applaud the ungainly antics of the clumsy, heavy-haunched creature as it waltzed round and round with its forepaws dangling, and a silly, patient grin on its face. Thus, coppers had ceased to fall by the roadside.

Returning to the dirty, dusty town, Antonio first sought for the much-needed coppers in the Plaza Cristobal Colon.

Slothful muleteers, pedlers, sweetvenders, and loafers were just awakening in various shady corners from the siesta, and the cries of the water-carriers, reiterated unceasingly throughout the heat of the day, were heard less frequently.

"La-dari—ra ra, La-dari—ra ra," such was the Italian's unmusical chant, as he beat a sort of drum in doubtful rhythm, and the bear revolved ponderously on his hind legs.

"Caramba!" exclaimed the old pedler, sitting up and rubbing his eyes, "that fool of an Italian again, and his devil of a bear. Can no one enjoy 40 winks without being disturbed by such an infernal racket?"

"The devil it's away with all Italians, say I," responded a greasy muleteer, fixing a dusty packsaddle on a gaunt mule, "The man and his beast have become a regular pest here."

There was a general growl of assent from the loungers, who by this time had risen, and stood sullenly scowling at Antonio and Pietro.

"La-dari—ra, ra, La-dari—ra." The chant stopped uncompleted as a large stone, flung with unerring aim, took the bear immediately below the ear.

The great beast dropped on to his forelegs and, with a movement ludicrously human, placed one paw delicately on the smitten spot, while he regarded his master with a hurt and puzzled look of inquiry.

He was not used to such treatment. At all the towns and villages through which they had passed, if he had worked hard and had little to eat, he had at least been a general favorite.

He was so used to the plaudits of the crowd that he had come to consider his performance the acme of grace and dexterity, and the growing coldness and indifference of the passers-by had for some time been a source of disquietude and wonder to him.

Antonio gave a sharp glance in the direction from which the stone had been thrown, his black eyes blazing with a curious light; but he knew better than to retaliate against a Spanish mob, and, choking back a sob which surged into his throat, he muttered the single word, "Come" to Pietro, and turned away. Their departure was greeted with a loud laugh and some oaths from the lookers-on.

Antonio thought of his wife and groaned aloud.

As he passed up the Avenida de la Libertad he noticed a fat, hairy man who was standing in the patio of the Cafe de Colon, and regarding him and his charge with some attention—a fat man whose huge paunch was covered by a vast expanse of white waistcoat.

The Italian was fascinated by this exuberance of flesh, and as he drew near he accosted the Spaniard: "Buena tarde, senor, you wish to see my bear dance? He is the most accomplished of all dancing bears."

"Ah?" the Spaniard grunted, reflectively; then, after a pause, "Would you like to sell your bear?" he asked, with apparent carelessness.

The Italian started back. "Sell Pietro!" he exclaimed, aghast. "No, senor; a thousand times no! He is our breadwinner. Without him we should certainly starve."

"He does not seem to win much," said the Spaniard, eyeing Antonio's cadaverous appearance superciliously.

"He wins the little we get," answered the other in a low voice, "and he has been with me for so many, many years. If I parted with him now I am afraid that he would die."

"If he is old, he will die soon, anyway; then where will you be? I will give you 1,200 pesetas for your bear. I happen to want him—for a special purpose. With 1,200 pesetas you could return to Italy, set up a cafe, and live comfortably for the rest of your life."

The Italian aws trembling; a great conflict was surging in his bosom.

"What —i—y a—gainst—gi—ve?" he asked, haltingly.

"The bathing," answered the other, briefly.

A glaring August afternoon in San Sebastian. The [illegible] was packed with 15,000 spectators. The sun beat mercilessly down on those who had not been able to obtain seats in the Sombra. The occupants of the Queen-Dowager, Mantilles of old lace, black and white, were much in evidence, some covering raven tresses, other surmounting blonde locks—locks which had become blonde since an English princess ascended the throne of Spain.

The red-coated sand-spurtin' lizards, having completed their task, retired, and the arena lay empty.

Suddenly a fanfare of trumpets blared out shrilly, and two mounted Alguazils, clad in seventeenth century costumes, rode in, to whom, as they saluted the president, he threw the keys of the various dens. These they deftly caught, and, after saluting again, rode back whence they came and disappeared.

Again the trumpets spoke, and the babel of tongues ceasing, a dead hush fell upon the vast assembly.

A moment later the heavy door of a den swung back, and out into the glare of the arena a huge bear ambled. The sunlight dazzled him after the darkness of the confined space in which he had been kept prisoner. He stood blinking and gaping round in a muddle-headed fashion, and finally, shuffling off to that part of the ring which lay in the shade, he sat down on his haunches.

He had hardly done so when another door was flung open.

With a furious bellow a great Andalusian bull instantly dashed out and galloped blindly half way across the arena, his eeys gleaming red with blood lust, and foam flying from his mouth.

Here he halted and stood raking back the sand with his forefeet, then, glaring round, searched for an object for attack. Immediately he spied the bear sitting quiet and unmoved some fifty paces distant.

Emitting another menacing bellow, he lowered his head and sprang off on a thunderous charge.

He had covered, perhaps, half the distance, when the bear, realizing the hostile intentions of his adversary, suddenly stood upright to receive him, and opened his arms invitingly. Then a curious thing happened. The bull, though it would have attacked with ferocious courage any animal which stood on four legs, or any human being which stood on two, stopped short—dismayed, it may be, at the uncanny spectacle which presented itself to him, of an obvious quadruped assuming the erect posture of a biped.

For some seconds he stood spellbound, gazing with ever-increasing astonishment and dread at the strange phenomenon.

Tired of standing still, the bear opened his arms a little wider and took one stride forward. That proved the last straw.

The bull turned, and throwing frequent and fearful glances behind him, cantered off to the opposite side of the ring, where he stood sweating and shivering against the barrier.

The silence was oppressive.

All at once someone gave vent to a loud snigger. Instantly it was caught up by 15,000 throats, and roar after roar of laughter shook the massive building, while shouts of "Bravo, Oso," came from those who could articulate. The bear was evidently astounded. It was so long since he had gained any applause that he had forgotten the sound of it. But the cry—"Bravo, Oso! Bravo, Oso!" brought back vividly the time of his popularity; and instinctively rising to the occasion, with an appreciative, slobbering grin on his face, and forepaws dangling, he began to waltz slowly round and round—round and round.

That evening, after Antonio had ceased to weep on the neck of his unwounded hero, Pietro had such a dinner as seldom falls to the lot of a bear, however capacious its maw.

. . . . . .

On the outskirts of beautiful San Remo there is a little cafe, prettily situated, with an orchard and olive groves behind it. The name of the padrone is Antorno Vallani, whose buxom wife is locally and deservedly famed for her cookery.

In the orchard an old bear, almost blind with age, sleeps away the evening of his life, under the grateful shade of the fruit trees.

BABY'S OWN TABLETS WILL CURE YOUR BABY

If your little ones are subject to colic, simple fevers, constipation, indigestion, worms, or the other minor ailments of childhood, give them Baby's Own Tablets. This medicine will give relief right away, making sound, refreshing sleep possible. Better still an occasional dose will keep little ones well. Guaranteed to contain no opiate or poisonous soothing stuff. Good for the new born baby or the well grown child. Mrs. Ronald L. Seafield, Palmer Rapids, Ont., says: "Baby's Own Tablets are the most satisfactory medicine I have ever used, and I would not like to be without the Tablets in the house." Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. William's Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Grandma Obsolete.

"The word 'grandma' is dying out," said a lexicographer, or maker of dictionaries, pausing in his labor on the letter G. "By 2000, at this rate, no such word will exist."

"What will take its place?"

"Oh, 'nannie,' 'nans,' lovelocks,' 'dearest'—some such rubbish. You see," explained the lexicographer, "women think that they have learned to stave off old age. A woman of 50, because she has dyed her hair, a painted face, a figure here distended and there cramped, thinks that she looks young. As a matter of fact, she looks neither fish, flesh, nor fowl. No man can bear the sight of her. But she thinks she looks young, and, therefore, she won't be called 'grandma.' Youth is over for good, you know—beyond peradventure we are done with the long, long dreams of youth—when a little one is lisping 'grandma' or 'grandpa' at our knees. So this old fool trains her grandchildren to call her 'nans' or 'kitten,' and getting into her wadded street gown she trips on rheumatic feet to the beauty parlor for a face steaming."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

WIT AND HUMOR

Holocust.

"Millions killed in the twinkling of an eye!"

"Good heavens, man! What are you talking about?"

"Germs. I've just fumigated a five-dollar bill."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Excursionist—Why have you painted the name "Baby" on this boat? Because it is so little?

Park Boatman—Nope; because every fool thinks it has to be rocked.—St. Louis Star and Chronicle.

Too Many Dates.

"What possessed her to marry her second husband on the anniversary of her first's death?"

"So as not to have too many dates to celebrate."—Smart Set.

Mistaken Idea.

Physician—My dear fellow, you should practice deep breathing."

Caller—Great snakes, doctor, I do! I work in a coal mine.

Terminated.

"Last time I heard about Kit Skinnerhorn she was engaged to a young man she met at a seaside resort. How long did the engagement last?"

"Three days, I believe. Then the young man began to insist on their marrying."

"Well?"

"Well, it was near the end of the season, and she married him.

SAD ENDING.

"Too bad about Gussie, wasn't it?"

"Dear me! I haven't heard. Tell me quick!"

"He fell desperately in love with a girl he met on an ocean steamer, but she threw him over."

Ugh!

"The Great White Plague,' my son,"
Said the Injun chief, in a passion,
"Is that wicked, thieving race
That calls itself the Caucasian!"

Charity in 1908.

Miss Binks—I suppose you find many cases of extreme want during your visits among the poor?

Miss Minks—Yes. I visited a family to-day and actually they hadn't a drop of petrol for their motor.—Ally Sloper.

Vegetarian Fast Day.

"What, Anatole, do I see you eating roast goose? Why, I thought you were a vegetarian."

"So I am, but to-day is Wednesday, and Wednesday is a vegetarian fast."—Bon Vivant.

PROFESSIONAL.

Heavy Tragedian—I was brought up on the boards.

Low Comedian—I suppose your mother pawned the bed and you had to sleep on the floor.

When to Wed.

The best time for a girl to marry is when the fellow is willing.—New York Times.

True Kindliness.

Little girl of 4 (standing entranced before the window of a toy shop)—Oh, mother, if you was my little girl, wouldn't I take you in and buy you some of these lovely things!—Tatler.

Information Cheerfully Doled Out.

Mrs. Chugwater—Josiah, what is apothecaries' weight?

Mr. Chugwater—Apothecaries' wait? It's the interval that elapses between the time when you give the apothecary a prescription and the time when he fills it. Can't you tell from the word itself?

SO BORED.

Miss Gush—Oh, Mr. Sappy, why weren't you up on the hill to see the sunset? It was simply perfect.

Cholly Sappy—I sent my man up to do it for me. He understands that sort of thing so much better, you know.

His Profession.

"You say Slimpkins makes his living with his pen? I didn't know he could write."

"He can't; he keeps hogs."

A Suitable Residence.

"I wonder," said little Jim on his first visit to the farm, "where they keep the goats."

"I don't know," said little Jack, "but I guess it's in the buttery."—Baltimore American.

In a Tail-End Town.

"Tell me the old, old story, dear."

"The old, old story? You mean the one about our team still having pennant-winning hopes?"—Washington Herald.

Her Little Scheme.

"I hear that Miss Oldtime refused Skinner and now is encouraging him again."

"Yes, he was her first offer."—Washington Star.

The Thirteenth Task of Hercules.

Hercules was cleaning out the stables.

"Fine!" they cried. "But can you clean the chauffeur's friends out of the auto?"

At once he realized that the original dozen labors were really trivial.

July Night.

The western skies were all aglow,
With molten gold by angels cast;
It faded and came floating slow,
A Moon-Ship down the Sky-Sea vast.

High-prowed she sought the harbor old
And saw far-off lights of home;
A million gems slipped from her hold,—
A wake of stars across the foam.
—Archie P. McKishnie, in the Canadian Magazine.

Forte.

She—I understand that drinking is one of your failings.

He—You have been misinformed. It is one of my most pronounced successes.—Chicago Journal.

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FOR ALL KIDNEY DISEASES
CURES RHEUMATISM BRIGHT'S DISEASE BACKACHE DIABETES

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