

TYPICAL LUMBER JACKS



A Scene in the Northern Timber Country.

FOUGHT TO FINISH

ALLIGATORS IN A DUEL TO THE DEATH.

Aurians in New York Zoo Settle Question of Supremacy While Spectators Look On Unable to Interfere.

New York—A fight to the death between two alligators furnished several hundred visitors to the Bronx zoological gardens with a spectacle rarely seen north of Mason and Dixon's line. The conflict was waged in the 40-foot pond outside the reptile cage.

One of the alligators was "Captain," so named because he has always been master of the aquarium tank. When he was out of the cage Captain swam triumphantly over to the larger pool and swam around it several times.

Finally his stalk-like little eyes lighted on a male-looking gator called "Whitey," who has been in the habit of lording it over the Bronx park alligators.

The two boss gators looked at each other for a minute or two. Finally, Whitey that it was impossible to catch each other napping, the two great reptiles closed with a rush. By the time the keepers entered the enclosure every other gator had left the pool. The men beat the forms of the two fighters with their poles, but they could not see where they were bitten because of the spray and the different positions which the writhing forms took every instant. Once the spray subsided a little and they saw that Whitey had bitten Captain's front leg entirely off. The two gators drew off for a minute.

Whitey, moving more quickly than Captain, with his three legs, could turn saw a chance to get a death grip at the side of his head and rushed in again. There was a tremendous churning up of the water for a minute or two.

Whitey was swimming around and around the pool, with the dead body of Captain in his jaws. He was cut and bleeding in a dozen parts of his scaly body, and one of his eyes was torn and full of blood. He had torn two of the legs off Captain's body.

The only way that the keepers were able to get the body from him was to pass his head and legs, draw him to the side of the pond, and pry his jaws open with their poles. Even then they had to let all the water out of the tank to stop his struggling.

SEES HIS IMAGE IN THE SKY.

Nevada Man Tells of an Atmospheric Freak on Mount Davis.

Reno, Nev.—The specter of Brockton, heretofore believed to be a superstition relating to Mount Jeff Davis, in White Pine county, has been verified by State Engineer Nicholas, who has just returned from an official trip to the mountains, and now reports its height as 14,706 feet, which is 200 feet higher than any other mountain in the United States.

Years ago a band of Indians fled from the mountains because of an image of themselves which appeared above the mountains in the clouds, reflected many times their original size. Believing it was the spirits coming to destroy them, they fled, and since then none has dared return to the mountains.

Nicholas witnessed the strange freak while standing on the apex of the mountain his image appeared on the white clouds to the east. It was many times his size. This condition is not unknown to the government, as there is a record of a mountain in Germany where similar phenomena occur. Nicholas will take the matter up with the view of determining the cause.

Gets Job; Dies in Ten Minutes.

Richmond, Va.—Patrick Sims, a married man who had been out of work for some time, obtained a job in a gravel pit, and went to work at seven o'clock. Ten minutes later he was dead.

The pit caved and several tons of earth caught him before he could get out. Fellow workmen went to his rescue and frantically tried to reach him before life was extinct, but their efforts were futile.

GETTING THE CROWD IN LINE.

Showing the Methods of the Resourceful Street Faker.

Two belligerent appearing men faced each other.

"You're a liar."

"Fight!" shrieked a small boy.

"Then a crowd of curious began to gather in front of the Grant building in upper Market street."

"If you're looking for trouble I guess I can give it to you," blazed the "liar" between his teeth.

"You can place a bet that I intend to see things to a finish," replied the "pup," striking a fighting pose.

"Come around the corner where a cop won't bother us, then," said the first and, war thus declared, the duo hastened around to an empty lot behind the post office, while a crowd of bloodthirsty men and boys dogged at their heels.

Arrived, the "liar" mounted a wooden platform newly built, while the "pup" dove into a dry goods box and extracted therefrom a bugling suitcase.

"While the doctor gets out the packages of our magical herbs, guaranteed to cure cancer, buns, all skin diseases, etc. I will entertain you with a few sleight of hand tricks," announced the "liar" in stentorian tones.

The crowd then realized that it had been gulled. A few on the outskirts slunk away, but the majority remained to fall victims to the wiles of the wily medical faker and their cure-all at "one dollar per package, and a pair of cuff buttons, warranted solid gold, thrown in."—San Francisco Call.

MAN A REAL LOVER OF BIRDS.

Has Provided 3,000 Nesting Boxes on His Estate.

"At least one man with a big estate has made use of it to help birds to live instead of turning it into a sort of open air slaughterhouse."

He is Baron von Reichenau and his estate in Thuringia is a bird sanctuary. According to a writer in the Pall Mall Magazine, he has planted trees and bushes favorable to the birds he wants to cultivate and has supplied 3,000 nesting boxes in addition.

Of these 3,000 boxes 55 out of every 100 were occupied last spring. In one thicket, a little stretch planted with low bushes, there were 104 nests built by the birds at the rate of a nest to every foot of space. A close hedge of whitefoam and wild roses protects the grounds on the village side from the children who might want to come a-birdnesting, and ingeniously contrived traps await marauding creatures.

Working Nurses Needed.

A New York woman says that there is a great demand for nurses in the families of ordinary people who might be able to pay from \$10 to \$15 a week, but would expect the nurse to do only help with the sick ones, but assist with the work that is so much greater when there is sickness in the family. The trained nurse, as a general thing, would occur to do anything else but her work proper, and she has her rights, but it will certainly be a good thing for the country when some one establishes a kind of working nurse who is not above helping those who cannot afford to hire the trained nurse and servant as well and are, under ordinary circumstances, their own servants.

Sterilizing Books.

The new sterilizing oven of M. Berlioz, a Frenchman, is designed for treating books and other easily damaged articles that do not admit of baking in an ordinary oven for destroying disease germs. It has a device for the evaporation of aldehydes, and, at atmospheric pressure and below boiling point, it completely sterilizes such objects as closed books, without the least effect upon the paper or covers. Delicate bindings may be protected by a wrapper. A volume of 1,300 pages had been soiled with pus and foecal matter as far as the inner margin, but it was completely sterilized in two hours at a temperature of less than 200 degrees F.

Chicken Has Red Eyes.

George Ladenberger has a sure enough curiosity in the possession of a red-eyed chicken. It is not the eye-balls that are red, as might be inferred, but the eyes themselves. The eyeballs are not bloodshot or inflamed, but are of a brilliant crystal red, while the sight is also red, but of a darker hue. So transparent are the eyes that when the head of the chicken is held between your vision and the sun it appears—as if the sun were shining through from one eye to the other and the head lighted up inside. The chick is as healthy and can see as perfectly as any in the brood.—Dover (Del.) News.

Good Times in Turkey.

"You people of the warmer climates have little idea of our exhilarating winter sports," said the tourist from New England.

"Oh, I don't know," responded the Turk. "We have some pretty lively little staying parties over in Armenia."—Kansas City Times.

Mine Coal in River.

Over 100 tons of coal are being taken daily from the Susquehanna river in the vicinity of Espy, Columbia county. Five dredges are being operated in that section. Many of the residents of that section use the coal taken from the bed of the river.—Philadelphia Record.

PROOF OF BIGHT IN PLANTS.

Nature Student Comes Forward with Convincing Argument.

"Darwin believed that plants could see, and I believe so, too," said a nature student.

"I was reading on my veranda the other day, one foot was near a large convolvulus. The tendrils were pointing upwards, but in a few minutes I heard them rustle faintly—they began turning towards my shoe. They began to advance towards it, moving as a very sluggish serpent might have done, and by the time I had finished the joke column they were within a few inches of me. I went indoors then for dinner. On my return the convolvulus, disoriented, had resumed their outward march towards the wall."

"I got a pole and set it up a foot from the nearest tendrils. In ten minutes they were creeping stupidly towards the pole. To-day they are twisted about it."

"How could the convolvulus tendrils approach my foot and the pole, both placed in the opposite direction from the light, unless they saw? Yes, they must have sight, these plants, or they couldn't trot about in the silent, clever way they do."

SHAKES A GENERAL NUISANCE.

Pennsylvania Farmers Seem Greatly Bothered by the Reptiles.

George Burben, who is building a new house for himself on a part of his father's farm on German Hill, went to refill a water jug the other day that had been left in the shade, when he luckily espied a huge rattler 42 inches long and carrying 13 rattles, coiled ready for a fight about the jug. George lost no time in killing the reptile and has preserved the skin and rattles to verify his statement.

Two young sons of George Copeland went snake hunting at a den near their father's home, on Little Hickory creek, one day recently and killed an even dozen of rattlers before they gave up the battle.

Henry Amburger of Hunters Station has been missing eggs from the nest in his chicken coop, even a china egg disappearing. He suspected rats or other small animals, but the other day when he found a dead blacksnake eight feet long nearby, with a china egg lodged in its stomach, the great mystery was solved.—Times and Herald.

Authors Who Are Giants.

"Tit-Bits has recently been publishing some facts about the stature of well-known English authors. In one of its articles it says: 'Of past giants in literature in two senses of the term, we have Thackeray, who was six feet three inches in height. Coming to the present time, we have Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, who is six feet two inches high, but doesn't look it on account of his statur build. Then there is Cutcliffe Hyne, who is six feet three inches in height, while Hersketh Prichard is even a shade taller. Keble Howard, the author of 'The Smiths of Surbiton,' runs to five feet 1 1/2 inches in height, while his brother, R. S. Warren Bell, who at once ends and tops our list, is close upon six feet five inches."

Use Electric Trucks.

Electric trucks have been introduced by the company which controls nearly all the docks of the Brooklyn water front with great success. Formerly trucks run on three wheels were used, and these were drawn by horses. The matter of transportation by this means was always necessarily slow, and the action of the feet of the animals tramping constantly over the wood covering of the piers made the item of repairs a very heavy one. The new trucks carry three times as much as the horse-drawn ones, besides reducing the cost of dock repairs to a minimum.

Only One Life.

The chief of the fire department of Philadelphia, watching a dangerous fire in that city, not long ago, was amazed by the daring of a recruit in the service. A young fellow plainly of German origin.

After the new fireman had emerged from his perilous position, the chief met him with many expressions of commendation and admiration.

"Well done, Hans, my boy," exclaimed he; "but I never expected to see you again!"

"Alife again!" repeated the German, surprised. "Vy, I hafa'nt been dead yet!"—Exchange.

Strangest Home Rule.

A New York mission worker tells of encountering a new game in one of the tenements in that region.

Two archers were driving a rubber ball back and forth with home-made rackets. The youngsters were intensely absorbed in their sport.

"What rules are you using?" asked the mission worker, with a smile. "English or American?"

"Aw, wese got our own rules," replied one of the youngsters, scornfully. "I bats der ball ter Chimmy till he missed a bounce, an' den I gets der right ter swat him 'tree times wid me bat."

Inventor of Suspension Bridge.

The inventor of the modern suspension bridge was James Finley of Pennsylvania. His first bridge was built in 1810-12. By 1810 he had built eight. He built many more after that. A bridge built by his license, John Tempelman, over the Merrimack, in Massachusetts, in 1818 is still in use and traversed by trolley cars. A bridge built in strict accordance with his original plans over the Lehigh river, at Lehigh Gap, in 1824 is still in use.

COMPETITION WITH THE DEAD.

Crushing Handicap Imposed on Modern Men of Letters.

In speaking at the anniversary dinner in London of the royal literary fund, Rudyard Kipling said: "If you go no farther back than the book of Job you will find that letters, like the art of printing, were born perfect. Some professions, law and medicine, for example, are still in a state of evolution, inasmuch as no expert in them seems to be quite sure that he can win a case or cure a cold. On the other hand, the calling of letters carries with it the disabilities from which these professions are free."

"When an eminent lawyer or physician is pined dead, he is always dead. His ghost does not continue to practice in the law courts or the operating theater. Now it cannot have escaped your attention that a writer often does not begin to live till he has been dead for some time. In certain notorious cases the longer he has been dead the more alive he is, and the more acute is his competition against the living."

"I do not ask you to imagine the feelings of a barrister exposed to the competition of all the dead lord chancellors that ever sat on the woolsack, each delivering judgments on any conceivable case at six pence per judgment, paper bound. I only ask you to allow that what lawyers call the 'dead hand'—in this case with a pen in it—lies heavy on the calling of letters."

CHARACTER REVEALED BY HAIR.

Good Points and Fallings Alike Visible to the Eyes of Experts.

Reading character from people's hair affords lots of amusement to some girls. It is recorded that straight, black, coarse hair, growing thick, indicates more order and industry than mental power. Auburn hair means a kindly and sympathetic nature, though a hot and breezy temperament sometimes develops. Straight hair indicates power to govern, while curls suggest a feeble sense of right and wrong, they say; though there is plenty of gawdy, vivacity and self-confidence in the temperamental.

Fine brown hair accompanies excellent minds. The owners generally have intellectual tendencies. Red hair is strongly characteristic—no half-way business here. It usually indicates a quick temper, peppery—of course there are exceptions.

Golden hair is rarely seen on persons of gross nature. Its owner loves fine arts and possesses exquisite sensibilities.

Hair and eyebrows differing in color are said to mean untrustworthiness. They indicate race mixture and sometimes bespeak a wavering, unsteady nature.

As a rule, smooth, fine, softly waving hair betokens gentleness, quietness and neatness. Ugly, sleek, straight hair gives warning of stiness and hypocrisy.

Under Suspicion.

For three Sundays in succession the pastor of a Philadelphia church was gladdened by the appearance of a backsliding husband in his wife's pew. Then suddenly this gratifying exhibition of an awakened conscience ceased. One day the pastor met the delinquent in a street car.

"I have not seen you at church for some time," said the preacher.

"No," was the candid reply. "I had to give it up. My wife got so suspicious I couldn't stand it."

"Suspicious!" exclaimed the pastor. "Yes," said the man; "she got it into her head that I was up to some awful devilry outside that I was trying to atone for by going to church. Nothing I could say or do could convince her otherwise; so, to show her that I was living a square life I had to stay away from church."

When Riley and Carman Met.

James Whitcomb Riley and Bliss Carman, though comrades of long standing in art, did not meet till comparatively recently. It was in Washington, and the Canadian poet, whose head is fully six feet four inches above ground, was walking down Pennsylvania avenue with a friend.

Observing Riley approach, and knowing that the two poets had never met, the Washingtonian took occasion to introduce them.

Struggling with suppressed emotion, the laureate of childhood dropped his eyes to the pavement, gradually permitted his glance to travel upward, as though analyzing a new species of skyscraper, and with an expression of inimitable droolery, ejaculated, "Well, by Jimminy! Your parents must hev' stranded you on a trellis."—Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

A Real Artist.

Oscar Hammerstein at a dinner in New York said that he imputed his great success to the fact that in his opera house he put art ahead of money making.

"I like to think," said Mr. Hammerstein, "that in some small degree I share the artistic feeling of the great Handel."

"Handel, when the curtains would rise upon a nearly empty house, would say soothingly to his accompanist: 'Ach, never mind; the music will sound all the better.'"

His Conclusion.

Beth Fraeche—Say, Ezra, there must be a bargain sale down to the copy house.

Earny Hinsonwood—What makes ye 'low ther is, Beth?

Beth Fraeche—'Cause I see a sign up sayin': "Children half price."

WHERE CONTROL WAS LACKING.

Pitcher All Right with the Ball, But Not in Other Respects.

A pitcher belonging to a professional baseball club, who thought he was not getting his share of the limelight of publicity, went one day to the captain and manager to make his "kick." Being of a somewhat choleric disposition, which had got him into trouble more than once, he spoke with feeling.

"Cap," he said, "you're not giving me a square deal, and you know it."

"What's the matter, Bill?"

"You know what's the matter, cap. I haven't been in the box for three weeks. You know I can play ball. I've got every outcurve, inshoot, upshoot and drop there is in the business. I've got everything that any other pitcher has. I can put on speed, and I can send 'em slow. I can get 'em right over the plate every time I want to. Haven't I got a good control of the ball as any fellow you know of?"

"Yes, Bill," said the captain, "you have. When you get a good control of your temper as you have of the ball, I'll use you, all right. Don't you be uneasy about that, Bill."

"Bill" went away deep in thought, and it was not very long after that conversation that he "got into the game" again.—Youth's Companion.

SHE PREFERRED THE PEARLS.

Perhaps That Was Reason for Girl's Aversion to Pats.

"No, I don't want this griffin. You may send it back," said the girl graduate.

Her father parted the priceless dog's rough head. "But why?" he stammered.

"Keeping pets is too brutal," she replied. "I can't see how a person of delicacy can keep pets. It is as bad as living in a cemetery vault. You get a dog. It's puppyhood is charming. But it matures; it grows old; in a few years, decrepit, gray-faced, it dies. Then you get another dog and watch it also swiftly grow old and die. With cats it is the same. With birds it is the same."

"Aunt Jane has kept cat and dog and bird pets all her life, and her life has been one long succession of little pet funerals. Two or three times a month ever since I can remember we have found her in tears over the corpse of a French bulldog or over the fresh grave of a love bird, or over the grotesque but inevitable burial of an Angora cat. No pats for me. I desire to be surrounded with objects that make me forget old age, decrepitude and death. You may exchange the griffin. If you like, papa, for a string of small but perfect pearls."

Love of Music.

The mind of the man is like the sea, which is neither agreeable to the beholder nor the voyager, in a calm or in a storm; but is so to both, when a little agitated by gentle gales, and so the mind, when moved by soft and easy passions and affections. I know very well that many who pretend to be wise by the forms of being grave are apt to despise both poetry and music, as toys and trifles too light for the use or entertainment of serious men; but whoever find themselves wholly inensible to these charms would, I think, do well to keep their own counsel, for fear of approaching their own temper, and bringing the goodness of their nature, if not of their understandings, into question; it may be thought, at least an ill sign, if not an ill constitution; since some of the fathers went so far as to esteem the love of music a sign of predestination, as a thing divine, and reserved for the felicitates of heaven itself.—Sir William Temple.

New Dust-Killing Machine.

Consul General Robert J. Wynne reports that a new tarp-spraying machine, which the makers claim will do away with the dust nuisance, has been tested on the roadway in front of the Horticultural hall, Westminster, London, before practically the whole of the municipal engineers, a large number of county surveyors and suburban engineers, and two representatives appointed by the war office.

After the tarp-spraying process a second machine scattered a level layer of granite grit and chips upon the tarp, which, when rolled, formed a road with a fine, smooth surface, durable and dustless. A tar macadam road made in this way costs from 30 to 60 (85 to 97 cents) a square yard, an against ordinary macadam which costs on an average 2a. 6d. (60 cents) a square yard.

Admiral Coghlan's Story.

Rear Admiral Joseph B. Coghlan tells how when the head of a G. A. R. reception committee at a country celebration was asked if he was not pleased at the large attendance, he answered in the negative.

"I should think you'd be delighted with this turnout," the city visitor commented; "they'll leave lots of money in town."

"Lots of money, hell," was the grouchy reply. "Those farmers have each got a clean shirt and a two-dollar bill and neither has been changed yet."—New York Sun.

More Trouble.

Squigg—Had gumption enough to fire that cook of yours yet?

Squaggs—Sure; hired a bouncer who did the job ahead; but we've more trouble on hand now.

Squigg—What's that?

Squaggs—Can't get any one to fire the bouncer.