

DEAD-SHOT THOMPSON.

When He Fired at Something Else the Ducks Were Sure to Come Down.

Some one came in from up that way... He took his new repeating shotgun and started for the lake.

His record as a snip shot is regarded with awe by his fellow-members of the Chester Gun club.

When they reached the lake there were no ducks to be seen. The wily sportsman, however, crouched down behind a stump and waited.

Off to the left, on a fence post, a solitary crow, which looked as if it had been south for its health, and came back too soon.

The two huddled together behind the stump. The dog frequently cast a painful look down at the crow, and then up at the crow, supplementing each look with a sympathetic whine.

By and by down into the opening dropped half a dozen ducks. The wary hunters instantly whanged away at them.

A few ducks and the solitary crow tumbled dead in the snow. Charles gave the ducks another charge as they rose.

No ducks fell, but the contented crow in the field down the stream humped back like a cat that had nipped some twisted tail over it in the shape of a cork-screw, and with a howl like which is not often exacted in the life of any cow, started for the other side of the field, leaving the air filled with flying bits of agony.

Terry looked after the fleeing cow, and growled out at Thompson as plainly as words. "I told you so!"

"Them ducks I fool around here until I find my range and get the lay of the wind, all right, and then I'm thinking they'll hear something drop!" said Thompson.

It wasn't long before along came some more ducks. Simultaneously with their plunking into the opening the owner of the cow came to the fence where the cow had stood, evidently with wrath in his soul.

The hunter was about to fire at the ducks. On a rush Terry started frantically toward the owner of the cow, evidently trying to frighten him into moving away from where he stood.

"Dash that consequential dog!" exclaimed Thompson, hot as fire. "I'll shoot him."

He hauled up and fired at Terry, when lo! down came two of the ducks into the water, before they had risen four feet out of it. Instantly Terry came gleefully and thankfully from his strand of mercy in the direction of the water after the ducks and brought them out.

The owner of the cow, when he saw how that duck hunter could handle a gun, started for home on the double quick and never one looked back.

"Food around when I'm back of the gun, will you?" said Thompson, looking at the dead ducks the dog had dropped at his feet. "It's rаш-to be around when I draw head, eh, Terry, old boy?"

Terry wagged his tail in hearty acquiescence, and, it being along toward supper time, he and Thompson came home.

Finally Got It.

"What do you want, little boy?" asked the druggist.

"Say, mister," said the boy, who had been wringing his face, scratching his head and rubbing his right foot up and down his left leg in the effort to remember something that had escaped him.

"Fort Sheridan?" "No; it's a good deal further away than that."

"The Philippines?" "That ain't just it, but it's somewhere around there."

"You don't mean Manila?" "Manila! That's right! I know I'd get it after awhile. I want a bottle of Manila extract for flavoring ice cream. How much?"—Chicago Tribune.

No Character in Ear.

After studying and photographing more than 40,000 pairs of ears of persons, including those of 2,000 insane and 800 criminals and those of 800 animals, an English criminologist is forced to conclude that the ear gives no clew to personal traits.—Phrenological Journal.

LONG CHASE FOR A FLEA.

Expedition Sent to the Polar Regions to Secure Specimens That Live on Arctic Fox.

Hon. Charles Rothschild, the second son of Lord Rothschild, has recently dispatched an expedition to the polar regions to collect specimens of the many rare fleas that abound there.

The principal object of both crew and captain is to secure a flea of the Arctic fox, for which Mr. Rothschild has promised a reward of £1,000, says a writer in Pearson's Weekly.

The reason for this is not far to seek. Not only is the Arctic fox itself one of the rarest of animals, but his fleas leave him as soon as he is dead. So it is to be surmised that the hardy explorers, if they are to succeed in their curious quest, will have to be both lucky and alert.

Their ship, the whaler Forget-Me-Not, was last reported off Newfoundland, where one of the scientists on board was interviewed by the aid of wireless telegraphy. He mentioned that they expected to collect, in addition to the insect mentioned above, specimens of the flea of the polar bear, the reindeer, the Eskimo dog, the Arctic hare, and many other scarce animals.

In order to secure three specimens of an extremely small fresh-water crab inhabiting the swamps south of Lake Bangwato, Carl Hertz spent two years in the interior of Central Africa. He had with him two white assistants and 80 black porters.

Nevertheless, it has been held by scientists that the sacrifice was not made in vain. For the finding of this particular variety of crab, a distinctly marine type of organism originally, went far toward proving the truth of the theory all along held by geologists, namely, that the great African lakes were not formed in comparatively recent times by subsidence, but date back to an infinitely more remote period, when the salt waters of the ocean covered the whole central Congo basin.

Ten or twelve years back a certain large and exceedingly rare New Guinea butterfly was being eagerly sought after by collectors. But the demand very much exceeded the supply. Indeed, so far, at all events, as the cabinets of European entomologists were concerned, no more than half a score or so of perfect specimens were known to exist; and even after the natives, urged thereto by the dealers at Port Moresby, had brought down to the coast a few dozen additional ones, a really good insect easily fetched 50 or 60 guineas in London or Paris.

Of course, we know that no doctor will stop to do any such thing. He is apt to become very careless about it. It is easy to imagine that the doctor who should be an angel of health and safety may become an angel of disease and despair.

DOCTORS CARRY DISEASE.

If They Are Not Careful in Every Respect, They Are Dangerous Visitors.

There can be no doubt but that doctors actually carry disease from house to house. There is a sort of vague superstition that somehow doctors can enter a room where contagious diseases exist and come out unharmed. The people seem to think that the doctor has some secret protection against disease which other people cannot avail themselves of.

If a family were afflicted with scarlet fever and any member of the family got about the neighborhood calling at different houses, people would be alarmed. But nothing is thought of if a doctor, having two or three patients afflicted with contagious disease, goes immediately from a visit to these patients to other people not afflicted, says Medical Talk for the Household.

The doctors have somehow acquired the privilege of doing these things without exciting suspicion. Just how the doctors manage to prevent spreading disease no one exactly knows. It has been assumed that somehow or other he can go directly from patient to patient without any fear of carrying disease.

The fact is the doctor is just as apt to carry disease as any other person. To be sure, a sensible doctor may carefully wash his hands or avail himself of some other precaution which any other decent person would do, but he knows nothing and can do nothing, that is not available to ordinary people, to protect himself from carrying disease.

Several cases have come under our notice where doctors have been the means of carrying contagious diseases. Why should it not be so? What can the doctor do to protect himself from such a possibility? There is no magic in his diploma or protection in his learning. Disease will cling to his whiskers and hair, his overcoat and gloves exactly the same as it will cling to anybody else's.

Indeed, he is more apt than other people to be careless. His familiarity with contagious diseases makes him less cautious. It being an everyday occurrence with him, he finally drops what little precaution he may have adopted at first. He will go about with his medicine case, and especially his clinical thermometer, carrying the germs of disease from house to house.

That there is a great deal of this done there can be no doubt. If the doctor imagines that by the use of some antiseptic or disinfectant he is a dangerous man to let loose in any community.

There is no remedy that absolute cleanliness that will prevent carrying disease from person to person. Nothing but a complete change of clothing and full bath, including hair and whiskers, will make it absolutely certain that the doctor will not carry the germs of disease. If he presumes to visit a single case of infectious disease on his daily rounds.

Of course, we know that no doctor will stop to do any such thing. He is apt to become very careless about it. It is easy to imagine that the doctor who should be an angel of health and safety may become an angel of disease and despair.

WATER SPOILED GALLANTRY.

Chivalrous Man Wondered Why the Women Were So Unappreciative.

On a certain trip of a certain North river ferryboat a middle-aged com-muter may be seen nearly every evening hurrying into the forward part of the women's cabin and taking a seat, only to relinquish it with a howl and a smile to some pretty girl when the other seats are filled.

So intent was he on a recent stormy evening watching for an attractive woman to whom he might offer the seat that he did not notice a leak in the roof of the cabin that was sprinkling his hat.

Presently a stunning girl came with the crowd and the gallant commuter arose and graciously bowed her into the seat. Pit-pat came the raindrops on the woman's toque, and frowning at the smiling gallant, she got up and pressed through the crowd.

The commuter seemed puzzled, but he resumed his seat, again oblivious of the leak, and in a moment offered his place to another woman, whose smile of thanks vanished quickly as she settled far back in the seat and a raindrop tumbled on her upturned nose. She, too, rose and moved away and the great fellow man again sunk into the seat, while the other passengers began to titter.

Once more he tried his little act of gallantry, offering his place this time to a middle-aged woman whose elaborate hat thus came under the increasing stream from the leaky roof, and she jumped ungraciously, looking daggers at the man, and moved away.

Still failing to observe the offending leak, says the New York Times, the commuter dropped into the seat and plunged into his evening paper, when the explanation came in the wet blotches which the rain soon made on the newspaper, and the commuter joined in the laughter of his fellow passengers as he once more vacated the seat—this time not offering the place to one of the fair sex.

Hot Pineapple.

Persons who cannot eat pineapple uncooked will appreciate hot pineapple. The pine is pared and cut in dice or picked in pieces, and thrown into a boiling syrup long enough to be thoroughly heated. Serve hot, with boiled rice, and with oblongs of crisp toast.—N. Y. Post.

HANDSOME SPRING COATS.

Silk, Pongee and Lace Play an Important Part in Their Composition.

Most of the new spring coats are loose, and the smartest are of white broadcloth and lace, of pongee and of Cluny, or some other heavy lace, made up over silk linings. The pongee coats are richly braided with silk braids of the same color, most of them somewhat wide and put on in low-knot and other fancy, irregular designs. The sleeves are cut in the prettiest wide ends and trimmed inside and out, while some are gathered into a deep, flaring cuff, and others into the Paquin model. Pongee coats are also embroidered and trimmed with applications of lace, either in white or ecru tints, and invariably of the heavy qualities, says the New York Tribune.

The handsome coats are of three-quarter length. The military styles are in vogue for the heavier qualities in these coats, and these are literally covered with bars of short, stitched bands and small buttons. The three-quarter length is a favorite length of the lovely lace coat, whose lining may be of any shade to harmonize with the gown with which it is worn. These coats always have full sleeves, and the majority of them have the sleeves gathered into wristbands, with points of lace falling from the back. In a way, the lace coat is economical, since it serves for a street wrap over some other color and for evening wear over white or pale tinted silk.

Such large numbers of long, fitted silk coats have been brought out for spring and summer wear that it looks as though these would have a vogue, notwithstanding their simplicity of make. They are of taffeta, pongee or surah—sometimes of foulard silk—and are made to fit in the back and partly fit the figure in front. The skirts of the coat reach to the hem of the frock, and there are two or three overlapping cape collars upon the shoulders and a small, turned over collar about the neck. Upon each side of the front are two high standing loops of bias silk finished with long ends of the same. The sleeves are somewhat full, and are finished with deep, turned back cuffs. These long coats are of changeable dark blue, changeable gray and small gray and blue checked silks, besides several shades of brown and silver gray. They are decidedly serviceable in protecting a dainty costume from dust.

It seems as though spring and summer hosiery had borrowed something from the styles of everything else worn by women. Lace medallions and round and vertical stripes are seen; stripes of herringbone feather stitching, braid and fancy Van Dyke points in the popular colors of the season, upon black, white, gray or ecru grounds. Light blue, pink and red are favorite colors in fancy designs, while all the combinations of black and white are stylish. Most gossamers of all are the stockings for evening wear, with their printed or embroidered or woven garlands and clusters of flowers in natural colors upon white, black or light grounds. Some of these flower sprinkled stockings are covered with large flowers for a certain distance above the instep.

An innovation in thin stockings will be the gauze hosiery, which promises to supplant in popular favor the lace hose of last season.

Bavory Beef Loaf.

Two pounds minced beef and one cupful bread crumbs, three-fourths cupful sweet milk, two table-spoonfuls butter, one egg, one-fourth tea-spoonful cayenne, 1/2 tea-spoonful salt, generous one-eighth tea-spoonful nutmeg and juice of one lemon. To the beef add the well-beaten seasonings, lemon juice, then butter (melted), the bread crumbs, the well-beaten egg, and lastly the milk. Press in shape and roll in bread crumbs, bake three-fourths of an hour, and serve hot or it is nice sliced and served cold for luncheon.—Housekeeper.

Jellied Bouillon.

It is particularly pretty when served in individual moulds. The jelly is easily made from extract of beef, well seasoned diluted with hot water, and made into a delicate jelly with dissolved gelatine. A little is put in the bottom of the moulds, and the almonds, balanced and cut in strips, are arranged in a pattern in the jelly before the moulds are filled; when ready to serve, turn out on a bed of lettuce hearts, and send around with the course a stiff mayonnaise.—Good Literature.

Scotch Shortbread.

One pound of flour, half a pound of butter, half a pound of sugar and the yolk of one egg. Mix the ingredients together and work well for a quarter of an hour. Roll out an inch in thickness and cut in squares, pinch around the edge, and ornament with candied orange or lemon peel cut in small pieces; and bake in a moderate oven for half an hour.—Washington Star.

Warning to Others.

The comedian DeLanter was placed under arrest last night as he was leaving the stage.

Hot Pineapple.

Persons who cannot eat pineapple uncooked will appreciate hot pineapple. The pine is pared and cut in dice or picked in pieces, and thrown into a boiling syrup long enough to be thoroughly heated. Serve hot, with boiled rice, and with oblongs of crisp toast.—N. Y. Post.

Garcia Sailed.

Cut celery, apples and fresh tomatoes in thin strips about two inches long, serve on lettuce leaves with French dressing. A slice of truffle on the top adds both to the appearance and flavor.—Good Housekeeping.

AGE AND ITS POSSIBILITIES.

Young Men Are Not Alone the Ones Who Can Do Original Work.

We speak of this as the age of young men. It is the custom in the English army to get rid of the older officers and promote the young men rapidly, because it is supposed that they are more efficient. It is not infrequently happens in medical schools that the younger man is given preference to the position, simply because the younger man is supposed to be worth more to the institution, on account of the greater amount of original work that he is likely to perform. Indeed, it has been said that unless a man makes his mark before 35 years of age, he is unlikely to achieve much afterward. Age, however, is merely a relative term. It has been said often and is often forgotten, that one man is young at 80, while another is old at 30. There are so many illustrations that can be cited of green old men that it seems useless to lay stress upon this point.

And yet, when we think of Kolleriker and the enormous amount of original work that has appeared in his Gewebehere, we must pause before vaunting too enthusiastically the advantages of youth, says the Philadelphia Medical Journal. Another remarkable illustration has recently been furnished by von Kupffer. O. B. Craig requested him to write the article upon the development of the central nervous system for his new Handbuch der Entwicklungs-geschichte des Zentralnervensystems. Von Kupffer undertook it, providing he was permitted to write the article as a result of his own original and independent observations. He was then 70 years old. In order the better to carry on his work, he resigned his teaching position at the university, spent five hours every day at the Anatomical Institute, and then devoted all his afternoons and evenings until midnight to his library and desk. He took no summer holidays, and was unremitting in his efforts. In two years the work was completed.

It contained nothing old, nothing previously used, and discussed authoritatively all the questions then of the greatest interest to scientists. There are few young men who could have accomplished nearly as much for young men, who would have had the moral courage to neglect all other things for the one piece of work that they had undertaken. Let us, therefore, speak too slightly of the abilities of many years.

HIS FRENCH WAS TOO PURE.

That Was Why He Couldn't Make the "Simon-Pere" Frenchman Understand.

At the Casino cafe Thomas Q. Seabrooke was recently boasting of his proficiency in French pronunciation, when his fellow the pianist, William Bruzzi, happened along and overheard him.

"Tom," remarked the singer, antagonistically, "I will bet the players on your really say Colombe Vendome so that our old friend Gaspard at the restaurant will know what you are saying."

"Taken," replied the comedian, eagerly. "My dear France, you are entirely on. If any man of my acquaintance knows simon-pere French pronunciation it is my old friend Gaspard. I have often ridden in the taxi-cab driver which he used to drive in Paris."

"There were several in the party that followed the pair to a certain popular eating place in the neighborhood. The waiter was called, relates a New York Exchange.

"Sim-pere!" began Mr. Seabrooke, "how many fois did is the Colonel Vendome?"

The Frenchman seemed alarmed by the intent air of his auditors and perhaps feared he would make a mistake and lose a tip.

"I don't know him," he replied, after black hesitation.

"What?" snapped the comedian, turning red. "Don't know the Colonel Vendome?"

"The colonel doesn't order from me," explained Gaspard at a venture.

"In talking about the Colonel Vendome," persisted the comedian, earnestly, "of course you know the Colonel Vendome?"

The waiter brightened up with an inspiration.

"He don't eat here any more," he smiled.

"Well, I can't blame him," retorted Mr. Seabrooke, facing the general grin benignly. "He probably doesn't care to patronize a garçon who doesn't recognize his own language after hearing it all his life. I will order these diners in plain English rather than run the risk of not getting them."

And the bewilderment of Gaspard staggered away with the American names of cutlets ringing in his ear.

German Quartz Glass. A new German industry is the manufacture of quartz glass, which consists especially of melted quartz. It is perfectly translucent. The initial experiments in the manufacture were made in England, but a firm at Hanau, a few miles from Frankfurt, was the first to place quartz glass apparatus upon the market. If quartz glass can be produced at a moderate price, and this seems to be quite possible where electric force can be cheaply obtained from water power, it will no doubt be largely employed especially in the chemical and electrical industries.—Consular Report.

More Like It. "I was thinking," said the humorous barber, "of hanging out a sign: 'Hair cut while you wait.'"

"But that's misleading," protested the vicar. "Usually it's some other fellow who gets his hair cut while you wait." Philadelphia Press.

A HUNTING DOG'S LOYALTY.

Pointer, That Risked Drowning to Retrieve a Wounded Goose for Her Master.

There is no doubt, says the New York Sun, that many a good retrieving dog will drown himself in the pursuit in the water of winged wild fowls unless forced out in some way. Some sportsmen think this is foolishness on the dog's part, and others think that it is a mixture of gameness and loyalty.

A. W. Barleson, of San Patricio, county, Tex., owns a small pointer pup that came near to drowning recently. The pointer is not naturally a water retriever, but some of the breed reach near to perfection.

Barleson had been standing upon the bank of a wide tank the evening before, shooting wild geese, and was to hunt on a salt bay. One of the birds far up was wing-tipped and came down on a long stalk, falling into the tank a quarter of a mile out. The dog did not notice it.

Next morning Barleson was walking over the prairie and found this goose. It had come out of the tank during the night and had gone into a small pond not more than a quarter of an acre in extent, but deep, and was quietly swimming there.

When it saw the man it went to the other side of the pond, but did not attempt to climb on the bank. It was in perfect condition, except for its slight wound, a large gash and very powerful.

The dog recognized instantly that it was a hurt bird, and plunged in without a word of command, swimming lustily. The goose kept out of her way easily for a little while, but was penned in a corner of the pond. Then it dove, went under the dog and came up five yards away.

The dog turned and resumed the chase. This unequal contest was kept up for a quarter of an hour.

The dog essayed diving several times, but of course could not catch her active adversary. Soon she was swimming with her nostrils barely out of water, and once or twice went under. It was doubtful whether she would have succeeded in her attempt to do anything but a matter of minutes.

Barleson had no gun. As a last resource he gathered a little pile of stones which were the size of the pond and threw them, and began hurling them at the goose.

Finally, after many changes, he struck the big bird on the back near the base of the neck and stung it for a moment. At that moment the dog grasped her. She was so tired that she could do nothing with it, but her hold at least kept her head out of water while the goose thrashed her with its wings.

The battling pair, the distressed startings of the dog mingled with the hoarse cries of the goose, caught their way to within ten feet of the bank and Barleson jumped in. To his surprise he found himself when he awoke to find his head held of the goose and wrung its neck with its teeth.

Then he took the dog in one hand and the bird in the other and hurred them to the bank. The pointer, too exhausted to stand, flopped down on the pebbles and lay panting.

Barleson says that he managed to kill the bird's pointer in this way, but he declares that she has been declared a mongrel since she was hatched. He says that she was hatched by the miss's feelings of loyalty to her calling and anger at the goose.

THERE ARE STILL WARS.

Last Year saw the Close of Some, But There Are Others Under Way This Year.

The year of grace 1902, which saw the end of the Boer war, the practical end of the rebellion in the Philippines, the restoration of peace in nearly all of China and the termination of half a dozen South and Central American revolutions, will probably go down into time labeled as a year of supreme peace. And yet in 1003 battles are waging in nearly a dozen countries and war is abroad upon every continent, says London Answers.

The average reader, if asked to name the wars now in progress, would very likely stop uncertainly after mentioning the struggle between Britain and natives in Somaliland. But this is not the only war of the day by any means. Here is a little list of the places where battles have been going on, either now or recently, with the parties of the opposing forces:

Venezuela. The average reader, if asked to name the wars now in progress, would very likely stop uncertainly after mentioning the struggle between Britain and natives in Somaliland.

But this is not the only war of the day by any means. Here is a little list of the places where battles have been going on, either now or recently, with the parties of the opposing forces:

Venezuela. The average reader, if asked to name the wars now in progress, would very likely stop uncertainly after mentioning the struggle between Britain and natives in Somaliland.

But this is not the only war of the day by any means. Here is a little list of the places where battles have been going on, either now or recently, with the parties of the opposing forces:

Venezuela. The average reader, if asked to name the wars now in progress, would very likely stop uncertainly after mentioning the struggle between Britain and natives in Somaliland.

But this is not the only war of the day by any means. Here is a little list of the places where battles have been going on, either now or recently, with the parties of the opposing forces:

Venezuela. The average reader, if asked to name the wars now in progress, would very likely stop uncertainly after mentioning the struggle between Britain and natives in Somaliland.

But this is not the only war of the day by any means. Here is a little list of the places where battles have been going on, either now or recently, with the parties of the opposing forces:

Venezuela. The average reader, if asked to name the wars now in progress, would very likely stop uncertainly after mentioning the struggle between Britain and natives in Somaliland.

But this is not the only war of the day by any means. Here is a little list of the places where battles have been going on, either now or recently, with the parties of the opposing forces:

Venezuela. The average reader, if asked to name the wars now in progress, would very likely stop uncertainly after mentioning the struggle between Britain and natives in Somaliland.