

A GIANT GRIZZLY



Photograph of a shaggy bruin recently taken in the Rocky Mountains.

GIVES DEATH WARNING

OLD CLOCK TELLS APPROACH OF GRIM REAPER.

Family at Loss for Explanation—Owned by Prominent Physician Whose Relatives Are Ones to Lose Lives.

Huntington, Tenn.—Stored away in a dusty attic at the home of Doctor W. T. Porch, the oldest and most prominent physician of Bakerville, in Humphreys county, is an old-fashioned Seth Thomas clock.

Shortly after the death of Doctor Porch's first wife he was called to see a gentleman residing in the neighborhood who was quite ill.

After a lapse of some time Doctor Porch was again married, and the old clock occupied its accustomed place on the mantel, as heretofore.

Time wore on, and the next oldest child, John Boy, was taken sick. For a long while he lingered between life and death, and one night, as friends and members of the family sat around the bedside, there rang out, clear and distinct, from the old clock in the attic eight strokes.

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\$1,200 For Three Weeks' Board. Hazleton, Pa.—George Miller, whose wife died several weeks ago, has received from Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Passarella a bill in the amount of \$1,200 for three weeks' board of Mrs. Miller at the home of the Passarellas.

SUBSTITUTE COPPER FOR GOLD.

Bank of England Branch Swindled in an Unusual Way.

London.—A remarkable story of halfpennies being substituted for half sovereigns was told at the Manchester city police court the other day, when Henry Douglas Anderson, who had been employed at the Manchester branch of the Bank of England and after absconding had been arrested in Canada, was charged with stealing £1,081.

In stating the case for the prosecution, F. E. Smith, M. P., said that the prisoner's duty was that of separating light weight gold coins from those of full weight and he had to put the full weight coins into bags which he had to label and sign.

On September 13 the bank received a letter from the prisoner in Winnipeg, in which he practically admitted his guilt and made reference to the mad cat he had committed.

Evidence was given by a number of bank clerks, including a retired detective inspector, named John Woolven, who, describing his search for Anderson, said he went down to White-stable-on-Sea and found the prisoner's wife and family living there.

KEEP YOUR EYE ON AMERICANS

Don't Let Them Get Penn's Body, Writes English Divine in Panic.

London.—Some notion of the fear of American enterprise entertained in certain quarters may be judged from the following amazing letter written by Dr. Rendel Harris, one of the most distinguished nonconformist divines, to the London Young Free Churchmen's league on the occasion of the annual pilgrimage to Penn's and Milton's country at Jordan and Chalfont, St. Giles, Buckinghamshire. He says:

"Be careful not to let the Americans do any damage if they come with you, for they have plots laid to unearth William Penn and exhibit him as a relic of Philadelphia. This cannot be permitted. They will also want to cart away the house at Chalfont, where Ellwood tried to teach Milton the doctrines of paradise regained."

"Don't let the Americans carry that house off. It ought to be government property. I will buy it myself presently and present it to the Free Church council."

Woman on Police Force. Ottumwa, Ia.—The Ottumwa police department has a new claim to distinction in the person of Mrs. Florence Jacques, wife of Capt. W. H. C. Jacques, one of the foremost attorneys of Iowa, who has been appointed to the regular police force and adorned with star No. 3.

Mrs. Jacques is a liberal minded woman, a member of one of the best families of the city, prominent in society, and, above all, an ardent supporter of the humane laws of the state, in which her sphere of duty will be confined.

It was in order that she might better prosecute this branch of the state government that she was given a star and placed upon the force as a police officer. She will either wear or carry her star with her whenever on duty and her badge must be respected the same as that of any police officer. There is no salary attached to the position.

Rope and Trees Used as Jail. Deering, Kan.—A deputy sheriff made several arrests here for drunkenness recently. As there is no jail, he tied the prisoners by long ropes to trees, where their comments would not disturb anyone. At night they were released without ceremony or court costs.

CONFIDENCE IN THE HOME.

Relations That Should Exist Between Parent and Child.

There can be no true understanding between parent and child without perfect confidence. Confidence is the basis of all beneficial human relations. Those whom we suspect we do not admit to the inner courts of our trust.

The best proof of complete confidence between parent and child is furnished when the child tells the parent its troubles and asks for advice on matters which most children dread to mention to father and mother. Then is the great opportunity to bind the child's heart to yours with hooks of steel.

MODERN VALET A WONDER.

Must Be Able to Turn His Hand to Almost Anything.

"A good valet must understand massage, hair cutting and shaving, mending, darning, plain cooking and plain washing and ironing."

The speaker, a young millionaire, smiled thoughtfully.

"It is not extravagant," he said, "for a valet to employ a valet. The valet takes so many places—the barber's place, the laundress' place, the shoeblack's place, the cook's place, the masseur's place, the tailor's place."

"My valet darts my socks well. Every morning he gives me a velvet shave, and once a week he cuts my hair trimly. You should taste his souffles and his salads."

"When I am traveling and there is no time to send my linen to a laundry, he will do up a shirt and a half dozen collars—we always carry an iron with us—in an exquisite way. Furthermore, he is ambitious and is learning stenography, in order that he may typewrite from my dictation all my correspondence."

"Cooking, mending, ironing, hair cutting and massaging, the modern valet earns his pay. It is impossible, without him, to dress exquisitely."

Queer Athens Beggar.

Modern Athens has recently lost a twentieth century Diogenes. He was a beggar named Saccos and displayed a good deal of the spirit of the ancient cynic.

He could not exactly place his tub on the streets, but he found out a sort of grotto in the side of the acropolis, the identical one which the Furies, and here he lived for years. He was a beggar who had his price, and he fixed it at one penny, less than which sum he was disinclined to ask.

He would penetrate the cafes and if the company ignored his presence he would exclaim: "What! 150,000 to work, and a wretch like me can't be assisted." Then would follow a sound rating. He had become an institution, and his death is commented on with regret.

Gun Loaded 40 Years.

Diamond Miller, the little son of J. H. Miller of Magon, Ky., while hunting in Slate Rife hill, near that place, found a gun which is thought was lost there during the civil war. It is a double-barrel shotgun, and both barrels were loaded, each with nine bullets and seven buckshot. The gun is a muzzle loader and bits of newspaper were used for padding. The paper is discolored by rust, but a few of the words are intelligible, and confirm the belief that the gun was loaded at some time during the war between the states.

"John," said Mrs. Stubb, the first night after their arrival at Harmony Hollow, "do you remember when we asked the old farmer if we would like the place he said we would be osted away by it?"

"Yes, Maria," replied Mr. Stubb, fanning furiously, "and that is the reason I have locked up the windows and doors."

"Why, John?"

"Because I am afraid we will be carried away by the mosquitoes."

As to Memorial Resolutions. Memorial resolutions, all superlatively laudatory, fall equally upon the just and the unjust, and signify nothing. Some stereotyped forms of memorial resolutions, the names being changed to fit the occasion, are used hundreds of times and applied indiscriminately to persons as various in character as a judge and a prizefighter, a soldier and a clergyman. They are like the undertaker's crape on the door, which serves a multitude of the dead.

SINGING AS A FINE ART.

Correct Breathing at the Bottom of All Success, Says Melba.

I cannot too forcibly insist that the mere possession of a lovely voice is only the basis of vocal art, writes Mme. Melba in the Century Magazine. Nature occasionally startles one by the prodigality of her gifts, but no student has any right to expect to sing by inspiration any more than an athlete may expect to win a race because he is naturally fleet of foot.

Methods of breathing, "attack," and the use of the registers must all be perfectly understood by the successful singer, who should likewise be complete master of all details relating to the structure and use of those parts above the voice box and be convinced of the necessity of a perfectly controlled chest expansion in the production of tone.

For perfect singing correct breathing, strange as it may sound, is even more essential than a beautiful voice. No matter how exquisite the vocal organ may be, its beauty cannot be adequately demonstrated without proper breath control. Here is one of the old Italian secrets which many singers of today wholly lack because they are unwilling to give the necessary time for the full development of breathing power and control.

THE VOICE OF AUTHORITY.

Guide Was Not Asking the Party to Accept His Word.

A New York man, who spends a portion of the summer each year in England, tells of an amusing incident in connection with his first visit to Richmond castle. On that occasion he was accompanied by a guide who relied for his information mainly on a guide book, which, from time to time, he would furtively consult if he thought the visitor was not looking his way.

"What is the height of this fine old keep?" asked the New Yorker.

"According to history," replied the guide, "it's 92 feet."

Similar replies were made to other questions of a like nature, each being vouchsafed with the assurance that it was "according to history."

Finally there was reached a part of the battlements where the hill on which the castle stands descends abruptly to the river.

"Pretty steep descent?" exclaimed the American.

"Yes, sir," came from the guide, in his monotonous tone. "According to history, it's almost perpendicular!"—Harper's.

Where Carp Thrive Wonderfully.

Three years ago the government stocked the Verdigris river with red carp as an experiment. The fish have grown, and now in this section of the river it appears that there are very few fish of any other kind. One fisherman caught 600 pounds in a net the other night, and all were carp except about half a dozen.

The fish, which were very small when put into the stream, now range in size from two to six pounds, and a few have been caught that weighed 12 pounds. The carp have grown better in the Verdigris than in any other stream stocked by the government.

Cunning of the Wolf.

Wolves are very shy, and show extraordinary cunning both in hiding themselves and in slinking out of the way of the hunter. They are rarely killed with the rifle. I have never shot but one myself. They are occasionally trapped, but after a very few have been procured in this way the survivors become so wary that it is almost impossible even for a master of the art to do much with them, while an ordinary man can never get one into a trap except by accident.—President Roosevelt.

Wouldn't Tell Her Age.

The Man—How old is your parrot? The Woman—Tell the gentleman how old you are, Polly. The Parrot—Shut up! The Woman—Oh, shame, Polly! Tell the gentleman how old you are. The Parrot—Shut up! The Man—A female parrot, I presume?—Yonkers Statesman.

Signs.

"Is he very wealthy?" asked one neighbor. "I don't think so," answered the other. "I have never heard of his having appendicitis, and there have been no process servers banging about his place."

Dissatisfaction.

"Any dissatisfaction on the canal?" wired the government. "Yes," was the prompt answer; "one of the dredger crew struck a game Saturday night, and they rung in a cold deck on him."

A Bull's-Eye.

He (savagely)—I was a fool when I married you. She (sweetly)—Yes, dear, and you haven't improved a bit.—Yonkers Statesman.

WAS A NEW KIND TO HIM.

Robber Has a Queer Experience on a Kansas Farm.

"Years and years ago, when I was a bad man," said the robber, "I was knocking about the state of Kansas and heard of a wealthy farmer who always kept his money in his house. It was in my line of business to relieve him of it. I spent a month preparing the plan and then started out to do business. On the way to the farmer's I held up a traveler and took \$200 off of him. An hour later I had effected entrance into the house and was spooking about when some one suddenly grabbed me, and two minutes later I was bound hand and foot. It was the old farmer himself that got me and after he had turned me over he said:

"My son, this is bad business. 'I was driven to it by poverty,' I replied.

"You should have depended upon the Lord to see you through. I am afraid you have little reverence for Christianity and I shall pray with you."

Thereupon he knelt beside me and held forth for two mortal hours without a break. When he finally let up he asked if I felt as sinful as before. I gladly replied that I didn't, whereupon he proceeded to go through me and rob me clear down to the key of my trunk. When he had finished he unbund me and said:

"I am glad you came. I think I have done you good. In fact, if you will come back a second time I believe you will see your way clear to becoming one of us."

"He had \$500 of my money, but I never went back for it. I have often wondered over the affair, however. I thought I knew all kinds of religions by name, at least, but one that permitted a man to pray over a robber for two hours and then do him out of his last copper was a new one on me."—Chicago News.

PERSPIRATION ON THE FARM.

An Up-to-Date Agriculturist Delivers Himself of a Few Facts.

"Yes, it is hot," said the farmer, lighting an Egyptian cigarette. He was a farmer of the new type, a scientific farmer, graduated with high honors from a college of agriculture.

"Yes, it is hot. My grains and vegetables must be perspiring tons today. 'But grains and vegetables don't perspire.'"

The farmer's gold front tooth flashed, as he smiled, like a little sun. "Don't they?" he said. "They do, though. Look at that sunflower there. It is only four feet high, yet on a hot day it perspires two pounds of perspiration."

He waved his silver-headed stick over his fertile fields. "All that stuff perspires," he said. "Beans, peas and corn perspire, during the five warm months, 200 times their own weight. Our perspiration is nothing to that, is it? Imagine me, for instance, a man of 160 pounds, perspiring 32,000 pounds every summer."

"The perspiration of the cabbage is the most profuse of all. Do you know that an acre of cabbage gives off daily in the summer over ten tons of perspiration?"—Buffalo Express.

Manila's River Population.

Dr. A. D. Wilkinson of Nebraska describes a queer feature of life in Manila: "The river population of Manila is a class by itself. Not to be outdone by Canton she has her sampan, known as cascos and lorcha, supporting 15,000 people within the city limits, where thousands of children are born, grow, live and die on these floating cargo carriers. They never dream of any other world than that which floats about them. These boats are small, but accommodate a family of five or seven. They have a fire pot, a platform and rice kettle. The cabin or covered portion is very small—in fact, I don't see how they live—and it is a wonder to me that the children don't fall overboard and drown. You will often see a woman sitting at the end of the boat, rowing, with a child strapped on her back looking for all the world like a little monkey."

Knew Him at Once.

There are other sure ways of bringing a man to mind besides mentioning his name. Among the candidates who were sent from Princeton to a Philadelphia church was one young man whose language was of the sort which dazzles and delights the younger members of a congregation, and sometimes pleases the elders as well. In this case the committee was beset to ask for the young man again and they consented, but unfortunately the man to whose lot it fell to write the letter had forgotten the candidate's name. Nothing daunted, he wrote to one of the seminary professors:

"Please send us that floweret, streamlet, rivulet, cloudlet and moonbeam young man again. We've forgotten his name, but we've no doubt you'll recognize him."

"We do," wrote the professor, and the desired candidate was sent, and subsequently was called to the parish. —Youth's Companion.

A Sign of Forwardness.

Miss Ascum—I don't see why you should feel insulted because he said your eyes were like stars. Miss Prue—You don't? Why, stars keep winking at people all the time."

For the Invalid.

A neat little booklet for an invalid can be made by saving witty clippings and pasting in a small scrap book. Often when one is not able to read lengthy articles something bright and witty will help brighten the day. It should only be loaned and passed along where it would probably be the most appreciated. Little pieces can be pasted on cards and are much more easily held by persons lying in bed. Bright pictures, comic and otherwise, are nice for children and afford amusement to the impatient little sufferers who must remain in bed.

THE USEFUL 'PHONE

BY NO MEANS USED EXCLUSIVELY FOR BUSINESS.

One Instance Where Wire Conveyed the Voice of Conscience—How Farmer Saved Long Trip After His Cows.

A group of telephone men were talking telephone stories the other day.

"A couple of young lawyers were just shutting up shop to go home one evening not long ago," said one. "It was in a big building, and as it was about nine o'clock, nearly all the windows were dark. One window across the alley, however, was light, and the curtain partly up, and just after they had turned off their own lights the two young fellows saw a man who was dictating in this room reach over and kiss the stenographer. They knew the man's name, that is, they knew the name lettered on his window; so they looked him up in the telephone book and one kept watch at the window, while the other rang him up."

"There were signs of perturbation in the room across the way when the bell rang. When he finally answered, the young fellow at the phone said: 'Stop kissing that girl.'"

"Who—who—who are you?" came a quavering, stuttering voice over the phone.

"I am the voice of your conscience," said the lawyer, and silently hung up the receiver."

"The marvelous extension of the rural telephone system out west," said a western man, "has introduced an element of variety and interest into the lives of the farmers that can hardly be computed. In some sections of the great farming states the farmers buy their own telephone exchange, and then each man runs his own line to his own house and has nothing to pay thereafter, except to keep his own line in order, and his share of the cooperative central office. The women on the farms, when their work is done in the afternoon, love to go to the phone and stand listening for hours to everything that buzzes over the wires. It's as good as going to see all their friends. The only trouble is that they get tired standing up and holding the receiver to their ears, and have to sit down and rest once in a while."

"But one day I found an old lady who had solved that problem. She had tied the receiver to the back of her rocking chair, and there she sat comfortably knitting, with the phone glued to her ear, listening to all the telephone talk of the county."

"I can tell a better one than that about those farmers' exchanges," said another carelessly. "You know they utilize their barbed wire fences for telephone wires. There was one enterprising Reuben that ran a line from his barn down to the pasture, and at milking time he would call up the cows and tell them to come up to the house."

The other telephone men looked at each other and then turned sadly away.

The Wolf in Switzerland.

Apart from the evidence of its presence in the age of the glaciers, the earliest reference to the wolf in Switzerland is in a decree of Charlemagne of about the end of the eighth century. From this time to the latter part of the fourteenth century the records are exceedingly scanty, but during the next two centuries they become very common and show the strenuous fight against the marauder which had to be maintained by the inhabitants, and the part which it played in their superstitious ideas. A striking fact is its abundance at the beginning of the seventeenth century, which is explained as resulting from the devastation of the Thirty Years War. With the end of that century the period of its greatest abundance closed, and from hence onward it begins gradually to disappear, the last wolf having been killed in Lucerne in 1865, while the western frontier districts continued to suffer from its ravages until quite a recent date. The extermination of the animal has only been made possible by the introduction of modern weapons.—Geographical Journal.

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