

SPAIN'S REDOUTABLE FOE



The Riflesman warrior carries two guns—a flintlock for ordinary shooting at short range and for the killing of small game and birds, and a Mauser, his greatest treasure, for use in warfare and for long-distance shooting.

ORIGIN OF WORD "WAGON"

Comes from Sanskrit word "Vajra" meaning "Wagging" and "Way" meaning "Path."

In the first book of fables ever written was the compound "Wajra" which means "Wagging" and "Way" meaning "Path."

Atrocious as appears the pun that tries to juggle with "wagon" and "wagging." It is really better than the writer of the atrocity and the casual reader ever knew for "wagon" and "wagging" are identical and are children of a long line of honored ancestry.

It is the notion that makes them alike, and this idea of notion dates far back to the days when the Aryan languages, now reaching from the east coast of India to the west coast of the United States, were one tongue in the beginning of its formation.

The root from which they grew is "wag" and one meaning of it is the same as our "wag," as it signifies going from side to side, to move, to carry, to pass over and turning from one point to another.

This root lies at the foundation of our word "way," whether we use it as a road, or path, or distance, or direction. It is what we move over, or the direction we move, or the distance we move. Even if we want our own "way," it is the manner in which we see fit to move. In our "wagon" it is the thing that moves and in the dog's tail the sort of motion.

All similar words come to our English more directly through the Teutonic base "wega," which means both a way and to wag. When the root went into the Sanskrit "vaj" got the "v" sound, so our East Indian brothers say "vah" for carry and call a road vehicle and a horse all "vaha."

In the Latin it became "via," which we use for way, and through which we get our "viaduct" and "vehicle." In all of the words in all of the various languages into which "wag" has gone there is always the idea of the thing that moves, the path over which it moves or the manner of its motion. —New York Herald

MULE DISCOVERS RICH MINE

Ownership of Property Subject of Interesting Decision by Spokane Judge.

Judge Norman S. Buck, a member of the lower house of the Washington legislature died at Spokane. Judge Buck was a pioneer resident of that district and of the Coeur d'Alene mining district and was widely known and popular.

In the late '80's Judge Buck rendered a decision while sitting on the bench in Idaho that attracted attention throughout the nation, as it decided the ownership of the Bunker Hill and Sullivan mines, the greatest silver-lead producer in the world, still said to worth \$10,000,000 and having an annual output of over \$3,000,000.

The mine was located by Phil O'Rourke and his partner during a prospecting tour in the winter of 1884-85 as a result of the uncovering of the outcropping through the pawing of a pack mule which they had found astray and appropriated. "Dutch Jake" Goetz and Harry Baer owned the mule, and Judge Buck decided that they were therefore entitled to a grubstake interest in the mine. They sold their interest for \$300,000, which became the foundation for a much greater fortune accumulated in business in Spokane.

Troublesome Lion Killed. A mountain lion weighing 120 pounds, which had been preying on cattle in this section for the last few weeks, was shot and killed in the mountains near here by Walter McPherson.

Five calves, seven sheep and one deer on the Hall ranch, near the Geysers, were slaughtered by the adjointers, were slaughtered by the ferocious animal, which in most instances devoured part of his victim's carcass and buried the remaining portions. McPherson received \$25 bounty from the county for destroying the beast. — Healdsburg correspondence, San Francisco Chronicle.

Soothing Effect of Music. There is nothing new in the theory that music has a beneficial effect on persons who are nervously affected, but its application has not yet become so general as the men who believe in its sedative powers wish. The great Napoleon, who was not a musician, recognized the influence of harmonious sounds and by his order bands "made music under the hospital windows." This order is still in force in the provinces, where the military bands give concerts at stated times in front of the hospitals.—Dr. Spodato, in Medicina Italiana.

Something Nice. "I am looking for something nice for a young man," said the young and pretty shopper.

"Why don't you look in the mirror?" asked the gallant clerk.

And she was so flustered that he managed to sell her four different things that she did not want before she knew what she was doing.

When in Doubt. "My dear Mr. Jones," said the doctor, "I will admit that I am not quite decided as to whether or not ours is a constitutional disease."

"Hum! That so?" said the patient, with a heavy sigh. "And have I got to go to the expense of appealing to the United States Supreme court to find out?"

TAILOR'S SIGNALS GO WRONG

Tries on New Shoes and Brings Volley from the Bar Room.

The tailor's shop is above a saloon. The tailor likes his German joy, and is such a steady customer that the saloonkeeper decided to put in a dumb waiter for the purpose of shooting the lager up to the tailor without having to carry it up to him or wait for the tailor to run down.

"We shall have signals, no?" suggested the tailor. "Ven I stamp my foot on der floor voice, dot iss von beer." Ven I stamp two times, dot iss two beers, and so on.

"Dot iss it?" responded the saloon keeper, with a smile that indicated his approval. "Von stamp iss von beer and two stamps iss two beers, and yet on so long as you stamp."

The saloon keeper had not been back in his bar room more than five minutes until he heard noise from above. He tried to count the stamps, but lost the count. He just loaded a dozen glasses of beer on the dumb waiter and sent them up. Then he went upstairs with four glasses more. As he entered the tailor's door he was surprised to find no one in the shop but the tailor.

"Vors der matter, Herman?" he said. "Vot are you doing? Are you giving a party?"

"Vot you mean? For vy iss all dis beer?" queried the tailor.

"For vy iss all dose stamps if not for beer?"

And Herman, to his financial terror, suddenly realized that he had been stamping on the floor. He was trying on a new pair of shoes.

They didn't try to put the beer back into the keg.

DIVORCES RARE IN CANADA

Surprising Difference Between Statistics of United States and Her Neighbor on the North.

There is a surprising difference between the divorce statistics of the United States and those of Canada. While in this country divorces are granted by the thousand, on the other side of the boundary the number rarely reaches even two figures annually. Since 1867 there has been a grand total of 136 divorces granted in Canada.

The figures are given in detail in the St. John Globe as follows:

In 1867-68 one was granted; '69, one; '70, '71 and '72, none; '73, one; '75, one; '76, one; '77, four; '78, three; '79, one; '84, one; '85, five; '86, one; '87, five; '88, two; '89, four; '90, two; '92, four; '93, seven; '94, six; '95, three; '96, one; '97, one; '98, three; '99, four; 1900, five; '01, two; '02, two; '03, seven; '04, six.

In 1905 nine were granted; in 1906, fourteen; 1907, five; 1908, eight, while the last season eclipsed all records with a total of 16.

Medicine Man Made Good. In the August Wide World Magazine, C. H. E. Askwith of Ottawa, tells an amusing story of "rain-making." The prosperity of the Yukon is, as every one knows, closely bound up with an abundant rainfall, and in order to insure this the services of a "rain-making expert" were enlisted by the government and a committee of mine owners. He failed, whereupon this hereditary chief of the Moosehide Indians, staked his reputation that his tribal medicine man could do more wonders than all the paleface science. Nature, through a remarkable coincidence, came to his assistance—with the unlooked-for result that the Yukon got all the rain it wanted, and that the entire tribe of Moosehides went back to the faith of their savage forefathers. "The facts are strictly as I relate them," writes the author. "I was at that time editor of the Yukon Daily World, and took a small part in the affair."

Calls for Courage. "No matter how watermelon may be cut up or served in fancy style, it never tastes better than when placed before one in the good, old-fashioned southern style," said a man in the Waldorf-Astoria the other night. "I would have it oftener, but no one feels more conspicuous than the man who calls for it and has his scarlet slice. It seems as if every one in the room turned to stare. It takes nerve to eat watermelon. As for canteloupes and ice cream as a desert, they are all right if a little sprig of brandy is put into the melon before the ice cream. That blends the flavors, delightfully."

Hollow Mockery. No mockery in this world ever sounds to me so hollow as that of being told to cultivate happiness. What does such advice mean? Happiness is not a potato in mold and tilled with manure. Happiness is a glory shining far down upon us out of heaven. She is a divine dew which the soul, on certain of its summer mornings, feels dropping upon it from the amaranth bloom and golden fruitage of Paradise.—Charlotte Bronte.

Head List of Maniacs. Costermongers and engineers, one notes, rival each other in heading the list of maniacs. If you don't want to be mad, be a clergyman; you will have about a one to a thousand chance of not dying in a lunatic asylum. It is a bit risky to be a literary or scientific person, but if you put your science into practice and become an engineer your prospect of lunacy jumps to the top, with only costermongers as your real rivals. Why this is is a mystery. It can't be intellect or hurry. Costermongers do not hurry, and they are not noticeably intellectual.

Killing Off Cannibal Fish. Cannibal trout in the River Dart are to be exterminated, and since operations were started by the Dart Board of Conservators a few months ago over 300 of the cannibals have been killed. There are many thousand left, however, which will have to be killed before the river produces salmon, peat and trout as it should. The killing of cannibal fish, it is said, is one of the most useful things promoted by the board for some time and would be an advantage to the river.

Home of the Wild Bee. A wild bee's home, as we all know, serves the purpose of a storehouse as well as of a place for the young to grow and develop. The entrance used by the bees is often very small, but always leads into a large room. The wax for their honey and brood cells is the only thing in the least like furniture which they require. The firmer and more bare the walls and floors, the better for them.—St. Nicholas.

LOCATE BLUEFISH BY SNIFF

But Scouting Them and Catching Them Appears to Be Two Different Things.

"Ah!" said the skipper out with a party bluefishing, turning his face to windward as he spoke, and at the same time throwing the wheel over and bringing the boat up and putting her off on the other tack, "I smell them!"

"You smell them?" said one of the party in the boat. "Do you mean to tell me you can smell the fish?"

"Why, certainly," said the skipper, as he got another little pull on the sheet, "for you can smell where they are, which amounts to the same thing." "You see," the skipper continued, "the bluefish is a voracious feeder—very voracious, he will eat about a million of the little fishes that you find around so plentiful in the water, but there apparently for bigger fish to feed on, and when he has gorged himself on about a million, more or less, of these little fishes, the bluefish will settle down on the bottom and there discharge them; and this discharged food, oily, floats up to the surface, and that you can smell, and it means bluefish; and I can smell them now, sure." And so speaking, the skipper got an inch more of the sheet and pulled ahead and kept her going with every inch drawing, just a humming and a-bolling, keen on the scent.

And did the party come up with the bluefish and catch lots of them? A load of fish? Keep hauling them in till they all got tired of fishing? Well, that—as a once celebrated English writer has so aptly remarked—that is another story; scouting bluefish and catching them being two quite different things.

SCOTLAND'S EARLY RECORDS

Indebted to the English for Only Authentic Accounts of Early Social History.

Scotland also has her Doomsday Book dating, however, only from the thirteenth century. When the Bannatyne club published the records, about 70 years ago under the modest name of "The Ragman Rolls," Scotland awoke to the disagreeable knowledge that she was indebted to the English for the only authentic accounts of her early social history. Nobles, landholders, burgesses and clergy all contribute to the interest of the Ragman Rolls. As the preface declares: "No part of the public records of Scotland prior to the thirteenth century has been preserved, and whatever may have been their fate, certain it is that to these English records of our temporary national degradation are we now indebted for the only genuine statistical notices of the kingdom toward the close of the thirteenth century."

Trade in Chinese Girls. At Chaotung, a city of some 40,000 souls, it was told that one of the briskest directions of local trade was the selling of female children into slavery, and at the time I passed through prices were fairly high, a girl who could boast good looks fetching the alarming figure of 300 taels—this was the highest figure reached—while small children could be had for anything up to 20.

This wholesale disposal of young girls, although the traffic in some quarters was emphatically denied to exist, is one of the chief sorrows of the district. And well it might be, for thousands of children are annually disposed of for a few taels by heartless parents who watch them being carried away as so much merchandise to be converted into silver.

Durability of Concrete. In the orange garden of the old Capucian monastery, on a hillside about three hundred feet above the Gulf of Amalfi, Italy, there are a number of queer mushroom-shaped tables. These tables, apparently used by the monks for reading purposes, are about two and a half feet high and three feet in diameter at the top and two feet at the base. They are of concrete, and, though according to local authorities, of an age varying from four hundred to eight hundred years, are in an excellent state of preservation. The excellent condition of these old tables furnishes additional proof of the durability of concrete as applied to lawn and garden ornaments.

Using the Hammer. There was a sound of knocking "Hark!" exclaimed the Man. The sound was repeated. The Man trembled. Hope filled his breast. Long and weary had been his struggle, and now—and now—perhaps—he dared not give utterance to his hope. The Woman intuitively knew what was in his thoughts. She was more bold, being a Woman. "Perhaps it is Opportunity knocking," she suggested.

The Man threw open the door. There was no one there. Who knocks?" he cried, but the night wind merely mocked him. And then the truth dawned upon the Man, and sadly he returned to his task, for he realized that it was only some of his neighbors using the hammer!—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Doctor Monkey. A monkey in the zoo at DeSoto park, Rome, Ga., is entitled to the degree of M. D., according to its keeper. One of the monkeys in the cage swallowed a marble. It had presence of mind enough to suspend itself by the tail and hang down, in an effort to let the marble drop from its throat, and, falling, it called for help in the simian language, and one of its brothers responded. The doctor monkey rambled his slender arm down the afflicted one's throat and extracted the marble. The relieved sufferer seized the marble from the doctor, and threw it from the cage with all its strength.

In Class by Herself. The American woman is in a category of her own. She is sui generis. Our national institutions, the air of liberty which we breathe, the character of our people have made her so. But that as a class she is deprived, or biased, or hysterical, or even spoiled, is not for a moment to be admitted. Max O'Reil once said that the eyes of a French country maiden are wide open like a daisy because her heart is pure. Will any one deny that the same reason applies to the frank and honest gaze of the American girl?

Stands to Reason. The Patient: "What! You refuse to allow my claim? You told me when I insured, that I'd get something if I was sick, didn't you?" Insurance Agent: "Well, you must have gotten something or you wouldn't be sick, would you?"—Puck.

QUIT THE GAME IN TIME

Financiers Who Let Go Before the Pace Drove Them to Their Graves.

A comment not infrequently heard in Wall Street runs thus: "John D. Rockefeller was the wisest of them all. He knew when to quit." So did Andrew Carnegie. So, more recently, did James Stillman. H. H. Rogers was trying to throw off his harness when struck down.

The New York Journal of Commerce says the two grand old men in the financial world whose health never seems to trouble them—J. P. Morgan and James H. Hill—Neither is ever reported as suffering from nervous breakdown or as being compelled to visit the spas of Europe. These two old friends and associates jog along quietly but very effectively year after year, doing big things without permitting these big things to undo them.

Mr. Morgan does not believe in retiring altogether from business, as in many cases that have come under his observation retirement has been followed by the tortures of ennui and a speedy end. Mr. Hill a few years ago turned over many of his duties to his son, Louis, but he still retains enough offices to keep his mind from becoming rusty, yet not enough to prevent him from taking an enlightened part in the discussion and solution of large public problems, agricultural, economic, political and financial.

America's proud boast that she has no leisure class, may hereafter be slightly modified, as our greatest men of affairs are beginning to realize that the making of money and the incessant fight for power are not the be-all and end-all of life.

COMFORTING REASSURANCE

Quick Retort Brings Smile to Faces of Passengers Threatened with Starvation.

Some years ago an excursion steamer returning from Alaska to Seattle dislocated its propeller in a dreary portion of the inner passage and came to a forced stop. For two days the vessel's engineers and machinists labored to repair the break, but without success. It was discovered that the ship's stores were not abundant. Alarm bred in the minds of pessimistic passengers, and the contagion spread. Starvation might assail the vessel before help arrived. A former California official took it on himself to reassure his timid companions, but his effort was not perfectly adapted to raise drooping spirits.

In fact, his closing sentences but added to the gloom. "Let us be brave," he said. "If the worst comes, and that dread necessity which in such misadventures has met others must be faced by us, let us remember that it is good to die that our friends may live. The one or more that may be sacrificed will be consoled by that thought."

There was a moment's silence, awful in its intensity, then a cheerful voice was heard: "You should be taken first, Governor Booth. You know the bravest are the tenderest." And even the terror-stricken smiled once more.

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