

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

Customer—"The trousers are too short for the boy; he would outgrow them in four weeks." Tailor—"No danger; they won't last that long."—Meggendorfer Blaetter. Miss Got Rox—"But, Clarence, papa objects to you because you have to work for a living." Clarence—"Well, I won't after we are married."—Philadelphia Record. His Part—"Ever in amateur theatricals?" "Just once." "What part did you take?" "Me? I took all the abuse. I was the stage manager, you see."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph. Jimson—"What became of that man who had 27 medals for saving people from drowning?" Dock Worker—"He fell in one day when he had them all on, and the weight of them sunk him."—Boston Gazette. Hardly Seems Possible—"I never saw a woman with such an air of supreme indifference." "In what way have you noticed it?" "Why, she never even looks after another woman to see how her dress hangs."—Philadelphia Bulletin. Mountain Storms—"We went to the mountains last summer, but we didn't stay long on account of the stormy weather." "Ah?" "Yes, the landlord of the hotel charged extra for storms, you know, and we were soon out of money."—Detroit Journal. "The saddest, most blighted life case I ever knew," said the major, "was that of a man who had received a life pass over a new railroad." "How was that?" asked the colonel. "Why, the pass was issued before there was a rail laid—and then the road was never built. He has felt swindled ever since."—Indianapolis Press. WHEELS HIS MONEY TO BANK. Queer Canadian Character Makes a Yearly Deposit at Syracuse, New York, Banks. An old man came toiling into Syracuse the other day pushing a wheelbarrow. He stopped in front of the Salt Springs bank, took two large satchels from the barrow and went in. Approaching the receiving window, he began to produce pocket-books. He took one from his hat, another from his boots, a third from his pocket, a fourth from the heavy collar of his long, tattered overcoat and four others from inner pockets and linings of his many coats. He emptied them of money, which he gave to the clerk to count. Then he gathered it all up in his hat and retreated to a corner of the room, where he remained for two hours fondling the bills and coins and recounting them, says the New York World. Finally he appeared at the window again and handed the pile in with a sigh. Taking his two old satchels on his wheelbarrow, the queer old man went on to the Onondaga County savings bank and repeated the programme, except that this time he took the money from one of the satchels. Thus he went to every bank in the city, depositing what appeared to be a large sum in each one. It was late in the afternoon when he finished and started back trundling his empty barrow. At the banks the old man is known as George W. Todd. For the last 30 years he has made one trip a year to Syracuse to deposit his money and in all that time has given no other information concerning himself. Years ago, a bank official pressing old Mr. Todd to give his place of residence, was told that he lived at "Four Corners, Canada." All the money he deposits is Canadian and it is believed that he walks from Canada. Mr. Todd is a picturesque figure. He is apparently about 80 years old, tall and gaunt, with long white hair falling over the collar of an overcoat which he has worn since his first appearance here. The coat is held together at the top with a large horse blanket pin and his heavy trousers are stitched together on the outside with twine. He wears immense heavy felt boot legs and felt overshoes. He has many thousands of dollars in the Syracuse banks. Novel Mouse Trap. A newspaper describes the loss of a valuable ring and its very peculiar discovery. It had found a useful place in the world by serving as a mouse trap. A lady suddenly discovered that she had lost a diamond ring from her finger and remembering that she had just washed her hands, she thought it possible that it had slipped from her finger in the operation. A plumber was called in and all the traps opened, with the hope of finding the jewel, but without avail. Some time later the set bowl in the bathroom had to be replaced, and when it was opened the skeleton of a mouse was found crowded in behind the water-pipe; and around its neck hung a diamond ring. The mouse had feasted on a box of bran, which the lady used to whiten her hands, and into which she had dropped the ring. By accident the mouse had slipped its head through the ring, and then fled in alarm. In passing between the pipes the ring was caught and held its wearer.—Youth's Companion. Starving in the Midst of Plenty. "I want you to understand," said a purveyor of literary wares, as he left the editor's office with a heavy package of poems appropriate for all seasons, "that I don't approve of the stuff you are publishing in your paper at present, sir, and I don't hesitate to say so. Unless you change your methods, sir, there are people in this town who would not buy your paper if they were starving, and I am one of them!"—Youth's Companion.

FORTUNE IN CATTLE.

Awaits Anyone Who Goes Out and Captures It.

Fine Fat Cows in "Unknown Colorado" That Belong to Nobody Are Ranging Loose by the Hundreds. In the northwestern corner of Colorado there awaits a tidy fortune for the man or set of men who can devise and execute some scheme to corral it. Here, in what may be truly called "Unknown Colorado," is a country still in that interesting border condition between the passing of the Indians, the trapper and the hunter and the advent of the settler. This region is so recently vacated by the Indians that the legends and the scent of them are still fresh. There are cattle on a thousand hills, free of brand, and not a bill of sale for them held by any man, says the New York World. They are to be had for the catching. With a wagon load of food, a few cow ponies and plenty of grit you may secure over 2,000 fat and fine beef cattle. The old-time cowboys of Routt and Rio Blanco counties know of their existence, and more than one has tried by some means to become their owner. Several years ago an eastern speculator, who had learned the story while passing through the country, formed a small company, but his capital and patience gave out while following elusive trails, and the cattle still roam unbranded. Joe Burgett, the game warden, whose arrest of some Indians precipitated a row with the Utas some years ago, made a determined effort to capture these mavericks, but he came off with nothing better than a broken leg. A fall from his horse put him out of the race just when success seemed near at hand, when he had surpassed all previous attempts by actually riding among the wily brutes. In this day of wire fences, and when the once boundless prairie is so well claimed that it is scarcely possible to find a spot of free range larger than one's hand, the existence of this herd needs an explanation. In the folk lore of the country two stories are told. When the Mormons, or Latter Day Saints of Utah, were traveling the desert in search of their Zion, they struck portions of what is now Colorado. In order to better spy out the land, their forces were divided into several parties. One took a route through Fort Collins and crossed North park from corner to corner. Continuing, it went through Egeria and Twenty-Mile parks into what is now Routt county. It camped one night in a large bottom, after its usual fashion. A terrible mountain storm blew up at midnight, and the cattle, which were browsing near by, became stupefied. The customary plan of circling about them failed to check the runaway, and soon 1,000 head or more were coursing madly down the gulch. The roughness of the country, the blackness of the night and the absolute madness of the cattle made it impossible for the Mormons to head them off. When the storm ceased and the morning broke 1,000 mangled beavers were found piled one on the other at the foot of a tremendous cliff. The pilgrims passed on, and today there still remains a huge pile of bleached bones to mark the site of the catastrophe. A few of the cattle, however, the last to go over the bank, and whose fall was broken by the mass beneath, managed to crawl out, maimed and bruised, to wander forth and propagate and multiply into the herd that now inhabits the valleys of the Snake and Bear rivers. The other solution is credited to the Indian department. Cattle furnished to the various Indian agencies were all branded with Uncle Sam's special "I. D." It is told that when the Indians were transferred from the range of the White river to their present reservation in Utah, the department cattle were hastily and carelessly rounded up and sent with them. Later round-ups developed the fact that a large number of cattle had been overlooked. It is supposed that the present cattle are the offspring of others who escaped the second and third of those haphazard round-ups.

CITIES THAT GO ASTRAY.

Thirty-Three Lost Towns in the Old World That Have Been Recently Reclaimed. The closing years of the nineteenth century were marked with many notable achievements in archaeology. On the site of ancient Ilium, on the plains of Persia, and in the mysterious valley of the Nile reverent hands unveiled the long-hidden secrets of the past and added a wondrous illumination to our knowledge of the very dawn of history. In such a work it is gratifying to record that American bounty and enterprise and scholarship played a most honorable part, this youngest of the world's nations being foremost in making acquaintance with the relics of the oldest, says a London exchange. Forty years ago Marquis De Vogue discovered that in that part of Syria lying back of the Antioch traces of an ancient civilization of a high order. He was able, however, to gain only a peep into the marvelous volume written in mighty monuments amid the desert sands. It was left for American enterprise in the last two years of the century to fully unfold the ample pages for the amazement and instruction of the world. No less than 33 long forgotten cities have been discovered and identified, some of them with architectural remains of surpassing grandeur and of exceptional interest as expositions of the civilization and the social order that there prevailed. The admirable workmanship of ancient times and the climatic conditions of those desert uplands have served to keep these cities from decay, so that they stand there to-day substantially as they were 1,200 years ago, and the camera to-day lays before us scenes upon which Zenobia may have looked and across which Belshazzar may have swept in triumph. The story is one that reflects high credit upon the American explorers who did the work, and upon the four Americans whose names are yet modestly withheld, whose generous bounty supplied the means through which alone the doing of the work was possible.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

The New Star Wonderful. Scientific Writer Speculates on What Would Happen if Our Sun Burnt Up.

Apparently the new star in Perseus, which has attracted so much attention lately since its discovery by Dr. T. D. Anderson, has come to stay awhile, and is a most welcome guest. It shares the honors with Mars in the evening skies, and astronomers at all the leading observatories are vying with each other in paying their respects to the latest arrival in stardom, says Mary Proctor, in the Chicago Record-Herald. It is true it has faded somewhat since it made its astronomical debut, for then it shone with a luster rivaling that of the bright first magnitude star Capella, while now it is but a fourth magnitude star and a ghost of its former self. The brief story of its career so far as we can trace it has been furnished by the valuable photographic plates which are taken on each clear night at the Harvard observatory, Cambridge. The moment the news concerning the new star was received at the observatory, Mrs. Fleming, who is curator of the photographic department, hastened to consult these records of the stars in search of facts concerning the new star. Her keen eyes soon spied the little stranger occupying a conspicuous position among the other stars, in a place where no star had previously been seen. She found that on and before February 19, 1801, the star had been invisible, or, at least, fainter than the eleventh magnitude, and was therefore not bright enough to have its picture taken. It increased in brilliancy until February 4, when it reached the zenith of its glory, and then diminished so that on February 25 it was not quite as bright as Capella. Although we have only lately become aware of the existence of the new star in Perseus, yet the catastrophe which made its presence known to us may have taken place several years ago. The stars are placed at distances so great that, although light travels at a rate which would suffice to circle this earth eight times in the course of a second, yet it takes years in speeding across the vast abyss which separates us from the nearest star. Therefore the message may have been years on its way, but it reached us only a few days ago. Not until then did we know that a fearful disaster had taken place in the star depths, by which a whole system of worlds may have been destroyed. Every star is a sun, and probably the center of a solar system like our own, and swaying by its attraction other worlds like ours. Now, let us try to realize the extent of the fearful catastrophe which has befallen the new star in Perseus. It has suddenly blazed out with probably several hundred times its former luster. What would happen if the bright star which illumines our planet were to experience a similar fate? To quote my father's words in an article written several years ago about "Suns in Flames": "If our sun were to increase as greatly in light and heat, the creatures on the surface of our earth turned toward him at the time would be destroyed in an instant. Those on the dark or night hemisphere would not have to wait for their turn till the earth by rotating carried them into view of the destroying sun. In much briefer space the effect of his fires would be felt all over the earth's surface, and the elements would melt with fervent heat.

Unfair Proceedings.

Mr. Alonzo Columbus Jefferson has been much interested in a trial for murder which was being held in the city of his birth. On the day before the trial ended he met his pastor on the street. "I suppose you'll feel it your duty and pleasure to go to the courtroom to-morrow," said the minister, who knew his parishioner's excitement over the matter. "I should like to be present on that occasion myself. It is conjecturable, Mr. Jefferson, that the judge's charge to the jury will be something extraordinary." "Sah," gasped Mr. Jefferson, his mind emerging from its entanglement in the mysteries suggested by unfamiliar words, "does you mean to tell me dat after de time dose pore jury gentlemen hab set in dat cot'room, sah, an' tried to keep awake an' go hungry, an' listen to all dat evidence, true an' sp'ubrious, sah, dat dey's going to be a charge made, an' dey got to pay it?" "Seems to me," said Mr. Jefferson, rolling his eyes heavenward with a pious but learned expression, "dat justice is a mighty 'spensive an' unreasonable business; it does so, sah!"—Youth's Companion. A Perfect Ass. The late Dean Burgoon caught himself one day when talking of the nature of man as distinct from the lower orders of creation. "Man," he declared, "is a progressive being; the others are stationary. Think, for example, of the ass! Always and everywhere it is the same creature, and you never saw and never will see a more perfect ass than you see at the present moment!"—Philadelphia Press.

EAT QUININE BY THE OUNCE.

Residents Along the Mexican Coast Consume Vast Quantities of the Drug.

"The quantity of quinine taken by foreigners on the southeast coast of Mexico is something simply incredible," said a resident of this city who is interested in coffee culture in the sister republic, reports the New Orleans Times-Democrat. "There is a general belief among the Americans and English all through that region that the drug is necessary for the preservation of life, and they keep full of it from one year's end to another. The first time I visited the coast I stopped at Frontera, the first port east of Vera Cruz, and as soon as our ship tied up it was boarded by a tall, shallow man, who turned out to be an American engineer in charge of a big sugar plant up the country. 'Hello, Billy!' he said, 'did you bring that quinine?' 'Sure,' replied the purser, and diving into his cabin he came out with an armful of tin boxes about the size of tea canisters and japanned green. Each of them held a pound of quinine. I never saw it put up that way before and, naturally, I was surprised. I soon scraped an acquaintance with the engineer and made bold to inquire what in the world he wanted with such a supply. 'Are you getting it on a speculation?' I asked, with a vague idea that it might be intended for some Mexican army contractor. He laughed heartily. 'Speculation nothing!' said he; 'this all goes to our little colony of Americans back in the interior, and it won't last very long, either.' With that he drew a penknife from his pocket, opened a blade that had been ground off round, like a spatula, and thrust it into one of the cans. He brought out a flaky, white, mass—enough to heap a teaspoon—put it on his tongue and swallowed it like so much sugar. 'Have you any idea how many grains you are taking?' I asked in amazement. 'Only approximately,' he replied, carelessly; 'a man quite weighing quinine after he has been down here a few months.' That was my first encounter with a bona fide quinine eater; the coffee planter went on, 'but I met plenty of them afterward. 'They generally keep the stuff in rubber tobacco pouches to protect it from perspiration, and when they feel like taking a dose they dig in with one of those spatulated knives that they all carry and swallow as much as they see fit. As they go entirely by guess it is hard to say how much will be taken in the course of a day, but I have weighed the amount that can be lifted on the ordinary knife blade and found it to range between 25 and 50 grains. You see, quinine is as compressible as cotton, and two wads of it that look about the same size will vary 100 per cent. in weight. One would suppose, as a matter of course, that such enormous quantities of the drug would produce an intolerable ringing in the head, but, strange to say, they do nothing of the kind. The average white man down there who keeps under the influence all the time experiences nothing except a slight feeling of exhilaration—at least, so I was assured by dozens of habitues. Whether the use of the stuff is of any real benefit is something I am skeptical about. I never took a grain of it myself, and I was the only man on our plantation who didn't have a touch of fever.'

Teeth Fell in Showers.

A singular fatality pursued three brothers who attended a wedding party in Roxborough during the late cold snap. The eldest, while going up the front steps, slipped and struck his mouth on the sharp edge of the stone steps and knocked out three of his front teeth. The youngest brother, just before the bridal party left the house, ran around to the back gate with other gay spirits for the purpose of decorating the bridal carriage. The man in front of him, failing to see a bar across the gate, ran violently against it and was thrown back, striking the mouth of the man behind him with his elbow and loosening three of his front teeth. The other brother, though he escaped injury that night, while walking on the street the next day was injured by an umbrella which a man in front of him carried under his arm and suddenly shoved back against an eye tooth, which snapped off. Before this coincidence none of the brothers had ever indulged in profanity.—Philadelphia Record. Some South African Fun. During the month we have had some distinguished visitors, including the editor of the Bandolier, who, I am sorry to say, had the misfortune to fall into the sheep-dipping tank in the dark; we understand this was owing to his leaving his eye-glass in Kimberley. This week a detachment of D. E. O. V. R. passed through on their way to Griquatown, staying a night here. So well pleased were they by their stay that they took away with them the Cape boys' ration tin of ham as a souvenir. Well, now, I must dry up, as I have just been ordered to put my foot through a concertina which is sweetly warbling near by. Ta-ta. Yours to a cinder, Bill.—Kimberley Bandolier.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

Many Americans learned at Paris for the first time that we produce wines in some grades equal to the best imported varieties. All things green have a hardy growth in England. The garden hedge there is compact and beautiful—more so than in any windy country. The letter carriers of Canada are paid \$30 a month at the beginning, with an annual increase of \$2.50 a month until the carrier receives \$50 a month, or \$600 a year. This is subject to deductions for superannuated account. Before the discovery of gold in California and Australia the world's supply of the precious metal was limited, production being restricted practically to small operations in the Ural mountains and in our Appalachian chain. Records of the Irish Emigrant society show that 25,132 persons entered at the port of New York as emigrants in 1900. This is an increase of 2,037 over the preceding year. There were 11,677 males and 13,455 females, who brought \$373,754. A stage wedding of two members of a burlesque troupe was announced to be performed in a Washington theater, but the high contracting parties found it impossible to secure the services of a person competent to perform the ceremony. Crowded though the ocean may be becoming, the iron four-masted sailing ship Afghanistan managed to make a seven months' voyage from San Francisco to Liverpool without being spoken by another vessel. Not a word was heard of her from her departure till she sailed up the Mersey a few days ago. It is thought by the officers in charge of the Yellowstone national park that there are about 50 bison in the park. Difficulty has been experienced in dealing with poachers, because of the fact that the north-western boundary of the park is not clearly defined. To correct this an appropriation of \$5,000 was made at the last session of congress for a survey. FUNNY SCENE IN PARIS. An Indignant Husband Punishes an Innocent Man for Familiarities by a Lobster. Rather a risky substitute for a battle field is the top of an omnibus, but there have been not a few heroic struggles on "imperiales," as they are termed here. The latest adventure of the sort owed its origin to a very comical mistake. At a particular Parisian office there ascended to the summit of one of these vehicles an individual of very comfortable dimensions, who was speedily immersed in the study of his newspaper, a pretty and well-dressed woman many years his junior, and an elderly man who looked like a retired officer. The omnibus had hardly started when the old beau began to cast glances expressive of intense admiration at his fair neighbor, and although he received no encouragement, he continued to attempt to get up a flirtation with her quite unabashed. Suddenly the lady rose to her feet and screamed out: "You ruffian! Not content with making eyes at me, you are putting your arm round my waist." Most of the people on the top of the vehicle indulged in a merry laugh, but the individual who had been reading his paper so attentively was in no jesting mood. Crashing it up, he sprang in front of the lady, and shouting to her admirer: "What do you mean by insulting my wife?" dealt him a couple of sound boxes on the ear, relates the London Telegraph. The luckless old beau had hitherto fancied that the woman was unaccompanied by an escort, and had, therefore, volunteered for that pleasant task. He denied that he had attempted to encircle her waist, and his explanation was vain, and a pitched battle ensued, which only terminated after the conductor, assisted by other passengers, had succeeded in separating the combatants, both of whom were decidedly the worse for wear. Then a shrill voice was heard to exclaim: "Why, it's all my lobster's fault." Everybody looked, and, sure enough, the speaker was engaged in a desperate effort to push back into a basket a big lobster which had half emerged from it, and had been amusing itself with sandy pinches of the taper waist of the heroine of this adventure. The husband and the wife were now profuse in their apologies, which the old gentleman finally accepted, but with a rather bad grace, and little wonder under the circumstances, as he will have to nurse his battered visage for some time, abstaining in the meanwhile from further attempts at conquest. He declares that he will loathe the sight and the taste of lobster to the end of his days. Precious Stones. The Sun reported the other day that Prof. C. H. Shaw has found in Arizona a necklace of turquoise of rare size and beauty which is supposed to have belonged to some very important personage who lived ages ago. A mining newspaper, commenting upon this find, says that turquoise mining in New Mexico is one of the oldest industries of the country, but the output is quite limited. The turquoise output is usually more valuable than that of any other precious stone found in this country, but the output is worth only from \$40,000 to \$50,000 a year. Some of the stones are used by jewelers, but most of them find their way into mineral cabinets and museums. The mining of precious stones in our country has never been a large industry and the annual product is worth only about \$100,000 a year.—N. Y. Sun.