

U. S. MAIL HELD UP BY BEAR

Mother With Two Cubs Stopped a Rural Delivery Man and Gave Him a Lively Fight.

A mother bear with a fat Nelson battle gleam in her eye and an Ad. Wolgast fighting crouch and her two little cubs held up Uncle Sam's mail in the road between Sandy and Mar...

Bailey was driving leisurely along toward Sandy in his mail wagon behind his two sturdy horses when the bear popped into sight as he rounded a curve...

She was standing on her haunches in the middle of the road in a distinctly belligerent attitude, her cubs frisking about her. Bailey was so surprised that he pulled up his horses and waited for developments.

He didn't have to wait very long. With a growl and a flourish of her forepaws the bear made for the mail carrier, the cubs waddling along after her on all fours.

As Bailey picked himself up he pulled his automatic revolver out of his pocket and fired at the bear, which was almost on him. The bullet went true, and she rolled over in the road, snarling and clawing.

As soon as the shaken Bailey could collect himself he caught his horses, which had stopped after running a short distance down the road, and with the aid of a party of motorists that came along soon after he righted his wagon and hitched up.

MAY TRESPASS IN ENGLAND

If You Do No Damage It Is Easy to Wander Through Private Property.

At this season it is pleasant to leave the dusty highway and take to the fields. But many timid pedestrians are frightened away by the notice "Trespassers Will Be Prosecuted."

As the law stands, any trespasser who does the smallest damage—injures a fence, breaks a small branch, etc.—can be summoned before a magistrate and fined.

The landlord may, however, play some tricks on you. He can saw a bridge crossing a stream, so that you will get a ducking, he can dig a pit for you to fall into, and he can so fix the stile you are likely to cross that you will break it, and then he can have you up before the magistrate.

Dr. Andrew Carnegie told an audience at Liverpool the other day that he had taken to library forming because his father did it before him.

High Mass on Mount Shasta. Climbing the steep sides of Mount Shasta by moonlight and saying high mass on the perpetual snow at its summit at sunrise was the feat performed by Father Cahir of Yreka Wednesday night and Thursday morning.

Tennyson's Bird Sounds. Perhaps the best word for the cry of the cricket is that of Tennyson. "Not a cricket chirr'd," he writes in "In Memoriam."

Take a Peg. In the City of London in the time of King John a special officer was appointed by the corporation to see that every vintner had hanging outside his shop an iron vessel with pegs marking the different quantities sold.

Corroboration. Chicago is certainly dead slow in just discovering the dwarf mosquito, which is so small that it can fly through the ordinary window screen without even scraping its wings.

TAKES PHOTOS OF THOUGHTS

French Scientist Says He Has Got Impressions of Them on Sensitive Plates.

Much interest has been aroused in Paris by the announcement of the well-known scientific investigator, Commander Darget, of the success of experiments in photographing human thought.

Commander Darget, who has devoted a long time to the study of hypnotism and kindred subjects, stated to the Academy of Science that after many trials he had succeeded in obtaining photographic impressions of thoughts of concrete objects.

In explanation of his achievement, Commander Darget gave the following account of the process:

After starting a long time on the object to be photographed in a strong red light, concentrating all his attention on it, he fixed his gaze with all the will power at his command on a photographic plate that had previously been immersed in a weak developer in a dark room.

According to the commander's theory, these astonishing results are due to certain obscure light rays which he calls "V" rays.

ARIZONA IS HIS FAVORITE

In Forty-Seven Years George Carey of Columbia Did Not Leave the Territory.

Forty-seven years' continuous residence in Arizona, without once setting foot outside her borders, is believed to be the record. It was established by George Carey of Columbia, Yacapai county, who has just returned from a two months' trip to Los Angeles and other coast points after living in this territory since 1864.

When Carey first came to Arizona he was a freighter. From mining camp to mining camp he drifted, until the want of lucrative business forced him into mining. That was more than 25 years ago, but it was not until last spring that prosperity came.

Carey is now developing some promising claims near those that he sold and probably it will be several years more before he leaves Arizona again.

SAW LINCOLN ASSASSINATED.

Major Henry Reed Rathborn, who died recently in the Asylum for the Criminal Insane at Hildesheim, Germany, was the last survivor of the party occupying the box with President and Mrs. Lincoln at Ford's theater on the night of the assassination. Rathborn had been in confinement for years for having killed his wife, who, as his betrothed, was also a member of the Lincoln party on the fatal night.

High Mass on Mount Shasta.

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In the party were Father Cahir of Yreka, Father O'Sullivan of Red Bluff and John Roberts of Berkeley, all of whom reached the top except Father O'Sullivan, who got only to Thumb Rock. C. M. Allison was guide.

The priests were anxious to celebrate mass at the top of the mountain Thursday morning and the climb was made at night, which is a rare feat, the claim being made that this is the third time that such an attempt has been made.

Take a Peg.

In the City of London in the time of King John a special officer was appointed by the corporation to see that every vintner had hanging outside his shop an iron vessel with pegs marking the different quantities sold. And pegs were used for convivial purposes, for the peg marked the amount of liquor which each of the party was to drink, and the unlucky or greedy wight who did not "drink to pegs" all round. In some parts of the country, principally the Midlands and the north, a rough and ready reckoning of the number of drinks indulged in during a drinking bout is made by unbuttoning the waistcoat, each button undone representing a drink, the most glorious toppers being those who can unbutton and button up and go home sober.

CLARK A FAITHFUL FRIEND

Humanity of the Speaker Illustrated by Little Story Told by Congressman Pepper.

"One of the most striking phases of Champ Clark's many-sided character is his humanity," remarked Representative L. S. Pepper of Iowa at the Willard. "He never forgets a friend, political or otherwise, and I know it. Some of the speaker's friends told me a story not long ago that illustrates this side of his nature."

"It seems that when a young lawyer, Clark was ambitious to be elected prosecuting attorney of his county. There was an old fellow—his name was Burwell—who ran a small grocery in Clark's town. He was a little teary, perhaps, for he did not like to be disturbed when telling a story, not even to wait on customers. The store, in fact, was conducted for the purpose of giving him an opportunity to hold forth in pleasant discourses with his friends.

"Not long ago, I was told, Clark heard that the old man was sick and a trifle short of funds. He learned of it through an old neighborhood friend. You know Champ Clark is not particularly frugal and never accumulated a large bank account; but he sat down and wrote a check that turned his balance into an overdraft, gave it to Wallace Bassford, and told him to 'send this check to old man Burwell.'"

CATCH TROUT TO SAVE THEM

Idaho Officials Seize Them in Irrigation Ditches and Put Them Back in River.

A rescue work of considerable magnitude is under way in the Big Lost River valley, Idaho, where L. C. Jones, assistant chief deputy in the state fish and game department, is directing the sealing of the Big Lost River Land and Irrigation company's canal for trout, which are taken to the river proper and there deposited.

The canal was built about two years ago, and fish screens should have been provided at the head at that time, it is said, but it seems that this has never been done, with the result that it was feared that great quantities of trout would be lost when the waters of the canal began to diminish.

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It will be recalled that the waters in the canal are carried through a mountainous country in some sections, and that in coming down to the lowlands abrupt drops of from 15 to 30 feet are encountered occasionally.

The class rooms have been held by policemen and the students have had several times to be summarily ejected, although on more than one occasion they burst open the doors and forced their way in again. The most conical feature of the whole business was to see and hear a large procession of demonstrating students singing along the boulevards in a monotonous drone the very passage from Cicero, which had brought about their downfall, while their modern languages colleagues sailed easily into port on a passage from Julius Caesar.

SHOE SHOP.

A shoe manufacturer in referring to the increase in job lot shoe merchants said: "It is a peculiar situation when a wholesaler of jobs exclusively is enabled to purchase whole cartloads of good staple shoes at a tremendous discount from actual cost to the shoe manufacturer, and that is just exactly what is being done."

"It is not to be understood that these job lot purchases are composed of rejected shoes or that they are of odd sizes or anything of the sort. They are regular factory lines of good staple shoes in full sizes and are sold at a great sacrifice because so many fads and innovations have crept in that good staple shoes remain in wholesale stores. Surely there is something radically wrong and out of joint in the shoe business when such conditions exist."—Shoe and Leather Reporter.

Cat and Dog Chums.

When my dog was a puppy I got a little kitten to keep him company, says a writer in Fur News. They got to be good friends, but as they got older the cat seemed to think she could take care of herself.

When the cat climbed a tree it seemed to puzzle the dog, and he would stand below the tree and look up at the cat and then at me, as if trying to understand how the cat could get up into the tree while he had to stay on the ground.

When evening came the dog would hunt up the cat and carry her to the kennel where they slept at night. The dog kept one of his forelegs over the cat and there she had to stay until morning. At last the cat was killed, but I have the dog yet.

Americans in Canada.

Americans are rapidly colonizing the three Canadian provinces of Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba. These three provinces had a population of 1,176,000 in 1909 and nearly 500,000 of these settlers were Americans. Last year America's contribution to the population of the provinces was 91,175 and these took with them an average of \$1,000 each. A few years ago the land in any one of these provinces could be bought for \$3 an acre. Now it ranges from \$20 to \$30 an acre.

MIGHT NEED THE CLUB LATER

Old Scotch Caddie's Retort to the Gaffer Who Got Out of "Hell" Bunker.

This is a new one brought to town by Jack Pickard from the Mayfield Country club on the links whereof he frequently chases the elusive "gill," says the Cleveland Leader. It has to do with an American golfer going over a Scotch Links, attended by one of those hoary caddies who only begin to flourish after they are past the seventieth milestone.

"How far is it over to that bunker?" asked the American, preparing for a long drive.

"About two hundred and forty yards, sir," from the caddie. "And 'the bunker's name is hell. For once ye're in, sir, ye'll never get out."

"How about that bad place of yours now?" he demanded of his ancient caddie, not without a bit of exultation.

"Weel, sir," replied the man, "I'd advise ye to tak' this club wi' ye when ye coom to dee. Ye maun need it."

ARE AS UNTAMED AS EVER

French Students Have Not Changed in Spirit, Though Less Picturesque Than Formerly.

One might almost say that there is one unchangeable feature of Paris and that is its students. It is true the students are not now quite so picturesque as in the days of Henri Murger, but undoubtedly their spirits are the same—they are still as untamed and riotous.

The disturbances that have taken place recently have arisen simply because the students for the baccalaureate on the classical side discovered that the paper in Latin set them was intensely difficult, while the paper in Latin set before their rivals on the modern languages side was very easy. Hence shouting, parading of the streets, demonstrations, stones thrown and window breaking, "conspuering" and all the other various manifestations of the turbulent and dissatisfied student.

The class rooms have been held by policemen and the students have had several times to be summarily ejected, although on more than one occasion they burst open the doors and forced their way in again. The most conical feature of the whole business was to see and hear a large procession of demonstrating students singing along the boulevards in a monotonous drone the very passage from Cicero, which had brought about their downfall, while their modern languages colleagues sailed easily into port on a passage from Julius Caesar.

Building Up McGill University.

McGill university in Montreal has recently been given by Sir William C. McDonald a tract of 30 acres of what is described as perhaps the most valuable land in the city. This tract, which is now valued at well over \$1,000,000, is intended to be used as a college campus, with dormitories to be eventually built along its sides.

Foxy Student.

Robert Underwood Johnson, the poet and editor, declared at the University of New York's commencement that New York as a literary center was ridiculous—that nowhere in this country was poetry more appreciated than in Boston, and nowhere less than in New York. "In fact," said Mr. Johnson afterward, "New York's love of poetry is about equal to the Earlham college boy's love of languages. In my sophomore year at Earlham this was visited by his mother. 'Well, my dear,' she said to him, 'what languages have you decided to take up here?' 'I have decided to take up Pictish,' he replied. 'Pictish?' said his puzzled mother. 'Why Pictish?' 'Only five words of it remain,' he said.

Marks Old Station.

A monument has just been dedicated upon the spot where stood the cottonwood tree which gave the name of Lone Tree station, on the old California and Mormon trails, on the north bank of the Platte river, two and one-half miles from the present site of Central City. Lone Tree was an important station in the early days, when the goldseekers crossed the continent. The large cottonwood was a landmark at that period. The town of Lone Tree, afterward changing its name to Central City, sprang up there.

Plinched.

First Plinched—Arrested. Second Plinched—Yes, a blue bottle caught me speeding without a light.—Harper's Bazar.

WARSHIPS ANNOY SOL JACOBS

Frighten the Mackerel Away From His Seines Off Massachusetts Coast, Says Fisherman.

If you were seining for mackerel and luck was with you and just as you were about to draw in your nets with a fine catch half a dozen of Uncle Sam's battleships came along and frightened all the mackerel away, wouldn't it give you a headache?

That's just what it did to Capt. Sol Jacobs of the prime little auxiliary schooner Quartelette, which reached T. wharf. Sol had a grievance against the United States navy which it will take many days for him to live down.

The other afternoon when the sun was just about sinking in the sky and the water was as smooth as glass Sol spied a school of mackerel. It was the largest school he had seen for weeks.

Orders were given to lower the seining boats and throw out the nets. The rest was easy for the nets sank down on the deck wearing a smile and thinking of the dollars realized by that catch.

But behold, just before the men in the seining dories had pulled in the nets at the bottom, imprisoning the toothsome catch, along came half a dozen of the battleships that were in the maneuvers at Provincetown and kicked up the ocean so that the mackerel were frightened away.

"I was angry enough," said Sol, "to fight the whole blamed squadron."—Boston Daily Advertiser.

ARE ALWAYS ON THE DECLINE

Wonder Is That the Dramatic and Culinary Arts Haven't Reached the Bottom.

From time to time some ancient gentleman bursts into print on the subject of the Good Old Days of the stage, walls over the lamentable depreciation in public tastes, raves about what he is pleased to call "the classics" and wonders in a spasm of hysteria what we all are coming to anyhow.

Why is it that the stage and home cooking are the only things that have consistently been on the decline for the last three hundred years? And why, if half that these old folks say is true, haven't the dramatic and culinary arts reached the bottom by this time? Anybody with one good eye and recourse to a public library can ascertain with ease that ever since the advent of George Frederick Cooke in this country, bewhiskered pessimists have been comparing the contemporary stage with the one of a dead generation to the great disparagement of the former. There must be a limit, a bottom, a finish somewhere; the pit into which American theatricals have been tumbling for the last 110 years. If we are on the way to the demitisse bow-wows and have been heading there since the days of Hallam, when are we due to arrive?—Glenmore Davis in Success Magazine.

University Aviation.

Aviation as a science has been recognized by one of the most dignified educational bodies of Europe, the university of Paris, and an aeronautical institute has been established and is now just beginning work under its direction. This was made possible by an endowment of \$100,000 by Henry Deutsch, and an annual income of \$3,000.

The new institute is on the plateau of St. Cyr, near Versailles, and on the edge of the manseur field of the military school. It consists of a large group of buildings and laboratories, with a track for launching gliders, and all the apparatus that has so far been invented for the study of meteorology, air currents, air resistance and the many problems connected with flight which are now so imperfectly understood.

Sheep in City Parks.

Rochester set the example, which other cities have followed, or utilizing her leading park as a sheep ranch. New York uses her Central Park for this purpose, and has just added \$350 to the park fund of the city from the sale of 10 Southdown ewes and 39 lambs. But it is not for money chiefly that urban sheep herding is practiced. A flock of sheep in a city park is one of its greatest attractions, especially to children. To hundreds, and perhaps to thousands, of city bred people a flock of sheep is about as mythical and unfamiliar as the pyramids of Egypt. It is a novelty both profitable and interesting.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Too Many Books.

Harnaby Rich in his preface to "A New Description of Ireland," published in 1800, writes: "One of the diseases of this age is the multitude of books, that doth so overcharge the world that it is not able to digest the abundance of idle matter that is every day hatched and brought into the world, that are as divers in their forms as their authors be in their faces. It is but a thriftless and thankless occupation, this writing of books. A man were better to sit slinging in a cobbler's shop, for his pay is certainly a penny a patch. But a book writer, if he gets sometimes a few commendations of the judicious, he shall be sure to reap a thousand reproaches of the malicious."

A Hard One.

"I hear that Goby's new automobile made a big hit with you." "Quite so—knocked me unconscious."

PEST OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC

Jack London's Description of the New Now, Which Rivals the New Jersey Mosquito.

The following story from Jack London's recently published "The Cruise of the Snark" indicates that the Jersey mosquito has a rival in the "now-now."

"I made the strategic mistake of undressing on the edge of a steep bank where I could dive in, but could not climb out. When I was ready to dress I had a hundred yards' walk on the bank before I could reach my clothes. At the first step fully 10,000 now-nows landed upon me. At the second step I was walking in a cloud. By the third step the sun was dimmed in the sky. After that I don't know what happened."

"When I arrived at my clothes I was a maniac. And here enters my grand tactical error. There is only one rule of conduct in dealing with now-nows. Never sweat them. Whatever you do, don't sweat them."

"They are so vicious that in the instant of annihilation they eject their last atom of poison into your carcass. You must pluck them delicately between thumb and forefinger, and persuade them gently to remove their proboscis from your quivering flesh. It is like pulling teeth. But the difficulty was that the teeth sprouted faster than I could pluck them, so I sweated, and so doing filled myself full of their poison."

"This was a week ago. At the present moment I resemble a sadly neglected smallpox convalescent."

HISTORIC MOUND AT MEMPHIS

On Its Summit De Soto Was Received by the Chickasaw Chief in 1541.

Under the lead of the resident of the southwest portion of the city, there is a renewal of activity purchase of Jackson Mound, a small amount of adjacent as an addition to the public term. People favoring the have drawn up a petition out why they think that the should be purchased by the

"These mounds have a value that is beyond calculation, the summit of one of them, 1541, De Soto was received Chickasaw chief. This was three years before the birth of Spain. It was sixty-six years Jamestown was settled. It was eighty-nine years before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock. It is, therefore, the oldest landmark in the United States. Beneath the bluff here during the Civil war the gunboat Arkan was built.

"Being such a historical landmark, it is highly important that the city should own and keep sacred forever this memorable spot."—Memphis Commercial Appeal.

Wanted Dog Massage.

Because Alexandria hotel, Los Angeles, refused to massage her bulldog with electric appliances, Mrs. Henry T. Phillips and maid of New York refused to register. Mrs. Phillips had three maids, a man servant, and a brindle bulldog.

"Before I register," said Mrs. Phillips to the chief clerk, Mr. Sibbard, "I must be assured that my dog will have sanitary quarters with plenty of light and sunshine. I do not expect to take him to my rooms, but he must be massaged by the barber with electric appliances."

Mr. Sibbard gasped his astonishment, then politely and gently declared that "it was against the rules." "Very well, then," the woman snapped, indignantly. "Come, give me the chain boy. Come, Brutus," and she swept from the lobby to a taxicab.—Exchange.

Smokers' Faces Tell It.

A cigar dealer in one of the stands at the Union depot in Kansas City can tell what kind of a cigar a man smokes just by looking at him. He becomes quite proficient in reading men's faces so far as their purchases of tobacco wares is concerned.

"I have been in the cigar business 26 years," he said. "It has been my experience that a dark haired man, with a dark complexion, wants a heavy smoke, a Havana cigar. A light haired man with a fair skin prefers a light smoke. The dark man enjoys a pipe, while the blonde likes the cigarette. The most trying demand the cigar man has to hazard is, 'Give me a good cigar.' There are some exceptions, of course, but if a dealer followed my rule of light and dark he will generally please the customer."

Lamp for Matching Colors.

U. S. Consul Augustus E. Ingram of Bradford, England, reports the invention of a new lamp for matching colors by artificial light. The source of light may be a metallic-filament incandescent electric lamp or a gas or petroleum incandescent lamp. The advantages of the new lamp are cheapness, uniformity in the quality and quantity of the light given and great illumination. The light filters are formed of a special blue glass with a special green glass, and the results have been excellent.

Before and After.

As the anthem was ended the preacher arose, relates the Ram's Horn, and began to read from Acts 20: "And after the uproar was ceased," "But at the close of the sermon the choir rose and sang." "It is time to awake from sleep."