

NORTHWEST NOTES

Warren Zurbick knocked out Young Mansfield in two minutes before the Vancouver, Wash., Athletic club.

William Broad, Bert Coffman and Fred Johnson were killed in the Opp mine at Jacksonville, Ore., by an accidental explosion of dynamite.

George L. Brown has been arrested at Bellingham, Wash., on a charge of counterfeiting. A complete counterfeiting outfit was found in his room.

A sixty-mile wind from the southwest blew over Reno, Nev., unroofing houses and blowing down a large freight shed, a frame residence and destroying many trees.

Mrs. Sally Berry of Northport, Wash., the insane woman who held possession of a car at Girard, Kan., for five days, has been committed to the asylum at Medical Lake.

Jugaburo Asuka, a Japanese, who was in the employ of the Southern Pacific company was killed instantly at Preble siding, near Golconda, Nev., by being struck by a locomotive.

Fred T. Sherman has been arrested in Seattle charged with having bribed George T. Wright, mayor of Tacoma, \$6,000 being the sum in question. Mayor Wright denies having received the money.

Three counterfeiters have been placed under arrest by a secret service officer at Seattle, and hundreds of dollars' worth of spurious \$5 and \$10 gold pieces, with the paraphernalia used in their manufacture, was captured.

Ed and Bob Frans and their mother have been arrested at Phillipsburg, Mont., charged with the murder of George Reed, a wood-chopper who was known to have had money and whose body was found in a shallow grave near the Franz ranch.

The commissioner of the general land office announces the secretary of the interior has withdrawn from all forms of disposals except under the mineral laws, 1,300,000 acres of public lands lying in Missoula and Flathead counties, Mont., and Kootenai county, Ida., for the proposed forest reserve.

Mrs. C. L. Bybee of Lander, Wyo., recently gave birth to a mite of a baby, which is probably the smallest ever born in Wyoming. The child, a girl, weighed but one and a half pounds, and is only nine inches in length. Its head in circumference is about equal to the rim of a silver dollar.

Active preparations for the construction of the Milwaukee line through the Snoqualmie pass in Washington are being made and construction work will soon be commenced. Already tie camps are being established along the Snoqualmie route and the cutting of ties under contract has begun.

The International and Empire Retail Dealers' association at their annual congress in Spokane unanimously adopted a resolution endorsing President Roosevelt's action to bring about a law to fix and enforce reasonable railroad rates and will request the delegation in congress to give him all support.

Judge W. H. Hunt, in the United States court at Butte, told Dennis Burke, Samuel McBride, Peter Larson and Charles Ahlm, convicted of illegal timber cutting in Missoula county, that the government must protect its timber interests and the practice of cutting timber on the public domain must cease. He fined McBride and Burke \$200 each and Larson and Ahlm \$150 each.

The people of Montana continue to enjoy great prosperity, and the outlook for the future is exceedingly bright. The mining men and in fact all classes of business men had a good year last year, and a feeling of security prevails.

A snowslide carried Harry Youmans and Fred Davidson into Nellie gulch, near Lake City, Colo. The former succeeded in digging himself out and hastened to organize a searching party to rescue Davidson, who was buried beneath the avalanche.

Joe Rodgers and John Anderson have been placed under arrest by the police on suspicion of having been the principals in the frequent hold-ups of saloons in Butte recently. Anderson's mask slipped during a robbery, it is claimed, and he was recognized.

Edward Keaster, a well known stockman of Highwoods, Mont., committed suicide by shooting himself through the head. Keaster lately sued his wife for divorce on the ground of infidelity. The wife fought the charges, claiming that Keaster's mind was unbalanced.

After considering the case 113 hours and forty minutes and establishing a new Montana jury record, the jury in the case of Camille Remy, tried at Helena for killing Wasson Oliver, was unable to agree and Judge Smith discharged them. It is asserted 114 ballots were taken.

The house has passed Representative Mondell's bill extending the public land laws to the ten-mile square tract of land in Wyoming ceded by the Cheyenne and Arapahoe Indians to the government on June 7, 1897. This land has heretofore been subject to entry under the homestead law only.

SEVEN PERSONS PERISH IN FARM HOUSE FIRE

Head of Family Kills Himself at Home of His Sister When Told His Home Had Been Destroyed.

Pembroke, N. H.—Seven persons, all members of the family of Charles Ayer, perished in a fire which destroyed Ayer's farm house near here Wednesday. The bodies of a child and of Ayer's mother-in-law have been found in the ruins. Ayer shot and killed himself one hour after the fire was discovered. The theory of the county authorities is that Ayer was the murderer, but they have been unable to find any evidence to indicate the methods employed to wipe out the family. Whether the victims were shot or killed by other means cannot be told at present.

The fire occurred about 9 o'clock in the morning, and Ayer drove up to the home of his sister, Mrs. George Bailey, in the town of Chichester, about six miles from his home, just after 10 o'clock. He remained at his sister's place until afternoon and when informed that his buildings had been burned manifested some agitation. A moment later he drew a revolver and, pointing it at his right temple, fired and fell unconscious.

FRANCE ELECTS PRESIDENT. Man of Humble Origin Chosen on the First Ballot.

Paris.—The national assembly met on Wednesday for the purpose of electing a president. Although several candidates were mentioned for the presidency in succession to M. Loubet, including M. Fallieres, president of the chamber of deputies; M. Sarrien, former minister of justice, and M. Leon Bourgeois, the former premier, the real contest was between M. Fallieres and Doumer.

In all 849 voters were present. The final figures were: M. Fallieres, 449; M. Doumer, 371; scattered, 28. One voter abstained from depositing his ballot.

M. Fallieres returned to Paris from Versailles, escorted by a military guard of honor. He will take over his new duties February 18. The new president of France is the son of a magistrate's clerk and the grandson of a blacksmith.

M. TAIGNY LEAVES VENEZUELA.

Chiefs of the French Cable Office Expelled from Caracas.

Willemstad, Island of Curacao, Dutch West Indies.—France on January 10 broke off diplomatic relations with Venezuela through the American minister at Caracas, Mr. Russell, who at present is in charge of French interests. M. Taigny, the retiring French charge d'affaires, who left Lagaira January 15 on the French steamer Martinique for Curacao via Porto Cabello, Venezuela, arrived here Wednesday. M. Taigny was not permitted to land at Porto Cabello. He is awaiting a French cruiser to convey him to Martinique.

The chiefs of the French cable offices at Caracas and Lagaira, Mm. Jaccoux and Bourget, have been expelled from Venezuela and are expected here by the first steamer. Cable communications with Venezuela continues interrupted.

CHAMBERLAIN WINS OUT.

Unionist Leader Escapes From Avalanche of Ballots.

London.—The most prominent feature of Wednesday's election returns is the wholly unexpected stand made by Birmingham. Not only were all of Joseph Chamberlain's seven candidates returned, but Mr. Chamberlain himself secured a majority of 5,000, while the majority of others averaged 3,000. The members already elected are distributed as follows: Liberals, 167; unionists, 73; laborites, 31; nationalists, 50.

Stage Upset, Passengers Injured.

Goldfield, Nev.—A Manhattan stage carrying eighteen passengers, upset Wednesday. Dr. R. J. Mapes of San Francisco, sustained a fracture of the left arm and a broken nose. William Pierce had a leg broken. George Foley of Denver received many bone bruises and cannot use his left arm. F. H. Toohy, R. M. Rogers, Charles Nelson, mining men of Nevada, were all slightly injured. James Higgins, the driver, was unhurt. Many of the passengers were so wrapped up in blankets that they could not save themselves by jumping.

Only Survivor Out of Thirteen.

Savannah, Ga.—Adrift on a gang plank from 9 o'clock Saturday morning until 5 o'clock Monday evening without food or water, Carl Summer, the only known survivor of a party of thirteen people aboard the four-masted schooner Robert H. Stephenson, was picked up by the German steamer Europe, bound from Philadelphia for Savannah, Monday afternoon in latitude 34.53 north, longitude 35.54 west and brought to Savannah.

FOR YOUNG FOLKS



Never Too Busy. I've never been quite too busy to go for a romp with you through the forest of Transformation. In the island of Hullahaloo, once there, I'm a horse to ride on. I'm a booger-bear to affront. I'm the whole menagerie, all in one. Contrived for a babe's delight.

I'm an "eluant" and a "hippossum." And a camel and a zebra, too. I'm a "sake" that twists and wriggles. And giggles and hollers "Boo!" I'm a horse and my loose suspenders are lines you can drive me by: I'm a tossing ship on the ocean. Where the waves dash mountain high.

I'm a ship on the tossing ocean. And you are my captain bold; Nor toss and I roll beneath you. But my ears they are strong to hold; And you laugh as the breakers grumble. I'm a horse and my loose suspenders are lines you can drive me by: I'm a tossing ship on the ocean. Where the waves dash mountain high.

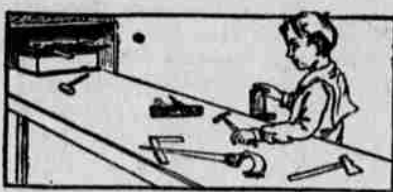
I'm glad I am not too busy at any old time of day. To get on the floor and tumble. And I grumble and growl and play; To just put aside my paper. And romp when you want me to. Through the forest of Transformation To the island of Hullahaloo.

I'm glad I am not too busy. Nor tired, nor gum, you wis. To stoop when you steal beside me. With your lips held up to kiss; I am glad I am not too busy. To romp till your heart is glad; I am glad that the Lord picked me out. Dear baby, to be your dad. —J. M. Lewis in Houston Post.

The Ill-Omened Raven.

Many birds seek the protection which the presence of man affords against furred and feathered foes when the breeding season approaches. Not so the raven. Its distrust of us is profound, and its nest is placed in some wild spot far out of reach of our possible attack or succor. But there are other enemies. I know of a pair that built on one side of a projecting crag high up on the cliffs of Rathlin Island. Some fierce peregrine falcons occupied the other side of the crag, and when one day their eggs were taken by an adventurous collector, their sharing the popular opinion of a raven's blackness, concluded that their neighbors were the offenders and wreaked their grief and vengeance upon them. When, on their return from a foraging expedition, the falcons found their nest despoiled they were seen to hold a consultation and after much deliberation, they suddenly arose and both, with one accord flew at the ravens' nest and sacked it, tearing it in their rage and indignation until not one stick was left upon another.—London Standard.

FOR THE HANDY CHILD.



To Make an Aeolian Harp.

This instrument can be made by almost any ingenious boy. It consists of a long, narrow box of very thin wood, about five or six inches deep, with a circle in the middle of the upper side an inch and a half in diameter, in which are to be drilled small holes. In this side seven, ten or more strings, of very fine gut, are stretched over bridges at each end, like the bridges of a fiddle, and screwed up or relaxed with screw pins. The strings should all be tuned to the same note, and the instrument be placed in some current of air, where the wind can pass over its strings with freedom. A window, the width of which is equal to the length of the harp, with the sash just raised to give the air admission, is a proper situation. When the air blows upon the strings of the harp, with different degrees of force, it will excite different degrees of sound; sometimes the blast brings out all the tones in full concert, and sometimes it sinks to the softest murmurs.

How to Make Peanut Dolls.

Very odd and funny and instructive little dolls can be made from peanuts. You may have an Indian chief, squaw, and little papoose; John Chinaman, a Japanese lady, Dutch woman, Norman peasant woman with high white cap, a witch in peaked hat and red cloak, a wizard arrayed in star trimmed cloak and high hat, a Hindoo Yogi with white turbaned head, a gypsy and many other characters in this jolly company.

The peanuts are threaded whole upon coarse white twine, through the length of the nuts. Very short nuts are used for feet and hands and the round single nuts for the heads. A thick peanut forms the body, or, if more bulk is required, use two. Long slender nuts form the arms and legs.

Now for the wigs. For the Orientals use horsehair or the hair filling of a cushion; glue the locks in place and then fasten on the head covering. New rope, if combed out fine, will make a splendid flaxen wig; by coloring it you can have an Auburn or brown tint. Fasten this wealth of hair with a jaunty bow. Outline the features with ink. The wigs of the "wizard" and the "yogi" should be white; use cotton picked out fluffy, and glue in place so it will fall long over the shoulders and make flowing beards. Material for the dresses can be of tissue or crepe paper in gay colors or

from the scrap bag. The garb of the Chinaman will be silk; cut the two garments from paper patterns; the shoulders are naturally very narrow. Gilt paper will be very useful to help decorate the gypsy and yogi dresses.

It is only half the fun to make and dress the curious little figures. They can be made to act on a miniature stage, like little puppets.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

The American Jack Tar.

The jack tar of all countries is a jovial, happy-go-lucky fellow, over-ready for a game or for sports of any kind, and the American man-o-war's man is no exception to the rule. A favorite amusement among the United States sailors is, of all things, a pie-eating contest. With hands behind their backs, the contestants kneel around a table, and a pie on a tin dish is placed before each man. The "pie" consists of two layers of pastry on a round tin platter, with apples, rhubarb, peaches, mince meat or what not between them, and as it is baked on the platter the lower layer sticks tightly. It is most comical to watch the men's faces as they wrestle with the sticky crust or endeavor to swallow a terrifically hot fragment of fruit. The man who first disposes of his pie is, of course, declared the winner, and it is considered a distinction to be declared a pie-eating champion.—The Wide World Magazine.

A Simple Bookrack.

This is a handy piece of work that can be made by any boy who has tools, some wood and follows directions. It can when finished be hung upon the wall of a room and serves just as well as one bought at a store. First get two pieces of board two feet two inches long, nine and a half inches wide and one-half an inch thick. These are for the sides of the bookcase. Two and a half inches from the top draw a light line and with a scroll saw saw as shown in the diagram and saw a half circle in the middle in the bottom of the wood.

For the shelves get three pieces of board two feet long and nine and a half inches wide and a half inch thick. For a top piece get a board two feet long, two and a half inches wide and a half inch thick, and saw with scroll saw as shown in diagram. For the bottom get a piece of board of same dimensions as for the top piece and saw in curves on bottom edge.

When all this has been completed nail the shelves to the sides, the first one two and a half inches from the bottom, the second nine and three-quarters inches above the first and the third nine and three-quarters inches above the second. Then nail the bottom piece in, to the front below the first shelf. Then nail the top piece in, to the back above the third shelf.

Now if this is given a coat of varnish or paint you will have a serviceable bookrack with little labor or expense.

The Vanishing Dime.

This is a clever trick, and may be done with good effect in the following manner: Previously stick a small piece of white wax on the nail of your middle finger, lay a dime on the palm of your hand, and state to the company that you will make it vanish at the word of command, at the same time observing that many persons perform the feat by letting the dime fall into their sleeves, but to convince them that you have not recourse to any such deception, turn up your cuffs. Then close your hand, and by bringing the waxed nail in contact with the dime it will firmly adhere to it. Then blow upon your hand and cry "be-gone," and suddenly opening it and extending your palm you show that the dime has vanished. Care must be taken to remove the wax from the dime before restoring it to the owner, if it should have been borrowed from some one in the company.

THE DISCONTENTED ROOSTER AND CAT

By EUGENE O. MAYFIELD (REX M.)

The Cat and the Rooster were visiting in the back yard. They would have visited in the front yard, but the Lady would not allow it. "I am getting tired of being bossed by a Woman," said the Rooster. "What is the trouble now?" inquired the Cat. "Nothing more than usual," was the reply. "But, just the same, I am tired of it all, and if She don't stop 'shooing' me every time I peep around the corner of the house, there's going to be war."

"What would you do?" laughed the Cat. "I would do lots of things if I dared," said the Rooster, flapping his wings. "In the first place I'd scratch all the covering off the bulb beds. But I dare not do that, as I'd be caught, sure, and I might be served up for a Sunday dinner for the minister, in order to keep me from making further raids."

"That would be a joke on the minister," mewed the Cat. The Rooster was so angry that the Cat should think him tough, that he flew up on the fence, and crowed three times, as loud as he could. For several minutes not a word was said by either the Cat or the Rooster. Finally the Cat apologized and the Rooster flew down, and the two were soon on friendly terms again.

All of a sudden, a brilliant idea struck the Cat. "I'll tell you what we'll do," he said. "We will run away, and go to the woods, and gather nuts, and have a fine time, with no one to 'shoo' you or 'scat' me." "Agreed!" exclaimed the Rooster, and they started.

It was almost dark when the woods were reached—such big, dark woods that even the Rooster was afraid to look to either the right or left, and the

Cat walked with noiseless tread. Overhead they saw the limb of a tree. "Let us go up there!" suggested the Rooster, "and stay all night," and flapping his wings, up he went, the Cat scaling the tree after him.

All about the tree in which the Rooster and the Cat had taken refuge it grew dark and still. It seemed they

were in another world from that in which they had lived all their lives. The Rooster's head soon began to bob, and then he was fast asleep, with only the Cat on watch.

Away off to the right came a weird screech. To the left was another and from the front and rear came other screeches. Unbeknown to the Rooster and the Cat, they had selected the nightly gathering place of a flock of hoot owls.

"I hear something awful," whispered the Cat. The Rooster drew down his head closed, but did not reply. "I hear something awful, a-w-f-u-l!"

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MORAL. After all, there's no place like one's own back yard."

