

**BOWSER'S BOARDING-HOUSE**

He Knew He Would Like It Before Going

Winter, city in our life...  
"You will go, certainly," replied Mrs. Bower when informed of what had been ordered. "There is nothing whatever to prevent, and it's a wonder I did not think of it myself."

"What will I have rows about?" she innocently queried. "The room, the bed and the cooking will be all right, and there'll be no occasion for any hair words."

Logical Uncle Eh.  
"Say, my dear," said I to my wife as I returned home the other night, "I've been pulled and robbed by a footpad."

White Elk sat alone in the silence of the night listening to the rushing waters of the Popoagie. It was the voice of his executioner. Three days more and he was to be cast from a high rock into the "place of punishment," the deep hole in the mountains which swallowed up the rushing Popoagie and carried it somewhere deep down into the bowels of the earth.

White Elk, son of Standing Bear, the Shoshone chieftain was on trial for his life. His crime was sparing an enemy on the field of battle. The last Indian in the circle around the council had made the sign of death.

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**INDIAN CHIEF WHITE ELK**

Who Was to Die for Sparing His Enemy's Life.

Consigned to the Mad Waters of Popoagie His Spirit Would Be Restless Forever.

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**A Savage Fight.**

This wonderful story is vouchered for by Commander Calvas, a French officer stationed in Africa. His hand some villa is a favorite resort of Europeans, and there a few weeks ago some Frenchmen began to talk about the crocodiles.

"I must introduce you to the negro Matifou, known as the slayer of crocodiles," said the commander. "A wonderful fellow he is. Some time ago a crocodile caught him by the legs and he could not wrench it away from the beast's mighty jaws. Fortunately some friends went to his assistance, and by distracting the animal's attention they succeeded in freeing Matifou.

"As soon as he was able to walk he started out to have revenge on the crocodile. "One morning I saw him running from the dense forest, pursued by a colossal bear. He had no weapon of any kind and had been taken unaware as he was sleeping. To my surprise he made straight for the marshy land bordering the river.

"I thought that he had lost his senses, for no sane man would face the legion of crocodiles in the river. There was Matifou with an immense bear a few yards behind him and a

host of crocodiles as few yards in front of him. Yet on he ran until he was within a few feet of one great crocodile whose jaws were open to grasp him, and then he swerved and, darting aside, stood calmly to witness what he knew would happen.

"The next moment the bear and crocodile were in a death struggle. Tightly hugged in his enemy's arms, which held him up from the earth, the crocodile could hardly breathe, yet he fought valiantly, driving his teeth again and again into the shaggy throat of the monster who held him as in a vice. Gentlemen, it was the most amazing fight I ever witnessed, and I never expect to see another like it. That it would not last long and that neither animal would survive was evident, yet before it was over I had time to take an admirable photograph of the tragic scene."

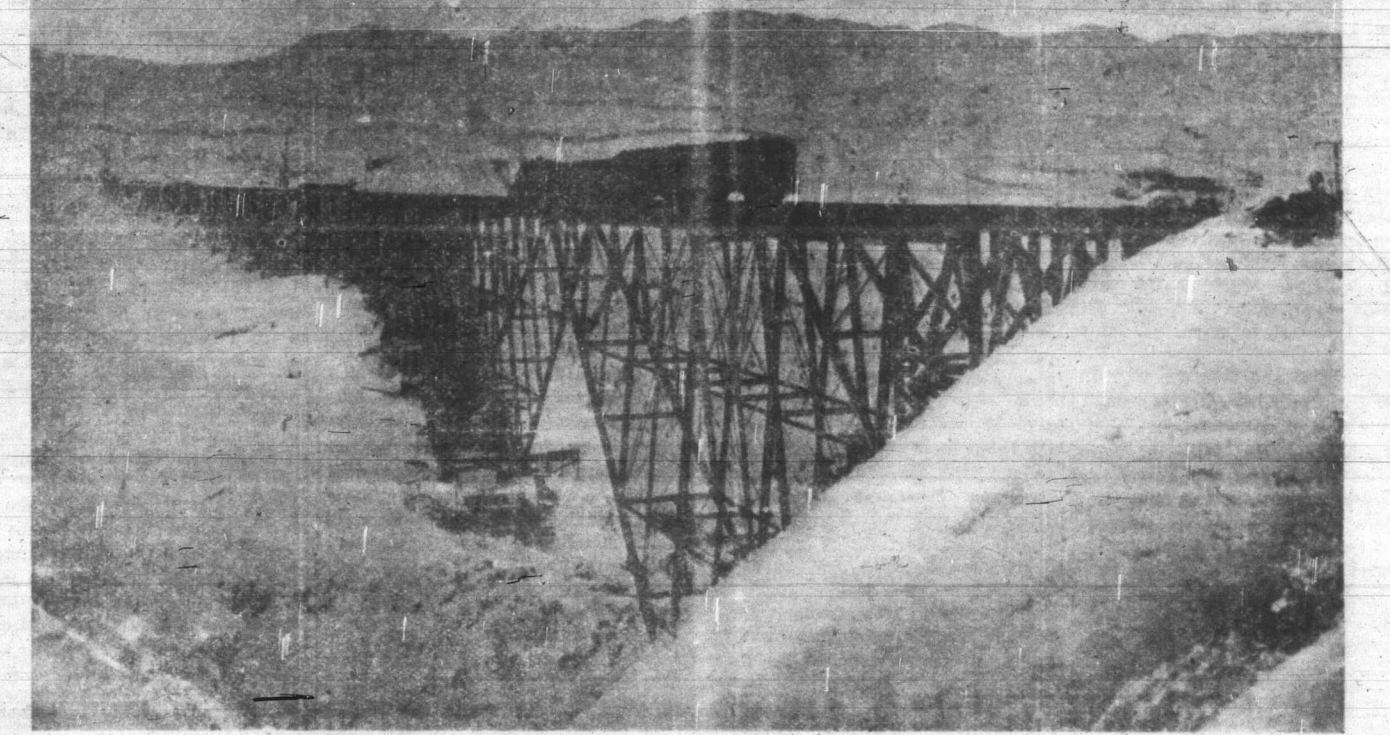
Almost Done.  
"A country editor who was not supposed to be rich built himself a modest cottage. The neighbors were all interested and naturally made inquiries as to how the building was progressing.

The editor finally became tired of being asked whether the plastering was dry, yet, whether he expected to move in this week, and so on. One day he was quite out of patience, and just then a subscriber asked: "Well, Mr. Barnes, have you moved into your new house yet?"

"We began this morning," answered the editor. "We carried over a chair and a saltcellar and left the dog in the yard."

"Well, well," said the subscriber, "moving is an awful nuisance, I'm glad you're so nearly through."

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NEW BRIDGE ON WHITE PASS & YUKON ROUTE, SUPERSENDING THE SWITCHBACK.

in spite of the storied stoicism of her race. The sentence of death had been passed on White Elk.

White Elk sat alone in the silence of the night listening to the rushing waters of the Popoagie. It was the voice of his executioner. Three days more and he was to be cast from a high rock into the "place of punishment," the deep hole in the mountains which swallowed up the rushing Popoagie and carried it somewhere deep down into the bowels of the earth.

White Elk was not afraid to die. He had met death face to face a dozen times and had not trembled. He had fought with the Blackfeet and the Sioux and led his warriors to victory on many a hard fought field. He had fought hand to hand with the murderous Apaches, and never knew what it was to be afraid.

White Elk could regard death with equanimity, but he could not bear the thought of an eternity spent battling with the spirit of the waters while Laughing Eyes waited for him in vain in the happy hunting ground.

White Elk's head dropped forward, and he groaned. He heard a sound behind him and sprang to his feet. Laughing Eyes stood beside him in the moonlight. She motioned him with her hand and he followed her out to the cliff overlooking the deep crevice down which the Popoagie lost itself.

"You must not give yourself to the spirit of the Popoagie," said the girl. "You can go away. I will go with you. The Blackfeet have been your

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