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Railroading Terms. Railroading terms in England and America differ very widely. The English would speak of shunting a train. We call it switching. Freight trains they call goods trains, coaches are carriages, conductors are guards, engineers are drivers, trucks are boggles The and freight cars are wagons. British always say station instead of depot, and in that they have the better of us. Rails they call metals and tracks permanent ways. They do not get their tickets at a ticket office, but at a booking office, and the smokestack of the locomotive is to them the chimney. A railroad man going from one country to the other finds that he has to learn an entirely new set of phrases about his business.

A Chameleon's Bite. The bite even of the largest chameleon does not fetch blood, though the teeth leave indentations. I often, says a naturalist, provoke them to bite me in order to observe their habits, and only once, when one caught me between the fingers where the skin is tender, was I really hurt. On this octender, was I really hurt. On this octender, the thing hald on an experience of horseless and taken up very kindly by society, and "put up" at most of the clubs; and was even to be seen, with an intense casion the thing held on so persistently and firmly that I could not for some time free my finger. At last I was obliged to call some one to get it off by forcibly opening its mouth. Even then it did not pierce the skin. Its teeth are too fine and regular, but the dotted triangular impression of the little teeth was very red and distinct for some minutes.

Do Your Work Well. Possibly you think your employer does not notice you or know about your work. The writer of this was lking the other evening to an extensive employer of labor, and he talked most of the evening about his workmen. He or Ethel to the northern forests. knew all about every one of them, from the head man to the laborers, and noted their good and bad points. Don't forget that your employer knows all about you. When he needs a new foreman or superintendent, he knows the one to select.

To Little Profit. "Don't you think I preached a very poor sermon this morning?" asked the new preacher of the deacon, from whom he expected a compliment. "Yaas, I do," drawled the honest deacon, "but it runs in my mind thet I've heard worse, ef I cud only rickollect wher' it wuz."

The Trouble. Wicks-There should be a law to restrain the theaters from printing those mossy jokes in their programmes. Hicks-You don't have to read them. Wicks-No, but you usually have to listen to some idiot behind you reading

and explaining them. Determination. "I am afraid that your boy lacks determination," said the neighbor. "That's where you wrong him," answered Farmer Corntossel. "I never

saw anybody as determined not to work as Josh is." The Same Air. Mrs. Homer-Jane, open that window and let a little fresh air into the house. Jane-It isn't fresh air at all, mem; it's the same air that's been shout here all the morning.

The Wear and Tear of It. "You must find it wearing to be the wife of a genius." "Yes; so many foois want to know bow I am able to get along with him."

-Chicago Record-Herald.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

His First Deer.

By REGINALD GCURLAY. English friend, Tom Dare, was an enthusiastic sports-man. There was nothing strange about that. Most Englishmen of his type and

class are. But then he was besides one of the worst shots when he first came out to this country (he improved after-wards) that I ever saw "waste his lead upon the desert air."

Now, most Englishmen of his class

(he was the younger son of a Bucking-hamshire squire) are excellent shots, being to the manor born as it were, which made this defect the more remarkable. He was very credulous about some things, particularly as regarded game and shooting in America. Here, again, he resembled many other Englishmen. He was brave, generous and impulsive, much more resembling an Irishman than an Englishman in this last respect. He was also very nearsighted, which accounted in part for his frequent bad shots, and he always wore what he called "glawses."

When I first saw Tom Dare it was on the Canadian Grand Trunk train going west, somewhere between Kingston and Toronto. His compartment in the Pullman car resembled a small shop for the sale of sporting goods, or an exhibit of deadly and murderous wea-Gun and rifle-cases lay all around him. He had evidently not been able to endure their removal from his sight to the baggage-car. At every stop he would move forward to the latter car and inspect a huge St. Bernard, a pair of pointers and an evil-minded buildog, with deep solicitude. These interesting animals were making about as much noise as a pack of hounds in full cry, and two of them-the St. Bernard and the bulldog-were dangerous to come near. Some ideas exchanged on sporting topics, and the timely assistance I was able to give him in soothing his excited quadrupeds, made as friendly at once, for there is a singular freemasonry among sportsmen. But when he found that I lived in the very city he was bound for, and that I knew well several people he had letters of introduction to, Englishman like, Dare expanded completely, and I was soon in possession of his experi-ences, tribulations and trials since his arrival in the New World, and some of

his hopes and plans for the future. It seems that, having had some property left him by a maiden aunt, as well as the usual younger son's allowance, he was free to realize the chief desire of his soul, which was to visit North America and do his utmost to lessen the number of wild animals on that continent. He confided to me in a burst of enthusiasm, invoked by some appreciative remarks of mine, betokening a congenial spirit, "that spawtreal wild spawt"-was the guiding star of his existence, and that to enjoy it, unfettered by any of the effete restraints which hedge it in at home, was the chief reason of his leaving his na-

tive shore. We reached our destination at last, and Dare departed to a neighboring hotel with his arsenal and canines. In due time he presented his letters of introduction to various families, was dowing his countenance, assisting at various fashionable functions.

I met him often at the club and elsewhere, and got to like him very much. I gathered from some remarks that fell from him that he was not altogether happy among his fashionable engagements and surroundings, and that he sighed for the hour when he could escape from them into the wilderness and hunt hears Like Lady Clara, Vere in peace. Like Lady Clara Vere de Vere, "the languid light of his proud eye was wearied with the rolling hours," and he counted the moments till the deer-shooting season opened, and till he could fly from the blandishments of dear Jane or charming Gladys

The happy, longed-for day at last arrived. A generous friend had placed his hunting lodge (he being detained at home by important business) at our disposal for the season. It was situated in Northern Algoma, in what was then-and is now-a great game country. So it happened that just fortyeight hours after the opening of the season Dare and I were standing on the porch of the comfortable little rusthe house looking out over the most beautiful little lake in the world. Our four men were bringing packs and baggage from the canoes up to the house with that beautiful calm deliberation and absence of all fussy feverish haste characteristic of the Canadian "half-breed," while in front of us, leaning on his rifle, stood our guide, the redoubtable Kit Todd, best of hunters and trappers between Lake Superior and the Ottawa.

Tom Dare was in the seventh heaven. During his sojourn in Canada he had learned something about the game of the northern part of this continent. He had found out, for instance, that elk and carlbou and not abound in the neighborhood of New York; that buffalo were extinct in Ohio, in Illinois, and in the vicinity of Toronto, Canada. In fact, that they were virtually extinct everywhere in America. Also, that to get big game anywhere in America you had to go a long way back. He quite understood that in the forests he saw clothing in wild beauty the hills around him he could only expect to get a shot at red or Virginia deer, at small game—if he cared to shoot them—as often and as fast as he could fire, with now and then, by good luck, a chance at a bear or moose. "These," he remarked to Kit Todd, the guide, with great magnanimity, "were quite good enough for him. All he asked was to be

led to the fray at once."

This was, of course, impossible, as it was within an hour or so of sunset, and the long black shadows of the hemlocks and birches already stretched far over the glossy waters of the little lake. But very early next morning Kit Todd, moved by Dare's pathetic entreaties, took us out for a short, in-formal still-hunt over the ridges, "to sorter prospect like," as he expressed

Tom's emotions on being at last a denizen of the vast and trackless woods were genuine and uncontrolled. I could appreciate them, for a more glorious October morning never dawned. It was pretty enough by the lake, where our lodge was, the light blue of the water exactly matching the color of the ter exactly matching the color of the sky, while the startlingly wind hues, by comparison, of the brilliant autum-nal foliage of the trees endirching its

hores, made the water seem almost

unreal-like air.

But in the great woods it was grand! The endless contrast of tintsred of the oak against the light yellow of the beeches; the vivid crimson of the maple standing out like a fire on a dark night against a black belt of cedars; the scarlet of the sumach and the gold of the birch; the great white pines and hemlocks, with stems, lifting their changeless mass of dark needles far above the medley gay colors beneath, as if in disdain of their tawdry fickleness—all this wealth and confusion of color was the first thing that struck the intruder into this great temple of nature. And next the silence-or, rather, what seemed a great silence at first, for one soon disc that it was broken by innumerable undertones, the many voices of the great forest, the never-ceasing tokens of the eternal unrest of nature. The creaking of one giant bough against another, the far-off drumming of a grouse, the bark of the red fox, the dropping of a pine cone-even the vague, uncertain descent of a leaf, or the cry of the jay or ivory-billed woodpecker far off in deep melancholy forest, filled one with the idea that here at last were the frontiers of that great wild Nature which man in America is ever driving further and further away. But she-patient and biding her time-will perhaps come back in a few thousands of years and hide him and his works, as has hidden those of many a race and dynasty in the Old World and the New since the earth was young.

Dare felt all these things so much that he asked to be allowed to take care of himself for a while, "to give him the true feeling of solitude," he So Kit and I went along one ridge, and Dare made his way along another running parallel with ours, and about a hundred yards to the right. He hadn't been gone twenty minutes when he put a bullet (45.75 Winchester) through the top of my fore-and-aft cap, which I had foolishly decorated with a deer's tail, an absurdity which almost invited accident when a "tenderfoot" was one of the party.
"That gent with the goggles is out

after meat," said Kit dryly, as he surveyed the two holes. "An' seemin'ly he ain't noways pertic'ler what kind he

Tom's consternation, of course, was extreme, but it was mingled with a sort of injured feeling towards me for not having been a deer. After that Todd accompanied Dare to prevent these little mistakes as to the nature of his game, and also to prevent his indulg-ing in what Todd called "permiskyus gunnin' "-i.e., firing his rifle at partridge, rabbits, etc., which he sho every disposition to do, and which would effectually settle any hope of our even getting sight of a deer. I

went along the parallel ridge alone. There were many deer in the Algoma woods in those days (there are many now, for that matter), so we saw plenty of tracks. Still, I didn't expect much uccess, for several reasons. For one thing, the day was too fine. There was no wind in the woods, and the rustle of our steps in the dead leaves would be audible to the keen hearing of a deer far away. Then there were too many of us. The solitary, silent sportsman is the one that gets game, still-

hunting.
So I was agreeably surprised when, not five minutes after we had separated, Dare and Todd "jumped" a deer from an oak top with the leaves still on, left by lumberers. Todd let drive at it with his single-fire rifle as it made its first long, beautiful bound cut of cover, and, strange to say-for he was a first-rate shot-only scraped its flank. The deer, a spike-buck, went straight away up the ridge in full view, while with frenzied haste and uncertain aim crack! crack! went Tom's re-

The buck was just topping the ridge, about two hundred yards off, when Dare fired a last wild, despairing shot, and the deer gave a great stretching his fore and hind legs stiffly out. Then all its limbs collapsed in mid-air, and it pitched straight forward on its head.

"By gum, sir, you killed him!" yelled the guide, looking at Dare with a wild surprise, similar to that which Mark Twain's musing spider exhibited when he stepped on the red-hot shovel.

But Dare had uttered a long, loud yell of triumph and victory, and was tearing along the ridge, brandishing a murderous-looking knife. We followed, and arrived just in time to prevent his cutting the dead buck's head off on the spot for a trophy. As Todd and I came up the ridge together I heard the guide muttering: "Killed in his tracks! Goin' full lick! Two hundred yards good, an' by a tenderfoot ez takes a man's hat fer a deer! Meeracles ain't

through happenin' yet, by gum!"
The buck was hit in the back of the head, just below the horns. The bullet had passed through the brain and out at the forehead, killing him instantly. It was a ghastly fluke, but a lucky one, for Dare had killed his first deer the very first day out, and fairly too.

We now thought we had done enough for glory that day, especially as our whole outfit had still to be unpacked. Dare, too, was most anxious to get his prey back at once to our hunting-lodge. He seemed to think that it would van ish into thin air if he took his eyes off it for a moment. So with considerable difficulty we dragged the animal back to the lodge.

And for the rest of that day, amidst all the clatter of unpacking, the talk and the chaff, Dare sat silent and happy, his head enveloped in a cloud of tobacco smoke, replying only in monosyllables when addressed. But on his face was a deep, seraphic peace, like that which illumines the countenance of a Sloux or Pawnee chief who has the toward of a livellacting. just succeeded in "collecting" the scalp of his deadliest enemy. For the time his heart's chief desire was realized. He had slain his first deer.

How it Looked to Him.

This is what "Short Stories" tells staunch young churchman who is most careful in his observance of the feasts and fasts of the year: When the owl lunch wagons in Herald Square were still a novelty, he vis-ited New York and saw one for the

"What have we here?" he said to "What a question from you!" was the retort. "A good churchm not to know a movable feast when he

"Oh, I should call it a restaurant la carte," promptly replied the "good thurchman."

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