

PERFECTLY HAPPY MAN.

HE LIVES ABOVE PARADISE IN THE COLORADO MOUNTAINS.

He says he is never so thoroughly content or happy as when he is in the mountains, where he has his only companion—his daily life.

'Yes, I'm happy and contented here,' said the Englishman who always laid stress on the fact that he was English by birth.

'Here' was a cabin built of logs and plastered between the chinks with mud, situated high in the Colorado Mountains and twenty-five miles from a Post Office. It faced on a valley or park of some 2,000 acres, bounded by natural walls of rock with sloping sides dotted with coniferous timber. There were two or three big trout ponds and some 100 acres of hay-meadow and the rest was pasture and creekbed. Trout abounded in the creek although it was only a few feet wide and scarcely knee deep. Deer occasionally came down through the timber that lined the hillside, half a mile below, where the creek turned abruptly into a canon. The only means of access from the outside world to the park was through this canon, where a cattle trail had been converted into a rough wagon track. Most men city bred and educated would be anything but contented in such a spot. But the Englishman explained.

'You see, I'm poor,' he said. 'Poor as the proverbial church mouse from a city point of view. Incidentally I possess the taste of a millionaire's son. I'm only the youngest son of an English gentleman, who was a youngest son himself. I came out to the States when I left school as soon as I realized that it was impossible for me to go to Oxford and entirely probable that I should wind up in the poor house if I didn't do something to earn a living. I couldn't go into trade. One member of the family had tried that and the covert sneers and unconcealed snubs that had been his lot had pointed a moral for me. After a while of cowpunching out here I drifted back to New York. I could not keep within my income. I was always broke, and I wasn't happy or contented. There were a thousand temptations to spend money and a thousand things I wanted to do that I could not afford. And, anyhow, I like the country better than town. So I came out here at the time of the Creede boom. I was too late to do anything in the boom, but I saw this place while I was wandering around, trying to follow leads of ore that were visible for miles, as the prospectors say.

'I saw a chance to make some fish ponds here and as I knew something of pisciculture I took up a homestead. Within a year I was more contented than at any time in my life. I have a few cattle now and I ship fish from my trout pond and get 85 cents a pound for 'em. My income is not a fourth of what it was in New York, but I get lots more genuine happiness out of it. I've cultivated a taste of observing nature at close range. I'm a better man than I ever was before. I never drank to excess nor was I particularly fast in any respect, but I mean that my general moral tone is higher than it used to be. I possess the healthy mind in the healthy body. I read scientific books now where I used to waste time on novels. I get my daily newspaper, seven at a time it's true, and some times fourteen when my neighbor misses his regular weekly trip to town. But I read one every morning at breakfast and it's just the same as if I had just bought the copy from the news boy. I subscribe to two or three magazines and books that attract my attention though the reviews generally find their way to me sooner or later.'

'You never go to town yourself then?' inquired his visitor.

'Mighty seldom. I hate the beastly little hole. Now and then I take a trip into the valley. There are some friends of mine living on ranches there, and I make the round of them and rather enjoy a semi-annual exchange of ideas. I come back here with whatever rust had accumulated in the previous six months rubbed off.'

'Don't you find cooking and caring for yourself a nuisance?'

'Not in the least,' said the ranchman, taking his pipe from his lips. 'I tried keeping a hired man, but that was intolerable. I prefer my own society, especially at meals and in the evenings. My neighbor, who is only three miles away, you know, brings up whatever I need from town. He can be hired occasionally if I need help, but I seldom do. His wife does my washing. I can't say that I like washing things, although I can do it when necessary. I only have two horses and a cow to care for regularly, and they, like the dogs, are a part of the family and I like to attend to them.'

'What do I do in a case of sickness? Haven't been ill a day since I came up here first. That's the beauty of the life. I eat plain but wholesome food. I drink water or cocoa. I seldom touch tea, because it

excites my nerves at the altitude; never coffee. Now and then in winter I take a toddy of Scotch whiskey. Of course, I've had colds and temporary minor ailments, but not a tooth as often as I used to in civilization. I used to get half crazy with nervousness and worrying over nothing in the old days. Now I scarcely realize that I have nerves. Lamentable? No, never! I tell you, I'm pretty good society myself. And so he was. He was up an everything current in the world. He seemed to have kept pace with the growth and evolution of New York and the rest of the United States as well as if he had been in the midst of it. He discussed New York politics as easily as Colorado topics. He inquired about two or three new plays. He had some criticisms to make of the last two novels that made talk. And on the other hand he had learned woodcraft, and he told of the habits of the deer at various seasons, of the best way to bait bear traps, of the time its takes to hatch trout eggs in the spring as compared with river water and of the easiest way to photograph the splendours of the mountains after a spring snowfall. Then he branched off into a discussion of Herbert Spencer's theories on psychology, and wound up by cooking a dinner that included tomato soup, wild duck and venison steak dressed with home-gathered mushrooms.

And when he knocked the ashes out of his pipe preparatory to turning in, a few hours later, and went out for a farewell glance at the stars he breathed a sigh of content that was undoubtedly genuine.

ODD THINGS THAT HAPPEN.

Scene of the Queer Events That Give Variety and Spice to Life.

The meanest thief on record has turned up—or rather hasn't turned up—in Battle Creek, Mich. He broke into the house of a colored man who had died during the day and stole the suit of cloths he was to be buried in.

Little Johnnie Bixby, a three-year-old, of Jackson, Mich., swallowed a six-inch brass chain one day last week, and got over it without any pathetic obituary poetry being written about him.

A Chicago woman, after eight attempts at suicide by hanging, has at last succeeded. The weather was so cold in Kansas last week that a prisoner who broke out of jail over night came back to keep from freezing.

A Londoner, who doesn't smoke, but always takes a cigar when he dines out at dinners has a collection of fifty years' accumulation, all duly labelled and dated.

Mrs. Lottie Bunker, a Chicago wheel lady, has a record of 19,000 miles for last year and 45,000 miles for the past three years. She became Mrs. Bunker before she took to wheeling.

An iceboat, going at the rate of a mile a minute up in the Bar Harbor neighborhood, ran ashore among the rocks and didn't kill her crew. They picked up a cord of tooth-picks, but no iceboat.

Miss Maxwell of Blaine, N. Y., was married last week to Mr. Franz of Williamsport, Pa., over seventy miles of long-distance telephone. The fair lady did it that way in order not to be like other folks.

A Ballville, O., school teacher has been asked to resign because he punished his scholars by making them hold their noses in a small ring he had drawn on the black-board. The punishment came under the head of 'cruel and unusual.'

One firm in Kentucky has this season shipped out of the State 186,000 turkeys, weighed 1,900,000 pounds. Most of them went to Boston.

A slot machine concern in Youngstown, O., says that its profit last year on 200 machines was \$15,000.

A Philadelphia man, pattering after a New York woman, committed suicide last week by packing himself in a trunk and taking poison.

In chopping down a hollow tree near Covington Ind., the other day, the chopper perceived a peculiar odor of gas, and tossing a lighted paper into the hollow there was a flash and a roar, and the tree was destroyed by the flames. It is thought a root penetrated a natural gas pocket.

About this time last year Alexander Bailey, a hale old Hoosier of eighty-eight summers, living near Hillsboro Ind., married Miss Jennie Scott, aged 57 years, and last week Mrs. Bailey became the happy mother of twins. It is needless to remark that Mr. Bailey is the proudest man in the wild woolly West.

Sheriff Palin of Oldham county, Ky., is thrifty. He has a sweetheart in Jeffersonville, Ind., opposite Louisville, and having occasion to go over there last week to borrow a scaffold to hang a negro on up in Oldham, he concluded he would kill two birds with one stone and save an extra trip and expense, and married the girl. He returned with his bride and the scaffold.

An Atchison printer, back from the army, in setting up a musical programme for a Kansas symphony show, got Mozart's Twelfth Mass on the bill as Mozart's Twelfth Massachusetts.

In line with the discussions arising frequently as to the changing of the climate in this latitude, it may be stated that last week a man died in Newark, N. J., of hydrophobia, and a Louisville (Ky.) jury sent a man to the lunatic asylum as the result of a sunstroke.

An order for 160,000,000 feet of lumber has been received at the Vancouver (B. C.) mills for railroad construction in China. It will take six years for the mills to fill it.

An interesting young man of Lima, O., last week shot his sweetheart, his rival and himself in the order named. His act would have been more commendable if he had begun at the other end of the list of fatalities.

The February meeting of the Optimist Club of Cincinnati was presided over by its President, S. M. Felton, in New York.

Advertisement for Surprise Soap, featuring the text 'SURPRISE SOAP' and 'MAKES CHILD'S PLAY OF WASH DAY'.



When a Boy Enters. This school he is not given a text-book with a lot of definitions to learn, as in the old way, but he is put at once to doing business as it is done in the outside world. Send for Catalogue. The Currie Business University, Cor. Charlotte and Princess Streets, St. John, N. B. Telephone 991. P. O. Box 90.

over a long distance telephone. He performed all the functions of the office successfully, and several responses to letters were made by absent members in the same way. Each guest had a telephone receiver at the table. The club was not charged full rates for the service, hence it retains its name.

The X-ray was tried on a little girl of Paulboro, N. J., who has been treated two years for nasal catarrh, and a gutta-serena botton was discovered in her nose. She is better now.

Postmaster Tuttle of Carthage, Mo., after waiting thirty-four years for \$3 26 owed him by the government for one extra day's service as a soldier in the civil war and for clothing, has just received a check for that amount.

An octopus has appeared in Kaw Valley Kan, in the shape of a protective combine of farmers to hold up the price of potatoes. A Cleveland (O.) jury has just decided that 11 o'clock is as late as a young man should sit up courting his girl. That jury is evidently composed of fathers with daughters.

A Kentucky farmer, aged 80 years, has announced himself as candidate for the Legislature.

Two men were standing outside a jeweller's window, admiring the gorgeous display

of glittering gems that lay before them. Presently one of them, pointing to an object in a red plush tray, said—

'Just look at that scarf pin representing a fly. Anyone can tell that's not real.'

'Well, I should think so,' answered his friend.

'Whoever saw a common fly with such a bright appearance? Why, it makes me weary when I think that the jeweller who produced that fondly hoped that someone would purchase it to deceive his friends. If I saw that on a man's scarf I could tell directly that it was emeralded imitation.'

At that moment the object of their condemnation moved across the tray, flew in the air and vanished. The two men looked at each other, gasped, and moved away without a word.

THE DEATHS BADGE

Is Spared to Many a Home, Because Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart Never Fails to Cure Heart Disease—Relief in 30 Minutes.

The pall of death has hovered over many a heart, looking for the last flicker of the candle, and Dr. Agnew's Cure for Heart has stepped between the patient and the grim hand, and nursed the sufferer back to perfect and permanent health. Thos. Petrie, of Aylmer, Que. had heart disease for five years, was unable to work. The doctors gave him up to die many a time. Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart gave him relief in thirty minutes, and four bottles cured him. Sold by E. C. Brown all druggists.

Not Caught Over the Ducks.

This is a lawyer's story of his first trial, in which a farmer accused his neighbor of stealing his ducks. The lawyer was employed by the accused to convince the Court that such was not the case. The plaintiff was positive that his neighbor was guilty of the offence charged, because he had seen his ducks in the defendant's yard.

'How do you know they were your ducks?' asked the lawyer.

'I should know my ducks anywhere,' replied the farmer, giving a description of their various peculiarities, whereby he could distinguish them.

'Why,' said the lawyer, 'those ducks cannot be of such rare breed. I have seen some just like them in my own yard.'

'That's not at all unlikely,' admitted the farmer, 'for they are not the only ducks I have had stolen lately.'

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.

Advertisements under this heading not over five lines (about 35 words) cost 15 cents each insertion. 25 cents extra for every additional line.

AN HONEST ENTERPRISING MAN or woman wanted in every locality in Canada to represent us; our line of goods sell in every house; we give larger commission than any other firm; particular and ample free. The F. B. KANE COMPANY, 125 Wellington Street, Toronto.

RESIDENCE at Roxbury for sale or to rent for the summer months. The property situated on the line property between and a half miles from Roxbury Station and within two minutes walk of the Kennebec Hotel. Rent reasonable. Apply to H. G. Tenney, Barrister-at-Law, Pugsley Building. 24 6-4.

Advertisement for 'Some of Our Students' featuring a circular logo and text: 'Some of Our Students ARE ALREADY ENGAGED and will begin work as soon as their studies are completed. Others, some of them very bright and capable, will be ready for work shortly. Merchants and professional men desiring intelligent and well-qualified book-keepers, stenographers and type writers (male or female) will do well to correspond with us or call upon us. Catalogues of Business and Shorthand Courses mailed to any address.'

Large advertisement for magazines: 'FOUR 4 DOLLARS —YOU CAN HAVE— Progress, —and those popular magazines— Munsey, McClureAND..... Cosmopolitan sent to your address for one year. DON'T MISS IT! You can't AFFORD to miss it, if you have time to read, and want CHEAP and GOOD reading matter. P. S. Old subscribers can secure the magazines upon renewing, for 50c. extra or \$4.50 in all.'