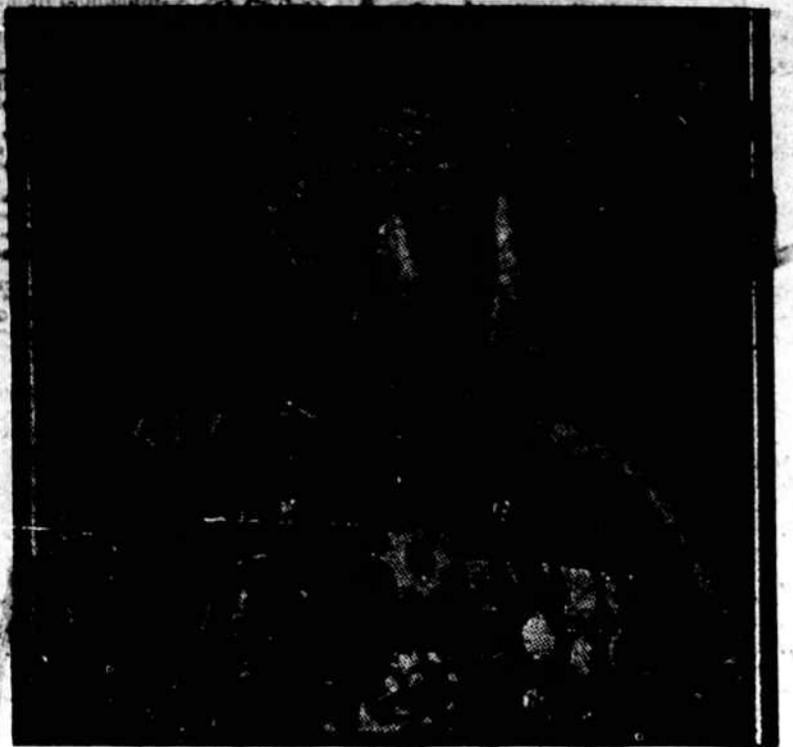
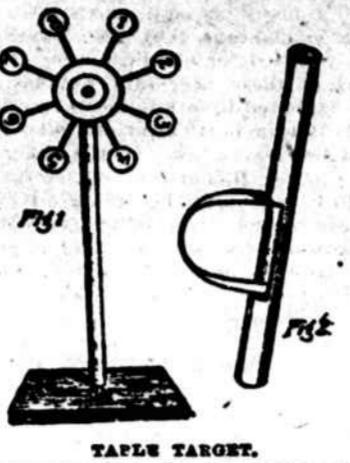


## In the Public Eye.



### TARGET SHOOTING ON THE DINING ROOM TABLE

Figure 1 shows the target cut out of cigar box wood. A circular piece is first cut, about one inch in diameter, and eight small round pieces of card-



board with the numbers 1 to 8 on them are mounted on toothpicks and grouped around it at even distances; the other ends of the toothpicks are then inserted in the sides of the circular piece of wood. The target itself is fastened to a stick of wood about eight inches long, fastened to a stand, as shown in the picture. The gun consists of a paper tube, which is made by winding cardboard well covered with glue, around the stem of a lead pencil. When it is dry, a piece about five inches long is cut off. One and three-quarter inches from one end, we make an incision about two inches long, cutting down to about one-half

inch, and then lay down in the trench to reach in after some coyote pups. He caught one and threw it out, and it is supposed that this frightened his horse, which was tied to a bunch of bear grass near the hole.

The horse making a lunge caused the bank to cave, the dirt falling on the prostrate body of the man, covering his body and head. The dirt caught him with his arms stretched out in front so he could not use them to much advantage, but he managed to work his hands and shove the dirt down the hole until his head was uncovered and he could get air from the top. He lay in this position from 5 o'clock Thursday afternoon till 10 o'clock Sunday morning.—*Kansas City Journal*.

**RESCUE OF A CHILD SLAVE.**

On one of her raids Miss Donaldine Cameron, head of the Presbyterian Chinese mission in San Francisco, whose adventures are told in Everybody's Magazine, followed a five-year-old slave to a Chinese camp in the foothills of the Sierras. She drove ten miles by night with one Healey, a country constable. They bitched the horse outside the gambling-house where the girl was known to be and peeped through a hole in the screen which shielded the door.

The child was sitting on a table, rolling cigarettes for six gamblers who were playing fan-tan. Overthrowing the screen and rushing on the little girl, Miss Cameron snatched her up and Healey held back the gamblers at the point of his revolver. As they backed through the door a Chinese seemed to rise out of the ground. He drew a revolver and fired point blank at Miss Cameron. The Chinese slowness with a gun, traditional in the West, saved her, for Healey had time to strike it up so that the bullet splintered the ceiling.

They drove ten miles to civilization, and all the way Healey kept his revolver in hand against pursuit and attack. That was probably Miss Cameron's closest call.

**IN OPEN BOAT.**

A Toledo man will undertake a trip of 7500 miles in an open boat. The man of this quite extraordinary undertaking is A. Stanley Parker, who has had experience in the past with similar expeditions on a smaller scale.

Parker will start from Toledo on a long and perilous journey by water to Panama. The trip will be by the lake route to Chicago, thence through the Chicago drainage canal to the Illinois River, to the Mississippi, to the Gulf. Then the coast of the Gulf of Mexico will be skirted to Panama.

The trip will be made in an open boat rigged with a leg o' mutton sail. The craft is a fifteen-footer, four feet beam, light but very staunch.

"My object in taking so light a boat," said Mr. Parker, "is to have a craft that I can beach myself, as I will be alone. I expect to sleep ashore most of the time, and must have a boat that I can pull up on the beach without help."

"I will take along a tarpaulin so constructed that I can convert it into a tent. This tent I will pitch anywhere on the beach or shore wherever I may be. I will take along a few clothes, cooking utensils and provisions."

"While in American territory I will not carry much provision, because I can stop in any city along the route and buy from time to time what I need. At Galveston, which will be the last American city of importance on my route, I expect to put in a supply of provisions that will last me until I get to Panama."

"I won't need much, for along the Gulf coast I can sustain life largely upon fish and fruit, which are abundant and cheap there. I expect it will take me at least a year, maybe longer."

"My object is to reach Panama about the time operations begin on the inter-oceanic canal. There is no telling exactly when that will be, but I want to be on the ground at that time."

Mr. Parker has soldiered in the Philippines, "roughed it" many times, and once made a trip in a small boat around the peninsula of Florida.—*Ledo News-Bee*.

**PINEAPPLE EYE CLIP.**

condition or cooked, and the economical and quick removal of the eyes with the ordinary means is impossible.

A pistol-like device with which this is accomplished with celerity and dispatch is shown in the accompanying cut. In use the pineapple is pared and the band of the clip is placed under the eye about one-half inch and then the trigger is pulled, and in its descent it completely cuts out the eye. The trigger, being released, throws out the bite. In this manner the eye is cut out with great economy of the fruit as compared with the usual method of procedure.

**FUEL WITHOUT SMOKE.**

A French naval officer has made it possible, with certain changes in the fireboxes, to burn a fuel in the form of petroleum briquettes, which gives off no smoke. The officer claims his invention will give fuel of which one pound is equivalent to four pounds of coal. The briquettes are made by adding to petroleum oil, for each liter, 150 grammes of ground soap, 150 grammes of resin, and 300 grammes of caustic soda lye. This mixture is first heated and stirred until near solidification, when it is poured into molds, which in turn are then placed in an oven for ten or fifteen minutes, and the briquettes are ready for use after cooling for a few hours. Greater solidity may be obtained by the addition of a little quantity of sawdust and a little clay or sand.—*New York Times*.

**A BATTLEFIELD JOKE.**

To look at Gen. Jack Hayes it seems almost incredible that he could have served for forty-eight years in the United States Army, because he seems no older than that. In narrating some of his experiences recently, the general said:

"I was in a hot fight with the Indians out in Western Texas in 1859, in which Fitzhugh Lee received an arrow in his side from the bow of a Comanche chief. Not one of his men who crowded about him expected he would live. His look was so ghastly, his voice so faint, that we expected every breath would be his last. My heart was nearly broken, for I had the same warm liking for him then I have ever since cherished."

"While we stood in a mournful group around him, one of the boys remarked, at the same time exhibiting his hat, with a bullet hole through the

top: 'They've got the lieutenant, and if the bullet that made this had gone two inches lower, I'd been a dead man, too.'

"At last Fitz Lee opened his eyes just a fraction, and as the ghost of a smile played around on his pallid face, observed: 'Jim, you needn't try to impose any such yarn as that on us. You got behind a tree and shot that hole in your hat yourself.'

"Then and there I knew that Fitz Lee wasn't going to die. A man who had life enough left to joke was sure to get well."—*Washington Post*.

There are 13,000 to 15,000 street casualties which call for the use of an ambulance in London every year.

**JOHN F. WALLACE,**  
He has been appointed Chief Engineer of the Panama Canal. Mr. Wallace has been General Manager of the Illinois Central Railroad.

### PLUCK, ROMANCE, AND ADVENTURE.

**GLAMIS CASTLE MYSTERY.**

During the celebration of the gold wedding of the Earl and Countess of Strathmore, more will once more excite speculation as to the gloomy mystery which has burdened his lordship's house for many generations, says the London Chronicle. This secret, which is in some way connected with Glamis Castle, the family seat in Forfarshire, has never been shared by more than three persons. It is known to the earl and the factor of the estate, and is communicated to his heir-apparent when he has completed his twenty-first year. For this purpose the young man is for the first time introduced into the hidden chamber, the knowledge of which is part of the secret. No entreaties or inducements have ever persuaded one of the trusted three to break the strange bough which seals his lips. It is related that one countess anxious to ease the mind of her lord by sharing his sorrow, implored the factor to tell her all. He replied, "My lady, if you could guess even the nature of this secret, you would go down on your knees and thank God that you are ignorant of it."

Popular fancy has played with the mystery in its usual wild and irrational fashion. None of the suggested solutions of the problem are at once possible and sufficient. Among the superstitions Scotch countryfolk it is actually believed that at one period "a human toad," whatever that may be, endowed with immortality, was born in the house of Strathmore, and that this unpleasant creature is the denizen of the hidden chamber. Another story has it that the secret room holds the bones of a band of prisoners, who, in Scotland's stormy days, were immured there and starved to death. A very circumstantial story would appear to indicate the key of the mystery would lie in visible material form in the hidden apartment. A workman, it is said, who was engaged in repairing the roof of Glamis, suddenly left his occupation and returned to earth with considerable rapidity. He requested to be allowed to see the earl, with whom he had a long interview. From this he departed to his home, and after a few days, in which he had made preparations for his journey without holding any unnecessary converse with any one, he set out for the other side of the world with a comfortable annuity in his pocket. It is also told that on one occasion, when a Lord and Lady Strathmore were paying an afternoon visit, some guests who were staying at the castle resolved to probe the mystery to the bottom. Making a tour of rooms, they hung a towel or handkerchief out of every window they could discover. They then walked around the castle, and lo! there was one casement from which no signal flew. Nor could the most careful search within the rambling building discover either where the window was or how there could be any apartment to which it could afford light.

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**THE MAN WHO WILL BUILD THE PANAMA CANAL.**

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