THE QUEENSTOWN NEWS.

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College hazing seems to be crowding football pretty hard this year for the educational morality honors, observes the Detroit Journal.

The Richmond Times-Dispatch, says: "The military fence which Russia is planning to throw about Poland will not be constructed from native Poles."

Some men are born rich, some achieve riches, and some are related to presidents of insurance companies, remarks the Saturday Evening Post.

None of the dictionaries is late enough to define "graft," but the people of the United States know what it is, asserts the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Three burglars in New York claim to have robbed 400 homes. It's a great record, thinks the Montreal Star, but it looks dim beside the record of three insurance companies who have touched about 4,000,000 homes.

A director of the Steel Trust asserts that a salary of $100,000 a year is not too much for the right man in the right place. Yes; and every man who works for a salary has a firm conviction that he is the right man, comments the Washington Post.

With students of an Illinois college tying a fellow-student to a railway [illegible] and students of a Connecticut [illegible] greasing the rails on a dangerous curve, says the Kansas City Journal, we can begin to understand how so much deviltry is committed by college students in Germany, Russia and other European countries.

Here is the stern, dark problem that confronts New England—a steadily and swiftly increasing foreign invasion and a constantly decreasing native force to cope with it. All of which means that if our local conferences are to stand the strain and are to successfully meet thesituation the church at large must come to their aid, avows Zion's Herald.

The Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott, in his address at the annual meeting of the Associated Charities on the causes of poverty, gave them as social and industrial wrong, individual sin and crime and misfortune, relates the Boston Herald. These comprehend a wide field, but they do not cover the whole ground. Idleness and shiftlessness deserve to be mentioned in the category. They are rather more common causes of want and suffering than those contained in Dr. Abbott's schedule.

The pace this nation has taken, as the mightiest organized industrial force on earth, in a land area best fitted for industrial effort, is rapid, no doubt; it makes those dizzy who, like Mr. Choate, can stand a little at one side and see the never-ending rush, but no one needs conjecture that there will not be minds enough and bodies enough and nerves enough and brains enough to carry it all on. It is our part of the world, continues the Hartford Courant—it is our instinctive and natural line of effort—and there is no doubt that we shall keep at it with fidelity that comes from natural preference, and with the ability that increasing practice and the conclusive tests of success or failure inevitably produce.

Desertions from the United States Army are very properly causing anxiety among the military authorities at Washington, asserts the Boston Globe. Last year there were 6523 desertions, a slightly larger average than for the preceding three years. A contemporary suggests as a remedy that the pay of enlisted men in the army should be increased to $20 a month. The Globe has called attention heretofore to the small pay, not only of soldiers, but of sailors, and believes that increased compensation for them would correct many evils in the military and naval service. The pay of $13 a month, unchanged for a generation, is insufficient for these times. Better pay and better treatment of the men will stop desertions quicker than anything else. It is up to Congress to give soldiers and sailors a "square deal," otherwise the army and navy will deteriorate sadly in numbers and efficiency.

Charles M. Manly, who was for several years associated with Professor Langley in experiments which had an unfortunate termination, believes that a large sphere of usefulness is open to flying machine, says the New York [illegible] In an address to the recent [illegible] Aero Club in New York [illegible] other night he said that the [illegible] would probably prove as serviceable to mankind as the steamboat, the locomotive or any other modern vehicle. Few persons who are not aeronautic enthusiasts will accept this estimate. That a self-propelled airship will facilitate the exploration of hitherto inaccessible places and will [illegible] the possibilities of military reconnoissance is beyond the question; [illegible] graphical research certainly is [illegible] more so, perhaps, than advance [illegible] the art of war. But the [illegible] not possibly derive such [illegible] practical benefits from the [illegible] from cheap means of [illegible] the masses. A much [illegible] ber of people will [illegible] an automobile, and [illegible] cannot be said to [illegible] a human need.

THE BREAKING PLOW.

I am the plow that turns the sod
That has lain for a thousand years;
Where the prairie's wind tossed flowers nod
And the wolf her wild cub rears,
I come, and in my wake, like rain,
Is scattered the golden seed;
I change the leagues of lonely plain
To fruitful gardens and fields of grain
For men and their hungry breed.

I greet the earth in its rosy morn,
I am first to stir the soil,
I bring the glory of wheat and corn
For the crowning of those who toil;
I am civilization's seal and sign,
Yea, I am the mighty pen
That writes the sod with a pledge divine,
A promise to pay with bread and wine
For the sweat of honest men.

I am the end of things that were,
And the birth of things to be;
My coming makes the earth to stir
With a new and strange decree;
After its slumbers, deep and long,
I waken the drowsy sod,
And sow my furrow with lifts of song
To glad the heart of the mighty throng
Slow feeling the way to God.

A thousand summers the prairie rose
Has gladdened the hermit bee,
A thousand winters the drifting snows
Have whitened the grassy sea;
Before me curls the wavering smoke
Of the Indian's smouldering fire,
Behind me rise—was it God who spoke?
At the toil enchanted hammer's stroke,
The town and the glittering spire.

I give the soil to the one who does,
For the joy of him and his,
I rouse the slumbering world that was
To the diligent world that is;
Oh, Seer with vision that looks away
A thousand years from now,
The marvelous nation your eyes survey
Was born of the purpose that here to-day
Is guiding the breaking plow!

—Nixon Waterman, in Success.

BABILLA

By C. A. STEPHENS

THE Market Street Ferry Station is to San Francisco what Brooklyn Bridge is to New York, the great artery of its life tides, morning and evening. Of the thousands who foregather here, not a few must know Babilla—laughing-eyed little Babilla, who sells flowers. She has been there for a year or more, but her home was far down the coast of Central America, and the story of her coming to San Francisco is a strange one.

San Jose de Gautemala is the seaport on the west coast of the sadly misgoverned little republic of that name. San Jose itself consists merely of a rusty iron pier, a few warehouses, the consulates, and a ramshackle railway station. There is no harbor, merely a long, straight shore-line of disintegrating sandstone, with the whole Pacific Ocean outside. Harbors are few and far between along that dreary coast.

Behind, thirty miles inland, rise the grand cones of Agua and Atitlan, the twin volcanoes of Guatemala, 12,000 feet in height, descending in a magnificent sweep to where Old Guatemala lies in ruins.

A little narrow gauge railroad extends from San Jose up into the country to New Guatemala, the capital. The business of the line is chiefly to bring down coffee for shipment by steamer to Panama and San Francisco.

The steamers—those of the German Cosmos line and of the Pacific Mail line—have to anchor three-quarters of a mile offshore, and when the weather permits, take in or discharge cargo by means of lighters of from twenty to forty tons' burden.

These craft are rigged for stepping a mast, and carry a sheaf of long oars, but are usually towed back and forth from the steamers to the pier by a small tug—the only steam vessel owned by Guatemala. Each lighter has its name painted at the bows.

When there are no steamers in port they lie at anchor, or tied to buoys, just offshore. Great care must be taken in securing them, for if they go adrift a refluent undercurrent of the vast, heaving, restless expanse draws them away. In a few hours they disappear to seaward, and in some cases have never been seen or heard of afterward. The Pacific has taken them. Either they are swamped at sea in storms, or drift to the shores of distant islands or continents.

It was here at San Jose-on-the-Coast that little Babilla Mais lived and gained a livelihood by coming off to steamers to sell to the passengers green Mexican parrots with yellow heads, also frijoles and sea-shells, but chiefly parrots.

Down at La Union, on the Gulf of Fonseca, and at La Libertad the parrot girls come off in canoes. But here at San Jose the sea is too rough for canoes, and the jefe of the port allowed Babilla a nook in the stern of the lighter Amiga for her pole of parrots and her rush basket of shells and frijoles.

When a steamer came down the coast, and the Amigo had gone off to it with a thousand sacks of coffee, then Babilla's mellow little voice might be heard raised entreatingly, and her small brown face be seen upturned to the high rail, her black hair bound back with a red fillet, as she cried:

"Loros! Loros bonitos! Habladores! Tres pesos solamente! Loritos dulces!" (Parrots! Pretty parrots! Such talkers! Only three dollars apece! Such sweet little dears!)

Then she would add, in most endearing, low accents, "Do buy a bird of me!"

The parrots, climbing clumsily on their pole, would reach forward and take orange seeds from Babilla's small mouth, or nestle up to her cheek. But they would bite the nose off any one else quickly enough.

Babilla's brother, Pedrillo, caught the parrots in the forests on the mountainside, and it was a joyful day when these children could sell one for three silver dollars—or it would have been but for Pablo Mais, their father, who was a lazy fellow with a thirst for mescal, and moreover a gambler and a scamp. Pablo laid heavy tribute on all the parrot money.

On March 13, last year, Babilla had been off all day alongside the Pacific Mail steamer City of Sydney, and had sold two parrots. The lighter did not get its cargo out until after dark. When finally it was towed back empty to its buoy, Babilla did not wish to go ashore. The Werra of the Cosmos line was looked for early the next morning.

The real reason, perhaps, was that she and Pedrillo did not wish their father to take the money from them. They wanted to buy food and clothes with it, and they had planned that if Babilla had sold more than one parrot she was to remain on the lighter until after dark, and that Pedrillo was to come off in a boat and get the money to buy the things they needed.

Not later than 8 o'clock that evening Pedrillo went off to the lighter and got the money from Babilla. He carried her a tortilla and some oranges for her parrots, of which she still had five left.

When he had gone Babilla fed her parrots, and settled herself comfortably on some coffee sacks in the deep [illegible] to pass the night. March nights are warm at San Jose, where the pole-star shows but a hand's breadth above the northern horizon. The great swell of the Pacific slowly rocked the lighter, heaving it ponderously at its anchorage; but Babilla was used to the Pacific swell. She felt quite safe out there, and fell asleep as she lay giving little conversation lessons to her green birds.

And that was the last seen of Babilla or the lighter Amigo at San Jose de Guatemala!

What happened was something like this:

The Amigo slipped its cable and drifted out to sea, probably as early as 10 or 11 o'clock that night. But as it rose on the swells, much as when at anchor, Babilla slept till 4 or 5 o'clock the next morning.

A flying-fish, falling into the lighter with a spatter of water on her face, wakened her. Opening her eyes, she saw the white-finned little creature flopping about, and that seemed strange to Babilla, for flying-fish are usually met with out at sea. Hastily she climbed up the inside cleats of the lighter and looked over the rail.

The great volcanoes looming against the already brightening east were what she first saw. San Jose, with its pier and warehouses, was already below the horizon. All round her heaved the open ocean, with two sea-gulls hovering over, their bright eyes turned inquisitively down upon her.

Babilla knew instantly what had happened; she had often heard of lighters going adrift. Terrible fear fell on her. The great oars, the mast and sail, all were beyond her strength. There was nothing that she could do in that huge, clumsy lighter but feed her parrots and husband her little stack of frijoles.

And that was the beginning of Baballa's voyage of nearly five days. The vagrant ocean current was bearing the lighter northward instead of the south, as was conjectured at San Jose; and for this reason, probably, the tug failed to fall in with it.

About noon that day Babilla saw a sail at a great distance. It may have been one of the fishing boats.

Toward night the mountains looked misty and farther off. The next morning they were still in sight, but more to the southeast. The weather was calm; the Amigo rose and fell lazily on the great swells.

Babilla had four of the six oranges which Pedrillo had brought her. The tortilla she had eaten, but her little stack of five or six round frijoles was still in her rush basket, and out astern there was a bucket containing three or four quarts of not very clean, fresh water, from which the lightermen had drunk the previous day. Such were Babilla's "provisions" for her voyage!

When I asked her whether she had felt very much alarmed or very lonely, Babilla turned silent, as if it were painful to talk of it. As yet she does not speak English fluently.

"I did a tiburon see!" she exclaimed, after a pause; and that I found was a shark, which swam round the lighter with its back fin out of water.

Babilla thought that this shark heard her parrots screaming, for she attempted to husband her oranges giving them but one that day, with the result that they squalled constantly, and evinced so strong a disposition to fly out of the lighter that she tied each by the leg to the pole.

With the five parrots screeching inside the heaving lighter and a shark coursing round outside it, life on the Amigo was not exactly jolly.

The night following was quite uneventful, the parrots being more quiet after it grew dark, even on short rations. They began again at daybreak, however, and were but slightly appeased by an orange. When Babilla essayed to break her own fast, on a frijole, they squalled frightful remonstrances, bit the pole, and tugged at their strings.

The uproar they made called down an unlooked-for response. With a whistling scream, a large, fierce-looking bird suddenly made its appearance, and alighted on the rail above Babilla's head. She cried out to frighten it away, but the big bird dashed at her parrots, and then rose with a mighty flap of its broad wings, clutching a wildly shrieking parrot in the talons of each foot—the strings snapping like threads! The bird was perhaps an eagle at sea, and hungry from long fasting.

After a flight round the lighter, the eagle again settled near the bows, to tear the parrots in pieces and eat them. With a fragment of a boat pole that lay in the bottom, Babilla attacked and drove the savage bird away. But it constantly returned to alight on the rail—probably because it had no other place to go. In the end the girl was obliged to witness the progress of its gory meal off her pets.

Not until it had finished did the eagle soar away and leave her in peace. Pole in hand, she watched for its return during much of the remainder of the day.

As an evidence that parrots possess considerable intelligence, I record Babilla's statement that the three survivors afterward remained very quiet and subdued, scarcely venturing to squall.

That night the sea was rougher for several hours, with wind from the southeast. The lighter rocked and plunged violently. At daylight Babilla could barely distinguish the two volcanoes, now low in the dim blue distance. The lighter was drifting farther and farther to sea.

One of the parrots died that forenoon. Babilla had fallen asleep, for during the night the sea had been too rough to sleep. When she waked, the parrot was hanging head downward, by his string, quite dead, having fallen off the pole.

Toward afternoon the sea became unusually smooth, and Babilla again fell asleep. A dash of water into the lighter waked her, and she heard a moaning sound that seemed to come from the water beneath. Climbing up to the rail, she was greatly alarmed to see the back of a huge creature roll up out of the sea close at hand. It was larger than the lighter.

This one had no more than gone down when another rose near by, and with a soft, whistling sound sent a white jet of water high in the air. It was a whale blowing. The lighter was in the midst of a school of whales. They were rising and spouting on all sides.

One of them seemed curious, and poked the lighter with his big head repeatedly. Then it sounded, and in doing so hurled up torrents of water, most of which came in over the rail in one huge douche! Babilla's terror can hardly be described. But the whales did not long accompany the lighter, and did it no injury.

Early in the morning of the fifth day Babilla was asleep when the Cosmos line steamer Aleue, bound from Mazatlan to San Francisco, sighted the lighter, and coming alongside, took it in tow. The German sailors were astonished at finding Babilla aboard, and made a great deal of her and her parrots. She had the best the ship afforded.

Six days later Babilla reached San Francisco. Naturally she wished to go home, and the captain promised to take her back to San Jose on his next trip south.

But this was before she had been ashore. When the Aleue was in port Babilla went and came as she pleased, and the Sisters of a convent induced her to go home with them. She sold her "talker" parrot for twenty dollars and the other for ten; and strange to say, she entirely changed her mind about going back!

Babilla found San Francisco a very satisfactory place in which to live. Now she is saving her money to send for Pedrillo.—Youth's Companion.

SCIENCE & MECHANICS

A silver solution, called collargol, has been used successfully in Germany in the treatment of appendicitis.

An Englishman in Paris named Crabbe has invented a paper waistcoat, which is designed as a protection against chills. The garment weighs only an ounce and a half, and can be folded so as to go into an ordinary envelope.

A device has been patented in Australia whereby a number of radial or curved V-sectioned vanes of blades are disposed between the hub and rim of the wheel of a cycle for the purpose of assisting the propulsion of the vehicle by means of the air currents induced by the vanes.

The Paris Journal offers prizes to makers of automobiles for (1) a field gun mounted on an automobile carriage; (2) an automobile wagon for the rapid transport of field pieces mounted on the carriage at present in use, and (3) an automobile wagon for bringing up provisions and ammunition.

Tinfoil as a wrapping material for fatty matters and other articles is being largely replaced in Germany by a kind of parchment paper coated with aluminum. The aluminum is made to adhere by spirit varnish and pressing by rollers, and the so-called aluminum paper is cheaper than tinfoil.

An inventive genius has patented a detachable fur collar for overcoats, and some local clothing manufacturers think highly of it. It fastens over the permanent collar with flaps, and when adjusted it would puzzle an expert to detect its on and off feature. The economy herein presented is obvious.

He Was Patient.

Bishop Ellison Capers, in an address at Columbus, S. C., praised the virtue of patience.

"We may have industry," he said, "sobriety, ambition — all the virtues that make for success, and yet without patience we will accomplish nothing.

"A young man was overheard on a street corner the other night reproaching a young girl. The young man was patient. He had so highly developed this excellent quality that I shall not be surprised some day to see him a millionaire, a college president or even a bishop.

"The young man said, as the young girl drew near him, on the corner:

"'What a time you have kept me waiting.'

"The girl tossed her head.

"'It is only 7 o'clock,' she said, 'and I didn't promise to be here till a quarter of.'

"The young man smiled a calm and patient smile.

"'Ah, yes,' he said, 'but you have mistaken the day. I have been waiting for you since last evening.'"—Cleveland Leader.

The Ideals.

Said one traveler to the other, "Highwaymen!—they might shoot me as full of holes as a sieve, but I'd never hold up my hands. A man is a coward to do that."

Said the other, "Well, if anyone had a gun on me, I'd give him anything, or do anything he wanted. A man is a fool to refuse."

Just then the train stopped with a jerk, and a big man with a revolver said, "Gentlemen, I'll trouble you for your valuables," and both of them gave up their purses.

Which of these two, thinkest thou, went down to his house justified rather than the other? He that bragged of a star he did not own, or he that stuck his nose in the dirt, and called it the best there is?—Bolton Hall, in Life.

Pluck and Adventure.

MAROONED IN THE DESERT.

AFTER being marooned in the desert by his burros stampeding in search of feed and after nearly perishing in a sandstorm, besides suffering terribly from the heat and thirst, J. D. Neville, of this city, still has such faith in the gold-bearing district surrounding the famous Death Valley that he is planning to return to it for a second prospecting trip.

Mr. Neville, who is manager of the Free Coinage Gold Mining Company, of Cripple Creek, and resides at No. 836 Ogden street, this city, has just returned from a trip through Death Valley, where so many prospectors have met their fate. It was a trip fraught with peril at every step, yet Mr. Neville and William Hurley, also a well-known Colorado prospector, covered practically every foot of the mineralized district surrounding Death Valley, and were so impressed with what they saw that they are planning to return.

"That place is rightly named," said Mr. Neville. "Many people have perished there, and it is a wonder that more have not died in the valley. The heat is something terrific. Around Salt Creek and Furnace Creek is about the lowest and hottest place. Why, last May we suffered with the thermometer at 135 in the shade, and it was 163 degrees at midnight when we were on Furnace Creek. Our hands and faces swelled up like roasted meat, and the hot winds almost burned out our eyes. It is only within the last few days that my hands have resumed anywhere near their normal size, and now they are blistered and cracked.

"One of the most exciting experiences we had was at Breyfogle's tank, when our burros left us and went back twenty miles in search of feed before we caught them. There was water, but no feed at Breyfogle's. Of course, the great question in the valley is getting water. At Salt Creek, for instance, there is a barrel sunk in the earth, and if you find it the water is good for stock, but not for man. We were unable to find this barrel. I carried a canteen that held about a gallon and a half, but that would last a man only about three hours.

"We found that heavy woolen underwear was the best. It would remain wet and the evaporation would keep you cool so you could stand the heat better.

"The sandstorms are treacherous and the cause of many deaths. The sand drifts with the least excuse just like snow. It piles up in hills that change the whole character of the landscape and make you lose the trails, so that sometimes you travel a dozen miles to go five or six miles between springs. The sand covers the springs and you have to dig several feet to find water. Most of the prospectors meet death from Surveyors' wells, south. The Colorado men, Titus and Wells, were found by a party on the way to these wells.

"We had a narrow escape by being caught in a sandstorm while going from the Hole in the Rock to Stovepipe Springs. We got out of our way about six miles, and when the storm caught us, about 2 in the afternoon, we could hardly see our hands in front of our faces. We sought shelter behind a sand hill and mesquite bush and had to remain there until after sundown. The burros were unable to take a step while the storm was in progress.

"The country surrounding Death Valley is all heavily mineralized, and what it needs is men to do some work. There has been some prospecting, but the country now needs some one to get below the surface and develop what probably will mean a great big camp.

"I met lots of friends of the now famous 'Scotty,' Walter Scott, the cowboy miner who makes the record-breaking railroad trips at Ballarat. None of them knows where his mine is, although they know of several of his camps and claims. Most people in that country surmise that 'Scotty' has found the caches of robbers who operated on the stage lines in the early days. Others believe that he is paid for advertising by the railroads. Anyway, no one seems to know of his selling any large amounts of ore.

"Prospectors are going into Death Valley rapidly now, for the winter is the best time. They are talking of building a mill at Bullfrog and the surveyors of the Clark Road told us that they expected to get a line into Bullfrog from Las Vegas by August next. Then the indications are that it will be a big camp. There is plenty of ore there now, but nothing under $150 a ton is worth shipping at present.

"To show you the difference in the country up there, Telescope Mountain, on the western edge of the Valley, is 10,963 feet high, while the sink of Amorgosa, in the south-central part of the valley, is forty-five feet below sea level."—Denver Times.

MARTIN'S SKITTISH MARE.

Sunday evening, about 7.30, when returning home from her father's, Charley Martin and family had what might have been a very serious accident. It was bad enough, however, but only through providence that it was no worse. Just as they came to the line between Mr. Stark's and Will Fry's they met Ed Cripe and his two daughters walking to church, and the horse got frightened at them. It was supposed that when she gave the first jump that the "fill" strap broke, and that let the buggy run on her, which scared her worse than ever. The dashboard of the buggy was broken out, and Charley was jerked out—he hardly knew how. When Mrs. Martin realized the situation she picked Cora up and threw her out, being careful not to get her again a telephone post. Just after this she met William J. Miller and family, who were on the way to church. She was quiet, never making a sound. Then she prepared to get out herself and jumped, her head coming only about three feet from Joe Steele's mail box. Swigart Miller was the first to reach her, and said she looked as [illegible] gone, but when she [illegible] cold water was put [illegible] to and was able to [illegible] spring [illegible] cousin, Mrs. Ann Terwilegar, came up and spoke to her, and only then did she fully recover from the shock. Cora was very slightly hurt and Mr. Martin got a bad bruise on his head, and his right limb was injured so that he limped when trying to walk. Of course all were more or less shaken up. The crystal on Mr. Martin's watch was broken right in his pocket. But what became of the horse? you say. She kept on her way home until just west of Ed Stark's house, when she met Homer Cohun, and both turned to the left, and Homer was then next to the wire fence. The wheels of the two buggies locked, which stopped the progress.—Beatrice (Neb.) Times.

NOT GUILTY.

An earthquake is a phenomenon of nature not likely to be treated with disrespect, still less with indignity. Nevertheless, an Englishman, writing in the London Mail relates that within twenty-four hours after his arrival in India he tried to kick one. He was in Lahore, that famous capital of the Punjab, whose picturesque turrets and temples suffered severely in the recent disastrous Indian earthquake, when he became aware of an annoying unsteadiness in the furniture.

"Imagining that it was one of the dogs rubbing against the leg of the table at which I sat writing," he says, "I reached for it with my foot several times; and it was only when I looked under the still shaking table and saw nothing there that I realized my inability to stop terrestrial commotion."

An American lady who resided for some years in Mexico has a tale to tell of her first encounter with an earthquake.

She is the mother of two lively young sons. One day they had been especially obstreperous, and did not grow quieter as the time for her siesta and theirs approached. After rousing her from her nap two or three times by their antics, she gave them fair warning that if there was any further commotion severe punishment would result.

Again she dropped into sleep. Suddenly she found herself broad awake and on her feet, with sounds of banging still in her ears, and the room quivering as from the fall of a heavy piece of furniture. The boys, scared and guilty-looking, were in the doorway. She seized the nearest, reversed him, and had him half-spanked before the excited protests of his brother penetrated to her brain through his anguished howls. Then she became aware that she was spanking him for an earthquake.

Apologies were duly offered, and the injured one was comforted with candy and caresses; but earthquakes are more than usually unpopular in that family.

THROUGH BLAZING FOREST.

Mel Whittier, the Mooretown stage driver, with two passengers aboard his stage, had the most thrilling ride of his life yesterday—one which he would not care to take again under any circumstances, says the Oroville correspondent of the Sacramento (Cal.) Bee.

The forest fires that have been sweeping over the Mooretown, Enterprise and Hurleton regions have devastated an area of forty miles square and are still burning fiercely. When he left Mooretown yesterday there was some doubt in his mind as to whether he could come through the burning district, but he finally decided to get the United States mail through, if possible.

Two mining men and a Chinaman were his passengers. At Enterprise he was informed the worst part of his trip was to come, and the Chinaman declared he would go no farther. The two mining men decided to take the risk with him.

After reaching the top of Stringtown Hill the flames were sweeping each side of the road, the dense undergrowth burning furiously. For several miles Whittier realized it would be a race for life, but if no trees had fallen across the road there was a one in 100 chance of getting through unharmed. As it was, he could not turn back; he was surrounded by flames in every direction.

MOTORMAN'S QUICK WIT.

William L. Walsh, a motorman on the New York and Queens electric road, stopped a team of horses hitched to a brewery wagon in Steinway avenue, Long Island City, just in time to prevent them plunging into a crowd of children playing in front of the Steinway school at Graham avenue.

The team, which belonged to the Central Brewing Company, ran from Broadway and Steinway avenue. Michael Murphy, an iceman, tried to stop them, but was knocked down and badly shaken up.

Walsh was on his car a block away. He had just run slowly through the crowd of children in front of the school and realized the danger as he saw the team coming. He stopped his car and threw his overcoat in the faces of the horses. That checked them until he had grasped their bits. He was dragged fifty yards, but stopped the team.—New York Tribune.

Fulvous Tree Duck in Washington.

Newspaper reports on natural history matters are proverbially untrustworthy, yet often are worth investigating. An item appearing in a recent issue of the Seattle Post-Intelligencer is of this character. The fulvous (Dendrocygna fulva) tree duck is a tropical and sub-tropical species found in Mexico, parts of California and Nevada, Louisiana and Texas. Its occurrence so far north as Washington would be very surprising. The item says:

The first specimen of the fulvous tree duck ever killed north of British French and Dutch Guiana was shot a few days ago by Phil. Locke of Aberdeen, near Grays Harbor. The bird has been stuffed, and is now in the possession of the hunter who killed it, and is prized as a rare trophy by him.

The creature is very much like the American wood duck, recognized as one of the most beautiful of birds. In color it is light brown on the breast and a beautiful mottled brown on the back. In shape it is much the same as the American wood duck, but is considerably more leg[illegible]

London's first Tu[illegible] original contri[illegible]

LONDON .·. DETECTIVES

STORIES AND ANECDOTES OF FOUR CLUE-FINDERS.

THE public, as a rule, little knows of the detectives who handle great cases. Their names may be known all over the world, but they are naturally careful to preserve their incognito on all occasions. The first thing that strikes any one who meets them is their remarkable difference from all preconceived ideas. Below are given four character sketches of the cleverest detectives in London, written by one who has had many opportunities of observing their methods. Among them are Mr. Frank Froest, the man of many narrow escapes, and Chief Inspector Fox, who has been working on the Tunnel murder mystery. For obvious reasons we do not publish their photographs.

Chief Inspector Frank Froest is the best-known detective in England, and one of the most famous detectives in the world.

When the long arm of Scotland Yard has to be extended to the far parts of the earth, it is Mr. Frank Froest who catches the boat-train at Charing Cross or Euston and journeys across continents after the man who is eventually to be charged at Bow street.

He has been on the hunt for men through Europe, in North and South America. "Froest of the Yard" is a well-dressed debonair man, of the age round about forty, with deep-set blue eyes, sparkling with the fun of a boy.

He is groomed to perfection, is never in a hurry, has a pleasant word for the most casual acquaintances and a witty story for those he knows a little better.

He brought Dr. Jameson back to England after the famous raid, and he arrested Jabez Balfour in South America. These are only two incidents in a career filled with adventures that never reach the light. A careless man about town, with nothing to do, the unobservant stranger would say.

Never was a greater mistake.

Those white, delicate-looking hands, with their manicured nails, are said to be strong enough to bend a sixpence double. Those blue eyes are not always smiling, and those who have met him in the way of "business" will tell you there is no more resolute man in any kind of encounter, no man quicker in resource or cooler in action.

Here is the story of one of his escapes: A notorious French criminal in London was shadowed for days by Inspector Froest and his assistants.

Presently the time was ripe for his arrest, and on that day, when the Frenchman called a cab on the Embankment and stepped into it, a well-dressed gentleman in the person of Inspector Froest stepped in and told him he was under arrest. The Frenchman accepted the situation with philosophy. On the way to the station he chatted in a friendly way. "You've had a narrow escape, Froest," he said.

"I have known for days that you were shadowing me, and I have known that though I had perfect freedom I could go nowhere without being followed by you or your men; that I would sleep in no house which was not surrounded by unobtrusive watchers. There was no escape, and it got on my nerves and nearly drove me mad.

"I determined to kill myself and you. You remember strolling along behind me in Piccadilly? I saw you. I stood in a doorway near Piccadilly Circus, and with my hand on a loaded revolver in my pocket decided to shoot you when you came abreast of me, and then to shoot myself. But you did not come right along to me; your turned up the passage leading to Vine street. That saved your life.

"Yes," said the inspector, "I had a man to pick you up at the Circus. We weren't leaving you." The Frenchman smiled, and he and the detective chatted away till the police station was reached.

Point is given to Mr. Froest's escape by the fact that the Frenchman is now serving in a French penal establishment for the murder of a companion in Paris.

Once the detective went to Australia to arrest a celebrated swindler named T——, who, amongst other things, was a brilliant and successful card sharper. Mr. Froest brought him back to England.

On the way back the card sharper told the detective many of his experiences. Here is one of them: "When I got to Australia I went up to one of the mining camps, where I was looked upon as a new chum with plenty of money.

"The day after my arrival two of the local sharps, taking me for a pigeon, suggested a game of cards, and I agreed.

"I saw their game almost at once. I rang the bell loudly for the waiter, stopping the game till his arrival. When he came I said, 'Waiter, bring these gentlemen a pot of paint and a brush.'

"'What for?' said the other two players.

"'Oh!' I said, holding up a couple of cards, 'you've marked some of the cards, but not all of them. I thought, perhaps, you would like to finish the lot.'"

Inspector Drew, of Vine street, may be called the great jewel-theft detective. He is a tall, handsome man, always in irreproachable silk hat and frock coat, and he looks the Piccadilly clubman to perfection.

Two years ago Detective Drew effected the arrest of four men who had stolen £10,000 worth of jewels, by the use of disguises. It was necessary to effect a sudden entry to the houses of the men and to do it unsuspected. At 5 o'clock one Sunday morning detectives dressed like milkmen, with aprons and glazed hats, with milkcans in their hands, knocked loudly at the doors in question. They were opened unsuspectingly and the thieves were arrested in their beds.

At times the detective himself has impersonated, among other people, a bank manager, a city clerk, and a me[illegible] Indian who had [illegible] assist[illegible] three dangerous American card sharpers, who had robbed him (the introducer) on the night before. The pleasure of the cardsharpers at the introduction may be guessed.

Chief Inspector Fox, who is trying to solve the tragic mystery of the death of Miss Mary Money in the Mersthani Tunnel, is one of England's leading detectives.

He it was who for weary weeks led the search for Miss Hickman, the missing woman doctor, and who, before the body of the ill-fated woman was discovered in the Richmond plantation, has made it practically certain, by means of keen but silent organization, by patient, ceaseless probing, and by the hundred vigilant eyes of his unknown assistants, that Miss Hickman was not in the land of the living.

It was he who unravelled the tangled skein of the brutal Deptford murders recently, and by skillful methods, of which the public know nothing, brought to justice the two murderers.

Mr. Fox is a man of forty-five, with a heavy head, set close on massive shoulders. His fair hair, healthy complexion, his quiet, cheerful expression and a certain unassuming prosperity about the man give him the look of the well-to-do gentleman farmer. But the genial eyes are set far apart and the mouth hidden beneath that fair mustache can shut up like a rat-trap.

It was after Chief Inspector Fox had for some days begun investigating an obviously brutal murder that two persistent pressmen waylaid him, and begged him for some hint as to the direction in which his suspicions lay. They knew quite well he was laying a plan of campaign against the unknown murderer.

He smiled genially and declared there was really nothing to say.

They persisted.

He seemed to be debating with himself as to whether he should tell them anything, and then in an apparently weak moment he determined to give them a word. "Well," he said, with the air of conferring a secret, "between you and me, have you considered the question of suicide?" Then he hurried away to go on with his preparations for the arrest.

Then there is Superintendent Melville, just retired from Scotland Yard, whose exploits with anarchists would make a fascinating and exciting book. He looks like a middle-aged family doctor.

Once an anarchist traitor came to Scotland Yard and told him of a seditious and strictly private meeting of anarchists in Soho on the night before. He related how violent and threatening speeches were directed against prominent people in his country, what plans were made at the meeting, how the anarchists quarreled among themselves at the meeting and how after promiscuous fighting with fists a revolver was drawn.

"Yes," said the detective quietly, "but you are late. I have here (reaching up to a pigeon-hole, and taking down a sheaf of foolscap) a full account of all that took place at the meeting, together with a verbatim report of the speeches made."

The man left Scotland Yard frightened beyond measure at the omniscience of this remarkable detective. As a matter of fact, Mr. Melville had in the meeting one of his young detective-sergeants, who had a knowledge of shorthand. The risk he ran may easily be imagined.—London Mail.

A Smoker's Mistake.

Smokers have heard much, in these days of microbes, of the disinfecting powers of the fumes of tobacco; so much, indeed, that the practice of blowing a whiff of cigar smoke into the speaking bell of a telephone to discourage any germs that may be lurking there has become a pretty general habit. One frequent user of the 'phone, however, is only now recovering from the lesson which taught him, a few weeks ago, never to blow before he looks, and it is probable that he will not again be so windy, whether he looks or not. On the occasion in question the smoker blew a whiff of fragrant Havana into the 'phone, when there emerged from the dark interior a winged fury in the shape of a wasp, which lit on the nose of the blower and lost no time in making a lasting impression. In the suddenness of his retreat the smoker knocked over a $30 vase, which was smashed, and damaged a typewriting machine by letting the telephone receiver fall on it. The nose is only now assuming its normal functions.—Philadelphia Record.

Visitors' Time Tables.

One of the many little things that make English country-house visiting so delightful has been brought over to this country and, of course, improved upon so far as the matter of spending money is concerned. This is the "Visitors' Time Table," a printed form containing such information as the hours for "early tea," that is brought to the guest's bedside; breakfast, lunch, afternoon tea, dinner, the times of arrival and departure of mails and of the local trains.

In English houses these cards are set in the simplest and least expensive leather frames; but in the houses of wealthy Americans, nothing less will do than solid silver ones costing anywhere from $15 to $20.—New York Press.

Had Sailed on Soup.

An old captain and his mate, for hungry, yesterday afternoon went into a restaurant on the water front and ordered dinner. The waiter, with considerable flourish, placed a plate of thin, watery-looking liquid before each of them.

"Say, you fellow, what's this stuff?" shouted the captain, gazing in amazement at the concoction under his nose.

"Soup, sir," replied the waiter.

"Soup?" shouted the old sea[illegible] "Soup! Bill" (turning to the [illegible] "just think of [illegible] me here [illegible]