THE QUEENSTOWN NEWS.

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Arizona preachers want Arizona admitted as a State under a constitution making prohibition perpetual.

Every fifth voter in New York is a native American, so that in twenty years New York will be the metropolis of Europe, too, concludes the Detroit Free Press.

All bosses look alike to New Yorkers these days, says the New York Sun, though some of the bosses would have us believe that they are better than others.

Men and women get along surprisingly well considering how much the men know about the women and how much the women suspect about the men, thinks the Atchison Globe.

Flowers and trees, blossoms and greenery, all over Paris—some of it is municipal gardening, some private taste, but no spot is too small, too obscure, too mean, to escape the universal greenery and flowers.

The rich Indiana farmer who is using his automobile "to pump water and run his corn sheller" may not have a poetic soul, remarks the Boston Globe, but isn't he intensely practical!

A European editor who has been in the United States has returned home to criticise us, states the Louisville Courier-Journal. One of the faults he finds is that "the Americans eat exactly what is put before them." Which helps to explain why European cooks get rich in America.

A striking instance of heredity is afforded in Francis Kossuth, the Hungarian statesman, who has been striving to enlarge his country's liberties, as his father, the famous patriot, strove for its independence. With him largely rests the peace of Austro-Hungary.

The figures show that the United States has contributed more to the relief of the suffering Jews of Russia than has been subscribed by the rest of the world combined. The United States is first in peace and first in charity, concludes the Atlanta Constitution.

The most hopeful aspect of recent revelations is the demonstration of the soundness of that public opinion which is the mysterious dominator of communities, declares the Century Magazine. Those who are interested in the psychology of this element of social advance may find much worthy of study in the developments of the day.

With 16,000 men engaged in their little South African war the Germans have had 1852 casualties and 1066 fatalities. This represents a rather high percentage of losses, and indicates that the campaigning has been of the hard kind. The white man's burden is figuratively poetic but practically uncomfortable, concludes the Montreal Gazette.

A much-flustered prospective bridegroom secured a hunter's license instead of one permitting him to embark upon the sea of matrimony, relates the Baltimore American. The mistake was attributed to absent-mindedness, but more than likely it was merely due to an involuntary reversion to the primitive idea that the lover is the hunter and the maid he wooes is the game.

Secretary Root told the international sanitary convention that the cause of war was the mutual failure to appreciate and understand nations. As usual, the concentrated mind of a master lawyer has discovered the essence of martial discord. His panacea is no less important. He says, "Get acquainted." The international conventions, agreements and discussions have long been regarded as of the highest value to the cultivation of pleasant relations, and it is evident that Secretary Root intends to follow in the footsteps of John Hay.

The first millionaire appeared in America about a hundred years ago, states the Christian Register. Fortunes at that time were, for the most part, made in foreign trade, in remote parts of the world, in dealings with people unknown to civilization, and by methods which did not come under the observation of the ordinary citizen who stayed at home. All that the public knew was that attractive foreign commodities were brought to our shores. There were merchant princes in those days, men of high character and well-merited renown, but also, in the multitude of those who sailed the high seas, there were many who were tempted to trade only with the natives on foreign [illegible] native, also

~GASTON'S SACRIFICE~

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

"WAKE up, Gaston—wake up, man; are you so besotted that you can take no interest in this glorious day? Wake up, you fool, listen to the shouts of the mob, listen to the sound of the tumbrils—away they go, away to Dr. Guillotine, a brave sight, my son, for all of us, and yet you sleep. You are a clown; you are uninteresting."

Jean, the innkeeper, snapped his fingers in the air as he gave off with a burst of enthusiasm these last words. Gaston Perodil raised his head from the table whereon it had been resting and looked with sleepy, bloodshot eyes at the burly figure of Jean, the innkeeper.

"No interest to me," he said, slowly. "What do I care if a thousand aristocrats lose their heads today—let them." He reached over for the wine bottle and looked at it critically. "Empty!" he muttered.

"Gaston, you weary me. A man of your talents, a man of your strength, a man who could do so much for the cause. Come, citizen, bestir yourself. Out into the rabble—be the first to seize the carrion when it is thrown from the steps of the Conciergerie. Hurrah, this is a glorious day!"

Gaston Perodil rose and shook himself like a big dog. He was tall, broad shouldered, dressed in a garb which bespoke him to be a soldier—although that garb was now sadly besmirched and rent, the tricolor blazed in his cap, his tricolor sash, crumpled and torn, showed here and there dull stains—the stains of blood.

"I have done enough," he said, "I am sick of it. Jean, it is you who talk like a fool, no—not like a fool, like a tiger. Does the thought ever enter your thick head that some of these people whose deaths we gloat over are mere flesh and blood, as good—ay, and better—than you or I; that there is too much of slaughter in it all, that there is scant justice? Haven't you been there, man, in the Conciergerie? Haven't you listened to the sentences? Guilty! guilty! guilty! until the word trips off the tongue mechanically. Everybody guilty—you or I, Jean, if we were there; if we had done everything possible in human power for the cause, if we were ranged there, it would be impossible for the mob to shout 'Not guilty'—they have forgotten how."

The little eyes of the innkeeper twinkled.

"Heaven help you, Gaston," he said, "if you said such words to any other man but myself. How do you know that I will not denounce you?"

"Because," said Gaston, and he pushed his way through the chairs to the innkeeper's side and laid his heavy hand on the innkeeper's shoulder, "you dare not. I would find a means of killing you before my head lost company with my body. Pah! I must go out. I must walk—anywhere away from those sounds."

He pushed his hat tightly on his head and passed out into the street; a street deserted even of the children, who but a week or two back had made the very stones ring with their childish clamor—deserted, for the street's population was at the Conciergerie, or at the foot of the guillotine. Gaston Perodil walked rapidly down the street crossed the square at the end and plunged into the narrow, alley-like and tortuous arteries of lower Paris. He came to the end of the fortifications and gazed with eyes of some melancholy upon the works which, prosecuted once with so much vigor, were now all abandoned.

The afternoon deepened. He could faintly hear on the warm autumn breeze the clamor of the city; but here he sat in solitude, thinking, and thinking deeply.

There had been a time when Gaston Perodil had lusted for the blood of the aristocrats. He had been among the first to shout for the cockade of the citizen, he had been in the front rank of those who had brought the dreaded Bastille to a mere heap of masonry. He it was who had received promotion after promotion until, at that moment, he scarcely knew what his position was in the army of the republic.

Twilight deepened until night crept across Paris. Gaston rose and prepared to walk back to the city. He had scarcely taken two steps, however, before a noise close at hand arrested his progress. It was a sound which was foreign to his ears—some one sobbing. He remained for a moment rooted to the spot. Yes, he was not mistaken; it was not the rustle of the breeze in the lilac trees of the little garden, it was the sobbing of a woman.

He looked around, but could see nothing, then crossed with a few rapid strides to the gate of the deserted cottage, pushed it open and peered within. Still he could see nothing. He went further with catlike tread, and then perceived the figure of a woman on the little bench under the lilac trees. He crept around to the back of the trees and laid his hand gently on the woman's shoulder.

"Citizeness," said he, in his rough voice, "why do you cry?"

The woman started to her feet and faced Gaston. One swift glance at his uniform, at the tattered sash and the tricolor cockade, and she screamed and retreated, holding her hands before her face, and tottered until she fell fainting. Gaston laughed.

"There is more in this," said he to himself, "than meets the eye. A poor cottage deserted, a woman crying. A [illegible] dress of silk, [illegible] must

the cottage and gently laid her on a rough, wooden bench.

"Yes," he added, "my duty is clear. I will take her to the Conciergerie."

He rose and scratched his chin thoughtfully for a minute, wrinkled his brow and tapped the floor with his heavy boot.

"Pah!" he said, at last, "what am I thinking of?" Then ran through the cottage to the yard and brought in his cap some water, with which he liberally besprinkled the white face of the unconscious woman. In a few moments Gaston Perodil had the satisfaction of seeing her eyes open. She rose and gazed at him with a look of such terror that Gaston feared she would faint again.

"It seems," said the soldier, "that I have frightened you."

She shuddered and pressed her hand upon her bosom. "You are a soldier of the people," she half whispered.

Gaston nodded.

"A soldier of the people, mademoiselle, that is true. And you——"

"Why do you question? You know me."

"Not at all," replied Gaston, with an air of indifference—"not at all, I assure you. But I am a soldier of the people; that is true, every word of it. You are not a citzeness. As a soldier of the people, I must ask you to come with me."

"To the Conciergerie?"

"To the Conciergerie."

"Money will not tempt you," she cried, looking at him with imploring eyes. "Oh, if you only knew," and here she broke down and sobbed. "If you only knew. I have been here two days. I fled, leaving them all, my father, my brothers! Heaven help me, where are they?"

Gaston raised his right hand and struck the back of his neck, then smiled.

"Mademoiselle," said he, "you will accompany me; but, better still, I will let you remain here, for you will promise me, as an aristocrat, that you will not attempt to escape?" Then he laughed in a manner which was so brutal that the girl fell back from him in horror.

"You are mad," she cried, "you are drunk—ah, I see, drunk with the blood which you and your compatriots have shed. Take me with you, then, if you will. It is soon finished, it is soon over—it is better."

"You have a mantle?" asked Gaston.

She rose, and from a chair close by took her cloak and put it on her shoulders.

"I am ready," she said.

"Good," said Gaston, "let us go."

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Jean, the innkeeper, looked puzzled.

"What the devil has come over you, Gaston?" said he. "I can't make it out. It is Honore Louvet, daughter of Count Lovet. How could you be so foolish? You tell her you are taking her to the Conciergerie; you bring her here, she remains here. What am I to do? I am a fool not to have acted upon my first impulse—I must, I will!"

"You won't," said Gaston. "I am a man of moods. As a soldier of the people I should have taken her to the Conciergerie, of course. But, you see, it was a long walk to the Conciergerie, and I had to pass the inn, good citizen, and I had had time to reflect in the passage from the fortifications to the inn. So Mlle. Louvet is here, and here she will remain under our protection."

"Citizen," said Jean, "do you know what will happen to us if it is discovered?"

"Pah!" retorted Gaston. He raised his hand and struck the back of his neck again. "Don't talk; bring me some wine."

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The little street in which Jean's wine shop was situated was crowded with an excited mob, which concentrated itself upon the inn. Jean was there, his face aflame, his eyes twinkling.

"Good citizens," he cried, as he waved his arms excitedly in the air, "I have done my duty, but it will be terrible work. Gaston Perodil knows; he has armed himself; he will fight. Prepare yourselves, citizens, if you would take her, if you would take him."

"Tell us," said a tall, black-haired and brawny individual, who pushed his way to the front with an impetuosity brooking no denial, "tell us, Citizen Jean, all you know. It is Louvet, you say—what of Perodil?"

He raised in his hand the iron bar which he carried.

"Bring him here," he cried, "so that I can beat his brains out—traitor!"

"Traitor!" echoed the crowd, in unison.

"He has firearms!" screamed Jean. "What has he done? He suspected, he came down, he taxed me, but I denied everything. He heard you coming, and he then came through the inn like a lion, breaking things, as a gladiator would break things in his passage. He threw things this way, he threw them that, he seized the guns, and he is now in the cellar. I heard the noise of bolts being shot; I heard the sound of heavy beams being torn from their fastenings. I heard the noise of those beams being put against the door. How will you get in?—what will you do?—and he has the aristocrat with him. What will you do?—be careful, good citizens, be careful."

"Out of the way!" cried the big man; "let us attack the door; let us get at them. What matter if he does fight? The bigger the fight the better. A madman, you say—so are we madmen and madwomen."

Gaston Perodil was, indeed, mad. But twenty minutes had elapsed since he became conscious that he had been [illegible] What had he not done in [illegible] big wine cellar of [illegible] bay. [illegible] pair. is not—it is gunpowder—ha! ha! gunpowder! When I tell you to hand me the guns, you will do so, because we must fight, mademoiselle, to the very end."

The girl was on her knees at his feet, trembling, shuddering, and the tears falling in streams from hir eyes.

"Why do you protect me?" she cried. "Save your own life; it will be better. We two must die if you persist."

"Of no consequence," replied the soldier. "Listen—they come!"

He sprang to the door, a huge pistol in each hand, and waited. The heavy beams of wood which he had placed crosswise and lengthwise against the door locked solid enough to resist all the force which could be brought to bear by those without. He listened and then came back.

"Mlle. Louvet," he said, "it is true we must be prepared to die. You will hold the lamp a little higher, but do not tremble so much; do not drop the lamp."

He went into the barrel and pulled it gently into the middle of the cellar, put his hands to the staves until they creaked and creaked and gaped. Then, with a wrench he tore away the covering, and the black powder stood revealed.

"Take away the lamp, mademoiselle," he said; "you are too near. Take it to the other side of the cellar."

He picked up the pistols again, went to the door, and, hearing a shuffling of feet, fired through the woodwork. A muffled scream came to his ears, and he laughed as he turned to reload his pistols. Then there came a crash at the door, but it yielded not.

Gaston knelt down and handled his weapons dexterously. One, two, three, four, five shots went crashing through the woodwork in rapid succession. The cellar was filled with smoke and the nauseating smell of gunpowder.

Crash! The door quivered, one of the heavy beams fell in and almost struck the kneeling soldier. Crash! but each crash was followed by the report of one of Gaston's firearms. Crash! A panel fell in and a gaunt, hairy man came through the aperture.

Gaston arose and went over to the kneeling girl.

"Mlle. Louvet," he said, "you are not afraid to die?"

She looked at him, but could not speak. He leaned down and lifted her to his feet.

"Mlle. Louvet," he said, "we are to die. I will take your hand, I will kiss it, for it is glorious to die in such company!"

He drew her gently across the cellar to where the lamp stood and he took the lamp in his hand and advanced to the barrel of gunpowder and held the flickering flame high above his head.

"Mlle. Louvet," said the soldier, "you are not afraid?"

She looked up at him, her eyes now lustrously bright.

"I am not afraid," she said, firmly, and before the next crash of the battering ram at the door Gaston had dropped the lamp.

SCIENTIFIC & INDUSTRIAL

Castonite, a double carbide of calcium and barium, is a new product of the electric furnace that, like calcium carbide, is decomposed by water. It was first made by J. Cartier, a French metallurgist.

It has been decided that meat of animals used for obtaining vaccine is not made unfit for food. The carcasses of many calves that have been vaccinated are sold in the London market, and their use as food effects a saving of many thousand dollars annually.

Convincing evidence of the relative durability of posts set in natural position and those inverted has been given by Andrew Whiton, an American mechanic. Posts set in Connecticut in both positions were carefully marked, and after nine years the inverted ones were found to be practically sound while others were much decayed.

An electrolytic process is one of the new suggestions in color photography. Certain substances, such as selenium, have an electric resistance varying with the degrees of light, and when such a substance is used as an electrode, and the image projected on it, a galvanic deposit would be formed with a rapidity varying with the intensity of the illumination.

The art of making diamonds has been given a step forward through a study of the diamond-bearing meteoric iron of Canon Diablo. In a section of this famous meteorite Professor Moissan has found numerous diamonds—both black and transparent—together with graphite, and phosphorus and sulphur combined with iron, and has made experiments to determine the effect of silicon, sulphur and phosphorus.

The production of liquid air is thus outlined: Air is compressed to 1200 to 1500 pounds per square inch; passed into receptacles where it is freed from moisture and other impurities; then into expansion chambers and through long coils of pipes. It becomes intensely cold, reaching finally 312 degrees below zero, at which point it becomes liquid. The liquid is drawn off into insulated vessels, and keeps for days, gradually lessening until it is all evaporated.

Electrical Wonders.

Aladdin's luminary and all the wonders of the fairy tales cannot compare with the modern magicians in every day twentieth century engineers, whose marvels, up to 1902, are detailed in a recent government census report. In the year the census was taken there were 3620 central electric stations, representing $500,000,000; 30,000 officers and laborers, whose wages amounted to $20,000,000; 125,000 miles of wire had been laid; 419,000 are lamps and 18,000,000 incandescent lamps were in service; [illegible] had an output of 3,300,[illegible] hours, with a [illegible] 13,000,000 horse [illegible] approximately [illegible] possible were [illegible] to spend

Pluck and Adventure.

MOST DANGEROUS TRADE.

"IT is terrible, terrible!" exclaimed one Frenchman. "Magnificent!" cried another, while a third turned away his eyes with, "Ah, I cannot bear to look," as the members of the International Ornithological Congress, standing at the foot of the towering cliffs near Flambro Head, watched William Wilkinson, prince of climbers, as he dangled at the end of a dizzily swaying rope 100 feet and more above their heads in search of the eggs of guillemont and kittiwake.

And indeed the spectacle of one of these reckless egg hunters suspended at a giddy height from a frail rope and swaying pendulum-like against the swart face of a cliff more than 100 feet high over the hungry teeth of the rocks would send a shiver of apprehension through the least emotional of onlookers.

But to the climber himself it it his day's work. Generation after generation his forefathers have reaped the harvest of sea-birds' eggs—it "runs in the blood."

It is on the frowning cliffs of East Yorkshire that you can see the "climmer" at his best. There are three stretches of cliffs—at Mempton, Speeton and Buckton—leased by different gangs of "climmers," and here, year after year, the harvest of eggs of razor-bill and guillemot, puffin and kittiwake, and many another sea-bird, is reaped. It is said William Wilkinson in twenty years has taken no fewer than 500,000 eggs from the cliffs with his own hands.

Mr. Clark, a well-known Yorkshire naturalist and himself an expert amateur cliff-climber, says:

"The climber wears round his waist a stout leather strap, to which are attached two pieces of webbing passing round the thighs from front to back. To this are fastened two iron eyelets through which the rope is knotted. It is thus impossible to fall out, even should the wearer become insensible. Before making a descent an iron crowbar is driven into the top of the cliff and a second rope fastened to it, the end of which hangs loosely down the cliff. This is called the guide-rope, and is used by the climber to assist him in controlling his movements and to enable him to facilitate his return to terra firma.

"In passing over the cliff edge the climber walks backward down the steep slope, which in most cases precedes the perpendicular portion of the cliff, and at the extreme angle drives a small steel pulley with a spike attached into the earth or a crack in the rock. Over this he lays the rope which is attached to his body, and boldly leaning his full weight upon it places his feet upon the rock and practically walks backward down the face of the cliff. While descending the climber is held by one man only, who sits on the cliff top with his feet firmly planted in two holes dug for the purpose. This man wears round his waist a broad belt of strong padded leather, round which is passed the rope, so that the weight falls upon his loins."

Naturally, accidents—fatal accidents—happen to the most expert and careful of these egg-hunters, but fortunately they are rare. In one case, through the slipping of a sheepshank loop, the rope which supported the climber broke and to his horror he saw he was hanging by a single strand, but with marvellous self-possession and daring the man swung himself off into space toward the guide-rope. Once, twice, he failed to reach it. The third time he clutched it, and as he did so the single strand that had held him from the jaws of death snapped. A few minutes later he had climbed the guide-rope hand over hand into safety.—Minneapolis Times.

DISCOVERER OF PIKE'S PEAK.

The recent death of Colonel Nicholas Pike, at one time Consul to Mauritius, well-known naturalist and friend of Agassiz, brings to mind the exploits of his relative, Zebulon Pike, whose expeditions played so important a part in the development of the country. Pike was only thirty-four years of age when he fell at the Battle of York, Canada, during the War of 1812. Young as he was, he had not only won merit in his military career, but had carried out a most important enterprise, the first military exploration of the West.

In 1816 Lieutenant Pike and twenty men were sent to explore the source of the Mississippi. Later he crossed the great river to the territory handed over by Spain to the United States. Pushing westward, he encountered many hardships and dangers, but he was fired with a determination which would not let him turn back. In order to preserve every detail of his journey, he kept a daily record, although his ink often froze on his pen. At times he had to pour the precious fluid down his gun-barrel to save it from the vigilance of the Spaniards who infested the frontier.

Braving all dangers and privations, Pike and his little company forced their way as far as the Rocky, or, as he named them, the "Mexican" Mountains, and here for the first time was seen the peak which bears the discoverer's name.

"About 2 in the afternoon," says the Lieutenant, in his journal, "I thought I could distinguish a mountain on the right like a small cloud with white edges. Coming nearer, I thought that in the morning we would ascend to the highest point of the blue mountain and return, which we conceived to be one day's march. This day we killed five buffalo.

"The next day we marched early, with the expectation of ascending the mountain, but we did not reach its base. We found the way very difficult, sometimes almost perpendicular, and we had to encamp in a cave without blankets, victuals or drink. We reched the summit of a small peak, but the mountain seemed no nearer. I believe no human body could reach its top. Heavy snow lay all about, and my soldiers having only light overalls and no shoes nor stockings, we were obliged to retreat."

Although the mountain is no longer one of the inaccessible places of earth, it has defied may a later explorer. The determination to scale its snowy sides gave rise to the slang expression of resolution, "Pike's Peak or bust!"

The distance which Pike had confidently expected to overcome in one day was fifty miles, and the climb to the summit would have included full fifty more. Pike's experience of mountains had been limited, and the transparency of the atmosphere had deceived him.

Lieutenant Pike carried his heroic and resolute spirit into the battle-field. The night before the engagement at York he wrote to his father:

"If I am destined to fail, may my fall be like Wolfe's, to sleep in the arms of victory."

He had his wish. With his sides and chest crushed in by an explosion, he rallied his soldiers:

"Push on, my brave fellows!"

As he was carried, dying, off the field he turned his head toward the scene of battle, where the Stars and Stripes were being run up in triumph. He made one great effort to speak, failed, gave a radiant smile and expired.

THE "NELSON" ACT.

In 1863, when a group of mortar schooners joined their fire to that of the other vessels which were besieging Port Hudson, Admiral Schley, then a young man, was in temporary command. There was, he says, in his "Forty-five Years Under the Flag," almost no breeze, and the signal-flags hung listlessly. The great volume of smoke from ships' guns and fortifications increased the difficulty of reading signals, and although the quarter-master reported that one was flying, he added that he was unable to understand it because there was too little wind to blow the flags out.

The action was continued until every gun of the enemy had ceased firing. Then the ship dropped down to its former position, and after anchoring, young Schley made a visit to Admiral Farragut to report. Farragut was on the quarter-deck, and after responding to the young man's salute, he said:

"Captain, you begin early in life to disobey orders. Did you see that signal flying for nearly an hour to withdraw from action?"

This was a blow, for Captain Schley had felt that his action was entirely creditable. He stammered something about the smoke and the difficulty of reading signals.

"I don't want any of this Nelson business in my squadron," said the Admiral, quickly, "about failing to see signals."

The young man went on to explain that it had been impossible to interpret the signal, and that since he had been given orders to destroy the citadel he felt sure that he was to retire only when that duty was done.

The Admiral merely invited him into his cabin. When the door was closed upon them, Farragut said, smilingly: "I have censured you, sir, on the quarter-deck for what appeared to be a disregard of my orders. I now commend you and your officers and men for doing what you believed to be right in the circumstances. Do it again whenever, in your judgment, it is necessary to carry out your conception of duty."

INCIDENT OF A SEA FIGHT.

This strange incident of a great naval battle is told by Commander McGiffin, of one of the Chinese warships, in the Battle of the Yalu, between the Chinese and Japanese fleets in 1894, says the Chicago Daily News: "About this time the Chih Yuen boldly, if somewhat foolhardily, bore down on the Japanese squadron's line. Just what happened no one seems to know, but apparently she was struck below the water line by a heavy shell—either a ten-inch or a thirteen-inch. Be that as it may, she took a heavy list, and thus fatally injured, her commander, Tang Shi Chen, a most courageous, albeit a most obstinate officer, resolved at least to avenge himself, and charged one of the largest of the enemy's ships, intending to ram.

"A hurricane of projectiles from both heavy and machine guns swept down upon his ship. The list became more pronounced, and just before getting home to his intended victim his ship rolled over and then plunged, bows first, into the depths. She righted herself as she sunk, her screws whirling in the air, and carrying down all hands, including her chief engineer, Mr. Purvis, shut up in the engine room. Seven of her crew clung to one of the circular life buoys kept on the bridge and were drifted by the tide toward the coast, where they were rescued by a junk.

"Stories told by these men vary so much as to be unreliable, but all agree on one incident: Captain Tang had a large dog of most vicious temper, unruly at times even with his master. After the ship sunk, Captain Tang, who could not swim, managed to get an oar or some small piece of wood. This would have been enough to support him had not his dog swum to him, and, climbing on him, forced him to release his grasp. Thus he miserably drowned and the brute shared his fate—perhaps the only case on record of a man being drowned by his dog."

Where Mr. Roosevelt Hunted the Coyote

The coursing was done on the flats and great rolling prairies which stretched north from our camp toward the Wichita Mountains and south toward the Red River. There was a certain element of risk in the gallops, because the whole country was one huge prairie-dog town, the prairie dogs being so numerous that the new towns and the abandoned towns were continuous with one another in every direction. Practically every run we had was through these prairie-dog towns, varied occasionally by creeks and washouts. But as we always ran scattered out, the wonderfully quick cow ponies, brought up in this country and spending all their time among the prairie-dog towns, were able, even while running at headlong speed, to avoid the holes with a cleverness that was simply marvelous. During our hunt but one horse stepped in a hole; he turned a complete somersault, though neither he nor his rider was hurt. Stunted mesquite bushes grew here and there in the grass, and there was cactus.—From "A Wolf Hunt in Oklahoma," by Theodore Roosevelt, in Scribner's.

HORTICULTURE HINTS

FALL MULCHING OF TREES.

If it is thought necessary to apply mulch around the base of trees or shrubs as a winter protection care must be used not to do the work too soon, particularly if anything fit the nature of a fertilizer is used, such as coarse stable manure, for there is always danger of inciting renewed growth in the tree just as it is beginning to go to sleep for the winter, and this growth, being extremely tender, will be killed by the first cold weather, probably with much injury to the tree. A better plan is not to apply the mulch until the ground freezes, applying more, if necessary, later on.

By far the best plan of all is to use earth with which to protect the roots of the tree or shrub during the first cold days; put it on several inches thick for three feet around the tree. Later, if it gets too cold, a little coarse manure may be put on over the soil. By this plan the tree or shrub will have full protection without danger of inciting a late growth.—Indianapolis News.

NEED OF FOREST PLANTING.

Forests are indispensable to the highest material development of any country. We have learned that, besides furnishing the useful timber products resulting from the growth of trees, they conserve moisture, ameliorate climatic extremes, and purify the atmosphere. Where they are not found naturally, or where they have been thoughtlessly removed from wide stretches of country, it becomes desirable in behalf of the public welfare to plant trees in great number. Obviously the benefits of such plantations will be most widely felt if the planting is well distributed over the region. Further, it is a work the benefits of which are shared by all and which all should join in performing.

The plantations in a definite region should be made after one general plan, in order to allot to each farm its proportionate amount of forest. The method of planting and the position of the planting sites should evidently be made with reference to a system of farm management, since a forest is the most permanent thing that can be planted on a farm.—G. L. Clothier, Department of Agriculture.

CARBONIC ACID FROM ROOTS.

A Russian scientist has been studying the amount of carbon di oxide set free from the roots of plants during their development. It is well known that carbon di oxide, or carbonic acid, is one of the most powerful agents in the solution of plant food in the soil. It was found that a plant of mustard during the whole period of growth liberated in the soil 22,437 grams of carbon di oxide. This will be enough to account for a great deal that takes place in the soil which the chemists' analysis does not reveal, and will show us how matters they call insoluble are made available to plants in the soil through the action of the roots of the plants themselves. In this experiment with the mustard it was shown that the amount of carbon di oxide evolved was sufficient to render soluble all the elements of the ash of the entire plant if it were necessary to assimilate these from insoluble matters. The phosphorus in pulverized rock is declared insoluble by chemists. But we know that plants do get and use it, and the above is some indication of how they do it. The study of soils and roots in the soil is but at the beginning point, and there is a great deal yet to learn, and far more than can be learned in the chemical laboratory.—Indianapolis News.

GROWING PEACHES.

Many suggestions for the management of peach orchards must be considered with due regard to locality, soil and adaptability of varieties. Fertilizers may be scattered over the ground at least ten feet around each tree, as the roots feed over a wide area. Manure may be applied as a mulch in the fall, but some growers fear manure as a source of fungus disease. In addition to the "yellows," the borer is the most damaging enemy, but by a careful watching it can be kept in check. Plant lice at the roots frequently destroy trees before they are discovered, the best remedy being to remove the earth down to the roots and drench with soapsuds into which unbleached wood ashes has been stirred so as to secure a fair portion of caustic potash. It is claimed that the peach tree should be cultivated like corn and kept as clean, but some growers maintain that a grass crop is beneficial if plowed under or used as a mulch. Crimson clover may be seeded in the fall and turned under in the spring, applying at the same time air-slacked lime, muriate of potash and bone meal broadcast. The severe cutting back of a tree often gives it new life, and the centre should be well pruned so as to admit plenty of air and warmth from the sun. In some sections where the trees live but five or six years, a new orchard is started every year, as the old trees are removed, and one good crop in three years may give a good profit for all the work done in several seasons. At the present day it is concluded that any attempt to produce peaches for market can only be successful by vigilance and good judgment in managing against the various pests, the prayer and the use of suitable sprays being indispensable.—The Epitomist.

Rats as Wire Walkers.

A graceful exhibition of wire-walking was given by a number of rats at Sligo yesterday afternoon.

An excise officer, who was cycling by the town hall, happened to look up and saw an enormous rat making its way along an overhead electric wire.

He pointed it out to the town hall officials and they watched nearly 150 of the rats pass along until they were hidden from sight by a lofty flour mill.

The rats used their tails as the professional walker on the lofty wire uses his balancing pole, and although they were watched for more than 200 yards there were no casualties.—London Daily Mail.

Tomfoolery

NERVE!

There was a young person named Clyde,
Who was once at a funeral espied.
When asked who was dead,
He smilingly said,
"I don't know—I just came for a ride."

HEAVY.

"Has Miss Fairleigh a light complexion?"

"No; she puts it on pretty thick."—Town Topics.

THE OUTCOME.

Knicker—"Did you give your son an expensive education?"

Bocker—"No; but he gave me one."—New York Sun.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

Kitty—"Oh, muvver, I wish my name was Bobby."

Mother—"Why, dear?"

Kitty—"'Cos then I'd be a lil' boy."—Judge.

HEARTLESS.

"Promise me, Jack, that you will not go to the dogs just because I have refused you."

"Oh, pshaw, of course not."

"You mean thing."—Life.

FOOD FOR THE ANIMALS.

Lieutenant A—"Were there any lions at the judge's reception?"

Lieutenant B—"Yes, and he fed them—with daughters."—Translated For Tales From Meggendorfer Blaetter.

VERY LIKELY.

"It's enough to freeze us to death," remarked Nordy, "the way women leave the street car doors open."

"Still," chimed in Butts, "should we ever see a woman close one I s'pose we'd drop dead."

RETURNS NOT IN.

Native—"Did you shoot anything today?"

Bumshot—"I don't know. The rest of the party hain't got back yet."—New York Evening Mail.

FROM BAD TO WORSE.

She—"I wish I could induce you to cease your attentions to me."

He—"You can."

She—"How, pray?"

He—"By marrying me."—Chicago News.

NOTHING DOIN'.

"What do you think of the political situation?" queried the cigar drummer.

"I do not care express an opinion, sir," replied the dignified passenger.

"Pardon me," rejoined the c. d. "I didn't know you were a married man."—Chicago News.

THE WAY IT HAPPENED.

"Did you cut down this cherry tree? I demand the truth," said Mr. Washington, sternly.

But little George had been reading about the beef packers.

"Dad," asked he, "do I get immunity if I confess?"

THEN HE JUMPED.

The clock struck 12.

"Ah," observed the young man, "it is time to think of going."

"Mr. Lingerlong," said the young woman.

"Yes."

"I hope you are a rapid thinker."

FOUND AT LAST.

"What a superb looking woman Mrs. Codderleigh is."

"Yes. Rather a character in her way, too."

"How so?"

"She doesn't claim to be the original Gibson girl."—Chicago Record-Herald.

NO DILETTANTE.

Miss Gusch—"I'm so glad to meet you, Mr. Hacker; it's a pleasure to know a real litterateur——"

Hacker—"Which I am not."

Miss Gusch—"Indeed? But you write."

Hacker—"Yes, but I do it for a living."—Philadelphia Press.

ONLY A SPAT.

"I hear there were four men killed up here last week," remarked the man in the buggy.

"Yep," responded the native, "and two more the week afore that."

"Something ought to be done to stop the slaughter."

"You're right, stranger. Fust thing we know a little neighborhood spat may develop into a regular feud."

Hunted Stag Ran into Hotel Yard.

Visitors at the seaside town of Minehead, which is situated in the red deer country, witnessed the unusual sight of a stag hunt practically in the streets of the town yesterday.

The Quantock staghounds drove a fine seven-year-old stag across country until he entered Minehead.

After jumping several walls and crossing gardens the animal was finally captured in the yard of the hotel.—[illegible]