THE QUEENSTOWN NEWS.

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There's lots of money in the present form of football, declares the Cleveland Plain Dealer. Witness the cash balances of the big college elevens.

A Cobalt, Ont., man has had his mine stolen from him. The Golden Rule does not seem to work in the silver district, observes the Montreal Star.

Several noted grand opera prima donnas are buying farms. Imagine voices, pictures the Washington Star, trained to sing "Marguerite" and "Brunnhilde" calling the cows!

There are men who think that every marriageable woman spends all her spare time praying for a husband. This is only another illustration of the average man's conceit, avows the Dallas News.

Every time a tragedy involves the fate of some mysterious, unknown woman, says the Christian Register, inquiries that are made bring out information concerning scores of young women that have suddenly disappeared, leaving their families to agonies of suspense, sorrow and shame.

The good artist should expect no recognition of his toil and no admiration of his genius, because his toil with difficulty can be appraised and his genius cannot possibly mean anything to the illiterate, who, even from the dreadful wisdom of their own evoked dead hav[illegible]ed nothing but inanities a[illegible] platitudes, remarks the London Speaker.

One of the first things that attract the attention of a stranger in Manila is the neat, clean, but unpretentious style in which Americans are clothed, and the utter absence of any nonsensical innovations of style not according with utility. This is an excellent index to the caliber of the men who are doing right things in the right way and helping to make the achipelago, says Philippine Gossip.

The question very naturally arises, why do so many men fall victims to dishonesty when elevated to public office? asks the Louisville Herald. Due is it to various causes, the influence of example, the demands of extravagant living, lack of character, and oftener than supposed from false standards of duty. The public official acts too often on the principle that public money is a sort of prize for the politician who gets there, and that it is perfectly legitimate to use the public's funds in ways that honesty forbids concerning private moneys.

The establishment of the silk industry in the United States must be a matter of slow accomplishment, says the [illegible] Fruit Grower. Eventually mulberry trees will be planted for a supply of food for a large [illegible] worms. Numbers of people have become familiar with the methods of silk raising, and conditions will soon be ripe for the establishment of commercial filatures. In the meantime and under the existing conditions the establishment of some sort of market for cocoons is necessary; and it is for this reason that the Department of Agriculture, out of its appropriations, is buying and reeling a crop of cocoons which, though small at present, will increase as the work progresses from year to year.

In his lecture to a Louisville audience, Dr. Knopf gave some advice which is obviously wise, and which ought to be easy to follow, remarks the Louisville Courier-Journal. Pure food, fresh air and care—these are the main things needful in preventing tuberculosis. They are valuable also in checking the disease, once it has gained lodgment. If progress is to be made in combatting tuberculosis, all persons—all classes—must work together. The poor, who are most subject to the disease, must live in more sunlight and have better houses. The rich must look after their own physical condition and pay greater heed to the houses which they rent to the poor. The fight on consumption is just beginning. Let it be kept up vigorously all over the world.

Economy in food does not imply prohibition, declares Russell H. Chittenden, in the Century Magazine. It is neither vegetarianism, fruitarianism, nutarianism, or any kind of "ism." It means simply temperance in diet, with the application of available scientific knowledge; the use of reason and intelligence, combined with a due appreciation of the dignity of the body and the necessity of meeting the daily wants without imperiling that high degree of efficiency which helps to render man physically and mentally supreme. Practically this implies the avoidance of the large quantities of proteid food so commonly made use of by civilized man, with the substitution of a dietary characterized by a predominance of the lighter vegetable foods. In this respect it leans somewhat toward vegetarianism. The heavier meats of our daily diet can be advantageously replaced in part by lighter articles of diet less rich in proteid and with more frequent addition of green vegetables, fruits and corresponding articles of food less prone to yield objectionable decomposition products.

THE LARAMIE TRAIL.

BY JOSEPH MILLS HANSON.

Across the crests of the naked hills,
Smooth-swept by the winds of God,
It cleaves its way like a shaft of gray,
Close bound by the prairie sod.
It stretches flat from the sluggish Platte
To the lands of forest shade;
The clean trail, the lean trail,
The trail the troopers made.

It draws aside with a wavy curve
From the lurking, dark ravine,
It launches fair as a lance in air
O'er the raw-ribbed ridge between;
With never a wait till it plunges straight
Through river or reed-grown brook;
The deep trail, the steep trail,
The trail the squadrons took.

They carved it well, those men of old,
Stern lords of border war,
They wrought it out with their sabers stout
And marked it with their gore.
They made it stand as an iron band
Along the wild frontier;
The strong trail, the long trail,
The trail of force and fear.

For the stirring note of the bugle's throat
Ye may hark to-day in vain.
For the track is scarred by the gang-plow's shard
And gulfed in the growing grain.
But wait to-night for the moonrise white;
Perchance ye may see them tread
The lost trail, the ghost trail,
The trail of the gallant dead.

'Twixt cloud and cloud o'er the pallid moon
From the nether dark they glide,
And the grasses sigh as they rustle by,
Their phantom steeds astride,
By four and four as they rode of yore,
And well they know the way;
The dim trail, the grim trail,
The trail of toil and fray.

With tattered guidons spectral thin
Above their swaying ranks,
With carbines slung and sabers swung
And the gray dust on their flanks,
They march again as they marched it then
When the red men dogged their track,
The gloom trail, the doom trail,
The trail they came not back.

They pass, like a flutter of drifting fog,
As the hostile tribes have passed,
And the wild-wing'd birds and the bison herds
And the unfenced prairies vast,
And those who gain by their strife and pain
Forget in the land they won,
The red trail, the dead trail,
The trail of duty done.

But to him who loves heroic deeds
The far-flung path still bides,
The bullet sings and the war-whoop rings
And the stalwart trooper rides.
For they were the sort from Snelling fort
Who traveled fearlessly
The bold trail, the old trail,
The trail to Laramie.

—Youth's Companion.

THE TODD BOY'S NAME

By E. F. C. ROBBINS.

"NOW the next boy may give me his name," said the new teacher, who was enrolling his pupils on the first day of school.

There was an expectant hush over the room, followed by a general titter as the boy thus called upon answered:

"Ebenezer Pettingill Todd."

Even the teacher smiled, as he said, "That is certainly a good, substantial name. I suppose I may call you Eben for short?"

"I guess you had better call me Ebenezer," was the reply. Then everybody laughed again except the Todd boy himself. It was no laughing matter to him.

"Your name rather staggered the teacher at first, didn't it?" one of his mates said to him at noon. "I don't wonder at it. Gracious! I wouldn't be caught with such a name as that on me for five thousand dollars."

To these thoughtless words the Todd boy made no reply. Nevertheless, he kept turning them over in his mind until he reached the modest home where, since the death of his father and mother in his early childhood, he had lived with his maiden aunt.

"Aunt Lucy," he asked suddenly, as the two sat at dinner, "how did I ever come to be named Ebenezer Pettingill?"

"Mercy on me, child!" said his aunt, in great surprise. "You know about as well as I do. You've heard it times enough.

"Why, it was this way," she went on, nothing loath to repeat the story, "At one time it began to look as if your poor father and mother would never succeed in getting you named for good. First and last I believe they named and unnamed you four different times, and then they were just as much at sea as ever. But one day your father came home, and says he, 'I've got a name for the boy at last. It isn't fancy,' he said, 'but it's substantial, and it will be worth money to the little chap some day.'

"Then he went straight to the family Bible and wrote the name down in good big letters—Ebenezer Pettingill Todd. You have seen it there, you know, many a time. 'There,' he said, 'that is going to stick!' It was the name of a kind of half-uncle of his, you know, that lived over in Belham, and does now, for that matter. He has property, and no near relatives, but plenty of distant ones. Your father had fallen in with him that day, and I suppose they got to talking about you. I never knew the particulars, but at any rate, they came to an understanding that you were to be named for Mr. Pettingill, and he was to remember you in his will.

"Your mother didn't take to the name at all; but your father said, 'It means five thousand dollars to the boy when Uncle Ebenezer goes.'

"Dear, dear! Your father little thought then that Mr. Pettingill would outlive him; but he died within a year, and the old gentleman is alive yet. I've heard that he is likely to disappoint some of his relatives by leaving most of his money to charity. But I guess there will be no doubt about your five thousand dollars."

"I would swap the five thousand dollars any time for a different name," said the boy, gloomily.

"Why, child, you ought not to speak in that way. Your Uncle Pettingill is a good man, and Ebenezer is a very respectable name."

"I suppose the name was all right in old times," said the boy, "but it isn't a good one for me. It is all out of fashion now. People always laugh the first time they hear it. The new teacher did to-day. The boys at school won't even give me a nickname. They always call me Ebenezer Pettingill—that is nickname enough for them. And grown-up people don't call me by any first name very often. They just call me the Todd boy."

"Oh, well," said his aunt soothingly, "you can afford a little trouble for all that money. You know you want to go to college——"

"I don't know that I do with such a name as mine," interrupted the boy. "I should almost hate to see it on a diploma. They write your name in Latin, you know. Charles is Carolus, and James is Jacobus, and so on. How do you suppose Ebenezer would look turned into Latin?

"And it is just as bad whatever I want to do. I'd like to be a political man when I grow up, and perhaps run for office. But you couldn't get up any enthusiasm for Ebenezer P. Todd.

"I tell you, Aunt Lucy, it is a bad bargain for me, and for Uncle Pettingill, too, for that matter."

"Why so?" asked his aunt, in surprise.

The boy did not explain his last remark, but when he left the table he had in his mind the germ of a purpose, which soon developed into a full-grown plan.

On his return from school at night he found that his aunt was out making calls, and he decided that the time was ripe for action.

He went at once into the infrequently used best room, opened the large Bible that lay conspicuously on the centre-table, and turned to the family record. There stood his name in bold black letters.

He next took from his pocket a certain package which he had bought at a drug store on his way from school.

In this were two small bottles, each containing a colorless liquid. By means of a little glass tube, dipped first into one bottle, then into the other, he carefully traced twice over the words Ebenezer Pettingill.

He was not disappointed at the result. The letters gradually faded from his sight, and he felt that he was at last rid forever of the burden of that name.

But as he sat there, half-frightened at what he had done, yet wholly triumphant, he was suddenly confronted by a problem new to him, although quite old in human experience—that of naming a boy.

Unfortunately, concerning this matter his mind was as much a blank as the space in the family record on which he had just been operating.

To be sure, he could think of names, but none to suit. He wished that he knew some of the names that his parents had given him and then taken away. One of those might do. The paper was all dry where Ebenezer Pettingill had been, and something ought to be written in.

But at the end of a half-hour's thought he had come to no decision. He heard his aunt's step on the walk, and hastily shutting the book, he slipped out of the room, very ill at ease. It felt queer to be a boy without a name.

All his leisure moments for the next twenty-four hours he spent in wrestling with his problem. Once, while in school, he named himself Harold, out of his English history book; and for an hour or so his mind was relieved. Then he thought of the letters E. P. T. that he had spent so much time in cutting on trees and desks and other things. No, he must stand by those initials, anyway, so the name Harold was given up.

Finally, when almost in despair, he decided that Edward Percy would have to do; and at the first opportunity he opened the family record again and wrote in the name. After that there could be no backing out.

The boy now felt it to be his duty to apprise his great-uncle of the change. This he did by letter, as follows:

Mr. Ebenezer Pettingill:

Dear Sir—I write to tell you that you will not have to leave me that five thousand dollars, for I have gone and changed my name. I hope this will not hurt your feelings. Ebenezer Pettingill is all right in its proper place. It looks good on the monument that you have had put up in the cemetery at Belham. I was out there one day and saw it. But I don't think it is quite suitable for me. It doesn't join on well with Todd, and it causes remarks. Some have said to me, "Why don't you shorten it to Eben?" That would not be so bad, but I don't think it would be a square thing to do. If I am to earn five thousand dollars by having your name, I must be willing to take it just as it is, and I ought not to be ashamed of it, either. But I have been ashamed, and I couldn't help it.

You must think considerable of the name, and I don't believe you want it made fun of, or carried round by a boy that doesn't like it. So I thought it was best for us both to change. I have washed on Ebenezer Pettingill where it was in our big Bible and have written Edward Percy in its place. So it is all settled. I have written this so that you can fix over your will.

Your affectionate nephew,
EDWARD PERCY TODD,
formerly
EBENEZER PETTINGILL TODD.

On the whole, it was easier to write this letter to his uncle than to announce the change to his aunt, and to other people who might be interested. He waited a little for a favorable opportunity, still answering to his old name, but always saying—although not aloud—"Edward, if you please." But in a day or two he received this note from Mr. Pettingill:

Master Edward Percy Todd:

Dear Nephew—I do not blame you for changing your name, if you do not like it. I think that you have been frank and honest with me. I only wish I could say as much for some others who are looking to me for a legacy. But I must set you right on one point. I never agreed to leave you five thousand dollars for your name. I believe I did promise to remember you in my will, and I find that I have done so to the extent of fifty dollars. I will change that, and in place of the legacy I enclose a check for twenty dollars, to show my regard. Truly yours,

EBENEZER PETTINGILL.

This letter gave the boy his opportunity, and he at once showed it to his aunt, at the same time, of course, explaining what had been done.

The good lady, although considerably shocked at first, soon became reconciled to the change, the more easily, no doubt, because it seemed to involve no great financial loss. She admitted that she liked the new name better than the old, and she quickly became quite fluent in its use.

But there was still one trouble left for the boy. "I wish I knew the best way to break the news to the boys and girls at school," he said, anxiously. Presently another inspiration came to him. "What kind of a party was it that Aunt Helen gave Cousin Laura last year?" he asked his aunt, after some reflection.

"They called it a coming-out party," was the reply.

"Well, why can't I have one?"

"You!" exclaimed his aunt. "Why, they don't give coming-out parties for boys; they are only for young ladies."

But the boy was not convinced, and eventually he carried his point. Soon after, all his schoolmates and friends received a neatly written note of invitation:

Miss Lucy Emmons
requests the pleasure of your company at a party in honor of her nephew,
Edward Percy Todd,
September the nineteenth, 8 to 10 p. m.

The party was a complete success, and although it cost nearly the whole of his twenty dollars, Edward thought that the end justified the means. As he had anticipated, his friends, after having partaken of his ice cream, felt in honor bound to recognize his new name, and they never called him Ebenezer Pettingill, except perhaps now and then for nickname purposes.

But the most surprising result of the whole transaction was the increased interest shown by Mr. Pettingill toward his nephew. He frequently invited the boy to visit him at Belham, and occasionally manifested his goodwill in more substantial ways.

And when, some years later, his will was finally probated, one clause read as follows:

To Edward Percy Todd, son of my late nephew, Joseph Todd, I give and bequeath the sum of five thousand dollars.—Youth's Companion.

SCIENTIFIC & INDUSTRIAL

The familiar statement that seeds found in Egyptian mummy cases have been known to sprout and reproduce their kind when planted is once more called in question by Prof. M. A. Brannon, who points out that De Candolle and others, by careful experiments, showed that few seeds retain their vitality after ten to fifteen years.

Prince Yamashina has recently established the first permanent mountain observatory in Japan. It is specially intended for meteorological and seismological observations. The prince has chosen for the site of his observatory the summit of Mount Tsukuba, situated on the eastern coast of Japan, about forty miles north of Tokio.

The imperial standard yard of Great Britain is a gun-metal bar completed in 1855. It has been found that standards made of bronze or gun-metal are liable to an appreciable alteration in length through molecular and other changes, and accordingly the imperial standard is to be replaced with a bar of iridio-platinum, consisting of 90 per cent. platinum and 10 per cent. iridum.

The experiments on the Chicago & Alton Railroad in sending wireless despatches to moving trains have disclosed some interesting variations in the strength of the signals. For instance, the electric radiations sent from St. Louis seem to prefer following the Mississippi River, for where the track runs alongside that stream a remarkable increase of intensity in the signals has been noted.

Most of the largest bridges and other steel structures which have been built in late years have been designed by engineers not connected with manufacturing establishments. The manufacturer should confine himself to his legitimate field of manufacturing structural steelwork at so much a pound. The line between engineers and manufacturers will be even more marked in the future, when the same distinction will prevail as now exists between the architect and the contractor.

The question is often asked, whether in case of installing a certain horsepower of boilers, say 300 horse-power, it would be more economical to have three boilers of 100 horse-power each or two boilers of 150 horse-power each. By all means have the two larger units, as it will always be found that the larger boilers have less radiation, less air leakage and better combustion than a corresponding horse-power in small units. If it is necessary to have a spare unit for cleaning, let there be another one provided of the same size.

Teaching Him to Be Honest.

Fifteen or twenty years ago Bill Smith was a well known character in a Missouri town whose name need not be mentioned here. Bill was a colored boy who roamed the streets at will. One day he found a pocketbook containing $40, and the owner's name was stamped on the book. But Bill burned the pocketbook and spent the $40 in riotous living. Of course it was found out and Bill was arrested, tried and found guilty, and sent to the penitentiary for two years. He served his time, and when he emerged he knew something about making shoes. The day he returned to his home town an old acquaintance met him and asked:

"Well, what did they put you at in the prison, Bill?"

"Dey started to make an honest boy out'n me, sah."

"That's good, Bill, and I hope they succeeded."

"Ded did, sah."

"And how did they teach you to be honest, Bill?"

"Dey done put me in de shop, sah, nailing pasteboard outer shoes fo' soles, sah."—The Commoner.

TALES OF ADVENTURE

THIS strictly commercial business of shark hunting is done in small sloops, whose headquarters are in the more northerly Norwegian ports. The crews are for the most part made up of pure-blooded descendants of the Vikings, who are still to be found in any number among the cod-fishers of Hammerfest and Tromso. And a magnificent race of men they are! Accustomed from boyhood to a life of hardship, they have a way of treating Father Neptune with a slightly contemptuous toleration, like an old friend of somewhat uncertain temper, whose rapid changes from smiling benevolence to wild, blustering anger are on the whole rather amusing than otherwise.

They care nothing for danger, and little for suffering—in themselves or in others. Why, then, should they stop to think that perhaps a maimed, but still living, shark can feel?

The fishing is done off the coast of Iceland in about eighty fathoms of water. Three or four gallows-like structures are rigged up around the sides of the sloop, and from each of these hangs a pulley-block, over which runs a strong rope; and to the end of this the baited hook is fastened. A plentiful supply of ground-bait is thrown out to attract the quarry, and such is the eagerness with which the sharks take the bait, that sometimes each one of these gallows-like fishing rods will have its fish hooked and fighting for life, all at the same time.

There is no "playing" the fish; it is not necessary or possible, and the powerful tackle is hardly likely to break, no matter how fiercely the hooked shark may struggle. But the shark is not, for his size, a game fish; and, except when he is actually being hoisted up out of the water, there is no very serious strain on the tackle. If he does now and then get away, it is not because he ever manages to break the line, but because a lightly fixed hook easily tears through the soft cartilaginous skeleton of his head, and so sets him free.

As soon as a shark has taken one of the baits, the hauling tackle attached to his particular gallows is manned, and without any superfluous fuss or ceremony he is hauled up to the sloop, and hoisted just clear of the water.

He is not brought on board at all, but with a few bold slashes his liver is cut out as he hangs, and is thrown into a tub, to be further dealt with later. Then his eyes are put out, and he is cut adrift—to go and complete the tardy process of dying where and how he pleases.

All this sounds very horrible; but there is one curious fact which goes far to make us believe that this death cannot, after all, be such a cruel one as at first appears. It is this: the fishermen say that, unless they put out the shark's eyes, he will afterward cause them a lot of trouble, by coming and taking the bait a second time.

It sounds incredible; but the statement is thoroughly well authenticated by eye-witnesses, who have seen a liverless shark do just this very thing. Scientists, doubtless, are right in saying that the shark (which by anatomical classification is one of the lowest of fishes) does not feel pain in the way more highly organized animals feel it. We will cling to that belief; for it is consoling—to us, if not to the shark, who is thus sacrificed that his liver may supply us with—what?

It is a secret not to be spoken aloud. Norway is one of the great centres of the cod trade, and from cod is made cod-liver oil, and—shark-liver oil tastes and looks exactly like it.—Pearson's Magazine.

FAIR EXCHANGE.

Indian nature was about the same in 1876 as it was in 1804, says the author of "The Trail of Lewis and Clark." In illustration of this he tells of a time when Lewis and Clark, on their journey of exploration toward the Northwest, found that their stock of merchantable property was exhausted, and they created a new fund by cutting off the buttons from their clothes, and adding vials and small tin boxes to their stores. With this merchandise two men went out on a trading expedition and returned to camp laden with roots and other provisions.

Their experience recalls a certain one of my own, writes Mr. Wheeler. Late in the fall of 1876 J. H. Renshawe, now of the United States Geographical Survey, and I, with a topographic party, were slowly making our way down Meadow Valley Wash, in southeastern Nevada. Misfortune had been our constant companion, and as we reached the banks of Muddy Creek, a beautiful, clear, cold stream, one noon, we were rather a gloomy set of men. We were a month behind time, our horses were almost exhausted, all our horse feed was gone, the grazing was worthless, we were out of money, and there was no way to get more. We felt that we were in rather a serious plight.

Soon after we camped a Piute Indian appeared, and within a few minutes several more came to camp. We soon found that they had a store of barley and corn, and an exchange was quickly effected for certain surplus provisions that we had, and the poor horses had a full meal.

When the beans and sugar were exhausted, the Indians intimated that an old hat or coat would be acceptable for barter. This suggested a new line entirely, and to make a long story short, we bargained off all our old garments for shelled corn and barley, until finally we had six or eight hundred pounds of splendid grain on our wagon. Two revolvers were sold outright for precious silver dollars; and a mouth-organ, or cheap harmonica, was "great medicine," and brought splendid returns.

When we were done the Indians quietly withdrew, leaving us rich and cheerful.

At first thought, such bartering seems one-sided and inequitable, but it is not so. What was of value or interest to the Indian may have been valueless to its white owner, and vice versa. To the child a jumping-jack is a precious possession, and the Indian was, and is yet in many respects, an overgrown child.

TRANSFERRING THE FLAG.

In the Battle of Lake Erie, in 1813 when Commodore Perry defeated the British and captured their entire fleet the flagship Lawrence was shattered by the guns of the English, and Commodore Perry was obliged to transfer his flag to the Niagara. In "Commodore Oliver Hazard Perry," the author refers to this transfer as "the sublimest passage in the epic of Erie."

From the masthead of the helpless Lawrence the big blue burgee, the white-lettered bugle-call upon an azure field, had come fluttering down. The pennant followed, but the Stars and Stripes remained. It was not then a surrender, as the enemy had thought. What was it? The next moment furnished a reply, for out from under the lee of the battered hulk darted a small boat, propelled by oars in the hands of brawny seamen, straight for the passing Niagara. Erect in the stern stood a splendid, stalwart figure, the folds of the big blue burgee and the pennant draped over the broad shoulders, the face still calmly impassive, the eyes smoldering. Commodore Perry was transferring the flag.

Half-surrounded as it was by the enemy's ships, the boat swept on through a perfect roaring tornado, the commander, still strangely impassive, erect in the stern. Perry's young brother pleaded with the Commodore to sit down, but he seemed oblivious. Finally his oarsmen, fearful for his safety, flatly refused to row longer unless he sat down, when he complied. The men then redoubled their efforts, speeding toward the now waiting Niagara. The storm from the British guns, if possible, grew in violence; the oars were splintered by musket balls. As by a miracle, the small craft's tenants escaped unscathed.

A round shot finally came tearing through the boat's side. In a trice Perry had slipped off the epauleted coat of his rank, the garment he had donned on leaving the Lawrence's deck, and stopped the hole with it. The boat reached the side of the Niagara in safety, a quarter of an hour after leaving the Lawrence.

OLD-FASHIONED BEAR HUNT.

The other day information was brought to the Traffic Superintendent of the Muar State Railway that bears were destroying the cocoanut trees near the fourth mile on the railway at a kampong called Parit Bakar.

They climb to the top of a young tree and with their powerful claws tear away the young leaves and then proceed to devour the inside of the tree, called the cabbage.

Mr. L. went to the scene on his handcar, armed with a Snider carbine.

A young bear suddenly dashed out close to one of the Javanese and he slashed at it with his parang. The blow enraged the bear and it "went for" the Javanese, who climbed the nearest tree. The bear proceeded to follow him up the tree. Mr. L. was taking aim at the bear when, as he thought, one of his men shook him by the shoulder. Mr. L. told his disturber to "get out."

He felt himself being pulled about rather roughly and on looking over his shoulder was astonished to see a huge bear with one big paw on each of his shoulders and its gaping mouth almost touching his neck. It was impossible to use the rifle, and Mr. L. drew his hunting knife and plunged it into the side of the bear, just under the shoulder. The blade penetrated the brute's heart, and it rolled over, endeavoring to tear out the knife. The Malays and Javanese ran up and slashed the bear until life was extinct.

In the mean time the first bear was still climbing up after the Javanese. In his terror the Javanese dropped right on top of the bear. This frightened the animal and it bolted through the scrub and was not seen again.—Singapore Straits Budget.

BOY SAVES BANK.

After fastening the doors of near-by houses by setting heavy eye-screws in the door frames and fastening the door knobs to them with ropes, eight robbers attacked the front door of the Traders' Bank, of Bridgeburg, a village on the Canadian side of the Niagara River, opposite Buffalo, with a battering ram, early on a recent morning.

Ralph C. Young, eighteen years old, was the only person in the bank. Armed with a revolver, he went to an upper window and opened fire. The thieves replied with revolvers and shotguns, some of the gang meanwhile continuing the work with the battering ram.

With his face streaming with blood from shattered glass and splinters of wood, Young kept up the fight for twenty minutes. The stout oak doors resisted all the efforts to break them down, and, alarmed by a shot fired from up the street by an aroused villager, the thieves fled.

Knew Her Weakness.

It was the sweet scent of the lilies in the conservatory, or the beauty of the young girl's gilt hair, at any rate, after the two-step, as they rested in the shadow beneath a palm, he proposed to the debutante in white.

"It cannot be," she said. "I am unworthy of you."

"Oh, rubbish!" said he.

"It is true, it is too true." And she sighed.

"You are an angel," he said, ardently.

"No, no; you are wrong," said the young girl. "I am vain, idle, silly, utterly unfit to be your helpmate through life."

He laughed lightly. He said in a soothing voice:

"Why, this is sheer madness. What sort of a wife do you think I ought to have?"

"A very wise, deliberate, practical woman," she replied; "one able to live on your small salary."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Sir Henry Irving's birthplace at Keinton, Mandeville, which was put up at auction in London, was withdrawn at $3000.

WHY JAPAN'S RULER WORSHIPED AT ISE

Went to Report Victory to the Founder of His House--Indorsement of Shintoism--Veneration of Ancestors the Strongest National Force in the Empire--Christians Have to Allow It.

LONDON.—Europeans, and doubtless Americans, also, have recently been puzzled by the peculiar importance which, judging from Tokio dispatches, has been attached by the Japanese people to the visits by Admiral Togo and afterward by the Emperor of Japan to a certain temple at Ise. "What is the Temple of Ise?" people have been asking. The brief Tokio cablegrams have given no hint as to the solution of the puzzle, and it has remained for the Tokio correspondent of the New York Times to enlighten the West.

It seems that the visits of Togo and the Mikado to Ise must be regarded as an official indorsement of the ancient religion of Japan, a sign that, in spite of all modern innovations and developments, the governing classes of the empire remain faithful to the ancient Shino belief. The Emperor went to the Temple of Ise in order to report to the "First Imperial Ancestor," the founder of the dynasty, the successful termination of the war with Russia.

The strongest national force in Japan, is the way the correspondent describes ancestor worship. He remarks that it has been little talked of recently and has been overshadowed by the recent discussion of "Bushido" and its effects. But, he says, "Bushido," wonderful as its teachings and influences are, was at best but a class religion or ethical code. Ancestor worship is universal and has always belonged as much to the peasant as to the aristocrat. It may be said without any exaggeration that every Japanese man, every Japanese woman, and every Japanese child is an ancestor worshiper. This applies to the Christian convert equally with the Buddhist devotee. Ancestor worship, or more properly the veneration of ancestors, is something independent of religion; it does not interfere with it and cannot be affected by it. It is worth noting that in China the greatest strides were made by the Jesuit Fathers in gaining converts and power after they had declared that ancestor worship was not a religion, and, therefore, need not be abandoned by the convert to Christianity.

"Ancestor worship does not stop at the veneration of the family ancestors. That is but the first step, and there follows the veneration of the clan deities, and, the highest of all, the veneration of the imperial ancestors. In this way there is a perfect form of religion for the development of the patriotism and loyalty of a people as well as of the morals of the home. Shintoists and Buddhists alike are all ancestor worshipers; the rites may differ slightly, but the ideas are the same, and in every Japanese house there are shrines or places devoted to ancestor worship. Ancestor worship suffered no bad effect from the feudal system. An ethical code might be impossible of comprehension by the ignorant classes under such a system, but every family possessed ancestors and could venerate them.

"The Emperor, as the descendant of the imperial ancestors, embodying in himself all their virtues and all their rights and duties, is the central figure of the whole system of ancestor worship. Not only does he occupy that position, but the enormous effect of ancestor worship upon the loyalty of the people to him as its personification cannot be overestimated. With the Japanese each day contains some minutes set apart for active veneration of the imperial ancestors. This daily act of loyalty has been continuously practiced for hundreds of years. It is to this great force that the Emperor is appealing in his visit to the Temple of the First Imperial Ancestor at Ise.

"In connection with the worship of the First Imperial Ancestor there are three places set apart. These are 'The Temple of Daijingu at Ise, the Kashikodokoro in the Sanctuary of the Imperial Palace, and the kamidana, which is to be found in every house.' In the first two places the Imperial Ancestor is represented by a Divine Mirror. The mirror was given to the First Imperial Ancestor, so tradition says, 'accompanied by the injunction that her descendants should look upon that mirror as representing her soul and should worship it as herself.' Originally the Divine Mirror was worshiped at the Imperial Palace, but was later removed to the temple at Ise, its place being taken by a duplicate.

"Although all the people worship the First Imperial Ancestor at home, they look upon it as a necessity to visit the temple at Ise at least once during a lifetime. It is to the Japanese people very much what Mecca is to the Mohammedans. From the temple at Ise raidates out the system of ancestor worship which finds a place in every home in the land. The two sacred places in every Japanese house, says Prof. Nobushige Hozumi, are the Kamidana or 'god-shelf' and the Butsudan or 'Buddhist altar.' The first-named is a Shinto altar, which is a plain wooden shelf. In the centre of this sacred shelf is placed a Taima or O-nusa (great offerings), which is a part of the offerings made to the Daijingu of Ise, or the temple dedicated to Amater-asu Omi-Kami, the First Imperial Ancestor.

The Taima is distributed from the Temple of Ise to every house in the empire at the end of each year and worshiped by every loyal Japanese as the representation of the First Imperial Ancestor. On this altar the offering of rice, sake and branches of sakaki tree (chyera Japanica) are usually placed, and every morning the members of the household make reverential obeisance before it by clapping hands and bowing; while in the evening lights are placed on the shelf. On this shelf is placed in addition the charm of Ujigama, or the local tutelary god of the family, and, in many houses, the charms of the other Shinto deities also.

"In the Shinto household there is a second shelf-god or Kamidana, which is dedicated exclusively to the worship of the ancestors of the house. On this second shelf are placed cenotaphs bearing the names of the ancestors, their ages and the dates of their death. These memorial tablets are called 'Mitama-shieo,' meaning 'representatives of souls,' and they are usually placed in small boxes shaped like Shinto shrines. Offerings of rice, sake, fish, sakaki tree and lamps are made on this second shelf as on the first. In the Buddhist household there is, in addition to the Kamidana, a Butsudan, on which are placed cenotaphs bearing on the front posthumous Buddhist names, and on the back the names used by the ancestors during their lifetime. Offerings of flowers, branches of shikimi tree (Illicium religiosum), tea, rice and other vegetable foods are usually placed before the cenotaphs, while incense is continually burned, and in the evening small lamps are lighted. The Butsudan takes the place of the second god-shelf of the Shinto household, both being dedicated to the worship of family ancestors.

"Every household in Japan has definitely stated occasions for the worship of ancestors. There are the sacrifice days, which are the days in each month corresponding to the day of the ancestor's death; the sacrifice months, which are the days of the month corresponding to the day and month of an ancestor's death; and the sacrifice years, which are the certain years in which on a day of the month corresponding to the death of an ancestor celebrations may be held. Participation in the ceremonies is generally limited to the members of the family and near relatives, but occasionally larger festivals are held, at which Shintoists and Buddhist priests officiate either in a private house or in a Buddhist temple."

WIFE CUTS HIS HAIR

Aged Millionaire Keeps to the Custom of His Poverty Days.

Over in Brooklyn there lives a millionaire well along in years, with a wife from whom also youth has long since fled. From the old days before wealth came to them the couple retain one custom which has passed, as the years have flown, into a sort of sacred rite. The old lady cuts the old gentleman's hair. Once a year the millionaire goes to a barber shop and has his scanty locks trimmed. That sets the style for the ensuing year. When he comes home the wife carefully studies the cut, and after that it is her work of love to reproduce it until another year rolls around and the annual visit to the barber takes place. The old gentleman also shaves himself.

Economy in the matter of barbering, which was first a matter of stern necessity, is now the one little thing that the couple refuse to give up out of the days of poverty. As they are a childless couple, there is nobody to hector the old man into engaging a valet. Really the old man has his hair cut more often than is necessary, for sometimes when the worries of wealth and social duties are more than ordinarily oppressive the good wife will say: "Come, dear—come up to my room. I want to cut your hair." And while the scissors snip the old couple laughingly go back to the old happy days of youth and struggle once more.—New York Press.

A Wreck Expert.

"I have taken part as a representative of the insurance underwriters in the investigation of 400 shipwrecks. Most of these wrecks are due to running aground. The causes of wrecks are drink, fogs, neglect to use the sounding-lead and unknown currents."

The speaker was a bronzed ex-skipper. He went on:

"The most dangerous waters lie off the east coast of England, Cape Ushant and Cape Finistere.

"In the past the shifting of the cargo caused a good many wrecks, but the adoption of feed-pipes has changed all that. Cargoes liable to shift consist of wheat, iron ore, coal and so on. Great feed-pipes, un[illegible] of such cargoes, now rundown into the hold, and if the cargo shifts at all the pipes automatically pour more cargo into the space that has been made vacant.

"Off a wild part of the South American coast a four-master loaded with high-heeled French shoes was once wrecked. The native Indians stole the shoes, but couldn't wear them. They used them instead for boxing-gloves, giving each other terrific taps with the French heels."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

The Man Who Needs No Apology.

"Be men," said the doctor to his class of bright-eyed students, "strong, self-controlled, manly men. Build your character up to full measure; make it such that others can rely upon it and not be disappointed. Don't be apologies for men, nor men that need apologizing for. Did you ever notice how many people there are for whom their friends are continually having to make excuses? 'That's his way; but he's good hearted down under it all.'

"I charge you, boys, to be masters of your moods, your tempers and your ways. Never let them get so strong that they shall represent you to the world; that you shall be known by them rather than by anything else that may be in you. No one has a right to do business on the patience of his friends, or expect those about him to excuse the faults and weaknesses he can remedy. What the world wants is the man who has honestly made the best of himself and who needs no apology."—Forward.