THE QUEENSTOWN NEWS.

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The New York Commercial declares that speech is silver, silence is golden and "I don't remember" is radium.

News comes from London that the increase of apartment house living is throwing trained man servants out of employment.

All the same, remarks the Chicago Tribune, there may be misguided people residing on Mars who think this earth is a paradise, inhabited only by celestial beings.

The two great problems, how to fit the unemployed for employment and how to find employment for them, are again carried over into a new year, declares the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Farming is a profession requiring more shrewdness than law, more technical training than medicine, more uprightness than theology, more brains and resourcefulness than pedagogy. It is its own reward. God made farmers. The other professions are parasites.

Mark Twain is described as a humorist. He has made innumerable people laugh. But we never read a book of his writing in which there was not an undercurrent of sadness and a suggestion of the tragedy of life. Sometimes the impression has been painful and has almost extinguished the laughter excited by the humorous play of the author's fancy, says the Christian Register.

Forty years ago Robert E. Lee was offered the Presidency of a Northern insurance company at a salary large enough for those days, relates the New Orleans States. He wrote that he hadn't the ability or the experience to command such a salary. He was told that his name was worth it. "What influence I have with the Southern people is not for sale," said Lee. That ended the negotiations.

The glory of the farmer is that in the division of labors it is his part to create. All trade rests at last upon his primitive activity. He stands close to nature; he obtains from the earth the bread and the meat, avows Ralph Waldo Emerson. The food which was not he causes to be. The first farmer was the first man, and all historic nobility rests on possession and use of land. Men do not like hard work, but every man has an exceptional respect for tillage and a feeling that this is the original calling of his race; that he himself is only excused from it by some circumstance which made him delegate it for a time to other hands. If we have not some product for which the farmer will give his corn, he must himself return unto his due place among the planters. And the profession has in all eyes its ancient charm, standing nearest to God, the first cause.

So much stress has been laid, and rightly laid, upon education as one of the causes of Japan's advance and of her success in the struggle with Russia that it is interesting to observe the policy of her Government concerning education during the war. It was necessary to cut down to the lowest possible limit expenditures for many public purposes. For education, however, the appropriations were largely increased, continues the New York Tribune. Thus in 1893-94 the national appropriation for education was only $1,335,000, while in 1904-05 it was more than $7,000,000. That, of course, is only a small part of the school budget. The appropriations by districts, which were $10,700,000 in 1893-94, increased in 1904-05 to nearly $45,000,000. Even this is a mere fraction of the whole, for in the year last named the cities, towns and villages expended upon education more than $170,000,000, so that the school bill of the whole nation was more than $222,000,000—a most generous allowance for such a country at such a time.

That war is an evil, always an evil, and that the world will be better off when once we are rid of it, we are ready to maintain, asserts the Christian Register. But that all the consequences of war are evil, no wise man should admit. Typhoid fever and the plague are evil and only evil continually, and yet among the sequels of these dread diseases are some of the finest exhibitions of character and projects to increase human welfare. Without the war in Manchuria there would have been no immediate revelation of the strength of Japan and the weakness of Russia. In a little more than a year the whole aspect of modern civilization is changed, and Russia, that for hundreds of years had denied everything that tends toward modern progress, is tried, weighed and found wanting. With the revelation of her weakness came the opportunity for freemen to declare themselves and maintain their rights with vigor and win them. Such a revolution on so vast a scale has never been known in human history. The grant of Magna Charta, great as the results have been, was insignificant in comparison. That immediately affected the lives and the fortunes of a few hundred thousands of people. This sets free as many millions and affects the fortunes of the world.

ENDURANCE

I idly wondered if to me
Should come the certain strife,
If pain should penetrate its way
Into my sheltered life;
What would my surest stronghold be,
Reason's cool touch, a faith intense?
And summoned up in brave array
My weapons of defense.

That day deferred has come at last
In pitiful dismay
I watch my barriers so strong
Fade silently away.
My boasted faith is quickly past,
Philosophy no more endures;
Dear, for one thing alone I long—
Only my hand in yours!
—Helen Curtis, in the New York Sun.

Mrs. Dale's Lecture

"THERE'S no getting round the fact, auntie, I'm always tired. My head aches half the time and often I feel so mean in the morning that doing the day's work seems almost impossible. It's so discouraging to live such a treadmill existence. All farmers' wives have to work as hard as I do, but most of them are stronger, I hope. John often says he don't see how I find so much to do; that's all the thanks I get."

Selina Brown was ironing in the cool, neat dining room, and her aunt, Marion Dale, a trained nurse, who had come from the city for a two weeks' vacation, sat by the window shelling peas for dinner. There was a moment's silence, then Mrs. Dale said gently, "I almost agree with John, dear."

"Why, auntie, what do you mean?" Selina gazed at her guest in astonishment.

"Well, it's just this," was the reply, "you alone are responsible for making such a back breaking burden of your work. You spend valuable time, strength and material doing work that does not need to be done, benefits no one and serves to make your life a complicated problem with small leisure to enjoy your children, husband's society and home. The work absolutely necessary for the comfort and well-being of your family, if done systematically, would leave you an abundance of time to read and improve yourself and be outdoors with your children. Margie called to you to come and see a humming bird yesterday, but you were too busy putting those fine tucks in her new gown. Last night when little Jack asked you to read to him you were too tired; and no wonder, considering the work you had done. But you should not have done so much. Plainer clothing and food would be far better for your little ones and the extra time thus saved spent with them, taking an interest in their little plans and sharing their enjoyments would be a pleasant memory when they are grown up and away from home."

Selina placed her iron on the stove, and seating herself, took up a handful of unshelled peas, saying, "I've often thought I don't manage right; my work seems always crowding. But we've got to eat three times a day, and it takes so much time just to cook and to wash the dishes, and you will admit there's no escaping those duties."

"Yes," was the reply, "but you can simplify them a good deal."

"Do tell me how, auntie."

"Well, in the first place, stop making doughnuts, pies, cakes and cookies and all complicated foods of that sort. They are artificial, and instead of serving to repair waste and nourish the body often impair digestion, causing bilious attacks, headache, and dull, heavy feeling."

"But everybody eats them," defended Selina.

"Yes! and nearly everybody has troubles that are caused by a badly treated stomach. You were telling me yesterday about the bilious attacks little Jack is subject to, and yet I noticed that you gave him mince pie for dessert. Now, you wouldn't think of giving it to him when he is just recovering from one of his attacks; you are careful about his diet then, but just as soon as he is practically well, you allow him to eat all these things that overtax his weak digestion. His stomach stands it just as long as possible, then rebels again. Most of the materials of which mince and other kinds of pie are made are healthful when taken in their simple, natural state. It is the complicated nature of the dish that makes it a menace to health. Fat is a valuable food when taken simple, in the form of butter, cream, olive oil and meat, but in pie crust the starch grains surrounded with fat and treated to a high temperature, forms an acid which renders it impervious to the gastric juices of the stomach and hinders the digestion of wholesome food which may be taken at the same time. The very condiments which preserve mincemeat in the jar also preserve it from digestion in the stomach.

"Eggs, butter and sugar are valuable food, yet combined in cakes and cookies, their food value does not equal the demand made upon the system for their proper digestion. These facts have been ascertained by chemists and physicians who have made a study of hygienic food values. I believe the time is coming when people everywhere will better understand how to live correctly. At present there are many who would rather suffer continuously with indigestion, headache, neuralgia and kindred ills produced by wrong eating than to give up their accustomed diet. Unwholesome food is the starting point of many a drunken spree. The system demands proper nourishment and when it does not get it there is an uneasiness felt which may be relieved, for the time being, by alcoholic drink, which, once taken, may be often desired. Upon the wives and mothers rest a great responsibility—not all of them realize its full extent."

"Seems to me," said Selina, gravely, though there was a mischievous twinkle in her eyes, "that it's a wonder any of us are alive, for we nearly always have doughnuts and fried potatoes for breakfast and pie for dinner and supper."

"Yes," replied her aunt, quickly, "and your head aches half the time and John has rheumatism and heart trouble and both the children are often ill. Nature is very elastic and ready to do her best to make amends, but there is a limit, and sooner or later those who transgress her laws must suffer the full penalty."

"What would you have us live on, auntie?" Selina had forgotten her ironing and sat idle with a pan of shelled peas in her lap.

"For breakfast I would have one of the wheat cereals, which may be sufficiently cooked in a double boiler one hour the day before and heated before serving. Oatmeal should be cooked five hours or longer, and is an excellent cereal for cold weather, owing to its heating properties. Toast or some of those nice whole wheat biscuits you make with fresh or stewed fruit and a small cup of well made coffee or tea should be an ample breakfast for the average person. If John wants something more, give him poached eggs on toast or jellied eggs prepared by dropping them in boiling water and placing them where they will keep hot, but not boil, for ten minutes. Cooked in this way they are very easily digested."

"Just a minute, auntie." Selina placed the peas on the kitchen table and returned with pencil and notebook in hand. "I never heard of cooking eggs in that way and I'm going to put it down; then I won't forget."

"And now," said Mrs. Dale, when Selina had ceased writing, "I'm going to give you my favorite recipe for preparing them. Open carefully and separate without breaking the yolks. Beat the whites absolutely stiff and heap on nice slices of toast in a baking tin. Place a yolk on the centre of each and put in a warm oven for a short time, being very careful that the frothy white hardly browns at all. Pour a little water in the tin (which may have a perforated bottom) to moisten the toast if hard, and send to the table hot. Serve with butter. Never, as you value the health of your family, give them fried eggs or fried food of any sort, nor food having a coating of egg mixed on the outside, except in the form of meringues which are scarcely browned in a warm oven. Potatoes make a nice breakfast dish baked or boiled, or if warmed over, scalloped, creamed, or hashed and browned a bit in the oven."

"How do you prepare 'well made' tea and coffee, auntie?"

"Pour fresh, boiling water over the tea and set it where it will keep hot but not boil for a few minutes. Serve immediately. For coffee mix the ground berry with cold water and bring slowly to a boil, remove from the fire and settle with a dash of cold water. Long boiling of tea or coffee liberates the astringent and bitter principles upon which its stimulant effects depend, and drive off with the steam the aromatic oils which give the pleasant taste. When there is any question as to their agreeing with the system equal parts of hot milk and water or cocoa should be taken instead and are invariably more healthful for growing children."

"And now about the dinner, auntie?" And Selina glanced at the clock with its hand pointing to half past 9.

"For dinner," went on Mrs. Dale, "I would have vegetables, either potatoes or rice, and at least one green vegetable, such as peas, string beans, beets, carrots, tomatoes, sweet corn and spring greens always in their season. The custom of our grandmothers of having a boiled, or garden dinner, as it was sometimes called, once a week, when every vegetable the farm afforded was cooked and served at one meal and the family dined to satiety and then lived on potatoes and fried pork for a week afterward, may well be done away with. One other vegetable than potatoes, if not more, should appear, nicely cooked and daintily served, on every table at least once a day. Salads of lettuce, cress, chicory, celery, cabbage, radishes or onions should be used daily. These vegetables act like a boom to the system, keeping it clear. As to meat, preferably beef, mutton and poultry should be used, either broiled, roasted or stewed. Salt pork is most healthful boiled.

"Eggs and cream may well take the place of meat. With this meal there should be served a coarse bread, such as corncake or biscuits, made from whole wheat or rye. Brown bread should accompany baked beans and with tomatoes forms a well-balanced meal. White bread, of which you make such a fine quality, should also be on the table. For dessert, fruit, either fresh or stewed. This menu provides an ample meal fully satisfying to a normal appetite. It is the pampered diseased appetite that calls for pies and rich food. The time and care bestowed upon the preparation of such articles in the average kitchen would, if transferred to the preparation of vegetables, fruits and simple foods, result in the improved health of the people of our land. For tea have white bread or plain or milk toast, and coarse bread of some kind, as the exclusive use of white flour is apt to produce constipation with its attendant ills. Fruit, with a simple farinaceous pudding, such as rice, Indian, tapioca, sea-moss farini, cup custards or cream of wheat may be added. These may be cooked in the forenoon. Cocoa or tea, also crackers and cheese, may be added to this simple, refreshing meal."

"Why, auntie," cried Selina, "such a sensible bill of fare would save hours of work every week. Why didn't I even think of it? I really have, in a way, but John's mother always kept him on pie and that seemed the proper thing to do. Once when she came to visit us I didn't have one on hand for dinner and she discovered the fact and insisted upon making some, just as if she couldn't eat one meal without it. And she boils her tea over and over again, and always has fried potatoes for breakfast. Only a short time ago she told me how she beat up an egg and dipped salt pork in it before frying and it made an egg go a good ways."

"I guess it took longer to go than she thought for," commented Mrs. Dale. "Is she well?"

"No, she isn't," replied Selina with emphasis. "You should hear her complain. I have always considered her a martyr to ill health; bilious attacks are her chief troubles. I don't believe it ever has occurred to her that diet has anything to do with her sufferings. She proudly asserts that Father Brown has always eaten pie and been well. Recently, however, he was ill and is now badly broken up with little appetite even for his pie. Would you never have any cake or pie, auntie? and what do you think of pickles?"

"Pickles of all kinds are pernicious; the only way cucumbers are of value is fresh, sliced in a salad with a simple French dressing of olive oil or softened butter and vinegar. As for pie, or rather thin shortcake with juicy fruit piled on top and a meringue or sweetened cream placed over it is far more pleasing to the eye and palate and a healthful tea dish occasionally. Light sponge cake made without shortening is also quite healthful and may be given as an especial treat. When cooking fruit of any kind that requires sweetening stew until done and add the sugar just before taking from the stove; then no chemical changes will take place."

"If you can tell me as many helpful things about the rest of my work it will be a general emancipation day to me, Aunt Marion. Now I will make some custards for tea and get to ironing, for the irons are hot, I'm sure," said Selina, suddenly jumping up.

"It is not necessary to iron everyday sheets and pillowcases," remarked her aunt. "If the children's common clothes are sweet and clean, that is enough. I think it would be well to make them, also your own undershirts and aprons, from seersucker, which comes in so many pretty colored stripes, and is fresh and dainty when washed, without ironing. I would advise you or any other busy housemother who does her own work unaided, to pin everyday tablecloths and napkins very evenly on the line after washing, and when the sun and wind have dried them, fold without wrinkling, place a book on the piled up napkins, to press them, and put away the cloth ready for use, without further attention."

"And now, auntie, there's just one more bugbear—sweeping day." Mrs. Dale's response was prompt.

"Take up your carpets. They serve only to make your work hard, and harbor dust and disease germs. Sensible people everywhere are discarding them. Have your floors painted or stained, and use a few lightweight rugs that may be easily carried out of doors and cleaned. Cover bureaus, etc., in sleeping rooms with pretty enameled cloth, which may be easily dusted with a damp cloth."

"You've given me a splendid lecture, auntie, and I'm going to profit by it. Why, I do declare, there comes Father and Mother Brown to take dinner with us; I'm so glad. But"—in mock tragic tones—"there's no pie!" And Selina's merry laugh echoed back as she hastened to greet her guests.—Florida Agriculturist.

SCIENTIFIC & INDUSTRIAL

The Chilean Government has voted several millions of dollars for the subsidization of international steamship lines in the expectation of extended mercantile relations with foreign countries, and an extension of the Chilean coasting trade is also contemplated.

Prof. Uhlenhuth, a German biologist, is making some important investigations of the differences in the blood of different animals. He finds, by a system of delicate tests, that the blood of species even very closely related differs measurably in chemical character.

The London County Council have recently decided to spend £5200 on an experimental scheme of motor ambulances. The experience of the St. John's Ambulance Association shows that the electric car is superior to the patrol car for the purpose on account of the comparatively greater absence of jerking and vibration.

As the outcome of the recent investigatory visit of the deputation of Birmingham brass workers to Berlin, a proposal has been launched in favor of the establishment of a reorganized technical school for the better training of brass workers on "the artistic and intellectual side of their trade."

The height that the atmosphere extends above the earth is usually placed at about 110 miles. This result was reached by observing shooting-stars, which only become lighted up when they enter our atmosphere. Prof. T. J. J. See of the naval observatory at Washington figures from a new basis that the atmosphere is 131 miles high.

According to German papers forwarded by Consul-General Guenther, of Frankfort, Otto Schlick, of Hamburg, has invented an appliance which reduces the rolling of ships to a minimum. He calls it "schiffsloreisel" (ship top). It is stated that if it fills expectations it will prove of great importance, not only that seasickness would be done away with, but the efficiency of warships would be greatly enhanced, as the hitting ability would be vastly increased.

Railway Tickets From a Slot Machine.

An interesting application of the slot principle has been made in England, where the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway has introduced an automatic ticket machine at a point where a large number of tickets for a neighboring station are sold. The machine is of simple construction, and when the coin is dropped into the slot and a handle pulled the ticket is dropped into an open receptacle. If the machines prove successful in operation it is proposed to instal a large number at suburban stations, not only with the purpose of relieving the ticket office, especially during rush hours, but to enable passengers to purchase their tickets more speedily without waiting in a line at the window. It has been suggested that a number of these machines could be employed at rapid transit or subway stations in this country with advantage. The English company considers that the automatic ticket machine will serve to increase suburban traffic, and enable it to meet electric competition on better terms.—Harper's Weekly.

CROPS OF TWO YEARS WORTH MORE THAN 400 YEARS' YIELD OF GOLD

American Farmer is the Real Dictator of the World of Commerce.

By Professor W. G. Johnson, Managing Editor of American Agriculturist.

OUR American farmer is the wonder of the age. Wall street trembled when he announced the value of his products for 1905 at $6,415,000,000. Railroad officials shook because of their inability to hand to him a bill of lading in 1904, but when he asked for rolling stock to transport his crops at the close of the harvest they were unable to speak. He requested cars for 2,708,000,000 bushels of corn, 740,000,000 bushels of wheat, 1,000,000,000 bushels of oats, 35,000,000 bushels of rye, 150,000,000 bushels of barley, 30,000,000 bushels of flaxseed, 250,000,000 bushels of potatoes, 28,000,000 barrels of apples, 3,000,000 bushels of onions, 910,000 bushels of cranberries, 650,000,000 pounds of rice, 280,000 tons beet sugar, 11,000,000 bales of cotton, 58,000,000 tons of hay, 42,000,000 pounds of broom corn and 156,000,000 pounds of tobacco.

In addition the farmer asks for transportation of milk, butter and cheese from 17,570,000 cows, which products alone, he estimates, will be worth in 1906 more than $665,000,000. He values his cows at $182,000,000, to say nothing of the 43,700,000 other cattle, worth in round numbers $663,000,000.

Just to make the figures even up, he says, add another $1,500,000,000 for horses and mules, and cast your eye over 47,000,000 sheep and swine in the barns and fields. As the general freight agent starts away, scratching his head, the farmer says provision must be made for handling and shipping 1,800,000,000 dozens of eggs during the next twelve months.

BILLIONS FROM THE FARM

When he closed the year 1904 the American farmer announced the value of his products at $4,900,000,000. The general public was amazed at these unthinkable figures, but when he comes forth at the close of another season with an aggregate of over $1,500,000,000 more than the marvellous record of 1904 we wonder what sort of a man the farmer really is. All other classes of producers sink into insignificance when compared with him.

All the gold mineral in the world in the last four hundred years could not purchase the farm crops of the last two years.

Farm crops for 1905 are worth more than the value of the manufactures of five years ago, not counting the materials used; they represent several times the gross earnings of all the railroads in the United States.

An occupation that produces such bewildering figures is deserving of more than passing attention. A few years ago the man who tills the 6,000,000 farms in this country was called a "hayseed" or "Rube." To-day he stands head and shoulders above his fellow co-workers in other vocations, but we never hear him speak disrespectfully of any one. He is the master of the situation. Wall Street consults him and measures the successes of the year by the contents of the farmers' granaries.

HE DELIVERED THE GOODS.

The man behind the plow has delivered his goods for 1905, and bids everybody a happy New Year. His granaries are bulging to overflowing, his cellars are packed and his larder is stored with the necessities of life. He asks alms from no man; he feeds the world, reserving first enough for himself and family. No one dare deny the fact that the prosperity and welfare of the United States are intimately associated with the wonderful achievements of the American farmer. He has pushed ahead, keeping pace with the time. In ten years from 1890 to 1900 he increased the value of his products nearly ninety-three per cent., but the most marvellous advances have been made during the last five years.

From products valued at $3,742,000,000 in 1899 he advanced to $4,480,000,000 in 1903 and $4,900,000,000 one year later. It is by no means admitted that these figures represent the full value of the farm products. Besides the value of his products, the real estate values of the farms have increased over thirty-three per cent. in five years.

During the last few years the American farmer has accumulated larger sums of money than ever before. In many sections his deposits have been so generous that the rate of interest was forced down. Alert to these conditions, the farmer has now larger sums in permanent investment than ever before. He has shown his capacity as a financier, he is founding many rural banks, a movement of no unstable character.

For the first time in the banking history of the South there are deposits in excess of $7,000,000,000. The man with one hand on the plow keeps the other on the combination of the vault containing his cash or securities. What the future has in store for the American farmer no man can tell, but one thing is sure, he never turns back. He goes straight ahead, and nothing can change his belief that his is not the best and safest of all vocations. He is no longer a tiller, but a supreme master of the soil.

Farm houses are connected with telephones as never before. Isolation is a thing of the past. Modern equipment and furnishings make his home the best in the world. His children are offered improved opportunities for education; the rural delivery brings to his door daily literature of the highest class; he is a ravenous reader. As his power to purchase increases his approaches the most comfortable and happy ideal American home.

In the production of these immense crops the farmer faced peculiar conditions. His fields were not always covered with sunshine and his pathway was not strewn with roses. The early part of the season was beset with many adverse circumstances that tried the iron heart of the sturdy plowman. However, this extraordinary harvest was not so much due to meteorological conditions as to the skill, energy and scientific methods pursued by the farmers themselves. There is no place in the world where agricultural practices have reached so high a scale of development as in the United States.

The American farmer has not been handicapped by the traditions of centuries, as have the farmers of the Old World; he has been steadily hoeing his own row. With the help of the government and State experts at the agricultural colleges and experiment stations and dissemination of scientific knowledge and exchange of practical experiences through the agricultural press the farmers have advanced more rapidly in technical specific and practical knowledge than any other class. A generation ago a season no more favorable than that experienced in 1905, from a meteorological standpoint, would have resulted in only a moderate crop yield, far short of the present magnificent showing.

Although Nature was by no means in a generous mood the past season, ours farmers have wrested from her results that would have been impossible, even under the most favored conditions, in the days of their sires or grandsires.—New York Herald.

WISE WORDS.

There is not a single moment in life that we can afford to lose.—Goulburn.

A great, good, handsome man is the first of created beings.—Charlotte Bronte.

An ounce of hard work is worth a pound of physical culture.—New York Times.

Woman is born for love, and it is impossible to turn her from seeking it.—Margaret Fuller.

Where there is much [illegible] much has been borrowed; nature [illegible] pretends.—Lavater.

No matter if you are hidden in an obscure post, never content yourself with doing your second best, however unimportant the occasion.—General Phil. Sheridan.

I begged to escape from suffering; I prayed God to save my soul from sin. To-day I stand aghast at the thing I should have been, had my prayer been heard.—Muriel Strode.

The man never lived—red, white or any other color—who did not learn a more valuable lesson from one hard blow than from twenty warnings.—Indian Commissioner Leupp.

Keep within the proprieties, and you must stand on your merits. But if you want a short cut to fame, there's an easy way if you're unscrupulous enough to take it. That way is to shock.—Dr. Felix Adler.

Home Medicine Chest Menaced.

The "home medicine chest" is in danger. If the crusade against "patent" medicines which will take form in State legislatures as fast as they meet is successful no medicine will be taken by the American people except on the written permission, in the form of a prescription, from some physician at an average cost of $2.

The remedies that have been brewed at home for generations will be put under the ban of the law, and the use of so-called "patent" medicines that are prepared in large quantities from the best prescriptions of leading physicians will likewise give way to the use of medicines prescribed by physicians. This would cost the people many millions of dollars annually for medication in excess of what they are now paying.

What honest reason any person can have for attacking all "patent" medicines few will understand. Most of the standard remedies have been in existence, and in common use, for many years, and to deprive the people of them by legislation would be to take away the remedies that every family has almost constant use for, and the use of which they thoroughly understand.

Our Trade With Germany.

Twenty-one articles, or group of articles, having each a total value of $1,000,000 or over, were imported into the United States from Germany during the past fiscal year, and twenty articles, having a total value of $1,000,000 or over each, were exported to Germany during the same period. Manufactured articles, chiefly iron and steel, silk manufactures, chemicals, cotton goods, earthenware, furs and furskins, and toys comprise the principal importations into the United States from Germany. Of our exportations to Germany raw cotton contributes more than one-half of the total, its share in 1904 being $109,000,000 out of a total export of $215,000,000. But few manufactured articles appear in the list of our principal exportations to Germany.—Harper's Weekly.

Not a Question of Money.

There are many strange ideas of business. The young woman whose application is recorded in the Kansas City Times may have been a sister of the wife who applied for admission to the New York Medical College on the plea that she wanted to do something to occupy her spare moments.

"This morning a young lady came in here," said the man in charge of the book department of a large store, "and asked for a position to sell books. I explained I had nothing to give her, and then I said pleasantly, 'I'm awfully sorry.'

"'Oh,' she said, turning to go, 'you needn't be sorry. I really don't need the money. I simply wanted to work here so I could read the books.'"—Youth's Companion.

Slavery still exists in British East Africa, the English Government having refused to abolish its legal status.

SPORT AND ADVENTURE

WOLF IN THE DOORYARD.

To attack a savage and hungry wolf in the open with no weapon but a slender stick of dry wood is a feat comparatively few men would care to undertake, even in defense of a fellow creature. A wolf which recently strayed into Billerica, Massachusetts, found a young woman there who had no prejudice against personal encounter with him, and who risked her own life in a struggle to save her dog.

Billerica lies along the Shawsheen and Concord Rivers, about eighteen miles northwest of Boston. The valley of the Shawsheen is quite heavily wooded in irregular tracts. Two wolves escaped from a menagerie in Lexington, near the river, in October, and finding a shelter in these woods, began a search for support in the henroosts and pastures of neighboring farmers. One was shot by a man whom it had attacked in his dooryard. The other remained at large, and created excitement in all the neighboring towns.

Billerica Centre is so far from the Shawsheen woods that few persons believed the wolf would appear there. No thought of the brute occurred to the members of the King household, on the edge of the village, but one Saturday evening there was a commotion in their hen-yard. Some one or something was evidently disturbing the fowls, and Carlo, guardian of the house, rushed out to discipline the intruder.

Carlo is a tiny Scotch terrier, bothered by masses of long hair which fill his eyes and impede his steps. But he is not lacking in courage. Wolves were new to him, but when he found one trying to break through the fence of the hen-yard he attacked him bravely, and snapped at his heels. The wolf, disappointed in the hens, evidently concluded that Carlo would do as well. It whirled, grabbed him by the neck and started for the road.

Miss Cora King is a schoolteacher, young and determined. Carlo is her especial pet. She came out of the house close behind him to see what was frightening the hens, and saw the wolf running away with her dog. That was no time for hesitation or for hunting men-folk. Miss King picked up a stick and threw it at the wolf, which whirled about and faced her. Then she picked up another stick, the first she could reach, and rushed at the animal. The wolf waited for her until she was almost upon him, then turned and ran, carrying the dog. Miss King pursued, and soon came so near that the wolf dropped the dog in the road and made off at top speed. He could face men, but a schoolteacher with a stick was too much for him.

Then, the strain being over, the eternal feminine prevailed. Miss King sat down in the road beside her mutilated dog, and wept copiously and loudly from grief and nervousness. There the members of her family found her a few minutes later, and beside her Carlo, inert and apparently lifeless. But the little dog's hair had helped to save his life, and he soon came to, wagged his tail, and began to bark exactly where he had left off.

It was a clear moonlight night. The wolf was hunted till after midnight, when it escaped into the river woods, to be shot at daybreak by a young farmer, whom it attacked as he was driving through.

LIONS AND RHINOCEROS.

Lions are said by some renowned sportsmen to be both cowardly and, in the native haunts, insignificant-looking—a sort of inferior cat. Mrs. Hinde, in an article in Blackwood's Magazine, says that of the many lions she has met, expectedly and unexpectedly, the epithet cowardly is the last she should consider appropriate in describing them. During her residence in Africa, Mrs. Hinde at one time lived at a station seventy miles from the nearest link with the outside world, and on one of her journeys through this absolutely uninhabited region she had a perilous and curious adventure.

We had been going for about half an hour, and were well away from everywhere, when I noticed that my pony was exceedingly restless. Looking round for the cause, I saw that a troop of six lions was following us.

I told the men we were being followed, cautioned them not to run, as this would inevitably bring the lions on us with a rush, and turning off at a right angle, hoped that we should by this altered course put them off our track.

My sais, or groom, was walking ahead of me, the gun-bearers behind. We went along briskly for about five minutes, when on looking back I saw the two gun-bearers running away as fast as they could go. No calling would have brought them back; they were too panic-stricken to care, or even to hear. My sais and I were left alone on the middle of a desolate plain, a good hour from camp, with at least half a dozen lions following us; and our only weapon of defense was my white umbrella!

The sais was luckily a fast runner, so telling him to catch hold of my stirrup, and devoutly hoping the lions would prefer the gun-bearers to us, we set off at a good fast gallop. I was trying to keep one eye on our road and the other on the lions, when an exclamation from my sais and a loud snorting and stamping in front brought me very much back to my pony's nose, under which a large and angry rhinoceros had just risen.

It was rather startling for us all, and certainly, under the circumstances, the rhino was quite superfluous. Fortunately, however, he must have got wind of the lions, and thinking we were of the party, fled past us and on to them. Whether he was as much of a surprise to them as he was to us I cannot say. We did not wait to see, but set off again, not stopping till we were within sight of camp.

The sergeant was much disturbed at my hasty and unattended arrival, and on hearing that I had started with two gun-bearers, sent out to find them. They shortly reached camp, much chastened.

GOT THE WRONG PARCEL.

The schoner Margaret had been cruising up the coast of Labrador, selling salt to the fishing settlements, and had finally put in at a far northern native village. Many of the people hastened to go on board, so encased and "bundled up" in furs that the sailors could hardly tell one from another. One of the number, a young man, sat about with such a depressed air that the sailors began to speculate on the cause.

They all agreed that he was the most disconsolate-looking individual they had ever seen; for days they wondered what the matter was. Each one of them guessed, but all guessed wrong. They found out the sad story from a trader who visited them—a man who could speak the native dialect.

"Bill," said the captain to this trader, "there's a fellow sitting over there in the lee of the rail who is the sorrowfullest-looking human being I've ever seen. We all want to know what's the matter with him. Find out, will you?"

The trader was obliging, and for half an hour he jabbered back and forth with the native; and occasionally Bill smiled, and once or twice he laughed. At last he came back to us.

"It's quite a story," he said. "This young man was in love with a girl, but her father was set against the marriage. In that situation it is a common practice round here to steal the girl. Most all marriages here mean a seizure and abduction of the bride, and so this young man prepared to run off with his sweetheart, no matter whether her family was willing or not.

"He got an outfit of dogs and sleds which cost him a good deal of money, and one night he went to her hut and crept in. He didn't want her to cry out, so he stuffed something in her mouth and tied her up with ropes until she and her furs looked like a bag of meal. Then he tied her on to the sleds, and, rejoicing at his success, drove all night to get away from her father.

"When daylight came he stopped, untied the ropes and pulled the fur hood back from her face. And then came the sad part of the story. It wasn't the girl at all that he had stolen—it was the old man!"

HER GIFT SAVED LIVINGSTONE.

The Rev. F. B. Meyer, in showing how life is linked with life in influence for good in work for the world, said: "When Livingstone went to Africa there was a Scotch woman named Mrs. MacIlobert, quite advanced in life, who had saved up £30, which she gave to the great missionary, saying, 'When you go to Africa, I want you to spare yourself exposure and needless toil by hiring some competent body servant, who will go with you wherever you go, and share your sacrifices and exposures.' With that money he hired his faithful servant, known as Sebalwe. When the lion had thrown Livingstone down, and crushed the bones of his left arm, and was about to destroy him, this man, seeing his critical position, drew off the attention of the lion to himself, thinking that he would save his master at the cost of his own life. The lion sprang at him, but just at that moment the guns of other companions brought him down, and Livingstone's life was prolonged for thirty years. Surely, through all these years, that noble Scotch woman, as well as the servant, should be credited with some, at least, of the results of the noble devotion of that great missionary."

LIVED ON WHALE MILK.

We have a liking for extravagant impossible stories. They show the wonderful power of the human imagination. One of the most incredible "sailor's yarns" that we have ever seen we found in the last number of the Punta Gorda Herald as follows:

The reuniting of two old war veterans at Rawtelle, Ill., at the encampment of the Soldiers' Home, brought to light a harrowing tale of shipwreck. They had both sailed in a fishing vessel which had been wrecked, and four of the crew, including the two soldiers, Alva Smith and Fred Beller, were thrown on a reef. During the first five weeks the men lived on fish and native fruits, but the supply soon became exhausted and the men were starving. A high tide finally sent on the beach a large whale, and the men promptly built an inclosure of stone to prevent the whale from returning to sea. The whale was anchored by huge ropes made of sea grass, and it floated twice a day in the rising tide. The marooned men milked the whale and lived for seven months on the milk.

Difficulties of English Tongue.

"It makes warm," said the Frenchman, wiping his brow.

"You mean it is warm—not it makes warm," said his English friend, laughing. "You remind me of the Frenchman at the English Alpine Club.

"This Frenchman said enthusiastically to a red-faced, stout Englishman, with calves as big as barrels:

"'Ah, you have climb ze Matterhorn? It is a foot to be proud of.'

"'Pardon me,' the Englishman returned. 'You don't mean foot. You mean feat.'

"'Ah,' said the Frenchman, 'you climb her more zan once, hein?'"

Getting Even.

President Nicholas Brown, for whom Brown University was named, was fond of quizzing small boys. One day, while walking in the streets of Providence, he came upon a little fellow who attracted his notice. "How do you do, my boy?" said the president. "What is your name?"

"My name is Harry, sir," replied the child.

"Harry, is it?" returned President Brown. "And did you know the evil one is often called Old Harry?"

"Why, no, sir," answered the boy, "I thought he was called Old Nick."—Christian Register.

Does Not Affect Validity.

The mere fact that a newspaper designated by the county board as the paper in which the delinquent tax list shall be published changes its name between time of the designation and the time of the publication of the list does not affect the validity of the designation.—Reisser vs. Newhall, Min. N. W. Rep. 805.