THE QUEENSTOWN NEWS.

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epresentative Longworth did not in love with the Filipinos. His ctions were too busy elsewhere, cludes the Pittsburg Gazette.

he Government scientists declare t the gulf stream has never changed way, says the Norwich Bulletin, to the shifting of that cannot be rged the mild winter.

f you are right your enemies will nk you are wrong, and if you are ng your friends will think you ht, but the cold, calculating world l get at the facts, concludes the chison Globe.

e old armored cruiser New York be fitted out at Boston at an exse of over $1,000,000 and renamed Trenton, after the famous flagship Admiral Kimbefley, which was lost the Samoa hurricane in 1889. The west and finest battleship to be laid wn in 1906 is to be named the New rk, states the New York Press.

Did you ever consider how much uble and turmoil in the world is rred up by loafers? asks the Burgton (Kan.) Republican. Do it and u will be surprised. Investigate refully and you will find that nine the ten fusses and quarrels that you ow of in your town or neighborhood re started by loafers who had no siness of their own to attend to and with other people's afrs.

The use of potassium permanganate a remedy for snake bites, states the artford Times, has been alluded to ore than once recently and has now und its way into a consular report om India, based on a record of exeriments, printed in the Indian Medi l Gazette. In ten out of twelve cases was successful, and in the two ere it failed the remedy was not plied until several hours after the tient was bitten. The treatment deribed is merely making an open t over the bite and rubbing in the rmanganate, a ligature having preously been applied above the wound.

The Atlanta Constitution says: An portant phase of the rural invasion the telephone has been its percepble effect on the value of lands. It s of record that two or three years ter the establishment of lines through e country districts the prices of lands gin to rise rapidly; immigrants come with greater freedom; hamlets deelop into towns; cross-roads develop into hamlets—and in the meantime uotations for wild and improved ands are steadily advancing. The hing is, of course, too new as yet to permit any broadcast prophecy in this ection, but the healthful trend is eady apparent.

We seem to have been doing business China during 1905 in spite of the boycott by the Chinese of American goods, concerning which the Oriental cables have had so much to say, asserts the Baltimore American. It is a little surprising, after all the reports of the persistent refusal of the Celestials to touch anything with an American brand on it, to learn that in the ten months ended with October, 1905, exports from this country to China aggregated more than $50,000,000 as against $20,000,000 during the same months of 1904. Those are the comparative totals, however, indicating American export trade to China, given out by the Bureau of Statistics of the Department of Commerce.

comparative study of the children in the slums of Leeds, England, has resulted in the interesting conclusion that the Jewish children were greatly superior in all physical respects to the Gentile children. This comparison seems to show, says a writer in Harper's Weekly, that the Jews of this class are more intelligent and more temperate than their neighbors, and manage under difficulties to have a better family life. "It would surprise me," he adds, "to have an investigation of the slums of New York yield statistical results of the same general nature. Of the 700,000 or more New York Jews, a great many are extremely poor, yet no one seems to doubt that most of them will eventually work out of their hard conditions. Because they are Jews they are expected to win."

erently do the peoples of take their pleasures! In a book just issued in Madrid it is estimated that for luxuries the Spaniards spend annually more than $100,000,000. Of this sum $25,000,000 are for cigars and cigarettes, $20,000,000 for lottery tickets, $13,500,000 for bull-fights, $12,500,000 for holiday-making, and $31,000,000 to settle the wine-shop reckonings. Published statistics concerning the riotous living in Boston show that the natives of that place are more than ever debauching themselves with baked beans. A Boston despatch says: "Last year they spent on their favorite diet more than the cost of two battleships, or $6,598,272. According to the wholesale dealers, 68,732 barrels were consumed in that period, and the demand is increasing."

THE MAN THAT BLOWS HIS BUGLE.

The man that blows his bugle, you may not admire his style;
You may claim he is conceited and condemn him all the while;
You may term his method brazen or may even call it "brass,"
And the language that he uses you may designate as "gas;"
You may disapprove his manners as you pass them in review,
For no gentleman would burrow to the deeds that he will do,
But I think I ought to mention, for to me it's very clear,
That the man that blows his bugle is the fellow that we hear.

I've known some men whose bugles made a cracked, discordant note,
Somewhere between a peacock's yell and anthem of a goat,
And the people who first heard it always seemed to shrink and quail,
While they said, "Of course he's bugling, but he ought to be in jail."
But these men kept blowing, blowing, till the anxious, hurried throng
Said, "There must be merit in it or they wouldn't blow so long;"
So they sort of paused to listen to the discords that they made,
And the men that blew their bugles won the game that they had played.

This world is not exceeding wise; we're not so very clear
If it's a heavenly anthem or a discord that we hear,
And so we listen sagely to some bugle as it yells
In a doleful jubilate that its owner's glory tells;
And many an artist's honored because his bugle blew,
And many a poet's lauded for his self-laudation, too.
Oh, I tell you o'er and o'er, for I've watched this earthly groove,
That the man that blows his bugle is the fellow we approve.

Don't deem me pessimistic, for this thought in me has birth,
That somewhere is a standard that will place us at our worth.
Our human judgment erreth, and we're apt to judge a bird
By the feathers that it weareth, though we shouldn't, I have heard,
And while this fact is still a fact we'll be inclined, I know,
To "size" the bugler's merit by the vigor of his blow,
And so I'm still insisting, for to me it's very clear,
That the man that blows his bugle is the fellow that we hear.

—Alfred J. Whitehouse, in Sunset.

The Adventure of "Lone Boy."

By FRANKLIN WELLES CALKINS.

WHEN he was yet a small lad he had earned the name of "Lone Boy," because of solitary tramps which took him a long way from his own Sioux village. He was, in fact, best content when wandering among the breaks and canons of the Smoky Hill River.

At eleven years he met with an adventure which gave him another name among his people.

He had learned to set snares for wild animals, and one day discovered the fresh path of a doe and two fawns, which were in the habit of going to drink at a certain point on the river.

After several attempts Lone Boy succeeded in snaring one of the fawns. But when he came up with his game a pair of bald eagles had already attacked and killed the fawn.

The young Sioux was very angry. He had intended, if he should take a young deer alive, to carry the animal home for a pet. For some time he had known where this pair of eagles—at least, as he believed—had their nest. He had indeed planned to watch the growth of the young ones, and to lie in wait to shoot them upon their first unwary descent from their aerie. It was sometimes quite easy to secure the much prized tail feathers of the bald eagle in this way.

However, there was always the risk that another hunter might be on the watch, and so secure the prize at the opportune moment. Upon reflection, Lone Boy determined at once to attempt a capture of the young eagles, and so to revenge himself upon the parents birds for the killing of his young deer.

More than once, from an opposing height, he had marked the position of the eagles' nest. The huge pile of sticks was built upon a cleft rock near to the top of a cliff which overhung the sandy bed of a canon.

This cliff was nearly a half-day's journey up the river, but Lone Boy set out at the coyote's gait, and before noon had reached the crest of the height directly above the nest.

Here he seated himself beneath a pine and watched. Presently he saw both the old eagles sail away into the blue ether.

Then Lone Boy rose and began the descent—a perilous business. Hitherto he had refrained from attempting it only because of the apparent impossibility of bringing the birds back, even should he succeed in reaching their perch. Now he had determined to descend upon them if he could, and to pitch them off into the canon, where he could pluck the coveted feathers at his leisure.

To go directly down the face of the ledge was impossible; so he made his way along the seams and crevasses of the crowning rocks, keeping in view as much as possible the top of a leaning pine which stood beside the eagles' nest.

For some lengths of his body the descent was easier than the lad had thought, and he was already calculating with much satisfaction that he could really bring those young eagles up, one at a time, when he came to a horizontal crevasse which he knew to be the main obstacle to success.

Eagerly he stretched his length upon a sharp crown of rock and peered down upon a shelf some yards below, where the leaning pine had its root. Near the tree was a heap of sticks, bones, feathers and refuse, and two great squabs of birds, feathered yet downy, sprawled upon the pile.

It was such a little way to drop, and yet, crane his head as he might, Lone Boy could see no shrub nor projection which he might lay hold upon.

He crawled along the rim of the crevasse, looking down from every possible point of view; but everywhere the incline dipped inward, the edges of the rocks projecting like the lim of a basin above the eagles' aerie.

Finally, almost despairing, the lad let himself down, clinging with both hands to the edges. Then cautiously he felt with his moccasined toes the face of the ledge, seeking for some niche or coign of vantage.

While he was thus dangling over the rim of the ledge he heard a shrill, piercing scream directly overhead, and looked up to see both the old eagles hovering along the scarp, not a bow-shot above his head.

One of them had poised, flapping its great wings, the tips of which almost brushed the rocks, and he could see the craned neck and angry red eyes of the bird as it stooped for a swoop.

The lad made a frantic effort to draw himself upward, and in the same instant the eagle shot downward like a hurled missile, with a hissing scream that set Lone Boy's nerves all a-tingle.

He had drawn himself half-way up, and was about to fling a knee upon the rim of the rock when he got a fierce buffet from the eagle's wing. He was flung backward, and his hold upon the rock was broken.

Like a falling stone he dropped to the shelf below, and would have tumbled headling into the canon but for the friendly leaning pine, which stretched some limbs across the path of his descent.

For a moment Lone Boy hung, clinging to these boughs, half-suspended over the depths; then he scrambled to safety under the sheltering pine. He did this just in time to escape a fresh onset from one of the eagles, which swooped at him, screaming wrathfully.

The leaning pine had grown a network of small limbs, and its foliage was very dense. Crawling under the drooping boughs, Lone Boy was able to hide himself completely even from the keen eyes of the eagles. Yet the birds continued to wheel about their aerie, noisily excited for a time.

The lad lay very still within his shelter, peering from under cover at the pair of newly fledged eaglets, which had flopped awkwardly off their pile of sticks when the intruder dropped upon their perch.

These young birds now hugged the rock ledge with bodies flattened and wings drooping, evidently much depressed by the descent of this strange creature and by the worried screams of the parent birds.

However, as Lone Boy continued in hiding, the old eagles became calmer, and after a time seemed to have forgotten altogether the cause of alarm. They finally sailed away in search of fresh prey.

Lone Boy now crawled cautiously out of his hiding place. His first move, boy-like, was to pounce upon the young eagles, giving them no opportunity to flop off their perch and into the canon.

In a brief time, sitting astride the two, the lad had cut strings from his buckskin leggings, and made fast a leg of each bird to pine shrubs which grew close to their nest. He tied them just far enough apart so that they could not become entangled.

When this was done, he began to take account of his situation; and very soon, upon keen scrutiny of the ledge above and below, he discovered that without rescue by some passing hunter or person in search of him, there could be no hope of escape.

He was trapped as the wolf is trapped, or even as he had snared the fawn. The narrow shelf upon which the eagles' nest had been built, and from which the leaning pine had grown, was only some ten steps in length, and but a pace or two in width at the widest. It was a hollow trough, enclosed by a basin-like rim, and was filled with pine cones, needles and other rubbish. And this little shelf suspended in mid-air was half a bow-shot above the bottom of the canon.

In vain Lone Boy scanned the face of the ledge from which he had dropped. There was no possible handhold within reach, and the bushy pine had leaned so far out to catch the sunlight that its flimsy tops came nowhere near the rock rim above.

If within a very few days some one should pass within hailing distance, there would be a chance of rescue; otherwise not.

Again the lad crawled within the tent-like shelter of the pine, where for a time he watched the uneasy eaglets flop about and peck at the annoying strings which hampered them. Toward night the old eagles returned, and one of them bore a cock sage-grouse in its talons.

Lone Boy was near to laughter when the dead bird was deposited upon the nest, for the tied eaglets struggled spitefully, jerking the quarry back and forth, flapping their wings, and pulling against each other for possession. In the meantime the old eagle sat with a solemn look of inquiry upon its face, and finally flew away, croaking in apparent disgust.

The boy crawled from hiding. Some of that grouse he must have, and he secured the leg and a portion of the breast for his supper. This, of course, he was forced to eat raw.

That night he slept fitfully, and before morning his throat was parched with thirst. When an eagle brought a rabbit to the aerie, and he had secured a portion, he was unable to eat more than a mouthful or two. So he lay within the pine's shelter, watching the eagles, and listening for any stir of life which should betoken a hunter within sound of his voice.

The eaglets had grown sullen pulling at the strings, and each lay or sat upon its own side of the nest, sourly dozing, except when a parent bird appeared. Then there were strange contortions of the body, with wings raised aloft and gaping red maws. Lone Boy now noted, too, that the old birds fed their young separately, apparently accepting the situation without further inquiry. After bringing some small bird or animal, either eagle would sit for a time perched and preening, upon some near-by crag, wholly oblivious of its rapacious, gorging offspring.

Watching these birds, Lone Boy retained his interest in life for another sun; then the fever of thirst consumed him. For several days he lay under the pine in a semi-conscious state. Half the people of his village might have passed through the canon looking for him, and he could not have heeded, much less have answered, their calls.

Then, on a cool morning, when a heavy dew was glittering upon the pine needles, he came suddenly into possession of his faculties. Feeling strangely light of head and body, but with every sense alert, he came out from hiding.

He felt as if walking upon air, and stood upon the rock rim, looking down into the canon, feeling that he was quite capable of jumping down there upon the sands without taking hurt. If only he might jump far enough! He looked down at his hands and bare arms, which appeared to be nothing but skin and bone, and a startling thought came into his mind.

Why not take the young eagles and jump! They would help to bear up his lightened weight!

No sooner thought than put in execution. He turned to the eaglets, untied the hissing, pecking birds, now almost full-grown and full-feathered, and cut the thongs which bound them. They flapped their wings strongly, and nearly wrenched their legs out of his weak hands.

Then, in a sudden, desperate rush, he bore them over the verge of the rock shelf and dropped into the spaces of the canon. Down, down, they dropped, the boy's arms wide-spread and the eaglets flapping their untried wings.

The descent was appallingly swift, but the vigorous efforts of the birds carried the trio forward in a slant which plunged them into the sand at the canon's bottom. Lone Boy staggered to his feet, alive and whole.

Still dizzy and feeling very queer, the lad saw the earth spin round him for a moment. Then again tying the eaglets' legs, he staggered to the river bank, a half bow'shot's distance. There he quenched his thirst after the cautious manner of his kind.

A half-hour later he was able to visit a patch of ripe raspberries, and despite his swollen tongue, to eat heartily of the luscious fruit.

A half-eaten rabbit, which he had kicked off the eagles' perch, still further renewed his vigor, and after a half-day's rest he was able to go slowly homeward, dragging his captives after him.

At the Brule Sioux village, in honor of this exploit, he was named Wambli Yuza, Catches Eagles, by which name he is known to this day.—Youth's Companion.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY

Is the sense of smell excited by gases or particles? According to Dr. John Aitken, an English specialist, gas is the fundamental basis of the sense of smell.

Glass bricks, a German product, are translucent, but not transparent, and possess the advantage of being acid-proof and of harboring no disease germs.

Silver has been thrown out by volcanoes in two instances recorded by J. W. Malet. Ash from an eruption of Cotopaxi in 1885 showed one part of silver in 83,000 and that ejected in 1886 by Tungurague, in the Andes of Ecuador, contained one part of silver in 107,200.

Electrical currents constantly traverse the earth in a general but varying direction from northwest to southeast, at an angle of about seventy degrees with the geographical meridian. A Belgian astronomer, M. Guarini, contends that these currents are due to the action of the sun and the earth with its atmosphere as a gigantic dynamo, the sun being the magnetic inductor and the earth the revolving armature.

Some months ago a well-known railroad company experimented with a train of steel cars to determine their value in cases of collision. The test was such as might have occurred through accident; that is, no special conditions were provided to mitigate the force of the impact to which the steel train was subjected. At a speed of about fifty miles an hour the steel cars were thrown into collision with other cars. The result was the emergence of the steel vehicle in a comparatively uninjured state.

In the rabies treatment of Tizzoni and Bonglovanni, Italian physicians, radium has had effective action both upon the virus and the animals. Exposure to radium rays has converted the virus into very active vaccine, protecting animals against deadly inoculations with virus; and exposures of several hours daily for six days, begun from ten to 100 hours after inoculation, have reduced the fever and caused the recovery of the animals experimented upon, while all untreated animals similarly inoculated soon died.

DO ANIMALS FEAR DEATH?

A FEW days ago, having nothing to do except think about my sins, and not finding this a pleasant subject for prolonged contemplation, I took occasion to recall some reminiscences which, under the above heading, may be worth noting. That wild animals fear and avoid capture and fight restraint is undoubtedly true, whether or not they fear death is another question. But I am not going to theorize; only to state three or four facts which those who indulge in theorizing on subjects they know little or nothing about, may add to their stock of knowledge.

1. When shooting from a blind out on the open water down on the Atlantic Coast, I have frequently noticed that with some varieties of wild fowl (notably Branta bernicla) when one of a flock on the wing is shot and killed, the rest of the flock will return, apparently to recover its lost mate, and if the shooter remains so completely hidden as not to be seen he may shoot the entire flock, one or two at a time, as the survivors continue to return. But if the shooter is seen they will seldom return. Evidently in such cases the only fear which governs them is the fear of man, and not of his gun. Nor does it seem reasonable to suppose that they have any idea of death as a result of the shooting, even though one or more dead members of the flock lie motionless on the water. The sight of the shooter will keep them away, but the sound of the gun which drops one bird will not. Hence, in that particular class of cases it would look much as if man and not death was the occasion of the fear.

2. Once when out in a sailboat, going to my blind, with gun unloaded, a small duck (Charitonetta albeola) flew past unusually near, and near enough for its every movement to be distinctly seen. Just as it was passing an eagle, which I had not previously noticed, swooped down and grasped the duck fairly between the claws of both feet. After being thus caught the duck made no resistance or effort to escape, but crouched or drew itself together much as if paralyzed, and so continued as long as it remained in sight—which, however, was not long. Doubtless this crouching was an indication of probable fear, or even terror; but whether of anticipated death or not I do not know. Of course I can guess, as everybody else can, but I do not see that guesses under such conditions amount to much.

It is also well known that there are many wild animals, some of ferocious instincts and habits, which, when thoroughly cowed or overcome, make no further resistance to any treatment. Grasping a live wolf by its lower jaw, well back of its front teeth, as recently narrated by President Roosevelt, and then, but still so holding it, handling it as freely and harmlessly as one would a kitten, is a case in point. If, under such conditions, the wolf had any fear or apprehension, or even conception of death, it is very singular that it made no effort whatever to avoid it.

On the other hand, there are many wild animals that, even after being overpowered, will fight savagely as long as strength remains to use tooth or claw, but what particular motive or feeling so prompts is another matter for guesswork.

3. There is another phase of animal life which, though it doubtless is well known to stock raisers, I have never seen described in print.

In early life (and a long time ago) as the son of a country farmer, I had much to do with domestic animals. Nearly every spring some one calf was selected for slaughter, and allowed to run with its mother until properly fatted and sufficiently matured for table supply. Ordinarily the mother cow, on suddenly losing her offspring, would low almost incessantly for an hour or more at a time, and keep it up day after day sometimes for a week or more, apparently calling for her calf. At times her lowing would become almost pitiful. My father was father more than ordinarily humane, and he discovered that if, after killing the calf, he took off the skin carefully, say on a clean barn floor, or on a bed of straw, avoided "mussing up" its hair, and kept it free from taint of blood, and then hung it, stretched out, on a low gate or fence, hair side outside, and allowed the mother cow to smell of it and stay with it for a half hour or so, that the usual lowing was rarely heard, or at most, lasted only for the residue of that day.

Now (unless it were well authenticated) I would not believe this story myself if I had not witnessed such an occurrence time after time. I do not know any reasonable or probable theory of animal physchology which can account for or explain it. Evidently in such case the mother cow perceived that her calf—which she could of course identify by the natural odor of its hide—that something had happened to it, that it was not a calf any longer. The old and familiar calf odor was there; the hide was there; but the calf wasn't. How it was that such perception so acquired could end or terminate the natural and usual expression of her motherly instincts is something I cannot explain. But did this experience convey to the cow an idea or conception of what we call death; and that this death was something to which she and all other cows, and their calves as well, were subject; and that it was a calamity to be fought off, shunned and avoided at all hazards? Possibly so, but the observed facts, whatever else they may indicate, do not prove quite that much.

4. Another fact bearing on the animal consciousness of serious danger may be worth reporting.

At the end of the Civil War of 1861-5 the corps to which I belonged was sent to the Mexican frontier, supposedly as a notice to Napoleon III. to withdraw from Mexico the French army which he had sent there to support the pretensions of the ill-fated Maximilian. Our regiment was landed on a barren sand beach a few miles east of the mouth of the Rio Grande. Several regiments were already encamped there, and their requirements exhausted the fresh water supply. We could get no water for man or horse. Our horses, sent in another boat, had been landed the previous day. To relieve our distress, we were ordered to march that night to the Rio Grande, where, of course, fresh water was abundant. We arrived at the river about 11 p. m. of a clear, starlit night in June; no moon, but it was light enough for us to distinguish water from land, but that was all. To the eye as I sat on my horse, the water of the river was breaking in ripples on what seemed to be a shelving beach. As my horse had had no water for fully twenty-four hours, I decided, without even waiting to dismount, to let him drink at once. He put his head down, smelt of the shore, and stepped back. I drew up his head, gave him a dig with the spur, and the performance was repeated. I was too tired to quarrel with him, so, mentally cussing him for a dashed fool, I dismounted and turned him over to the care of an orderly. When daylight came I found that the river was on a freshet and was running bank full, with, just at that place, an abrupt shore of loose alluvial sand, and that the water, nearly flush with the surface like the soil, and probably twenty feet deep, was running like the tail race of a mill. If the horse had taken another step forward, as I urged him to do, neither his life nor mine would have been worth the value of a one cent canceled postal stamp of the most common vintage. As it was, one or two of our men fell in as the treacherous bank crumbled beneath them when lying down to drink, and were never seen again.

Now, that horse, half-famished though he was with thirst, perceived in some way that the place was dangerous for him. Now, was he a timid horse? He had become well inured to pretty much all the dangers incident to active war. Artillery and musketry firing and steam whistles he cared nothing for. He would walk without hesitation up the narrow and steep gang-plank of a transport even while steam was noisily blowing off close beside him. He would pick his way over the broken corduroys in front of Richmond, and flounder through the mud of the James River flats, just as if he enjoyed it. On no other occasion, either before or afterward, in daylight or darkness, did he hesitate to go anywhere I wished. But on that occasion he evidently perceived danger. And what was the danger as it existed in his perception? Did he perceive danger of death, or was it only some danger recognizable by his horse sense as a thing to be avoided—somewhat as the brant (Branta bernicla) avoids flying over land; or as some of us elderly men with a touch of gout avoid icy pavements? I don't know. Anybody that does can have the floor.—Shagoness, in Forest and Stream.

An Anecdote of Wagner.

The following anecdote of Wagner is told by Alfred Reisenauer, the pianist, who, as a pupil of Liszt, knew the composer of "Parsifal" personally.

"Wagner was always more or less self-conscious," says Reisenauer, "and only at rare intervals did his friends see him in moods that could be called anything but premeditated. In Bayreuth I saw him in a highly characteristic situation, and I never shall forget it. It was at a rehearsal of 'Parsifal.' The garden scene had just been admirably sung and danced, whereupon Wagner, in his exuberant joy, hugged and kissed the artists, and then, quite beside himself, got down on all fours and barked like a dog, concluding his exhibition by throwing his legs in the air and balancing himself on his head. At this interesting moment Liszt and several of his pupils, including myself, walked on the stage. Quick as a flash, Liszt, who always played the role of Wagner's self-constituted defender, said grimly, 'Well, if that's a pose, it's the hardest one in the world to hold, by thunder!' For the sake of the Meister we tried to restrain our mirth, but the effort was not wholly successful. I firmly believe, however, that Wagner himself was secretly pleased at the sensation for which he was responsible."—Harper's Weekly.

About Habit.

Because we have not hitherto had the best possible habits is no reason why we should not begin to form them in 1906. Professor James, who has made a profound study of habit, has furnished us with one or two excellent maxims on the subject. First, he tells us that it is indispensable to begin with "as strong and as decided an initiative as possible. Accumulate all the possible circumstances which shall reinforce the right motive. Put yourself assiduously in conditions that encourage the new way and make engagements incompatible with the old; in short, envelope your resolution with every aid you know. Never suffer an exception to occur until the new habit is securely rooted in your life. Each lapse is like the letting fall of a ball string which one is carefully winding up; a single slip undoes more than a great many turns will wind again. Let the expression of your habit be the least thing in the world, speaking genially to one's grandmother, or giving up one's seat in a car if nothing more heroic offers. But let it not fail to take place."—Margaret E. Sangster, in Woman's Home Companion.

The New Bird.

After purchasing a new bird do not put it in the cage with the other birds for a week or two until it is seen whether or not the new arrival displays any signs of disease which might be imparted to the pets already belonging to the household. Birds which have been kept crowded in cages in shops sometimes contract diseases which do not show at once.

Another thing to remember when bringing home a new bird is not to introduce it at once to a very warm temperature when it has been exposed to the cold air.

When a bird loses its voice completely it has, as a general thing, caught cold, and should be treated for it at once before it strains its throat in an effort to make a sound.

TALES OF ADVENTURE

A PLUCKY GIRL.

A FEW years ago a wealthy woman in Denver had a housemaid who attracted the attention of such of her callers as had an eye to see, by her refinement and good breeding. After awhile she disappeared, and her former employer was strictly non-committal as to her whereabouts, saying nothing except to speak in the highest terms of her qualities. The facts of the story came into my possession, and they were very interesting.

The girl had been graduated from one of the big Eastern colleges for women. She had taken the course at the expense of strenuous sacrifice on the part of her family, and was exceedingly anxious to become an earner at once upon her graduation. She was well fitted to step at once into a good pedagogic position.

But at the very moment of graduation, coming under the care of a physician, he told her the sad news that her lungs were in very poor condition. They were not diseased, he said, and if she could go directly to a proper climate and live in it for some years they would in all probability become perfectly sound; but that by remaining where she was for the next few years she risked tuberculosis. There was tendencies of tuberculosis in her family, and she took the advice to heart.

She started straight for Colorado, hoping to get a school. But just at that time there was a serious agitation in that State over the risk to children of employing so many Eastern consumptives in the schools. In response to the searching questions of each Board of Education to which she applied, her story would come out, and she could get no school. Rather than remain a burden upon her family for another day, she took a place as "second girl."

It was a pretty sad time for her. At the time of graduation she had been engaged to a young college man. He had his start in life to make, and also owed something to his family in the way of helping to educate younger children. It was impossible for them to marry for a few years. When she took the place as a servant she wrote releasing him from the engagement. The man, however, refused the release. He wrote her to hold on, to get as much outdoor life as possible, build up her health, and eventually they would work out the problem. Two years later he stepped into a professor's berth in a college in the Middle West. The pay was not plutocratic, but it enabled them to marry, and the housemaid became a professor's wife. —New York Sun.

THROUGH THE BUSH.

From Oxford to Matabeleland is a long distance, and from the life of a college student to that of a surveyor in South Africa a far cry. A recent graduate of the English university tells in the New York Evening Post of a dangerous and trying journey through the bush. The party of surveyors had met with various misfortunes, the greatest of which was the slaughter of most of their cattle by lions. Only two were left to draw the cart. The travelers had to journey by foot. In this fashion the party turned back toward their starting place, Bulawayo.

Our provisions began to grow low. We ran successively out of jam, corn, vegetables, coffee, sugar, and, what was more serious, our ammunition began to fail, and we were reduced to two cartridges a day. It was not yet hot enough to make "biltong," a dried meat, which keeps good for an indefinite time.

"Do you think you could steer a straight course through the bush?" the captain asked me one day.

I said I thought so.

The captain snorted a little contemptuously.

"I want you to go there," he said, pointing to a high range of kopjes five miles away. "Plant a large flag on the top of the highest hill you can find. It is to serve as the apex of the triangle we have been measuring. Start early to-morrow and guide yourself by the sun, allowing for its ascent and declination."

I started at dawn, carrying an ax, and a large roll of calico for the flag. I reached the kopje shortly before noon, and after climbing with difficulty the great boulders, saw a higher range at the back. On the top of this I planted the flag securely, and after resting a bit started on my return with a light heart.

I had been walking for about three hours when my first doubts assailed me. It was growing dusk, the kopjes stood behind me, rows on rows, all alike. There was no landmark to guide me. I was lost.

I wandered about for more than two hours. The sun went down and the moon came out. To be lost in the bush is a serious matter. Suddenly, in the stillness of the night, I heard a beautiful sound, like a high note drawn by a master on some old violin. It might have been a mile away, and it rose and fell plaintively on the breeze. It was a lion, lifting up his voice by a pool.

I proceeded in the opposite direction. Luckily it was the right one, and after a few miles I came upon the traces of our last night's camp. I followed our wagon trail, and just as the sun rose came upon my party.

The captain met me with the information that the ammunition was gone. Later one of us discovered a cartridge in the bottom of the cart, and brought down a duck. That night we had dinner for the last time in six days. Afterward we were reduced to half a pound of flour a day, which we mixed into a gruel and boiled.

On the fourth day all our supplies were gone. The last two days are hardly a memory to me. I remember trudging beside the cart, hearing the cracking of the whip as the driver harried the weary oxen over the veld. At last, on the sixth day, we saw the houses of the settlement in the mirage two feet above the level of the plain.

MOUNTAIN TREASURE.

Dr. Augustus C. Hamlin, who died lately at his home in Bangor, was the owner of the Mount Mica mine, in the town of Paris, one of the most remarkable places in the world for its production of tourmalins. The story of the finding of these beautiful gems reads like a fairy-tale.

Not far from the little village of Paris Hill, Maine, rises an elevation known as Mount Mica, from the great sheets of mica which glisten on its sides. Under that shining surface the gray and white rocks have kept a secret for ages.

In 1820 two students, Elijah Hamlin and Ezekiel Holmes, were searching the vicinity for specimens of minerals. It was near nightfall on a cold autumn day, and they were about to turn their faces homeward when Hamlin caught sight of something sparkling at the roots of a tree. He picked it up, and found it to be a fragment of a clear green crystal. As it was too dark to look farther, the young men marked the spot, intending to return to it the next morning. That night a heavy snow-storm set in, and the ground was deeply covered for the winter.

When the spring came the two students were on the spot, eager for their unknown treasure. And they were not disappointed. The removal of a few handfuls of earth laid bare a shining store of brilliant green, pink and white crystals. Other cavities were found, and the enthusiastic discoverers promptly picked all these outside "pockets" of Mount Mica.

Specimens were sent to Professor Silliman, who pronounced the beautiful stones to be rare specimens of tourmalins. The mine is still being worked, and doubtless the gray granite, the white feldspar and the rose-streaked quartz of that hill-country cover many a rich hoard of brilliant gems.

FRONTIER STORIES.

Judge Edward Fenton Colborn, now of Salt Lake but an oldtime Kansan, tells this one on Bat Masterson:

In early days at Dodge City Bat was something of a practical joker as well as a gun player. An old character, such as may be seen hanging about saloons, sat one day in a chair in the Last Chance, leaning against the wall. He was a great fellow to brag about how brave he was and that he had many notches to his credit cut in his gunstock.

Masterson wanted to try the nerve of the old fellow, so he placed a cannon firecracker under his chair, lighted the fuse, and then, to attract the loafer's attention, handed him a new gun to look at. The firecracker went off with a bang that shook the walls. The old fellow leaped into the air like a winged Indian, and, throwing the gun on the floor, made for the door, yelling, "I'm killed, I'm killed!"

This is another of Judge Colborn's stories:

When Dodge City was way out West, and hardly a night passed but that some one was killed, two desperate men met at a bar. They had had some trouble before and no further words were necessary. The thing in those days was to shoot on sight.

One of the men pulled his gun and fired, but his aim was bad, and the bullet struck the other man in one of his legs. The man who had received the wound made better work of it and put a bullet through his enemy's breast. He staggered, mortally wounded, and cried out:

"You have killed me!"

Quick the answer came back from the one who was shot in the leg:

"You haven't got any the best of me, you cur. I'm killed, too!"

But he still lives.—Denver News.

LOGGER KILLS A COUGAR.

Jesse Hendricks, a logger of Holton, a town about twenty-five miles from Portland, on the Oregon side of the Columbia, was in the city recently endeavoring to dispose of the pelt of a cougar he had killed in the morning back of the logging camp in which he is employed.

Upon arising in the morning Hendricks noticed fresh tracks near the camp, and calling his dogs tracked the cougar to the forest, where the beast was treed and shot by the huntsman. The cougar had been feeding on the carcasses of two deer that had fallen victims to the rapacious beast. The animal measured seven feet from tip to tip, and its coat was sleek and thick, denoting that it had not been suffering from lack of food. Hendricks says that the cougars have been waging a war of extermination upon the deer of Columbia and Clatsop counties, and that a bounty should be offered for all pelts secured.—Portland Oregonian.

A Melancholy Career.

A young man who will some day inherit an enormous fortune and who is being brought up as a "gentleman," was interviewed the other day. Among other things he said: "If I did not have my career cut out for me, if I were to lose my fortune, I should turn to the law and study some phases of it that interest me greatly."

Probably, if the young man were actually thrown on his own resources he would resort to something less entirely "elegant"—and more useful. But, th aside, what is this "career" that he fancies that he has "cut out" for him? To take care of his property. That is, to spend his life at an occupation similar to that of a watchman or a policeman, but far more mechanical and less exciting. What a miserable, what a melancholy conception of a career! To spend one's life at just making money is poor enough use of the one chance to live; to spend it at watching a heap of money—what dullness, what dreariness! And in a world teeming with opportunities to live honestly, vividly, interestingly, usefully!—Saturday Evening Post.

How He Left Her.

A prominent man called to condole with a lady on the death of her husband, and concluded by saying, "Did he leave you much?"

"Nearly every night," was the reply. —Ladies' Home Journal.