THE QUEENSTOWN NEWS.

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If every man had to practice all he preaches, preaching would soon be numbered among the "lost arts."

A local woman's club discussed "The Effect of Music on Man," and decided it has a refining influence. Not if he is trying to sleep in the next flat, comments the Pittsburg Gazette.

He who attempts, by the acquisition of money, to command more service from his fellows than he renders them, avers the Outlook, is unconsciously working for the destruction of the social bond and the ruin of the commonwealth.

Bulwer Lytton said: 'Nothing is so contagious as enthusiasm. It is the real allegory of the lute of Orpheus. It moves stones. It charms brutes. Enthusiasm is the genius of sincerity, and truth accomplishes no victory without it.

There were only nine deaths from smallpox in New York State last year, states the New York Tribune. Yet some persons still resist vaccination against a disease which once was and but for that safeguard it would now be one of the most prevalent and deadly enemies of mankind.

The United States did a good deal of business with France in the fiscal year 1905, though not so much as with the United Kingdom, with Canada, or with Germany, states the Hartford Courant. The United States exported to France goods worth approximately $76,000,000, and imported from France goods worth approximately $90,000,000.

Britain has tired of cheap cynicism. The languid aristocrat with a monocle, whose word in foreign affairs is, "Dessay we shall muddle through somehow," and whose yawning advice to the unemployed is, "Think Imperially, and we shan't do so badly," is an unfit leader of a Government, essentially democratic, of poor men and women earning their daily bread in dead earnest.

So far as actual contests are concerned the machinery has been created that should insure a square deal on the gridiron and a game worth watching from the grand stand, thinks the New York Evening Mail. But the movement has yet to make itself effective among the student communities and governing bodies of the colleges, in the shape of a sentiment that will render unsportsmanlike practices impossible, and of reforms that will put football in its proper perspective as an interesting feature of college life, not as the end and aim of education.

Pittsburg would seem to be a particularly deadly place in which to try to make a living, thinks the New York Press. Allegheny County statistics indicate that last year 17,700 people were killed and injured while at their daily work—9000 in furnaces and iron and steel mills and 4000 in other factories and shops, while the railroads took 4000 victims, the coal mines 400 and 300 people were killed and maimed in other ways. Then there are the Thaw family, the Steel Trust "magnates," Carnegie libraries and other minor perils to be taken into account.

It was once the common practice of tourists to shoot birds and alligators from the decks of steamers on Florida rivers and lakes, relates Forest and Stream. This abominable, because cruel and useless, warfare was waged until the supply of victims for the brutality was nearly exhausted. The development of the Florida railway system, by which the tide of travel has been diverted from the water courses, has had a direct and marked effect on the wild life of the country. Instead of leisurely progress by water craft there are now whirled through the rail, and the bloodthirsty man has no opportunity to deal out death at every turn. The waters and the shores are once again becoming populated with birds of plume, even the alligator is coming again into peaceful possession of his mudbank, and the moss-draped stretches of shore line are enlivened by the welcome charms of living creatures.

It is hard to realize that in 1898 there were only thirty automobiles in the United States, says Collier's Weekly. In the first six months of the following year the companies for the manufacture of automobiles in this country had a total capital of $388,000,000. Before 1900, or within three years after the introduction of the pastime, eighty factories in the United States were building machines of 200 different types. Seven years after the automobile had been a curiosity in a city street, nearly 7000 machines were licensed in the State of New York, with a total value of nearly $20,000,000. But until recently so much was heard of the automobile in racing, fast road performance, and reckless scorching, that the sport overshadowed the pastime. To-day, for every mile driven by the high-powered auto sportsman, fifty are covered by owners who seek recreation and the quiet pleasures of road travel. It is out of fashion to make case against automobiling as a demoralizing luxury. The sensational outlay of a few millionaires has ceased to be a considerable factor in the growth of automobiling.

THE DREAMER.

I shall never wed with flesh, I shall never ask of woman
To make a home of love, a dwelling of delight;
For I have no heart's desire toward the beauty that is human—
Bodiless as joy are the dreams that come at night.

I shall never call one son, nor the fair, sweet name of daughter,
For I live with dreams, and of them I make my home,
And my kindred are the clouds, and the wind, and the wild water,
The sunlight, the starlight, the shadows, and the gloom.

For they are a part of me, in my blood I hear them crying,
And I know no rest, by noon, or night, nor day,
When I think of the white hills in their lonely silence lying,
And listen to the call of waters far away.

And I look toward the day when our home shall be together,
When my voice shall sound in the music of the rills,
When my soul shall be a breath of the golden summer weather,
And my heart a pulse of the peace upon the hills.

—R. G. T. Coventry, in the London Academy.

Love at Second Sight.

"I'M about sick of this place," remarked Bobby Dawes discontentedly to the snow-clad mountains. "To-morrow I shall pack up and go home."

The snow-lad mountains vouchsafed no reply, and Bobby Dawes, with that feeling of satisfaction which the taking of any resolution, good or bad, engenders—rose to his feet and sauntered along the baking lake side walk of Lugano back to his hotel.

There was no mistaking Bobby Dawes' nationality as he strolled idly along under the trees. Tall, fair, well turned out, a gray suit, a Panama hat, an irreproachable tie, he looked the possible hero of many amatory adventures, although few had ever fallen to his lot. Amatory adventures require reciprocity, and Bobby Dawes had rarely, if ever, reciprocated.

Arriving at his hotel, he communicated his decision to the stout head porter. That astute individual declared himself "desolate," and expressed his disbelief that Bobby could have adequately inspected the numerous lions of the locality in so short a time.

He speedily ascertained that M'sieu had not yet visited the local mountain, San Salvatore.

"It was impossible," he said decidedly, with a shrug of his massive shoulders, "for M'sieu to leave without ascending the famous funicular." And, before Bobby could protest effectually, it had been arranged for him to postpone his departure by at least one day and to ascend the mountain by the first funicular in the morning.

Thus it was that an early hour on the ensuing day found Bobby Dawes reluctantly ensconced in a corner of an ascending car, thanking Heaven fervently that modern inventions had relieved the traveler from the painful labor of mountain climbing.

He admired the usual view, disliked the usual wind, bought and dispatched the usual postcards, imbibed the usual drink, and, honor being satisfied—honor is easily satisfied in that climate—prepared to descend.

A simple act enough, but fraught with the most momentous consequences to Bobby Dawes.

Suffering acutely from chattering tourists, he leaned well out from his corner seat watching the other car as it approached, wondering idly when they would meet and pass. It was some twenty yards off when his eye was caught by a white and frilly hat adorned with bunches of red cherries.

A rather smart hat, he thought lazily to himself. A decidedly smart hat. And, by George!—as the car drew nearer—what a lovely girl!

He gazed at her spell-bound, moved to the very depths of his being.

"What glorious violet-blue-gray eyes!" he murmured to himself. "What a wealth of softly waving golden-brown hair! What a perfectly indescribable air of indescribability!" he went on incoherently.

Their eyes met for a moment—to him it seemed an eternity; the car passed on and she was gone.

And Bobby began to realize he had met the only woman he could ever love on the car of a funicular railway, while he was going down and she was going up. Every moment cruel fate—represented by a wire rope—was dragging them further apart. Bobby fairly fanced with anxiety on his seat, straining his eyes uselessly after the departing car. Immediately he reached the bottom he purchased another ticket and sat in the car, possessed with a fury of impatience until it commenced its upward journey.

At last it started, Bobby Dawes sitting in the front seat, his eyes fixed on the summit. He no longer speculated as to the strength of the wire rope; he was wrapped in a blissful reverie in which golden-brown hair and violet-blue-gray eyes took a prominent part.

He was even oblivious of the approach of the other car about to pass them on its downward journey. Glancing carelessly at it his heart stopped beating. For there, appearing over the back of the car, was the cherry-trimmed hat.

"I shall have to reascend and redescend this wretched mountain before I can even hope to see her again," he groaned tohimself.

When he finally reached the bottom station thirty minutes after, naturally all trace of the cherry-trimmed hat was lost. He haunted the railway station, he haunted the steamer landing places. He had tea at every confiserie in the town—sometimes five in an afternoon—but all without avail.

Bobby Dawes became embittered, and laughed discordantly at the snow-clad mountains. "It is exactly what I have always expected," he remarked to Monte Rosa. "There is but one woman in the world I could ever have loved, and we have met—but on opposite cars of a funicular railway. I have lost her, perhaps forever, without even the satisfaction of knowing she is married to another!"

He was proceeding to enlarge on this theme, Monte Rosa being a sympathetic listener, when his eye fell idly on an approaching steamer, and there, immediately abaft the funnel, was she! There were the violet-gray-blue eyes, there was the softly waving golden-brown hair, there was the same indescribable air of indescribability which he would have known among ten thousand—a million thousand!

The steamer stopped. Would she land? She did!

He followed her to her hotel, named appropriately enough the "Splendide." That afternoon he removed there, bag and baggage. On the way he congratulated himself there was now a chance—and, if he knew anything of himself, a very excellent chance—of making her acquaintance.

As he neared the hotel the omnibus belonging to it passed him laden with luggage, obviously on its way to the station. He glanced carelessly at its occupants. He caught a glimpse of violet-gray-blue eyes and softly waving golden-brown hair and groaned aloud! He had missed her again!

In two minutes he had buttonholed the resplendent hall porter and asked the destination of the ladies in the omnibus.

"Ze ladies mit de logosh?" inquired the functionary.

"No, with the violet—no—I mean, I dare say they have got luggage," stammered the distracted Bobby.

"Zey go to catch de last train to Milano," was the reply.

A hasty study of Baedeker informed Bobby that the cathedral was the great attraction. "I might turn up there with luck," he murmured hopefully, "if I caught the first train in the morning."

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He spent the next two days in the cathedral, on the cathedral, in the Piazza in front of the cathedral.

On the third day, as he was leaving the soft gloom of the interior for the blinding sunlight of the Piazza, he suddenly saw in front of him something exquisitely striking yet exquisitely familiar. It was the cherry-trimmed hat, chaperoned by an older edition of herself—obviously her mother.

His first impulse was to clear the steps of the cathedral at a bound, but he fortunately restrained himself in time and descended decorously. As he drew near he could see that they were engaged in a most unequal altercation with a rapacious Milanese cabman. The violet-gray-blue eyes met him—recognized him as a compatriot and appealed for aid. He felt that a few stern words in Italian was all that was required. Unfortunately he spoke no Italian.

Fixing the man with a glance of authority he surreptitiously pressed five lira into his willing hand and said in his most peremptory manner, "Parafinarata-sagerhets-Tantstickor!"

The man was dumfounded. He gasped and fell back, while Bobby triumphantly swept off the cherry-trimmed hat and her mother into the interior of the cathedral.

After that the path of Bobby Dawes was strewn with roses. They stayed at the same hotel, they did Milan together, they lunched together, they dined together. He never spent a more glorious week in his life, and today regards Milan as the most charming and interesting city on the continent. If pressed, however, as to details, his recollections are hazy.

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He suggested for various reasons they should spend their honeymoon at Lugano. And Betty seemed delighted at the idea. One evening, not long after their arrival, they were floating idly in a boat upon the lake listening to mandolins playing softly in the distance.

"To-morrow we will go to San Salvatore," he said, looking down on her fondly. "You know why?"

"No, I don't," said Betty.

"Oh, yes you do," he replied, "and, what is more, this time we'll go together in the same car," he added playfully.

"I hope so, indeed," said Betty. "I've never been up in a funicular before, and I know I shall be awfully frightened."

There was a pause. "You've never been up?" he said slowly.

"Never," she said. "Mother was always so frightened of funiculars; besides, we only slept a night at Lugano, and went on."

A chill struck to Bobby's heart. "But the cherry-trimmed hat," he faltered.

"Fancy you remembering that old thing," she said. "I've always rather liked it, because, do you know, I was wearing it that day I first met you in Milan. Everybody was wearing cherry-trimmed hats just then.'

"Were they?" he gasped.

"Yes; I bought mine as we passed through Paris. But, talking of San Salvatore," she continued, "why were you so surprised at my never having been up?"

Bobby Dawes put much hard thinking into the next few seconds.

"Should he tell her everything or not?" he asked himself. "Make a clean breast of it," urged half of Bobby Dawes. "Don't; turn the conversation," insisted the other half. He must decide. Already she was looking at him in vague surprise. In his panic he endeavored to think of other topics of conversation, but in vain. The wash of the passing steamboat made his position a trifle insecure——

"Take care, dear," cried Betty.

"The very thing," he murmured, and carefully losing his balance he fell overboard, and in the subsequent confusion the subject of San Salvatore was happily forgotten.

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To this day Bobby wonders whom he has married. He knows it is not the girl he fell in love with at Lugano—the girl of the funicular railway.

"Have I," he asks himself, "married the girl in the steamer? Have I married the girl in the hotel omnibus?" The only thing he knows for certain is that he married the girl he met and fell in love with in Milan. But has he married all the rest?

He will never know!—Ada and Dudley James, in the Grand Magazine.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY

If odors were solid particles, they would tend to form nuclei of cloudy condensation in supersaturated air. Dr. John Aitken has tested musk and twenty-three other odorous substances without finding such nuclei, and he concludes that odors are gaseous and that smell has gas as its fundamental basis.

The highest kite ascent was lately made at Lindenberg, Prussia, 21,100 feet being reached, with six attached kites and sixteen thousand yards of wire. The temperature fell from 41 degrees at the surface to 13 degrees below zero; the wind—eighteen miles at surface—was fifty-six miles an hour at highest point.

In a London hospital a wave siren is used to test what sounds a deaf person hears. When once it is discovered that a certain note is not heard or only heard indistinctly a tuning fork of this note is selected, and an attempt is made to stimulate the muscle and to arouse the nerve. If the tuning fork is not sufficient, the sound is increased by means of a resonator.

In an attempt to liquefy helium, Prof. Olbzewski recently produced the remarkably low temperature of 455 degrees below zero, Fahrenheit. It was done by suddenly expanding a mass of the gas helium which had been subjected to a pressure of about 2700 pounds to the square inch, in a temperature so low that it nearly solidified hydrogen. The helium showed no sign of liquefying.

One's hair, if never cut, would furnish a record of his health during life. This is the interesting discovery of Matsura, a Japanese physiologist, who shows that the hair—like the finger-nails—grows smaller in disease, and that the duration of the malady may be estimated from the length of the thinner section of the hairs. The variations are most striking in the coarse-haired races of people.

The telemobiloscope, designed by a Dusseldorf inventor, for enabling a pilot to detect a ship near at hand in a fog, depends upon the fact that electric waves are reflected when they strike a metallic object. The apparatus consists of a long box or tube, pivoted at one end and opened at the other, containing a spark generator near the pivoted end and two lenses for collecting the electric waves into a bundle. A suitable motor turns the box horizontally on the vertical pivot. As the box, slightly inclined toward the water, is swung around, the electric waves are projected outward, and if they strike an object containing metal they are reflected back, acting upon a receiver similar to that used in wireless telegraphy.

No Sight, No Cigar.

"On general principles, I'd hate to be blind," said the man with the red mustache. "For one thing, I would then have to leave off smoking. So far as actual physical ability goes I'd probably be equal to puffing away as usual, but I don't believe I'd enjoy it nearly so much. Blind men don't. In fact, they get so little pleasure out of it that they don't even try to smoke. I have met a number of poor fellows who had lost their eyesight, and every one of them abjured the weed. Some of them had been pretty tall smokers, too, in their palmy days. But now a cigar has no attraction for them.

"Nobody has been able to give me a satisfactory explanation of this change in habit, but after a good deal of investigation I have come to the conclusion that the reason the blind do not care to smoke is because they cannot see the smoke. The tobacco has the same flavor, and with a friend to attend to the lighting the smoking can be managed with comparative safety; yet the fellow who has no eyes to watch the smoke curl and drift about his head, apparently has no use for a cigar. Smoking to the absolutely blind is something entirely different from smoking in the dark. Besides, few people smoke in total darkness. Always there is starlight or firelight enough to enable a man to keep track of the smoke. When deprived of that fascinating pastime, the cigar loses its charm, and the man who is blind resigns himself to a smokeless old age."

The Costliest Diadem.

What is probably the most valuable diadem in existence is the gift of the women of Spain to Our Lady del Pilar, whose shrine is situated near Saragossa. The diadem is an imperial crown surrounded by a Gothic wreath. It is composed of solid gold, but such is the number of precious stones that hardly a square inch of gold is visible. There are 6000 large diamonds, of which the finest is the gift of the queen-mother, and 3000 smaller ones. The remaining stones are emeralds, sapphires, rubies, pearls, turquoises, opals, topazes and amethysts.—New York Evening World.

The Evening-Up Process.

Don't get gay over the saving on coal from the mild winter. You will make up for it next summer when you pay your ice bill.—Kansas City Times.

SPORT AND ADVENTURE

TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE.

WHEN an individual becomes a member of the leper colony of Molokai, in the Pacific Ocean, he is lost to the world; there is no cure, no return, except in the rare case of an escape, an almost impossible performance.

It has, nevertheless, happened and that within the past three months. The facts reveal tragedy and pathos transcending fiction, and would scarcely be believed if it were not vouched for by the best authority. For reasons that will readily be appreciated, it is undesirable to mention the name of the gentleman who through his brother's help has just succeeded in returning to freedom, if not happiness.

He is a Canadian, and was married in January, 1890. A month later, while still on the honeymoon, the young couple visited Honolulu. After a few days' enjoyment of the life and sights of the capital of the Sandwich Islands, the husband, at that time a man of twenty-five years of age, failed to return to the hotel for dinner. The anxious wife waited and waited, and finally called in the assistance of the Hawaiian police, but he had disappeared as completely as though the earth had opened and engulfed him.

The young woman cabled to her relatives in British Columbia, and her father proceeded to her assistance. Father and daughter remained two months in Honolulu, and then, as there were still no tidings of the missing man, they returned home.

His parents were wealthy, and engaged the services of a well known American detective agency, urging that no expense should be spared to get at the facts of the disappearance. A competent man was sent to Honolulu, and after six weeks' patient investigation he discovered what had happened.

It seems that shortly after lunch on the day he disappeared he told his wife that he was going to the bank to draw some money, and then he would go to the club for an hour or so and return in time to take her for a drive before dinner. Immediately after leaving the bank, where he had drawn $500, he was arrested by four men, and, after being placed in a carriage, was driven to the house of a native official doctor. Here, after the most cursory examination, he was declared to have leprosy, and when the necessary papers had been signed he was drugged.

It is easier to imagine than to describe what his feelings were when he awoke to consciousness and found himself lying in the hold of a little vessel bound he knew not whither. Although the island is less than forty miles from Honolulu, morning had dawned before Molokai was reached. On arrival he was left to take his place in the company of over a thousand lepers. It was in vain that he protested, demanded his instant release, and refused to believe it possible that he was a prisoner there for life.

When the report was made to the parents by the detective agency they did all in their power to obtain their son's release, but in vain. Years went by. The distracted wife died of a broken heart. Later his mother died, and some months afterward his father likewise.

Fortunately for the lonely sufferer, he possessed a brother a year younger than himself, who decided to spare neither himself nor his fortune in efforts at rescue.

It was not found difficult to charter a vessel that would carry off the man if he could reach it, but the difficulty was to enter into any communication with the people on the island, so that co-operation could be had from that source. A man was finally found who possessed a skin disease that might in appearance be mistaken for a form of leprosy. This man was poor, out of work, and with a family to provide for. He agreed for £2000 to be paid to his wife to risk his liberty and life. He was taken to Honolulu and accused of being a leper. The doctor who examined him had grave doubts, but the man's statement that his father had contracted leprosy in a mild form in India before his marriage; also, that later in life the disease became worse, and he died a loathsome object to look upon, removed them, and he signed the necessary papers, as he could conceive no reason why a man should voluntarily desire to proceed to Molokai as a resident.

His arrival there brought the first ray of hope into the life of the man who for fifteen years and six months had borne and endured such as few men have had to do in the history of the world. The two men were not long in meeting, and the plot for escape was unfolded.

It was four nights later that a good-sized schooner yacht, which had been lurking off the island out of sight all day, drew gradually closer, and by 10 o'clock was within 100 yards of a part of the shore least likely to be patrolled by the guards. No lights were shown, but occasionally small pieces of wood were thrown overboard coated with luminous paint. As the current was drifting shoreward, they were thrown on the beach in a short space of time. Suddenly to the watchers of those on board two pieces were raised in the air and held in that position. Immediately a boat with muffled oars made for the shore and took on board the two men who were in waiting, having eluded the guards in the darkness.

Two weeks later the yacht arrived at Vancouver, and the brothers were reunited. Doctors who have examined the older say there is not the slightest trace of leprosy about him. The mystery is who caused his abduction?—London Standard.

A STAMPEDE OF CAVALRY.

A stampede among cavalry horses is always a troublesome thing, and may easily become a terrible one. The recent stampede of one thousand horses near Southampton, England, was singularly exciting, and had serious results. Several soldiers were dangerously trampled, and two hussar regiments were rendered unfit to participate in the Essex maneuvres, and had to be sent back to Aldershot, where, too, a whole train-load of wounded horses were dispatched for surgical treatment.

The stampede began at two in the morning. A horse, plunging about in the horse lines, was thrown and broke its leg, and an officer shot it where it lay. The sudden flash and report so terrified the neighboring animals that they broke loose, pulled up the pegs to which they were tethered, and stampeded more and more of the other horses as the sound of their thundering hoofs and excited neighings rang through the camp. Straight through the tents of the sleeping troopers they charged, overturning and trampling everything before them, while the iron-shod picket-pegs, swinging free at the end of their loose ropes as they ran, cruelly wounded many, and goaded the horde to madness.

From Baddesley Common, where the camp was, they dashed away in droves of fifties and hundreds in all directions. One great squadron galloped wildly through the streets of Southampton, and brought the sleeping citizens half-clad to their doors and windows. Through the ancient Bargate the horses dashed. Many were crushed against the masonry of the narrow passage; others met death by crashing into trolley poles, against walls, or into a trench where the road was under repair. But the greater number kept on unhurt till they reached the harbor, and, never halting in their terror, plunged straight into its waters. Many were drowned; many others were rescued by men who put out in boats and rounded them up as they swam, driving them ashore as soon as other men had broken down the steep landing-stages enough to permit them to scramble up.

The next day search-parties of troopers went horse-hunting over a radius of twenty miles. They brought in their mounts from field, farm and forest by ones and twos and dozens—limping, weary, sorely battered beasts. Many could not be brought in; they were found dead or hopelessly hurt by the roadside.

Some five years ago an American cavalry camp near San Antonio, Texas, met with an experience similar to this, although less disastrous. More than eight hundred horses, led by a beautiful, wild dun mare, broke from their corral at Fort Sam Houston. Part were trained mounts, part unbroken cow ponies. As they dashed across the parade ground a bugle call rang out from the officers' quarters, and the trained chargers slackened their pace immediately. Again the bugle sounded; the wild mare and a third of her followers kept on; the other two-thirds turned squarely at right angles. The bugle sounded once more—"Columns right!" and they turned still again at right angles, and galloped back in the direction whence they had come. At another call the gallop slackened and fell to a trot. A last time it rang out—"Halt!" and the riderless squadron, panting and trembling yet, but obedient to the summons they knew, halted and stood still.

As for the wild horses that kept on through the city of San Antonio, they killed no one, for a wonder, but the property loss was great, and the trail of the stampede was as plain as the path of a cyclone.—Youth's Companion.

WOLVES TREED A HUNTER.

Edouard Leduc, shantyman, who has just returned from Des Joachims, had a narrow escape from falling the victim of a pack of wolves.

The shanty to which Leduc was attached is located ten miles north of Des Joachims, and he went out one day recently to shoot partridges. About sundown he started back for camp again, when he heard the patter and saw the forms of four-footed beasts all around him.

Leduc's gun was a light weapon of one barrel, and he took to a tall tree in preference to risking the continuance of his journey. There he remained all night, and for hours, he says, could see the gray shadows stealthily moving about, their green eyes flashing. Once or twice he fired at some of the pack who ventured nearer than the others. Just before the day broke the animals disappeared, and he, hungry and stiff, climbed down from his perch.—Ottawa (Canada) Correspondence in Toronto Globe.

ACTIVE NEGRO BRAKEMAN.

I knew a negro brakeman on a freight train who for a few cents would do a stunt that would cause circus athletes to boil with envy. Suppose the train consisted of thirty cars and the speed was thirty miles an hour. Nicodemus would leap from the roof of the first car to the edge of a cut about the same height from the rails, race along for a few seconds and leap back upon one of the rear cars. I saw him do this amazing performance many times. Perhaps he is dead. I cannot swear that the train was going thirty miles an hour; but that was the belief of the crew. The feat would be remarkable at twenty miles.—Victor Smith, in the New York Press.

Some Advantages of Poverty.

If you are reasonably poor you will benefit in the following way:

The chance is remote that you will be killed in an automobile accident—unless you are an unlucky pedestrian.

You will never be the defendant in a breach-of-promise suit.

You will never have to dodge the subpoena-server when the courts wish you to testify in proceedings against gamblers and life insurance officials.

You wife will never plead with you thus: "Buy me some Russian sable carriage robes and a stomacher of diamonds and emeralds."

You will never hear people say of you: "I knew him when he didn't have a dollar to his name, and look at him now. He's not been in a street car for two years."

No practical doctor will find that you are afflicted with appendicitis and other luxurious diseases.—Philadelphia Record.

The Distinction.

"I always thought," remarked an English Judge, "that a parasol and a sunshade were the same." "No," replied the witness on the stand; "a sunshade is to keep the sun off; a parasol is to flirt with."

Novelties and Oddities

OF PRESENT-DAY SCIENCE.

ELECTRIC AERIAL LINE—A RAILWAY TO BE RUN ALONG THE GRINDLEWALD GLACIER.

THERE is apparently no more attractive field for engineering than the mountains of Switzerland, and the greatest skill and ingenuity have been exercised in the various railways designed to carry tourists to the summits. Recently there has been an entirely new departure from existing practice in a plan proposed for ascending the northwestern side of the Wetterhorn, which rises precipitously to an altitude of 7700 feet above the sea level. The new scheme consists of a combination of the fundamental principles of the ordinary aerial cableway, now so much used in constructive engineering for the transport of materials, and of the elevated mono-railway, best exampled in the line between Barmen and Elberfeld, in Germany. In the latter a car is suspended from a single rail supported by a system of girders, while in the new Swiss railway, instead of a rail, a stout steel cable will be stretched from station to station, and from this will be suspended by its running gear a car or cage for the passengers. Each car will contain ten passengers, and be of the lightest possible construction.

The line will run from the Grindlewald upper glacier, at about 4000 feet altitude, up to the Enge station in one lift, a distance of 1300 feet. This station is of massive masonry, and affords an anchorage for the cable. The gradient of the cable for this part of the line is about eighty per cent. This station affords access to a series of fine views, and there is a path along the Enge to the departure station of the second section of the line, which extends to a point at an altitude of 7761 feet, or a lift of 2300 feet. The motive power is to be electricity at high tension, and part of the installation is already completed. The summit of the Wetterhorn is 12,150 feet above sea level, and from the present studies there is apparently no reason why access to it should not be gained by a series of such railways as the two sections already described. Only once before has the mono-rail system been used on a mountain railway, on Vesuvius in 1880, and this method was supplanted when the line was reconstructed.

WHEN DO WE DIE?—WE ARE ALL GRADUALLY SHUFFLING OFF FOR YEARS.

IN the first place, there is no definite moment of death. We all are gradually dying for years. The moment which is ordinarily ascribed to death is when the breathing stops, but this is purely arbitrary and the survival of an old belief that life was drawn in in the breath and the soul passed out with the breath. The heart may continue to beat many minutes, and in animals under experimental conditions even for hours after respiration has stopped; the muscles are still irritable; the nerves are still able to carry nerve impulses. But while the cessation of respiration cannot be called the moment of death, it is the cause of it, because the body cannot live without air; the heart accordingly stops and the tissues die of suffocation.

How arbitary it is to call a man dead when his heart ceases to beat and he no longer breathes will be apparent when it is remembered that dogs may easily be revived after they have lain in this state for six or more minutes. If the dog's chest is opened and artificial respiration begun, and if the heart is taken in the hand and rhythmically squeezed, gradually it begins to beat again, the dog begins to breathe; in fact, he recovers normal life. I believe the same experiment has not been tried in men, for the reason that in illness the system is generally so poisoned by the toxins of disease as to make it impossible spontaneously to recover, even though the heart should be kept beating.

WILL MAN DIE OF THIRST?—LONG LOOK AHEAD NECESSARY TO PROVIDE AN ADEQUATE WATER SUPPLY

SCIENTISTS are able to point out various tendencies and movements on the part of the planet earth and its people which may result in the destruction of human life by overcrowding, starvation, cold, heat or thirst. For centuries Biblical students, starting from the promise of Noah that mankind would not again be swept away by a flood, derived from other texts the opinion that the "end of the world" would be by fire. The largest collection of facts bearing on the point is probably in the works of Prince Kropotkin, and relate to the Russian Empire and some of its Asiatic neighbors.

Explorations in Central Asia have shown beyond question that vast areas now desert were once fertile. Lakes and rivers which within historic times were important factors in commerce have disappeared or are disappearing. The Siberian lakes have shrunk since the eighteenth century. Novgorod, the great market town of the Volga region, owed its early importance to its protection from Mongol raids by vast marshes, which have gone dry without any large effort to drain them.

In Africa, Lake Tchad, which loomed so large in the tales of explorers, is now a half-dried water bed. Lake Chirona, to the southwest of Nyassa, has gone from the map. Lake Ngami, discovered by Livingstone, and then navigable, has ceased to exist. And in Australia, Lake Eyre, to mention only the largest water body, has greatly lost its size in fifty years. In Europe no such great change can be noted, although Spain is certainly drier than it used to be.

In America no such startling changes are recorded, though it is manifest that such rivers as the Ohio now flow less regularly, if not less copiously, owing to the destruction of forests about their head waters. And here is the practical point of such collections of data as Mr. Whitby and others have made on this subject. To speculate upon the ultimate end on earth of the human race, and whether it is destined to die of thirst, is to reach so far into the future that no conclusion of practical utility can be drawn. But it is perfectly plain that if this and other nations wish to avoid the inconveniences of an irregular, and probably diminishing, water supply, they must take care of their forests.

A LIGHTNING CATARACT—TWENTY CASES THAT WERE THE RESULT OF THIS UNUSUAL AGENCY.

A CATARACT is a cloudiness of the liquid in one of the lenses of the eye. Usually it takes months (or even years) to form, and after it has reached a certain stage of maturity it can be removed by an expert surgeon. That operation restores the sight. The most common cause of the formation of cataracts seems to be advancing years, for they are rarely heard of in young people. A new but unusual agency which produces them, or, at least, starts them, is mentioned by a French medical journal, the Gazette des Hopitaux.

In the columns of that periodical Dr. Verhaegue reports that he has collected from literature about twenty-two cases of cataract resulting from the action of lightning. These evils are not caused by the light, that is, by either heat or chemical rays, but by the passage of the electric current. If they were the result of the light they would be found as the result of the action of ordinary electric illumination. Troubles caused by lightning may involve other parts of the eye or produce paralysis of the muscles which move it. The lesions of the crystalline lens are most frequent. The opacity of the lens may begin within a few days after the stroke of lightning, or in a few weeks, or it may be delayed in its appearance for some months. Such cataracts are a long time in maturing, so as to permit of successful operations. The author's case had no bad effects until six months after the stroke. They were three years in maturing, and at one time there was a long period in which the process was entirely stationary. The operative results were excellent.

CLOTHES OF WOOD—A GARMENT THAT LOOKS AS IF IT WOULD WEAR LIKE LEATHER.

THIS waistcoat is made of pine wood, said the cardroom boss of a woolen mill. The garment, of a thick, stiff, bluish stuff, looked as if it would wear like leather.

It will wear like leather, too, said the cardroom boss. If my experiments succeed, cheap clothes in the future will be made of spruce or pine, instead of wool or cotton. A suit, then, will cost half a dollar and last five years. Napkins, shirts and collars are made of a plant fibre, the fibre of hemp. Why, then, I asked myself last year, shouldn't heavier, coarser stuffs be made of the fibre of wood? I began to experiment, and here—he tapped his stomach, which the waistcoat covered—here is the result. First, I grind the wood into a soft pulp. I press this pulp through perforated iron plates. It comes forth in long ropes, each rope as thick as a sausage. I dry these thick ropes, which a breath would break, and then I twist them, twist them tighter and tighter, smaller and smaller, till finally they become threads.

Once the threads are gotten, the rest is easy. Part of the threads become a warp, and form the lengthwise lines of a piece of cloth in a loom. Part of them become filling and dart in clattering shuttles across the warp. Thus the weaving goes on, and out of the warp, or lengthwise threads, and the filling or crosswise threads, we get a strong piece of wooden cloth.

Some day, when I'll have perfected my experiment, you'll hear men saying in clothing stores: Is this suit all oak? Do you guarantee that there is no cheap yellow pine in it?

An Architectural Wonder.

Agra, where the Prince and Princess of Wales stopped the other day, is the second city in size and importance in the northwestern provinces of India. Of local wonders there are many, chief of all being, of course, the Taj Mahal.

This mausoleum was commenced in 1630 by the Emperor, Shah Jehan, as a tomb for his favorite queen, Arjmand Banu. Her body was brought to Agra, and laid in the garden where the Taj now stands, until the famous mausoleum was complete.

Some authorities set down its cost at 18,500,000 rupees; others name a considerably higher figure—as much as 30,000,000 rupees. It is certain, however, that a great deal of the cost remains unpaid to the present day.

There were originally two doors of solid silver, but these were taken away and melted by Suraj Mall and his Jats. The Taj and its surroundings are unequaled in beauty, a poem in marble. The heroic size, the wonderful contrast in colors in the materials employed, the setting of noble trees, sweet shrubs and clear water all form a combination that one would seek in vain elsewhere.

A Case of Pronouns.

Tommy Mulligan of the Seventh Grade was absent from the class-room for one entire day. It would appear that he had played truant, for unknown to Tommy his teacher had spied him trudging homeward with pockets bulging suspiciously when she too was homeward bound that afternoon.

But Tommy brought a note of excuse the next morning, which of course would prove that he had been detained at home legitimately. The writing was hardly that of a feminine hand, and the note appeared to have been written laboriously and with much blotting; furthermore, the penmanship seemed strangely familiar to his teacher. The note read as follows:

"Dear teacher—Please excus Tomy for not comeing to shool yestiddy, he cudnot come. I tore my pants. Mrs. Mulligan."—Indiana Farmer.

Disrespectful Looks Costly.

It is not uncommon for a lawyer in this country to be fined for expressing his contempt of court verbally, but abroad barristers are held to a stricter accountability. During a recent case at Darmstadt one of the counsel was declared by the judge to have looked at him "in a manner highly disrespectful." For this offense the counsel was fined $10.