THE QUEENSTOWN NEWS.

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A Boston hen was sold last week for $750, relates the Chicago Tribune. She must have come over in the Mayflower.

"Pausing for the next spring" is the way in which the London News sizes up the present position of the Russian populace.

Mme. de Stael said: "Enthusiasm gives life to what is invisible and interest to what has no immediate action on our comfort in this world."

The New York Commercial says that one may have no use, or think he has none, for pure-food laws, but when it comes to artificial lamb chops he longs to use a cleaver.

The Baltimore Herald says the theatrical syndicate has decided to drop Shakspeare. That is the bard's punishment for forgetting to put a double sextet and a leap for life into each of his plays.

When it comes to building apartment houses, as in Chicago, where every floor has a garage, modern improvement is going on at the rate of several miles a minute, thinks the Baltimore American.

Don't make home irksome. If you would not have your children lost to you in after life make home happy to them when they are young. Don't force the children to look elsewhere than at home for pleasure, advises Woman's Life.

The New York scientist, remarks the Providence Journal, who says he has perfected a process for photographing human thought must prepare himself, if he applied his invention indiscriminately, for getting a good many blank plates.

Faster submarines than any now in existence are unquestionably desirable and practicable; but, says the New York Tribune, when Mr. Holland talks about boats which can travel at the rate of twenty-two knots an hour while completely submerged, he appears to be—well, say, unduly enthusiastic.

All the gold produced from all the mines of the Transvaal last year amounted to only $104,000,000 in value, states the New York World. Its production cost the lives of Kaffirs and coolies, together with the loss of Parliamentary seats and much political chicanery in England.

London reports that factories devoted to the manufacture of broken guns, torn flags, and other relics of the Russ-Jap war are behind with their orders, owing to the demands of curio hunters from America. English welcome for American tourists is being better understood, comments the Washington Post.

Natural oxygenation cures desperate cases of pneumonia, states the Boston Transcript. When conservative physicians and timorous grandmothers can be prevailed upon to apply the same treatment to measles and scarlet fever two-thirds of the baneful after effects of those diseases will have been eliminated.

If you take my advice you will never work for hire, says Secretary Shaw. If you work for hire you will never rise. If you work for hire life will have little else for you but drudgery, and eight hours per day—ten hours per day at the most—is all that you can stand and keep your health. But if you work for accomplishment of the thing you are employed to do, you can work sixteen or eighteen hours a day, and life will be full of sunshine and song. God implanted in the human mind the desire to do things.

A young man went up in an observatory balloon the other afternoon from the siege battery at West Point. Shortly after the ascent he same [illegible] field thirty miles [illegible]on. In itself the [illegible]marks the New [illegible]ronaut's trip was thrilling. But the balloon made a brief flight under the auspices of the Aero Club of America. It was a winning. The statement is confidently ha[illegible] that Americans will soon take to sport in the air as enthusiastically as they have taken to automobiling.

Of the acute diseases not classed as violently or actively contagious, to which people in the Northern portion of the country are subject, pneumonia is doubtless the most serious, asserts the Boston Transcript. Without having the statistics at hand we venture to say that its ravages the present winter have been less than usual, and may be credited to the comparative mildness of the past winter. This is none the less something to be fully guarded against in cold weather. In the last few years it has been rather on the increase than the reverse, because it has found an efficient ally in that new and treacherous enemy, the grip, which frequently leaves the conditions of weakness favorable to its attacks. Last year before pneumonia was epidemic in New York and Chicago it was quite prevalent in our own

AN EMINENT MAN.

("During the past few weeks many Eminent Men have become merely Notorious," says President Schurman, of Cornell).

He was an Eminent Man
In a circle of eminent dubs,
With an eminent face and an eminent place
In a dozen eminent clubs,
And Sunday morning the whole world knew
The sermon preached at his eminent pew.

He held an Eminent Job—
Position of "great respect,"
And his every act, 'twas an eminent fact,
Was eminently correct;
For who would expect an unscrupulous plan
To emanate from an Eminent Man?

So, in his eminent way,
He started an eminent deal,
And he graced the same with his eminent name,
(For Eminent Men don't steal),
As he blessed the world with his eminent smile,
And lived in a princely pre-eminent style.

But a light on his Eminent Life
Revealed to the scoffers thrifty
That many a quirk in his eminent work
Was eminently "nifty"—
Could His Eminence be dropping the swag
In his eminently respectable bag?

So a jury of Eminent Men,
They sat on his eminent case,
In order to spare their eminent frere
From an imminent disgrace;
"For honor," they said, "should be now and then
Shown among Thieves and Eminent Men."

So he still is an Eminent Man,
Whose shadow covers the globe,
While the meek revere the occasional smear
That clings to his eminent robe—
"For what is Fame?" said a Saint to me,
"But an Eminent Notoriety?"

—Wallace Irwin, in Life.

When the Air-Line Jammed

By ALBERT W. TOLMAN.

THE little building in which Charles Hamilton, the diver, kept his outfit, stood on the extreme end of Morton's wharf. In the dock beside it were moored his wrecking-scow and steam-launch. Whenever Hamilton was not away plying his trade, he could generally be found in this shanty on the pier end, making repairs on his diving apparatus or "swapping yarns" with some long-shore friend.

Inside the house was a curious assortment of articles used in his profession. A long spike upheld the great brass helmet with its wire-guarded lights and dinted crown. Close at hand hung the thick diving-suit of canvas and rubber. A pair of lead-soled shoes stood on the floor, and a weighted belt was suspended from the wall above them. Everything spoke of the strange life under water.

I was fortunate enough to find Hamilton alone one August afternoon. We talked of various matters concerning his work, touching finally upon its dangers. Thereupon he told me the following story:

"On the 25th of May, the fourth season after I began to dive," said he, "I received a telegram from Boston, asking me to come in a hurry. The fifteen-hundred-ton British East Indiaman, Queen of Sheba, inward bound with a cargo of tea and spices, instead of tying up safely at her consignee's wharf, had found a most unwelcome haven at the bottom of Massachusetts Bay, about ten miles from the city. While under full sail she had struck upon a ledge, and shortly after had foundered in twenty fathoms, giving captain and crew barely time to take to the boats.

"It was a mild, beautiful morning, the 27th of May, with the ocean as smooth as a polished floor, when I put on my diving dress and slipped over the gunwale of my boat on the way to bottom. I soon stood beside the vessel. She lay upon her bilge, her deck slanting at an angle of about thirty degrees. Before going on board I walked about her. Except for a big ragged hole in the planking under the starboard bow, she seemed in perfect condition. It was a pity that so fine a ship should have come to such an end.

"But there was plenty of work before me aboard. I pulled myself over the Sheba's rail, and dropped upon her deck. My first duty was to make a careful examination of her cabin. The principal object of my quest was a chamois bag containing two hundred British sovereigns, the private property of the captain. He had offered me a commission of ten per cent. above my regular pay, if I could recover this gold for him.

"Passing along between the rail and the cabin, I soon reached the stern. Then I climbed up the sloping deck to the entrance of the companionway, and looked down.

"It was absolutely dark, a most uninviting place to enter. But it was my duty to go down, and I had been in just as unattractive holes before. So I pressed the button of my electric lantern, and shot a wavering ray of light down the gloomy stairs. Then I descended. At the bottom an open door on the right led into the cabin. I sent an inquiring gleam ahead, and stepped inside.

"Above water you naturally look for the furniture of a room in proper place on the floor. But in a broken vessel you will find tables, chairs and other buoyant articles hard up against the ceiling. As I have said before, the Sheba lay upon her bilge, and her decks and floors had a slope of about thirty degrees. Hence everything movable had floated into the upper corner of the cabin, near the entrance. As I stepped within I was obliged to stoop low and thrust aside with my bar the miscellaneous flotsam that blocked my way. My motions created currents in the water, and set the chairs and tables bobbing, disturbing the equilibrium that had not been broken since the ship settled.

"I made a careful examination of the different staterooms, sending one object after another floating out to join the collection in the main cabin. From under a berth in the first room I entered, I dislodged a flat cask about a yard long, and twenty-five inches across the heads. It shot quickly out into the cabin, rolled across the ceiling, and joined the mass near the entrance. I paid no special attention to it at the time, but went on prodding and poking everywhere, seeking for valuables.

"At last I reached the captain's room. Here was the principal object of my search, the bag of sovereigns. I stepped inside, turning my lantern this way and that. In the corner to the right of the door two chairs and a small stand floated in the water close to the ceiling. Beneath them was the captain's mahogany desk, screwed to the floor. I got rid of the stand and chairs by thrusting them out into the cabin. Then I could approach the desk more freely. Its top lay open, just as it had been left in the hurry of departure. I pulled open two or three drawers; the papers within were a mere mush of pulp.

"The captain had told me that the gold was in a small secret drawer in the left side of the desk, near its top. It took me some time to find the spring that opened this compartment. After considerable experimental probing, I finally discovered it. I pressed hard, but it refused to work; apparently it had been rusted by the action of the water. After several minutes of fruitless effort, I was on the point of smashing the mahogany to pieces with my bar, when suddenly, in response to a final jab of my thumb, a little drawer shot out.

"Inside was the chamois bag. I picked it up eagerly, and even through my diving-mitten could finger the hard, round edges of the sovereigns. I felt good. That morning's work would be worth while. There were, I knew, two hundred pieces of gold in the bag, and by the captain's offer twenty of them would belong to me.

"As I stood congratulating myself on my good fortune, I was all at once conscious of an unpleasant feeling in my head. What could be the matter? It seemed as if my supply of air were running short. I was surprised at this, for my assistants above were experts, and knowing the difficulty I must encounter at such a depth, they would naturally be careful to send down an ample amount of oxygen.

"I waited a moment. No, I was not mistaken. There was surely some trouble. A dull pain shot intermittently through the back of my head; my temples were beginning to throb; there was a pressure upon my chest. This could not last. Either I must be able to breathe more freely, or I should be obliged to abandon my task.

"Finally my head became so bad that I felt it unsafe to remain longer in the cabin, and turned to retrace my steps to the companionway. The chamois bag I had carefully placed in a rubber pouch suspended from my neck.

"I had not taken three steps from the stateroom door when I was faced by a chevaux-de-frise of table and chair legs. Everything that I had dislodged had sought the highest part of the room, which, as I have said, from the way the floor sloped, chanced to be near the entrance to the companionway. If my worst enemy had deliberately set himself to barricade the doors and block my egress, he could not have done it more ingeniously or effectually.

"Sweeping my bar about, I succeeded in separating the mass before me into its component parts; but as soon as the force of my thrust was spent, the articles drifted back to their original places. At last I hit upon the expedient of pushing them one by one into the staterooms. This cleared the main cabin, and I could see that I was making progress.

"All this time my head had been growing worse. I felt as if I were slowly suffocating. I must get out of that hole at once. Soon the last chair was pushed back into the captain's room; then I saw what the trouble was.

"Right in the upper part of the companionway door hung the cask I have previously mentioned. It filled the space exactly, leaving no room on either side. Between its edge and the top of the door-frame my air-hose had become caught. The buoyancy of the barrel held it tightly against the lintel, and between the two my hose was jammed so tightly that the volume of air sent down to me was seriously diminished.

"It did not take me long to understand the situation. To-day the air-hose is so strong and stiff that it would be almost impossible to squeeze it hard enough to check appreciably the flow of air. But in those days the operator's outfit was not so carefully made.

"I raised my bar and struck the cask, thinking to push it through the door; but my blow only served to wedge it more firmly into the frame. What was I to do? The foul air inside my helmet was already affecting me. Unless I could get relief, it would not be many minutes before I must succumb to suffocation.

"Leaning my bar against the wall, I reached up with both hands and tried to pull the barrel down; but it was wedged so tightly that I could not move it. My position was desperate indeed. It was apparently impossible for me to remove the obstacle; and so long as it remained where it was, I certainly could not get out without severing the air-hose, a thing that would mean sure death.

"My only hope lay in my bar. Grasping it again, I rained a shower of blows upon the cask, hoping either to push it through into the companionway or to break it up. But neither project semeed likely to succeed. Its diameter was too great to allow it to pass through the door; and its staves and heads were apparently so thoroughly swelled by the water that it seemed impossible to make any impression on them. Yet I must break that barrel in pieces, or else my life would pay the forfeit.

"I abandoned my attack upon the staves, and began as quickly and strongly as I could to beat a tattoo upon the lower head, punching at it desperately with all my strength. It was a terrible experience—that fight for life down in the gloomy cabin, a hundred and twenty feet below water-level.

"Suddenly, for some reason I have never been able to explain, my lantern went out, leaving me in almost pitchy darkness. There was merely the faintest glimmer below the cask in the direction of the companionway. This capped the climax of my misfortune. My courage was fast failing. I dealt blow after blow upon the head, but it resisted stubbornly.

"At last, as I struck, I felt something give way. The steel point had broken through the wood. Then one of the parts bent in and collapsed entirely. Here was my opportunity. Again I showered blows upon the remaining pieces. Weakened by the loss of the supporting section, the others yielded quickly, and soon the whole head was gone.

"I now attacked the staves. But little strength was left me, and it seemed hardly possible that I could succeed before unconsciousness came on. But I struck as hard as I could. Finally it did not seem to me that I could deal another blow. Still I mustered my powers for a last effort, and sent my bar against the staves. Then the whole barrel collapsed into a mass of loose pieces, and the way to escape lay open.

"There came an instant rush of fresh air into my helmet. The change was almost too much for me. I became faint for a moment, and was obliged to lean against the door-casing. Soon I recovered sufficient strength to make my way slowly up-stairs and out upon the deck. Once there, I gave the signal to be hoisted up. It took an hour in the open air before I was sufficiently recovered to descend and resume work.

"That night I gave the sovereigns safely into the hands of the captain, and received the twenty he had promised me. But a hundred times that number would not tempt me to pass again through my experience in that gloomy cabin, twenty fathoms under water."—Youth's Companion.

SCIENTIFIC & INDUSTRIAL

A faintly luminous mist in the bulb and on the fingers has been noted by Professor Sommers on rubbing electric light bulbs that have not long been in use. No satisfactory explanation has been given.

The laye of the sea taken up by the clouds each year is now estimated at fourteen feet in thickness. The winds carry the clouds to land, where the water falls as rain, to find its way in due time back to the ocean.

A remarkable effect of pile-driving was lately observed at Rotterdam. On withdrawing some piles that had been rammed through quicksand by 150 to 200 strokes per minute, the points were found to be charred by friction, and they ignited spontaneously on contact with the air.

Balloon soundings have shown surprisingly low temperatures in the upper air. At St. Louis, in December, 1901, A. L. Rotch recorded 122 degrees below zero at 48,544 feet; while at Vienna, R. Nimfuhr, on March 2, 1905, obtained a record of 121 degrees below zero at only 31,872 feet.

Late statistics show that a Spaniard lives less than two-thirds as long as a Norwegian. The average duration of life is, in Norway, fifty years; England, forty-five; Belgium, forty-four; Switzerland, forty-four; France, forty-three; Austria, thirty-nine; Germany, thirty-nine; Italy, thirty-nine, and Bavaria thirty-six.

In radium, we are told, has been found the philosopher's stone of the alchemists' dreams. It may not transmute the baser metals into gold and silver, but it seems to have opened the gate to the secrets of nature's laboratory, showing us that uranium may be a parent substance, and that radium itself breaks up into helium and perhaps lead.

At a recent meeting of the Royal Society in London, Mr. A. A. Campbell Swinton reported that he believed he had conclusively proved the truth of Professor J. J. Thompson's explanation of the electric arc. According to Thompson, positively and negatively electrified corpuscles, or ions, are emitted respectively from the positive and negative electrodes, and under the influence of electric repulsion travel across the space occupied by the arc and bombard the electrode opposite to the one from which they are emitted. The high temperature of the electrodes is produced by this bombardment, and the electric current itself is supposed to be conveyed across by the flying ions.

More by Mail.

A traveling man received the following telegram from his wife: "Twins arrived to-night. More by mail." He went at once to the nearest office, and sent the following reply: "I leave for home to-night. If more come by mail, send to Dead-Letter Office."

Japs Locate in Texas.

A Japanese syndicate has bought a tract of land in the San Antonio region of Texas, upon which 300 Japanese families will locate for the purpose of cultivating tea and silk—it having been demonstrated that the tea plant and the mulberry tree flourish better in Texas than in Japan.

Strives to Stimulate Farming.

Italy has cut transportation rates heavily on agricultural machinery to stimulate home agriculture.

The substitution of manufactured and cut tobacco for the time-honored plug has not met with universal approval in the British Na[illegible]

TALES OF ADVENTURE

FIRST SIGHT OF A WHITE FACE.

A FEW thousands of the human race have kept themselves so aloof that they still live in complete isolation, dreading strangers more than they do beasts of prey. One tribe of the dwarf Negritos in the Malay Peninsula, whose stamping ground is the mountains of northern Malacca and southern Siam, is numbered among these shy and retiring peoples. The people ask only to be let alone. They live apart because they are afraid.

A German botanist named Albert Grubauer while on a collecting tour a few months ago went hunting for these timid folk as he might for game, excepting that he had no murderous purpose and merely wished to study them. He knew that the only way to get near them was to come upon them unawares. They would run if they had a half chance; so the German and his two or three native servants stole up among the mountains very quietly and crept along the paths leading through jungle and underbrush, expecting, if they aroused no suspicion, to meet a party out hunting or surprise a village before its inmates could take to the woods.

It was rather tedious work, but patience was at length rewarded. As Grubauer renewed his search one morning he heard a noise on the path before him. He and his men sprang to one side just as a number of the little men came along. They had been collecting rattan and had loads of it on their backs. They saw the white man, dropped their loads in the path and sprang into the brush.

The German and his men knew exactly what they were to do in such a case. They were not to go an inch in pursuit. No weapon was to be shown. One of the men who could speak a little of the native dialect aired his accomplishment in the gentlest way. The white man was their good friend and had come to see them. And what wonderful presents he had brought for his friends! The white man and his servants extended their arms, which were loaded with bright cottons, strings of beads, many colored necklaces, tobacco and other tempting articles whose merits were extolled by the spokesman with all the eloquence he could command.

They knew the natives were behind the bushes looking at the tempting sight and listening to the exhortation. Then the visitors sat down, still holding out the beautiful presents. Finally, an old man, the leader of the party, stuck his head out of the bush. He broke off a green twig and held it up. It was a sign of peace and the white man nodded to him. The ice was broken. The Negrito approached the European, they shook hands, some of the presents were distributed and the visitors became the guests of the little mountaineers. They were passed on from one group to another till Grubauer, after a considerable time, had completed his studies.

One of the most scientific journals in Germany has thought it worth while to print the long account which Grubauer has written about these people. There they have lived for many generations almost within sight of the world's shipping as it passes up and down through Malacca Strait, the gateway between the West and East. They have been in the world but hardly of it, and their existence was scarcely known; but a persistent white man, full of tact and kindliness, finally won their friendship and they told him all they knew about themselves.

Grubauer found them very human. He says their family life is more developed than among many tribes of low culture, and family affection is very noticeable among them. They are also forging a link that is binding them to the rest of the world. They no longer produce fire in the good old way, for something new and marvelous has passed from tribe to tribe till it has reached them. They have become addicted to the Swedish match.—New York Sun.

A GENTLE REMINDER.

Not long before the close of the Civil War, when General Lee had his headquarters near Petersburg, a young man was sent to him with a message from his son, Gen. William H. F. Lee, whose cavalry command was then stationed at G., about forty miles distant. The message was a verbal one, to the effect that the son would join the father with his entire cavalry the next morning by nine o'clock at Rowanta Creek, a point below Petersburg on the Weldon railroad. The young man, now long past middle life, tells the story himself.

I was little more than a boy, the youngest and last appointed on the staff of our gallant commander; and in addition to the novelty of it, there were two other reasons which made the night's ride the most exciting experience I had ever known—General Lee was my idol, and I had never seen him.

I had to ride fast, and when at last I left my dripping horse at General Lee's tent door and was ushered into his presence, I was almost overcome with fatigue and heat, though too excited to realize it. General Lee sat at a table, over some midnight work. He stopped writing for a moment and rose to receive me, while I saluted, more than realizing my boyhood's ideal in the commanding presence in which I stood at last. Almost faint, as I said, I forgot myself and my errand and seemed to see the object of my admiration through a sort of mist, like a dim picture looking out of a dark canvas. Suddenly I became conscious that General Lee was asking me my errand.

"I have been sent by your son, General William H. F. Lee," I began, mechanically, "to tell you that he will meet you with his cavalry to-morrow morning by nine o'clock at—" and then I stopped.

"At what point will he meet me?" asked General Lee.

It was a simple question, but the cold sweat started out on my hands and face as he asked it and things grew dimmer than ever.

"I have forgotten, general," I said, as soon as I could get my voice. It seemed to come from a hollow under my feet somewhere.

General Lee looked at me in surprise; then, as if to relieve my embarrassment, he took a turn across the tent. "Can't you think?" he said, as I remained silent. I tried to go over the places in the country round. I could not think of one. The general stood still again before me, trying to think himself.

"Was it Reams' Station?" he asked.

"No, general, it wasn't that," I said, beginning to take a little courage.

"Or Hatcher's run?"

"No, general."

"Was it Stony Creek?"

"No, sir." I was as blank as ever.

"Maybe it was Rowanta Creek," he ventured again, after a pause. I drew a long breath, the mist faded from my eyes.

"Yes, general," I said, "it was Rowanta Creek," and waited to be dismissed with the unlimited contempt I deserved.

"When did you leave G.?" was the next question.

"At eleven o'clock," I replied. It was then half past three.

"You must be tired. Orderly!" he called. The orderly appeared at the tent door. "Take this courier and see that he has some supper and a place to sleep." I saluted, and went out with the orderly. I had the best meal that night—or rather that morning—that I had eaten in many a day, and dropped asleep as soon as my head touched the sheltered grass which served as my bed in the tent assigned me.

When I woke there was no tent over me. The sun was shining in my face. The field was clear. Not a vestige of the encampment but its refuse was left. On one of the forked props which had upheld the tent hung my knapsack. I examined it. It was filled with food. Tied to a tree near by was my horse, saddled and bridled, and showing a very dainty appetite for grass. I seized some of the contents of my knapsack, and eating as I rode, galloped on toward Rowanta Creek.

It is needless to say that in the struggle which followed during the next few days over the Weldon railroad I fought as I had never fought before, for the man before whom I had stood as a fool and, but for his own thoughtfulness, the possible cause of the failure of a battle, but who deemed it worth while to notice only that I was tired and hungry, and took pains to see that I and my horse had food and rest.

A HERO'S LEAP.

Leaping in front of a sixty-mile-an-hour express, Nelson D. Smith, a wholesale lumber dealer, risked his own life to save an old woman who stood bewildered on the tracks directly in the path of the train, at Mineola, L. I. While many persons stood rooted to the station platform with horror, and it seemed certain that the woman would be ground to death, Smith projected himself through the air and landed against her with sufficient force to throw both of them to the other track. So close was the woman's escape, that as she was dashed out of the locomotive's way, the cowcatcher of the engine scraped her foot.

Mrs. Amelia Dietz, the woman who was saved, had purchased a ticket for Queens, from where she intended to take a trolley to Brooklyn and visit her son, George Liefert, of No. 20 Lewis avenue.

On the platform were a number of persons, including several lawyers and well-known men, who had been attending a trial at the Mineola County Court House.

In the distance they saw the Ronkonkoma express, which goes through Mineola at high speed. The train was westbound and it was only about a minute away when Mrs. Dietz started slowly across the tracks.

She reached the eastbound track and then suddenly started back. As she stepped again on the westbound track she saw the train almost upon her and was unable to move.

Then Smith shot out of the crowd as if he had been hurled from a catapult. The cries of the watchers froze on their lips as they saw the daring feat, and then the man and woman were blotted out as the train tore past. A cheer for Smith went up.

Mrs. Dietz was helped to her feet before she realized that one of them had been slightly injured. She was carried into the station, while the men gathered around Smith and shook his hand. Mrs. Dietz later continued her trip to Brooklyn and Smith returned home—New York World.

Utilizing the Vatican Library.

Leo XIII. did a good thing for history when he ordered the Vatican archives thrown open to whoever wanted to search and copy their records. Scholars from many lands have taken advantage of the opportunity to study history in the light of the Papacy, and many great historical works will in consequence be given to the world year after year, all in the cause of truth and peace. German savants are gratifying their thirst for the true facts of past history to a great extent. They are at the Vatican every day in hard-working groups, and German literature must soon be richer by many volumes of more value to the world's output than the discovery of as many gold mines.—Freeman's Journal.

A "Pawning Agent."

A woman appeared in a London police court the other day who was described as a "pawning agent." She makes her living by pawning things for her neighbors, who pay her a commission because they believe she can secure larger loans than they could.

London Taxpayers Complain.

The taxpayers of Eastern London are complaining bitterly of the rigor of their assessment. The case is cited of a man who had his assessment raised because he erected a cucumber frame in his back garden.

The lightest of European crowns is the State crown of Great Britain.

THE "SOUVENIR" GRAFT GAME.

An Evil That the Federation of Labor Has Been Fighting For Years.

The trade will appreciate the force and truth of this editorial from the Boston Traveler:

The "souvenir program" grafter received a well merited and, it is to be hoped, a knockout blow at the convention of the American Federation of Labor at Pittsburg.

There is a species of petty larceny which has netted millions of dollars to its promoters from business and professional men, political candidates and the public generally.

The scheme is worked in connection with the public gatherings, balls, picnics, etc., of all sorts of organizations, but labor unions specially.

The organization having the ball or picnic is approached and a lump sum paid for the privilege of printing the "official" program. Once this permission is given, the "souvenir" grafter, armed with his credentials, proceeds to coax, bully or blackmail advertisements for the program. It is always represented that patronage implies the good will of the members of the particular organization in question, while non-compliance implies proof of hostility or unfriendliness which will be resented.

It is true that there is occasionally a souvenir of this sort presented to the public about which there is no deceit. Religious, social and some of the labor organizations issue souvenir programs which are managed by the societies themselves, the contributions to which go into the societies' treasuries, but the evil has come from a group of petty swindlers who have syndicated this business and turned a legitimate source of revenue to organization into a personal graft game. The Federation of Labor has been fighting the "souvenir grafter" for years, and after the decided action just taken no person who reads the newspapers will have any excuse if he is cheated by these schemers in the future.

WISE WORDS.

Stand up bravely to afflictions, and quit thyself like a man.—Thomas a Kempis.

To-day is your day and mine, the only day we have, the day in which we play our part.—David Starr Jordan.

There is a stingy caution which will do nothing for fear of doing wrong and does wrong all the time.—Phillips Brooks.

Ten thousand of the greatest faults in our neighbors are of less consequence to us than one of the smallest in ourselves.—Whatley.

Men travel far to climb high mountains, to observe the majesty of the ocean, to trace the sources of rivers; but they neglect themselves.—Augustine.

God of joy and of grief, do with me what thou wilt: grief is good, and joy is good also. Thou art leading me now through joy. I take it from thy hands, and I give thee thanks for it.—Amiel.

There are two good rules which ought to be written on every heart: Never believe anything ad about anybody unless you positively know it is true; never tell even that, unless you feel it is absolutely necessary, and that God is listening while you tell it.—Henry van Dyke.

I have come to think that courage is the great quality. It must rest on faith, of course; for few of us could be courageous if we stood alone. It is fed by hope and it lives by love. But somehow it is the fine flower in this troubled life of all these high qualities.—Congregationalist.

Broadly Hinted At.

A business man has a daughter and also a confidential clerk, and the confidential clerk has for some time been attentive to the daughter, but he has not—or had not a month ago—sufficient courage to come to the point, though the young woman, goodness knows, has never done anything to scare him off, for he is a first-class fellow in every respect. The other evening he was making a call, and about 9 o'clock her father came in.

"Ah, George," he said, "how about that deal we were talking of this afternoon? Did you see the party?"

"Yes, sir," replied George, "and I expected to see you this evening and tell you about it."

"My dear," said the father, turning to his daughter, "will you retire for a few minutes? George wants to speak business for a while."

The daughter rose up, but hesitated.

"Why do I have to go?" she asked, doubtfully.

"Because, dear," smiled the father, "you are not interested. Why do you want to stay?"

She blushed and fidgeted.

"Because, papa," she twittered, "I'd rather like to hear George talk business just once."

Then George got red, and the father looked at them both significantly, and the girl fled.—Tit-Bits.

A Walk in Chancery Lane.

Those who love to bait a rod, who can handle a frog as though they loved him, and those who think that though God could doubtless have made a better berry than the strawberry "doubtless God never did"—all these should take a walk down Chancery lane, London, and look at "what was then the seventh house on the left hand as you walk from Fleet street into Holborn." For there lived Izaak Walton, who died in 1683; and an appropriate dwelling place it was for him, since nearly opposite, "in St. Dunstan's Churchyard, under the Dial," the first edition of the "Compleat Angler" was published. And a good example of an early publisher's "puff" was that in the "Mercurius Politicus" for May, 1658: "There is newly extant a book of 18d. price, called the 'Compleat Angler,' being a Discourse of Fish and Fishing, not unworthy the perusal of most Anglers. Printed for Richard Marriot, in St. Dunstan's Churchyard, Fleet street."

A Funny Mistake.

A policeman, going his rounds in the early morning in Bath, England, saw a clock standing on the doorstep of a house. He rang the bell and found that the occupant had taken the milk pitcher up to his bedroom, leaving the clock wh[illegible] gin[illegible]

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE

WILL DISAGREE.

A simple young fellow named Ed,
Was told that the hairs on his head,
In twelve months, about,
Would surely fall out,
"All right, let them quarrel," Ed said.

SURE THING.

He—"His doctor ordered Wilkins to give his brain a total rest."

She—"Did he follow the advice?"

"Oh, yes; he fell in love."—Life.

THE GOOD IT DOES.

Fred—"Do you believe in palmistry?"

George—"I believe that it does some good, as it makes people wash their hands before they have them read."—Illustrated Bits.

ENOUGH.

Knicker—"Did they probe for the bullet?"

Bocker—"No; the victim was a financier who said he was sick of investigation."—New York Sun.

HIS OPINION.

Billy—"How would yez like to be a actor, Mickey?"

Mickey—"It'd be a cinch in one o' dem plays where dey has a feed on de stage every night."—Brooklyn Life.

WOULD BE TOUGH.

Dusty Rhodes—"I'm glad I ain't no trust magnate."

Tired Tiffin—"Why so?"

Dusty Rhodes—"T'ink of servin' out de equivalent of a twenty-five t'ousand-dollar fine."

NOTHING STRANGE.

"They say that many of the old Hindoo idols had diamonds in their eyes."

"That's not incredible. My girl has a diamond in her eye now, and, hang it, I'm afraid I'll have to buy it!"—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

COULDN'T BE WORSE.

Parliamentary Candidate—"Then I may count upon your vote?"

British Workman—"Nawe, I'll vote for t'other feller."

Parliamentary Candidate—"But you never seen him!"

British Workman—"Nawe, but I've seen thee!"—Gentlewoman.

PAPA'S VIEWPOINT.

Her Father—"What are your prospects, sir?"

The Suitor (modestly)—"I am fifth vice-president of the Brazen Assurance Society."

Her Father—"Well, you may come and see me again if the jury acquits you."—Puck.

IN THE SHOE STORE.

"How is it?" asked the visitor, "that all your clerks nearly break their necks to wait on Mrs. Gotrox? You don't permit tipping, do you?"

"No," replied the proprietor; "it's this way. She has a No. 4 foot."

"Yes."

"And she's willing to take a No. 4 shoe."

THE ECONOMICAL SPIRIT.

Friend—"But, my dear, he's dissipated and indolent and entirely unfit for a husband."

Widow—"But he's just about poor Henry's bulk."

Friend—"What has that to do with it?"

Widow—"Henry left such a quantity of beautiful clothes."

UNQUESTIONABLY.

"Have you a modern street railway system in your town?" wrote the Eastern capitalist.

"Our street railway system," wrote the Western real estate agent and town boomer in reply, "is strictly up to date. Forty-seven persons have been run over by the cars or knocked off the track in the last six months alone."—Chicago Tribune.

THE REAL THING.

Mrs. Ikki—"I wish you wouldn't be such a tightwad! I haven't a thing to wear."

Mr. Ikki—"Blinkin' Borealis! Why, woman, you have the finest seal coat in two degrees of latitude!"

Mrs. Ikki—"And what of it? There goes Mrs. Blubberton swaggering around in a real sealette coat with plush trimmings."—Puck.

A TERRIBLE MISTAKE.

"No," said Ragson Tatters, "I don't like dis here slang. I had a fierce 'sperience on account of it, onct."

"W'en wuz dat?" asked Weary Willie.

"Oh, quite some years ago. One day a man asked me if I didn't want some soap. O' course I sez 'No!' an' de werry nex' day I learns dat 'soap' wuz a new slang word for money."—Philadelphia Press.

ON THE ROAD.

One day the corn crop met the car famine.

"Out of my sight, you ghastly hideous, emaciated scarecrow!" exclaimed the corn crop.

"You unnatural monster!" said the car famine. "Had it not been for you I should never have come into existence!"

Hereupon the corn crop, seeing its mistake, wisely refrained from attempting a rejoinder, and became all ears again.—Chicago Tribune.

Britain's Dairy Imports.

Great Britain's imports of dairy products in 1904 exceeded those of the preceding year by the enormous sum of $155,000,000; but the fact that the British colonies figured mainly in the increase is considered somewhat compensatory.

If bureau dra[illegible] hard to draw out, rub the edges with soap.

To beat eggs quickly add a pinch of salt to them.