THE QUEENSTOWN NEWS.

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The papers are printing a story about a man in Massachusetts who has lived for forty years on nuts. Doughnuts?

Now Dr. Wiley announces that danger lurks in the average barber shop. Well, some of us have had mighty close shaves there, that's a fact.

The value of New York's real estate has increased $40,000,000 in the past year. That is what comes of being an island entirely surrounded with water.

The Florida Times-Union says: Now that England has the biggest battleship ever floated she should go to war and save it from being wrecked on a reef.

A New York lawyer has explained his challenge of a juror on the ground that he doesn't like newspaper men on juries. Well, newspaper men generally are intelligent.

An American violinist is reported to be lost in London. It would be difficult to get up much enthusiasm in a search for the average violinist who gets lost, thinks the Washington Post.

The Czar is calling his peasant subjects "my brothers" instead of "my children," as of yore. The situation in his realm is still grave enough to make a little royal jollying expedient, thinks the Atlanta Constitution.

During the year 1905 the United States Mint did not coin a single silver dollar piece. This was the first omission in any year since 1839, states the Buffalo Courier-Journal. The coin collectors are saying harsh things about the Director of the Mint.

Speaking of school-licking statistics, says the Boston Transcript, a father of one real boy if he corrected him but once a month would have twelve punishments to his black account. If he had 570 boys he would have given them at the same rate 6840 punishments a year then, or say 5700 in a school year.

Macmillan's Magazine says that with steady but increasing pace the world is approaching a point at which the cleverness of the young will amount to a social problem. Already things are getting uncomfortable for persons of age and sobriety, whose notion of happiness is to ruminate a few solid and simple ideas in a freedom from disturbance.

The State Department of Agriculture has printed a list of 20,000 occupied or unoccupied New York farms which are for sale. Probably on some of them one would have hard pickings for a living; but the idea is that farm land ought not to lie idle when such a great number of immigrants is being added to the population, declares the Buffalo Courier-Journal. Some of the newcomers might do well in the agricultural line.

The Hindoo holy books, says the Chicago Journal, forbid a woman to see her father, wear jewels, pluck her eyebrows, eat dainty food, sit at a window, or view herself in a mirror during the absence of her husband, and allows him to divorce her if she has no sons, injures his property, scolds him, quarrels with another woman, or presumes to eat before he has finished his meal.

Every family must have its barrel of flour, declares the Springfield Republican, and few of us ever stop to think what this must mean in the way of production to supply the constant demand. The mills in Minneapolis, Minn., last year turned out 14,366,000 barrels, or 713,360 more barrels than were made there in 1904. The mills of Northwest ground up last year 96,000 bushels of wheat. These figures fairly stagger the imagination.

Some years engines have been watered without stopping, and cars have been picking mail sacks at posts without so much as a pause. An appliance for coaling engines without stopping has been invented. The experiments with it are said to have been satisfactory. The next improvement to save the running time of trains, suggests the Philadelphia Record, will be a device for throwing passengers on board and off without stopping.

The New England Magazine expresses serious apprehension concerning the submergence of the native stock of Massachusetts by the influx of foreigners. The census of 1900 showed that thirty per cent. of the people of the State are foreign born. This proportion is exceeded in two States—North Dakota, with its German, Russian, Canadian and Scandinavian born, has 35.4 per cent. of foreign population, and Rhode Island, with its foreign born factory operatives, 31.4 per cent. New York, with its foreign colonies, has 26.1 per cent. Minnesota has 28.9 per cent. Massachusetts the foreign born population is increasing more rapidly than the native. Between 1890 and 1900 the foreign population increased 40 per cent., while the native born increased only 23.8 per cent.

MARY WYNN.

The Story of a Foundling.

::: BY M. SILINGSBY. :::

IN my peregrinations through the rural districts of our great republic, I have sometimes been amused at the pompous pretensions of some of their would-be representative men. Almost every village boasts of its Aminadab Goose—merchant tailor—no matter how limited or unvaried the merchandise at his control; or, Peleg Cordwain's boot and shoe store, although the presumptive representative of St. Crispin may not have a single case of soles in all the varieties he has to offer, outside of the lame shoemaker in the rear, who does everything to order.

Twenty years ago I remember seeing a sign in the little village of Scarbro', more modest in its pretensions than the general run. In fact, it was so unassuming that it made an impression on my mind at the time. Perhaps it might have been the after association that clinched the impression—I cannot say.

It was a simple, white ground, with a plain black letter that anybody could read:

"PETER GOLDTHWAIT, TAILOR."

Peter Goldthwait was a man everybody liked. He was one of those liberal souls who sometimes felt the necessity of not pinching a dollar. Peter had already experienced ten years of connubial felicity, but no little golden heads had ever appeared around his hearthstone to brighten those conjugal relations.

This was a deficiency that Peter and his wife had both very often lamented, for both were passionately fond of children, and had often discussed the question of adopting one.

Peter owned a neat little cottage in the heart of the village, with a half acre of garden ground covered with choice fruit trees, and, on going from his house to his shop, he always had his pockets full of fruit to distribute among the children on the way. The result was, that Peter and his wife were immense favorites with all the young people of Scarbro'.

One evening about sunset, Mrs. Goldthwait heard a child sobbing on her doorstep. On opening the door she found a little girl, apparently some three or four years old, plainly dressed, but as pretty as a doll. She questioned the little stranger, but she was too young to give any very definite idea of who she was. She said that her mamma left her on the step, and told her not to move away from it till she came back. She was too young to know whence she had come, but she had ridden with her mamma in the stage. From this it was inferred that they must have come from some other place. What the mother's object could be in leaving her child thus was more than good, simple Mrs. Goldthwait could guess. While thus perplexing her good-natured brain upon the subject, Peter arrived upon the scene. Susan explained to Peter all that she knew about the little stranger, and asked his advice as to what was to be done with her.

"Take her in, and give her some bread and milk," suggested Peter.

Mrs. Goldthwait immediately acted on that suggestion. The child dried her tears, and ate heartily, while the kind-hearted tailor and his wife looked on with emotions of pleasure.

"She's as pretty as a pink," said Peter, stroking the golden head. "I wish we could keep her, Susan."

"It's a mystery that her mother should leave her so, and be gone so long," replied Susan. "Here it is, after dark, and what are we to do with the blessed darling?"

"Wash her face and hands, and put her to bed," suggested Peter, eagerly. "If her mother comes, we can tell her what we have done, and invite her to stop all night."

Susan acted upon this suggestion also, and the little waif was washed and put to bed. The good couple waited up till eleven o'clock, but no one came to look after the child.

"What should we do supposing that nobody should come for her at all?" queried Mrs. Goldthwait.

"Keep her!" was the concise answer of the little tailor.

"But how can we keep her? We don't even know her name!" expostulated Susan.

"All the better. She can take our name," said Peter, promptly. "We can call her Mary, after my sister that died. How is that?"

"That will do," replied Susan; "but here is a trinket that I found around the child's neck."

It was a small gold locket with a chain attached. Peter took it, and, after one or two fruitless attempts, succeeded in opening it. It contained the miniature of a young and beautiful woman.

"It must be the child's mother," said Peter.

"I think so," replied Susan; "for don't you see, a child never looked more like its mother. I wonder if she will come back in the morning."

"I hope not!" was the emphatic response of Peter.

And she did not. Neither the next morning nor after. The identity of the child consequently remained involved in mystery. Never did a little human waif stray into better or more loving hands. They gave her every possible advantage that their limited means would allow.

Little Mary grew up wondrously beautiful, as well as intelligent.

Opposite the humble cottage of Peter Goldthwait stood the imposing residence of Major Lane. The major was a retired merchant from Bangor; very wealthy, it was said, and very aristocratic in his notions.

The major had but one child, a son, about three years older than Mary Goldthwait. In their earlier days they played together, and attended the same school.

Alfred Lane and little Mary grew up to be very fond of each other; so that when, at the age of seventeen, Alfred was entered at Bowdoin College, and was on the eve of departure, he spent his last evening in a grape arbor in the tailor's garden, making love to his little playmate of former days. The major, absorbed in his own affairs, knew nothing of this, or he might have raised objections at the time, as he did after.

The talk that the young creatures had might be interesting to repeat, did space permit, for the old, old story never has grown dull.

Alfred Lane swore a great oath to be true to little Mary, forever and forever, and he meant it with all the sanguine earnestness of fresh youth, while little Mary, with all her truthful heart in her words, gave an equally great and solemn promise to be true to her dear Alfred while life remained.

And so they parted for a season, each promising to write often to the other.

This little episode did not remain unguessed by Peter and his wife; but they believed sincerely, and with an honest pride and affection that did them credit, that their little girl was good enough for any man living, no matter whose son he was. It was rather a democratic sentiment, to be sure; but it is hard work to uproot, or even ignore, democratic sentiment in a free country like ours, where not one in a thousand is capable of tracing his pedigree back to his great-grandfather. It was worse than this in the case of Major Lane, purse-proud and overbearing as he was, for it would have been difficult for him to have told who his father was. And this opinion the indignant little tailor dared to express afterward in defiance of the great man's authority. He did it, too, openly, in public, though it is probable he might have trembled a little in his shoes in view of the possible consequences. Nothing came of it, however. Nobody was annihilated. The great man did not uncoil to strike at his little enemy. And so Peter still lived to care for and worship his little girl, and to handle the goose for the external adornment of all the aspiring beaux of Scarbro'.

Well, time wore on, and Alfred Lane returned home on his first vacation. When he alighted from the stage, he made a foolish blunder, and rushed impetuously across the street to Peter Goldthwait's before entering his own home, and embracing his mother, who stood in the front portico awaiting him. He did not delay long, it is true, but long enough to awaken suspicion of a fact hitherto undiscovered by the maternal eye—namely, there was a stronger attraction across the way than at home.

Of this fact it was only natural that the doting mother should feel a jealous pang. It was the first time she ever dreamed that her boy's affections could possibly swerve from the home circle, and, more particularly, in the questionable direction toward which she had just seen them inclining. With swift thoughts she arrived at her conclusions. She had seen the unknown nobody across the way blossoming into beauty beneath her eyes. There could be nobody else there to divide her noble boy's affections with herself. The very idea of such a thing was an outrage to the proud mother's heart. She could have trampled upon the fragile human blossom across the way, and crushed out her innocent life without a pang of remorse, in consideration of the unpardonable fact of her presuming to encourage one so far above her with her designing smiles.

Poor little Mary! She had no idea what a storm of opposition and hatred her innocent love was brewing, when she leaped into the handsome fellow's arms, with a cry of girlish delight at sight of him. A dozen passionate kisses followed, and then Alfred ran across the way to his exasperated mother, whom he had so sadly neglected in the first instance.

She embraced him frigidly, and then said:

"Alfred, is this a kind way to treat your mother?"

Her manner, so unusual, quite dumbfounded him.

"What is it?" he gasped. "What have I done?"

She pointed grimly across the way, and then conducted the astounded Alfred into the house like a prisoner. There were accusations on the mother's part, and humble admissions on the part of Alfred, followed by certain stringent commands on the part of the former, which promised to wreck the future happiness of the lovers, and indignant expostulations and threats of insubordination to parental rule on the part of the son, which seriously threatened to disturb the future tranquillity of the household.

That evening Alfred was arraigned before a fresh tribunal, over which the stately major presided in person. The result was, he was forbidden all communication with the Goldthwaits on pain of that great man's eternal displeasure.

But Alfred was not to be put down thus easily. He found means to visit the Goldthwaits clandestinely, and, with tears in his eyes, he acquainted them with the home tyranny to which he was subjected.

"My little girl not good enough for you!" cried Peter, in rage—for which he felt sorry the next moment, when he saw how grieved Alfred was at his angry words. "Then let me inform your father, sir, that I don't consider you good enough for my little girl, and I shan't have much trouble in marrying her to a better." Then the great-hearted fellow, relenting, said: "Well, my boy, I won't say that—I'll take the last part of that back, for I know you are as good a fellow as there is in the world, and it would be mean in me to revenge myself upon you for what somebody else does and you are no way to blame for; and, though I won't refuse you my little girl any time when you have your father's free consent, I shall hate him to my dying day for undervaluing my little girl."

Alfred grasped the little tailor by the hand and thanked him a round dozen times for his good opinion and forbearance. When he was gone, Peter sat for a long time buried in profound thought. His reflections at length found vent in words.

"Susan," said he, "I have a grand idea, and, bad as I hate Major Lane, I must confess I am indebted to him for it."

"What is it?" queried Susan, looking inquiringly up from her work at the speaker.

Little Mary, who had been seated dejectedly in one corner since the departure of her persecuted young lover, was likewise all attention.

"I have been thinking," said Peter, "since the major has shown himself such a conceited ass, that our little girl must keep pace with Alfred. She must be made as much a lady as he is a gentleman; and she shall, if a good education and all those newfangled accomplishments we have nowadays will do it. I have five hundred dollars laid by for a rainy day, and I'll spend it, every cent of it, for the making of a real lady of her. I'll send her to the best seminary in Portland, where, aside from a good English education, she shall learn fine needlework, music, drawing and all the modern languages. I tell you, Susan, we will make of our little girl as fine a lady as there is in the land."

Susan opened her eyes with wonder at the prospect of little Mary soon becoming a clever lady.

"I shan't object to it," said she, approvingly, "for I'm sure I don't want the Lanes to continue thinking themselves so very much better than everybody else; and, if we don't know who our little girl's father is, or if she ever had any, I don't think the major is a cent wiser concerning his own self, if all the stories about him are true."

And so this point was settled between them, for Susan and Peter rarely disagreed. Little Mary raised no objections to the arrangement, but was rather pleased at the novelty of attending a grand school in Portland.

In less than a month thereafter Peter and Susan accompanied their lovely charge to the Misses Littleman's Female Seminary, in the aforementioned city, where she was duly entered as a pupil for the customary term of two years. There were four vacations a year, of two weeks each, so that Peter and Susan were not entirely bereft of their beautiful charge, for she spent those two brief weeks of vacation invariably with her adopted parents. Alfred visited her twice at the seminary during the two years, and twice he saw her at home, their vacations happening at the same time. She had fully kept pace with him in everything but Latin and Greek, and in modern languages she had far outstripped him. He had no wish to conceal that he was very proud of his accomplished fiancee. There was no danger that he would swerve or falter now in his one fixed purpose of eventually overcoming the prejudice of his parents, and obtain the hand of his beautiful betrothed with their free and unqualified consent. Still, up to the present, he had never again alluded to the subject in their presence.

A few weeks before Mary came home from the seminary for good, the town of Scarbro' woke up one morning in utter consternation. Major Lane had failed, and every dollar's worth of his property was under attachment. He had been speculating to a great extent, and, with his usual obstinacy, had hung on too long. He had invested every dollar of his own, and had borrowed every other man's dollar for twenty miles around, risking theirs as well as his own, and was now utterly and irretrievably ruined. Alfred rather rejoiced at it, though there was a prospect that he might be compelled to relinquish his college studies. To be sure, he pitied the poor farmers, who, he knew, must suffer severely; but he consoled himself with the reflection that it had removed a gigantic obstacle from his own path. He would be free now to marry the girl of his choice, in spite of the parental command to the contrary.

But there was little danger now that the command would be enforced, for the downfall of the major had humbled him to a level with the Goldthwaits, and he did not stand in half as much esteem among the community he had either blinded, or wilfully defrauded.

Alfred's vacation occurred only a few days after the disaster, and he came home to be an uncomplaining witness of his father's humiliation and distress. The major was harassed and insulted day and night by those who had formerly trusted and respected him, till his proud and once overbearing life became a positive burden to him; and one morning, about a fortnight after the return of Alfred, they found him suspended by the neck to one of the great beams of what had formerly been his own barn. This occurred only a day or two before Mary returned home from the seminary for good.

But Scarbro' was destined to undergo another surprise of a more pleasurable nature than the last, and this was in connection with our heroine. On alighting from the cars at a station ten miles from Scarbro', she observed a middle-aged man, evidently a sea captain from his dress and appearance, staring at her fixedly. She had some minutes to wait for the stage, and was annoyed by the circumstance.

Presently he approached her, and, removing his hat, said:

"Young lady, excuse me for my freedom, but will you be kind enough to favor me with your name? I am in search of one long lost to me, and have weighty reasons for asking it. You are the very picture of what her mother was at your age."

Mary gave her name unhesitatingly, for she was touched by his sorrowful tone.

He sighed, and was about to turn away, when she recalled him.

"I believe, sir, that is not my real name. I am a foundling," and she narrated briefly what she knew of herself, and exhibited the locket which she had always worn.

The stranger glanced at the miniature eagerly, and, then, dropping it, caught our heroine in his arms.

"As Heaven is merciful, you are my own long-lost child, for whom I have been searching for years!" and he went on and related how he had left his child after her mother's death, and all he possessed in the world, with a second wife. He was shipwrecked on the African coast, and was gone three years. On his return, he could find neither wife nor child, and had never been able to trace them since.

He was now owner of five vessels, engaged in the China and East Indian trade, and on his way to Scarbro' he gave his consent to the union between his daughter and Alfred Lane.

The proper name of our heroine is our heading.—New York Weekly.

SUPERSTITIONS OF THE ROAD.

ODD THINGS TRAVELING SALESMEN DO TO SELL GOODS.

TRAVELING men as a class are fuller of peculiarities and superstitions than any class, perhaps, in the world. I seldom have met a salesman on the road who didn't have some freakish idea, some pet superstition, regarding selling goods, says a correspondent of the Cleveland Plain Dealer, and most of them are worshipers at the shrine of "luck."

One of my best friends on the road is a shoe salesman—he is known to the fraternity everywhere—who would not think of attempting to sell a bill of goods if he did not wear a red tie. He is a firm believer in red ties, and he wears one every time he starts to sell, and he believes that any man who wears a red tie can sell goods. Why he does not explain.

There is another man on the road—I have known him for fifteen years—who sells men's furnishings, who would not think of smoking a cigar until he had plastered it all over with cigarette papers. I asked him once why he did it, for before smoking a cigar he spends perhaps five minutes carefully wetting rice paper and binding it around the cigar. He explained that when he was first on the road he one day took a cigar from his pocket and started to light it, discovering that it was broken. He patched it up with a cigarette paper and started out to sell a bill of goods. He had phenomenal sales that afternoon, and ever afterward believed that he could sell goods any time he wrapped his cigars in cigarette papers.

There is a lot in that sort of belief. I am not superstitious myself, although I always carry a wishbone in my pocket, but the man who starts out confident that luck is with him will sell goods unless he loses confidence in himself.

I have another friend who collects letterheads of hotels in which he stops. He never will write a letter on the stationery of the hotel where he happens to be, but will take a bunch of that paper to his rooms and write on the letterhead of some hotel perhaps a thousand miles away. Why he does it no one except himself knows, and it constantly tangles up his firm, but he persists in it.

Another crank friend of mine always carries his own pillow with him and sleeps on it every night after throwing the hotel pillows off his bed. Over fifteen years ago he went to bed one night and a pin in the pillow scratched his face. The pin scratch was the direct cause of his losing a big order the next morning, and ever since then he has refused to use any hotel pillow and carries his own with him in his sample trunk.

One of the oddest fads of a traveling man that I know of is that of a silk salesman who collects souvenir electric globes, carrying off the bulbs from every hotel in which he stops and using them in his own home in a small Eastern city. He has in his home almost every kind of globe known, and on each of them he has pasted the name of the hotel whence it came. He has some that will not fit the fixtures in his home, and these he has piled in ornamental fashion on a table.

Another man whom I met frequently on the road is a salesman for a big electric fixture works in the central West, and he has a queer idea. He carries with him his own telephone, and in some way he has achieved the idea that it brings him luck. It is one of the English style of receivers that fit the head, and every time he gets into a hotel that has telephones in the rooms he disconnects the house telephone and puts in his own apparatus. Just how it helps him I cannot imagine, but he thinks it does, and that is the main point.

One of the most energetic and hustling clothing salesmen in the West has an idea something like that, and one that would cause the casual discoverer of his fad to think he is one of the laziest men on earth. He carries around with him at all times an appliance for turning out electric lights and gas lights after he gets into bed. He reads in bed, and when he gets through and is ready for sleep, he picks up his extension apparatus from the side of his bed and turns out the light without getting up.

But those fellows are mild samples of the traveling man crank. I know one fellow—he sells wrappers and corsets in the Western country—who always carries in his right hand hip pocket a small copy of the Bible in Russian. He does not read a word of Russian, never was in Russia, and is only a casual believer in the Bible, yet he never is without this volume, and on trains he often produces it and looks through it from beginning to end. He gets mad if any one inquires too closely about the Bible.

There is a close friend of mine in the hat line in the Central States who will not sell a bill of goods to any man who will drink with him. He invites them to drink, and if they accept he closes his samples and will not have anything more to do with them on that trip. I don't know what his idea or his system is in doing that sort of thing, but, as a matter of fact, I know of two instances where he has gained steady customers who clamored for him to sell them after he had packed his line.

A fellow named Crane, who is in the shoe line, has a queer fad. At dinner every day on the road he orders a boiled potato, sticks his fork into it, leaves the fork standing there sticking in the potato, and asks the waiter to bring him another fork. He never eats the potato, and he will not eat anything until another fork is produced.

Every one of those fellows is a great salesman, and every one attributes at least part of his success to his fad. I once knew a man named Wilson who sold chemicals, who had an odd notion. He always wrote his name on three lines of the register in the hotel, and drew a double line through each name. He vowed that unless he did that he could not sell any goods in that town. He declared he had tried over and over again to write his name in the ordinary way, and that every time he attempted it he lost out on some big order.

But perhaps the queerest of all is a lace drummer from New York, who covers all the big towns for his firm. He steals towels from every hotel in which he stops and carries them on to the next town. He will pick up two towels in Pittsburg, carry them to Cincinnati, and use them, leaving them there, and carrying two Cincinnati towels on to St. Louis, and so on, never using a towel in the city where it belongs.

A GIANT TRIBE.

The Ona Indians of Terra del Fuego Island, South America.

The Onas, a tribe of Indians inhabiting the mainland of the Tierra del Fuego Islands, are physical giants. Their average height is over six feet—a few are seven and a half feet, a few fall below six feet. The women are more corpulent and not so tall. There is no race in the world with a more perfect physical development than the Ona Indians. This is partly due to the topography of the country and the distribution of game, which makes long marches across the country a necessity.

In mentality they fall far below their physical attainments. In the past their supply of game has been plentiful, and this may account for the lack of inventive genius among them. This lack of progressive skill is portrayed in their home life, clothing and homes. Their children suffer from it. For, contrary to the practice common among most Indians of feeding, dressing and training the children well, the Onas' little ones are mostly naked, poorly fed and altogether neglected. They have abundant material for supplying themselves with clothing and homes, and yet they throw a few branches together, put skins over the windward side and then shiver under the miserable shelter.

Scientists who have made a study of the subject say the language of the Onas is the strangest ever listened to. Many of the words are not difficult to pronounce, nor is the construction of the sentences difficult, but every few words are interrupted by a sound which it is impossible to produce. The speaker hacks, coughs and grunts, distorting his face in the most inhuman manner, and then passes on to the next stumbling block. The Onas live principally upon meat, which in former years was obtained from the guanaco.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Cured of the Quail Habit.

They were debating the oft-debated question as to whether or not a man can eat thirty quails in thirty days.

"There's nothing to it," declared Jack Inglis. "I won a $100 bet on that very proposition several years ago, thus upsetting the popular fallacy for all time to come. I did more than my contract called for. I ate thirty-four birds, and thereby won $100 from a fellow named Gannon. Remember Gannon? Say, Gannon was furious. He said:

"'Jack, how much do you weigh, now that you've assimilated thirty-four quail?'

"'I'm not sure,' I replied, 'but certainly several pounds more than you.'

"'I'd like to bet you a hundred that you do not weigh more than I do,' he declared.

"I hated to take the money for he was three inches shorter than myself, and quite slender. Reluctantly, I consented to the wager, and we stepped into a wholesale tobacco house where they had some heavy scales in the basement. I had $200 in gold in my pocket and a loaded revolver. On the way to the basement we passed a small weighing machine, and some one picked up several pound weights and handed them to me. I slipped them in my pocket for good measure, and began figuring out what I would do with the extra $100. Well, sir, that undersized, narrow-chested little fellow beat me out eight pounds in spite of all the junk I had concealed about my person and I've had a mean suspicion ever since that he had fifty pounds of pig lead stowed away in his shoes. I haven't had any appetite for quail since."—San Francisco Chronicle.

Two Penniless Princes.

While the two elder sons of Prince Waldemar were out walking near Copenhagen recently, night came on before they could return home, and finding the roads very heavy, they kept a lookout for a conveyance. The only vehicle that passed them was a coal cart, and into this the two young princes climbed. On arriving at the outskirts of the town the driver refused to take them any further, and demanded payment. The princes explained that they had no money with them, and told the man who they were, bidding him take them to the palace. He refused to believe their story, however, until a policeman arrived and recognizing the princes, lent them some money so that they could return to the palace in a tramway car.—London Daily Mail.

Father's Forgotten Classics.

John was home from college for the Christmas holidays, and one of the things that struck the impressionable young man was that Dora Mason, the daughter of a near neighbor, had during his absence changed from a tomboyish schoolgirl into a very beautiful young woman. His father had also noticed it.

"Have ye noticed how old Joe Mason's daughter's shot up, John?" he asked his son. "Seem's to me she's getting quite a handsome young critter!"

"Father," said John enthusiastically, "she is as beautiful as Hebe!"

"She's a jolly sight purtier than he be!" objected the old man. "Where's your eyes, boy? Joe's got a face like an old barn door! It's her mother she gets her looks from!"—Answers.

German Discipline.

For picking up an apple while on a march and not dropping it immediately when ordered to do so by a sergeant, a soldier of the Sixty-ninth (German) Infantry has been sentenced to eight months' imprisonment at Treves.

SPORT AND ADVENTURE

SPEAKING OF SEA-SERPENTS.

"I'VE cruised in sailing craft on the coast for almost seventy years, sometimes making as many as ten voyages to Penobscot Bay in a single year, and I've never seen a sea-serpent or anything that looked like one," said Captain John Herrick, who commanded a ship which carried troops to Vera Cruz in the Mexican War. "But," he continued, so significantly that the Bangor correspondent of the New York Sun pricked up his ears, "but I've come pretty near to it several times.

"About 1839, when the celebrated Aroostook war over the boundary line between Maine and New Brunswick was raging, I brought up a large cargo of sugar from Cuba, and landed at Frankfort. After we had broken out the cargo and were clearing up the dunnage the crew found a live alligator in the hold. It was an ugly brute about ten feet long, and they roped it fast and dumped it over the rail.

"When I came back next trip there were stories about a big sea-serpent in every village along the river. The people of Belfast were so worked up that men in boats went out and hunted beast.

"Later it was seen playing among the rocks off Isle au Haut, and the residents were so scared that a revenue cutter was sent down to hunt for the monster. Then it was seen off Southwest Harbor on Mount Desert Island, playing pranks with the fishermen and scaring the women most to death.

"Those who saw the creature said it was from twelve to twenty feet long and had four legs like a lizard, while its back was plated with big scales which made it bullet-proof. I made due allowance for exaggerated size, and came to the conclusion that that sea-serpent was the alligator that my schooner had brought from the West Indies.

"In the winter of 1841, when the old steamer Bangor went ashore on North Haven Island, there was a menagerie on board on its way from St. John, New Brunswick, to New York. Most of the animals and some South American snakes escaped, and I have always thought that the fast-swimming sea-serpent, able to outstrip the best sailboat in the fishing fleet, that was seen the next summer in the waters of Vinalhaven, Hurricane and Dix Islands, was a survivor of that disaster.

"The most exciting story of all was told by the men who netted herrings near Eastport during the Presidential contest between Buchanan and Fremont, in 1856. After the gale of September the men of the herring fleet saw a snake more than 200 feet long and large round as a barrel disporting itself in the rough waters off Treat's Island.

"Several of the witnesses were men of standing in the community, and not given to exaggeration; and for two weeks, while the gale lasted, that sea-serpent let itself out full length to terrorize everybody.

"When the easterly gale had abated and the wind came offshore, more than thirty boats put out to slay the sea-serpent. They were gone nearly all day. At night they returned, towing behind them Albert McFaul's line of herring buoys, that had gone adrift in the gale.

"McFaul used very deep nets, so that the ordinary wooden buoys were unable to sustain the weight of the rigging attached to them, and the owner had substituted empty mackerel kits for solid wood. When those casks were strung out in line in a rough sea a man might take them for a sea-serpent."

"Then you doubt——" began the Sun correspondent.

"I wouldn't go as far as that," said the captain, with a comfortable smile. "But most sea-serpents can be explained away—if you try hard enough."

A COWBOY'S LESSON.

Sherman's army, in its march to the sea, devasted certain parts of Georgia for miles in its passing. Foraging parties scoured the country on each side of its path. In "The Log of a Cowboy," the author tells of his first experience as the guardian of cattle—an experience which he had gained in Georgia at that time.

Our work stock consisted of two yoke of oxen, while our other cattle numbered three cows, and for saving them from the foragers credit must be given to my mother's generalship.

There was a wild cane-brake, in which the cattle fed, several hundred acres in extent, about a mile from our farm, and it was necessary to bell them in order to locate them when wanted. But the cows were in the habit of coming up to be milked, and a soldier can hear a bell as well as any one.

I was a lad of eight at the time, and while my two older brothers worked our few fields, I was sent into the cane-brake to herd the cattle. We had removed the bells from the oxen and cows, but one ox was belled each evening, to be unbelled again at daybreak. I always carried the bell with me, stuffed with grass, in order to have it at hand when wanted.

My vigil was trying to one of my years, for the days seemed like weeks, but the importance of hiding our cattle was thoroughly impressed upon my mind. Food was secretly brought to me, and under cover of darkness my mother and eldest brother would come and milk the cows; then we would all return home together. Before daybreak we would be in the cane, listening for the first tinkle to find the cattle and remove the bell. And my day's work began anew.

Only once did I come near betraying my trust. About the middle of the third day I grew very hungry, and as the cattle were lying down, I crept to the edge of the cane-brake to see if my dinner were not forthcoming. Soldiers were in sight, which explained everything. Concealed in the rank cane, I stood and watched them.

Suddenly a squad of five or six turned a point of the brake and rode within fifty feet of me. I stood like a stone statue, my concealment being perfect.

After they had passed I took a step forward, the better to watch them as they rode away. Just then the grass dropped out of the bell and the bell clattered. A red-whiskered soldier heard the tinkle, and wheeling his horse, rode back. I grasped the clapper and lay flat on the ground, my heart beating like a trip-hammer. He rode within twenty feet of me, peering into the thicket of cane, and not seeing anything unusual, turned and galloped after his companions.

Then the lesson, taught me by my mother, of being "faithful over a few things," flashed through my mind; and although our cattle were spared to us, I felt very guilty.

DEEP DIVING FEATS.

At what depth can a diver carry out his functions? How long can he remain under the surface? What is the effect of high air pressures on the human system? One well known firm of submarine engineers limits the depth of descent to twenty-five fathoms, or, say, 150 feet. But operations have been carried out at greater depths than this, and perhaps the greatest distance below the surface at which a man has succeeded in working is thirty-four fathoms, or 204 feet. This was accomplished by James Hooper, who descended to the ship Cape Horn, sunk off Pichidanque, South America, and sustained a pressure of eighty-eight and one-half pounds on every square inch of his body.

Another remarkable feat was that of Alexander Lambert, who recovered £70,000 in gold coin from the steamship Alphonso XII., sunk off Point Gando, Grand Canary, in nearly thirty fathoms of water, the actual depth of the treasure room being twenty-six and two-thirds fathoms, or 160 feet. This man also performed the daring feat of stopping the flooding of the Severn Tunnel when a door in the drainage tunnel had been left open. The door was situated a quarter of a mile distant from the shaft, but equipped in his diving dress he crept that distance through a narrow passage full of water and closed the door. This plucky act enabled the pumps to overcome the volume of water which was flooding the working and allowed the completion of the tunnel to be carried out.

A further interesting case of deep diving is that of Angel Erostarbe, who succeeded in recovering silver bars valued at £9000 from the steamer Skyro, sunk off Cape Finisterre in over thirty fathoms. In this case the diver had to blow away portions of the vessel with dynamite before he could reach the treasure chamber. Three dives per diem were frequent, and as many as five descents were made in one day.

The maximum period under water was twenty minutes.

The effect of high pressures on the constitution is not found injurious when the work is carried out under ordinary precautions. A French scientist has gone so far as to claim that breathing compressed air is a remedy for asthma and emphysema. It is also said to excite digestion, owing to the great quantity of oxygen carried into the blood. It has been found that a period of two hours should elapse between a meal and a descent. In descending the movement should be slow, and if the pressure causes pains in the head this can be remedied by rising gently a few feet, when the descent can be recontinued. In ascending divers are recommended not to exceed a speed of two feet per second.—Pall Mall Gazette.

BIG BEAR AT LARGE.

One of the members of a prospecting party met with an experience which will make him long remember the wilds of the Black Hills.

A number of men arrived at Deadwood, S. D., a few days ago from Winnipeg and proceeded to make themselves acquainted with the surrounding country. While wandering over the hills George Barraclough, the official photographer of the party, wandered away and became separated from the rest. He was hunting for some good snap shots, and when he had crossed the ridge where Wild Bill and his old chum, Calamity Jane, lie buried, he suddenly discovered that he was not alone.

Glancing around in response to a muttered growl he saw a huge grizzly bear. All his artistic sense awoke in his desire to get a snap shot of bruin, but the bear did not like the camera and made a bee line for the tripod and the operator, who, without ceremony, fled precipitately. The bear did not follow, but Mr. Barraclough in his haste slipped and fell from a precipice, fracturing a rib and hurting himself otherwise. The bear is still at large.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

How Sleep Captures Us.

The coming of natural slumber is by stages. The general repose would seem to be made up of many little sleeps, which are premonitions of nature's approaching control of the body. These little sleeps take each sense separately and obscure it. They take the physical organs one by one and shroud them slowly till all are quiescent.

Of the five guardian senses that protect us from danger while awake, the eyes are the most important.

But normal sleep comes with darkness; sight is useless in the dark; therefore, in sleeping, the eyes close first of all.

Next after sight, taste is lost; then the sense of smell. When "half asleep" one's sight, taste and smell are gone. Hearing is the next to succumb, the sense of touch deserting last of all.

The same slow approach of sleep is noticed in the muscles and sinews. Drowsiness begins until the brain is reached.

In waking, the process is the same, but it is reversed.

Prize For Spectators.

The management of the London Olympia is giving away fifty dollars nightly to the members of the audience who most nearly estimate the number of people in the building at 8.30 p. m. The first prize is $25.