THE QUEENSTOWN NEWS.

VOL. XXIV. QUEENSTOWN, MARYLAND, SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1906. NO. 17.

tsburg man claims that he can s hens lay by the use of elec- Shocking!

can now travel at the rate of les a minute if you have the ind of an automobile and are life.

go housewives want a fourteen- ay, this being a reduction of ten hours from the time many n are on duty.

man Giddles wants to know the use of wondering whether are people on Mars, when we sell them anything.

w we love to talk of the wonder- hings we have not done. The n for this is that nothing is won- after it has been done.

biologist prescribes a pound of or a dose of cooking soda for tired feeling." The young Amer will know which prescription to

is to be hoped that the news that merican cornet player is receiv- $1500 a week in Paris won't start man next door to practicing here double time.

. Carnegie says that millionaires laugh are rare. It is quite possi hat Mr. Rockefeller knew this and ting to laugh, not only became but disappeared altogether.

ots of people are poor to-day be- e they didn't know what was going appen in 1905. Lots more will be poor because they think they w what will happen in 1906.

discussing Professor Wilhelm Ost- t's saying that life "is but a mat- of chemistry," the Boston Globe s up the all-staggering question of nce by asking this question, "Who bridge that infinite leap between mistry and consciousness?" The be has condensed volumes in those words.

he announcement that the Pennsyl- nia Railway Company is preparing do away with steam engines and te e electric motors exclusively, roughout its extensive system, pres es the end of the age of steam and e coming triumph of electricity. The tement may seem startling at first, t as a matter of fact the railroads ve been experimenting with electric gines for some time and their event l use was a foregone conclusion. Not ly in the matter of speed but in very other respect electricity has the vantage over steam as a motive ower.

rprising how many people in this world who want to the discomforts of life. There s bobbing up some professor ndist who informs us that g we have ever done is wrong the only road to physical sal- to follow his own schedule. comes a man from Chicago that we must not eat soup, pie, pancakes, puddings and cold meats, except ham, and apparently make our principal diet spinach, as paragus, lettuce and onions. Probably most persons eat more than is good r them and it is certain that, gener- ly speaking, food is not well cooked. ut to lay down a law for the human ce is absurd.

The idea that has prevailed up to a ry recent date that organic life does t exist at great depths in the ocean, has been exploded by late scientific in- vestigation. As a matter of fact, the pressure of water is so great that ordi- nary articles of wood are compressed to half their original size if lowered to a depth of three thousand feet. If a human being were suddenly exposed to the pressure of water at that depth he would be compressed to the thin- ness of paper. A diver at the depth of ten thousand feet would have weight upon him equal to several hun- dred of the greater and heaviest loco- motives. There are depressions very much deeper, however, and soundings have been made establishing depths of more than twenty-two thousand feet near the Island of St. Thomas in the Atlantic, and of almost twenty-seven thousand feet near the Japanese coast.

Dr. Stenson Hooker, who has applied the Blondlot ray discoveries to prob- lems of food, explains in the London Express how the colored rays that sur- round every human being are affected by a "refined diet," meaning a diet without meat. There are some visible changes, such as "shrinkage of the features." The face becomes "smaller but more beautiful," a fact which might incline persons with large and unbeautiful faces to vegetarianism. The eye becomes brighter, the step more elastic, the brain quicker. But perhaps the most remarkable discov- ery of Dr. Hooker is that the man who is "living a gross life"—i. e., eating meat—emits and is surrounded by dark rays from deep red to chocolate, while the "refined diet" man will generate cheerful rays of lighter red, or, if he is very refined, of yellow. If Dr. Hooker's view becomes general, sug- gests the New York World, the man who now complains of that dark-brown taste in his mouth next day will gloomily announce instead that he is surrounded by dark-brown rays.

IF HE SHOULD PASS THIS WAY.

You, on the heavy load,
Plying your cruel goad,
Are you a pagan? "No,"
Bitterly you reply,
"I am a Christian!" Why,
Then, does your stinging blow
Fall on the poor, old, blind slave that has
served you long?
Why is your look unkind?
Why do you curse because
You have been forced to pause,
Leaving a little space for the feet of the
passing throng?

A Christian, you are, you say—
What if He passed this way?
Would you dare to call to Him, "See,
O Christ! how I follow Thee?"

You are a "Christian," too,
You with the greedy clutch;
Children must toil for you,
Making your profit much.
Your heart is a nest for greed.
You covet your neighbor's gains, you are
blind to your servants' need;
You sit in your pew and dream
Of the clink of gold and its gleam,
And a Christian's glory you claim,
And the heathen you deem unclean and
the pagan immersed in shame.

What if He passed this way—
What if He came to-day!
Would you dare to call to Him,
"See,
O Christ! how I follow Thee?"

You in your silks arrayed,
You in your costly ease,
You who have e'en betrayed
Love for your luxuries,
You who in riches loll,
With never a word of hope or pity for
those who fall,
You are a "Christian," too,
Your prayer book is kept in view;
With jewels around your throat,
You hear of your neighbor's shame, and
deep in your heart you gloat!

Oh, what if He passed this way,
Meek and lowly, to-day?
Would you dare to call to Him, "See,
Dear Lord! how I follow Thee?"

You with your millions, you
Who are bribing men to do
Foul wrongs that your gains may swell.
You are a Christian; there
Is your bishop's card, and well
Have you given, O millionaire,
That steeples may tower high
And that people in passing by
May turn and regard with awe
You who have power to sway and who
prostitute the law;
To all who will give you heed
You boast with self-righteousness that
yours is the Christian creed!

"A Christian am I," you say.
But what if He passed this way?
Would you dare to call to Him, "See,
O Christ! how I follow Thee?"

—S. E. Kiser.

A Matrimonial Advertisement.

"SAY, old girl," exclaimed the schoolboy, bursting into the room, "here's something for your birthday! Hadn't got any tin before. It's a sort of a jar for flowers. It only cost nine-pence three-farthings, but it looks quite fine, don't you think? How old are you to-day, Jen?" Jenny Bruce shuddered artistically. "Don't!" she exclaimed. "The mater was saying you are getting on," continued the frank brother; "she said Clare was married years before your age, and couldn't make out why you are not. She says you're too particular, and that it don't pay now young men are so scarce. Don't stay on the shelf, old girl. Why not make up to some duffer? You aren't so bad looking, you know."

"Because they are all fools!" retorted the prettiest Miss Bruce, in disgust. "Thanks for the jar; it is very pretty," she added listlessly.

"And you don't look so old," went on Bobbie.

"I suppose people will next be remarking how young I look—for my age," she said with a shrug. "Perhaps mother would like me to put a matrimonial advertisement into the paper."

"I say, what a jolly lark," exclaimed the boy. Then he was silent, thinking deeply.

His sister did not notice his unusual thoughtfulness. As a rule when Bobbie looked thoughtful people expected the worst.

She was busy wondering if, after all, she had not been a little hasty in refusing nearly ten years ago her first lover, because he was under six feet, and had gray eyes instead of black; her ideal being at that time a cross between a brigand and a poet. She had changed her ideals since, also her lovers. Among the men that had proposed to her there was not one she could tolerate now except Robert Tomlyn. He had been rather nice, after all, but she had lost sight of him shortly after his dismissal, and beyond the fact that he had gone to London, she knew nothing.

She wondered what made her think of him again. Was it because her dearest friend had just got engaged to the man who once had had no eyes for any one but her? A young man who was making his way in the world, too. Her mother and married sisters had spoken rather tartly about it. She was reminded that marriage or a governess-ship would be all that she had to look forward to if anything happened to her father.

For a moment she was a little sorry she had let Bella carry off Dick Weatherby. A few days later Bobbie burst again into the room where she was reading. He waved a paper and letter triumphantly. "Cheer up, old girl," he said encouragingly, "there's a chance yet! Got an answer straight away, and he's coming to the end of the street by 5 this afternoon."

"What on earth are you talking about?" asked Jenny.

"The matrimonial advertisement, of course. I put it in for you, and I've got a chap as easy as wink. You'll be able to fix it up to-day, and then, when the mater starts ragging, you can just tell her you've collared a chap and that she can keep her hair on."

"Good heavens!" gasped Jenny, turning white.

"There's nothing to funk——" he was beginning.

"Let me see the paper and letter," she cried distractedly.

"It's a ripping ad.," he said proudly, pointing it out. "Cost a shilling, too, but I guessed you'd pay that back gladly enough when you were fixed up—or he would."

"A young lady with blue eyes and golden hair, answering to the name of Jenny, wants to meet a young gentleman with a view to matrimony; strictly private."

"Oh, you bad, wicked boy!" she cried in a burst of rage, "what have you done! I am disgraced! 'Answering to the name of Jenny.' Oh, oh. I might be a dog."

"There's gratitude!" cried the boy, amazed and injured. "Aren't you glad? Aren't you going to thank me? And I've written to the fellow and made the appointment, and saved you all the trouble but the courtin', an' girls can do that some!"

"You've written to him! Did you give him my full name?" wailed Jenny.

"Of course I gave your full name, stupid; here's his letter; says he'll be charmed to meet you as appointed, and I call it jolly decent of him!"

Her fingers shook as she read the fatal confirmation of the letter; then her eyes fell on the signature, and she turned crimson and gasped again. It was signed "Robert Tomlyn." "He'll be waiting," went on Bobbie, "and if you don't turn up he'll come to the house, and everybody will know. Put your hat on and cut!" "I must go and explain; oh, this is dreadful," murmured Miss Bruce frantically, as she ran upstairs and put on her hat—her most becoming hat.

"He can't think I've gone off, at any rate," was her secret thought, as she met her reflection in the glass.

"Shall I go with you?" demanded her brother eagerly.

"No, you horrid, wicked little brute; I never want to speak to you again. How am I to explain to Mr. Tomlyn——"

"Well, if he's on the marrying job as well," was the coarse reply, "you won't need much explainin'. Tell him it's O. K., and get hitched up together, and mind you don't act the stingy over the cake."

* * * * * * *

"This is—is quite a delightful surprise," said a young man—a very good-looking young man, Jenny decided; she had forgotten he was so attractive—raising his hat, as she got to the end of the street.

"What must you think!" she began incoherently, blushing vividly. "But it wasn't me at all; it was Bobbie; he did it all for a trick, and I knew nothing about it till he brought the paper and letter in just now, and I came to ask you to go away at once."

"Well, it's just a coincidence; there's no harm in having a little chat for the sake of old times," he returned eagerly.

"If you are the sort of man that—that answers matrimonial advertisements, it's a pity to waste your time," she replied rather spitefully. "No doubt another girl is waiting for you elsewhere."

"It caught my eye and it amused me," he explained quickly, "and just for curiosity I answered it. When a reply came signed Janet Bruce, I wondered if it could possibly be you, and I came on spec. Please don't be angry. Let's take it as it was meant—merely as a joke. I thought you were married; I'm sure I saw an announcement."

"No, I am not," she replied a little grimly. "It would be one of my sisters. How strange you should remember me!" she added.

"I never forgot you," he returned, by no means truthfully, for he had quite forgotten his old love, in new ones, till her name recalled her to his remembrance. Then he decided that he had never really loved any girl but her, and was quite sure of it when her eyes looked up into his.

Then Bobbie dashed into them. "Here's the mater," he said excitedly; "you'd better hook it, you chap, and Jen can look the other way." "I wish you would go away!" said his sister very savagely. Bobby winked.

"Oh, spoiling sport, am I! Well, here's the mater anyway."

"Mother," said Miss Bruce composedly, "I think you remember Mr. Tomlyn; I met him unexpectedly a minute ago."

"Very unexpectedly!" murmured Bobbie. "My, you're a cool 'un, Jen!"

"How do you do?" said Jenny's mother very graciously. "What a pleasant surprise! You will come and have some tea?"

"I shall be charmed," said Mr. Tomlyn.

"I hope you mean business all right?" said Jenny's brother to Mr. Tomlyn in the hall, as the young man at last departed. Jenny flushed a fine scarlet, and Mr. Tomlyn grew suddenly deaf.

"Good-by, Miss Bruce, so pleased to have come across you again," he murmured, and ran down the steps.

Bobbie followed him. "Say, that ad. cost me a bob," he said, in an injured tone.

Mr. Tomlyn handed over half-a-crown. "I haven't change," he explained; "keep it."

"But is it worth it?" Bobbie thought it polite to say, while grabbing hastily at the coin before Mr. Tomlyn could think better of it and find a shilling after all.

"I think," said Mr. Tomlyn slowly, "that it may—possibly—be worth it. Do you ever take your sister out for a walk or anything?" he inquired, when the boy turned to go.

"No fear!" was the vigorous reply.

"I think I would if I were you. It might be worth it. I should suggest your escorting her to the park to-morrow by five. If I happen to be standing by the Marble Arch I will relieve you of your duties. If you have to go away suddenly you need not mind us."

"I twig!" winked the boy. "I've seen spooners before!"

"It's nothing of that sort," said Mr. Tomlyn haughtily.

"It never is," said Bobbie, "but you needn't look foolish; it's the sort of thing one expects from a matrimonial advertisement."

He beguiled his sister out next day; it was seldom he honored her with his company, and though she could not quite understand it, she went in the end.

They came across Mr. Tomlyn at the Marble Arch. He seemed amazed at meeting them. "Who would have thought it!" he said.

Jenny glanced sharply at Bobbie, whose face betrayed him, but she made no remark. She permitted the change of escort without a word. There was something decidedly attractive about Robert Tomlyn.

This accidental meeting was the first of many, and one day Robert, having made up his mind that Jenny was not only his first but absolutely his last love, mentioned the little matter to her. "Our duty is very plain," he said. "Bobbie has taken a lot of trouble. Is it all to be in vain?"

"But—it would be so dreadful, and—and through the paper, and 'answering to the name of Jenny,'" she faltered.

"You might answer to the name of—darling?" he suggested.

"You are quite sure you——"

"I have loved you always! Jenny, won't you——"

"There was never anybody else," she breathed happily, her eyes expressive; "there was something wrong with all the others."

And so it was settled, and no one was more delighted than Jenny's mother. Miss Bruce was making an excellent match after all. And, of course, everybody else said "at last!" But they did not know how it had come to pass.
—Madame.

SCIENTIFIC & INDUSTRIAL

A temperature of about 4000 degrees Fahrenheit in the gasoline engine has been recorded for the hottest part of the exploding mixture.

In a recent experiment, the addition of one per cent. of vanadium increased the tensile strength of steel from sixty-one to sixty-nine tons per square inch.

In the little town of Barberton, Ohio, police are summoned by means of the local telephone service. Whenever an officer is wanted the fact is communicated to Central, which exhibits red lights in prominent localities, upon observing which the officer calls the exchange for instructions.

Only a small portion of the extraordinary energy of radium proves to be that of the alpha, beta and gamma rays. Recent experiments have been made by K. Anystrom with calorimetres of lead, copper and aluminum, and the results indicate that most of the energy must be given out in the form of radiant heat.

Wolski, an Austrian experimenter, has recently patented a process of liquefying natural gas, which, it is reported, has been successfully employed in the Karpathian oil fields. The liquid can be safely kept for storage or transportation in ordinary soda water siphons. Among the uses suggested for liquefied natural gas are the lighting of isolated houses and the driving of small engines and motors.

In the new Belgian process for extracting gold from the ocean, a ton of water is treated with a spoonful of concentrated aqueous solution of chloride of tin, when the gold is converted into purple of Cassius, and may be precipitated, together with hydrate of magnesium and the excess of tin, by adding a pound of slacked lime. When this precipitate is dissolved in diluted solution of cyanide of potassium, the gold may be precipitated with zinc or other reagent. This process showed no gold in the Mediterranean and the English Channel, but traces were found in water from the Atlantic.

In a recent discussion before the Institution of Mechanical Engineers in London a curious fact, illustrating the value of the "temper test," was mentioned. This test consists in raising the steel under examination to a cherry heat and then plunging it into water to observe the degree of tempering produced. The object is to select for shipbuilding steel that will not crack in use. The illustrative fact referred to was a fire in the steamship Persian Monarch in New York harbor. The fire was extinguished with hose, and the water tempered the hot plates. Afterward, in mid-ocean, a number of the plates cracked, some of them very suddenly. One crack was seven feet in length. Thus the desirability was shown of keeping out of ships steel that is too readily tempered.

According to Captain H. H. Payntar, who recently read a paper on the subject before the Royal United Service Institution in London, motor cars are likely to play a very important role in future wars. Captain Payntar did not dwell upon motor cars as fighting machines, but as means of rapid conveyance of officers to distant parts of an extensive battlefield. The tendency of modern warfare is to scatter troops over a vast extent of country. Taking advantage of the roads which now traverse all civilized countries in every direction, motor cars could be utilized by commanders to obtain rapidly a complete survey of the field of action. Owing to the severe shocks to which they must be exposed, no speed limit being set, Captain Payntar thinks that military motor cars should have pneumatic tires instead of solid tires. A punctured tire is quickly repaired, but a broken wheel might involve fatal delay.

Says Rabbit Ate Chicken.

Dr. H. Cavani, a medical expert, who is credited with being a moving spirit behind the dressed poultry bill, appeared yesterday before thirty members of the poultry trade of this city in the library of the New York Mercantile Exchange and tried to make converts for the bill. A statement he made to the effect that a storage-kept chicken in an undrawn state, when fed to a rabbit, caused the death of the rabbit, created some merriment among the poultry dealers.

Chicken-fed rabbits heretofore have been unknown, so members of the trade said, and the medical expert was embarrassed, when informed that he had made a "discovery" of considerable importance, since up to the present time rabbits were supposed to adhere strictly to a vegetable diet.—New York Commercial.

A "life" sentence in New York is said to average about ten years.

For the Younger Children....

A BRAVE ROBIN.

One day, while passing a farm in Cornwall, a gentleman's attention was excited by the movements of a robin, which flew around him and flapped its wings close to his face, plainly showing that it was anxious to "catch his eye." Following the bird, which came backward and forward to make sure he was coming, he was at last led to a hedge. By going close up to the branches he was able to discover the cause of the robin's distress. A rat was in the nest. It jumped out the moment it was detected. As the kindly gentleman walked away, the robin greeted his departure with a chorus of thanks, blithely chirruped.—Presbyterian.

HOME AGAIN.

I know some grown-up people
Who say they're fond of boys,
But when you go to visit
You mustn't make much noise.
They have a splendid garden,
With beautiful flowers, but there!
They don't like boys to pick them,
Because they're all so rare.
They have some chairs with cushions
That look like velvet moss,
But they aren't meant to sit on,
Or lean against, or toss.

They have some things in cab'nets
All fixed up spick and span,
For "careful boys" to play with.
(The boy who dares to, can!)
They're always kind and pleasant
As ever they can be;
They've spent a whole long fortnight
Just entertaining me.
I guess I like my fam'ly
The best of any one;
And when you've been a-visiting,
The coming home is fun!

—Elizabeth Lincoln Gould, in the Youth's Companion.

LINCOLN'S MENTAL POWERS.

Lincoln was always strong with a jury. He knew how to handle men, and he had a direct way of going to the heart of things. He had, moreover, unusual powers of mental discipline. It was after his return from Congress, when he had long been acknowledged one of the foremost lawyers of the State, that he made up his mind he lacked the power of close and sustained reasoning, and set himself like a schoolboy to study works of logic and mathematics to remedy the defect. At this time he committed to memory six books of the propositions of Euclid; and, as always, he was an eager reader on many subjects, striving in this way to make up for the lack of education he had had as a boy. He was always interested in mechanical principles and their workings, and in May, 1849, patented a device for lifting vessels over shoals, which had evidently been dormant in his mind since the days of his early Mississippi River experiences. The little model of a boat, whittled out with his own hand, that he sent to the Patent Office when he filed his application is still shown to visitors, though the invention itself failed to bring about any change in steamboat architecture. —From Helen Nicolay's "The Boys' Life of Lincoln," in St. Nicholas.

CRICKETS ARE TENORS.

A poet, when speaking about crickets and grasshoppers, happily termed them "violinists of the fields," and, although at the time he was ignorant of the fact, he stated nothing more than a scientific truth. Microscopic examination has revealed the fact that in most cases these insects have a striking resemblance to a rudimentary violin.

Musical instruments of the winged type may be divided into two groups—those which do not use their wings and those which do, for the production of sound.

Of the two the latter species is by far the most numerous. A very curious fact in this connection is that all insects are tenors, deep bass voices being quite unknown.

Many insects sing by day, such, for instance, as the chickadee, which, however, are not of the "violinist" type, as they play upon a series of hard plates attached to the abdomen, much in the same way as a Spanish dancer uses the castanets. Some insects only sing by night, such as the domestic and tree crickets. The apparatus used by them resembles a violin, the abdomen being partly endowed with small bridges like edges or ridges against which the wings are rubbed.

Next time you hear one of Nature's tenors try to place him. After that you'll be interested to learn more about him.

OUR NATIVE REDBIRD.

The most beautiful of our birds is the cardinal or "redbird." Though not as brilliantly arrayed, Mrs. Cardina, is very smartly turned out in rich brown, with just enough red to "relieve" it.

Alexander Wilson, whose quaint epitaph so many have read in Old Swedes' Churchyard, wrote in 1828: "This is one of our most common cage-birds, and is very generally known, not only in North America, but even in Europe; numbers of them have been carried over both to France and England, in which last country they are usually called Virginia nightingales."

Happily this traffic is a thing of the past. Any bird should have his freedom in his native haunts, and such a magnificent specimen as this cardinal grosbeak (he is a member of the finch family) should be doubly protected because of the temptation his beauty offers.

Though he is found in all the Eastern States, he is a Southern bird. He likes his home, too, and considers migrating a bore.

He's a trifle smaller than the robin, and, with the exception of the dab of brilliant black around his bill, he is glowingly, almost dazzingly, red. While James Lane Allen gives him a poetic, sympathetic tribute in "The Kentucky Cardinal," Neltje Blanchan is inclined to think that this "Virginia Redbird," of refined, dignified and courtly bearing, is a haughty autocrat of the "F. F. V." type, better calculated to calling out respect and admiration than affection.

Perhaps he is a trifle spoiled.

No wonder.

He commences his melodious sighing in March, and early in May Mrs. C. begins building their bulky, loosely-made nest, usually in evergreen shrubs, like laurel and holly. She lays three or four brown-speckled white eggs, often two broods in a season.

Considering all his temptation it is a great wonder he is not a flirt, a bachelor or a divorce.

Not he.

He's as true as he is handsome.

His home is a pattern of domestic felicity, and even in winter, when without the responsibility of little birds, he and his lucky spouse are always seen together.

In fact, he is so devoted and fearful of harm for Mrs. Cardinal that he often calls attention to her and their home by the vent he gives his excited fears.

His voice is loud and clear and his song suggests "What Cheer." The most curious part of it is that his other half is herself an excellent singer, a contralto, whose notes are more admired by some than his wild, free, flageolet-like tenor.

A bird to be proud and no mistake.—Philadelphia Record.

WHY HAIR TURNS GRAY.

The color of the hair depends on little granules, which can be seen in the hair if examined under a powerful microscope. Sometimes the hair may become white in a night. Brown-Sequard tells us that when he was forty-five years old his beard turned white in two days. This took place when he was perfectly well and without any especial cause. Sometimes, however, sorrow or illness produces the change earlier in life than it would usually take place. As to the cause, some have said that the hair becomes filled with small air particles which make it look gray; others have said that the outer part of the hair becomes altered so that it is like ground glass and you cannot see the color. But a man by the name of Metchnikoff tells us that the real reason is because small movable bodies in the hair devour the grains of coloring matter and move them to the roots of the hair. Sometimes poisons in disease, or some results of sorrow, bring about an effect upon these small migrating bodies (cells), causing them to become active in the above fashion. This is said to be the reason why the hair grows gray. —St. Nicholas.

FLOSS—A TRUE INCIDENT.

Floss was a big yellow cat, one of my many pets in my country home. One summer we noticed that day after day Floss went down across the meadow and disappeared in the edge of the cedar swamp. He always went in late in the afternoon, and one day I followed him, taking good care he should not see me. He skirted the swamp for several rods, stopped at a little open and, seating himself on a stump, began washing his face, stopping now and then to glance about in an expectant fashion.

Shortly there was a rustling among the bushes, and a handsome yellow fox leaped into the open. Then the fun began.

Floss and the fox played at tag as gayly as two children. Floss was always the "tagger," and the fox ran this way and that and doubled and dodged in so comical a manner that once I laughed outright, whereupon they stopped their play and stood for a moment listening. Then Floss went back to the stump and the fox lay down on the grass. After a few minutes' rest they were up and at it again.

For half an hour I watched them from my hiding place behind a clump of cedars, until Floss was quite exhausted.

The fox was untiring, but Floss was not so nimble and was very fat.

About sundown they separated, Floss walking slowly toward home and the fox swinging off towards the near-by stream at a brisk trot.

I hurried to overtake Floss, but he seemed much frightened when he saw me and ran into the swamp. He did not come home until next morning, and never again did we see him crossing the meadow or find him playing with his wild comrade.—Our Fourfooted Friends.

Indian Proverbs.

The coward shoots with shut eyes.

No Indian ever sold his daughter for a name.

Before the paleface came there was no poison in the Indian's corn.

Small things talk loud to the Indian's eye.

The paleface's arm is longer than his word.

When a fox walks lame old rabbit jumps.

A squaw's tongue runs faster than the wind's legs.

There is nothing so eloquent as a rattlesnake's tail.

The Indian scalps his enemy, the paleface skins his friends.

There will be hungry palefaces so long as there is any Indian land to swallow.

When a man prays one day and steals six, the Great Spirit thunders and the evil one laughs.

There are three things it takes a strong man to hold: A young warrior, a wild horse and a handsome squaw.—From Sturm's Statehood Magazine.

Nothing Doing.

An author who makes a specialty of stories of "our great Middle West," with a heart throb in each, tells of an odd character he met in that region. This old chap, who afterward served the author as the main figure of a book that was largely successful, lived alone in a cabin. Woman's care being, of course, unknown, the cabin presented the spectacle of the triumphant reign of dirt and disorder.

Somehow the two chanced to talk of cooking and cooking utensils. "I had one of them cook books wunst," observed the old fellow "but I couldn't do nawthing with it."

"What was the trouble?" asked the author.

"Why, everything in the book began with 'First take a clean dish.'"—Harper's Weekly.

Pluck and Adventure.

"THE PIRATE'S" LAST FIGHT.

MUCH has been written about the brave work of Lafitte and his band of "pirates" from the bayou Barataria, who fought under General Jackson on the plains of Chalmette. Nothing they did there, however, excels the heroism one of the band displayed, twenty-one years later, in the siege of the Alamo. This last was a deed worthy to rank with that of John Ingram, lately recounted in The Companion. Ingram's race across a bullet-swept field for a keg of powder, which was inadvertently ascribed to the siege of Gonzales, occurred at the first taking of the Alamo, when the Texans drove out the Mexican garrison and occupied San Antonio of Bexar. At that time Davy Crockett, having been defeated for Congress in Tennessee, and being in consequence weary of life in that "too civilized" State, was on his way to Texas to help in the revolution. On the road he fell in with a charming young fellow whom he never in his journal calls other than "the beeman," because the young man had been a hunter of wild bees' wax. Later the two were joined by a white man and an Indian.

"These two were armed with rifles and hunting knives," wrote Crockett in his journal, "and though I have been accustomed to the sight of men who have not stepped far over the line of civilization, I must say that they were just about the roughest samples I had seen anywhere.

"One was a man about fifty years of age, tall and rawboned. He was dressed in a sailor's round jacket, and with a tarpaulin on his head. His whiskers nearly covered his face, his hair was coal-black and long, and there was a deep scar across his forehead and another on the back of his hand. The beeman knew him well. He had been for many years a pirate with the famous Lafitte."

Crockett, the beeman and the old pirate arrived in San Antonio just in time to be besieged there by the Mexican army. On February 23d Colonel Travis wished to send out a message to Colonel Fannin at Goliad, who had about four hundred troops, telling him that he was besieged. The old pirate volunteered to go, and set out that night. He got through the Mexican lines safely, and the men in the fort heard nothing of him again until dusk on March 4th, when the beeman and Crockett, being on top of the wall, saw a man running toward them, pursued by Mexican cavalry, and recognized the old pirate. With two hunters they sallied to his rescue.

Meanwhile the old pirate, finding himself overtaken, stopped, faced about, and at short range shot one of the Mexicans dead. Then with clubbed musket he charged full at the rest, who halted, and broke before him. At that moment his rescuers came up, and in the ardor of the chase, forgetting how few they were, and led by the old pirate, they pursued the Mexicans back to their camp.

They were quickly cut off by a troop of Mexican cavalry, and saw they must fight their way back. They charged on the cavalry with pistols and then with clubbed muskets, and the old pirate laid out man after man of them with terrible blows.

The Texans in the fort quickly swarmed out, and again drove the Mexicans back, but the old pirate and the beeman were mortally hurt, and Crockett had a bad saber-cut across the head.

The old pirate did not live to tell the result of his mission, but died as he was borne into the Alamo, and the beeman soon followed him. Two days later the Alamo was carried by assault, and every person in it, except a woman, a child and a negro boy, was butchered.—Youth's Companion.

AN UNCONQUERED CAPTIVE.

News of the hunting expeditions in which the Prince of Wales had been engaged in India remind one of the time when his royal father was also the heir to the British crown and a visitor in his Eastern empire. "The Tour of the Prince of Wales in India," a record of the present king's travels, by Mr. (now Sir William) Russell gives an account of an exciting chase of a wild elephant through the jungle. The prince was at the time the guest of Sir Jung, a native noble.

Sir Jung's chief fighting elephants were Jung Pershand, a red-painted monster of force, and Bijli. These were trained to engage and conquer the wild tuskers of the jungle.

One day it was rumored that a herd of wild elephants was not far distant. The prince, Sir Jung and the whole party rode out to see the capture. For hours they waited in the forest. Finally a breathless beater ran up, saying that the king of the herd was not far distant, but that the pursuers were way behind.

The party waited breathlessly. Suddenly there was a stir in the underbrush, and a huge brown back, like half a submerged whale, was seen cleaving its way. A cheer from the party caused the great animal to pause and lift its proboscis; then it forged ahead once more.

It was easy to see the creature was sore pressed. Its gait was heavy and it tossed its head wearily. It had only one tusk; the other was a broken stump. Turning suddenly, the elephant charged at the prince, who put his horse about and fled for his life. Then it made for the swamp.

"Oh, if my elephants would only come up!" cried Sir Jung, in despair.

All sat down and waited half an hour, at the end of which up came Jung, panting for the fight, plodding on with an air of business. The wild elephant was resting in the swamp, but the trained tusker did not give it much time for further reflection.

Rushing up, he gave the tired beast a clout on the head; then with his scarlet-painted skull he rammed it, fast and furious. Ram! ram! ram! The wild elephant could not stand up against the attack, and, turning, ignominiously fled. But Bijli, coming up at that moment, cut off the retreat.

The encounter was terrible; the wild tusker fought well, but between the two practiced fighters, it was conquered. As it stood, rammed against a tree, almost stupefied by the constant blows, the attendants roped its legs, while Bijli engaged its attention by sounding whacks over its head and legs. Then the trapped creature dropped its proboscis, as if to say, "I give in," gave one shrill cry for mercy, and surrendered, screening its shame with its big ears. The brave old warrior was beaten. Bijli accepted the surrender, ceased the blows, and began to fondle the captive, as if in comfort.

When the beaters secured the elephant it was discovered that it was blind in one eye. Then pity took possession of its captors. The prince begged for the freedom of the noble old creature which had fought so valiantly in spite of infirmity. Sir Jung granted it, only stipulating that the tusk should be presented to his royal guest.

All night long the captive stood, sullen, dignified, scornfully rejecting any food. In the morning its ropes were broken, and slowly, with a pathetic stateliness, it made its way to the jungle.

A TUSSLE WITH A WILDCAT.

A few weeks ago a young girl, nineteen years old, showed herself to be possessed of more bravery and nerve than most men can boast of. Miss Gookins lives on a ranch with her mother, and is engaged in raising Angora goats. During the past month she noticed that every week several of the young goats were missing. The foot-hills are infested with wild "bobcats" and mountain-lions, and tracks of these wild animals disclosed the fate of the kinds. What the girl did is told by a writer in the Los Angeles Times:

Miss Gookins one day mounted a mule to go to the home of a neighbor a few miles distant. Instead of taking the road, she decided on a short cut across country. As she was ascending a hill the mule gave evidence of fright and refused to proceed. The young woman dismounted, hitched the mule and went on foot to investigate. She did not carry so much as a riding whip.

As she approached a small tree overhanging the trail she saw a wildcat on one of the branches. It snarled and spat at her, but did not retreat.

Instead of running, Miss Gookins made a detour and approached the tree and the cat from the hill above. Thinking to frighten it, she hurled a large stone at the cat. It struck the animal squarely on the head, knocked it from the tree, and stunned it.

The girl then ran to an abandoned house near by in search of a weapon. She found an old, two-pronged pitchfork, both points of which had been broken off. Returning, she tried to stab the cat to death with the fork, but the prongs were not sharp enough to penetrate the tough hide.

The animal fought fiercely, but the girl managed to pin it down by holding the fork upon its throat. She shoved it down-hill toward an old gate about two hundred yards away. Several times the claws of the creature's hind feet cut long gashes in the young woman's skirt. Near the gate she found a bar of iron, and with that she beat the wildcat to death. Then she tied the body of the animal to her riata, and attaching the other end to her saddle, dragged it home.

ENGINEER'S "JUMP FEVER."

In a party of locomotive engineers who were talking about old time fellow craftsmen, reference was made to one old timer who had come to his death through "jump fever." "What's "jump fever?" inquired an outsider, who was interested in the conversation.

"'Jump fever,'" explained the engineer, "is a sort of hallucination that affects some engineers and leads them to leap from the cab to escape a supposed impending collision. It's mostly freight engineers that are affected. On long runs out West a freight engineer may be thirty-six hours at the throttle without much chance for rest, owing to mishaps. He gets sleepy, and dozes in the cab. All of a sudden he wakes up, but his faculties are scattered, and, what with lightness of the head and the motion of the cab, he gets an idea that a collision is about to happen. In a semi-conscious state he dives out of the window, and the chances are he's a goner when he lands. The engineer we referred to had done the trick twice, but he was killed the third time, out on the Santa Fe road."—Philadelphia Record.

Bribed and Glad of It.

"The editor of this paper begs to acknowledge receipt of the first bribe of his editorial career. Some days ago we made inquiries of one of our society young ladies concerning a news item and elicited the following reply: 'Yes, it's true, but ple-e-e-ease don't print it in the paper. If you leave it out, I'll give you a nickel's worth of peanuts.'

"We are not passionately fond of peanuts, but gallantry is our long suit. That 'please' would have separated us from our overdraft at the bank without a single regret. So we omitted to print the story. It wasn't anything very startling, anyway.

"This morning a Senegambian gentleman, preceded by about six inches of pleasant smile, wafted into the editorial sanctum with a package under his arm about the size of a week's washing.

"Peanuts! The whole family will be kept busy for a week eating up the outward and visible manifestations of our venality. We begin to appreciate the joys of being a boodler."—South McAlester (Ind. T.) News.

A Two-Sided Reason.

In the early boom days of Atlantic City a meeting of the City Fathers was held to vote on the question of fencing in that piece of ground set aside by the city for the burying of the unknown dead who were cast up by the sea. Before it was put to vote an old salt, whose mind was intensely practical, arose and expressed his views.

"My fellow members, in regard to this putting up of a fence, I think we'd better go a little slow. Five hundred dollars is a heap of money to spend to inclose a lot which, God knows, none of us that are out wish to get into, and none of them that are in can get out of." The fence was not put up.—Lippincott's.