THE QUEENSTOWN NEWS.

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The modern yellow magazine is yellower than the old "yellowback" ever was.

The poor Scottish peer who is to marry Lady Mary Hamilton, with her $1,000,000 a year, may not have any dough, but he is Graham bred.

Says the Detroit News: "The fact that there is a press gallery in Russia's new hall of Parliament means almost as much as the Parliament itself.

"Chivalry of the middle ages cannot exist to-day when men and women hang together by straps in a street car," said Walter L. Sheldon before the Society of Ethical Culture in Carnegie Hall.

"No man who stops to reason is apt to fall into sin," said young Mr. Rockefeller to his Bible class. And yet some men fall into sin just because they reason—generally without justification—that they will not be caught.

"It would be too sweeping an assertion to say women's colleges are institutions for the promotion of celibacy. Yet an examination of the percentage of marriages among college-bred women lends color to such an assertion," observes Dr. Felter, of Brooklyn.

French physiologist has written a treatise anent exhibitions of joy, showing why human beings smile with their faces, while cats and dogs ways their tails to express pleasure, but, unfortunately, the writer fails to explain the recently noted assertion that millionaires never smile.

Dr. Osler does not measure his success by the proportion of his bank account, but counts those students he has prepared for the duties of life as worth something more than dollars. Another interesting question is, whether they have accepted his doctrine as to the limits of their usefulness.

Most of the South American Latin countries have entered upon a new stage of development and progress, both governmentally and commercially, and if not interrupted we may expect the South American continent to take before long the place she is capable of filling alongside her northern sister. The faster and more stable her progress the better for us, if we are awake to our opportunities.

Thomas Sammons, the American consul-general at Newchwang, Manchuria, recently visited Port Author, and while there met and had an exceedingly interesting chat with Japan's chief military genius and hero, Marshal Oyama. In the course of their conversation the marshal stated that he was going back to his "farm." "The Emperor," he said, "called me from the farm to enter the field, and now that there is no more fighting for me to do, and as I am through with soldiering, I shall return to the farm."

One of the ablest hydrostatic engineers of New York, Mr. Farrington, made a few days ago the extraordinary statement that the waste of aqueduct water in the city is so great that were it possible to prevent this wastage it would be unnecessary to increase the reservoir and the water supply for many years. In other words, the city is able to commit itself to an indebtedness of $150,000,000, which is made necessary because the users of aqueduct water in the city persist in wasting it. There seems to be no way by which this can be prevented.

The stories of vast shoals of sea snakes have been set down as of the ordinary variety of sailors' yarns. But of late Dr. Becker, of the United States Geological Survey, saw a sight of this kind which proved the veracity of these tales. Between Cuba and Jolo the ship passed through a sea of snakes for 100 miles. Dr. Becker computes that there were at least 5000 of them to each square mile, and that if the "school" of serpents was as broad as it was long there must have been 50,000,000 of them. It was literally true that the sea was alive with them.

The New York American observes: The masses of no other nation in the world have a more instinctive and settled respect for the right of property than those of the United States, where the people make the laws. When the Republic was young and an experiment, the Federalists at home and conservatives everywhere were haunted by the fear that the many, armed with the ballot, would be under overpowering temptation to despoil the rich. Time has proved that fear to be illusory. Experience has taught that the danger is all the other way—that it is the many who need guarding against the confiscating activity of the unscrupulous and greedy few. But, while the American people respect property and give it a safety which has silenced the prophets who deemed a "fierce democracy" incapable of self-control, respect for wealth which is simply loot, and for men who have that kind of wealth, is vanishing from the land. And the sooner the last trace of it is gone the better. Whatever contributes toward obliterating it furthers the cause of common honesty and true democracy. A thief is a thief whether his plunder be one dollar or hundreds of millions.

WHEN MOTHER IS AWAY.

BY RUBIE T. WEYBURN.

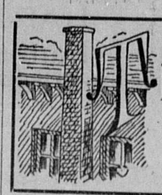
The house is such a dreary place when mother is away;
There isn't fun in anything, no matter what you play.
The dolls just sit as stupid, and act so still and queer—
They always say such funny things when mother's by to hear.

The little china tea set looks so lonesome waiting there;
There's no fun playing party and eating only air!
It isn't like the lovely things you most believe you see
Upon the plates and saucers, when mother comes to tea.

There's no use doing up your hair and dressing up in style,
You know it's just pretending, and you're Betty all the while;
You never hear a whisper from the chairs against the wall;
"Dear me, what splendid lady now is coming here to call!"

The pictures in the picture-books are never half so fine,
The stories won't come out and talk for any pains of mine;
An hour goes so slowly, it's almost like a day—
The house is such a lonesome place when mother is away.

—Good Housekeeping.



The Maturity of the Violet

THE mainsail swung down with a rattle as the white-painted yacht came up in the wind. With jib and foresail fluttering gently she lay at anchor in a tiny bay. It was one of those coves upon the southwest coast where the trees stand bodly out toward the waves, marking with a fringe of green the landward limit of the beach. Mostyn Gainford clambered up the narrow companion stairs. The man who was lounging by the tiller regarded his doubtfully.

"Clean ducks—and such pretty brown boots," he mused. "Think it over, Mostyn. Go down again. Change into something more prosaic."

Gainsford was gazing shorewards toward where a roof gleamed through the trees. His countenance contracted slightly.

"Because one is about to marry," he said, "is that a reason to shudder at an incident of the past? May I not remember a period that was—yes, the most innocent and poetic of my life time?"

"Such candor in an engaged man is as admirable as it is rare," returned the other. "But let me reassure you your words are already forgotten.

"It was such a simple affair, Luttrell," went on Gainsford unheeding. "She was one of those country girls one reads about but never sees. Peach-blossom cheek, milk-white hand—and a disposition! Perfectly pastoral! I saw what lay beneath—the girl had soul. I read to her, I talked, I gave her glimpses of the outside world—of its better parts. I set myself to cultivate a mind latent with untold possibilities. It was a fascinating pastime, I admit. It was as the training of a pretty child. And you would have it there is harm in a pardonable curiosity to see the result of those endeavors of mine three years ago?"

Luttrell shrugged his shoulders.

"In these matters the question is not of right or wrong. The point hinges on the more important lady's mood should she chance to hear of it. Still, it's no business of mine."

Gainsford's eyes sought the roof again.

"It was an idyll," he said. "Would you know the extent of our caresses? She pressed my hand, and only at the parting. It was in token of gratitude, I believe, whereas I owed her more. To me it was a glimpse of purity that I treasured."

Luttrell had lit a cigar. He watched the flung match as it struck upon the smooth water.

"I trust you will not find it a wild-goose chase," he said. "And yet, perhaps that would be the best. Too tame a bird, you know, might spell complications."

"It is useless talking to you," retorted Gainsford. "If she is there still you shall come to see her with me, and then, perhaps, you will understand."

The dinghy, an oarsman within it, was waiting at the quarter. Gainsford stepped into it. A moment later the man was pulling him shoreward with quick strokes.

"Do not wait," he told the man as the boat's nose slid, grinding upon the beach. "I shall be here some time. Stand by on board until you hear my whistle."

As he walked slowly along the path that led from the beach the old familiarity with the surroundings was upon him once more. He had not thought to have remembered the spot so well. The scent of the May blossom came strongly to him. It seemed to him that the sweetness of the perfume had killed three long years. Surely it was only yesterday that he had trodden the verdure-lined path.

His pulses tingled a little as he set eyes upon a large, flat stone set low down by the wayside. They had sat upon it so many times, he and she. A voluptuous reverie was upon him. So pleasant was it that, submitting, he encouraged its thrall. He let himself sink down upon the broad slab.

It was here that he had first met her. It was here that he had sung the cadence of Wadsworth and Tennyson into her ears. He had marked the parted lips and the light that came and went in her eyes. It had been a pleasant fountain at which he had drunk. And the waters had bequeathed no bitter taste. She had benefited; he had little doubt of that.

He rose slowly and paced onward. He could see the cottage now, with its green shelter of oak and elm. He looked more closely. There was something strange about the building. There was an addition, the new whiteness of which stood out rather glaringly from the worn tint of the rest. He had drawn near to the main road that ran at right angles between the path and the cottage beyond when he heard the starting pants of an automobile. A brilliant red car went speeding up the road. Its throbbing jarred upon him; the wafted odor of petrol annihilated with noisome brutality the scent of the hay.

A minute later he had crossed the road and was walking up a narrow garden path. He stared about him in growing unrest. In the place where had revelled a tangle of undergrowth and shrub was now a cleared space, gravel-covered. Two tables were there and a medley of chairs, while nearer to the house stood a long bench.

He seated himself upon the latter to await—whatever should occur. A very small infant came toddling toward him from round a corner of the building. The child held a piece of jam-covered bread in his hand. As he pressed his small frame confidingly against Gainsford the jam left a red stain upon the white duck trousers. Gainsford, in his preoccupation, allowed the misfortune to pass almost unheeded.

He looked up quickly at the sound of an exclamation. She herself, the one who had lived in his mind's eye, stood in the flesh before him. He stared for a while in dumb amazement. The tracings of her features, of her form, all this escaped him. He noticed but one thing—she wore a waitress' cap and apron.

There was a glad light in her eyes as Gainsford's hand went out toward her. Yet she was not the same. There had been a great change. As is the way in such matters, he could not at first see where it lay. But this much was evident, that where he had left a tremulous snowdrop a firm-stalked sunflower now stood.

"Well! I never did!" she cried.

Gainsford experienced a sudden shiver. Her mode of expression had been more diffident in the old days, but her eyes were as pretty as ever. They were dancing with pleasure now.

"To think of it!" she exclaimed. "Why, it seems just like old times seeing you here!"

Her hand was playing with the lace of her cap. Gainsford, gazing at her afresh, disagreed—inwardly, but entirely—with her words. His thoughts went back to the shy, willow-figured girl with the large eyes and tremulous voice that he had known.

"The place has changed," he began. He felt that his voice came from him with a horribly dead sound. "But the path was the same. I passed the stone—the stone where we——"

She broke into a little laugh.

"Ah, that stone sees more folks than it used to."

He was gazing hard at her. He wondered whether it was a fleeting blush that he saw upon her cheek.

"Lots of people come here now," she went on in answer to his mute inquiry; "it pays." She eyed him with a sudden speculative look. "Would you like some tea?" she asked.

He attempted a faint return to gallantry.

"Your tea was always excellent," he said.

"It's better now," she answered; "it's a shilling a head."

"Oh!" exclaimed Gainsford.

The verdure and the wall of the house seemed to rock for a second before him.

"A shilling—a head," he repeated dully.

"Cream included," she rejoined.

She drew a little nearer.

"It was the reading and poetry that first put it into my head," she confided to him. "After you'd gone I'd get to thinking about the things you had read, and the ideas that came to me were something surprising. There was the one about the girl that was like a violet by a mossy stone that worried me more than all the rest put together. I thought—well, of all the lives. It was a kind of warning."

Gainsford felt it incumbent upon him to fill the gap.

"I see," he murmured untruthfully.

"My goodness! What a fright I got in," she continued. "It was the thinking that I might get that way myself that nearly drove me clean out of the place. Then Jim came along. He'd had some experience as a waiter in London. It was after we'd got married that we started the light refreshment business. And what with the motor cars and the bicycles, and good tea, and good service—well, it pays nicely."

The infant was attacking Gainsford once more. A second jammy smear took its place by the side of the first upon his white trousers. Gainsford eyed the child in growing dislike.

"Oh, Mostyn, you bad boy!" cried his mother in reproach.

Gainsford looked up quickly.

"Mostyn?" he repeated.

It was undoubtedly a blush that adorned her cheek this time.

"We called him that," she murmured, "because——"

"Because of what?"

"You see, if it hadn't been for your kindness I might have been gawking on in just the same old way. Jim and I have never forgotten that. So when he came we called him Mostyn. Sometimes after we've had a good day's business Jim'll take him on his knee and call him a little living token of gratitude. But it's only right that you should see Jim. Jim!" she called.

A second later a white-aproned man stood before Gainsford. Gainsford underwent an inward struggle. Then he held out his hand. The act was a concession to the unity of man and wife. The latter hastened away to perform the duties of her office.

The child was still gyrating slowly about the pair. The man bent toward it.

"Mossy!" he said, "run away after your mother."

Gainsford shivered. Mossy! It was the last straw.

"Its a fine afternoon, sir," said Jim.

"The atmosphere of this place is not what it was," returned Gainsford.

"It's wonderful healthy," protested Jim.

Just then his wife returned with the tea tray. The desire of flight possessed Gainsford. Heedless of the probabilities, he pleaded indisposition.

"Of course," he concluded, "I'll pay for the tea."

Jim's eyes wavered diffidently between the tea tray and the visitor.

"There's no getting away from the fact that it was prepared speshul," he admitted. "But seein' as it's you, sir, supposing we say sixpence instead of a shilling?"

His wife's fine eyes glowed in approbation.

Gainsford drew half a crown from his pocket. He swallowed once or twice ere he spoke.

"Give the change to—to—Mossy," he said.

The final word was his sacrifice to the ashes of what once had been a glorious spiritual edifice.

"No, you need not come back with me," Gainsford assured Luttrell, upon his return to the small craft; "the fact is that the one I expected to find was not there."

"Ah, it's just as well," returned Luttrell. "These little dippings into the past are either dangerous or bitterly disappointing. I heard from a man who had been there that there is an excellent tea place in the neighborhood. Shall we go?"

"Not for worlds!" said Gainsford. "You see I happen to have been in there once already this afternoon."—The Tatler.

SCIENCE & MECHANICS

The four-wheel drive automobile truck built in Milwaukee, uses wooden tires in place of rubber on its vehicles, and the makers claim they last longer and give better results.

The building of the Michigan Central Railway's tunnel under the Detroit River from Detroit to Windsor, Canada, will be one of the biggest pieces of under-water construction ever attempted in this country. Including approaches, the tunnel will be approximately a mile and a half long, and the general plan calls for two single track tubes separated by a concrete wall and lined with concrete.

Very beautiful effects are now produced by engraving the surface of diamonds. A French jeweler, Bordinet, has invented tools for this purpose, which, it is said, only his son is permitted to use. Among the surprising things thus produced is a diamond cut into the form of a ring, polished on the inside, and covered with delicate engraving on the upper surface. Another is an engraved diamond fish. Diamonds are also engraved with armorial bearings. Only in the past few years has it been possible to bore holes through diamonds, but this feat is now accomplished in many cutting establishments. The bored stones are then strung together with other gems, or with pearls.

Sir Patrick Manson, speaking recently of the work of the London School of Tropical Medicine, which has already established laboratories in Ceylon, in the Malay Peninsula and at Hongkong, dwelt upon a point of much importance, to which comparatively little attention has hitherto been given. The natives of the tropics, he said, should be educated in the principles of hygiene as applied to the conditions amid which they live. In order to realize this idea he suggested that tuition in the rudiments of the subject should be afforded to native children in the colonial government schools. Unless the natives co-operate in the work, no sanitary scheme can be thoroughly carried out, and co-operation implies previous understanding.

Consul Haynes at Nankin reports an awakening of activity in railroad-building in China. China is as ideal a land for railway development as any, and yet it has only one mile of railway for every 130,000 inhabitants, while the United States has a mile for every 300 inhabitants. The concessions that have been obtained for railways in China cover regions rich in minerals and agricultural products. Let the great Chinese coal-fields once be opened up by the extension of railways, and a great change must result. In the province of Shansi, for instance, there is said to be a continuous field of excellent anthracite 13,500 miles in area, and containing seams from fifteen to forty feet in thickness. There is also much bituminous coal in the same province.

Zapupe is the Indian name of a plant that grows in Mexico, along the Gulf coast. It has within the past year or two attracted considerable attention on account of the apparent commercial value of the fibre derived from it. The natives have long used it for making ropes, cordage, bags, lariats, bridles and fish seines. The plant bears a resemblance to the henequen plant of Yucatan, but is said to yield a greater quantity of fiber. The fiber comes from the leaves, and is white, strong and flexible. The plant is propagated in a peculiar way. A stalk grows up from the centre, and the branches which it puts forth become detached and fall to the ground, where they take root. This process occurs when a plant is about six years old, but if the leaves are taken off, not until about the fifteenth year.

Transforms Vegetables.

Not satisfied with the usual grafting adopted by floriculturists, a Frenchman, M. Molliard, of Paris, has started in to transform vegetables. Already he has succeeded in turning a radish into a potato—according to a recent consular report.

It seems that after paying $1500 a volume for "Fads and Fancies," New York's smart set still has money enough left to pay $1500 a pair of "medicated

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

USING UP PETER'S PUMPKINS.

Peter, Peter Pumpkin-eater,
He will hungry go,
For Joe and Ed and Bob and Ned
And Phil and Fred and John and Jed,
And even little Tom and Ted,
And every boy I know,
Has made a Jack-o'-lantern
(And some are making two).
Poor Peter, Peter Pumpkin-eater!
What will Peter do?

—Youth's Companion.

THE TARDY MARK.

It was the first day of the month, and the reports for the month just closed were brought home by the children, and a dreadful cross appeared on Margie's report on the "tardy square" for the last Monday.

Papa always examined the reports, and the children knew that all marks were considered and the reason for them demanded.

Margie's face was very red when she handed her paper to papa. Papa could understand that a little girl might miss in spelling, or might not do an example right when she was sent to the board, and sixty pairs of eyes watched every motion of the chalk, but papa could never understand why any one need ever be tardy.

Margie watched papa "out of the corner of her eye," as she would have said herself, while his eyes traveled down the paper. At last he came to that dreadful black cross, and glanced up at her.

"Well, how was this?" he asked.

Margie was slow. Her best friends, and she had many of them, always had to acknowledge that she was slow. So now she stood in front of papa, curling the corner of her apron round a lead-pencil, and trying hard to think just which of the many things that had happened last Monday morning would be likely to impress papa the most, for it would take such a long time to tell them all, and the noon hour was most gone.

"Well," said Margie, "I couldn't seem to find but one blue and one pink hair ribbon, and I had to hunt a long time to find mates to them."

If she had said that Sister Beth had sent her upstairs twice for a book, whose title was so long she had had much difficulty in remembering it, or reading it when she did come to it, or if she had said that she had played with baby while mamma had curled Beth's hair, or if she had said that papa himself had told her to go round by Mr. Ford's with a note all of which had been equally true, she would just have been told to start earlier the next time; but she unfortunately chose the thing that seemed of no importance to her father, while it had remained in her mind because Margie was an orderly little soul and usually knew where her belongings were, and the errands and the baby were such every-day events that they did not seem really worth mentioning.

But papa had said such a dreadful thing. Margie opened both eyes and mouth wide; she really could not say a word, and papa had gone out of the house and down-town without giving the matter another thought.

An hour later mamma, going through the room, had found her all in a heap on the floor, just where papa had left her, sobbing gently to herself.

"Why, my deary," said mamma, "what has happened?" And little by little Margie told her story, although even then she forgot the errands and the baby, until she came to the dreadful thing papa had said.

"He said," she sobbed, "if I was late again this month I should have to wear a blue and a pink or a red and green ribbon, one on each pigtail, for a whole week! O mamma, do you think he would disgrace me so?"

Margie was slow, but what she lost in slowness that month she made up by starting early. It never entered her head to refuse when the other children claimed her time to do errands which they should have done themselves. Margie noticed that now quite frequently mamma interfered. When Philip said, 'Here, Margie, run upstairs and get my history. I've just time to finish this story before school," mamma said, "Philip must get his history himself. I want Margie to start for school now."

I have spoken of Margie's many friends. One of her best was Miss Gardner, the second grade teacher, who had found out that she really did know things, even if she was so slow about letting you know she did, and had promoted her to the second grade.

Miss Gardner was the very nicest teacher, Margie thought, so the next night after papa had said "that dreadful thing," Margie waited after school to walk home with her, and had told her all about it.

Now Miss Gardner liked Margie as much as Margie liked Miss Gardner, and a little girl who always knew what she was talking about and who always tried to "accommodate" was a pleasing variety in that busy schoolroom, so Miss Gardner made a plan to help Margie, although she said nothing about it.

It was really amazing how many people watched the outcome of that month. Margie had confided in the grocer at the corner, while he was tying up a bundle for her one day, and the milkman who brought baby's milk, when she had ridden down to school one morning, but refused a more extended ride. "You see how it is," she had ended her explanation. "I don't feel as if I'd enjoy the ride, thinking about those ribbons, especially the red and green."

Papa, on his part, had heard considerable about those ribbons. First mamma had taken him to task. His partner, who was one of Margie's fast friends, wanted to know "what he meant by abusing that child so." And asked to explain himself, he had brought up the story of the ribbons.

Even Miss Gardner had stopped him on the street, but by that time papa had heard about the errands and the baby, much to his surprise. "Can you tell me why on earth she did not tell me about those and not about those absurd hair ribbons?" he gasped.

"Why, yes, I can," said Miss Gardner, with the same smile that made the children love her. "You see, the errands and the baby are so much a matter of course that she didn't think about them, and for such a dreadful offense she felt as if she must have some especially important excuse, and the ribbons had made the most impression on her from the fact of its seldom occurrence."

Papa thanked Miss Gardner, and explained that he had thought that he was letting Margie off with a very slight punishment, but that he had found out his mistake, and he had also found out how many more friends his little girl seemed to have than he had any idea of; and then Miss Gardner and papa had laughed.

When the month ended Margie brought home her report with a smiling face. The spaces for the tardy marks were all blank. Papa took the paper, and in his most impressive style congratulated Margie upon her success, and then assured her that in future he could trust her to take care of her own tardy marks, and that whether tardy or not, he should know that she had done her best.

Margie felt that the month of anxiety had been well spent if she had gained such a boon as that, but still she felt that she must make it thoroughly plain that she had had a great deal of help, "specially from Miss Gardner. You see," she ended, "Miss Gardner didn't want me mortified, so she never rang the bell if I wasn't there without coming to the door to see if I was coming, and once she waited until I ran into the yard, and then when I couldn't possibly be called late she rang it."

"H'm!" said papa. "I wonder if Miss Gardner knows the meaning of the word partiality?"

"I think so," said Margie. "Miss Gardner knows about everything."—Martha Durant, in Youth's Companion.

TO MAKE HEAD DRAWINGS.

Take as many sheets of paper of the same size as there are to be players, and lay them on the table, with all the edges evenly placed. Now take five pins or five grains of rice, and holding them between the thumb and forefinger a little distance above the table, drop them on the top sheet of paper. Put pencil dots where the pinheads or the grains of rice lie on the paper, and holding the sheets firmly so that they do not move, thrust a strong pin through them all. This will result in having each sheet of paper pierced in five different places, one paper being like another.

Now distribute these papers, one to each player, and give also to each a pencil, telling them to write their names in one corner of the paper, and then to draw the figure of a person, using one dot in the head, one in each hand and one in each foot.

No talent in drawing is required, as the more ludicrous the results are the more fun the drawings afford. A prize should be awarded to the player making the best drawing, and a consolation prize to the one making the poorest.

The picture shows the five dots

where the pinheads touched the paper, and three drawings made from and including them.

Instead of a human figure, you may have the players draw animals, if you wish, varying the number of dots. But in each case the dots must be in like position on the different sheets of paper, and the same animal or bird should be drawn by each player, as this shows the variety of imagination that can be used by different people in the same simple game.—Good Literature.

To Marshall Field's Credit.

One who was associated with him in his great dry goods house thus writes of the late Marshall Field: "Away back in the '70s a customer of the house from St. Joe, Mich., B. F. King, happening to learn that Marshall Field desired a good horse, brought one over and exhibited it to him. After looking the animal over carefully Mr. Field asked the price. Mr. King though he was worth $350. Mr. Field though $300 was about the right figure. That was finally agreed on and the bargain closed. Some years afterwards Mr. Field, happening to see Mr. King on the street, stopped him, and, taking $50 from his pocket, gave it to Mr. King, remarking as he did so: 'That horse I bought of you was a better horse than I thought,' and, without more words, walked away."

The Servants Help Her.

"Collecting china!" exclaimed the irreverent husband of a young West Philadelphia woman the other day, who has had many careless servants during her brief matrimonial career. "Few collectors are in it with my wife. When we started housekeeping two years ago we had not over two hundred pieces; now we have at least four hundred."

UP A TREE.

WHEN the little party of United States Fish Commission explorers, on their return from Karluk Lake, were resting their tired limbs in the genial company of Captain Larsen, in Uyak Bay, they found themselves temporarily storm-bound behind a little island which makes a good lee for the salmon fleet in westerly winds. The steamers Haytien Republic, Bertha and Aleut and the bark Coryphene were anchored in this snug harbor when Captain Larsen's Ella Rohlfss dropped anchor in their company. Our natives speedily paddled themselves away to the barabaras of their friends, and we joined a sociable gathering in the cabin of Captain Brown, of the Haytien Republic. Here Captain Anderson, commanding the Bertha, related one of his celebrated bear stories in language somewhat as follows:

An exceptionally brave man of Kadiak was noted for his intimate acquaintance with all the appliances for killing big game, and particularly bear. There was apparently nothing about the pattern and caliber of rifles, size, shape and proper combination of parts in shells that this man did not know to the tips of his fingers. The vulnerable points of a bear were open as day to this mighty man of the gun.

A short time ago this bear slayer went forth heavily armed to search for his favorite quarry. He stepped briskly and confidently into a densely wooded glen, through which a salmon stream tumbled and sparkled on its way to the sea. A sudden noise startled him, and, looking for the cause, he was astonished, grieved and finally terrified in beholding a bear which looked totally different from the one he was gunning for. The bear was not in the least disconcerted by the unexpected meeting; he welcomed the intruder and acted altogether unlike the conventional bear of our hunter's experience. What did the hero do then? I blush to say it, but he promptly and unmistakably ran toward a convenient tree, and the shameless brute came lumbering after. It was a tremendous dilemma, with a bare chance of escape from both horns, if the odds in climbing turned in favor of the man. The precious rifle fell from the nervous grasp of the climber, whose sole activity (both soles in fact), was concentrated in the effort to get up higher.

The bear had not seen a gun of that pattern before and he sat down to look it over, while the hero barked his shins in agony overhead. Bruin felt comfortable with his new toy and, not being in a hurry, lay down to wait for its agile owner. Time passed and it was growing late and the hunter was becoming cold, hungry and very red in the face. Presently a small boy appeared in the distance, and the prisoner was horrified to see him coming in the direction of the bear. He shouted at the top of his voice, "Boy, run for your life! Danger! Bear!" Apparently the boy did not realize the dreadful state of affairs, for he came straight on. "Boy! Danger! Go away! Run for your life!" again shrieked the frantic hunter. But the boy heeded him not. Right into the jaws of death he marched. He deliberately walked up to the bear, took him by the ear and said: "What are you doin' here, you young scamp. Come home and let the gent come down outen that tree."—T. H. B., in Forest and Stream.

BOY FIGHTS GULLS FOR LIFE.

Showing plainly the marks of his battle for life with thousands of storm-terrified sea fowl on Eagle Island Ledge, a Saco boy, Arthur Whalen, one of the crew of a small Down East coaster, went to Portland, Me., and had his wounds bandaged. His face was badly cut or pecked around the cheek bones, one eye was black and completely closed and he was stiff, sore and black and blue from head to foot. Whalen had ten or fifteen dead sea fowl, representing several different varieties, which he had killed with a club.

Whalen's story of his all-night conflict with the feathered hordes is almost weird. When his vessel came to Portland last week he was taken ill and left her. On Friday morning he took a motor boat and made a long sail to Eagle Island. The storm overtook him, his engine gave out and he was marooned for the night. After dark he lit a fire and this may be what first attracted the sea fowls.

"The first thing I knew," said Whalen, "there was a noise like a train and then a dozen big ducks and gulls went plunk up against the rocks behind me. Then the air was full of them. I picked up a club and a big gull, coming about a mile a minute, hit me in the chest and knocked me clean off my feet. I thought I was killed. I was so worked up I forgot to put out the fire and I suppose that kept the blamed things coming. The storm drove them like bullets, and when they got to the fire those that were not killed by the rocks back of the fire, hovered around and kept hitting me in the face and chest with their bills and wings. First I kept swinging the club round and round my head and I knocked a lot of them down, but I got so tired that I had to lie down flat on my face for a while till I got so cold I had to get up and build the fire, and than I had to fight them all over again.

"When morning came I was all done up. I killed about a hundred birds."—New York Press.

CROSSES RAPIDS ON GIRDER.

While a thousand of her fellow operatives watched her, scarcely daring to breathe, lest they should vibrate the narrow plank on which she was walking, Yvonne Marcelle, a pretty eighteen-year old French mill girl, walked 300 feet across a foot-wide girder, forty feet above the swirling rapids of the Saco River. A single misstep would have sent the girl headlong on the jagged black rocks that pierce the rapids every few yards in that part of the river. When the daring girl had safely crossed, the crowd on the opposite bank gave vent to one great shout of admiration and relief. Two women in the crowd fainted.

Yvonne seemed to think nothing of her really wonderfully feat, and did not attempt it either as a foolhardy "stunt" or to test her courage. Many of the operatives who work in the big Pepperell cotton mills in Biddleford, Me., live on the Saco side of the river above the mill, and they cross on the Samersville wooden bridge every night and morning.

During the day the underpinnings of the bridge were destroyed by an ice jam and the bridge came down. This necessitated a walk of two miles to the lower bridge. Miss Marcelle preferred the short cut over the narrow girder and didn't hesitate for an instant.

Once, in the centre of the girder, the wind caught her skirt and for a few seconds it looked to the breathless spectators as though she would lose her balance, but she only moved ahead all the faster and at the end she gave a little jump, landed safely on terra firma and, waving adieu to her friends on the opposite bank, walked leisurely home.

Old river drivers said: "It was a miracle."—New York Press.

COSSACK CAVALRY.

The horsemanship of the Cossacks has been famous for more than two centuries. The author of "A Journey through the Caucasus and Persia," published thirty years ago, writes of their feats of skill and daring as he witnessed them. Startling as they are, they can probably be matched by the feats of West Point cadets, and even by some troops of American cavalry.

After being paraded, the men, about sixty in number, mounted on strong, ugly little horses, were ordered to perform a sham skirmish. Forming themselves into two camps, each combatant attacked his opponent on his own hook and after his own fashion.

Here was a fellow standing bolt upright in his saddle and discharging his musket at another, who, hanging pendent by his legs, returned fire underneath his horse's belly; there were two Cossacks clinging like cats to the flanks and ribs of their chargers, and thus completely sheltering their own bodies, they watched a favorable moment for pinking each other, although to me they almost appeared like a couple of riderless horses. Others flattened themselves at full length on their beasts' backs and maneuvered for the chance of some unguarded movement on the part of their foes. All this at full gallop accompanied by a good deal of screaming and yelling.

Other feats were then performed. Galloping with the head downward in the saddle and the body and legs erect in the air seemed a favorite one; still more so, picking up a stone or even a coin at the same pace, the performer holding on the while to his saddle by his feet.

Two hours of this sort of work seemed to be enough for horse and man, so, closing up into a column four deep, the Cossacks marched home, singing in remarkably good time a native chorus with an accompaniment of two kettle-drums.

WINTER MOUNTAINEERING.

One of the arduous Alpine exploits of the winter is the climbing of the Shonhorn, which has just been successfully accomplished, with the aid of the well known guide, Anton Dorsag. The ascent was made from the side of the Simplon village. Fortunately, though the mountain side was covered with ice, the weather was bright and clear, and several fine photographic views were obtained of a landscape covered with snow and throwing off dazzling reflections in the sunshine, though at a temperature ten degrees below freezing point. The ascent of about 9800 feet took ten hours to complete.—London Globe.

FOUGHT EAGLE IN ENGINE.

A monster eagle flew into the cab of the Rock Island Railroad's Rocky Mountain limited, and while the train was going full speed attacked and knocked senseless the engine driver, and then made an attack on the fireman. The bird fastened its talons in the fireman's arms, but was beaten down with a shovel and captured. The bird overtook the train and evidently becoming bewildered by the smoke and noise, flew into the cab and attacked the engine driver and fireman. It measured seven feet eleven inches from tip to tip.—From a Limon (Col.) Dispatch.

WOLF CAUGHT BY CHILDREN.

Emmette Coylem, aged ten years, and his sister, aged eight years, a few days ago ran down and killed a large gray wolf without assistance. The youngsters had set traps for the pests. One animal was caught, but snapped the chain and started off with the trap on one foot. The children followed and killed the wolf with a .22 calibre rifle.—Newcastle correspondence Denver Republican.

Church With Curtailed Steeple.

The historic St. Bride's Church, the aged vicar of which recently died, has had the novel experience of having its steeple shortened on two occasions. The steeple which is considered to be one of Wren's masterpieces, was originally 234 feet high, and with the exception of St. Paul's Cathedral, was the highest spire in London. It was struck by lightning in 1754—not the first time in its history—and as a result of the damage was reduced to 226 feet. A few years ago it became expedient, owing to the action of the weather, to slice off several feet more. The steeple of the original church, destroyed by the great fire, had a novel claim to notoriety, for one of the vicars had a bed chamber fitted up in it, in order that he might expend on the poor the money it would cost to live in a rectory.—London Mail.

Doctors and Dietetics.

We must sadly confess that until a very recent period dietetics have suffered an undeserved neglect at the hands of science. This is a reproach, for the profession should lead in such things instead of being driven by lay competition.—The Hospital.

It's impossible to convince a girl that exercise at a washtub improves the complexion.