THE QUEENSTOWN NEWS.

VOL. XXIV. QUEENSTOWN, MARYLAND, SATURDAY, APRIL 28, 1906. NO. 19.

Open air treatment is the fad of the present, and physicians believe that light and sunshine are the best things for convalescent patients.

Remember that the proof reader is the only man living who makes money for himself by pointing out the mistakes of others, is the admonition of the Atlanta Journal.

Kansas may now learn to stop exploiting its prosperity. Dr. Pearson, the Chicago philanthropist, who gives only to colleges, says: "Kansas is too rich to seek help from me."

If, as alleged, the cost of building has been advanced thirty-five per cent. since 1904, the Brooklyn Eagle pessimistically declares that "at this rate we shall have to return to caves in about ten years."

In 1905 Italians to the number of 250,000 came to this country. Emigration from America in the same ratio to total population would remove more than 2,000,000 persons in a year—enough to make a city as big as the Chicago of the last Government census.

Says the Atlanta Constitution: "When a magazine editor states that he has poems and stories on hand, accepted, that have been waiting to see the light for fifteen years, it does look like there's mighty little hope for authors to gain a reputation in this day and time."

Among the many suggestions pouring in by mail upon Buffalo's reform Mayor is one that all city officials should be required to go to church in a body once a month to help their morals. The inference that once a month is all that is necessary is probably considered a compliment by the city's officials, suggests the New York Tribune.

William Waldorf Astor's Pall Mall Gazette refers to the Hon. Winston Churchill, Under Secretary for the Colonies, as a "Blenheim pup." It is touching to note the solicitous desire of the English Conservatives to preserve in the turmoil of modern commercialism the aristocratic calm and exquisite breeding of the good old English gentleman.

One of the strongest evidences in favor of dairying is the fact that few, if any, farmers abandon dairying in order to turn their attention to other pursuits on the farm, unless it be to raise stock. The value of a dairy is not alone from the receipts obtained for milk and butter, but also from the gradual increase of the fertility of the soil.

Abandoned farms are evidences of lack of skill and industry on the part of their former occupant, maintains the Agricultural Epitomist. The fact that some of these farms have been made profitable demonstrates that the others were abandoned because of the inducements in other directions to individuals who could not make the farms pay, more than for lack of capacity to the soil.

People don't die of hard work. In the case of Mr. A. K. Read, the American Rhodes scholar at Oxford, it has been found that his labor was complicated with an ordinary disease. It was worth while to get at the facts, because the English students had been complaining that the young man from the United States had been hitting up a pace that was contrary to the traditions of that ancient and leisurely university.

Germany, with its 58,000,000 inhabitants, is the most populous country in Europe, except Russia, and its people are far more intelligent and far more effective as producers than are those of Russia. It ranks next to England among the European powers in the extent of its industries, and in some lines of activity it surpasses England. It is one of the most progressive of the world's nations, and has sent to the United States as ambassadors some of its foremost statesmen.

Abram Cohen, Hebrew novelist, poet and editor, told a Socialist meeting the other night that the American working man is stultifying himself by his exaggerated interest in sport. "I have been watching them in the street cars," he said. "The foreigners are reading the news pages and the editorial pages of the newspapers; but whenever I see a really American face it is buried in the sporting page. With nine American workingmen out of ten baseball, pugilism or some of the lesser sports is the main interest."

The Emperor of Russia, long before the present crisis developed, laid up in store against the time to come. If he was driven from his dominions to-day he would not go unfledged into the world. What his gross income actually is no man dare say. The semi-official "Almanach Hachette," which credited him with over $42,500,000 a year, was confiscated. The figure is pretty near the mark, apparently, for the Russian Journal of Financial Statistics shows his revenue from his million square miles of properties to be many millions of roubles.

THE STREAM OF LIFE.

O stream descending to the sea,
Thy mossy banks between,
The flow'rets blow, the grasses grow,
The leafy trees are green.

In garden plots the children play,
The fields the laborers till,
And houses stand on either hand,
And thou descendest still.

O life descending into death,
Our waking eyes behold,
Parent and friend thy lapse attend,
Companions young and old.

Strong purposes our minds possess,
Our hearts affections fill;
We toil and earn, we seek and learn,
And thou descendest still.

O end to which our currents tend,
Inevitable sea
To which we flow, what do we know,
What shall we guess of thee?

A roar we hear upon thy shore,
As we our course fulfill;
Scarce we divine a sun will shine
And be above us still.

—Arthur Hugh Clough.

The First Wrinkle

CONCEALMENT was impossible. Subterfuge availed nothing. Besides I wanted neither. She had run straight into my arms, there in broad day-lit Regent street. And the place she had run from was "The Beauty Shop," as Daniel Woodroffe calls it. In other words, she emerged (I like "emerged;" properly read it spells mystery, dark alleys, secret doors in panels, furze-fringed commons, assignation's masks, highwaymen, romance)—she emerged from a narrow passage that led to an office where, with a childlike pretence of knowing nothing at all about each other, six or seven businesses got themselves conducted by one meagre staff. The businesses were:

1. The Artemis figure improver.
2. The Sells Tablet (for reducing embonpoint).
3. The Athenian System of Physical Culture.
4. The Turkish Bath Cupboard.
5. The —— I forget the others, but I know that one of them was the company for helping people not to get drunk.

In less intimate circumstances I should have looked the other way. But when a lady is in your arms it does not much matter to her which way you look. To pretend that I had not seen her would have been idle; to pretend that I did not recognize her impossible, as well as disingenious, for she had changed, in those six years, almost as little as my thoughts of her.

So I said, "You!"

And she said, "How you frightened me!" Then she began to walk along the pavement, and I walked beside her.

"I have just been to see my dressmaker"—she spoke very fast. "The number of times one has to be fitted—" She broke off because she saw that the lie was wasted. She was never one to be extravagant in her untruth.

"Our old friendship," I said.

She laughed then.

"Oh, well, our old love," said I.

"Your old love," she corrected. "Well, what about it?"

"Does it—I'm very stupid about these things, you know; I've no experience—does it give one the right to ask questions?"

"No," she said, decisively, "but you may if you want to, all the same."

"Then," said I, "let me ask whether you'll come and have tea with me? I've been away for nearly six years. I suppose one still has tea? One used to once upon a time. You remember; and——"

"Certainly," she said, sweetly. And we went. After the tea question I asked no more.

"But," she said over the teacups, when we had said all we wanted to say, and a good deal more, about Central Africa and my six years, and Gilbert Chesterton's poems, and Sutro's latest play, and the unemployed, and the Russian revolution—"but didn't you want to ask me something?"

"Yes," I assented; "but I won't if you'd rather not."

Of course she protested that she not mind in the least. I knew she would.

"Well," I began, "I should like to ask you whether you've taken to secret drinking?"

I wish I could paint her face for you. But that can't be done with just ink.

"But," I persisted, "it really must be that—because all the other trades that are plied in that first can't have anything to do with you. You don't want the Sells Thinning Tablets, or the Athenian Beauty Restorer, or the Artemis figure——"

"Don't," she interrupted; "if you'd be nice instead of being horrid I'd tell you. I'd dearly like to tell some one," she added, musing.

"You've long longed to betray the secret, but you couldn't find the right person to betray it to? Yes? Tell me!"

"I have"—she spoke very solemnly, and I don't know what I expected her to confess that she had—"I have * * * a wrinkle."

"It's invisible."

"That's because I've got a veil on. And the light in these tea shops was invented on purpose for wrinkled people and people with dyed hair and brand new fancy complexions. Besides, it doesn't show very much, really. Only * * * I know it's there."

"The case doesn't seem very desperate," I said, eating muffin discreetly.

"Ah! but it's only the beginning. Don't you see? It means that I'm growing old."

"'You've got a long way to go,'" I quoted.

"Don't be vulgar. I know I'm not old yet, but I'm getting old. And I'm afraid, afraid."

"You've nothing to be afraid of. Old age is dignified, beautiful."

"I know all that! Do you think women want to be dignified and beautiful—just dignified and beautiful—with nothing else?"

"I should have thought so," I said. "I confess I looked forward to seeing my wife old, and dignified, and beautiful, and beloved——"

"Oh, you're married?" she cried, and paused on a falling inflection. She spoke again, though, almost at once. "Oh," she repeated, in quite another key. "I'm so glad. Now I can talk to you. And you won't think * * * And you won't tell your wife. Beloved! That's just it—that's what women want—not any of the other things."

"Well, and aren't you?"

"I don't mean that I want it now. At least * * * No—but really, I'm a little sick of it, too. One's always being beloved by the wrong people. But I don't want to get into the cold old world—the world where nobody loves anybody."

"But even if you have 500 wrinkles," I answered, "you'll still have the fine brain, the tender heart that people love other people for, that I loved you for once."

"And much good they'll do me! Don't I know? So long as you're young and good to look at your brain and your heart are able to se faire valoir. And when you're old—you may be St. Teresa and Plato rolled into one, and who cares?"

"I care," said I.

"Oh! you," she said. "What is your wife like? Is she fair?"

"She's dark," said I; "as dark as you are. But we weren't talking about wives. We were talking about love."

"No—about youth and beauty," she contradicted. "Don't you see that youth and beauty are like the magic-lantern screen? Without them you can't show the world any little bits of cleverness or niceness you may happen to have."

"And you want to show the little bits of niceness and cleverness?"

"Well—one wants to be liked, you know."

"You mean," said I, "that unless a man is a little bit in love with you he can't see your good points?"

"No, I don't," she said crossly; "but if you're nice to look at people trouble to find out whether your're nice in other ways. And then you get friends. But when you're old—Look at Mrs. Basingstoke. She's cleverer than I am—cleverer than you are—and as good as gold, and people turn from her to——"

"To yonder girl that fords the burn. Yes. By people you mean men, I suppose."

She hesitated a moment—her elbows on the table, and her eyes through her veil shining. Then a little defiantly:

"Yes," she said. "I do. You know quite well that men are better friends than women. They understand things better, and they chatter less."

"Yet," said I, "some of my dearest friends have been women."

"Isn't that exactly what I am saying? There's something about the friendship between men and women that makes it quite different from other friendships—makes it more alive, more real."

"Of course there is," I acquiesced; "and that something is—Danger."

"Danger?" she scoffed; "oh, well, of course, people do fall in love with you sometimes, even if they're your friends. But that's not what I mean. I've been friends with people that I couldn't think of as lovers without a shudder—people I wouldn't touch with a pair of tongs."

"I don't believe you," I said; "you shake hands with your friends, don't you?"

"You know what I mean—I mean people one couldn't marry if one were the last woman in the world, and they were the last man. Danger, indeed. No, it's not that——"

"But," I persisted, "if you have—and you know you have—such heaps of friends, and many of them people you wouldn't touch with a pair of tongs—because its pleasanter and simpler to touch their hands with yours—why worry? You've won your friends by your beauty. You'll keep them by—all your other gifts."

"Oh, no I shan't," she said; "don't you believe it! Some girl will come along, and then all my other gifts won't be worth one of her silly smiles. Don't I know? Look at Mrs. Simmonr."

"I don't want to look at any one but you," I said, and I leaned my arms on the table. "Mrs. Basingstoke ought to be contented with the love of her husband and her children."

"She hasn't any," she said triumphantly; "she's no more married than I am—not so much really."

"My dear Lady——"

"Well, her husband's dead, and when he was alive she never looked at anyone else; and she hasn't any children. And she never was fond of him."

"And you have been fond of some one? Yes. That gives you the advantage. And so you went to the beauty shop to get the wrinkle taken out, so that for a few more years you might show your wit, and your goodness on the magic-lantern screen of your beauty."

"I do want people to go on liking me," she admitted plaintively.

"Wouldn't one person do?"

"If he were the right one, of course he would. But when he wants to be he never is. I'm talking nonsense," she said, and rose. "Let's go."

"Don't you want a hansom?" I said, on the pavement outside.

"I don't want anything," she said. "Goodby."

But we took the hansom. One cannot talk well in hansoms. We did not speak another twenty words till we were in her drawing room and she had taken off her hat and fluffed up her hair before the mirror. Then I said, "It's six years since——"

"I know," she said. "I'm nearly thirty. Go home to your wife and bairns, laddie."

"I am more than forty," I said; "it's a chill age. And I haven't any bairns."

"Then I pity you," said she.

"I've been out of England a long time. You haven't changed half as much as you ought to have changed."

"That's because I've always had some one to like me."

"Show me the wrinkle," I said.

She pushed her hair back from her white forehead.

"There!" she said; "now go. I wish I hadn't said all the things I have said. Go home to your wife and forget them."

"I haven't any wife," I said.

"But you told me——"

"I only told you that when my wife was old I expected her to be dignified and beautiful and beloved. Do you think she will?"

"Oh——" The pause was long. I said something.

"Yes, I believe I do," she said, "and you have, all the time—really?"

"With interludes," I owned, "but—well—yes, all the time."

"But it's impossible," she urged, and it was the last defense. "You know so much about me—now."

"Don't you think," I said, "that that's rather an advantage?"

"And the interludes?" she began.

"Are mine the only ones?" I asked, coming nearer.

"Ah, don't!" she said; "all that doesn't count."

"Exactly," said I.—Westminster Gazette.

SCIENTIFIC & INDUSTRIAL

According to La Nature, American museums of natural history are remarkable for their restorations of vanished types. European museums lacking such interesting exhibits.

Residents in Edinburgh are much perturbed by the discovery that their water supply is polluted by the presence of a living organism, white in color, but described from its shape and general appearance as "a water flea."

Many of the Belgian papers dwell upon the necessity for good milk as a preventive against sickness, reports Consul McNally, of Liege. He states that many experiments have been made there on the absorbing qualities of milk, and that the Belgian department of agriculture is urging greater care in handling cows, and for sanitary stables, etc.

Hydrophobia, which has practically been stamped out in England, still flourishes in most Continental countries. Germany tops the list with an annual average of 2682 dogs and cats destroyed for this reason, while the figures of France are 2263. In Belgium, Switzerland and Holland cases of hydrophobia are rare, the total for all three countries combined being under fifty.

Another has just been added to the list of the world's recovered mammoths. It has been found at Terdonck, in Belgium, during the cutting for the Terneuzen Canal, and was met with at thirty-three feet below the surface. The skeleton was entirely complete. The pieces first struck by the drag included the sacrum, a piece of the mascillary, a femur and a tusk thirty-nine inches in length.

In riveting with pneumatic hammers, two men and one heater average 500 rivets in ten hours, whereas by hand 250 rivets is a good day's work for three men and one heater. The cost per rivet, according to the Engineering and Mining Journal, was 1.62 cents by pneumatic hammer, and 3.68 cents by hand. On 93,480 rivets in a shipyard at Chicago the machine cost was 1 cent to 3.5 cents, the hand cost 2.5 cents to 4.5 cents.—Scientific American.

Germany claims to be making wonderful progress in the adoption of wireless methods of communications for inland purposes. Several stations exist already, and another has quite recently been established at Oberschonewelde, which is to place Berlin and Dresden in communication over a distance of 111 miles. There are also reports that Germany is about to make a most remarkable step in advance of all the rest of the world in the installation at Nordeich, in Frisia, of long-distance telephoning by a wireless system.

The radium treatment of rabies is discussed in the Centralblatt fur Bakteriologie of Jena, Germany. A number of laboratory animals were inoculated with the rabies virus and subsequently treated with radium rays. At the time of the report, which was two months subsequent to the inoculation, the animals were considered cured. It was found that 10,000 radio-active units applied directly upon the eye of inoculated rabbits had the same effect whether the applications were continued for eight hours, or whether eight applications were made of one hour each. It is claimed that these studies show that the rabies virus is rapidly decomposed by radium rays and modified into very effective vaccine toward rabies.

Caught Napping.

"It pays sometimes to have the right kind of lawyer," remarked W. T. Purdy, a well-known mining man of the Northwest, at the Palace Hotel. "I was a witness in a case a few weeks ago in Seattle in which a colored man was seeking damages for permanent injuries sustained in an accident to an elevator which he was running. The plaintiff claimed that he had been maimed for life by being permanently deprived of the free use of his right arm. Although the accident had happened months before, his arm was still crippled, and he was unable to raise it above his waist. He explained all this with much feeling and earnestness during his direct examination. Then the attorney for the owner of the building took him in hand.

"'Show us how high you can raise your arm,' said the attorney.

"And the defendant feebly raised his arm a few inches.

"'Now show us how high you could raise your arm before you were injured,' pursued the attorney.

"And the defendant unhesitatingly and unthinkingly raised the crippled arm high above his head, thus knocking his damage claim skyward with one eloquent gesture."—San Francisco Chronicle.

A Thought For the Week.

I always believed in life rather than in books. I suppose every day of earth, with its hundred thousand deaths and something more of births—with its loves and hates, it triumphs and defeats, its pangs and blisses, has more of humanity in it than all the books that were ever written put together. I believe the flowers growing at this moment send up more fragrance to heaven than was ever exhaled from all the essences ever distilled.—From "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," by Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Half-Hour with the Children

A WISH FOR EVERY DAY.

Monday, I wish for eager feet,
On errands of love to go;
Tuesday, I wish for a gentle voice,
With a tone both soft and low;
Wednesday, I wish for willing hands,
Love's duties all to do;
Thursday, I wish for open ears,
Wise words to listen to;
Friday, I wish for a smiling face,
A brightener of home to be;
Saturday, I look for quickened eyes
God's beauty all to see;
Sunday, I wish for a tranquil heart,
That may to others joy impart.

YOU WILL NEVER BE SORRY

For doing your level best.
For being kind to the poor.
For hearing before judging.
For thinking before speaking.
For standing by your principles.
For being generous to an enemy.
For being courteous to all.
For asking pardon when in error.
For stopping your ears to gossip.
For being honest in business dealings.
For giving an unfortunate person a lift.
For promptness in keeping your promises.
For putting the best meaning on the acts of others.—Sunday-School Advocate.

WHAT ARE YOU DIGGING FOR?

This is a noisy game, much liked by children, but frequently disastrous to the girls' frocks and the boys' trousers, says the Mother's Magazine.

One child is seated on the floor, looking down and digging, while the others circle around and ask:

"What are you digging for?"

Answer—"A darning needle."

"What are you going to do with a darning needle?"

Answer—"Mend a bag."

"What are you going to do with a bag?"

Answer—"Carry sand."

"What are you going to do with sand?"

Answer—"Scour a pot."

"What are you going to do with a pot?"

Answer—"Cook a chicken."

"Where are you going to get it?"

Answer—"Out of this flock."

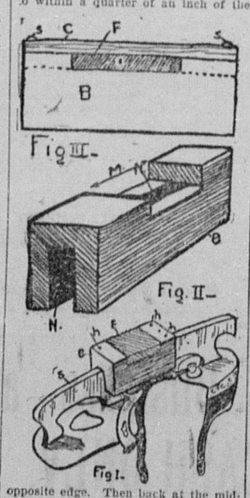
Without rising, the child on the floor tries to catch one of the circle who run about within arm's reach. When one is caught, the digger becomes a chicken, the captured chicken is digger, and the game begins as before.

SKATE SHARPENER.

A writer in The Household says that a skate sharpener is easily made.

Figure I is the sharpener in use; Figure II is the block part that holds the piece of file, F, shown in the first figure; and Figure III is a side view of the block with the top, C, that holds the piece of file in.

First, you see, the person who made this interesting sharpener took a piece of two-by-two and cut a groove, N, in it as wide as a skate blade and down to within a quarter of an inch of the



opposite edge. Then back at the middle part on top he cut a long notch, M (Figure II). This was for the piece of a file to fit into it, and this notch was cut down until it came into the first notch, N. You can see this best in Figure II.

For the cutting part of the sharpener, as I said before, he used a piece of a file that he broke off to fit into the groove, M.

Then he fitted this in and screwed a thin piece, C (Figure III) on top, putting the screws in at (b), Figure I, to hold the file in, and his sharpener was done.

Now he fitted it over the skate as in Figure I, and rubbed it back and forth and the file took the iron off perfectly level. One could do it, of course, with a file alone, if they were good machinists and could always hold the file perfectly level, but few boys can do that, so this is just the thing for them. Pretty fine for a boy, wasn't it?

DICK'S WASHDAY.

Dick's father had a lot of chickens of which he was very proud. He and the other suburbanites used to compare each other's fowls and hold long arguments as to their respective merits. Little Dick toddled around behind his father every morning and watched him feed and attend to the birds and one day he said: "I'm going to look out for these chickens for you, and do good things for them," and father said: "That's splendid. You're a great little man."

The next afternoon mother and nurse heard a great squawking and screeching in the poultry run and when they hurried out, what should they see but Dickie with a big bucket full of water and soap trying to wash the fowl.

"Dear me!" exclaimed mother, and snatched Dick before he could say a word. "Don't you know you are wicked? You will kill the chickens."

The next morning as father and mother were going downstairs to breakfast, they heard a commotion in the bathroom, where nurse was trying to give Dickie his bath.

"No! No! No! You mustn't never wash me no more," Dickie was saying. "I always told you that it near killed me every time when the water wetted me, and now I know. Didn't mamma say so yesterday? And I guess if she don't want the chickens to get washed, she don't want her own little boy washed what she loves more than chickens."

And it took a great deal of explanation to convince Dickie that washing boys and chickens were two entirely different matters.—New York News.

A WATCH COMPASS.

Many a boy who owns a watch thinks he knows all about it. He has the number fixed in his memory in case it is stolen, and could probably pick it out from among fifty other watches with his eyes shut. But how many boys know that each watch is a compass, and will tell north from south as accurately as it will tell the time of a day? Stanley, the explorer, did not know it until he had groped his way through the dark continent and met a Belgian sailor on the coast. If you point the hour hand to the sun, the south is exactly half way between the hour and the numeral XII on the dial. Suppose, for instance, it is 4 o'clock. Point the indicating IV to the sun, and II on the watch is exactly south. If it is 8 o'clock, point the hand indicating VIII to the sun, and the numeral X on the dial is due south. No boy need get lost if he carries a watch.—Ram's Horn.

STORY OF THE MAIDENHAIR.

Of all our native ferns none is more popular than the maidenhair, the crowning glory of every bunch of woodland spoil which picknickers and country ramblers delight to bring home. The species that grows wild in Pennsylvania and neighboring States loves the leaf mould of rich, damp woods, and as this condition is hard to duplicate in the home garden it is as a rule an unsatisfactory fern to transplant, and it is therefore best left in its native nooks, where we shall then be sure of it when we go on woodland pilgrimages.

When the baby fronds first push up to the light in the spring they are livid pink in color, reminding one unpleasantly of young mice, but as the little crosiers uncoil further the leaflets soon acquire the conventional green. The fern is at its best development in midsummer, and few sights are more entrancing than a bed of this beautiful plant at that time, seen in the twilight of some secluded glen of our Allegheny region, making an undulating canopy of velvety green, raised a foot or more above the earth by a miniature forest of polished chestnut-brown stalks—an ideal place for fairy revels.

Though but one sort of maidenhair is indigenous to our Middle States, there are in the world somewhat more than eighty known species, most of which are natives of tropical America, several of them being familiar as hothouse favorites. In the United States there are five species, including the Venus' hair of the Old World, which is found with us in moist, rocky woods from Virginia to Florida and westward.

One of the most charming of our native varieties is the maidenhair of the Pacific Coast. It is to be found abundantly in California and northward, loving the cool, moist sides of canyons, where the direct sunshine never falls. The fronds are simpler in outline than those of the Eastern maidenhair, but are marked by the same delicacy of texture in the rounded leaflets and by similar dark, polished stocks, which the Indian basket weavers weave with striking effect into their designs.

All maidenhairs the world over are characterized by a peculiar method of bearing those seed-like bodies called spores, which all ferns bear and which are seen as round, brown spots on the backs of some common varieties of ferns. In the maidenhairs these spores are borne under tiny flaps made by the turning back of sections of the edge of the leaflets—an interesting feature to look for when next you see a patch of maidenhair in your rambles.—Philadelphia Record.

The Britisher Who Thinks.

D'y'know I'm beginning to find that thinking is quite a pastime. I've studiously avoided playing the game hitherto. I was brought up in the belief that it was bad form to think unless necessity or temperament drove one into taking up a useful career. I still think it's bad form, and I only think when I'm utterly alone. Like a secret sin, it's growing into a habit. A man of my age, who has never thought about a single hanged thing, fish, flesh, or good red herring, has got quite a lot to do. I feel just like a man who has looked at French comic papers for years without any knowledge of the language, and who suddenly finds that he can read it. Do you follow me?

One of the first things I've found out is that I've never really known anything about the men I know. I've always known that they do their hair properly, put their clothes on well, and talk the correct incorrect English. But as to whether they were sound or rotten, nervous or blatant, melancholy or merely humorous, why, these are questions I've never stopped to ask myself. But now that I've taken to thinking it seems to me that it would be a very sound thing to drop nearly all the men I know.—London World.

Chilly Meeting.

The late Sir Richard Jebb, professor of Greek at Cambridge for many years, had the saving grace of humor.

Two men of his acquaintance had quarrelled, then met while skating.

"They could hardly have met on a colder footing," said Jebb, when the incident was related to him.—St. James' Budget.

Smokers' Contest.

The Concordia Club in Berlin carried out a novel smoking contest a short time ago. Fifteen competitors took part, a prize being offered to the one who smoked half an ounce of tobacco in a large German pipe in the shortest time. The prize-winner completed the task in eighteen minutes.

TALES OF ADVENTURE

THROUGH THE RAPIDS.

Two young women, canoeing in the upper Gatineau, Canada, encountered a situation of extreme danger for which they were entirely unprepared. In the Cosmopolitan one of them tells the story:

We were two in the canoe, and we had passed the rapids on our way up the week before, but did not recognize them now that we approached them from the opposite direction. Then we had "portaged" round them, carrying the canoe on our shoulders, over trunks of fallen trees and through the matted branches of the brushwood.

We were going at a ten-mile-an-hour gait before I realized our position and that the time to land had passed. There was no turning back against a ten-mile current, no making for either side, where the broken ripples on the surface showed jagged rocks only a few inches below. Down the middle of the channel lay our only course.

Quickly I changed places with my companion, crawling cautiously over the camping outfit stowed in the bottom, while she crept as carefully backward. In rapids the bowsman guides the canoe, and I was the more experienced.

With all our strength in our paddles, we lifted the light bark canoe over the water, and just as the farthest rock grated our side we swung into the channel and boiled down between the boulders, the current sweeping us on at a rate of fully fifteen miles an hour.

But as we swung, my maple paddle snapped. It had caught in a fissure of the rock where I had jabbed it to keep from striking.

In impotent despair I looked round at my companion. Until the present trip she had never been in a canoe, and her only knowledge in the management of one had been gained by my coaching and by less than two weeks of practice. But plainly the river and the forest were now in her veins, and the craft of the paddle had come by inspiration. The hesitation of the city-born was dispelled, and with skilful stroke, scarce noting my discomfiture, with eyes fixed on the winding channel ahead of us, she steered safe through the boiling waters of the second pitch. With a whirl of spray at the finish, we brought up in the eddy below, gasping from our effort, yet thrilling with the joy of it.

There were three inches of water in the canoe when we reached the foot of the rapids, which had come in over the sides as we bowled through the last big pitch.

FACE TO FACE WITH A PANTHER

A sportsman out after partridges stopped for a drink from a woodland spring, and then decided to have a rest. In "Hunting Without a Gun" the author gives the story:

The soothing sound of the trickling water was lulling me to drowsiness, when suddenly I heard the sharp clatter of a pebble and the sound of quick lapping of water.

Springing to a sitting posture, I saw an enormous panther not more than fifty feet from me. My movement had evidently first disclosed me to him, and for a moment he regarded me with a surprise as great as my own. Then his mouth opened and closed as if shaping an unvoiced cry, and he crouched down, still regarding me intently.

I caught up my gun without taking my eyes from him, and cocked both barrels. They were loaded with No. 6 shot—insignificant missiles against so formidable a beast—but they might blind him, I thought, if I could shoot straight and quick enough when he sprang.

So we remained for what seemed an interminable time. I was terribly afraid, and wondered if the panther would hold me at bay until nightfall put me at his mercy.

A partridge came hurlting by me from beyond the position of my unpleasant vis-a-vis. Then another and another in startled flight. A hare scurried by, and a panting woodchuck shuffled past me. I was wondering the cause of this alarm of woodfolk when the riddle was solved by a strong smell of smoke drifting into my face with the freshening breeze. The woods were on fire.

Almost at the same moment the panther realized the common danger. He rose to his feet, looked behind him, then, with a sidelong look at me, began to move slowly away, but had hardly disappeared from sight when I heard him retreating with rapid leaps.

I lost no time in following his example, and made the best speed I could make, and in half an hour was safe in the midst of cleared fields.

DEATH OF A MAN EATER.

On the morning of Thursday three Chinese woodcutters left their kongsi home, situated at the ninth mile, Ayer Hitam road, thirteen and a half miles from Kajang, and went into the jungle to work.

At 8 a. m., at a point about one and a half miles from the road, a tiger sprang out behind them, and one of them hit him on the head with a backward stroke of a parang, laying bare the bone of the skull, as afterward appeared. The tiger did not at that time seize any of the men, who went on their usual working places. About 11.30 a. m. one of them who was sawing alone in a small clearing, a mile further in, was killed by the tiger and his body carried away. The tracks showed that the tiger had systematically hunted up his man along the jungle path.

The next day a search party from Kajang went out, the body was found and Mr. Hay set a spring gun, the report of which was heard at the kongsi house soon after midnight. In the morning the spot was visited again, blood was seen and the signs of a tremendous leap made by the tiger. A few yards away he was found dead with a wound in his flank. He was brought to Kajang the same night, and on being measured was found to be 8 feet 8 inches in length. In the process of skinning two cuts were found on one of the hind legs, and it seems possible that they were the cuts which a woodcutter stated he had inflicted on a tiger with an axe a month or two ago.—Malay Mail.

PLUCKY OFFICER.

Charles Gibson, a Creek Indian, writing for the Eufaula Journal, gives this account of how Grant Johnson, the well-known deputy marshal, just resigned, captured the notorious desperado, John Tiger:

"Johnson has arrested some of the most desperate men of the Territory; for instance, John Tigar who had just left three dead men and a wounded boy on the streets of Eufaula. Johnson rode into Eufaula as Tiger went out of town whirling his Colt's .45 revolver over his head, defying any man to stand before him. As soon as Johnson knew what had happened he started in pursuit under the protest of bystanders, who told him that he should have a large posse, as he had to deal with one of the worst men in the Territory. Johnson said he did not have time to gather up any help, but dashed out on the trail of Tiger, who was then in hiding behind a tree. Tiger took two fair shots at Johnson, Tiger's body being protected by the tree. As Tiger reached around the tree for the third shot, Johnson shot him through the arm and shocked him. Johnson alighted and had the handcuffs on Tiger before he got over the shock."

6000 MILES IN A TRANCE.

A curious case of lapse of memory has just been revealed here on the arrival from the northern district of New South Wales of an American, whose last remembrance was of Los Angeles, Cal. The American's story is vouched for by two Sydney doctors, who have investigated the circumstances. The mysterious traveler, whose name I am requested to withhold, left Parahoe, in California, a few days before last Easter, intending to join his wife and family at Los Angeles. He remembers arriving there, but has no recollection of what happened afterward.

He awoke to find himself under a tree in the Australian bush, and was immensely astonished at seeing around him many unknown forms of vegetation. He noticed that his hands were hard and rough, though he had never consciously done a day's hard work. A bullock-driver passed him shortly after his awakening, and he at once inquired the way to Los Angeles. The man stared in astonishment, and answered that Hill End was the nearest township.

The man without a memory thereupon asked the date, and was told it was late in October, and that he was in New South Wales. He worked his way to Sydney, a distance of some hundreds of miles, and is now trying to obtain employment here to get the money to return to his family. He is in total ignorance as to their whereabouts and as to his own doings during the six months between April and October.—Sydney Correspondence of London Mail.

BY BALLOON OVER PYRENEES.

Details reaching France last night concerning Senor Duro's magnificent aerial voyage over the Pyrenees are of great interest for those associated with aeronautics. It appears that the trip was in the nature of a tour de force of seizing occasion by the forelock. It had not been proposed to do anything for a day or two, but a steady wind from the north setting in over Pau during Monday afternoon, Senor Duro had his airship rapidly inflated, and as dusk was setting in committed himself alone to the winds of the night. He cleared the Pyrenees over the Pic du Midi d'Ossau at a height of 9000 feet, traversing a furious hurricane of wind and snow that for a time placed him in some peril. He had to keep himself at this height most of the night, by reason of the Spanish mountain chains. He obtained elfin glimpses of cities so widely separated as Saragossa, Madrid and Toledo as he sped along through the dark midair, and about 4 a. m. on Tuesday the aeronaut found that he had traversed Spain in the night from north to south. He was then over Linares, in Granada, confronted by the great peak of the Sierra Nevada, nearly 11,000 feet high, with the Mediterranean behind it and Morocco. Rather than face this prospect the Senor came down at Gaudix, after traversing 452 miles in ten and a half hours—a fine express speed.—London Globe.

When Buying a Horse Specify His Work

When you start out to buy a horse, make up your mind as to what you want and are willing to pay for him. Decide in advance whether you want a horse to drive, to ride or for work on a farm or in a wagon. Make up your mind definitely as to type and do not be taked into any other.

If you want a good work horse, and come home with a child's pony, you will be sorry afterward that you allowed yourself to be talked into such a purchase by a horse dealer; yet he is capable of bringing about such a result, and you will wonder how he did it.

If you are going to buy a horse which you can drive day in and day out in all kinds of weather, do not allow yourself to be argued into taking a flashy, high-strung animal, which would be a good thing for park roads in the city for an hour or two, but would be laid up a week for every one if you attempted to send him a distance.

Do not get a big cart horse and hitch him to a light wagon and expect him to look well. In other words, consider the eternal fitness of things and buy a horse as you would a suit of clothes for the occasion.—Country Life in America.

Modern London.

There is nothing specially wicked about modern London. The fashion of vice has passed away, and monogamy is almost smart. What is so tiresome is the vapidness of the talk, first one transitory fad, and next season another. The upper class are [illegible] their hold on the mind of the [illegible] through sheer frivolity and [illegible] pose.—Saturday Review.