THE QUEENSTOWN NEWS.

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Bangor statisticians are also complaining that the people who ought to be buying baby carriages are putting their money into automobiles.

Little Delaware wants the coming biggest battleship named for her. That would be a queer chicken for "The Blue Hen" to gather under her wings, observes the New York Tribune.

One reason why the average father sends his boy to college is to get him away from home after he gets old enough to be wise to some things that the old man is doing, avers the Atlanta Journal.

Since a wounded bird fluttered into Queen Alexandra's lap a dozen years ago, at a gun club match, she has been steadily hostile to that form of sport as well as to bird millinery. Even queens may have their missions.

War on newspapers which make it their chief business to print news of crimes, scandals, etc., has been declared by the Arche Club of Chicago. The club declares that newspapers should dwell rather on the useful and healthy news than on the filth and rottenness.

In 1905 our tropical and subtropical imports reached the enormous total of $508,000,000 of our $580,000,000 total imports. In 1895 the total was $303,000,000, but in 1885 it was only $218,000,000. This is a gain of $290,000,000 in twenty years, or $14,50,000 for each of the twenty years.

In Great Britain we have left off eating many wild creatures that formerly were accounted delicacies. For example, the young gulls—we mean the black-headed inland nesting variety—used to be collected and sold for pies and puddings, remarks Country Life. There is still a tradition in favor of rook pie, but the number of rooks that come on the market is a decreasing quantity ever years. Squirrels used to be eaten quite commonly, too.

To keep our wild fowl from further decrease; and, better, to increase their abundance, it is vitally necessary so to regulate shooting that there shall always remain each spring a sufficient breeding stock to return to these wilderness "nurseries," certainly in no less numbers than the year before, declares Country Life in America. Various restrictive measures which are now in force are none too many and are eminently wise and necessary. But there are the best of reasons for believing that the thing most emphatically needed at the present time is the absolute stopping of spring shooting in all parts of the country.

It is said that Florida has some 7,000,000 acres of swamp that can be reclaimed; Illinois, 4,000,000; Michigan, 6,000,000; Iowa, 2,000,000; and Minnesota, 5,000,000. Virginia has her Great Dismal Swamp, Arkansas has a huge swamp area, and even New Jersey has many square miles now useless and practically worthless. Reclamation as it is now going on in the desert regions and as it is proposed to carry it on in the swamps does not call for appropriations and is not an expense. The money comes back from the sale of the reclaimed land, and it could and perhaps should be made to yield a margin of profit.

Not paper pledges or sermons on teetotalism or licenses legislation, Dr. Emil Reich, the Hungarian writer, tells the British public, will cure the passion for drink. "Between the amount of amusement given to a nation," he says, "and the amount of drink consumed by that nation there is a clear and almost fixed relation." His argument merits serious consideration. Sport, outdoor exercise, the theatre, cheap recreation, all kinds of easy amusement give the idle and holiday-seeker distraction and rest and draw him away from the saloon. There is an immense host of men who drink too much for want of something else to do. A London reformer has found that by merely marching a brass band through the streets of a low quarter he drew numbers of half-drunken people away from the public-houses to an impromptu "singsory," where they sang what they liked, and they seemed to enjoy it.

Says the Springfield Republican: "It seems to be agreed on all sides that the comparatively new game of bridge has already achieved a supremacy and a vogue far beyond that of any other game of cards, and though the mania has not yet reached in this country—save in certain fashionable circles—such a pitch as in England, whence distressing reports have been emanating for some years past, it would be most rash to set any limits to the possible intensity and range of the contagion. If the American reputation for carrying good amusements to a baneful extreme is carried out in this case, the country will in a few more seasons be turned into one great Monte Carlo. For it is to be noted that the gambling habit which has, as a rule, been discountenanced in American society, and was not a characteristic feature of the whist epidemic, is so strongly associated with bridge that it seems to be forcing its way into circles where playing cards for money has always hitherto been frowned upon."

THE SINGER.

He came to us with dreams to sell—
Ah, long ago it seems!
From regions where enchantments dwell,
He came to us with dreams to sell—
And we had need of dreams.

Our thought had planned with artful care,
Our patient toil had wrought,
The roomy treasure-houses where
Were heaped the costly and the rare—
But dreams we had not bought:

Nay; we felt we had no need of these,
Until with dulcet strain,
Alluring as the melodies
That mock the lonely on the seas,
He made all else seem vain;

Bringing an aching sense of dearth,
A troubled, vague unrest,
A fear that we, whose care on earth
Had been to garner things of worth,
Had somehow missed the best.

Then, as had been our wont before
Unused in vain to sigh—
We turned our treasure o'er and o'er,
But found in all our vaunted store
No coin that dreams would buy.

We stood with empty hands: but gay
As though upborne on wings,
He left us; and at set of day
We heard him singing, far away,
The joy of simple things!

He left us, and with apathy,
We gazed upon our gold;
But to the world's ascendancy
Submissive, soon we came to be
Much as we were of old.

Yet sometimes when the fragrant dawn
In early splendor beams,
And sometimes when, the twilight gone,
The moon o'er-silvers wood and lawn,
An echo of his dreams

Brings to the heart a swift regret
Which is not wholly pain,
And, grieving we would not forget
The vision hallowed to us yet—
The hope that seemed so vain.

And then we envy not the throng
That careless passes by,
With no remembrance of the song;
Though we must listen still, and long
To hear it till we die!

—Florence Earle Coates, in The Century.

THE INTERVENTION OF THE COLONEL

THE flame in the grate rose and fell fitfully. The man leaned forward and spread his palms to catch the heat.

"Are you cold?" the girl asked.

"No," he answered, "not exactly cold." He looked around at her. "My blood is a bit sluggish, you know. It needs a little heat to start it running. That's what I owe to my phlegmatic Dutch ancestry."

"Are you going away?"

"Yes. Not willingly, you understand. This is a poor climate for weaklings. Southern California is the place for me."

"When do you go?"

"I promised my doctor to get away before snow flies. That means right away."

There was a brief silence. He rubbed his hands slowly together.

"I am sorry you have to go, Graham."

"That's good of you, Julia. But don't be too sorry—I might change my mind and defy my medical man."

"But of course you will come back?"

"I doubt it. I'm ashamed to quote my learned healer so often, but he says when I become acclimated to the climate there I mustn't take such serious chances as visiting cooler or moister climes would invite."

He sighed softly.

"We will miss you, Graham."

"Thank you, Julia." He looked around at her again. "How long have we known each other?"

She considered for a moment.

"We were toddlers of something like six and three, I think. We almost grew up together."

"You grew up, Julia. I merely vegetated. At ten you were as tall as I was at thirteen. At sixteen you outweighed me by twenty pounds."

"I couldn't help it, Graham."

"Nor could I. Or rather, I couldn't prove myself your equal—and then I quit trying."

"Don't talk like that, Graham."

"It's the truth." He laughed a little hoarsely. "You will find our respective heights scratched on the pagoda down in the lower garden—'Julia, aged ten,' and 'Graham, aged thirteen.' And you beat me by fully an inch. I fancy we are pretty nearly of a height now."

"You are taller, I think," said the girl.

"Kind Hearted Julia. There may be an inch or so in my favor. But just contrast your superabundance of vitality with my sleepy sluggishness."

She frowned down at him as he bent toward the fire.

"You are not nice to-night," she said. "You certainly cannot think that I am interested in hearing you depreciate yourself."

"I'm a little blue," he said, "and perhaps I shouldn't have come here. But then it's quite likely to be the last time."

"The last time, Graham?"

"Yes, I'll be busy getting ready to go. And I've half promised to visit George Selwyn for a day or two. But I wanted to see you to-night."

"And I'm very glad you came."

He turned half away from the flaring grate.

"It isn't really good for me to be here," he slowly said. "I've been told to avoid everything depressing."

"And why depressing, Graham?"

"Perhaps because it is to be for the last time. You and I have been good friends, Julia."

"Yes, Graham, very good friends for a long, long time."

He laughed suddenly.

"Do you know I used to hope that we would be something better than friends, Julia. But of course you never noticed it?"

"No, Graham."

"That's queer. It was very apparent to me."

"You mean when we were very young?"

"Then and afterwards. But every year you grew away from me. I seemed to stand still and you raced by. I clung to the idea until I saw it was quite impossible." He laughed again. "I think I gave it up three years ago."

He rubbed his hands before the flame and hummed a plaintive little air.

"You are not like yourself, Graham. You are growing morbid."

"No, Julia. Not morbid. I'm growing self-analytical. I'm taking myself to pieces, but you are not to worry. It isn't as painful as it looks."

"Don't, Graham."

He did not heed her words.

"If we could have remained forever children it would have been a blessing for me. I couldn't appreciate then your all around superiority."

"Graham, you distress me."

"But it presently dawned upon my sluggish mind. And then I swiftly realized it. The contrast was too evident. Here was I with my five-feet six of slender and even delicate physique. There were you in your splendid young womanhood, far more than my equal physically, and—"

"Stop, Graham. Do you wish to offend me?"

He ran his thin white hand through his thick dark hair.

"It was a good thing I awoke when I did," he said with a little laugh. "I might have gone on thinking that you could in time learn to care for me—on the theory, perhaps, that like seeks unlike. I might have thought that you could even care enough for me to go with me where I am going. I might have dreamed that you could find within me something lovable that was not indicated by any exterior sign. But that would have been folly. Yet I want you to know all this. I want you to understand that I am not so blind and unreasoning as to bother you with any declaration of a passion that is so palpably hopeless. That's creditable, isn't it? At the same time I can go on regarding you as I would a serene and beautiful and unapproachable star. For there never will be any woman to usurp your place in my regard." He paused and a faint smile rippled across his serious face. "There," he cried, "I'm glad it's said and I'm glad I said it. It's something I've wanted you to know for a long time."

She looked at him with a tender smile.

"We must always be good friends, Graham."

"Good friends! Of course we will. Test my friendship as you may see fit. You'll find it response all right. I'll even dance at your wedding—if you invite me and my doctor says I may." He laughed a little discordantly. "Here let me give my prophetic inspiration free rein and describe your future husband to you." She shook her head in a commanding way, but he did not heed her. "He must be tall and rather dark, and broad of shoulder and keen of eye. He must be strong and bold and ready for every emergency. He must be a man who can do things. A man who can lead others, who can enforce obedience, and can command respect and inspire affection. That's the sort of mate for you, Julia." He laughed a little hoarsely. "On the other hand look at me. What have I ever done, save spend money my useful and honored father laid away for me? Where is my strength and my boldness, and my winning personality? Look at me, Julia, and then choose a man who is quite the opposite in all things."

He leaned back in his chair.

"And you came here just to tell me all this."

"I'm glad I told it," he hummed the words as if they were set to music; "I am glad I told it." He straightened up. "And having told it," he added, "I'm going to say good-bye, and may heaven lavish upon you its choicest blessings—all of the same pattern as the ones you now enjoy." He arose as he spoke and drew his slender figure to its full height. "Not very impressive, am I?" he laughed.

The girl arose and gave him her hand.

"I don't like to have you leave like this, Graham," she said.

"It's the only way," he answered. "I've got rid of my little confession, and I can tell you I feel a good deal lighter here," and he tapped the breast of his coat. "Good-bye, Julia."

"Good-bye, Graham."

He held her hand a brief moment, then turned and was gone.

She looked after him and sighed and shook her head and went to the mantel and leaned against it, looking down at the fitful flames.

"Poor Graham."

Then came a ring of the bell and a moment later a heavy voice in the hall drew her attention.

"Come in, Colonel Bruce," she called.

The owner of the heavy voice looked through the curtains.

"Oh, it's papa's blessed girl," he cheerily cried, and strode into the room. He was a big man with thick white hair and a heavy white mustache. "How are you, Julia?" and he put out his big hand. "Where's your daddy?"

"Gone over to Judge Wemple's."

"His rubber of whist, eh?"

"Yes. Won't you sit down?"

"Guess I will for a minute or two. Don't often get a chance to exchange small talk with a handsome girl. I suppose you are tired of hearing that you are a very splendid young woman? Why don't you marry? Hasn't the right man come along yet?"

"No, colonel."

"He's painfully slow. I only wish I were thirty years younger. Vain regret. Didn't I see Graham Earl going away from here."

"Yes, colonel."

"I thought it was Graham. He seemed in a hurry. Do you know him well?"

"I don't think anybody knows him well. We were children together, but during the last three or four years I have seen him but a very few times."

"He's been chasing around trying to prop up his health. Not very robust, you know. Peculiar fellow."

"Yes, colonel."

"And you are right when you say that nobody knows him very well. You know how lacking he is in self-appreciation?"

"Yes."

"Always ready to stand aside for somebody else—anybody. Morbid about his deficiencies in health and physique. Shy to a degree. And yet—well, I'll tell you something about him. Want to hear it?"

"Yes, colonel. I have told you that Graham and I are old friends."

"Perhaps you don't know it, but I was in the upper Peninsular looking after some rather heavy lumber interests a year or so ago. Right out in the wilderness, you know—and the wilderness wasn't any wilder than the men who people it. Your friend Graham was up there, too. Somebody told him that it was the place to build up a new constitution, and so he was out there in the woods roughing it. He had a little shack of his own and used to wander about like an uneasy spirit. The boys didn't know what to make of him, and he didn't make anything of himself, as usual. I wasn't there when he came and the foreman told me some of these things. It seems that one of the men, a French-Canadian, had brought his little girl, a child of ten years, with him into the woods. She was suffering from consumption and her days were numbered. Well, she and Graham became great friends, and in her last hours it was Graham who nursed her, and told her stories and held her hand as the breath left her frail little body. And Graham took charge of the funeral and actually preached a little sermon beside her open grave, and the foreman told me it was the most beautiful and touching thing he ever heard. Well, after that there was nothing he couldn't do with that gang of barbarians. Why, when 'Manitoba Pete' ran amuck through the camp, shooting and slashing, it was Graham who walked right out in the open and took his knife and gun away from him and led him to his shack and sobered him up and brought him back to decency again. Any other man in camp would have sooner faced a hungry tiger. Yes, and when a clumsy young Swede cut an artery in his leg it was Graham who sat by him and made a living tourniquet of his hands and kept him from bleeding to death until help came three hours later. And one thing I saw with my own eyes. A gang came over from a rival camp, a particularly bad lot, and every man of them half drunk and armed to the teeth, and they were after some renegade of a chap and meant to lynch him. Well, Graham got the fellow in his shack and standing in the doorway held those human wolves at bay with a most sublime display of nerve and a single revolver. And, by Jove, he talked them out of their purpose. I saw that myself, Miss Julia. You are right when you say that nobody knows Graham Earl very well, but I fancy I know him well enough to recognize in him one of the gentlest and bravest spirits that ever tenanted a mortal frame. But there, I must go. I just dropped in to see your daddy for a moment or two. Good night."

The girl stood by the mantel staring down into the fire for a little time. Then a flush suddenly reddened her beautiful face and a smile quickly crossed it.

She turned and stepped to the telephone across the room and in clear and steady tones gave the number she wanted.

"Graham," she presently said, "do you know the voice? What's that? The one voice in all the world? That isn't what I asked you. Yes, it's Julia's voice. Wait, Graham. I've been thinking—thinking very hard—and, Graham, I am quite ready to go with you whenever and wherever you will."—W. R. Rose, in Cleveland Plain Dealer.

SCIENCE & MECHANICS

Dr. Piorkowski, a German bacteriologist, says he has discovered not only the microbe of distemper in dogs, but also an effective serum having curative as well as preventive qualities.

The director of the Berlin Observatory says the Courrieres disaster was connected with atmospheric conditions, and that the crust of the earth in the Eastern Hemisphere is in a dangerous condition. He predicts other disasters.

The strength of hair has been found by a German experimenter to vary greatly with color. A single black hair supported four ounces; one of very dark brown three and one-half ounces; brown, three ounces; but yellow scarcely held up two ounces without breaking.

In a hot fire the union of the carbon of the fuel with the oxygen of the air produces carbonic acid gas, which surrounds the paper and prevents it from blazing, for carbonic acid does not blaze. But if you give the paper a little draft by blowing upon it, you dissipate the carbonic acid and fan the paper into flame.

A concern at Baldwinsville, Mass., recently had to instal new boilers in its plant and the question was how to secure power while the work was going on. At length a locomotive was hired from the railroad, and this being switched alongside the mill and connected up with the engine inside furnished all the steam needed.

A novel use of compressed air is made by some railway companies in the Southern States of America, says the Railway News. When the loads of cotton for export are being taken to the coast there is always some danger of such highly inflammable material becoming damaged through sparks from the locomotives. To prevent this the locomotive boilers are filled with compressed air. A train load of several thousand bales of cotton can be hauled by these locomotives at a rate of twelve miles an hour, although no fire whatever is used in working them.

The Dreadnought, the largest and most powerful battleship of the world's navies, was launched at Portsmouth, England, February 10. The vessel is the first of a new class, in which the constructors have embodied the lessons obtained from close observation of naval operations in the recent war in the Far East. When ready for sea, the ship will displace 18,500 tons, and will have the heaviest armament ever carried by a ship. She will be able to discharge every minute ten projectiles weighing 8500 pounds, with sufficient velocity to send them twenty-five miles, or to penetrate sixteen inches of armor at a distance of two miles.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

THE SNAPSHOT.

"Come on; all ready. Stand right there. I'll tell you when I'm taking. Wait—I've got to focus. Now! Prepare!
No, no—the camera's not straight. How far is it, do you suppose?
I'm focussing at twenty feet.
No, papa needn't change his clothes.
And doesn't baby look too sweet!

"Now! Wait a minute—I can't get You all in somehow. Mamma, please Move close to papa—closer yet;
Or sit, with baby on your knees.
I'll move back, too, a little bit.
Now! Wait—you're partly in the shade.
I guess that mamma'll have to sit,
Or else she won't show, I'm afraid.

"And, papa, you sit, too. Let's see—
No, that won't do; your feet are out
Of focus; they would look to be
As big as ferryboats, about!
Turn catty-corner—there! Now! No,
That won't do. Wait. I guess we planned
Best way at first. You seem so low.
Perhaps you all had better stand.

"No! Wait!—until the sun is bright.
How mean a cloud should interfere!
You're all three now exactly right!
Just fine! And baby's moved! Oh, dear!
But there—it's coming out! Now, quick!
Here, baby! Look at sister—look!
Just look at sis—I'm taking!" (Click!)
"There, now! It's over with. You're 'took.'"

—Edwin L. Sabin, in St. Nicholas.

THE PARROT'S RIVAL.

In the house of the consul in Bangkok is a bird that keeps up an incessant chatter that might almost be dubbed conversation, so clever is it. The voice of this bird is very much like a human voice, far more so than the parrot.

The bird is called the Mineur or Minor. It learns much more readily than the parrot and is as clever at imitating as the American mocking-bird. It whistles in exact imitation of its master and sings whole songs through without making a mistake. When it was first purchased it could only talk in Siamese, but in a short while picked up many sentences of English.

The master of this cunning songster always summons his servants to him by calling "boy." The mineur learned to do the same thing, with the result that the servant was sent on a fool's errand many times. None could tell whether the master called "boy" or the mineur. This greatly annoyed the servant, whose owner told him that he need not come unless he heard the call "boy, boy," repeated twice. In three days' time the mineur had learned this trick and was doing the same thing. Then it was arranged that the master should strike on the table or clap his hands as they do in Turkey or Siam. This was too much for the mineur, who found that his fun was over.—Washington Star.

BIRDS THAT BUILD PRISONS.

Among the horabills of Southern Asia, the Malayan Islands and Central and Southern Africa, most of the species have a curious habit of hatching their young in the walled-up hollow of the tree chosen for the nest. The birds have immense bills and horny crests.

The mother bird is walled up by her mate and remains imprisoned until the eggs are hatched, and in some species until the young birds are able to fly. Meanwhile the mother has become temporarily incapable of flight, as she has moulted, or at least shed all her wing feathers during her captivity. But the male is indefatigable in providing for his family, and is said to work so hard that he is reduced almost to a skeleton at the end of the brooding season.

According to the theory of many natives, the female is imprisoned to prevent her neglecting her duty of brooding, and if she has been unfaithful or negligent her mate closes the little window of her cell and abandons her to a painful death by suffocation.

The true story, perhaps, is this: The female walls herself in so that she cannot fall from the nest after losing her feathers, and also to protect herself from enemies. This version is less poetical than the other, but it is probably nearer the truth. It is supported by the statement that the female liberates herself as soon as the young birds are well grown, so that her prison is less formidable than it appear.—Scientific American.

BIRD GUESTS.

One of our greatest pleasures is watching and studying the birds who come to drink and bathe in the water we provide in pottery-saucers of various sizes, writes Bertha W. Kaan in Good Housekeeping. We do not put these on the ground, for fear of the deadly cat, but set them on stumps, or in the crotches of trees. We have six of these baths, and it is no small task to keep them replenished, as one robin will empty a large saucer. They are most enthusiastic bathers and in hot weather will often sit crouching in the water for several minutes at a time. Robins never approach the saucer directly, they always pretend they are going somewhere else. Blackbirds, on the other hand, dart into the dish like an arrow from a bow, sometimes from a long distance. After the young are hatched, the blackbirds always bring food to the water and moisten it before taking it to the nest. Vireos have a peculiar way of bathing—they skim through the water, never alighting in the saucer or on the edge. Sometimes they will fly through in this manner several times in quick succession, but we have never seen them bathe in any other way. English sparrows are the daintiest drinkers of all—they seldom bathe—and when we see a company of a dozen of these little creatures rimming the big dish and drinking together, we are so interested that we forget our prejudice against them. The yellow warblers, always devoted, bathe together in the smallest dish—the prettiest sight our garden affords. Aside from the many entertaining sights which we enjoy daily, we are sure that the garden is more free from insect pests since we have encouraged "our little brothers of the air" to have "a cup of cold water" with us.

JOEY AND FREDDY.

"When I'm big I'm going to be a soldier,' said little Joey Hunt.

"So am I," said Freddy Layton.

And so they meant to be, for they thought there was nothing so nice in the whole world as soldiers.

Their papas used to drill with the soldiers, and were tall and straight and strong, and the boys wanted to be just like them when they grew big.

Freddy and Joey often went with their papas to the park, where the soldiers drilled; and, when they came home, they made big paper caps, got out their flags and toy drums, and played soldier for ever so long.

Joey and Freddy both liked candy, but their papes said much candy was not good for people; that it would not make them grow strong nor straight nor good looking.

Well, these two boys went to kindergarten—a nice kind of school where boys go when they are small.

They lived a long way from the kindergarten, and it was nearly always late when they reached home for dinner, so their mothers let them take a little lunch with them to eat about the middle of the forenoon—sometimes a cooky, sometimes an apple; and often they were given a cent or two and told to call at the shop on the way and buy something for their lunch.

Joey always bought an apple, a banana or an orange. Freddy always bought chocolate or some other kind of candy, and often ate it before he reached kindergarten.

He had a grandmother who lived in a cute little house on the side of the street, so his mother told him always when he had time, to run in and say good morning to her, and ask her if she were well. Grandma loved Fred and, to show her love, often gave him pennies. He used these for buying more candy on the way home.

Well, these two boys grew older and older and bigger and bigger—though Joey grew much faster than Freddy.

Joey always seemed to be getting stronger, too; he soon got so he could lift real heavy things almost as big as his papa could lift. His eyes grew brighter, his cheeks grew redder, his legs grew longer, his back grew straighter, and everybody said:

"Why, Joey Hunt is beginning to look just like his father!"

But Freddy—his cheeks grew thinner and paler; his back did not grow as straight as it should, nor his legs and arms as strong as they should, and his head used to ache very often. In the morning he had dark rings under his eyes and he did not want to eat any breakfast. His mother, father and teacher could not think what was wrong.

Well, at last Joey and Freddy grew old enough to go to school, and they still wanted to be soldiers.

After while they were old enough to leave school, and they still wanted to be soldiers.

At last the day came when they were to go into the army and start being soldiers. The man from the army came to measure them and see if they were fit to be soldiers.

He measured Joey first. He measured to see how tall he was, and he was just right.

He measured him to see how broad his shoulders were, and they were just right.

He measured him to see how full his chest was, and it was just right.

Then the doctor examined him. His lungs were right, his heart was right, his blood was good, and he was—all just right! So the man said he could be a soldier.

Then they measured Freddy. The officer measured him to see how tall he was, and he was not quite tall enough. He measured him to see how broad his shoulders were, and they were not quite broad enough. He measured him to see how full his chest was, and it was not full enough. Then the doctor examined him, but he said he would often have headache, his blood was bad, his muscles were not strong enough, and he was too weak and sickly to be a soldier.

So poor Freddy had to give up being a soldier—and all because he ate too much candy when he was a boy.—Mother's Magazine.

When Columbus Landed.

According to the Boston Herald, when the Hon. John B. Alley, of Lynn, was a member of Congress he, with others of the New England delegation in Washington, had given a dinner on Forefathers' day. Ex-Secretary of State Evarts was one of the guests. In the after-dinner exercises Mr. Alley had taken much time in relating circumstances in which he was the most conspicuous figure.

Evarts was next on the list of speakers, and, in beginning his remarks, said: "I have listened to my friend Alley with profound interest and respect. The many events of National and State history with which he has been connected is truly wonderful, but there is one he has omitted, doubtless through his well-known modesty. I refer to that ever memorable morning when, after the discovery of America, Columbus turned to him and said: 'John, where had we better land?'"

To the Pacific.

A grand highway, boulevard or concourse, is a probability between New York and San Francisco. In an air line the distance is 2900 miles. The shortest railroad line, I believe, is 3370 miles. Locomotives must have cuts as well as tunnels and embankments, their powers of mounting grades being extremely limited. A fifty per cent. grade is fun to an auto car. The Great Wall of China was built in five years. We could construct this ocean-to-ocean boulevard in less time. And what a superb drive it would be!—New York Press.

TALES OF ADVENTURE

GOOD BEAR HUNTING.

LOCAL reports would seem to indicate that the past season has furnished more than usually good bear hunting for ambitious New England nimrods. So far from being gradually exterminated—as was predicted of our New England bears as long ago as 1860—the tribe of bruin has gone on steadily increasing for more than forty years past. Our mountain fastnesses are once more getting to be uncomfortably overpopulated by these predatory animals, and reports from Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont say that farmers' stock is suffering not a little from their incursions.

The ordinary hunter, and especially the city sportsman, seems to make very little impression upon bruin's shaggy hide. It is only the veteran local bear hunter, the specialist of thirty or forty years' experience, who can successfully cope with the caution, endurance and sagacious humor of the New England bear.

For that the bear is a humorist of no mean quality every hunter knows. And it is chiefly because of this grimly humorous trait in his make-up that he survives and flourishes on the very borders of our vaunted twentieth century civilization. Bruin enjoys a joke on the sportsman better than does any other animal that roams the woods. In his solemn, savage fashion, he injects into the wilderness game of hide-and-seek an amount of fun that is astonishing. Nature has equipped him with many of the attributes of a clown, to begin with. His gravely waggish face, awkward body, shambling gait twinkling, shifty eyes and general appearance of innocent incapacity, makes a capitally effective foil for his real keenness of brain and alertness of body. After all, bruin's tactics are simple enough and that is what makes him such a consummate humorist. He relies chiefly it would seem, on his phenomenal ability to inspire buck fever; and there is no creature of the woods, unless it be a moose, that seems to equal him in the exercise of this kind of hypnotic power.

They are having the laugh in Southern Vermont now on a Boston sportsman who went up there in the late fall, before the bears had denned up, and took part in a bear hunt on a certain mountain where an enormous bear was known to have his headquarters. Bruin was at home, and the hunters drove him directly to the spot where our sportsman was waiting, with a hammerless double gun loaded with ball cartridges. The bear came within fifteen feet, and the sportsman pulled both triggers until he was dizzy, but never woke from his hypnotic dream and discovered that the safety catch of his gun was not pushed up until bruin had passed out of sight, with a grin on his face, and a delicious new joke to report to his fellows at the next sheep-stealing meet.

Another man—in New Hampshire, this time, a native nimrod—was so affected with genuine fear on meeting bruin in an old tote-road that he turned to run, lost his balance, and rolled down a steep bank into a good-sized trout stream. Bruin followed less precipitately, took possession of the man's gun, and kept him in the water until he was nearly frozen. Fancy how keenly that bear must have enjoyed his unpremeditated joke! A moose would have hustled the man out of the brook, or torn up the ground in savage fury, but it took a born humorist, like a bear, to sit down and appreciate the situation to the full.

But there is a joke which the average bear enjoys quite so well as getting a hunter perched up a tree and keeping him there until he is nearer dead than alive. There is a curious fatuousness, too, about this proceeding on the hunter's part which must immensely tickle the bear. The hunter never stops to think that bears can climb, too. But most bears seem to think more of the joke than they do for the man, so they let him dangle and squirm and yell, either until help comes or they get tired of the farce and go off in search of some fresh amusement. Very likely the bear chews up the hunter's gunstock before he goes, thus leaving him a suitable memento of a humorous encounter that might easily have had a tragic ending.—Boston Transcript.

WHEN THE DUNES WALK.

To flee from a sand storm in the midst of a drenching rain seems an absurd performance. The Arab, however, experienced in the ways of the Sahara, knows that when the rain stops the dunes are apt to begin their most terrible 'walking." He seeks shelter while there is yet time.

Our worst experience of the desert in one of its mad fits, says the author of "In the Desert," was on the morning when, luckily for us, perhaps, we were nearing the large oasis of Nefta, near the Tunisian frontier. The flapping of the tent and the drumming of rain drops upon it awoke us, and Ahmeda, in some excitement, hurried our departure. He explained that so long as the rain lasted, it would keep the sand quiet, and that this was our opportunity. Accordingly, in a very short time we had struck tent, loaded camels saddled ponies and were under way.

It seemed to us a somewhat purposeless proceeding. The rain was, and had been, heavy. The ground was saturated. There seemed no prospect of it drying in a hurry. A Nefta was only half a day's march away. It seemed unnecessary to start in frantic haste, in the middle of the night, in a pouring rain. Ahmeda, however, made no answer to our protests; the other Arabs seconded his efforts with all their energy.

Morning broke wan and sickly. As the light grew the rain slackened. The big warm drops became less frequent, and at last ceased. The dull, opaque sky was pasty white and the air hot and oppressive, but the wind still blew as hard as or harder than ever.

Hardly had the rain stopped when I tasted between lips and teeth the familiar, gritty texture of sand. Hardly had the light increased sufficiently to disclose to view the dri[illegible] all their edges and crests [illegible] crawling and flickering [illegible] Already there was the [illegible] in the air which mea[illegible] were walking. We saw at last the reason for the hurry. The rain cannot hold the sand for more than the instant it is falling. As soon as it strikes the earth it sinks in. One moment you may be streaming with water like a drowned rat, the next you are choking in clouds of sand.

The air grew darker and darker, and the roar of the sand as it rushed along the desert made speech, except by shouting, impossible. I could just distinguish our tall camels in the gloom, their ungainly action giving them something the look of ships pitching and tossing in a gale.

Ahmeda led the way by some mysterious instinct to us totally incomprehensible. We followed as best we might, breathing sand as we went, our heads bent to protect our faces. My recollection of the next two hours is no more definite than would be the recollection of being rolled over and over by a huge breaker. A singing and roaring in the ears, almost total blindness, a sense of suffocation, and the feeling that I was in the hands of elements more powerful than myself are the vague impressions that remain.

When we at last got to Nefta we could not have been more saturated with sand had we been buried in it and dug up again. Hair, ears, clothes were full of it. Our cheeks were scarlet and sore with the ceaseless battering, and on them had formed hard crusts of sand, cemented by the water that had streamed from our eyes.

FIGHT WITH CHINESE PIRATES.

We had been in the fog about two hours when a large junk suddenly loomed up on our port bow. Our captain, who was an old East India and China trader, took one look at her and said: "My God! Here's an infernal Chinese pirate junk! Make all sail, quick!"

We did not need the order. Almost as soon as I can tell it we had the sails up and drawing, but not quick enough to escape the junk, which bore down under full head, her decks crowded with men, her grappling irons on a long pole, ready to hook into our chains. The Oneco, being built for the China trade, was armed. We carried four guns in each broadside and two swivels on the taffrail, with an ample supply of boarding pikes, muskets, pistols and cutlasses. If the pirate succeeded in boarding us it would mean a hand to hand fight, and what with making sail and getting ready for battle, we had not fired a gun before his grappling irons were in our chains. But at this moment we let go a broadside of our four port guns, which must have disabled the men in charge of the grappling line, for they did not succeed in making it fast around their bits until they had drifted about two hundred feet astern. We attempted to cut this line, but the hook was attached first by a long chain which we could not sever, and the angle was such that we could not hit it with a shot.—Pearson's Magazine.

SHOT LION IN A CAVE.

A mountain lion measuring nine feet from tip to tip and weighing 175 pounds was killed in a cave in the Gyp Hills by George Steubenville, of Okeene, Oklahoma, who came upon the animal while exploring the cave with a party of friends.

For several weeks farmers in that locality had reported finding an animal prowling about their places, but none had been able to get a shot at him. Several calves were missing, and it was known that the lion had a lair somewhere in the neighborhood.

Steubenville was the only person armed in the crowd when the lion made its appearance. It could be seen dimly by means of lantern, and when close enough Steubenville fired. He had only a .22 calibre revolver, but the second shot struck the lion in the eye and caused its death. It was a fine specimen and the first one seen in the Gyp Hills in many years.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

UMBRELLA SAVES LIFE.

Salvatore Bianco, of River avenue, Cliffside Park, dropped 100 feet down the face of the Palisades, at Cliffside, and escaped with his life. He was carrying an old-fashioned wooden handled umbrella, and it was this that caused his fall and also saved his life.

He was walking along the path close to the brow of the Palisades when the umbrella became unmanageable in the wind and snow, and in his effort to control it Bianco went over the edge of the cliff. He clung to the handle of the umbrella, and it acted as a parachute until he was within twenty feet or so of the ground, and then it turned inside out and he dropped, landing in a clump of bushes. He is now in St. Mary's Hospital, in Hoboken, bruised and cut, but without a bone broken.—New York Tribune.

Jury Paid the Fine.

A Texas correspondent tells how an obstinate juryman was circumvented by his fellow judges of the facts. The offense charged was assault with intent to murder. After the jury had been out about two hours it returned the following verdict: "We, the jury, find the defendant guilty of aggravated assault, and assess his punishment as $25 fine, and herewith pay the fine." On inquiry as to the meaning of the last clause of the verdict it came out that eleven of the jurors had agreed that the defendant was not guilty, but the twelfth doggedly hung out for a conviction for aggravated assault and would not consent to a punishment less than a fine of $25. Finding it a hopeless task to bring over the obstinate one to their way of thinking, the eleven finally decided to agree with him and "chipped in" enough to pay the fine.—Law Notes.

The following are the ten navy yards belonging to the United States navy: Boston, Mass.; Portsmouth, N. H.; Brooklyn, N. Y.; League Island, Pa.; Washington, D. C.; Norfolk, Va.; Charleston, S. C.; Pensacola, Fla.; Mare Island, Cal.; Puget Sound