THE QUEENSTOWN NEWS.

VOL. XXIV. QUEENSTOWN, MARYLAND, SATURDAY, MAY 19, 1906. NO. 22.

"College Raffleses," both male and female, are becoming too numerous. Why not call them just "thieves?"

A petty process-server, with a scrap of paper, notes the New York World, kept the richest man in America in exile for months and made of him a ridiculous and contemptible figure.

Speaking of the late Mrs. Whitney's literary record, the New York Evening Post says: "A successful juvenile outlasts a dozen best-sellers." Catch the children and fame and fortune are won.

The proper course for the spirit of revenge to take is along the following lines, declares the Chicago Record-Herald. Hang the right man; use the courts to find out who he is; if the courts don't accomplish that work swiftly and surely, then reform the courts.

Most women are rigorous in insisting on getting their money's worth for anything purchased, so that there was nothing surprising in a Kansas young lady's recently telegraphed acceptance of a proposal of marriage. Her message read: "Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes."

A unique industrial school in New York City recently finished its first year, starting as an experiment and closing with 1500 pupils, ranging from sixteen to sixty-seven years old. The school is unique, says the Boston Transcript, in that it teaches trades to pupils of any age and asks no questions about preliminary education.

Playing upon the superstition of an Alabama negro, a detective, a ventriloquist and a mule recently frightened him into confessing a murder to what he imagined to be an animal endowed with speech and superhuman knowledge, says the Boston Transcript. After the denouement the negro would probably have been willing to confess also that there were two mules.

The ostentatious display of wealth is going out of fashion. The building of great palaces no longer excites undue wonder. The payment of vast sums for jewels and objects of art has ceased to amuse the mob. Prodigious entertainments at a fabulous cost have proved so tiresome that the richest would as soon die as give them, and the most vulgar no longer wish to read about them.

Descendants of the original New England pioneers in the Hawaiian Islands have not been happy of late years over the drift of events political, social or ethical. They feel much happier now over the beginning of a Russian emigration to the islands, which they trust will strengthen the original Puritan conception among the population of non-natives, observes the Boston Transcript, and offset to a degree at least the tendencies generated by recent Asiatic and Latin immigrants encouraged to seek the islands as operatives on the sugar plantations. Latest journals from the islands indicate how significant a day February 19 was when nearly 150 Molokans from Russia, temporarily resident in Los Angeles, Cal., and the forerunners of many others, set foot on Hawaiian soil.

No battleship can throw a shell ten miles. They seldom go into action at a distance of more than three miles. A single discharge from one of the big guns of a battleship costs from $1000 to $1500 and, as no great degree of accuracy can be attained much beyond three miles, the guns are not used at a very much longer range, since it would be a waste of money, declares the Newark Call. The new British battleship Dreadnaught, not yet in commission, will have a fairly accurate range of five miles, it is understood. In one or two instances in the recent war the Japanese vessels threw projectiles over four miles. Tests for full range of guns, regardless of accuracy of firing, are not made, since no advantage is to be gained by them. Another reason why the actual firing range of big guns on a battleship can not be much beyond the range of reasonable accuracy is the high trajectory necessary to throw shells a long distance. For several reasons a ship's guns can not be pointed high in the air.

According to a report just published by the International Biographical Institute at Brussels there have been published since the invention of the art of printing 13,063,000 books. The largest number have not been works of fiction, as one would be led to believe from present-day experience with an ever-increasing deluge of novels. On the contrary, the most industrious word-spinners have been the lawyers. Legal and sociological works constitute nearly thirty per cent. of the total, whereas literary men are responsible for but twenty per cent. of the whole number of books published. Of the periodical publications of the present time forty-eight per cent. are printed in English, twenty-three in German and eleven per cent. in French. If English publications have been in nearly like proportion since printing began, the villainous spelling of our language, which Carnegie has set out to cure, would be accounted for. Too many printers would make "pi" of any language, just as too many cooks spoil the broth.

MAKING GOOD.

My boy, you think that all you have to do is "make a hit;"
To catch the public eye and ear, then evermore be "it;"
You think one stroke sufficient for one lifetime—may be two;
That, once a man is famous, there is nothing left to do.
I hate to wake you, sonny, from your iridescent dream,
And keep your skiff from drifting any further down the stream,
But here's what I've discovered: He who's done the best he could
Is merely obligated just to keep on making good.

One little flight's a promise that you'll spread your wings and soar;
One decent job's an earnest that you'll do a thousand more;
One leap to public favor is a pledge that you will stay—
You can't do that unless you make a new mark every day.
The jump you made to wealth or fame will do less good than harm.
If, by your desultory style, you prove a "false alarm."
One well-directed arrow never made a Robin Hood;
One winning stroke but binds you to the task of making good.

This world was not constructed for the lazy man of dreams;
One flash is not a nugget—gold is constant with its gleams;
The world keeps looking higher than the level you've attained,
And thinks you retrograding till 'tis certain you have gained.
No stand still will it tolerate; slide back, and you will see
Your name among the "has-beens" as a harmless "used-to-be."
The standard you established when you did the best you could
Was but your affidavit that you'd keep on making good.
—Strickland W. Gillilan, in Success Magazine.

The Girl Who Was Too Rich

By C. N. WILLIAMSON.

NOBODY who hasn't gone through it knows how horrid it is to be rich. I mean very rich—so rich that people say, "There goes the rich Miss Ellice" or "nice Miss Ellice," though it does seem to me that I have some claim to both those descriptive adjectives, but always that inevitable "rich Miss Ellice."

I was as nearly an orphan as anybody could be, for my mother died when I was a day old and my father a few months later, leaving me with all those oppressive millions and no blood relations (I always hated that expression, it sounds so murderous) to look after me, so I was made a ward in Chancery.

My nurse used to tondy to me, and as for the children I was allowed to know, several of them admitted regarding me as a kind of natural curiosity because I was "an heiress."

When I was nineteen a chaperon was engaged to live with me and travel about the world. I had longed to travel, but I soon found out it was just as bad being abroad as at home.

How the facts about me leaked out everywhere I don't know. I wanted to take a false name and have a little peace, but my chaperon, who was a Bishop's widow and rather rigid in her ideas, would not hear of "passing under false pretenses," as she called it. If the truth were known I believe that Mrs. De Selwyn in her quiet way enjoyed the kind of triumphal progress we made wandering about Europe.

People never failed to find us out at hotels. Whispers and glances went round, and mothers with sons scraped acquaintance with us and were unpleasantly maternal. In England and France I was fairly mobbed with impecunious young noblemen and officers, and would have been amused if I hadn't been furious. In Germany it was much the same, and in Italy I narrowly escaped being kidnaped.

When I couldn't stand it any longer we went back. It was just at the beginning of the season, and Mrs. De Selwyn was determined that I should be presented. I was presented, and the inevitable consequences ensued. In the first month I had forty-eight proposals. By the end of the season I had quite lost count, and I was so sick of it all—so deadly sick, knowing only two well that not one of the men who had asked me to marry them would have dreamed of doing it if it had not been for my millions.

I could have been two Duchesses—I mean, that two English Dukes were among the moths who burned their wings at the golden lamp; and there was even a lesser royalty—but it seems like boasting to enumerate them; whereas, in reality, with each proposal I had one more point of my vanity broken off until finally I had none left at all.

Things went on in this way, growing worse instead of better, for two years. I felt old and had lost my faith in the disinterestedness of men and women. I was not intended by nature to be cynical, but experience was thwarting nature, and the people who made themselves so charming must often have disliked me intensely, though all the while I was starving for love—honest love without the suspicion of a mercenary twist.

When I was twenty-one, and free—as much as a girl can be free—to do as I chose, Mrs. De Selwyn and I had a quarrel. It was a silly quarrel about an equally silly young man, my chaperon's nephew, whom she'd been scheming for years, it seemed, to have me marry. I was so disgusted that I threw over a lot of country-house engagements and rushed off to the only person whose love had ever been proved to be for myself and not for my money.

She was a dear old proud thing who wrote love stories for magazines, and had refused to accept a penny from me when she was threatened with consumption and had been sent away to Judson, a small Florida coast place, to live. She had taken a tiny cottage, for which she paid no more in a year than I spent for nothing at all in a week. But she had a spare room, and wrote that she would love to keep me for as long as I liked to stay. Her name was Mrs. Pendennis, and we had got acquainted through my writing, in care of her editor, to tell her how much I liked a story of hers.

She did me good because she never flattered, but scolded me instead for being cynical. She said it was a "mental dyspepsia," and while I lived with her I almost believed it was.

I hadn't been in Judson for a week when one day I came in from a walk and exclaimed, "Well, it's begun!"

"What has begun?" inquired my dear old friend, looking up from a love scene which was meant to make the public shed tears.

"The usual thing," said I. "A man has come. I am not conceited, but there are signs, and I'm sure he is one of them."

She knew what I meant without asking, and merely sat still with a mild smile as I related the incident which occurred.

Circumstantial evidence was with me, for men were out of season in Judson. I had been the only stranger. Now, within a week of my advent, there was another—a male stranger, a gentleman to the eye and ear, well dressed (but not too well dressed), staying at a hotel which offered no inducements at this time of year to his kind. I had seen him come out of the inn, and instinct told me that I was the inducement. Who the man was I could not guess, but I was sadly sure that he more than guessed who I was. Somehow my secret had been betrayed, and he—no doubt of the army of impecunious unattached ones—had stalked me to my lair. My hat had blown off, he had run after it, picked it up and handed it back with a bow and a murmured word.

To be sure he had not followed up his advantage, but I was certain that this was only his cleverness, and that he would be more pushing next time. I was so hatefully experienced in that kind of thing—I knew all the phases.

Mrs. Pendennis tried to cheer me up, but I had seen the speck in my garnered fruit, and it was a big speck, at least six feet tall and broad in proportion. One couldn't forget it, especially as to a less sophisticated mind it might have appeared exceedingly good to look upon.

Next day I met him again, or rather he met me. But to my surprise, instead of taking off his cap and smiling and making the most of yesterday's acquaintance, he glared and plunged round the first corner. Could this be a new kind of tactics? I asked myself. Could it be that he wished to rouse interest by piquing curiosity?

I smiled with scorn at the thought and determined to show the man at the first opportunity how futile were his subtleties. Still, if it were his object to make me think of him, I confess that to a certain extent he succeeded, for it was a novelty to be glared at by a man, and the picture of the big, brown, frowning fellow lingered in my mind.

That evening my opportunity came. My afternoon walks had usually to be taken alone, as Mrs. Pendennis' working days were long. I was strolling by the sea at the sweet hour when the east is misty silver with the rising of the moon, the west fading pink with the setting of the sun. There he was, presumably lying in wait, so I glared, and, turning round, marched away. But something seemed to force me to glance back—just a fleeting glance, yet long enough to see that the man was striding off in the opposite direction. So far had he gone already that I was afraid he must have missed my protest.

For an entire week we kept it up. There were not many different walks to take, so it need not have been surprising that we almost invariably met. But as invariably we turned upon our tracks and—often met again. I could not help wondering who he was and all about him, and whether, after all, he really was one of them.

After a whole fortnight I came in from a walk one day to find Mrs. Pendennis nervous and embarrassed. "I've a confession to make, dear," she said at dinner. "Do forgive me, but—I've let it out to the rector's wife—she called while you were out—who you really are. I'm afraid she's rather a gossip, and probable half Judson knows by this time."

"If by half Judson you mean the man," I retorted, "it doesn't much matter, for if he came for the purpose we suspect, he must have known all along."

"Don't say 'we suspect,' Margot. I don't suspect."

"You did. You know you did. If you don't know now it must be because you've found out something."

"Well, I told you the dear rector's wife was inclined to gossip, and her husband is an old acquaintance of the man's. That, she says, is what brought the man here. He wanted to find the quietest, most secluded spot in America, and he thought of his friend's description of Judson."

"Why did he want a retired spot? Is he an escaped convict?"

"No. But his name is John Drayton."

"My goodness! Not the South American millionaire?"

"Yes, dear. So it seems."

"Why, he's got as much money as I have—more, perhaps."

"That was his reason for wanting seclusion. You see, people made such a fuss about him when he first came back from South America. Girls behaved rather foolishly, and he——"

"O, what fun. He ran away from them, too, and supposed that I was one of them, just as I've been supposing about him."

"Likely. But if the rector's wife has repeated what I was indiscreet enough to let out——"

"Then he knows by this time. I wonder——" But I didn't finish my sentence. I was wondering whether if we happened to meet in the morning he would avoid me again.

We did happen to meet. I dropped a book—quite accidentally, of course. It fell into the water and he fished it out and gave it to me. He didn't glare, neither did I. It was no longer worth the trouble. Somehow we talked and we liked the same things. Besides, the common sorrow of being rich drew us together. I had never met a young unmarried millionaire before, and being with one was wonderfully restful. By and by it got to seem the nicest thing in the world.

When he told me that I was the prettiest, sweetest girl he had ever seen I believed it, for he had nothing to gain by flattery. When he told me that he loved me I believed that, too, for he had twice as much money as he wanted, and the addition of mine would be a bore. He only liked me in spite of it. I believed him and he believed me, and together we made the remarkable discovery of how to be happy though rich.—St. Louis Star.

SCIENCE & MECHANICS

A report comes from San Antonio, Texas, to the effect that the pecan forests of Southwest Texas are threatened by a moss growth like Spanish moss that is sucking the life out of the trees. The Federal Bureau of Forestry is conducting an investigation.

During the past twenty years 2061 balloon and airship ascents have taken place in Germany and only thirty-six cases of accident have befallen the 7570 persons taking part in them. Consequently one trip in fifty-seven comes to grief, or one aeronaut in 210 meets with an accident.

Sir Robert Ball, who has been lecturing on the glacial epoch, informed his hearers recently that the next ice age is due 200,000 winters hence. Then, he says, all Northern Europe and America will be once more under an ice cap that will cover the highest mountains and last for many thousands of years.

The mathematical aptitude of boys and girls of eight to fifteen has been compared by Professor V. Marcante, of Buenos Ayres, by tests of quickness in reading numbers and in arithmetical operations. A curious discovery is that an abnormal activity of memory exists at about thirteen, followed by a period of intellectual depression, and at fourteen by a sudden leap in creative imagination and reasoning power.

Is there not a good chance that the turbine principle may eventually be adapted to explosive machines? There are already several inventors who claim that they have solved this problem. At any rate, now that the present petrol engine has reached not quite finality, but comparative perfection, it is time that some totally fresh line were struck out, and if Great Britain strikes first we shall firmly establish our lead in the world's motor matters.—Lord Montagu, in The Car.

A discovery which may be classed as important if true is the new form of artificial albumen brought forward by a German chemist. It is claimed that this new product possesses the qualities of natural albumen, which is the nourishing principle of meat, eggs, milk, etc., and with its introduction may bring about a change in the present system of nourishing the human body. The producers of the present line of foods are not likely to go into a panic over a reported discovery of this kind, although a chemical achievement of this kind may some time be possible.

Most interesting and important investigations continue to be made in the field of radioactivity, etc., by the world's greatest chemists. Professor Rutherford has followed radium through seven distinct stages of change, which he calls A to G. Radium has an atomic weight of about 225—being one of the heaviest known elements. It keeps losing a few of its atoms until at the G stage it seems to have dropped to about 207. This would seem to make it at that dead stage identical with the element lead. If this turns out to be so it will show that the chemical elements are not necessarily distinct and unchangeable basic forms of matter, but that under special conditions they may melt from one form into another.

Sixty-Year Egg, $1400.

The third part of the illustrated catalogue of the remarkable collection of birds' eggs formed by the late Mr. John Wolley contains the following specially interesting items: An account of an egg supposed to be that of the knot laid in captivity, and given by Lord Lilford to Mr. Wolley many years before the breeding place of this bird had been discovered. The recent discovery of its nesting place and eggs in the tundra of Northern Russia confirms the correctness of the identification. The collection also contains the first found egg of the stint, obtained in Siberia by Middendorf, in 1843. No fewer than seven actual specimens of the eggs of the great auk, besides several casts, are also described—the seven eggs and one of the casts being also illustrated. As indicating the increasing value of the eggs of this extinct bird it may be noted that one of them, purchased by Mr. Wolley in 1846 for 28s., is now probably worth £280.—London Globe.

Roll of Bills in Her Hair.

"A couple of funny things happened at the store to-day," said a girl who works in the millinery department of a big store to a Denver Post reporter.

"About one o'clock a woman from a ranch came in and asked to be shown some hats. Among those I showed her was one with a long brown veil trailing out behind. She admired the hat very much. 'It's very nice,' she said, 'but tell me, is brown mourning in style now?' An hour later a woman came in and bought that brown hat. When it had been put in a box for her she said: 'You said the price was $11, didn't you?' I replied that that was the price. At that she pushed the hat she wore back on her head and, diving into her hair, drew forth a roll of bills. She skinned off two fives and a one and handed them to me. Then she rolled up the remainder and stuffed it back in her hair, after which she pulled her hat on straight again and left."

The "va[illegible] 00 feet above t[illegible]

SPORT AND ADVENTURE

IMPRISONED BY BIG ELK.

THE Record has received from a correspondent in the Yellowstone National Park a most interesting and true tale of the adventures of a bull elk, which is full of ludicrous incidents. The story is as follows:

For twenty-four hours the snow had fallen at Mammoth, and at 5 o'clock on the evening in question fully three feet covered the formation. Robert Edgar, better known to the whites as Geyser Bob, and to the Indians as Posintonka (Big Nose), was forced to make his bi-daily trip with the snow plow, and as he swung around the Cottage Hotel on the night run of his path finder he espied a large bull elk coming over the brow of the hill.

Here was a chance to square up for all the tricks of the Cottage gang, which was given to using Geyser as a butt of not a few jokes. Forgetting the dignity becoming a Government employe, he hurried to the stable, procured an armful of hay and returned just as the elk reached the foot of the hill, and cast the hay in front of the front door of the hotel.

The elk, not too proud to tickle his throat with Government dry grass, fell to. It was now 5.30, and three of Uncle Sam's trained and tried Philippine heroes came over to chat and spend an hour. As they approached the elk he tossed his twelve point, took a few steps forward, and the soldiers, seeing that he meant business, immediately made for the barracks, it at once becoming a point of interest.

Assistant Superintendent Joseph De Bar came for dinner. For ten years Joe had not gone off a walk. He struggled along through the snow, head down, until providence bade him look up. He obeyed providence, and not twenty feet in front of him the elk was making ready to charge. Joe charged first. Madly he plowed through the snow, made a hundred-yard detour and entered through the back door.

Huntley Child and G. Roger Pryor followed in Joe's wake, and it is doubtful if even when younger they exceeded the speed record set by De Bar.

When Old John, the watchman, came Joe was on the porch to give directions. "Come right along, John; I'll keep him busy." With that Joe stepped forth, armed with bottles, stovewood and pieces of coal. The second throw landed, and the elk, enraged, sprang forward. Joe, for the second time in ten years, exceeded a walk, sprang for the door, while Old John made haste to find the back door, to which a fairly good trail was being rapidly made.

Pryor advanced the theory that the elk wanted water. Manager Campbell, of the cottage, volunteered to serve it, and rushed the can to the edge of the porch. The elk disdained water and charged onto the porch. Campbell retreated in bad order, stumbled and fell. The crowd inside hurried away, leaving Campbell alone. Finding himself on his knees, Campbell uttered a prayer, to which heaven responded. The elk fell over the pail. Instantly both were up and off together. The elk reached Campbell just in time to get two prongs into his leg. Campbell threw himself against the door. It gave in and he was saved. No more attempts were made by civilians to pacify the elk.

In response to a hurry up call to Fort Yellowstone a detachment of five soldiers arrived via the hills and the now popular back-door route. The elk had stationed himself on the porch, not three feet from the door. Fully twenty blanks were fired at him and burning papers offered him. All in vain. Neither would he accept hospitality nor depart. "Twenty-three!" an exorcism gleaned from the editorial pages of the Independent, was even yelled by every one in chorus; the dinner bell was rung in his very face, but he was immovable.

Being imprisoned, with the watchful guard just outside the door, all went to bed early. At 9.30 a traveling salesman with a lantern arrived. He used all arts known to the knights of the road; he cooed and praised the elk, he swore and threatened him, but the noble beast remained impassive. With happy thought the salesman tried something new. With the lantern he gave the elk the signal to "back up," but the elk had been in the mountains so long that he was a little rusty on signals and took it for a challenge. The drummer instantly obeyed the signal, and the way he backed up is still being talked of in the park.

All night long the elk walked the porch, and occasionally, just to assert his authority, he broke a window or so. With daylight he withdrew to the rear of the building and finding all tracks leading inward again started for his post in front. On the return journey he stepped into a small geyser hole and broke his leg. At 8.15 a soldier put him out of his misery with a shot, ending the reign of the tyrant.

While the Coroner's jury was being held in the office to decide who should fall heir to the teeth a soldier went over the back fence on skis and pilfered the ivories.—Montana Record.

TRIALS OF ARCTIC EXPLORER.

Anthony Fiala, the Arctic explorer, whose party had been given up for lost when a message came from Norway last summer saying that he had been reached by the relief ship Terra Nova, is living quietly in Brooklyn, content to accept the inclemency of a New York winter, which he admits is much more trying, with its heat and rain, than the good, honest cold of the region around the Pole, where it doesn't rain after it has made up its mind to snow. The explorer, however, does appreciate the luxuries of civilization. A year ago he was in sight of starvation, his ship wrecked, cut off from all communication with the world, but still fighting across the ice through the darkness to reach the North Pole. It is of these last efforts, and of the fight to find sufficient food to maintain life on the chance of the relief ship's finding him that Fiala tells in the conclusion of his chronicle of "Two Years in the Arctic," in McClure's.

At the beginning of the second year within the Arctic circle, after the relief ship had failed to reach the little colony alone in the great white waste, dissatisfaction arose, and the party scattered, many remaining in idleness at Cape Flora, to which they had gone in the expectation of meeting the relief ship and sailing home with it; others were constantly in the field with dogs and sledges, transporting provisions from cache to cache in order that all might not starve to death, and Fiala was at Camp Abruzzi preparing in the face of all these discouragements to make another determined effort to reach the Pole. The condition of affairs could scarcely be matched in any other corner of the globe; it furnishes a bit of study for sociologists; primeval instincts came to the surface and many things happened of which Fiala merely hints in his narrative. Then after this hard winter he set out with two supporting parties and the sledges to push north over the rough ice for the Pole. Perhaps the most dramatic scene of the entire story is that of the sixth day of the advance, when Mr. Peters, in command of the last supporting party, in a tent on the ice urged Fiala to turn back. Fiala was all for going on, but Peters pointed out to him not only the snail-like progress made so far, but that to run the risk of losing these sledges might mean the death of the men left at Abruzzi and Jackson. Fiala yielded, and led the way back, knowing that he had failed.

HANGS FROM BRIDGE.

Miss Annie Rodie, who, alone, operates at night the telegraph block station of the Norfolk and Western, at Casey's, several miles below Lynchburg, Va., had a narrow escape from being killed on the bridge over Fishing Creek.

While crossing the long bridge on the way home from work the Atlanta express, several hours behind time, dashed around the curve. The girl crawled to the end of the ties, where she supported herself, with a portion of her body hanging over the ends of the sleepers, while the train, going at sixty miles an hour, dashed past her.

The engine struck one of her feet, but the injury was slight. In her scramble for safety the young woman dropped her gold watch and pocket-book, both of which fell into the creek and were lost.

CHASED AFTER ENGINEER.

To be chased a quarter of a mile and then held prisoner for four hours by a monster wildcat was the experience of William Ford, an unarmed engineer, at the air compressor of No. 4 slope at the Richards colliery, Mount Carmel, Pa.

The compressor is located on top of the mountain, and Ford had been a half-mile away, getting some wrenches needed at his machine. As he was returning to his work the cat chased him. He reached the engine house and as he opened the door and the animal realized that its prey was about to escape it sprang for him, but he had closed the door and the body of the cat went against it. For four hours it kept vigil outside, but when daylight appeared slunk away.

FEAT OF A STEEPLEJACK.

Dense crowds assembled in the streets to watch, with breathless interest, the operations of a steeplejack named Aldmeyer. Since the day of the Kaiser's silver wedding a flag had been streaming from the top of the tapering spire of St. Peter's Church, over 300 feet high. It was Aldmeyer's business to remove it. In tense silence the crowd far below watched the daring man creep out of a window in the tower, where the bells were hung, and makes his way up the lightning conductor. Arrived at the top, he waved a greeting to the crowd, hauled in the huge bag, and descended easily. The crowd cheered him loudly as he emerged from the church door.—Berlin Special to London Telegraph.

FOX SAVES A MAN'S LIFE.

A fox saved the life of a poor man under extraordinary circumstances:

The man was walking from the village of Chaux-du-Milieu to La Brevine, in the canton of Neuchatel, Switzerland, through the deep snow, when he fell exhausted on the road.

Some hours later he was aroused from sleep by a tugging at his shoulder, and found a fox tearing open a bag of provisions which was strapped to his back. He would have been frozen to death if he had remained undisturbed in the snow.—London Express.

PROSTRATE, KILLS WILD BOAR.

J. K. Oates, of Humble, Texas, was critically hurt in a desperate fight with a wild hog, says the Cincinnati Commercial. He was riding horseback in San Jacinto bottoms when the boar gored his horse, causing it to fall. The hog assaulted him while he was lying on the ground, goring his hips, ripping open the thigh and calf of his leg. With a revolver he killed the animal after shooting it five times.

Deadly Herb Smoked by Mexicans.

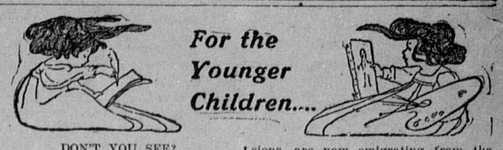
Mexico's War Department has found it necessary to issue another order strictly prohibiting the selling of marehuana, the deadly herb which grows wild in parts of Mexico, to the soldiers. This action was taken because many soldiers became insane through smoking the herb.

It was discovered recently that the soldiers continued to get hold of the herb and an investigation revealed that many women were engaged in the practice of gathering the herbs and secretly selling the poison to the soldiers.

The smoking of marehuana gives a pleasureable sensation that is almost indescribable. If the practice is kept up for a few weeks the user becomes violently insane. Although the fatal power of the drug is well known to the people of the country there are many who can not resist smoking the herb occasionally.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A bill has been introduced by seven members of the British Parliament to abolish time limits on railway passenger tickets.

It often happens that mails from New York to Buenos Ayres require from four to five weeks for delivery.



DON'T YOU SEE?

The day was hotter than words can tell,
So hot the jelly-fish wouldn't jell,
The halibut went all to butter,
And the cat-fish had only force to utter
A faint sea-mew—ay, though some have doubted,
The carp he carped and the horn-pout pouted.

The sardonic sardine had his sly heart's wish
When the angel-fish fought with the paradise-fish;
'Twas a sight gave the blue-fish the blues to see,
But the seal concealed a wicked glee.
The day it went from bad to worse,
Till the pickerel picked the purse-crab's purse.

And that crab felt crabbeder yet, no doubt,
Because the oyster wouldn't shell out;
The sculpin would sculp, but hadn't a model,
And the cod-fish begged for something to coddle;
But to both the dolphin refused its doll,
Till the whale was obliged to whale them all.
—Katharine Lee Bates, in Churchman.

BELLS AND BEES.

It is a foolish notion to suppose that the ringing of bells or "tanging" of tin pans will cause a swarm of bees to settle. The real origin of this custom dated back to the reign of Alfred the Great, who, in order to prevent disputes regarding the ownership of a swarm, ordered, observes the Argus, that the owner should always ring a bell when his bees swarmed, and ever since then the good farmer's wife has been rushing out with ringing bells whenever the bees swarmed, and the fact that they settled verified, in her own mind, the belief that the bell did it.

PEANUT PARTY MAKES FUN.

Peanut parties are always enjoyable and easy to prepare. On the invitations fasten a peanut shell or have a string of peanuts painted on the card in water colors. Have a generous supply of peanuts concealed in the rooms, in every spot imaginable, behind pictures, under rugs, on window sills, etc.

When the guests have arrived, give each one a silk bag or paper sack and let the hunt begin, each man for himself. After a half hour call time and count the spoils, according a prize of a box of salted peanuts for the greatest number and a bag of unshelled peanuts for the smallest lot.

Next provide some peanuts, toothpicks, pen and ink, tissue paper and gum, and allow ten minutes for the making of a doll. The result will be most amusing. Serve peanut sandwiches, coffee, salted peanuts, peanut candy and ice cream with peanuts in it. Write quotations and place inside peanut shells, one for each guest.—Madame Merri.

A GREEDY OSTRICH.

Of all pets an ostrich would seem to be the least desirable. This was the opinion of Mrs. Martin, who kept one on her ostrich farm at the Cape. It was a regular tyrant to the little black children, whom it bullied and whose dinners it constantly stole. One day it strayed into the kitchen. On the fire was a pot of boiling rice. Without ado it marched straight to the grate, thrust its bill into the stew, scooped up a big mouthful of rice and tossed it down its throat. In a moment it was dancing about in agony, shaking its head and twisting its neck in a frantic effort to relieve the pain. Then it fled from the house on to the prairie, where it remained for a long time.

When it returned to the farm, its boisterous spirits had been severely tamed, and it avoided kitchen and cook (greatly to her delight) until its punishment had become a mere memory.

At the age of twelve months it was sold to a farmer, but its conduct was so bad that its new master had to imprison it. Sooner or later, however, it always escaped, and at last was left alone to work its wicked will. It died as it had lived. In trying to kick a little Kaffir boy, whose mother was washing clothes by the side of a stream, the angry bird tumbled down in the rocky bed of the river, broke its leg, and had to be killed.—Cassell's Little Folks.

GUARDIAN CRANES.

The natives of Venezuela and adjoining countries on the north side of the River Amazon often avail themselves of the services of a native crane to care for their poultry and also, in place of collies or shepherd dogs, to guard and herd their domestic animals, says the Argus. This remarkable bird, which the Indians call yakamilk, and the ornithologists Psophia crepitans, is found in a wild state in the great forests which lie between the northern coast of South America and the Amazon River, particularly in Venezuela and British Guinea. The birds never leave the forest unless shot or captured. They may be trusted with the care of a flock of sheep or domestic fowls and every morning will drive the ducks and poultry to their feeding places and, carefully collecting any stragglers, bring them home at night. A yakamilk soon learns to know and obey the voice of its master, follows him, when permitted, wherever he goes and appears delighted at receiving his caresses. It pines at his absence and welcomes his return and is extremely jealous of any rival. Should any cat or dog approach it flies at it with the utmost fury and, attacking it with wing and beak, drives it away. It presents itself regularly during meals, from which it chases all domestic animals and even the Negryes who wait upon the table if it is not well acquainted with them, and only asks for a share of the eatables after it has driven away all who might aspire to a favorable notice from the family.

QUAINT HOUSEHOLD PETS.

The tiny lap dog, so long the first favorite among drawing room pets, is threatened with many rivals, according to the London Express.

One lady mistress of a large country estate has trained a lamb as her pet, and the small creature lives indoors and gambles about a dainty boudoir.

White mice and rats, so long accounted the schoolboy's privileged possessions, are now emigrating from the stables to the drawing rooms. Many pretty tricks have these sharp little animals mastered, and one tiny mouse, which rejoices in the name of "Michu," has been taught at the word of "Cat!" to run up his mistress' arm and shoulder to the top of her well-dressed coiffure.

A lady who spends most of the year in Scotland has a pet gander, who raises a great disturbance if he does not always attend her when she goes out shopping. He solemnly precedes her into the village, and waits outside the shops he knows she patronizes.

A small gray Persian kitten was seen solemnly wending its way on one of London's fashionable thoroughfares the other day. It was adorned in a red velvet coat, bordered with ermine and ornamented with tiny silver bells, and followed in the steps of its owner as carefully as a dog.

TOM'S LESSON.

Uncle Jack had taken Tom for a walk in the wood, and as they came through the grove Tom idly brought his stick down upon a family of ants that were busy carrying into the home some crumbs that had been left by a picnic party.

"I am sorry that the woodland newspaper will have to report a tragedy," said Uncle Jack, soberly. "They will have to say, 'While busy storing provisions in their home near Long Pond, the ant family was struck by a terrible tornado, and nearly every one perished. This was an excellent family, and was doing no harm. In the home were several little ones, who waited through the night for something to eat, but finding the house overturned and their parents missing, they strayed away into the wood and were lost. The cause of the tornado is unknown.'"

"Why, is it like that?" asked Tom, in surprise.

"Certainly. They have been at some pains to build that little house; see how ingenious they were in fashioning it! Now it is laid waste, and they must find a new spot. Some of the little ones are dead, too."

Tom looked down ruefully at the havoc he had made. "I know what will make them happy," he said. "I will leave this piece of nut-cake from my lunch-box, and they will eat that." He laid the cake down carefully, and was rewarded by seeing other ants swarm over it and carry bits to another place, where he thought they meant to build a new home.

"I think they will soon forget," he said. "Don't you?"

"Probably; but if they forget I am sure you will not," said Uncle Jack. And Tom found that he never did.—Katherine Hayford, in Youth's Companion.

SHIELDS FOR SOLDIERS.

German Military Writer Advocates Their Use by Infantry.

A writer in the Militar-Wochenblatt raises anew the question of the use of portable shields for the protection of infantry in the attack, says Broad Arrow. He writes approvingly of the Japanese spade work in the offensive, the more so because he mentions incidentally, as a matter regarding which there can be no dispute, that the German authorities have long since advocated the use of artificial cover in the attack, and points out that when the ground was frozen or rocky, and the spade could make no impression upon it, the attacking Japanese infantry not infrequently went forward, carrying with them filled sandbags weighing as much as forty pounds. He remarks that if the undoubtedly brave Japanese soldier found it necessary to load himself with so bulky and burdensome a protection when advancing in the open against an intrenched enemy it would seem far better to equip the infantry with a light, handy shield. Furnished with a handle by which to carry it, a loophole to fire through and some arrangement to prevent its falling down, the infantryman would then find himself, like his gunner comrade, protected by a bullet-proof shield. The writer in the Wochenblatt suggests that on the march the shield should be carried on the back, when going into action on the chest and when advancing to the attack in the left hand, so as to be at once available for use when lying down to fire, both as head cover and rifle rest.

Skim Milk Paint.

The Scientific American, in commending skim milk for painting, gives the following directions for making it and some results from its use. It says:

"Stir into a gallon of milk about three pounds of Portland cement and add sufficient Venetian red paint powder to impart a good color. Any other colored paint powder may as well be used. The milk will hold the paint in suspension, but the cement, being heavy, will sink to the bottom, so that it becomes necessary to keep the mixture well stirred with a paddle. Mix only enough at a time for one day's use. Six hours after painting this paint will be as immovable and unaffected by water as a month-old paint. Cases are on record of this sort of paint being in good condition after twenty years, and it has preserved the wood admirably. The addition of carbolic acid or some other disinfectant makes it very suitable for dairy work, as it then has a cleansing effect.

Why She Wanted Park Lane.

A lady carrying a little dog got into an omnibus and wanted to know if every turning was Park Lane.

She began asking the question at Putney, says the London Chronicle, and repeated it at intervals all along the route until at last she was told, to the intense relief of everybody in the omnibus that Park Lane was really before her eyes.

But they were not to see the last of her even then. "Look!" she said in ecstatic tones, holding up the dog to the window, "that's where your mother was born!"

The nitrate industry of Chile yields the Government the enormous annual sum of $25,000,000 in [illegible] export duty.