THE QUEENSTOWN NEWS.

VOL. XXIV. QUEENSTOWN, MARYLAND, SATURDAY, MAY 26, 1906. NO. 23.

An ideal friend is one who fulfills this definition given by a small boy and quoted in Good Housekeeping. "A friend is a person who knows all about you and likes you just the same."

Dr. Arthur Shadwell, M. A. and M. D., as the result of an extended visit and study of the great industrial centres of England, Germany and America, says that New York streets are the dirtiest on earth.

Under Japanese control the island of Formosa, which lies but about a hundred miles north of the Philippines, is rapidly developing. In the manufacture of sugar from sugar cane there was produced in 1900 32,000 short tons and in 1904 55,000 tons, the crop nearly doubling within the limit of four years.

The invention by a Parisian of a bullet that won't kill when it hits will go a long way toward reviving the French sport of dueling. The new missile is hollow, and so, for the sake of realism, may be filled with tomato catsup for affairs of honor among the working classes. The nobles of the chateaux may fill their bullets with the best claret of their own bottling.

John Wesley, the founder of Methodism, sounded the keynote of modern hygiene when he paraphrased Bacon's epigram as "Cleanliness is indeed next to godliness. The surgical practice of to-day and the tremendous strides that have been made in this department of science are based upon this maxim. Listerism and asepsis are only new words for cleanliness.

The ousting of John Alexander Dowie from all control, temporal and spiritual, of the various enterprises clustering about Zion City in Illinois, marks the end of a religious movement in some respects more noteworthy than any in this country since Joseph Smith received his revelations. In fact, such an affective combination of religious solemnities, miraculous healing, and business enterprise is hard to parallel anywhere else.

The story is told of a Fort Lupton (Col.) farmer who sold his cabbages at $10 a ton, slipped a note into one of them asking the consumer to let him know what he paid for it. The buyer replied that he paid at the rate of $90 a ton. It would be interesting to know who got the other $80. We believe the trouble lies in the fact that the producer and consumer are not in close enough touch with each other. There ought to be some way of remedying this matter.

There has been almost a revolution in Eilershausen, a little village near Gottingen, Germany, over an order forbidding any young unmarried man to escort a young woman on the streets after dark, notes the New York Tribune. This order was the work of the deputy town clerk, who is not a ladies' man and had been made the butt for ill natured jokes. He thought he saw an opportunity for revenge when the reins of power came temporarily into his hands. But his action has cost him his place.

The farmers of the South are described as extremely prosperous, many of them with a surplus of money to lend. It is not so many years ago, muses the Massachusetts Ploughman, that the farmers of the South, as a class, were obliged to mortgage their crops every year in order to obtain supplies to raise the crops. When Southern farmers have money to lend the situation is, indeed, changed. They are reported using part of their increased resources to buy more fertilizers with the idea of increasing the yield per acre.

Daylight is the one thing that destroys the germs of disease—all of them—and publicity, bringing with it irresistible public opinions, is the great cure for social unrighteousness, declares the Progressive Farmer. A shining example is furnished by the recent experience of the Western Union Company in connection with the collection and sale of racing news in New York City. The public realized and the directors of the Western Union Company realized what the company was doing, and immediately the transmission of racing news to pool-rooms was stopped.

If Mr. Carnegie feels the need of advice as to how to invest his surplus millions he will act promptly on the suggestion of a fair philosopher of the Minerva Club and go to building cooking schools and endowing chairs of cooking. He has her word for it in advance that he will better the world "physical, morally and financially." "A practical knowledge of cooking," she assures us, "would do more than anything else to decrease the ratio of crime." When all cooks are good cooks, then we shall no longer need a police force—perhaps not even a traffic squad—or insurance investigations, or railroad-rate regulation bills, or "muck-rake" magazines, or anti-crap-shooting societies for newsboys. People will breakfast, lunch and dine on chemical formulas. Pure food will be predestined salvation.

THE FIGHTING BLOOD

A Story for Decoration Day

A CIRCULAR grass covered plot it was, on the outer edge of the cemetery, and the low stone wall surrounding it was defaced and sunken in many places. An oblong tablet, supporting two monumental urns, rested in the centre, and it was heaped high with wreaths and blossoms, the tribute of a nation to its honored dead. The inscription bore the name of one of the most famous generals of the Civil War, but Lucinda Randall, sitting idly on top of the rough coping, surveyed the memorial stone with gloomy eyes. At that moment she was wondering, as she had wondered many times before in her twenty-five years, if life were all that she had been led to believe that she would find it. In spite of her fixed belief in the general correctness of the scheme of the universe, she could not refrain from thinking that there were some things that she would have arranged differently. That very morning, in a despondent mood, she had confronted her cares and troubles, drawn up before her in formidable array, and, after a severe struggle with her common sense, had finally owned herself defeated. Usually, Lucinda was a person on whom the perplexities of life sat lightly; but about every six weeks, as she put it, she was obliged to think, and the result was always disastrous. It was in this mood that, sitting there, the fresh, strong wind, straight from the ocean, whipping loose strands of her black hair from their fastenings, and buffeting her slight figure like a live thing, she withdrew her gaze from the wave-washed horizon, and looked again at the stone.

"Killed, while gallantly leading a forlorn charge," she said, aloud. "That I can understand. The heroism of the moment, the wild charge in the glory and blaze of battle; sudden, swift extinction, exulting in the face of death, that is a glorious way to die; but to wear out one's life in the tragedy of the commonplace, one's worst foe oneself, that is dying by inches; it is worse—it is a living death."

Her eyes suddenly widened as she perceived a figure on the other side of the mound silhouetted against the sky. It was that of an old man, bent and shrunken with age, but Lucinda noticed the square set of the shoulders, the attempt at carrying them well set back, and a general air of alert briskness, which, to her observant eyes, proclaimed him to be an ex-soldier. He climbed the wall stiffly, his eyes fixed upon the sunken grave, with the flowers piled high above it, and the fluttering flags at either end. Wheeling sharply, as he reached the spot, he stood erect, and gave a smart military salute, with a precision evidently born of long training; then, stooping, he placed on the grave a small bunch of dandelions that he carried.

Then he turned to Lucinda, smiling cordially.

"I reckon you think this kind of strange," he said, speaking with a Western accent, and laying one hand tenderly on the stone, "but I've saluted the general every Memorial Day for twenty years, miss; I've followed him in many a battle, and I don't forget; and somehow I can't think that the general does, either." His shining eyes looked across the tablet at the girl. "Maybe he did you a kindness, too, miss?" he asked, sympathetically. "He did many a one in his day, I'll be bound."

The girl flushed a pleased look at him.

"General Eastwood was my uncle," she said, simply.

The old soldier's face beamed.

"Your uncle, miss?" he said, earnestly. "Well, I've wondered many a day if I should ever be lucky enough to run across any of the general's kin; but my time is getting so short now that I'd about given up hope." He reached his hand impulsively across the grave to the girl.

She took it, smiling in comprehension.

"I am always glad to meet anyone who served under my uncle," she said, winningly. "I have often heard my mother tell how much he thought of his men."

"That's right, too," said the soldier, eagerly. "Why, miss, the day we made that charge at ——, it was hotter than blazes, and the general was in the thick of it, and always at the front, miss, always at the front." He shook his bony forefinger warningly—"Don't you forget that. The bullets were flying like hail, and the general was sitting his horse like an iron man, and we were plunging after him, when Dick Fallon's horse was shot under him, and he tumbled on the ground right alongside of the general. Dick expected it to be the last of him, for the cavalry was sweeping solid over the field. Was it? No, indeed! The general just swooped down on him sideways, and lifted him across his saddle bow, and led the charge just the same. Dick never forgot that. I've heard him tell it over and over, and not one of those who saw it ever forgot it, either. Oh, I tell you, miss,"—the old man chuckled, carried out of himself by the memory of brave war days, and becoming loquacious in praise of his hero—"there never was anything could daunt the old general. He had the real blood in him—the fighting blood, we called it. Nothing ever beat it yet." He turned to the girl, his eyes luminous with feeling, and his white hair blowing in the wind. Her gaze was fastened on the vanishing line of smoke from an ocean steamer, and the old soldier looked disappointed.

"The Day We Made That Charge."

"I think," Lucinda said, slowly, her hands unconsciously destroying the daisies that she had, "that there are, perhaps, some things which, if the general had had them to endure, might have conquered even the fighting blood."

"Don't you believe it, miss," began the old soldier, stoutly, but a glance at her downcast face checked him. "Yes, miss?" he said, interrogatively.

"Yes, I do," she said, more firmly. "There are forms of battle of which the general had no conception. It is so different with a man! His life was one of action, vivid, stirring action, and each act was applauded by a nation. He stood high in the estimation of men. He had wealth, power and fame. Did he ever know"—she went on, stormily—"what it means simply to exist, to spend one's life in waiting, till your youth and strength and hope are gone? Did he ever know the humiliating sensation of failure? Did he ever mean well, and try hard, and have it all end in defeat? No! he never knew these things. Even his courage might have given way before such overwhelming odds as these."

The soldier's stiff features melted into sympathetic lines at the girl's outburst, but his faith in his hero was not to be shaken.

"No, miss," he said, patiently. "Begging your pardon, for I can see that you must have had a hard battle yourself, to talk like this, but even all you say wouldn't have made the general give in." His eyes met hers. "It's harder for a woman," he said, gently.

The girl's eyes filled at the words, but she kept her head defiantly high.

"I have lost all I cared for in the world," she said, steadily, "and there's only left me a big, empty, starving heart, that gnaws at me night and day." She looked at the brave old face wistfully. "Do you think that the general could have borne that?" she asked.

The old soldier felt a sudden queer tightening of his throat. He looked at the girlish figure in its rough blue serge, then hastily rose, striking his stick firmly into the gravel path. All the old martial fire and vigor were in his bearing as he stood in front of her. He felt intuitively that it was a case where action of some kind was needed.

"The general would never have given up, miss," he almost shouted, all the more sturdily because conscious of an unwonted tremor in his tones, which he wanted to conceal. "Never! There wasn't anything that he couldn't have borne, and anyone with fighting blood in his veins ought to feel that way, too. Anyone belonging to the general is just bound to stand by his colors!"

The girl looked up quickly, her lips parted, and her face was suffused with an inward glow.

He met her look directly.

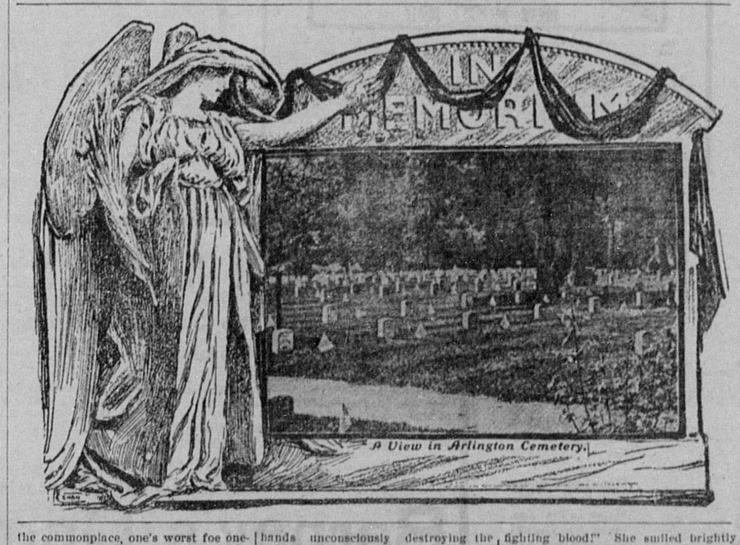
"And you his blood, miss!" he said, reproachfully—"the fighting blood!"

The words stirred the girl's senses, like a call to arms. She sprang quickly to her feet, sweeping her long skirts aside, and drawing her lithe figure to its full height.

"You're right," she said, abruptly. "The fighting blood does not give in. What is your name? 'Macallon? Now Mr. Macallon, we're ready for the enemy. Hurrah for the banner of the fighting blood!" She smiled brightly at the old man, who, instantly divining her changed mood, and catching the spirit of excitement, swung involuntarily around. Together they saluted the grave, the old and the young eyes flashing in unison. The clear note of a departing bugle lent color and reality to the scene. The old man's voice quavered on the air.

"'Tention!" he piped, shrilly. "Eyes front! Forward, march!"—Lucy Baker Jerome, in Success.

Indiana was admitted as a State December 11, 1816.



Tomb of General Sheridan---Arlington Cemetery.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

MRS. PLINLIMMINS' TEA.

This game begins with the announcement of the first player that "Mrs. Plinlimmins does not like Tea." The next person asks what she prefers; and the next to him must answer with some article of food or drink in which the letter T does not appear. For instance, she cannot have potatoes, or toast, or tars, or tomatoes; but she can drink coffee or cocoa. Anyone who gives a word containing the letter T is counted out. If the catch is not known by more of the players, very many are counted out early in the game. Later on, those who remain, discover the test.—Philadelphia Record.

CHEETAH AND BLACK BUCK.

In faraway India the nobility indulge in what seems to one a very mean sport. In hunting the black buck, which is far from wild, and numerous near Hyderabad, they use the hunting cheetah, or leopard. It can run like a greyhound.

It is fastened to his charpoy, or native bedstead, which is carried on a small country cart drawn by two small oxen. The keeper of the anxious animal brings up the rear.

The black buck, numerous thereabouts and used to the sight of these carts, allows them to approach quite close. Then the cheetah is unloaded and slipped, and, with its lengthy strides, soon overtakes the poor buck and strikes it down. The nobility, mounted or in native vehicles, watches the "hunt" from a nearby eminence.

THE BOBOLINK.

He is dashing.
He is handsome.
He dwells in high grass.
He is due early in May.
He's a bit bigger than the sparrow.
He is of the blackbird family.
He is more frequently heard than seen.
He is undeniably given to posing.
He is often heard singing on the wing.
By midsummer he is too tired to sing, thanks to family cares.
In courting array he is black and white, with a yellow cap.
Mrs. B., who wears dull brown, sits on her bluish-white eggs.
He eats spiders, beetles, crickets, grasshoppers and grass seeds.
In August he begins flying South to the rice fields, where he is likely to ignominiously end his career as a rice bird or a "reedy" on the plate of the epicure.—Philadelphia Record.

A PRETTY CHILDREN'S PARTY.

At a small girl's birthday party recently there were eleven guests, to whom the invitations had been sent written on the attractive little stationery that is made especially for children.

The first things on the program after their arrival were the old-fashioned games, "London Bridge," "Here We Go 'Round the Mulberry Bush," and others set to music, and that all children know.

Then the children were formed into a circle, and a large jardiniere filled with all sorts of odd-looking packages was placed in the centre. One by one the children were blindfolded and allowed to take out their packages, the opening of which created much diversion. They contained inexpensive little balls and other toys. At exactly 4 o'clock the children were taken into the dining room, where there was a low, round table, made with one of the removable tops that are used on dining tables, and around it twelve little kindergarten chairs. The room was lighted with large Chinese lanterns hung from the ceiling, and on the birthday cake were four little candles.

On the table were dainty place cards in the shape of roses with cunning little cornucopias of colored paper filled with popcorn for the children to take home. The refreshments were plain bread and butter sandwiches cut in pretty shapes, tiny cups of cocoa, and vanilla ice cream served in ramekins, with little dishes of transparent candies made of pure syrup.—New York Mail.

THE FIDDLER CRAB.

Among our first acquaintances at the seashore will be a number of those funny little creatures who have not yet learned to walk straight—or, at any rate, not straight ahead.

If many of the crab family have failed to acquire the habit of following the way the head points, they are perfect in the art of moving straight from it at a right angle. It is one of the most amusing sights of the shore to watch these seemingly one-sided animals hurrying off sideways, making for their burrows in the sand and mud. Interfere with their progress, and notice how quickly they will reverse their motion and travel back over their course, without even stopping to see what has molested them.

Among the most "lop-sided" of these travelers are the little "fiddlers," or "calling crabs," as they are sometimes named. Their burrows, indicated by small holes, such as you would make by thrusting the point of an umbrella into the sand, are scattered all over the salt marshes and mud-flats at about high water mark; and you can sometimes see the tenants of these small homes peeping out, ready for a journey.

If you can approach quietly enough to give them no danger signal, you may sometimes see hundreds of these merry crablings, apparently busy with their outdoor labors. Come closer and they will quickly scamper into their dwellings. There are both male and female members of the families scrambling about in the crowd; the former easily recognized by the great size of one of the claws which is carried crosswise in front of the head. When provoked they will brandish this claw in a rather threatening manner, which has been likened to the drawing of a violin bow, and given them the name of "fiddlers." Some have thought it like the motion of beckoning—hence the name of "calling crab."

Their feet are ten in number, and they have two eyes, supported in long stalks, which allows them to see in nearly every direction, and which can be, at will, drawn in under the shell for protection. Two pair of feelers, called antennae and antenules, in front of the eyes, seem to serve the functions of smelling and hearing, as well as for feelers; the auditory apparatus being lodged in the base of the smaller pair.

There are two species of fiddler found on our coast. The more common form (Gelasimus vocator) has a smooth and shining shell, the centre impressed with a figure like the letter H.

In digging their habitations, the fiddlers throw, or push up, the pellets of moist earth with their back walking legs, and usually deposit their burden at some little distance from the mouth of the burrow. At the approach of winter they close up the holes to their domiciles and go into a condition of torpor until spring.

JOHNNY'S PICNIC.

"Are you going to the picnic? Why, Johnnie, you've left your shoes at home!"

"Yes, I'm going, Billie," said Johnnie, bravely, as he hurried on toward the big wagons.

Billie stopped to speak to Jimmie Wilson, and let Johnnie go on alone. When he thought he would not be overheard he said to Jimmie:

"He wouldn't go if I were superintendent of the Sunday-school. It isn't nice for boys to go barefoot to picnics." He then looked with childish pride at his nice shoes and stockings.

"That's so," answered the other, trudging along. "S'pose we speak to Mr. White about it; he may not see Johnnie in the crowd. My mother'd be shocked to have me ride with a barefooted boy through town."

Billie assented, and they hurried round to the side of the hall to speak to the superintendent before the school started. He heard their remarks very kindly, but simply said:

"Johnnie's bare feet won't hurt you any, my boys, and they may do somebody some good before night. We'll let him go.'

When the children arrived at the beautiful park, and ran down to the shore of the little pond, there were many who stripped off shoes and stockings, and Johnnie had lots of company for his wading in the water. So he forgot for a while that he was different from the others. When the rest hurried on their shoes and stockings to go to the big tables for dinner, Johnnie felt the lump in his throat again, but he went on with the rest.

After such a dinner as he had not had since last year's picnic, Johnnie walked over to the big swing, and was soon in the height of glee. Rising away, away, oh so high in the air! then sinking swiftly backward, but to rise again still higher. After a little while Billie and Jimmie came up and watched him. Nobody had swung so high before, and they could not help wondering.

Pretty soon Billie asked if he might get in too, and Johnnie gladly "let the old cat die"—that is, he let the swing stop itself—and then the two swung together a good long time. Suddenly, when they were high at the back, just starting back on the swift long sweep, they were startled by the cry, "Run away, sissy! Run, quick!" They saw a toddling baby right in their path. They would surely kill her.

"Down with your feet, Billie! Stop her hard—and hang on!" yelled Johnnie to his seatmate, as they came down like a flash. But Billie was too scared to do anything but hold on, while Johnnie struck the ground in full force, and held himself straight and stiff until the swing stopped, just beside the little girl.

The crowd rushed up to cheer the brave boy and take the baby out of danger. They they saw that Johnnie's poor bare feet had great gashes cut in their soles, and that he had stood the pain like a hero to save the little girl's life.

Kind hands quickly bound up the bleeding feet, and two boys, besides some others, felt that these bandages were far more honorable than the finest shoes and stockings that were ever made. What made Johnnie happiest, however, was that one man promised him work at good wages. Do you suppose Johnnie disappointed him?—Sunday-School Times.

A Strenuous Dentist.

"Do not stir. I am going to extract all the defective teeth in your mouth, and you will not have any more to pay than if one was taken out."

"But I have only come for one," replied the patient, a young man, who was already suffering horribly.

"I tell you that I shall extract the lot, and instead of thanking me you object. You see that revolver. Well, if you move I shall shoot you," and the dentist laid a revolver on a table by him.

The luckless patient, perceiving that he had fallen into the hands of a lunatic, resigned himself to his fate, and had an awful time. When, however, it was all over, the dentist was as good as his word. He only asked for a very trifling sum, and after expressing the hope that his victim would send him some customers, and would himself return some day, bade him farewell. As soon as the young man was clear of the place he proceeded to the nearest police station with the story of his woes, and the dentist, who was known to have been in a queer state of mind for some time, has been removed to an asylum. But this will not restore the lost grinders, and the patient has received such a shock to his system that some time must elapse before he can be himself again.—Paris correspondence of The London Telegraph.

TALES OF ADVENTURE

DANGER ON A LOCOMOTIVE.

"The 308 was a very fine locomotive," said the fat engineer. "She was the first of the large, battleship class of engines to make its appearance on our line; 'n' Murphy, my fireman, an' me were very proud indeed when she was allotted to us.

"She was a very smooth piece of machinery 'n' moved with the ease 'n' grace of a racehorse. Every time her big drivers revolved she brought you seven feet nearer your destination. The new machine was so high up in the air that the smaller locomotives looked like watch charms by her side. After we got her I didn't think Murphy was takin' the best of care 'n' doin' all he could to keep her neat. So I opened up on him.

"'Now, Mike, old man,' says I, 'you want to be up an' doin' an' keep her tidy so's they won't take her away from us.'

"Murphy he got sore 'n' observed as how, if I would confine myself to the runnin' of the train 'n' the workin' of the injectors 'n' other toys he could deliver the merchandise required of him by the book of rules.

"'Mike,' I replied, 'It's only a bit of advice I'm givin' you. There's no use gettin' warm under the collar. In this railroadin' business many are called but few are chosen.'

"'Sure 'n' I noticed that you got called good 'n' hard last night by the master mechanic 'bout them oil cans,' replied Mike.

"'Yes, but Mike,' says I, 'see what a large bit of free advertisin' you git by bein' on with a man who breaks so many records.'

"'Indade, 'n' the only record I iver heard of yer breakin' was that time you tried to talk into the ponygraf 'n' the hot air melted the wax,' says he.

"After this Murphy kept up a dignified silence 'n' I retired to my side of the cab, thinkin' the while of how hard it is to keep the Irish down. Sometimes I'm pretty sure that Jonah must have had some Irish in him, seein' as the whale had such poor success keepin' him down.

"Pretty soon I got the signal to go 'n' I pulled her wide open, the 308 movin' out of the station with her heavy train, her highsteppin' qualities showin' in every motion. She was of the stem winder type, with the boiler runnin' entirely through the cab, her furnace door protrudin' from the rear of the cab on the runnin' board of the tender.

"On each side of the boiler was the space for the engineer 'n' fireman. Her boiler was so big 'n' high that it was impossible for an ordinary sized man to see over the top, 'n' her lubricators 'n' other little toys on top of the boiler were so lofty that to reach 'em there was an iron step fastened to the boiler about half way up.

"We were soon clear of the yards 'n' movin' rapidly. The 308 was doin' her prettiest this evenin', 'n' she ate up mile after mile at a sixty mile 'n hour clip, without so much as strainin' a spring. I only found one fault with her movements; there seemed to be some little bug in the lubricators on top of the boiler. They weren't feedin' properly. So I decided that when we got droppin' down the Hog Back grade 'n' I could shut her off I'd see what was doin'; I somehow had a hunch that somethin' was about to come off that wasn't down on the time card. The idea had been botherin' me all evenin', 'n' try as I would I couldn't lose it.

"Soon's I got 'em going down the Hog Back 'n' takin' care that I had a clear block I went aloft. I think if they keep on increasin' the size of engine boilers they better equip 'em with elevators 'n' fire escapes. Well, any way, I grabbed the hand rail runnin' along the top of the boiler 'n' put my foot on the step, hoistin' myself up 'n' huggin' the boiler very close.

"If a man has any such thing as a guardeen angel mine got very busy 'n' increased his battin' average with me about 300 per cent. then, for I no moren't hauled myself clear of my seat 'n' there was a deafenin' crashin' noise, 'n' poundin' up through the floor of the cab 'n' the seat where I had been sittin' came the end of the drivin' rod, swirlin' 'n' smashin' things in its wake. I don't like to think of what would 'a happened to me if the lubricators hadn't gone dippy. The 308 had stripped her side rods on the right side.

"Not only was I myself in danger, hangin' on to the boiler with only one hand 'n' foot, dodgin' the splinters 'n' flying nuts 'n' bolts, but the entire train behind, with its load of passengers, was doomed to destruction in a very few seconds, as that side rod flyin' rampant was sure to throw the locomotive from the rails unless somethin' was done to check her speed.

"Already in one of its rapid revolutions the heavy piece of steel had struck the reverse lever a crushin' blow 'n' bent it so that it would be impossible to reverse the engine, even could I reach the lever. Any second I was likely to be hit by the rod 'n' dashed to death. But I grimly hugged the boiler, which was already beginnin' to burn my body terribly.

"Could I only by some means reach the airbrake valve in the forward part of the cab, I could set the brakes 'n' bring her up short. But it was sure death to attempt it. When I had given up all hope, above the din of the crushin' timber 'n' flyin' metal, I heard a hearty Irish voice:

"'Hang to her, Bill. I'll get you out.' It was Murphy, 'n', turnin', I saw him tryin' hard to reach the air brake valve with one of the long iron hooks used to shake the clinkers out of the front end of the firebox. Could he reach it?

"It was a ticklish trick to watch his chance, 'n' make a quick grapple for the handle, keepin' an eye out that the side rod did not knock the poker from his hand. But he did it. By a quick, true thrust, he got [illegible] gripped on the valve 'n' swu[illegible] 'round to the 'mergency 'n' the trai[illegible] was brought up as quickly as a lassoed bronco. How firmly I grasped Murphy's hand when I had dropped safely to the tank! I would never take him to task again.

"'Bill,' he said, as tears filled his eyes, 'I thought you were a goner that time.' 'I reckon it will be some time before I can wipe the 308 again.'

"She was almost a hopeless w[illegible] an' it was Murphy's mouth before s[illegible] came out of the shop."—New York Sun.

SAVED BY COURAGE.

Mr. Becke, the author of "[illegible] My South Sea Log," tells of [illegible] who seemed to him the most he[illegible] man in the world because he had been through the first Maori war, and be[illegible] cause of an adventure which there fell him, and which is given [illegible] lows:

Poor Guy, such was the tu[illegible] was a lieutenant, and he and [illegible] panions were captured by the [illegible] They were taken inside the sto[illegible] and the chief, taking up one [illegible] captured seamen's cutlasses, [illegible] edge, and then fixed his kee[illegible] on the young officer's face.

"I shall not harm these two [illegible] yours," he said slowly. "Th[illegible] shall go safely back to your lines if—" He paused, and a grim smile distorted hi[illegible] tattooed face.

"If what?" asked Guy, calmly.

"If you will stretch out your right hand so that I may cut it off [illegible] wrist, swiftly, no further harm come to you, and you, too, s[illegible] free."

"Will you keep your word?"

"Aye. I, Te Atua Wera, am no li[illegible]

Guy nodded, quietly took off his [illegible] and held out his left hand.

"Strike," he said.

The chief again smiled. "Thou [illegible] as cunning as thou art brave. 'I [illegible] the right hand."

Guy let fall his left and extended [illegible] right arm. Te Atua Wera stepped back a pace, raised the cutlas[illegible] struck the joint of it into the [illegible] Then he bent forward and gra[illegible] rubbed noses with Guy.

"Go," he said, "but come back n[illegible] more." So Guy and the two sailor[illegible] were allowed to return to Despard's lines unharmed.

RAFTING ON THE WISCONSIN.

At the mills they made up the big rafts according to a certain system. A crib was made of boards, say, sixteen feet long, and was built in layers, cob-house fashion, until it was perhaps a couple of feet deep, all fastened by long hard wood pegs. Seven of these cribs made a "piece," and three pieces, side by side, lashed together by lines fastened to the boats, made what was called a "Wisconsin river raft." That was about as large as a raft could be and run safely the various dams and bars and rapids. After they got [illegible] mouth of the Wisconsin the men [illegible] shift these pieces and bu[illegible] number of Wisconsin river [illegible] one vast, slow-moving snake of [illegible] timbers, a thing of terror to all [illegible] steamboats on the river, until at [illegible] it found its restination, perhaps [illegible] up at some bayou far down toward [illegible] Louis. Once such a raft piled up o[illegible] the middle pier of the Dubuque bridge and ran up the abutment to the bridge floor, frightening half to death some 300 gaping folk who had come out to see the wild men go through. But that was merely an incident. It was merely an incident if at night the men, asleep and forgetful of the green lights which ought to show that they were running, awoke under a volley of p[illegible] fanity and saw looming before them the bow of some river steamer, whose captain and pilot objurgated them by all the saints of the river to have a better care for the observance of the law. —Emerson Hough, in "On the Little Bull Rapids," in the Outing Magazine.

A MIGHTY LION HUNTER.

Among the passengers on board the steamship Koenig Albert, w[illegible] arrived at Hoboken to-day, were Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Doucet, of Montreal, Canada, who have just returned from Central and Eastern Africa, where they have been for the past seven years. They made their headquarters in Mombassa, South Africa. They brought with them a number of curios which had been given them by the natives, including an African war gun.

Just before leaving for this country they met Captain Stedand, of the King's African Rifles. Just before the train left Mombassa, four lions made their appearance, and Mr. Doucet says that Captain Stedand shot them, but not until his right arm and shoulder had been so badly lacerated that it had to be amputated later [illegible] day. The officer shot the four beasts, but one of them was not seriously injured and again attacked him, succeeding in badly injuring him before the last shot was fired. Surgeons were summoned and did what they could for the wounded man, but later in the day it was found necessary to amputate the wounded arm.—New York Post.

Earth's Coal Supply.

A German periodical, Stahl und Eisen, has published some optimistic figures about the supply of coal in the earth. Germany's deposits of coal are put down at 280,000,000,000 tons, which, with the present consumption, will suffice for a couple of thousand years. The other European Powers, in the opinion of this authority, are in much less favorable position. Thus the coal deposits of Great Britain and Ireland amount to only about half of those of Germany, or about 10,000,000,000 tons, and, as the annual consumption is twice as big as that of Germany, Engl[illegible] have exhausted her supplies h[illegible]rs. The aggregate fo[illegible] 000,000,000,000 tons [illegible] of North America [illegible] tain nearly as much [illegible] rope, or 881,000,000,000 tons; but even this gigantic figure is complete drawfed by Asia's wealth of coal, to which it is at present impossible make an approximate estimate. Ch[illegible] more especially seems to possess [illegible] haustible supplies, and a Germ[illegible] entist has put the coal depos[illegible] provinces of Shan-shi alone [illegible] 000,000,000 tons.

Last year there were [illegible] matches sold in Franc[illegible] that nation's treasu[illegible] being a State mo[illegible]