THE QUEENSTOWN NEWS.

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If the earth must quake, observes the Richmond Times-Dispatch, why doesn't it turn in and rip a nice, wide crack across Panama?

Barber shops in some of the effete cities of the East are called "whiskeraniums," declares the Denver News. In some portions of the more vigorous West they are known as 'scraperiums."

Episcopal Bishop Franklin S. Spaulding, of Salt Lake City, says: "To me one thing is remarkable—the longer a man is in China, the longer he is in Japan, the more he seems to respect the people of those countries, but the longer a man lives in Utah the more he seems to hate and detest Mormonism."

In the list of the present ministry of New Zealand, says Harper's Weekly, the following name occurs, Hon. Mahuta Tawhiao Potatau te Wherowhero. Before it appears the characterization, "Without Portfolio," and yet he seems to be the only person in the ministry who really seems to need one.

From many parts of the country, observes the Creamery Journal, of England, it is reported that there is great and increasing difficulty in getting farmhands who can or will milk the cows, and the problem of mechanical milking will have to be faced as a much more serious affair in the future than it has been in the past.

When Emperor William's epitaph comes to be written, declares the New York Post, it will need to be almost the reverse of the satiric one on the English King who never said a foolish thing and never did a wise one. The Kaiser does a great many wise things, but whenever he speaks, or writes—especialily whenever he telegraphs—he is apt to go off in a blaze of indiscretion.

One first-class continuous highway across the continent would be a great thing. Many a traveler would spend two or three months going and coming by team, bicycle, automobile or otherwise. It would be easy for the nation to do a thing like this. In 1905 one hundred and fifty thousand Americans visited Europe, and for the privilege of going over the first-class European roads paid over $500,000,000.

The Argentine Republic has issued a decreed providing for the inspection of butter factories with a view to guaranteeing the purity of the product exported and thereby raising the standing of Argentine butter in foreign countries. When adulteration is detected the Government will suspend official connection with the factory where the fraud has been perpetrated, and publish notice to this effect in the official bulletin.

[illegible] are your two longest fingers? [illegible] the London Chronicle. And, as the fingers write these lines, the eye measures. The result is rather curious. The hand is laid palm upward, and the third finger is the second in length. The hand is turned over and the forefinger wins. "Try it!" Possibly this confusion may be one of congenital criminality. But in that case the result would be the spectacle of the clerk and—the writer—handcuffed together.

According to Mr. Edward J. Hall, President of the Southern Bell Telephone Company, the telephone is gradually changing the voice of the Nation. "The rise of the telephone is," he says, "little as the casual onlooker may think it, bringing all normal voices to a sameness of pitch, and engrafting a similarity of enunciation." Even that delightful "Southern drawl," says the New York Globe, is disappearing where the long-distance wire is largely used. That a constant use of the telephone may improve enunciation and produce a sharp, clear cut conversational tone is not improbable, at least in the case of central station operatives and others continually talking over the wire; but that its use can bring about any such desirable reformation in the man who talks into it perhaps a dozen or twenty times a day for three or four minute periods is not, to say the least, probable.

In the American Journal of the Medical Sciences, Dr. Alfred Gordon reports an interesting case of double personality, in which the symptoms of what was once called "demoniacal possession" are plainly marked. The patient is absolutely convinced that he is composed of two beings—number one and number two. The latter, says the Washington Post, is inimical to the first in every respect; suggests wrong acts, interferes with his life, even dictates to him bad language when he talks to others; briefly, number two is always for 'the bad part of his life.'" As this malady is unaccompanied by any peculiar motor symptoms beyond a slight inequality of the pupils, and an absence of the "knee-jerk," Dr. Gordon regards it as a kind of epilepsy of the sensory centres. The condition is not like that observed in hypnotism, in which the self of the second state has no recollection of the thoughts and acts of the self of the first state. Here the two selves exist not succ[illegible]ively, but simultaneously, and [illegible] the mastery.

A PROVIDENTIAL DISCOVERY.

When the Circle's fair was ended we had forty dollars net,
An' the members of the Circle had been duly called an' met
To agree on how to spend it for the glory of the cause,
An' agreeable to custom an' the Circle's rules an' laws.

Sister Sarah Newton Tarbox thought it orto go to pay
On the minister's back salary, an' Sarah had her say
Until Sister Mary Colby p'inted out it wouldn't do
Under sub-division sixty-six of chapter twenty-two.

Sister Sarah, squelched, set silent an' she wouldn't say a word
Save thet now an' then, sarcastic, to the Circle she referred
To the heathen, fat an' lazy, in a far-off furrin clime,
An' the preacher outen flour more'n half the mortal time.

Sister Prudence Wilson Connors humbly ventured to suggest
Thet the minister was needin' of a Sunday coat an' vest,
An' we argyed on it, prayerfull, till the whole plan was knocked out
By a leetle p'int of order raised by Sister Susan Stout.

Sister Prudence set there thoughtful through the follerin' debate,
With her Christian sperrit ruffled, an' allowed she orto state
Fer the clearin' of her conscience thet she wouldn't oncet demur
If we threw it in the river, it was all the same to her.

Sister Amy Ellen Droppers thought the money sh'u'd be lent
To some needy soul an' honest at a moderate per cent.,
But the by-laws of the Circle, so said Sister Sophy Squcer,
On the plan of lendin' money wa'n't exactly plain an' clear.

Sister Amy Ellen hinted she had nothin' more t' say
On the plan thet she suggested of the law stood in the way,
But she said it was a pity the committee on expense
Hadn't framed the Circle's by-laws in accord with common sense.

Sister Evalina Spriggins said she thought it plain to see
What a Furrin Mission Circle's bounden duty orto be,
An' she couldn't see how preachers of the Sperrit was to roam
With the Furrin Mission Circles spendin' money here at home.

At which Sister Phoebe Lucy Brown arose, an', summat het,
Said she guessed she knew her duty, an' she didn't choose to set
An' to hear a sister hintin' in a most onchristian way
Thet the Furrin Mission Circle was a-goin' fur astray!

An' then Sister Spriggins told her thet she hadn't meant no slur
On the Furrin Mission Circle an', leastwise of all, at her,
Said she knew that Sister Phoebe knew her business, it was true,
An' she'd heerd she knew most everybody else's business, too.

Then good Sister Patience Hitchcock said the Circle better burn
Every cent of it than quarrel, and she motioned to adjourn,
At which Sister Ellen Jackson riz up slowly on her feet
An' declared there was an error in the Circle's balance-sheet.

'Stid o' havin' forty dollars over all the fair's expense
She had found we had a deficit of sixty-seven cents,
She had got her figgers crosswise when she added up her sheets
An' had put expended items in the column o' receipts!

So with harmony prevailin' Sister Spriggins led in prayer,
An' Sister Phoebe Lucy Brown observed to Sister Blair
Thet we're all poor, mortal creeters, who don't seem to understand
How the good Lord holds us, helpless, in the holler of His hand!

—J. W. Foley, in the Century Magazine.

IN LOVE WITH A MASK.

By MAE MARTIN.

The Casino des Fleurs was ablaze with light. As you came up the hill you could see through the orange trees and cypresses of its garden the flash and glitter of its many colored lamps slung from bough to bough. Along the terraces and balconies gleamed rows of brilliant tinted lights, and the soft, mellow glow of shaded lanterns swung and flickered in the charmed April air.

Carriage after carriage stopped at the steps to set down its burden of cloaked and masked figures. Within, the rooms were already crowded, yet still more and more guests politely shouldered their way into the big hall, for it was the night of the White Redoute, and all Cannes and half of Nice and Monte Carlo were there.

"One has to go, you know," said a stout Englishman in a white Turkish dress trimmed with gold embroidery, "though I don't suppose it will be much fun."

His companion put his hands into the pockets of his silk breeches—he was dressed as a Breton peasant.

"One seems to be making an awful fool of one's self," he said, "but they tell me I must go, and Duval sent me in this dress. I suppose it's all right."

And they passed on.

In the ballroom dancing had already begun.

A young man dressed in the costume of a cavalier stood dangling his white-feathered hat by the door. Below the golden lovelocks a touch of shadow round the ear betrayed his complexion, and a long, drooping moustache marked strikingly that portion of a pale face which the black velvet mask had left visible.

It presently became evident that he was waiting for some one.

A murmur of admiration ran along the double rows of spectators who stood at the door watching the new arrivals. A woman was coming up the red-carpeted steps, on a man's arm, of course. At the top of the steps she dropped her hand from his sleeve, and walked forward alone.

This woman was clothed in long, flowing white draperies, crinkly and sparkling as with dew or diamonds. Long ribbons of golden waterseed and great glistening white water lilies formed a wreath that fell from her shoulder across her bosom, and so down to the hem of her skirt.

"Undine!" said voice after voice, as she went along.

She went by the waiting cavalier with the black moustache, turned her head, smiled and passed on. But that half-turn was enough. He followed her.

"You witch!" he said, offering his arm as he gained her side. "How is one to recognize you? Thank Fate, the mask does not cover the mouth, or I should never have known you."

"Thank me, rather," she said. "Would you have known me if I hadn't been at the pains to smile your way?"

"No," he answered, frankly, "at least not at once."

They danced, many a clown, many a punch and peasant watched the cavalier enviously as he swung his partner around to the smooth step of the waltz.

But when the last notes died away she leaned heavily on his arm.

"I am tired," she said, rather wearily; "let us rest; unless you have any other name on your programme for the next dance?"

"You know," he answered directly, "that I only came here to see you. I want to talk to you. You have never given me anything but dances—never your name, or a rose from your dress, or even leave to spend a moment with you except in the dancing room. Give me something to-night. Give me an hour to talk to you in."

They passed through the crowd, through the room with the green tables, where the "little horses" had just ceased to spin around to the tune of rising or falling fortune. He pushed back a[illegible]t embroidered curtain, and opened [illegible]g window that led on to the [illegible] there, for the air [illegible] chill even in the

They stepped out, and he closed the window after them. The gardens lay stretched before them, bathed in moonlight. In an angle of the balcony he set a chair for her, sat down beside her, and spoke.

"I have thought of nothing but you ever since I saw you last, and I have made up my mind to tell you everything, and to ask you—but first I want to tell you in the plainest words what you know already—that I love you, and I want you to tell me in your darling voice what I should insult you if I doubted—that you love me."

Undine fluttered her fan nervously.

"Three meetings at public dances, monsieur," she said, with a light laugh that had a little discord in it.

"Oh! don't trifle with me any more," he broke in. "This is not play now; it is deadly earnest. I love you. I am going to show you my whole life, my whole heart. Have you nothing to say—nothing real? I can't speak unless you tell me you love me."

She held out her hand, from which she had taken the white glove, and clasped his brown fingers with a strong, soft pressure.

"Speak," she said.

"To-night when we waltzed together I knew that you loved me, and that we must say good-by to-night, and never see each other again."

She drew a short, startled breath.

"And why?"

"That is what I am going to tell you. If I were free, I should now be asking you to be my wife."

She turned her face to him.

"You would ask me—me, a strange woman, whom you have only met amusing herself at public dances, a woman whose very name you don't know, whose past you are ignorant of—you would ask me to be your wife?"

"I would," he said. "Heaven knows with what a humble heart hoping for a good answer. But I am not free. I am married."

"And do you love your wife?" she asked, quickly.

"No," he answered. "I don't love my wife. Be patient with me, and let me tell you the whole miserable story—no concealments," he added, half to himself. "When I was a young man I was a fool. I got into debt. I gambled. I lost"—his voice trembled, and he set his teeth hard. "I gambled and lost," he went on, in a firmer voice, "and I forged the name in whose office I was to pay my debts. I meant to pay it back if I won on the next race. It was Ascot. I could not pay the money back. My employer behaved admirably, told me that he knew my secret, and allowed me to pay the sum out of my salary. That cured me of gambling, once for all. When I came into the baronetcy and the estates, of course, I left his office, and for some years I saw nothing of him. But I heard with regret that his firm had failed, and that he himself was living in what I feared was pinched retirement, no one knew where. Two years ago he sent for me. He was living at Boulogne. When I reached him he was dying, and when I saw him lying there in that poor room, and remembered that, but for him, I should have been a branded man, cut off from any society that I could ever care for, a sort of rush of gratitude came over me. I felt that there was nothing that I would not do for him in that hour.

"'What is it you want?' I asked. 'Believe me, you can count on me for everything.'

"'Take care of my daughter,' he said. 'I leave her to you.'

"She was at the other side of the bed, in a shabby grey gown, her eyes red with weeping."

"Very plain, I suppose," put in Undine.

He frowned a little.

"It wasn't her fault that she looked like that," he said; "she had been crying till she could hardly see out of her eyes.

"'But what am I to do with your daughter?' I asked, and I saw in a minute what a position hers would be as the ward of a young unmarried man. I cared for no one else. I was a fool; but at that moment nothing seemed to me to matter except that he should die with his mind at rest. So I said:

"'If your daughter will marry me, I will make her a good husband. I will take care of her.'"

"What did the girl say?" asked Undine.

"She said 'No,' with obvious and unflattering sincerity," he answered, with a hard laugh.

"But the old man raised himself in bed and said:

"'Celia, this is a chance that will never come to you again. This is a good man'—God bless him for saying that—'and if you marry him I shall die easy and rest in my grave. Let me rest in my grave, Celia, and know that you are well cared for.'

"So we were married—and the next day he died."

"And what did you do? Did you take your wife home? Was that what you did?"

"No. That's what I ought to have done. She would not see me after her father's death, and I left her there while I went home to make arrangements for her reception at Everson Court. When I came back she was gone. She had left me a letter—here it is. I have never seen her since."

Undine took the letter, and spread it out with hands that trembled a little. It ran thus:

"Dear Sir Albert Everson—Your goodness and generosity in marrying me to please my poor father have conferred an obligation on me that I can never forget. The least return I can make to you is to leave you all the freedom our unfortunate situation permits. Forget me and forgive me, if you can, for having brought this trouble into your life.

"CELIA."

"What a stupid girl," said Undine.

"Not at all," Everson answered. "I didn't see what else she could have done."

"Have you never heard from her again?"

"Yes, she writes to me every three months, and says she is doing well," Everson answered. "Oh, what a ghastly farce life is! Here I am tied to her. She does not want me. And I want you, and all the tune of life rings backwards."

"The old man was right," she said, "you are very good."

"And is that all you have to say? Oh! give me some word of pity—some word of comfort!"

"What can I say or do?"

"You can say 'Good-by and God bless you!' You can take off your mask, and let me just this once see your dear face. Tell me your name, and tell me you forgive me for having loved you, and for having told you so."

"Take off your mask first," she said. He broke the string, and it fell beside him on the floor.

"Forgive me," she said for having made you love me."

"I have nothing to forgive," he answered. "Show me your face before we say good-bye forever."

She had loosened the mask, and was holding it in its place with her hand.

"Why should we say 'Good-by?'"

"He looked at her doubtfully.

"Why? Have I not told you why?" She spoke sharply, resolutely.

"I have made it the business of my life to see you, to talk with you, to make you love me, so that we need never part again. You love the masked lady. Will it kill your love to know," she asked as she dropped the mask on her knee, "that the masked lady is your wife?"—New York News.

SCIENTIFIC & INDUSTRIAL

Magnetized places—spots attracting iron like the lodestone—are often noticed in volcanic rocks. They have been ascribed by Folgheraiter to lightning, but he knew of no magnetized rocks that had been tested before the lightning struck.

Two investigators had been testing rocks near Mount Etna when, during the night lightning fused a telephone wire, from which an uninsulated earth wire ran along a basaltic wall, which had previously shown scarcely a trace of magnetism. Next morning the stones of the wall were strongly magnetic for five inches on both sides of the wire, the polarity indicating that the current passed upward.

To enable people to send their voices to their friends through the mails is the ambition of three French inventors, who have united their ingenuity in the production of a wax-like material called "sonorine," which may be spread upon a postcard. Spoken messages may be impressed upon the prepared cards by placing them in a phonographic apparatus, into which the sender speaks, and the receiver of such a card has only to put it through a receiving phonograph in order to hear the voice of his friend as in a telephone.

What is now known as hypnotism was heralded nearly half a century ago as of great importance in medical diagnosis and as a moral aid in training children, and much greater powers have been assigned to it in recent years. A late French writer has shown that its usefulness has been greatly exaggerated. It affects only wills too weak to be aided, and it can have no value in systematic education. Grasset has concluded that it is so often harmful that it should be employed only by the practiced physician.

Forgery by phonograph is a new crime discovered in Hungary. The son of a wealthy peasant proved an oral will of his father by testimony of servants who heard a voice from the dying parent's bed, saying, "I leave all my property to my eldest son, Alois, and my other children are to get nothing." Such a statement is valid in Hungary. Subsequently, however, the police were informed that the voice the servants heard was not that of his father, but that Alois had spoken the words into a phonograph. He had placed the instrument under his father's bed, and when the old man lost consciousness called the servants in and set it going. The police searched his house and found the phonograph record as described. Alois is now to be charged with fraud.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

THE RAG-MAN.

In all cities of the world,
In towns both new and old,
There's seen a man who does not mind
How great the heat or cold.
He comes with sound of jangling bells,
He calls aloud to you,
"Old rags I'll take, and I would like
Your empty bottles, too."
So then with refuse from our door
He fills his little cart,
While we, impatient of delay,
Wait for him to depart.
We watch him go and wonder where
And on what rubbish heap,
He'll dump the rags and bottles, too,
Before he goes to sleep.

—Josephine Canning, in Churchman.

WON THE GOLDEN BALL.

A former Sultan—so runs the story—offered a golden ball for lying. Many lied to him, but the Sultan replied that he could himself lie better. Finally an aged man from Angora appeared before him with a large jar on his shoulders. "Your father," he said, "borrowed a large jar like this full of gold from my father and said that you would repay the gold to his son." "Impossible!" said the Sultan. "If the story be true," replied the pilgrim, "pay your father's debt. "If impossible, I have won the golden ball." The Sultan at once awarded him the prize.

MARK TWAIN'S STORY.

Mark Twain on his last visit to his old home in Hannibal, Mo., told to the school children a true story about a schoolboy.

"This boy," he said, "awoke one morning very ill. His groans alarmed the household. The doctor was sent for, and came post haste.

"'Well,' said the doctor as he entered the sick room, 'what is the trouble?'

"'A pain in the side,' said the boy.

"'A pain in the head?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'Is the right hand stiff?'

"'A little.'

"'How about the right foot?'

"'That's stiff, too.'

"The doctor winked at the boy's mother.

"'Well,' he said, 'you're pretty sick. But you'll be able to go to school on Monday. Let me see, to-day is Saturday, and——'

"'Is to-day Saturday?' said the boy in a vexed tone, 'I thought it was Friday.'

"Half an hour later the boy declared himself healed, and got up. Then they packed him off to school, for it was Friday, after all."

WHO IS WATCHING THE BIRDS?

Are you? What birds have you seen near your home? Have you seen or heard a robin, a wren, a bluebird, a woodpecker (flicker), a blackbird, or a cat-bird? Have you heard or seen a bobolink or a crow or a bobwhite or a cedar bird or a goldfinch or a hummingbird or an oriole or a song sparrow or a thrush or a scarlet tanager? asks the Children's Magazine.

Those who know much about birds tell us that the birds' notes are quite distinct and sound like the following words. What do they say to you?

Robin: "Quick! Quick! Do you think—what do you, do you think—what do you, do you think?"

Bluebird: "Purity! Purity! I—oh—purity." "Dear! Dear! Think of it, think of it!"

Bobolink: "Bob-o-lee, Bob-o-link, Bob-o-link-e."

Crow: "Caw-w!"

Cedar bird: "Tze! tze! tze!"

Bodwhite (quail): "Bob-bob-white!" "More—more—wet!"

Goldfinch (yellowbird): "Ker-chee-chee-chee, whew-e, whew-e."

Humming-bird: Mouselike squeak.

Oriole: "Will you? Will you really, really, truly?" Female answers, "I will."

Song sparrow: "Olit, olit, olit—chip, chip, chip, che-char-che-wiss, wiss, wiss!"

Thrush: "Drop it, drop it, cover it up, cover it up, pull it up, pull it up."

Bluejay: "Jay, jay, jay. Whee-dle, whee-dle!"

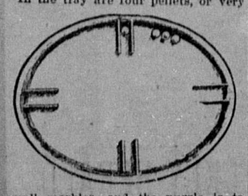
Scarlet tanager: "Chip-chirr!" "Pshaw! Wait-wait-wait for me, wait!"

Blackbird: "Kong-quer-ree," or "Bob-a-lee, a-bob-a-lee."

THE TRAY AND THE PELLETS.

The accompanying picture almost explains itself. It is a round wooden tray, with a rim about half an inch in height, and four pairs of raised partitions arranged around the inner edge.

In the tray are four pellets, or very



small marbles, and the puzzle is to work one marble into each compartment.

It looks simple and easy, but try it and see what skillful handling is necessary to do it. You could amuse a roomful of people an entire evening with it.

An ingenious boy can make the apparatus. A wooden tray may be had at a house-furnishing store, and the partitions are easily glued in place.—Good Literature.

STEER THAT STALKS GEESE.

In a number of counties lying on both sides of the Sacramento River, in the central portion of California, the farmers are greatly harassed every winter by the depredations of countless flocks of wild geese, which swarm over the broad grain fields and destroy the young, sprouting grainstalks. Indeed, so serious has this annual invasion become, declares the Youth's Companion, that nearly all the large farms have employes who regularly patrol the fields and do nothing but keep the feathered pests on the wing.

One of the most novel blinds or stalkers ever used in that section, or any other, for the purpose of destroying the geese, is that of a Colusa farmer who lives on the bank of the Sacramento. He has a big red steer which he has trained to stalk geese. The steer walks round a flock of geese in an ever decreasing circle, his master, armed with a repeating shotgun, walking beside him, but on the further side from the flock.

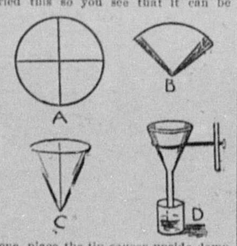
The geese have become so used to seeing animals grazing near that they pay no attention to them; so the farmer is enabled to get within shotgun distance and pour a broadside into the flock while it is feeding on the ground, and two more shots before the birds are out of range when they rise.

This dumb hunter is held in great esteem by its owner and his family, it is needless to state, and receives the best of everything.

CHEMICAL EXPERIMENTS.

Collecting gases under water is a pretty experiment. You will need a deep pan, a tin saucer and some rubber tubing. Fill the pan with water so that it covers the jar when the latter is lying on its side. See that the jar is entirely full of water, and that no bubble of air remains in it. If bubbles do form, empty the jar and fill it over again.

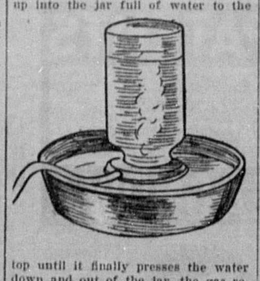
If now the jar be turned mouth downwards, still keeping it under water, says the Philadelphia Record, it will remain full. When you have tried this so you see that it can be



done, place the tin saucer upside down in the bottom of the deep pan, and rest the jar full of water on it.

The saucer should have a small hole cut in the middle of the bottom, and also one in the side, as shown in the picture. A piece of rubber tubing is now fastened to the end of the glass tube leading from the jar in which the gas is made, and the other end of the rubber tube, which should be about two feet long, is pushed under the tin saucer through the hole in the side, and then up into the jar through the hole in the bottom.

As the gas is made in the other jar, it will pass through the tube, bubbling up into the jar full of water to the



top until it finally presses the water down and out of the jar, the gas remaining in it.

To separate a powder from a liquid with which it has been mixed, procure some filter paper, which may be bought in small circular pieces, as shown in Figure A. Fold one of these circular pieces as shown in Figure B, and draw it closer into funnel form, as in Figure C. Then place it in a glass funnel, as at D, and pour through it the mixed liquid and powder. The liquid will pass slowly through the funnel, leaving the powder behind it.

Don't Stoop.

The whole secret of standing and walking erect consists in keeping the chin well away from the breast. This throws the head upward and backward, and the shoulders will naturally settle backward and in their true position. Those who stoop in walking generally look downward. The proper way is to look straight ahead, upon the same level with the eyes, or, if inclined to stoop, until that tendency is overcome look rather above than below the level.

Mountaineers are said to be as "straight as an arrow," and the reason is because they are obliged to look upward so much. It is simply impossible to stoop in walking if this rule is practiced.

All round-shouldered persons carry the chin near the breast and pointed downward. Take warning in time, and heed this advice, for a bad habit is more easily prevented than cured.

The habit of stooping when one walks or stands is a bad habit and especially hard to cure.

The End of the Play.

Never remain seated until the end of the play, or the rest of the audience will not think you brave or sufficiently European.—Portland Morning Oregonian.

A smoking prize was won in the Concordia Club, of Berlin, a short time ago by a man who smoked half an ounce of tobacco, in a pipe of a certain specified size, in eighteen minutes.

TALES OF ADVENTURE

THEY SAVED SAN FRANCISCO.

THE saving of the remnant of San Francisco in the very hour of what seemed the city's utter destruction is learned to have been the work of three men, telegraphs the San Francisco correspondent of the New York Press. With the fearful power lurking in a ton and a half of guncotton to help them, these three blazed a path of destruction through half the heart of the city, accomplishing their work of desolation so well that the flames at last found a gap they could not leap. With the explosion of their last charge the three found the fire stayed.

The men made up a little dynamite squad which Admiral McCalla sent out from Mare Island as a forlorn hope early on Friday night, when the conflagration was at its height and all hope for the city had been abandoned. Captain McBride was in command. Chief Gunner Adamson placed the charges. One of his assistant gunners set them off. Their orders from the Admiral were to check the fire at whatever cost of life or property. They risked their own lives a score of times before daylight, and before sunrise they had blown property valued at millions of dollars to drifting dust; but they had beaten the fire in these few hours and saved 300,000 men and women from even greater misfortune than had befallen them.

The whole east side of Van Ness avenue, from Golden Gate to Greenwich, was dynamited in a swath a block wide, though most of the structures stood untouched by spark or cinders. Not one charge failed. Not one building stood on its foundations.

By 9 o'clock it seemed that, unless nature should again reverse the direction of the wind, the whole district west of Van Ness avenue, filled as it was with refugees and unilluminated except by the glare on the water front, was safe.

From Golden Gate avenue north the fire crossed the wide swath the Navy men made in only one place. That was at the Claus Spreckels' house, on the corner of California street. There the flames were writhing up the walls before the dynamiters could reach it. Yet they made their way to the foundations, carrying their explosives despite the furnace-like heat. The charge had to be placed so swiftly and the fuse lighted in such a hurry that the explosion was not quite successful in the view of the trained gunners. Though the walls still stood, their conquest was only an empty victory for the fire, which went no further.

Captain McBride's dynamiters realized that a stand was hopeless except along Van Ness avenue. They could have forced their explosives further east in the burning section, but not a pound of guncotton could be or was wasted. The ruined block that met the wide thoroughfare formed a trench through the clustered structures that the conflagration, wild as it was, could not leap. Engines pumping brine through Fort Madosin from the bay completed the little work that the guncotton had left, but for three days the haggard-eyed firemen guarded the flickering ruins.

The desolate waste straight through the heart of the city is a mute witness to the most heroic and effective work of the whole calamity. Three men did this, and when their work was over and what stood of the city rested quietly for the first time, they departed as modestly as they had come. They were ordered to save San Francisco, and they had simply obeyed orders.

A CLOSE CALL.

Colonel J. Armoy Knox, founder of Texas Siftings, lit a cigar—long and black—and settling back slowly in his air-chair, queried:

"Did any of you ever hear of my escape from that dreadful desperado, Loco Bill?"

None of the little group seated in the lobby of a New York hotel which makes a practice of catering to "Southern trade," openly confessed to having heard the tale, so the Colonel proceeded.

"At the time Siftings was founded, I was representing a well-known sewing machine company, and not liking to swap a sure thing for what, after all, was only a chance, I was holding on to the old line until the new business got a good start. The same office served for both, a long room with a dozen or more desks for agents and clerks, my own sanctum being a little railed-off enclosure at the end.

"Now, in an adjoining county about one hundred miles away as the crow flies, there lived, moved and had his being a certain gentleman of the cow-puncher persuasion commonly referred to as 'Loco Bill.' One day Mr. William (surname then unknown) had a difference of opinion with the town postmaster, and news being scarce about that time, one of our young men 'wrote it up.' It made good enough 'copy,' so it went into the paper, and everybody proceeded to forget about it until one day the following arrived:

"'mister editor off Tex. siftings nox

"'I just seen your paper off last saturday now you—if you think—you that im againg to stand four anny off such talk you dont no nothin about me that story about me and jim sanders was a blame lie I never got throne out of no saloon and jim could prove it only I drawed first now just wait—you and when I get into town im a going to plug you so get heeled

yore trew friend

Bill Hickson.'

"This was not particularly reassuring, although the advice to 'get heeled' was evidently well meant, and my 'trew friend' Bill Hickson seemed a lover of fair play.

"Somehow the contents of the letter leaked out, and it was remarkable how disinclined we became to attending on would-be subscribers; that is, until it was certain that they were subscribers. A few weeks rolled by and we had about concluded that Mr. Hickson had made up his mind to forego the promised vengeance, when one sultry afternoon the quiet of the office was rudely broken.

"'Say, is Colonel Knox here?'

"There, standing in the doorway and almost filling it, was a gaunt, wiry cowboy. I don't suppose that he could have been more than six feet tall, but at that moment he looked ten. I glanced about the room, and such concentration of office work had seldom been seen.

"'Say, where's Colonel Knox?'

"No reply, but a sliding movement on the part of two or three was indicative of a prompt disappearance under desks.

"'Say, what's the matter with you feliers, anyway? Are you all deaf? I'm after Colonel Knox.'

"This last phrase proved the finisher. Where my eye had rested on a roomful of busy clerks, it now only encountered a row of bare furniture. From my position at the rear end of the room I was invisible to our caller. A near-by window gave hope of escape, and I moved stealthily toward it.

"'Doggone it,' the voice continued, 'the boss told me to tell Colonel Knox that his agent ain't sent the machine yet to the Bar X ranch and it oughter been there a week ago, but I guess the barkeep must a got mixed when he told me this was the place, and sent me to a lot of locos.'

"A clatter of hoofs was heard, and the presence had departed from the office."—H. Gerald Chapin, in Overland Monthly.

TRACKING LIONS.

The sportsman hunting lions in East Africa has to depend upon being favored by circumstances. He may find himself unarmed just when his chance has come. Lions often hunt in combination, says the author of "Flashlights in the Jungle." They drive their prey toward each other and seem to communicate by their roars.

In 1900, writes Mr. Schillings, I had an encounter with three lions which might easily have proved fatal to me. Following the course of a stream, I went out for a short walk round the camp, armed, contrary to my usual custom, with only a fowling-piece. Suddenly I came upon the tracks of several lions.

Almost involuntarily I followed the tracks for 200 yards or so, and was about to make my way down into the dried-up bed of a stream when I became conscious of a shadow to my left. Turning round, I beheld a lioness twenty-five paces off, eying me quietly. Almost simultaneously I saw, six or eight paces from her, two other lions moving forward, half covered by the grass.

For several seconds neither I nor the lions made a move. But the lioness presently turned away from me quite calmly, took several steps along the border of the gorge, and then disappeared suddenly among the bushes. I waited motionless for a minute where I was, then hastened back to the camp.

In 1900 I witnessed a very interesting spectacle. I had been for several hours following up the tracks of some lions when I came suddenly upon an ostrich's nest, with some young ostriches in it just out of their shells, and with some eggs within a few hours of hatching. To my astonishment, the lions seemed to have disdained the young birds.

But on examining the tracks more carefully, I learned better. The old ostriches had evidently espied the lions in good time in the clear moonlight, and, as the tracks indicated unmistakably, had enticed them away from the nest by effecting a speedy retreat. The lions had followed the ostriches for about a hundred yards with long strides, but had then, seeing the pursuit was hopeless, fallen back into their ordinary stride. In this way the ostriches succeeded in saving their threatened brood.

RODE AN AVALANCHE.

Nine men and a woman, natives of the Italian village of Chiavenna, had a terrifying experience last week when they attempted to cross the Grand St. Bernard Pass into Switzerland in search of work.

When half way to the hospice of the St. Bernard monks they were enveloped in a blinding snowstorm.

Suddenly an avalanche swept across their path, carrying the travelers down the mountain slope for a distance of 200 feet.

The woman, aided by her skirts and a wicker basket which she was carrying on her back, rode the entire distance on the top of the avalanche, and was the first to extricate herself.

The men were more or less buried in the snow, two being covered up to their necks. They were bruised, but otherwise unhurt.

The travelers regarded their experience as a warning not to proceed, and they accordingly returned to Chiavenna.—London Express.

Northwest Volcanoes.

Geologists agree that in the north of California, in what is known as the Lassen Peak district, between the Sacramento Valley and the Great Basin and adjoining the northern end of the Sierra Nevada, there is a region sixty-nine miles long and fifty-three miles wide in which the presence of numerous hot springs shows volcanic activity in the bowels of the earth. Throughout this district there is a belt of volcanic cones some twenty-five miles wide and fifty miles long, which recently has aroused the interest of scientists.

Professor Kemp of Columbia said that he did not believe that there was any connection between the possible activities of this chain of volcanoes and the San Francisco earthquake. The latest eruption in this region, he said, occurred some 200 years ago, when the Cinder Cone, near the centre of the district, had a violent outbreak, the latest of note in the North American Continent south of Alaska. Dense forests have since grown up in this district on a seven-foot layer of volcanic sand that was scattered all over the district and destroyed all vegetation.

The King of the Belgians makes only one appearance at public worship in the course of the year. This is on the day which commemorates his accession to the throne.