THE QUEENSTOWN NEWS.

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Science is powerless when the earth gets the ague.

The London Spectator has just reached the conclusion that President Roosevelt is apt to think aloud.

Mr. Henry Norman, M. P., an expert motorist himself, says an automobile should neither smell nor smoke. This suggests grateful possibilities of other regulations than those of speed.

The food faddist, be it he or she, is rarely a pleasant table companion, and in these times of strenuous dining he, she or it is usually a poor conversationalist, says Vanity Fair.
this Mongolian quarter clean.

A national movement is about to be started in England for the purpose of providing a permanent fund for pushing forward the crusade against consumption, and for the promotion of research into the cause and cure of cancer.

New York City's net funded debt of $430,477,000 exceeds that of some nations. Siam, for example, with a million more inhabitants, has absolutely no public debt, and as long ago as April, 1902, showed $10,000,000 balance in its treasury. That is Siam's balance to-day.

Senator Bailey declares that one need of the country is for more good prosecuting attorneys. There may be such a need as the Senator suggests, but it would be better, doubtless, if there were more people in the country who did not need prosecuting, is the comment of Harper's Weekly.

We want the study of botany especially encouraged in our rural schools. This science is linked to farming in many ways. No one can regularly grow plants and not derive some good from it, as those who make the most of such subjects are all acquainted with botany. The study of it is full of useful insights and pleasing surprises. The more one knows of the more one wants to know.

The automobile has not discouraged the useful animal, the horse. Official reports show that the equine is still paramount. In 1905 there were 17,057,702 horses in the United States, against 14,213,837 in 1890, notes the Cincinnati Enquirer. The export price averaged $308.99 last year, against $174.50 in 1892. The horse is flesh, blood and intelligence, and people of natural and practical predilections can have an affection for him. He has the graces of instinct, and if he gets proper attention is a thing of beauty and satisfaction. The spread of the automobile is amazing, but it is still, to a great degree, a fad and a toy.

The reply of the Standard Oil Company does not at a single point successfully impeach the essential truthfulness of the Garfield facts and charges, which still stand in all their asserted force. It is not even a clever attempt to evade and mislead, is the comment of the Springfield Republican, and why withal the solemn assurance is it still repeated that the Standard company is guiltless of knowingly resorting to these sharp and lawless practices—this is only to be explained on the principle that habitual wrongdoing can do much to destroy a consciousness of it. The time has now come for the national Government to take hold of this incorrigible transgressor and its railroad allies with a strong hand.

General Funston's prompt initiative saved San Francsco from a worse disaster than that which has overtaken it, and her people from more terrible sufferings than those which they have had to endure. All of this is an impressive example of the true place of "militarism" in the American system, and of the splendid service of which the army is capable in times of peace. Its readiness to rise to the requirements of the hour is the nation's justification for the maintainance of the army in the most perfect efficiency, observes the Philadelphia Ledger. The same applies, of course, to the other military and semi-military branches of the Government service—the navy, the revenue service and the Marine Hospital—all of which are doing valiant service at San Francisco.

The woman who has been teaching in a high school for years, and who constantly uses the expression "had went," is an anomaly only in this, that her bad grammar has been tolerated where it is of the utmost importance for the sake of the children that good English should be spoken. Thousands of people whose parents speak ungrammatically go through life speaking ungrammatically though they have studied grammar at school, and perhaps have gone through college, declares the Philadelphia Record. It is not quite true to say that there is no use in teaching grammar, because some of the pupils care enough about correctness to conquer the habits acquired in their homes. But a great many people are slovenly, and will study grammar at school and read good English in books, and never make the necessary effort to shake off the habit of childhood of speaking ungramm[illegible] But that a [illegible] of this [illegible] retain fo[illegible] school [illegible]

THE BOW BOY.

BY W. R. ROSE.

THE boys at Bristol school looked a little askance at one of the latest additions to the roll of that eminently respectable institution. He was a short lad and strongly inclined to roundness, and a smile of enduring dimensions brightened his ruddy face. It was the fashion to size up newcomers at Bristol with a view to ascertaining their helpfulness in upholding the athletic glory of the school. The self-appointed committee that looked Sammy Galpin over shook their heads doubtfully.

"Play football, fresh?"

"No."

"Baseball?"

"No."

"Run, jump, hurdle?"

"No."

"Anything you can do?"

"I don't know. Never had a chance before to find out. You'll see that I'm very willing."

And he smiled around at the little group.

"Perhaps he can debate," suggested Jim Stebbins.

The new boy shook his head.

"No," he said. "I don't believe I can debate. They told me I didn't look serious enough to be convincing."

They all laughed at this.

"When you find out what you can do let us know," said Emory Brown.

"All right," laughed Sammy. "I'll keep my eyes open and let you know just as soon as I find out."

The investigators looked at one another. There was a drawing down of mouths and a quick shrugging of shoulders.

"Very well," said Emory Brown. "We will learn it in that way."

And the investigators filed across the campus.

"Did you ever see such a jelly fish?" said Jim Stebbins.

"Can't get mad at him either," added Emory Brown.

Long Jack Olmsted held up his hand.

"Bet you the cub has something up his sleeve," he drawled. "Any takers?"

There was a general laugh.

"Have it your way, Jack," said Emory Brown. "But he doesn't look it."

"Looks don't count," drawled Jack. "Smartest all-round chap that ever came into this school had a face like a wooden pie plate."

"We admire your judgment too highly to bet with you, Jack," said Jim Stebbins. "But get your protege to shake his sleeve as soon as possible."

They all laughed except Jack.

"Grin away, you hyenas," he growled. "My money talks for the cub."

And he stalked away heavily.

Two days later he met Sammie on the board walk back of the laboratory.

"How are they coming, fresh?" he asked.

The smiling face lighted up.

"Oh, it's Mr. Olmsted," he said. "Pretty well, Mr. Olmsted. I can't complain."

Long Jack stepped with him.

"Shaken out that hidden talent yet?"

"No, Mr. Olmsted."

"Don't forget that it is expected of you."

"I keep it in mind, Mr. Olmsted."

"There's another thing. I've offered to put up money on you. That is, I've offered to bet that you have some sort of specialty that will do you credit and the school credit. Don't forget it."

Sammie's smile faded.

"I'm sorry you did that," he said.

"I know what I'm about," growled Long Jack. "And I'm not going to hedge. If you can't find out what your talent is, I'll have to find out for you. Where's your room?"

"In Grace hall."

"I'll drop in on you some time and talk this thing over."

"Thank you, Mr. Olmsted."

Again Sammy's face clouded as Long Jack stalked away. The confidence the latter placed in him was highly embarrassing. What could he do to make good?

He started in at the gymnasium with a renewed zest. But, really, there was nothing to be gained by it. He was just a fair athlete, nothing more.

He played baseball with a hopeless zest. He was only a scrub. He tried the longer runs. He had the pluck and the wind, but lacked the speed.

Occasionally he received a nod and an amused smile from the seniors who had made him the memorable call. He grinned back at them and worked away.

He meant to show his willingness, even if nothing came of it. He entered the contests of the freshman class and in two events ran third. He was so round and plucky, and his face beamed with such a surplus of good nature, that he received a lively round of applause as he trotted on the track. But there was more laughter than applause when he trotted off.

One day when he was digging into his Ovid there was a light rap at the door and Long Jack lounged in.

"Hullo."

"Hullo, Mr. Olmsted."

Sammie sprang up.

"This your den?"

"Yes. Take the big chair."

The tall senior stared about the room.

"Mother and sisters, eh?"

"Yes. They've sent me a lot of things."

"Very good taste. Best lot of sofa pillows I've seen. Must think a lot of you."

"I'm the only boy. There are four girls. Here are their pictures."

He brought the photographs from the mantel and spread them before the senior.

"Fine looking, all of them. This one, especially."

"That's Flora. She's the youngest. Ethel is generally considered the family beauty. Ethel is the one at the left. She's to be married soon. Perhaps you've heard of the man, Arthur Carstairs?"

"Eh! Carstairs? Son of the Carstairs in the Cabinet? Fellow who did those fine things in Abyssinia?"

"Yes. He's all right. We like him, though we hate to lose Ethel. The other girls are coming down in June. I want you to meet them."

"Thank you. I'll be very glad to. You're a lucky rat. I haven't any sisters—nor any mother, either."

"Our mother is an invalid," said Sammie, slowly. "She hasn't walked for six years." He paused a moment. "But nobody ever thinks of pitying her. She has such a lovely disposition and always looks as if she enjoyed everything."

Long Jack laughed lazily.

"I guess that's where you get your own smiling countenance," he said.

"It's something very different from mother's," Sammie returned. "I'm supposed at home to grin like a Cheshire cat."

Long Jack looked around again.

"You certainly have a nicely furnished nest," he said. "They don't stint you along the expense line."

"Oh, no," laughed Sammy. "Dad is very generous. He says money is merely a circulating medium, and the man who persistently keeps it circulating is the best of all citizens. Dad never forgets that he was a poor man at the beginning."

Long Jack stared at the freshman with a new interest.

"Are you the son of Richard Galpin?" he asked.

"Yes."

"You grow more interesting, my boy. But you can't resemble your father to any marked extent."

"Not in figure, anyway—and certainly not in brain. It used to worry him to think I was stunted, but he's all over that now. Dad and I are very good friends."

There was a brief silence. Long Jack's restless eyes roamed about the room again.

"Well, how about the hidden talent?"

Sammie shook his head.

"Still hidden," he said. "But I'm going right ahead looking for it. And the search is doing me good. I never was so well and strong in all my life. My appetite is positively fierce—and I've cut down my weight by sixteen pounds. Perhaps you wouldn't think it, but I was given up as a hopeless consumptive once. That's right. They sent me out on a ranch in Arizona. I was fourteen then. Wasn't I homesick! If it hadn't been for dad I would have died. Dad sent me something every day, and every month he came way from New York to see me. Nobody knows the sacrifices he made to do it. Well, I got better, but it was awful lonesome. There wasn't another child within a hundred miles of that spot, and the only thing that interested me was a little band of Indians that stuck up their tepees along the great ravine that ran through the ranch. I learned to ride their ponies and picked up a lot of Indian ways. I was there nearly a year, and came away as sound as a dollar."

"I see you have some Indian suggestions here," remarked Long Jack. "Indian headdress, eh, and moccasins, and wampum, and a shield and a spear."

"All souvenirs of Arizona," said Sammy. "You mustn't overlook the long bow. There, above the mantel. I whittled that out myself. It's the very best seasoned hickory, and I'm very proud of it."

He took it from its hooks and showed it to Olmsted.

"Can you use it?" the latter asked.

"Oh, yes. The Indian who put those decorations on the bow taught me how to use it. He was a great chap. They called him Wounded Heart."

"I'd like to see you handle it," said Olmsted.

"Would you?" He looked around. "From the back wall of my bedroom to the wall here must be thirty-five feet." He was tightening the cord as he spoke. "Would you mind standing here in front of the portiere with this small apple between your fingers?" He picked up an arrow and fitted it to the cord. "That's it, thank you. You needn't fear for your fingers."

Olmsted laughed.

"I don't," he said.

Sammy walked into the bedroom.

"Steady," came his voice.

There was a slight twang and the apple was shattered.

"Fine!" cried Olmsted. "Good enough for vaudeville. How would you and I look doing the William Tell act?" And he laughed merrily.

"I'm sorry it isn't an accomplishment that can be practically made use of," said Sammy. "But it certainly brought me a lot of enjoyment during some very lonesome hours."

"By George," cried Olmsted, "I wish archery was a part of the Big Four field day program."

"I'm sorry, too," said Sammy. "But, then, you can't tell—some other fellow might be a good deal cleverer at it than me."

"I doubt it," said Olmsted. "But I must go. I'll see you again."

"Glad you came," murmured Sammy. And they shook hands.

As Long Jack strode across the campus he encountered Emory Brown.

"How's the protege?" called the latter.

"He's all right," growled Jack. "And that bet is still open."

But Emory only laughed and hurried along.

It was a clear and sunny afternoon near the end of May. The campus and the vine grown old buildings, and the blue hills beyond, had never looked more beautiful.

Suddenly the cry of "Fire!" rang out. The great laboratory building, the gift of the chief patron of the college, was in flames.

There was a confused running to and fro, the simple means of extinguishing fires were sought, and then an alarm was telephoned into town. The flames spread fast. They started in the basement and swiftly roared upward. The building was of stone, substantially built, with double floors and heavy partitions that were designed to make it as fireproof as possible. But almost from the start the flames seemed [illegible]yond control.

The alarm bell could be heard [illegible] the town below. And then the fi[illegible]paratus began to clatter and [illegible] up the slope. With it came a patrol wagon filled with policemen, and behind trailed a hurrying crowd of townspeople.

When the apparatus got into action the lower floor of the huge building was a billowing sea of flames that seemed to defy the stream that was sent against it. The great extension ladder was set up against the six-storied structure and up this hurried the fire chief and several hosemen with a line of hose. The ladder just reached the heavy cornice of the old-fashioned French roof. The chief meant to fight the flames from above.

And then a terrible thing happened. A sudden burst of flame directly against the long ladder, a flame that was made more intense by the added heat of burning chemicals. Before the ladder could be pushed away from the danger the mischief was done, and the upper section, almost completely burned off, toppled over and fell with a ruinous crash across the sod. At the same moment the flames burst from a half-dozen windows on a still higher floor. The great crowd, roped back by the police, uttered a sympathetic cry. The chief and his hosemen were in dire danger. They knew it, too. Fifty feet away from them a puff of white smoke suddenly shot upward.

The little group on the cornice huddled together close to a huge chimney. The hose had been wrenched away when the ladder fell. The crowd murmured in sympathy. The strongest stream that the biggest fire steamer could throw would not reach the unfortunates.

For a moment firemen and spectators were paralyzed. To leap from that height meant instant death. No ladder was at hand to reach them. The smoke from the roof behind rapidly grew dense. They seemed doomed.

Then came a strange diversion. A chubby figure came darting across the campus, the figure of an eager eyed student, whose face seemed aflame.

His eyes brightened as he stared ahead.

"Jack! Jack Olmsted!" he shouted. "Clear the way for me—let me get through!"

Long Jack whirled about and understood.

"Make room there!" he roared, and pushed and fought his way through the crowd and under the rope—despite the opposition of the policemen. And Sammy was close at his heels.

"Have the ropes ready, Jack."

"Yes, Sammy."

The long bow was in the boy's hands and the end of a ball of twine was fastened to the slender arrow. He unrolled the ball by tossing it away from him. Then he carefully fitted the arrow and drew the string taut.

The crowd comprehended and was very quiet. The men on the cornice comprehended, too, and the chief drew a little away from the chimney. Behind them a fountain of flame suddenly shot through the roof.

Twang! The arrow shot upward with its trailing length of string. It struck the sloping slate roof close to the chief, and that official fell upon it. Swiftly, yet carefully, he drew up the stout twine, and then a light cord, and lastly the heavy rope. And the men crouched low because of the heat of the glowing furnace behind them.

The rope was passed about the chimney and the men let themselves down one by one, the chief coming last of all.

Half way down they came to the tall ladder that the men had waiting for them, and just as they reached the ground the roof fell in with a frightful crash.

Long John Olmsted overtook Sammy Galpin half way across the campus.

He threw his arms across the boy's shoulders.

"They are all right," he cried half-hysterically. "I—I knew you had something up your sleeve. You're the hero of the year, you little runt!" And he gave the lad an affectionate hug. "But what's the matter with you?"

And he turned the boy around.

"I cracked the bow," said Sammy, ruefully.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

SCIENCE & MECHANICS

A match company, which tried to set up a factory at Savannah, Ga., found that the product could not be successfully made in the atmosphere of that city.

The so-called "sacred running oxen" of Ceylon are the smallest of the ox family, and it is affirmed that their height never reaches more than thirty inches.

In porous glass, which is made in France, the holes are so small that neither dust nor draught can enter, and yet the ventilation is said to be excellent.

The Pan Handle is testing an electric headlight for its passenger locomotives. One of the company's engines has been equipped with a dynamo placed directly back of the smokestack. It furnishes light not only for the headlight, but for a large number of small bulbs placed among the machinery of the engine.

That the radio-activity of air may be due to the escape of emanations from subterranean regions, to heat in the earth's interior causing the expulsion of negative ions from certain oxides, or to ions received from the sun, is suggested by H. Nagaoka, in a paper on radio-activity and geophysical phenomena, published in the Physico-Mathematical Soc. Tokyo Proc.

The degree to which solids slowly intermix is one of the recent surprising discoveries. A New Zealand teacher mentions the dark patches which appear opposite the steel winding-stems on the inside of silver watch cases forty or fifty years old, tests showing that these patches are iron, which has vaporized, dissolved in the silver and diffused into the solid metal. Still more remarkable is an instance of the penetration of carbon into porcelain. Fresh pencil marks are easily removed from an old porcelain writing tablet, but some notes written forty years [illegible] have sunk into the tablet to considerable depth and cannot be erased.

For the Younger Children....

THE RESTLESS BROOK.

Do you suppose the babbling brook
Would stop and rest its head
If some one got a scoop and took
The pebbles from its bed?
—John Kendrick Bangs, in St. Nicholas.

INVISIBLE MONKEYS.

A naturalist notes in East Africa the discovery of what he calls "invisible monkeys." The body is covered with black fur which contrasts brilliantly with the snow-white shoulder cape of long, silky hair and the white-plumed tail. This contrast serves to render the animal practically invisible, declares The Classmate, for the trees that they inhabit have black stems and are draped with pendant masses of gray-white lichen, amid which the monkeys hardly can be distinguished.

CAT IN THE HOLE.

The Scotch game called "cat in the hole," old as it is, is capable of affording some good sport yet. Six shallow holes are dug, rather nearer than the bases in baseball, and arranged so as to form a diamond. In the centre stands a boy with a ball in his hand. At each hole is a boy with a stick, one end of which he rests in the hole he is guarding. When the boy with the ball sings out, "Cat in the hole," all the other boys change holes. As they do so the boy with the ball tries to throw it into one of the holes before any boy gets his stick into it. If he succeeds the boy who is slow in changing, and finds the ball in the hole before his stick, is out. He then has to take the ball himself.

THE FLITTERMICE.

All winter long the flittermice hung heads downward, in their gloomy caves. When the spring sun beat on the roofs, it told them to wake up, fly out, and enjoy life once more. One big fellow went along above the brook chasing gnats. How he darted, this way and that! What a quantity of the tiny insects it took to satisfy this fellow after his five months' fast, says Margaret W. Leighton, in Holiday Magazine. Mrs. Flittermouse is a model mother, never leaving home without carrying all her children with her. "Now hook on," she says, when she is ready to go in search of her breakfast. This she does at about our supper-time, for her day begins when the first stars begin to twinkle in the sky. The little baby bats fasten their thumb hooks tightly into their mother's fur, and away she darts.

READING WITH THOUGHT.

Did you ever try to give a careful description of the appearance of some object very familiar to you, such, for instance, as your own front door or gateway, or the pattern upon some favorite article of dress? Try the experiment. Unless you are unusually observing you will be surprised to see how hazy is your mental picture. This experience proves that we look without seeing, and it is to be feared that many of us read without thinking. As an example, some of you may have heard a verse of a not obscure song in which a young man is represented as entering an inhabited place upon the back of a small horse, as inserting a plume in his headgear and giving it the name of "Macaroni." For those to whom the verse is unfamiliar it may be said that the young man's name is "Yankee Doodle." If you have read the stanza, is it fair to ask if you know what "Macaroni" means? It is not a merely nonsensical rhyming word.—St. Nicholas.

FOR THE BOYS.

Boys, be industrious. The world wants earnest workers. God never intended for any one to be idle. The more work you do the sweeter will be your sleep and brighter and happier your holidays. Take off your coat and make a dust in the world. But we would not repress your buoyant spirits or shut you out from all that is glad and happy in this beautiful world. We would like to pass an ordinance for each neighborhood to have a large playground, where the boys enjoy a holiday. We would have it just as pleasant as it could be made, shaded by lovely trees, plenty of soft grass to tumble on and singing birds overhead. This will be so much nicer for our boys than loitering on street corners. We would have the old-fashioned games our grandfathers played and all modern improvements for developing the muscles. But, listen, boys, we would not have any pastime you would blush for your parents or sisters to witness, such as scorch and wither every high and noble aspiration, degrade the soul and prepare the way for many of the sins that now corrupt society. We would not have that lovely spot desecrated by an oath.

SECRET OF PAINTER'S SKILL.

Half a dozen houses in one neighborhood are being freshly painted this spring, and all by the same painter, a quite young man, whose thoroughness and skilfulness has passed into a proverb in the town.

"We can't afford not to have him do the work," one householder had said. "He is absolutely careful in every detail, and he knows his trade perfectly—all the little niceties of it."

One morning a boy was watching the painter at work, and envying him what seem such an easy job—"just brushing on some paint," he told himself. He thought—did that boy—of a certain slow, "poky" task of his own, and impatiently wished he could do some simple work like that painter's.

"How long does it take to learn that trade?" he inquired, complacently.

"Well," said the busy young painter, as he drew his brush along a particularly difficult place, "they say one can learn it in three years, but I've been at it seven years now, and I don't know what I ought to know about it yet. There's still lots to learn."

The painter's own ideal of work was always just beyond his own achievement. In that lay the secret of his thoroughness, his skill, his success. It is such interest and ambition in one's work that makes patience easy to keep.

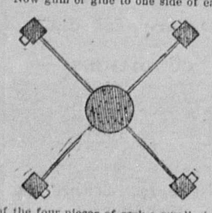
The man who "knows it all" in three years is not the man for whom the owners of half a dozen houses will wait their turn to have him paint them.—Ram's Horn.

A CAMPHOR ENGINE.

Here is a very interesting and amusing experiment. Procure a large cork and cut from the top a circular piece about one-quarter inch in thickness. Now cut the remaining piece up into four squares or oblongs of the same thickness and size.

Next obtain four large needles and stick these four pieces of cork on to them, and then, in their turn, stick them all on to the circular piece of cork as shown in the illustration.

Now gum or glue to one side of each



of the four pieces of cork a small piece of camphor; each piece must be the same weight. Place them in position on the cork as shown. If this is now laid on the surface of a bowl full of water it will begin to spin round and round for several hours without stopping.

If small figures, such as those of a lady and gentleman dancing, are now traced upon stiff but light weight paper and then cut out and attached upright to the centrepiece of cork, some very lifelike movements can be produced, which will last sometimes for a day or more continuously.

A great deal of amusement can be extracted from this unique camphor marine engine, provided it is made right—and that means exact weights and sizes of corks, camphor pieces and needles, as explained above.

The best results are obtained by the aid of a fine pair of weighing scales, and the druggist you may buy the camphor from will cut and weigh the required pieces for the asking. The camphor will not cost more than a cent or two.—Goo I Literature.

A HERO.

Some pathetic incidents fall under the notice of officers of city courts. Out in Denver, one day early in November, a fifteen-year-old boy, Hector Miles, was brought into the Denver court. He had been working in a picture store at $5 a week delivering pictures. Accidentally he broke a frame. The proprietors insisted that he pay them seventy-five cents. The boy refused, saying that he needed the money to live on, whereupon his employers gave him a severe beating. The sequel was that the two employers were brought into court along with the boy. The boy told his story, from which it appeared that he was sending $4 out of his $5 weekly wages to his sick mother in a country town in Colorado, and with the remaining $1 was managing to rent a garret room and find enough to eat.

A bystander, hearing the story, took the boy to the office of the Mayor and repeated to the latter the story he had heard from the boy's lips. The Mayor then said to Hector: "I am proud, young man, to shake your hand. Write to your sick mother that your hard times are over. I want you to come out and live with me. I am only a Mayor, but you are a hero." The Mayor then gave Miles the job of taking care of his new team of black thoroughbreds, and promised that later on the boy should be sent to school.—Ram's Horn.

SOME RIDDLES, NEW AND OLD.

Which is swifter, heat or cold? Heat, because you can catch cold.

Why does a Russian soldier wear brass buttons on his coat, and an Austrian wear steel ones? To keep his coat buttoned.

What is the difference between an old cent and a new dime? Nine cents.

When is a bee a great nuisance? When it is a humbug.

What is the difference between a hill and a pill? One is hard to get up, the other is hard to get down.

Why is a lazy dog like a hill? Because he is a slow pup (slope up).

A man and goose once went up in a balloon together, the balloon burst and they landed on a church steeple. How did the man get down? Plucked the goose.

A man had twenty-six (twenty sick) sheep and one died, how many remained? Nineteen.

What is the oldest table in the world? The multiplication table.

Why is a professional thief very comfortable? Because he usually takes things so easy.

Why is A like a honeysuckle? Because a B follows it.—Children's Magazine.

French Municipal Art Schools.

American Consul Goldschmidt, at Nantes, France, in an extended article on industrial art education in France and its influence upon French industries, says there are at present in France, aside from the national art schools, 300 provincial and municipal schools of fine arts, which are free to young men and women. While leaving to each school the development of the line of art suited to local needs, the State gives direction by annual visits of inspectors of drawing. The application to trade is practical and complete.

The "administration of fine arts" selects and sends the greater part of the models useful to instruction, gives prizes, scholarships, purses, and encouragement to pupils who have distinguished themselves during their course of studies.

Woman's Pathetic Optimism.

Woman is always convinced that she has never looked so alluring as in her newest spring hat. There is indeed with regard to her personal appearance something pathetic in her optimism.—Lady's Pictorial.

Pluck and Adventure.

RIDING A TORNADO.

To ride half a mile through the air on a cyclone and live to tell the tale is a unique experience. Yet that is precisely what happened to the Unitarian minister at Highland Springs, a suburb of Richmond, Va. The gentleman says:

"I had read much and heard much about cyclones, but my information was conflicting and far from satisfactory. Had resolved if I ever got near enough to one to investigate for myself. Don't know that I ever prayed the good Father to send one my way, but was willing He should.

"My opportunity came. It was in Randolph County, Ind., in the month of September. The farmer with whom I boarded was building a barn, and I went out to assist the carpenters, it being Saturday afternoon and nothing doing. One of the workmen remarked that it was good cyclone weather, and just as we finished shingling one side of the roof he shouted: 'Look out, boys, there is a cyclone coming!' Glancing hastily in the direction he pointed I saw on the horizon, some five or six miles distant, a monster as black as ink and as clear as an Egyptian pyramid, bowling along at terrific speed.

"Indiana has had many cyclones. In traveling through the country one sees their track in twisted and strewn timber—trees three feet in diameter twisted off a few feet above ground as if by giant hands. There was an old track to the west of us, and as we watched the cyclone advance it was plainly evident that it was following the course of its predecessors.

"My ignorance and consequent lack of fear and my desire to better observe this wonderful phenomenon led me to disregard the advice of my associates to get off the building. Meanwhile the funnel-shaped mass of dust and debris grew momentarily larger. Fascinated, I watched it, and listened, spellbound to the crash and grind of the debris in its swirl. Fences, fragments of buildings, cattle, grain, timber, haystacks and, for aught I knew, human beings, enveloped in a sable mantle of dust, pounding and grinding one another to pieces and sweeping along with lightning rapidity.

"My interest was roused to the highest pitch, when suddenly a chill ran through me. The raging demon, now almost opposite us, had suddenly tacked, and, leaving the old track at right angles, was headed toward us. There was no time left to get down, and I was too far from the ground to drop. So, burying my hatchet in the shingles in such a way as to get a hold on one of the laths underneath, I stretched myself flat on the roof and awaited the shock.

"I was none too quick. For immediately the roof rose on the rim of the cyclone and sped majestically on its way in a spiral course till it reached the top of the swirl—150 feet from the ground according to the estimate of the onlookers.

"The roof remained intact until it had reached its greatest altitude and had traveled on the rim of the cyclone proper nearly half a mile, when the corner opposite the one I was on sank into the inside current of the swirl and the roof with a great crash went to pieces. I had lost my support and was afloat in midair, the victim of the most terrific power I had ever encountered.

"During all this time, and it was probably only the fraction of a minute, though it seemed an age, I was fully conscious of my position and was calculating on how it would terminate. The roar was deafening, and I realized that if I was drawn into the swirl I would be ground to pieces like the grist in a mill. I also speculated that if I dropped to the ground I should be asphyxiated before reaching terra firma.

"To my surprise I did neither, but kept drifting around what seemed a circle of a hundred yards in diameter until I settled down to about seventy-five feet from the ground. Then I recognized that I had been released from the hold of the cyclone and was shooting to earth like a rocket head first. I expected to be dashed to pieces, but suddenly the top of a tree swam before my vision, and as I plunged into it I seized hold of a limb.

"The force of the fall was so great and my grasp so strong that the branch was torn from the tree and carried with me to the ground, a distance of thirty feet. My hold on the limb had reversed my position and I struck the ground on my feet, sinking deep into the mud and gravel of the creek. The cyclone had swept the water before it in its passage a moment earlier.

"Pulling myself together I took an inventory of my injuries. Both legs were broken in two places between the ankle and knee and my feet were horribly mangled. There were eighteen fractures at least. Dragging myself to the bank I cut the boot from one foot with a pocket knife and was making a compress to stop the flow of blood—using pieces torn from my shirt—when friends came up.

"One of the men attempted to remove the other boot, but was so excited he cut my foot as much as the boot. There was no surgeon near and I was beginning to feel the loss of blood. So I took the knife and finished the job myself, and also set my own broken bones, the carpenters making the splints, having had some little experience along this line."—Richmond (Va.) Times-Dispatch.

DODGING FATE.

There is nothing more unreasonably persistent than a presentiment. In nine cases out of ten the fear is groundless, but there is always the one chance that it may not be. Not every person can put himself so effectively out of the way of the dread doom as did Captain Mensel, who was a color-sergeant of the Pennsylvania Veteran Volunteers. He tells his own story in "Uncle Sam's Medal of Honor:"

When I was twenty-one years old I spent a furlough in Philadelphia. While I was there a handsome flag was presented to me as my personal property, in honor of my having successfully carried the colors through all of the great battles of the regiment. The names of the battles were printed in gold letters on the flag, and on the staff was a silver plate with an inscription.

I had a strong presentiment that should be killed at the next battle. In vain I tried to get my furlough extended. The commanding officer said every able-bodied man was needed. I wondered how I could honorably get out of carrying the flag at the next engagement. Then an idea came to me. The Government wanted officers for colored troops, and had established a free military school open to applicants for such commissions. Our regiment was on its way to Washington, and I determined to see the Secretary of War.

When we reached the city I took my Kearney medal and my flag to Mr. Stanton. It was nearly dark when my turn came, and he was tired and worn. At first he spoke curtly, and asked me what I was doing away from my regiment at that time of day. I answered politely, unfurled the flag, and showed him the inscription. There was only a dim light in the office, but the Secretary struck a match and looked the flag all over. Then he called some staff officers, and I had a grand reception.

Mr. Stanton asked me what I wanted. I told him I was a coward, and wanted to get out of the next fight. He laughed, and asked if there were any more cowards like me in the regiment. I said we were all alike. He took my name, and I told him about my presentiment. He seemed pleased with my record, and said that I was the only stranger, either soldier or civilian, who had ever asked a favor of him without being loaded with letters, and who had ever brought a real testimonial of service.

"I'll discharge you, or I'll promote you to a commission in the regular army," he told me.

It was the happiest moment of my life. I was almost willing to take the old flag into the next battle and be shot. I told Mr. Stanton I did not wish discharge or promotion, but simply a furlough to attend the military school. He made out an order, leaving the date unfilled. Then he wrote to my colonel, asking him to leave the date of absence optional with me.

When I gave my papers to the colonel he was furious, and tore them up. Then he had me put in the guardhouse. Late at night the guard let me out, and I went directly to Mr. Stanton's house.

He was very angry when I told him my troubles, wrote another letter to the colonel, and sent me back with an escort. This time the colonel respected everybody and everything, but Mr. Stanton never forgave the insult to his authority.

I attended the free school, and after the great Battle of Spottsylvania went back to my old regiment and the front, where I carried the colors through all the subsequent battles.

A WILDCAT THAT TURNED.

Henry Lazinka, a prominent cattleman in Northeastern Oregon, had an exciting contest with a large wildcat in Walla Walla County, Wash. He finally killed the animal, but it was only after a hard fight. He was riding through the country on horseback, and his only weapon was a large riding whip. He saw a big wildcat and gave chase on horseback. The animal ran for a short distance, then turned and savagely attacked the man on his horse. She tore his clothing and even his "shaps" and saddle, and made desperate attempts to reach his face. He defended himself with his whip, and after a long fight succeeded in landing a blow which stunned the bobcat and knocked her to the ground. The man sprang from his horse and kicked and beat the animal to death. It was a beautiful large cat about six years old, with fine fur, which he removed and is keeping.

DOG DUG MASTER OUT OF SNOW.

Edward Hanavan, one of the best known miners and prospectors in Ouray County, had a remarkable escape from death in a snowslide which came down the western slope of Mount Hayden last evening. He owes his life to his dog Sandy.

Hanavan was climbing over the trail of the mountain above the Mineral Fern mine when he was suddenly caught by a snowslide and swept 100 feet into the gulch. His dog, following fifty feet behind, barely escaped the avalanche. The faithful canine jumped into the gulch and began pawing and scraping where the toe of one of Hanavan's boots barely showed above the snow. Within ten minutes the dog reached his master's head and began licking his face.

Hanavan was practically unconscious from lack of air, but soon revived and managed to dig out of what threatened to prove his snowy tomb.—Ouray Correspondence Denver Republican.

He Ate the Note.

A gambler borrowed a sum of money from a money-lender, and, the note falling due, he called upon the broker and told him he could not pay at that time. The money-lender became greatly excited. "I want the money. It is due. You must pay it." The gambler pulled his pistol out, pointed it at the head of the money-lender, and said: "Eat that note or I will blow the top of your head off." The money-lender looked at the pistol, then at the note, and decided that it would be wise to eat the note, which he did. A few days after the gambler called and paid the value of the note, much to the delight of the money-lender, who said: "My friend, you are a good man, and when you need any more money, come in and I will let you have it." Some time later the gambler applied for another loan, which the money-lender was very willing to advance. The gambler sat down to write out a note, when the money-lender called out: "Wait a minute, my friend. Would you mind writing out that note on a soda cracker?"

Declined to Accept Knighthood.

When J. Henniker Heaton, M. P., of Great Britain, declined to accept the honor of knighthood the other day, on the retirement of the Balfour Cabinet, he declined for the third time. The title was offered him in recognition of his services in carrying the imperial penny postage scheme in 1898 and introducing telegraphic money orders [illegible] the United Kingdom and the [illegible] post in France.

The fish landed a[illegible] ish markets [illegible] 50,000,00[illegible]