THE QUEENSTOWN NEWS.

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Nothing serves better to indicate the passing of the old order in the West than the report that the Indian police are after the Indian outlaws of the Cherokee Nation.

The visiting nurse is one of the most blessed ministers of the new civilization. She carries the science of healing, with suggestions of cleanliness and comfort which could be had in no other way.

While men write books about the ideal wife, nobody writes about the ideal husband and father. There is something in the domestic customs of our country, says the British Weekly, which seems to develop this overbearing, selfish and tyrannical spirit in the man of the house. Far more unhappiness in homes is caused by the man than by the woman.

The notion that the Duma is to be a mere puppet of the bureaucracy will, we confidently believe, prove equally groundless, says the New York Tribune. Hitherto the Government of Russia has consisted of the Emperor. Henceforth it will consist of the Emperor and the Duma; and if at present the powers of the two are not equal, but those of the former are greater, it will not be always thus.

There is no question as to the fact of prosperity, but there is a doubt regarding the equal distribution of the fruits thereof. To meet the increased cost of living there should be an increase proportional in the earnings of labor, says the Boston Post. Otherwise the mass of the population is worse off than before. It is true that in a time of prosperity labor has continuous employment and regular wages; but even so, if the increase in the cost of living is disproportionally great, the condition is not improved.

One of the most remarkable freaks of the earthquake is the survival of the old Sailors' Home, on Rincon Hill. This building, originally used as a United States Marine Hospital, says the Coast Seamen's Journal, was abandoned by the Government after the earthquake of '68. To-day the Home stands as firmly as ever, while everything around it lies in ashes. When the grandchildren of to-day tell the story of the great earthquake to their own descendants the Sailors' Home will be described as the first building that should have gone down—but didn't.

A list of the "One Hundred Richest Men" is published in a magazine. How was this list obtained? Who among the hundred gave out the information? asks the New York Press. The only man in this country who ever made a show down in life was Jay Gould. The rest of the boys lied mostly in their wills and saved the inheritance tax. Fifteen years ago Rockefeller said on the witness stand that he could not tell within something like $10,000,000 what his fortune amounted to. The other day he was rated at $1,000,000,000. Now he is set down at $600,000,000. All this is guess work. Our wealthy men are not running through the streets shouting out what they are worth, and one guess is as good as another.

For the purpose of seeing ourselves as others see us, a recent account by an English commercial writer is of interest. The writer concludes that the country is in a period of great prosperity, with no sign of over-production as yet. Over 1,000,000 immigrants have been absorbed during the year, but labor is still scarce and wages good and the scale of living high. The wealth production on farms for the year was nearly $9,000,000,000, of which corn amounted to more than one-sixth the value. Hay, cotton, wheat, oats, potatoes, barley and tobacco came next in value. The foreign commerce exceeded that of any preceding year, and the increased import of luxuries seemed a good indication of the prosperity of the country. The United States, declares this English writer, was never more prosperous than at present, and the industrial operations are being carried on upon a larger scale than ever.

The United States every year expends about $140,000,000 in pensions for wars that are past, and somewhere between $180,000,000 and $200,000,000 in being prepared against wars of the future. In the last fiscal year, says the Boston Transcript, there was paid out for the naval establishment $122,000,000; for the support of the army and the Military Academy $77,000,000. Taken altogether, pensions, the navy and the fleet called for $340,000,000. A comparison between the cost of the arts of war and the arts of peace borne by the Government is afforded by the fact that the agricultural appropriation for the last fiscal year was $5,942,040. The comparison is more even more striking when we realize that from 1830 to the present day, counting the present proposed appropriation, the aggregate appropriations for the Department of Agriculture are $65,737,272.12, or $12,000,000 less than was expended on the army last year. Yet we are a peaceful Nation, depending largely [illegible] future for our pros-

DRIFT-WOOD

By Forrestine C. Hooker.

THE railroad tracks stretched out till they converged and melted into the horizon. The white alkali sand quivered and reflected the mid-day heat in a shimmering mist that was broken only by mosquito bushes and dusty prickly pears.

Several miles apart, two black spots, like huge ants, had crawled slowly along since daybreak, unconscious of each other. The foremost black speck halted, and, shading bloodshot eyes with trembling hand, gazed around searchingly and discovered the other man. Then, as though satisfied with his inspection, he crouched on the sand, his face hidden in the folded arms that rested wearily on his knees.

The other tramp drew nearer with the peculiar jerk that is acquired by many miles of track-walking. He was large, surly and aggressive-looking, with massive black beard, coarse features and a furtive look. With eyes downcast, he shuffled along until he paused beside the crouching figure, and the two outcasts of humanity gazed at each other.

"Which way you goin'?" the newcomer asked.

"Same way as you," was the apathetic reply.

"Got anything to drink?"

"No; not even water. I chewed some of these mesquite beans, but they don't help much. I'm pretty near played out." If the dead could speak it would be with just such lifeless monotone.

"Guess you ain't used to Shank's pony. Better get a move on you; no use sittin' there. A 'gay-cat' put me wise on a town five miles further along. I ain't in any special hurry; come along."

Slowly and painfully the smaller man obeyed, and, rising, limped behind the other as though devoid of personal volition. They plodded in silence until near the outskirts of town; then, with a glance of contempt, the larger man addressed his companion:

"No use for two of us to hit the place. 'Tain't big enough. I know the ropes; you'd better take it easy if you aim to move on to-night."

With a sigh of exhaustion, the smaller man threw himself on the burning ground, hardly noticing the other tramp, who started for town, wondering in disgust why he had picked up a "green yegg-man without any backbone."

Over an hour had elapsed when the sleeping tramp woke at the gruff command to get up. Opening his eyes he saw his traveling companion holding in one hand a parcel wrapped in a newspaper, and in the other a tomato can of cold coffee.

It took very few minutes to collect enough dead brush to light a fire, heat the coffee and divide the lunch, which they devoured greedily. Then, after one or two desultory remarks, both men stretched out in the scanty shade of a mesquite bush to rest till the heat of the day had passed, and the smaller man fell immediately into a sleep that was almost stupor.

His comrade idly watched him awhile, then picked up the torn, greasy newspaper that had contained the "hand-out," scanned it lazily and tossed it aside. On his way back from town he had noticed a man tacking a placard at the door of the little frame shack that was store and postoffice combined:

"FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS REWARD.

"The above reward will be paid by the undersigned for the arrest and conviction of James R. Lane for forgery. Description: Age, about 32; weight, 140 lbs.; height, about 5 ft. 7 in.; complexion, fair; eyes, brown; hair, brown and wavy. Small mustache, but may have grown a beard to hide scar on left side of chin. Has split nail on right index finger. Expert penman and accountant; will probably seek clerical employment.

"ANDREW G. PRESTON."

"Five hundred dollars reward!" and the largest sum he had ever possessed had been a stolen five dollars. "Five hundred dollars! Gee whiz! Five hundred——"

His thoughts were interrupted as the sleeping man moaned and moved restlessly. The tramp glanced at him carelessly, started and leaned nearer, staring intently. Slowly and deliberately he recalled and compared the description on the placard with the features of the unconscious man until satisfied that the identity was beyond doubt.

A wolfish grin exposed his yellow teeth, and he gloated over his discovery, like a spider spinning its meshes about its helpless victim.

"Five hundred dollars!" and it would take half an hour's walk to reach town and come back. Even if the fellow should wake he couldn't get very far. It was just like finding money.

Already the elated tramp felt the weight of those five hundred dollars in his pockets, and smiled grimly as he remembered he would have to get needles and thread to make his pockets secure.

"Needles and thread! Why not get a new suit—new shoes?" and he surveyed the tattered excuse for shoes and clothes, noticing their deficiencies for the first time. 'Why not buy a ticket and ride inside a train for once, instead of clinging to a brake-beam? He could even go into a Pullman and make one of those high-toned coons wait on him!" Aladdin's lamp never suggested a wilder dream, and the hobo chuckled as he pictured himself lolling back in the smoking-room of a Pullman, ordering the porter about, as he had seen other men do when the train had stopped at some station.

He could go to a hotel and play the gentleman; loaf and try his luck with the paste-boards while the money lasted; have a fling for once—and afterwards? Well, what did he care? there was always the road again.

He was rising to his feet when he became aware that the other man's eyes were fixed on him; somehow it aggravated him, and he growled out, angrily: "The jig's up, Lane; I found one of your [illegible] cards on the postoffice door. [illegible] that I was in such high-toned society. Any hobo worth five hundred dollars is too valyable a piece of bricky-back to be lyin' around promiscus, an' I don't want no such respinsibility on me."

"Are you going to give me up?" asked Lane, without anxiety or anger in his voice—just a tired, indifferent tone, as though the answer were of no importance. "I can't go away, so you needn't hurry."

The tramp looked at him suspiciously, and replied, doggedly: "I don't get no chance at five hundred dollars every day, and get it clean, too, so I don't have to sneak and run to keep it."

"Oh, cut it out!" answered Lane, wearily. "I understand all that. Go on! You'll find me here when you get back. If it were murder instead of forgery I couldn't move to save my life."

The tramp hesitated, shifted his feet, and sat down, scowling fiercely and muttering: "It's a blame sight more money than I'll ever see again. I don't see why I have to hold back for you. I never seed you till to-day, and it won't do you no good to try any tricks on me. I want that money, and you bet your sweet life I'm going to have it. You ain't got no pull on me."

"I said I would be here when you come back. You can't go too soon to suit me. I'm tired of hiding and skulking."

"'Tain't that I want to see you pinched," said the tramp, a trifle apologetically. "It's the dough I want."

"Money, yes, money!" The forger's words were fierce and bitter. "It's always the same, no matter where we go! I wonder if St. Peter will hold out his hand for a fee at the gate of heaven."

The tramp stared at his companion, who lay gazing past the mesquite brush, totally oblivious of everything. Then, with a sudden movement, the forger flung himself face down on the sand, sobbing convulsively.

The tramp laid a dirty, rough hand on Lane's shoulder, saying, huskily: "There, there, old cove! Brace up! I ain't no gospel-shark, but I know when a sore festers it eases it up a blame sight to open it. Maybe you'd feel better if you was to tell me the trouble."

Lane raised his face and turned toward the tramp, who, ashamed of his display of emotion, hurriedly gathered a handful of pebbles which he threw at a horn-toad that scurried by.

"It's only an every-day story. I had a position as clerk, and a little money put aside when we were married. We furnished a couple of rooms, and were happy when we were able to put a few more dollars into the bank. When Lucy fell ill I used the money to pay a doctor and a woman to care for her while I was at the office. After our savings were gone I spent all my wages as fast as I was paid. Then the doctor advised a change to California; it would prolong but not save her life. I was nearly crazy when I remembered that I had no money.

"We talked of the happy days we would spend under the orange trees in the blessed sunshine of California—days which we knew would never be realized, but each pretended to believe the other.

"Winter came and coal was expensive. I sold my overcoat and walked to the office instead of riding on the cars. I told Lucy I needed the exercise.

"The bills became duns, but she never saw them; they came to me at the office. One day I read of mortgaging furniture without its removal, so I mortgaged what furniture I owned, even the bed on which my wife lay helpless.

"Two days before the mortgage fell due I went to my few acquaintances and begged assistance for my wife's sake; I knew that a shock in her condition might be fatal. Those who could help would not; those who would, could not.

"In desperation I went to my rich employer. Like a fool I reasoned such a man would cheerfully lend me the few dollars that I needed. By the time I reached his door I had brought myself to imagine he would refuse to consider the money as a loan, but rather as an act of charity that no one but we two would know. His name was always the first in any public charity list.

"I explained my situation to him, and he curtly refused assistance. I told him my wife would be turned into the streets, the very bed she lay upon taken from her. He said there was a place for people under such conditions; that he would beggar himself if he gave to all who asked help of him.

"I offered to sign a note, binding myself to work for him faithfully until he had received both interest and principal. He replied that it was not his way of doing business; he never took notes without proper security. His employes were well paid for their services, and if they lacked management he could not be held responsible. Besides, a man who was unable to manage his own finances was hardly to be recommended for a position of trust. I looked at him with murder in my heart; and he added, 'I must ask that you leave me now; my time is valuable, and you seem to forget that I am paying for yours.'

"I went out quietly to my desk, my brain teeming with vindictive thoughts. Why should he have everything and I nothing? One of the smallest diamonds on his wife's hands would save my wife's life.

"I heard the clink of coin on all sides, and knew how a starving man would murder a helpless person for the sake of a stale, dirty crust. I felt as though I could tear open the steel door of the safe with my bare hands, and grasp the money that meant so much to me; yet I knew Lucy would rather die than have me take one cent that was not legally mine.

"I opened my desk mechanically, and saw my useless check book lying there. It was all that was left of our little bank account. Suddenly I realized that it was the same bank as my employer's. My monthly wages had been paid there, by check. The cashier knew me; I was familiar with Mr. Preston's signature. Why should I hesitate? [illegible] check would not be detected before Monday, and I could get Lucy away Sunday. She could be happy a few weeks, for I knew her end was near. After that nothing could hurt me.

"My hand was steady as I carefully filled out a check for one hundred and fifty dollars. Cheap, wasn't it, for two lives? I cashed it without trouble. On my way home I bought wine and food for my wife; then, as I passed a florist's, remembering how much Lucy loved flowers, I bought a few roses. The last time I had bought her flowers was on her wedding-day.

"When I gave them to her she chided me for being extravagant, but I told her I had collected some money that was due to me. A smile came to her lips and the tears to her eyes as she kissed me, then kissed the flowers and laid them lovingly against her pale cheek.

"That night the baby came, and in the gray morning Lucy lay quietly with the little chap in her arms, and I—I knelt beside them and thanked God they were both dead. I had lied to her through it all, and she died without hearing the howls of the wolf at our door. I laid the roses in her coffin, and with the money I had stolen I buried my wife and child.

"I went to another town and tried to get work, so I could send back the money. Somehow I felt that Lucy would know it and be happier; but every one wanted references from last employer. Then I got work at starvation wages, and managed to save a few dollars at the end of the first month. I sent it with a note saying I would pay back every cent of the check, with interest. The postmark on the letter gave them a clue, and I saw in the paper a few days later a copy of my letter, garbled and changed to give a false impression, a full description of my appearance, and an offer of five hundred dollars reward by my old employer, who stated that he would be guilty of encouraging crime and shielding a criminal if he agreed to my proposition. It was malice masquerading as justice.

"God knows what blind impulse made me run away and hide, for there is nothing left for me. I might as well give up. What is the use? I could not be more solitary in a cell than I am now. Go, get the reward. Some one is sure to get it, and you might as well be the one. You have spoken the first kind words I have heard since my wife died, and this is the only way that I can show that I appreciate it. I will wait till you get back; or, if you want, I will go with you."

The voice ceased, and the tramp sat deliberating, his eyes on the figure of the man lying inert beside him. A tarantula wasp buzzed and disappeared in a tiny hole, searching its prey; a buzzard, with lazily flapping wings, wheeled nearer, remembering it had seen other men lying on the desert. Then the tramp spoke:

"I'm goin' now. Goin' back the other way, and I don't want you to go with me, for I might want the money bad some time, and if I don't know where you are I can't get it. See?'

The sun was almost setting, and both men rose to their feet. The tramp turned awkwardly to the forger and said, "Will you shake?"

Their hands met, then separated, as each man turned and started on his endless journey.

The railroad tracks stretched out, converged and melted into the fading horizon, and two black spots, like huge ants, crawled slowly apart on their lonely way—Driftwood from Life's wrecks.—Good Literature.

SCIENTIFIC & INDUSTRIAL

A celebrated German specialist has recently been experimenting with ink to find which color gathers the least amount of microbes. They develop more rapidly in red than in black, violet or blue.

The bumblebees of Nebraska have been found by M. H. Swenk to include not less than eighteen species, belonging to three genera. This is a greater variety than has been recorded for the entire United States east of the Mississippi River.

The most powerful volt-testing transformer in the world has just been completed at the Worcester Polytechnic Institute under the direction of Professor H. B. Smith. The transformer will be used for as high potential as 300,000 volts. It is for the use of a Boston concern.

The well known Japanese bacteriologist, Dr. Kitasato, will visit India on behalf of the Japanese Government for the purpose of examining into the plague conditions in that country. The primary object is said to be to find out means for securing the shipment of raw cotton to Japan from ports in which the plague does not exist.

Deficient hearing is regarded by Dr. Lichtemberg, of Budapest, as a greater danger in railroad engineers than color blindness. In ninety-two out of 250 railroad employes he has found the hearing affected, and, as the ear troubles are liable to come on at any time, he urges that all persons in railroad employ should be examined every two years.

"Headache usually signifies an overtaxed ciliary muscle, so, if the patient appears myopic, but complains of headache, these conditions are not compatible, and as there is no doubt about the headache, the inconsistency lies with the myopia, and the chances are that in cases where myopia seems to exist with headache hypermetropia is the real condition."—E. Ryer.

The need of technical training in schools is emphasized by the results of recent medical examinations in Scotland, only a little more than half of 600 children of Aberdeen proving to be sound in health, and only 171 in 600 in Edinburgh. The Swedish system of Ling is approved. In this gymnastics are classified and arranged to suit the individual needs, and, in addition to giving bodily development, the exercise is expected to teach courage, obedience, alertness, decision, self-confi[illegible] and presence of mind.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

KIDS.

I wonder why some Pas have none,
And others have so many,
It seems the poor Pas have the most,
And rich ones haven't any.

The richest man I know in town
Has just one small boy only;
But Pa says, Gad! he pities him
In that big house so lonely.

It seems to me 'twould be so nice
If kids all come out even;
And when I asked Pa why they don't,
He said, "Be quiet, Stephen."

Then fam'lies all'd have bills like Pa,
For us five kids together,
He says, would bust a cattle man,
We wear out so much leather.

But when the circus comes to town
Pa's glad he has so many,
For he has more fun takin' us
That if he hadn't any.

My Pa says some day that he'll be
Too old to go on workin',
And then he hopes that none of us
Our duty will be shirkin'.

You bet we won't! We all love Pa.
But wouldn't it be funny
To have your father hangin' 'round
And askin' you for money?

I've 'most a quarter in my bank
To buy a bullet-moulder,
But now I think I'll save it up
For Pa when he gets older.

—May Kelly, in Lippincott's.

CONSIDER THE BIRDS.

Every breast is a hushed song; every wing cries for its mate. The wood is growing lonely and the place is hushed where they used to greet the sunrise with bursts of song. The forests of the tropics are searched for bright plumage, and in the springtime when the nestlings are crying for food their feathers are brightest and are most eagerly sought; and so bird life is hunted from the ends of the earth.

It matters not that these creatures are man's friends, destroying the things that harm him and gladdening the world with their little throats swelling with praise for the Giver of all Good; they are doomed, and by women, to pass out of the world, leaving it all still and lonesome. Just think of a songless dawn in May; the oriole's nest no more swinging high in the tree; no brown thrushes hopping in the hedge. What has all this sacrifice brought?—Goodall's Farmer.

A METAPHOR.

When a traveler has once found out that he has taken the right train, and is aware that the bringing of him to his destination can in no way be helped by himself, he is wise to extract all the pleasure possible from the few hours of idleness that he must pass. It seems to me that the secret of good reading may be suggested by a comparison with the traveler on the railroad. He should be at the same time doing two things: advancing steadily toward his destination, and finding all possible enjoyment on the way. Young readers should have in mind some object or purpose in their reading and studies, but while they are steadily advancing toward this, they should remember that there are times and seasons which may be devoted to recreation and amusement of the mind. Of course the comparison is not exact, but there never was a fable capable of more than suggesting a moral.—St. Nicholas.

CHILDREN AND RABBITS.

The children always liked to go to Grandma Lothrop's. The other day they came rushing in from school. Grandma held up her finger. "Quiet, my little ones; see what I have in the basket!"

She opened the cover of a large old-fashioned basket, and guess what they saw! Three beautiful rabbits—two all white and one gray and white—one for Susie, one for Charlie and one for Willie.

Three happier children I don't believe you ever saw.

"Now," said Grandma, "when you get these pretty little fellows home what will you do with them?" Susie suggested: "Give them a bath." Charlie said: "That won't do; give them a house to sleep in." But little Willie spoke up in his slow way: "Dive 'em somsen to eat."

Then Grandma told them Willie was right, but after they had fed them they might make the house, too, and if they would listen quietly she would tell them a story about two other rabbits who lived a long time ago.

Grandma began: "One day my father came home from the village carrying a queer looking box with holes in the top. I peeped in through the holes and saw two little bunnies. My father told me they were for me, and that I must take good care of them, and give them plenty of cabbage to eat.

"Father made a nice little house for them out of the box he had brought them in and put a fence around, inclosing a place for them to play in.

"Father had given me a long strip of ground in the garden that year, and I had planted it very carefully; the little green peas were just sticking up their sprouts and I had three or four heads of lettuce growing so fast that they were my great pride and delight.

"Three or four days passed after my rabbits came to their new home. I was so careful with them, and they did look so pretty nibbling the cabbage I gave them, with their long ears standing up so straight and their pink eyes shining. I showed them to my friends and was so proud of them.

"One day some of my playmates came for me to go to the woods with them. I rushed off, forgetting that the poor rabbits had had no breakfast. At dinner time I was in such a hurry I never thought of them again. At night I came in tired and went to bed early, not forgetting, but thinking most likely some one had fed them.

"Next morning I wakened early with an uncomfortable feeling that I had been unkind to my poor little pets. I jumped out of bed and was not long in ge[illegible] ready to go out to feed them. [illegible] their house was empty and [illegible]ere nowhere [illegible] be found. I [illegible] searc[illegible] where I could think of, hoping to find them before I went into the garden, but I could not. So I opened the garden gate, and there were the two little fellows nibbling my precious lettuce. Every one of the nice little heads had they destroyed. Not only this, but they had been all over the garden nibbling father's fresh, green vegetables.

"I took them back to their house and went to tell father. That was hard, I tell you. He was very kind and did not scold me, but told me how wrong it was to neglect any dumb animals who could not take care of themselves.

"Now, my little children, take your pets, and do not forget to feed them, as your Grandma did hers."—Mary West, in the Philadelphia Press.

DOUBLE-DECKED BIRD NEST.

Last spring, to our great delight, a pair of robins determined to build a nest and rear a brood in one of the trees in my front garden. The sparrows, about twenty, objected, and gave numerous scoldings to the intruders.

A week or two after Mr. and Mrs. Robin finished building and were nicely settled in a cosey home not far from my upper front window, and with loving anticipations I was horrified one morning to notice that several sparrows were busy picking away the straw and mud composing the underneath part of Robin's home. It seemed a clear case of piracy without one redeeming feature; the robins thought so too. They darted at the sparrows and made their lives a burden. What was my delight to find the third day that Mr. and Mrs. Sparrow had excavated a nice place for a nest in the basement of Robin's nest and were proceeding to furnish same for housekeeping.

The robins soon seemed to catch on to the sparrows' neighborly method, and cordiality grew apace. May 24, 1905, I spent most of the afternoon watching the proceedings of these tenement families through an opera glass. The young robins made their first start outside the nest, and the sparrows were clearly as much pleased as the parents. Nearly two weeks later the baby sparrows started out from the basement. I hope the two young robins got away South with their parents. The sparrows stayed all winter. This morning before the sun was up there was a great confab between robins and sparrows near where the nest was last year.—Halifax Herald.

SOME SIMPLE STRENGTH TESTS.

Here are a few strength tests which are very simple and are lots of fun. You will be surprised at the results, for it will not always be the largest boy of a crowd who will win the contests.

Two boys sit facing each other on opposite sides of a small table and, resting their right forearms and wrists on the table, place the insides of their fingers together. Each boy, while keeping the lower edge of his hand against the table, tries to turn over his opponent's hand; that is, forces it to lie back on the table. This is really a test of the forearm as well as the wrist.

Test No. 2 calls for much the same position except that the backs of the hands are placed together, the fingers on one hand reaching down to the wrist on the other. Then each opponent tries to bend inward the other's wrist. This is entirely a wrist test, and the results will often surprise you. The third test calls for the same position, except that the fingers are closed, all but the first or index finger. The first fingers are placed together, back to back, each fellow's object being to force his opponent's finger to "shut;" that is, to close in the palm of the hand.—Good Literature.

A Good-Sized Boy.

A good-sized boy was hurrying along the street, dragging his two-year-old brother after him, in spite of the loud protests of the child, when a benevolent-looking old gentleman stopped him.

"My son," said the old gentleman, regarding him with kindly eyes, "how old are you?"

"Twelve," answered the boy.

"You're a stout lad for that age. I should have taken you to be fourteen. Never been sick much, have you?"

"No, sir."

"I thought not. You enjoy your victuals, sleep like a top, and can play ball all day without getting tired, can't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"I was sure of it. I wish I had a boy like you."

"What for?"

"So I could turn him over my knee and spank him. Pick up that baby and carry him, you young savage, or I shall be tempted to consider you my boy for all practical purposes, right now!"—Youth's Companion.

The Bering Sea Tunnel.

The construction of the tunnel would be an enormously costly undertaking. With its approaches it would be not far from forty miles in length, and because of the extremely high cost of labor in that inhospitable region the total cost would probably exceed one hundred million dollars.

But the most serious question of all, as showing the impracticability of a tunnel, is that of the great depth to which it would have to be carried. The depth of water is variously stated at from 160 to 170 feet, which means that the subgrade of the tunnel would have to be at minus 200 feet in order to secure firm overlying material and a rock which was impervious to water. Should any fissures be encountered at this depth the tunnel would have to be abandoned, for the use of the pneumatic process would be out of the question, the corresponding air pressure of about ninety pounds to the square inch being, of course, fatal to life.—Scientific American.

In order to put a stop to the practice of binding women's feet the Chinese Board of Education has issued an order prohibiting the sale of small shoes.

SPORT AND ADVENTURE

NARROW ESCAPE IN ARCTIC.

WHILE the party was crossing the ice gap on Hooker Island, October 26, the snow suddenly gave way beneath my feet and I hung over a deep crevasse. Spencer jumped from his sledge to save me. He had just touched my hand when a frightful descent began and I knew no more. On recovering consciousness I found myself wedged between two curves in the walls of the crevasse, the convex surfaces narrowing sufficiently to hold me between the breast and back, my left arm, bent over my breast and jamming, having prevented me from falling through the neck of the funnel. Beneath was a great cavern in which I could move my legs without finding the walls. Had I stepped three feet further to the right I would have dropped to depths unfathomable.

The darkness was intense, but far above me shone a faint halo of blue iridescence with rays of light that came part way along a face of black glassy ice. This told me where the men were. The glimmer seemed hundreds of feet above. I heard the sound of a voice calling, and answered, asking for a rope, and requesting haste, as I thought I would slip through. They asked me how deep I had fallen. I shouted that I was about 150 feet down, for so it seemed to me. Just then I heard an awful sound in the crevasse. It appeared to come from below. My first thought was that a pack of dogs had fallen in with me. Soon the noise turned into articulate speech, and I learned that Steward Spencer, who had tried to save me, had fallen in too. I called to him. He answered, telling me that he was dying, that his head was cut open, and that he was bleeding to death. I told him to trust in God and we would get out, though, I must confess, at that moment help seemed very far off. To add to our discomfort pieces of ice became detached from above and thundered down the abyss, the echoes reaching us until annihilated by the awful depth. It need not be told what would have happened if either Spencer or myself had been in the path of those falling ice fragments.

At last I saw above me the end of a rope, which gradually neared as I shouted directions to those above. My right arm was free and at last the precious line was in my hand.—From "Two Years in the Arctic," by Anthony Fiala, in the McClure's.

FIGHTS BIG DOG.

The unexpected appearance of a big St. Bernard dog with bloodshot eyes and frothy mouth in a school room at Bayonne, N. J., where forty children ranging from five to fourteen years old were reciting their lessons, was the cause of a small-sized panic, a brave show of courage and the untimely death of Bruno.

Miss Mary Donohue was the teacher of the class in the annex of Public School 4. She had gone to the blackboard in the course of a session to put a few arithmetical problems on the board for the children to puzzle out. She had finished one example when her attention was aroused by a child's scream. Turning round, expecting that the child was taken suddenly ill, she saw a large dog, growling savagely, bound into the room. At the sight of the dog the children were terror-stricken and a few tried to escape to the door.

There have been several cases of hydrophobia in Bayonne in the last few weeks, and the children, in fear of being bitten by the dog, instantly screamed, "Mad dog!" This caused a panic.

The dog dashed around the room and sat down in a corner and studied his terror-stricken prey. Although Miss Donohue was pretty well scared she saw a chance to save her pupils. Directing them to run out the back way to the yard, she stood guard over the dog, holding out her skirts to prevent it running after the children.

The children got out safely to the yard, where they found George Anderson, the janitor. They told him their teacher was in the class room holding a mad dog.

The schoolyard is surrounded by a board fence and has no gate to it. One by one the janitor lifted those who could not climb over into an open lot. After he had them to a place of safety he ran to the school room, where Miss Donohue held the dog at bay.

Policeman Werth, who was patrolling his beat along Lord avenue, was attracted by the screaming of the children and came running to the school. The children informed him that a mad dog was in the school room.

He ran to the room and found Miss Donohue close to the dog. He told the teacher to step to one side and drew his revolver and pumped a few shots into the St. Bernard's brain. The dog died instantly. Then the children returned to the room, pretty well scared over their afternoon's experience.—New York Sun.

TEACHER'S KNIFE SAVES GIRL.

As Mabel Reeves, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Reeves, was going to school at Anderson, Ind., and just as she was about to cross the tracks of the Big Four, she saw a little girl standing on the tracks, evidently trying to extricate her foot from a frog. She went to the child and tried to assist her in taking her foot out of the frog, but the little prisoner cried with pain, and the more effort made to extricate the member the firmer it seemed to become wedged into the frog. As Miss Reeves was thus engaged she heard the rumble of a train and, looking up, she saw a Big Four passenger train bearing down upon them.

The train had just turned a curve. The engineer saw the danger of the two and blew his whistle as a warning. The child with the imprisoned foot began to scream and struggle desperately, but could not free herself.

Miss Reeves deftly drew a penknife from her pocket, stooped down and slit the shoe from end to end, and jerked the little one away from the tracks just as the engine bore down upon her. Hardly had they got out of the way when the heavy train rolled over the track where the girl had stood. When it had passed Miss Reeves removed the crushed shoe from the frog, straightened it as best she could, bound it on the foot of the child and calmly went on to school.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

The author of a recently p[illegible] book, "In the Heart of the Can[illegible] Rockies," turns aside from the cou[illegible] of his narrative to recall an adventu[illegible] which befell him years before in the Alps. His story is of interest because of the description of the ice which has been centuries in forming. The fissures in it are produced by the bend[illegible]ing and turning of the glacier as it moves slowly down the mountain valley. That the snow should conceal the crevasse beneath will not seem strange to any one familiar with winters in the north.

Before us stretched a gently sloping plain of purest snow, its surface scarcely marked by any fissure. [illegible] course we were roped and ready [illegible] any emergency, although expec[illegible] none. Our guide was an experien[illegible] man, well versed in all the probl[illegible] of the glaciers, and he was no st[illegible]er to the route.

Not a depression of the tinies[illegible]scription, no crack, no special softness of the snow gave the least indication of the presence of a crevasse, although we knew that numerous huge caverns lurked beneath the heavy mantle of eternal snow.

A halt was made to take a photograph. The photographer, who happened to be second on the string, set up his camera on the level surface and stepped back a pace to focus the picture, when in an instant he was [illegible] not! Only a hole in the white crust was visible where but a second [illegible] viously my friend had stood, an[illegible] narrow grooves cut by the strain[illegible] ropes that bound the departed to his surprised companions. In a few min[illegible]utes he was hauled out, none the wo[illegible] quite cool, and he proceeded w[illegible] unfinished picture, after ha[illegible]lected another location, the stability of which he this time took the precaution of establishing beyond peradventure.

When I peered into the hole which he had so ruthlessly made, I saw a chasm with glistening walls of ice, of every shade of blue most exquisitely graded to the deepest hues of night where, far below, the darkness hi[illegible] the bottom of the cavity from view.

This crevasse was probably at least three hundred feet in depth, broad at the upper rims, yet so entirely masked that the guide and my friend passe[illegible] over it unwittingly, and not one of [illegible] could tell where space ended and [illegible] solid ice began beneath the [illegible]ering.

SAVED FROM DIZZY PERCH.

Clinging to the rim of the lofty chimney of the American Nickel Company, on the dizzy height of which he had been trapped, a man gazed down on an awe-struck crowd which stood guard throughout the d[illegible] Tenth and Elm streets, writes [illegible] Camden (N. J.) correspondent of [illegible] New York World.

He was John Burnett, a steeple ja[illegible] employed by Kelsey & Company, [illegible] New York. The chimney had b[illegible] demned, and Burnett set out [illegible] work of demolition during the [illegible]ing. A scaffolding had been constru[illegible] and up this Burnett climbed a[illegible] o'clock. As he was nearing the s[illegible]mit, 150 feet from the ground, th[illegible] was a sharp crack of the timbers, [illegible] the scaffolding swayed.

Burnett, trained for emergencies, knew his peril. He mounted swiftly upward. At each step his footing became more insecure, as the scaffolding fell away. He thrust one hand upward and caught the rim as he felt the supports leave his feet, and the loosened timbers rattled to the ground far below.

Burnett was perched high in the air when employes ran out to investigate the crash of the scaffolding. The work of rescuing Burnett was rushed for fear that he would collapse and be dashed to death. Spikes were driven inside the chimney, but the crumbling bricks would not retain them. A balloon was suggested, and also a kite, to which a rope should be attached, [illegible] plans were abandoned.

As the hours passed, the crowd of watchers increased. Burnett was immovable as the figure on a colossal monument. A messenger was despatched for Steeple-Jack Joe Corbett.

Corbett tried the spikes inside the chimney, and, by careful balancing, mounted up until he could hold himself against the circular sides of the stack. Then he drew up a 150-foot rope and passed one end to Burnett. Burnett had just enough strength left to make fast the rope to the top of the chimney, and lower himself with Corbett's assistance.

He was hailed with great cheering when he reached the ground and Corbett was vociferously praised. It was 8 o'clock at night when the rescue was made.

Proficient.

When western Iowa was newly settled the farmers in an isolated section banded themselves together as a school district, and proceeded to choose one of their number "committeeman." A log schoolhouse was erected, and soon a young woman came that way, seeking a chance to teach. The committeeman was designated to ascertain her fitness.

When the time for the ordeal arrived the "public official" was at his wit's end. He had been examined himself often enough, but that was when he was attending district school, fifty years before. The very thought of conducting an examination himself, and for a teacher at that, staggered him. He could not think of a question to ask.

The young woman sat waiting, and the old man teetered nervously on his tiptoes.

"Well, now, Miss Burden," he said cautiously, at last, "kin you say the alphabet back'ards?"

Miss Burden could, and did.

"Fine!" cried the committeeman. "I'll just indorse your certificate." He wrote it thus:

"Fully prof[illegible]"