THE QUEENSTOWN NEWS.

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The automatic, girlless telephone was bound to come. Next comes the wireless telephone.

"To throw the harpoon into anybody" is considered a modern slang expression, yet it can at least be traced as far back as John Quincy Adams' time, who used it in a letter.

Dr. Lyman Abbott declares that ideals in America are high. So is everything else, declares the Chicago Post. This seems to be one of the inevitable results of prosperity.

"No mischief can come to the Commonwealth without a judge," said Selden; but we have to amend by saying that great mischief comes when the people are indifferent about the choice of proper judges, declares the New York Evening Post.

It would be an act of practical patriotism on the part of our wealthy Americans who have planned to spend the summer in Europe if they would now change their plans and make the trip to California, suggests the Wall Street Journal.

The report that an American syndicate has secured a concession of the great rubber forest of Matto Grosso is causing considerable excitement in Brazil, as it is declared it means an expansion of the American imperialism in that country, and the Government is called upon to interfere.

When our American women begin to take a right and intelligent share in the education of their sons, says an American Woman, in the Evening Post, they will teach them to know and understand the priceless value of the manhood which found embodiment in Carl Schurz and all his noble kind.

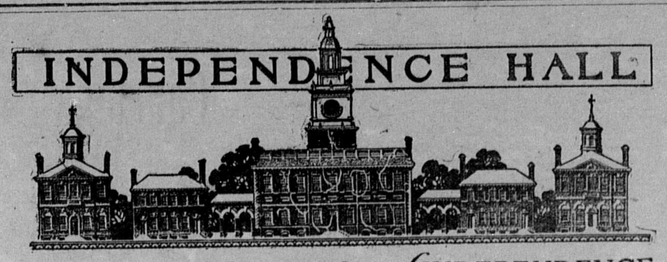
A London magistrate has ruled that fatness is a disease. With a New York police surgeon declaring obesity is engendered in "the line of duty" and a Swedish town taxing the excess weight of its citizens, fat men may worry over their status and responsibilities till they grow thin, comments the New York Evening Post.

The well-known imitativeness of the Japanese, says the American Machinist, is instanced by the anecdote of an American machinery salesman who, in 1904, sold to Russia and Japan one each of a certain machine for marine work. Some time having elapsed without any additional orders, he made an investigation and found Russia's machine untouched and neglected in a navy-yard; but the situation in Japan was much different, for in a navy-yard in the latter country he found that the machine had been used as a model and many others built after it.

"The only way to prevent the spread of tuberculosis in this country is through a campaign of public education," said Dr. Lawrence F. Flick, of Philadelphia, one of the tuberculosis experts in the United States. It is only a question of instructing every man who has the disease how to prevent giving it to the man who hasn't it. We are also trying all the time to teach the present generation of school children, so that when they grow up they will have a proper knowledge of methods of stamping out the disease, and also through newspapers and magazines. Every year the people become more acquainted with the great white plague, which really can be stamped out by systematic effort."

According to the Boston Transcript, the cat is rapidly becoming a favorite article of food in certain parts of Italy, particularly in Venice and Verona. In these and some other cities also, the butchers sell dressed cats under the name of rabbits. There is a law against eating cats, but, notwithstanding, a large business is done in raising cats for the market. The cat is usually cooked by roasting in the oven until brown, along with onions, garlic, parsley, bay leaves and other herbs. "There seems to be no good reason," says Good Health, 'why there should be a prejudice against cats. Squirrels are very commonly eaten. The squirrel eats nuts ordinarily, but it eats birds also when it does not find a good supply of its natural foods. Cats are in every way as wholesome as fish. Nearly all fish are strictly carnivorous, while cats take readily to a diet of bread and milk."

"Investing the surplus," the theme upon which at this season promoters of doubtful enterprises, with stock to sell, wax so eloquent, inspires the Maine Farmer to suggest that its readers invest their surplus in an acre of apple trees. Forty good trees, sufficient for an acre, will cost seven dollars, says the Farmer. In a strip one rod wide between the first two rows plant early potatoes; in the next plant beans, and in the next and last plant sweet corn. Keep the whole, trees and crops, well hoed through the season. The crops will repay the cost of the trees and the outlay of labor. Repeat the planting in some kind of low-growing crops for five years. The annual crops will pay the fertilizer cost and all labor applied. "At the end of five years the trees will begin to bear, and will be easily worth, all paid for, five dollars a tree, or two hundred dollars the acre, and at that time the trees will have but just begun their usefulness."



WHERE *the* DECLARATION *of* INDEPENDENCE WAS SIGNED JULY 4 1776

LOVE OF COUNTRY.

A Fourth of July Sermon by Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis.

Psalms cxl.: "God hath not dealt so with any other nation."

ONCE more our people have come to the day that celebrates patriotism and the love of liberty. For thoughtful men who are familiar with the rise of liberty, the Fourth of July is still the golden day in the calendar of free institutions. This high day of the Republic holds many associations with the two Adamses, with Hamilton and Jefferson, with Madison and Washington, and the holiday is become an urn that overflows with sacred and perfumed treasure. During the last fifty years of the Republic the Fourth of July was the one outstanding day, for Thanksgiving had not yet been made universal, while Decoration Day and Labor Day, and the birthday of Lincoln, had not yet been born.

In Athens, on the high day of the city, the citizens arrayed themselves in white robes, wore girdles of blue, standing for civic purity, and went forth in solemn procession, cleansed themselves from all grime; the men marched carrying palm branches, the children carried flowers, the maids and matrons chanted hymns, the priests swung to and fro the censor, filled with golden incense. But when the procession, representing the strength and beauty of Athens, came to the votive altar of the Goddess Athenae, they covered the white marble with flowers and perfumed boughs.

Not otherwise did Daniel Webster, with reverence and ever-increasing solemnity, anticipate the approach of the Fourth of July. To the very last the thought of Independence Day suffused his eyes with tears and filled him with a tumult of noble emotions. And for all citizens of the Republic to-day this approaching day of patriotism and liberty should stir civic pride, the love of country, and the renewal of the dedication of life and gifts to the cause of the Republic, that represents to-day the hope of all the people of the earth.

To-day the President and the Republic occupy the centre of the world's stage. Just now our country looms large in the world's affairs. If the President's figure rises above the other nation rulers, it is because he stands upon the shoulders of countrymen who are supported by a great country. Gone forever the thought that the Republic is an experiment! "What do I think about free institutions and democracy," exclaims Carlyle. "I think that America is a place where a few wise men discuss problems and many fools settle them." The English Premier in 1850 gave us forty more years. And yet what nation has grown and prospered like ours? Government is for the protection of life, property, family, reputation and liberty. But surely there never has been an hour in the history of the Republic when the millions were so happy or so prosperous, or when they possessed in so large measure their political and industrial rights, their social and their civic rights. What! Democracy an experiment? It is the other forms of government that are experimental. Autocracy is the government of one. The limited monarchy is the government by the few. Democracy is the government by the many. To-day autocracy is experimental. Witness Russia! That Government may fall any day. Limited monarchy and aristocracy are experimental. Witness Spain and Austria! No statesman knows what a year may bring forth. A monarchy is a battleship that can be sunk with a single bombshell. The republic is a raft, and a dozen bombshells through each log of the raft would not sink the whole. It is easy to destroy a government of but one ruler; it is impossible to destroy a government where all the millions are rulers. The most conservative, prudent and stable government is a government of all, by all and for all. History is full of the ruins of all the other forms of government. The old monarchies already seem like ancient oaks, rotted out at the heart, and no man knows what storm will bring them crashing down. At last the Republic is avenged. She might even have the right to turn her face toward the east and say of Russia, Austria and Germany: "Now I give you forty years. After your Niagara, what? Yours is a country where wise business men and scholars discuss problems and one feeble-minded ruler decides them." For events have turned every argument to-day in favor of the republic and against autocracy and bureaucracy.

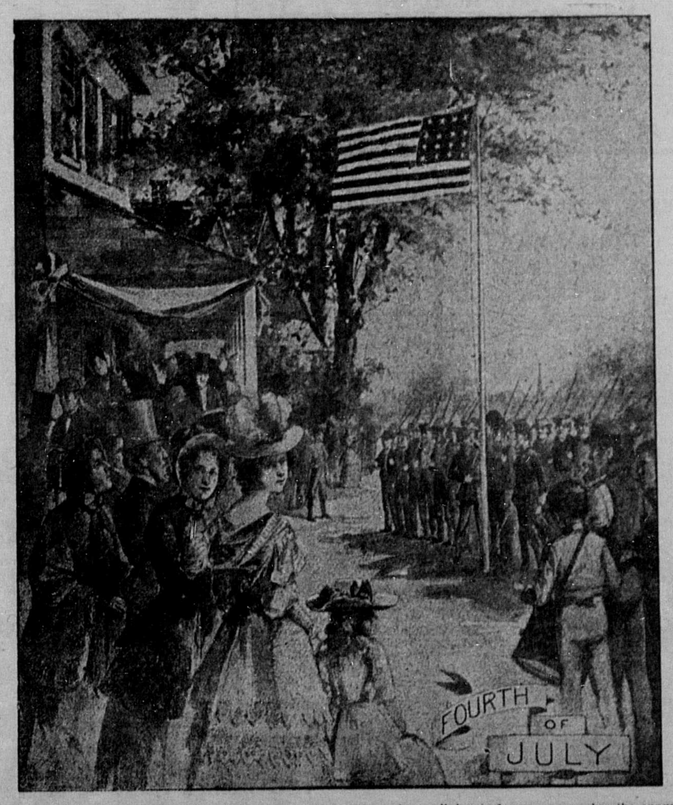
Who can overestimate the importance of these anniversary days of liberty, these holidays that commemorate the beginning of free institutions! Always when patriotism has revived, national wealth and prosperity have revived with it. The great age for the Isles of Greece, where Plato thought and Sappho sang, was the day when every citizen was a patriot, sincere, heroic and ready to die for his country. The great epoch of art, beauty and liberty for Florence was the era when patriotism, like a mighty flood, swept over Italy. The golden age for little Switzerland, with its brilliant past; for brave little Holland and for glorious old England was the age when patriotism was at its best. And what our land needs above all else, after a revival of ethics and righteousness, is a revival of patriotism and love of country.

It is given to citizens of other nations to exult and cry, "This is mine own, my native land." But how much more to Americans! Is it material wealth? Life up your eyes and look out upon these lakes and rivers, the vineyards and orchards, the pastures and meadow, the herds and flocks. What wealth we already have! What wealth also exceeding more is to be ours! Is it a great history that strengthens patriotism?

Think of the Pilgrim Fathers, the heroic age in the country's history, the scenes at Bunker Hill and Valley Forge, the victory for Independence Webster's struggle for liberty and union; States one and inseparable, think of the victory for the schools for children, the hospitals, the philanthropies, the reforms, the laws. Think of these halls of science, the galleries of art, the chapels, the libraries, the churches with their lofty towers. Is it a noble ancestor? Ah, the fathers and founders stained with their life blood this banner of liberty and made bright these stars on the sky of hope. Yes, the fathers have made vows for us. Our dead heroes have given pledges for us and our children. To us they bequeathed all this treasure. Ours these States, ours the declaration of liberty, ours the Constitution, ours the poets, the orators, the statesmen, the soldiers. The Republic is a storehouse filled with all the treasures of the past.

On this high day of liberty let us highly resolve henceforth to live for our country and its institutions, that the Republic may become the guide of all the world and the teacher of all nations in the art of self-government and the principles of liberty. — New York World.

AN OLD-TIME FLAG RAISING.



Many of the older people bred in the original thirteen States, who are living to-day, can remember the annual training day for the militia, when every man in the community capable of bearing arms was required to muster on the public place or village green, with such arms as he possessed, to go through such primitive military exercises as the officers of the militia were capable of giving. This annual turnout and training was a legal requirement, and was supposed to keep up military organization and military spirit, useful for national defense. It was an inheritance of the organization which came down from the War of the Revolution and the War of 1812, and at these annual musters were often to be seen the regimentals worn by ancestors who had fought in those wars.

THE INTERRUPTED OLD-TIME FOURTH OF JULY ORATION.

More Trust Busting.

We hear, among some other joys,
The powder trust is doomed;
But when the Fourth comes with its noise
We'll find that it is boomed.
—Indianapolis News.

For the Younger Children....

CLEANING HOUSE.

Dolly's clothes are on the line,
Dolly's dishes fairly shine;
Dolly's home is swept all through,
Chairs and table look like new,
Dolly's little mother, May,
Has been cleaning house to-day.

Picture books, a goodly row,
Such a pretty order show;
Games and blocks, ball put in place;
Pencils in the drawing case.
"I'm so tired," says little May,
"I've been cleaning house to-day."
—Children's Companion.

GIRL'S IDEA OF EARTHQUAKE.

A little six-year-old girl of Oakland, Cal., in describing her sensations during the earthquake, says that she thought she was on a merry-go-round. This is interesting as an experience of about the youngest person heard from as yet, and also as a realistic and telling description, bringing the sensations of the shock vividly into the mind.—Boston Transcript.

HOW WEASELS HUNT.

The lithe grace of the weasel may be observed whenever it is on the trail, says London Daily Mail. At an even speed, with nose to the ground, its reddish-brown back seems literally to glide along through the rank garbage by the bank. It may be the scent of a rat, and the trail may take it in and out of the bank a good many times before it comes up with its victim. It may even have to swim a stream before its persistence is rewarded. It is wonderful how small a hole that long, arched body can glide into and emerge from without the slightest difficulty.

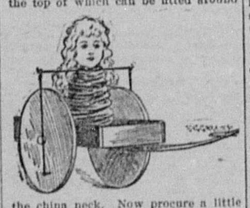
When it has caught and killed its prey its movements are equally graceful as it carries the spoil home to its hole.

A NEW USE FOR DEAD DOLLS.

Usually when your sister's dolls begin to go to pieces their life is over, and the chances are pretty good of their ending their existence on a rubbish heap.

But here is a way by which you can not only prolong their life, but also impart a most lifelike motion, which they may never have had—and they will be really funny, when perhaps they were only stupid before.

Select a small doll with a china head. Separate the head from the rest of the body and then procure a spiral spring, the top of which can be fitted around



the china neck. Now procure a little two-wheeled cart, or make one like that shown in the drawing, fasten the spring firmly to the bottom of the cart and then cover it with cheesecloth. After this fasten the china head to it as shown.

Now take a piece of stiff wire, loop it around the neck and carry it out at right angles each side of the body, so that the ends of the wire are over each cart-wheel.

Twist the ends as shown and connect each to the cart-wheels by freely turning cranks of wood or stiff wire. You must not have your wheel revolution any greater than the difference between the spring's height when compressed and extended.

Weight the wagon body with lead so the wagon will move forward more steadily, and then note the result at the first revolution of the wheels and you will see the transformed doll, now full of life, rising and squatting with each turn of the cranks.

The amusement you will get will more than make up for your time and trouble in bringing the dead doll to life.—Good Literature.

TOWN MOUSE AND COUNTRY MOUSE.

A Country Mouse, a plain, sensible sort of fellow, was once visited by a former companion of his, who lived in a neighboring city. The Country Mouse put before his friend some fine peas, some choice bacon, and a bit of rare old Stilton, and called upon him to eat heartily of the good cheer. The City Mouse nibbled a little here and there in a dainty manner, wondering at the pleasure his host took in such coarse and ordinary fare. In their after-dinner chat the Town Mouse said to the Country Mouse: "Really, my good friend, that you can keep in such spirits in this dismal, dead-and-alive kind of place, surprises me altogether. You see here no life, no gayety, no society—in short, but go on and on in a dull, humdrum sort of way, from one year's end to another. Come now with me this very night, and see with your own eyes what a life I lead." The Country Mouse consented; and, as soon as it fell dark, off they started for the city, where they arrived just as a splendid supper, given by the master of the house where our town friend lived, was over, and the guests had departed. The City Mouse soon got together a heap of dainties on a corner of the handsome Turkey carpet. The Country Mouse, who had never even heard the names of half the meats set before him, was hesitating where he should begin, when the room door creaked, opened, and in entered a servant with a light. The companions ran off; but, everything soon being quiet again, they returned to their repast, when once more the door opened, and the son of the master of the house came in with a great bounce, followed by his little terrier, who ran sniffing to the very spot where our friends had just been. The City Mouse was by that time safe in his hole, which, by the way, he had not been thoughtful enough to show to his friend, who could find no better shelter than that afforded by a sofa, behind which he waited in fear and trembling till quietness was again restored. The City Mouse then called upon him to resume his supper; but the Country Mouse said: "No, no; I shall be off as fast as I can. I would rather have a crust with peace and quietness than all your fine things in the midst of such alarms and frights as these."

A PERSIAN HORSE.

"Persian horses," says Mrs. Bishop in "Journeys in Persia and Kurdistan," "are to be admired and liked. Their beauty is a source of constant enjoyment, and they are almost invariably gentle and docile. It is in vain to form any resolution against making a pet of one of them. My new acquisition, 'Boy,' insists on being petted, and his enticing ways are irresistible. He is always tethered in front of my tent, with a rope long enough to give him considerable liberty, and he took advantage of it the very first day to come into the tent and make it apparent that he wanted me to divide a lemon with him. Grapes were his preference, then came cucumber, bread and biscuits. Finally he drank milk out of a soup plate. He comes up to me and puts down his head to have his ears rubbed, and if I do not attend to him at once, or if I cease attending to him, he gives me a gentle but admonitory thump. I dine outside the tent and he is tied to my chair, and waits with wonderful patience for the odds and ends, only occasionally rubbing his soft nose against my face to remind me he is there. A friendly snuffle is the only sound he makes. He does not know how to fight, or that teeth and heels are for any other uses than eating and drinking. He is really the gentlest and most docile of his race. The point at which he draws the line is being led; then he draws back and a mulish look comes into his sweet eyes. But he follows like a dog, and when I walk he is always with me. He comes when I call him, stops when I do, accompanies when I leave the road in search of flowers, and usually puts his head either on my shoulder or under my arm. To him I am an embodiment of lemons, cucumbers, grapes, peaches, biscuits and sugar, with a good deal of petting and ear-rubbing thrown in."

NUTS TO CRACK.

"I've had a great lesson to-day, children," chatted Mrs. Squirrel, as she emptied her mouth of a load of nuts in one corner of the storeroom of her snug little house in the hollow beech tree.

"I would have been home earlier, but it seems as though I have been detained everywhere I stopped. In the first place, I had to spend nearly half an hour perched upon the branch of a chestnut tree while Jay and Ralph were picking up nuts, and do you know those small boys left the tree with only a few in their pockets—for no other reason in the world only that the burrs were so prickly it hurt their fingers to get the nuts out. And when I stopped for a few minutes to gather a hickory nut or two the same boys were under the hickory tree

"'Oh, let's not stay here,' I heard Ralph say as I dodged into a hollow log.

"'No,' answered Jay, 'it don't pay to pick up hickory nuts. You have to do much pounding to get out the meat. What do you say to trying some beech nuts?'

"And do you know I found these same boys in the woods complaining about beechnuts because they were so small. Now let me tell you the lesson those boys taught me:

"Not to pass by the good things of life for lack of patience to remove the prickly burrs in order to get at them; not to miss many beautiful experiences on account of the hard knocks which are necessary to bring them out; not to pass by unheeded the little courtesies and kindnesses shown us by our friends because they seem small."—Ruth Newton Renwick in Watchman.

Lord Kelvin's Conception of an Atom.

Lord Kelvin, in an article on "Atom with Enormous Energy for Radio-activity," published in the Philadelphia Magazine, puts forward a plan of an atom capable of storing energy for radioactivity. The atom of ponderable matter is supposed to be intrinsically charged in concentric spherical shells, each such layer being uniform in itself but the density and sign of the distribution varying from layer to layer. A curve, called the work curve, is then plotted, whose ordinates show the work required to bring an electron from infinity to the point in question. In the curve drawn there are two minima, one just within the radius of the atom and a second at its centre. Between these two minima there is one maximum. The curve is, of course, symmetrical about the centre of the atom. If, therefore, an electron be placed at or near the centre of the atom, i. e., between the two maxima of the work curve, it has stability, but only through a narrow range. If it is taken further away from the centre than these maxima, the electric force of the atom upon it will shoot it out of the atom with prodigious velocity, which will be but slightly diminished by the attraction of the whole atom when it gets outside.

The Czar's Remarkable Watch.

There is in the possession of the Czar a very remarkable watch. It was made by a Polish mechanic named Jule Curzon. The late Czar had heard some wonderful tales about the inventive ability of this man, and, wishing personally to test his skill, he sent him a parcel containing a few copper nails, some wood chippings, a piece of broken glass, an old cracked china cup, some wire and a few cribbage board pegs. Accompanying this was a command to make them into a timepiece. Within a remarkably short time the Czar received them back in the shape of a watch. The case was made of china, and the works of the other odds and ends. So pleased and astonished was the Czar that he sent for the man, conferred several distinctions upon him, and granted him a pension.—London Tatler.

The Board of Geographic Names has adopted a set of principles for naming places.

TALES OF ADVENTURE

A NOVEL BEAR-HUNT.

A GOOD story of a tenderfoot's first hunt is told in Rex Beach's The Spoilers, by Dextry, an old miner with a constant flow of witty sayings and humorous anecdotes.

"One time I was ranchin' with an Englishman up in Montana," he says. "This party claimed the misfortune of bein' a younger son, whatever that is, and is grubstaked to a ranch by his people back home. Havin' acquired an intimate knowledge of the West by readin' Bret Harte, and havin' assimilated the secrets of ranchin' by correspondence school, he is fitted, ample, to teach us natives a thing or two—and he does it. I am workin' his outfit as foreman, and it don't take long to show me that he's a good-hearted feller, in spite of his ridin'-bloomers an' pinochle eye-glass. He ain't never had no actual experience, but he's got a Henry Thompson Seton book that tells him all about everything from field-mice to gorrillys.

"We're troubled a heap with coyotes them days, and finally this party sends home for some Rooshian wolf-hounds. I'm fer pizenin' a sheep carcass, but he says:

"'No, so, me deah man; that's not sportsmanlike; we'll hunt 'eh. Ay, hunt 'em! Only fawncy the sport we'll have, ridin' to hounds!'

"'We will not,' says I. 'I ain't goin' to do no Simon Legree stunts. It ain't man's size. Bein' English, you don't count, but I'm growed up.'

"'Nothin' would do him but those Uncle Tom's Cabin dogs, however, and he had 'em imported clean from Berkshire or Sibeery or thereabouts, four of 'em, great, big, blue ones. They was as handsome and imposin' as a set of solid-gold teeth, but somehow they didn't seem to savvy our play none. One day the cook rolled a rain bar'l down-hill from the kitchen, and when them blodded critters saw it comin' they throwed down their tails and tore out like rabbits. After that I couldn't see no good in 'em with a spy-glass.

"'They ain't got no grit. What makes you think they can fight?' I asked one day.

"'Fight?' says H'Anglish. 'My deah man, they're full-blooded. Cost seventy pun each. They're dreadful creatures when they're roused—they'll tear a wolf to pieces like a rag—kill bears—anything. Oh! Rully, perfectly dreadful!'

"Well, it wasn't a week later that he went over to the east line with me to mend a barb wire. I had my pliers and a hatchet and some staples. About a mile from the house we jumped up a little brown bear that scampered off when he seen us, but bein' agin' a bluff where he couldn't get away, he climbed a cottonwood. H'Anglish was simply frothin' with excitement.

"'What a misfortune! Noyther gun nor hounds.'

"'I'll scratch his back and talk pretty to him,' says I, 'while you run back an' get a Winchester and them ferocious bull-dogs.'

"'Wolf-hounds,' says he, with dignity, 'full-blooded, seventy pun each. They'll rehd the poor beast limb from limb. I hate to do it, but it'll be good practice for them.'

"'They may be good renders,' says I, 'but don't forgit the gun.'

"Well, I throwed sticks at the critter when he tried to unclimb the tree, till finally the boss got back with his dogs. They set up an awful holler when they see the bear—first one they'd ever smelled, I reckon—and the little feller crawled up in some forks and watched things, cautious, while they leaped about, bayin' most fierce and bloodcurdlin'.

"'How you goin' to get him down?' says I.

"'I'll shoot him in the lower jaw,' says the Britisher, 'so he cawn't bite the dogs. It'll give 'em cawnfidence.'

"He takes aim at Mr. Bear's chin and misses it three times runnin', he's that excited.

"'Settle down, H'Anglish,' says I. 'He ain't got no double china. How many shells left in your gun?'

"When he looks he finds there's only one more, for he hadn't stop to fill the magazine, so I cautions him.

"'You're shootin' too low. Raise her.'

"He raised her all right, and caught Mr. Bruin in the snout. What followed thereafter was most too quick to notice, for the poor bear let out a bawl, dropped off his limb into the midst of them ragin', tur'ble, seventy-pun hounds, an' hugged 'em to death one after another, like he was doing a system of health exercises. He took 'em to his bosom as if he'd just got back off a long trip, then, droppin' the last one, he made at that younger son an' put a gold fillin' in his leg. Yes, sir; most chewed it off. H'Anglish let out a Siberian wolf holler hisself, an' I had to step in with the hatchet and kill the brute, though I was most dead from laughin'."

CHASED BY HUNGRY WOLVES.

Pursued by a pack of a score or more of wolves, George Bigge, living at the Nonesuch Copper mining location, in Ontonagon County, reports a harrowing experience, writes the Ewen (Mich.) correspondent of the New York World. He was returning from Ontonagon with a sleighload of provisions. It was after nightfall that he was nearing Union Bay when he was startled by the howling of wolves in the distance. He attempted to drive faster, but as the road is up a heavy grade nearly all the way he was unable to make much better progress, and it was not long before the wolves had emerged from the brush just at the rear of the sleigh.

Bigge was not armed, but on the dashboard of the sleigh was a lantern with a reflector. He grabbed this and turned it upon the wolves. The light frightened them and they darted back into the woods. Gaining courage and a keener appetite, they returned, but they were kept in check by the light, and as the rig entered the small clearing at Union Bay they slunk away. There are no buildings in Union Bay and Bigge continued on his journey, hoping he would have no further annoyance. From Union Bay to the Halliwell mine woods line the road on both sides, and when these were entered the animals again put in an appearance.

The light was turned upon the wolves, but they were getting more courageous and began to creep up along the sides of the sleigh. Bigge realized that the situation was getting desperate. In the sleigh was a quantity of hay and a tin pail. Despite that the horses were terror-stricken and were dashing onward in the difficult road. Bigge filled the pail with hay and managed to ignite it and keep the light going.

The flames frightened the wolves at first, but the pack drew closer and closer, and were about to close in when the man tore open a box of canned goods and began hurling the cans at them, striking two or three of the foremost ones. They snarled fiercely, but slunk back, and before they got ready to make another onslaught the clearing of the Halliwell mine was reached. The wolves again took to the brush, with the evident intention of seeking their prey in the road beyond the clearing.

There are a number of buildings at the abandoned mine, and Bigge rushed the team into the blacksmith shop. Then gathering up some of the contents of the sleigh he lost no time in getting into the office building, where he remained for the balance of the night. It was found that the wolves had returned to the sleigh, and a coat which had been left in was torn to shreds. Bigge, who has been making the trip to Ontonagon once a month for several years, says that this was the first time that he ever saw a wolf. Hereafter he will carry a rifle and plenty of ammunition.

A nerve-racking ordeal similar to Bigge's was experienced last week by O. M. McLaughlin, a merchant tailor, of Munising, and James Lake, of Westmore, Alger County. The men, driving behind a single horse, were on their way to Hovey's logging camp. They were unfamiliar with the country, and some time after darkness had set in they realized that they had missed their way and had wound up on a little frequented logging road. Then the wolves made their appearance, rendering the horse frantic with fear and causing it to dash forward with grave peril of colliding with trees lining the narrow roadway. McLaughlin was armed with a rifle, but had only a few cartridges. Three or four times, when the pack began creeping up too close for comfort, he fired at them and caused them to scatter, but they would always return.

With the wolves following close behind but evidently not particularly desirous of charging the sleigh in earnest, the men continued to drive onward, or rather to do their best to keep the horse in the middle of the road, until finally they stumbled onto a small clearing in which was a dinner camp used during the daytime by the men engaged in nearby woods operations. A torch was found and lighted, and by the time the wolves had mustered up sufficient courage to enter the clearing the men had a fire going. This they kept burning the remainder of the night, but the wolves did not depart until shortly before the logging crews arrived in the morning.

ORDEAL WITH MAD DENTIST.

A terrible adventure befell the secretary of a well-known French Deputy while visiting his dentist recently in Paris, and the details have just become public at the trial.

He had been suffering from toothache, and went to have the troublesome tooth extracted. He sat down in a chair, and had just begun to explain his trouble when the dentist shouted out, "All right! I'll have them all out for you in a minute."

The secretary attempted to state that he merely wanted one tooth taken out, but he stopped short when he saw the dentist produce a revolver. Pointing the weapon at the secretary's head, the dentist exclaimed: "If you move a muscle while I'm taking out your teeth you are a dead man."

The secretary saw that he was at the mercy of a madman, and remained perfectly still while the dentist put the revolver back in his pocket and proceeded to draw the teeth. One by one they were pulled out, the madman drawing the revolver whenever the patient exhibited any signs of protest.

When eight teeth had been wrenched out, the madman said: "That will do. You have been very quiet. Three francs, if you please."

The secretary paid at once, staggered out of the room and went to the nearest police station. A force of police was sent, and when they entered the room the madman opened fire on them. He shot one of the constables in the arm and another in the leg before he was knocked down and handcuffed.

A Waste Product.

Certain wooden cylinders, usually from thirty inches to fifty inches long, and from six inches to seven inches in diameter, have become quite common in some places in Florida. They are called veneer cores, and are the waste lumber from the cutting of material for the sides of orange boxes and for other crates. This veneering, most of which is pine, is cut by clamping the ends of the sections of the log to spindles, and revolving the logs rapidly under sharp, heavy knives. After the bark is off, the knives are sunk into the wood and thin sheets are pared off, unrolling somewhat as paper does from a roll. These are conveyed on runners under drop knives, which fall at regular intervals and cut the veneer pieces of the right size for the crates. The cores are the heart pieces that are left after all the log that is available for crate material is cut for veneering. These cores are used for various purposes, to some extent for fence posts but most of them for fuel, and are found on many Florida woodpiles. There are several veneer cutting mills in Florida.—Building News.

Milan has decided that at every street crossing eight signs made of brass letters shall be inserted in the pavement.