THE QUEENSTOWN NEWS.

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England forgot the Armada and America the Maine, while both sent good wishes to Alfonso and his bride.

Photographs of the $150,000,000 heiress, unless they do her an injustice, show that if her husband is not marrying for love he will earn the money.

The pineapple is one of the most digestible articles in the world, providing its own pepsin, and in its perfection it is as fine a fruit as grows, not excepting peach, apple, mango, orange or grapefruit.

Fire insurance companies propose to raise rates to cover the losses in the San Francisco fire, and the landlords will get even by raising the rents. The consumer never gets a chance to raise anything except the price.

After a struggle lasting several years, the respectable portion of the English community in Burmah has succeeded in securing the passage of a law forbidding the employment of women as barmaids. The Lancet hopes that this example will be followed in England.

Naturally, they do things differently in Russia. There, for instance, ninety peasants, representing rural societies, will be on the spot to watch the actions of their parliamentary representatives. Here the corporations relieve us of all this sort of expense and trouble, asserts the Indianapolis News.

Observes the Lexington (Ky.) Herald: "No matter what may be our opinion it is impossible to ignore the growth of this sentiment for political rights for women throughout the civilized world. The women themselves are perhaps the greatest obstacles to the accomplishment of the purposes of their more aggressive leaders."

Those who hold that the Russians are not fit for self-government might note that while the Russian Duma is but a few weeks old, it set an example of discretion, which American legislative bodies might well follow when it went into caucus and considered in advance whether it would "throw a fit," notes the Louisville Courier-Journal.

It is true that in many of the regions where immigrants are needed the arrivals has increased in the same ratio as in districts, but the total fall for the non-population compared with those years that they would have spent lost sight of in cities for the congested districts. Conditions can be mended by legislation in the United States—provided we do not object, and the New York Press to boot.

[illegible] ring on [illegible] will find material for an imaginary "Greater New York," falling within a circle having a twenty-mile radius and its centre at City Hall. State lines at present form an insuperable obstacle to the realization of such a metropolis, but the densely populated region within the circle is tributary to the present Greater New York, and it is possible that it may at some period form one colossal municipality. The population within the circle in 1905 is estimated at 5,400,000. At the rate of increase from 1900 to 1905 the population of the area would be 8,230,000 in 1920.

Dr. Theodore H. Kellogg, a leading expert on insanity, in his authoritative work on mental diseases, in the article on "Various States of Impaired Volition" as affecting neurasthenic individuals, states: "There are also irresistible impulses of either an emotional or instinctive nature, which result in absurd or even criminal acts which the patient cannot avoid. Thus there may be an impulse to steal, to set fire to buildings, to drink, to use profane or obscene language, to commit suicide or homicide," and the like. In all other matters the individual may be perfectly rational and never be suspected of the infirmity until the incitive agent presents itself.

The irresponsible corporation has undermined individual morals steadily and rottenly, maintains the Hartford Courant. It is an old saying and an acknowledged social fact that men will do things and take oaths for corporations that they never would dare do or take in their own individual interests. The irresponsibility of the concern they act for is assumed to relieve them, too. Operating in stocks of companies has come to be far more profitable than operating the companies that the stocks represent. In such an atmosphere it has been easy for men who have chances to acquire property without earning it to reconcile their consciences, if they ever had any, by taking whatever comes along. If a dollar or twenty thousand dollars of stock in a coal company drops into the pocket of the man who decides where he shall go, it is natural for him to vote toward the company in question in interest. If a company goes out, it is natural to concern that does the best for the president, purchasing

A WOMAN'S WAY.

When pa came home the other night he had a happy smile,
And said to ma that we would soon be livin' in great style,
Because a man had been around that day to let him in,
Just as a favor, on a thing that couldn't fail to win.
"He'll let me have the stock," says pa, "at fifty cents a share
If I'll subscribe to-morrow, for there's little left to spare.

"He'll let us in at fifty cents for every share we buy,"
Says pa, while ma she didn't seem to hardly bat an eye;
"And in six weeks from now, if we've a mind to let it go,
We'll get ten dollars for each share—that's estimated low—
I've seen his papers and they're straight; there ain't a chance to lose—
Say, what's the trouble with you, ma? You don't seem to enthuse."

"If it's as good as that," says ma, "I can't quite understand
What makes him want to let it go. Of course it would be grand
To get the money, but I'd feel as though it wasn't fair
To rob him, as we would if we should take a single share."
"Confound a woman, anyway," says pa, "she always seems
To want to wake a person when he's having pleasant dreams."

—Chicago Record-Herald.

LAME CHARLIE'S "TOLE."

By Franklin Welles Calkins.

NEAR our ranch on Black Rock Creek lives Lame Charlie, who is a "wolfer." That is, he finds employment in assisting stockmen of North Wyoming to rid this region of destructive and increasing pests. He was for fifty years a "free trapper," and is now a little wizened man of seventy. More than twenty years ago a vengeful Ute lodged an arrow point under one of his knee caps, and hence the old man goes with a lame leg.

He very reluctantly narrates his own adventures, although he has passed through dangers without number. Only a few accounts of his narrow escapes have been drawn from him.

One narrative is of a "tole wolf," which led him into difficulties among hostile Assiniboins. A "tole" in Lame Charlie's category of mysteries is simply some natural bird or beast played upon by superhuman powers or by the magic of medicine men.

One winter back in the fifties he lived near Black Kettle's village of Cut Head Sioux on the north shore of Minni Wakan Lake. He was roused one evening by the fierce howling of a wolf within a few rods of his cabin door. He went outside with his gun, and immediately saw a wolf, as he believed—a big black one—sitting upon a snow drift. Lame Charlie fired, and the creature yelped and ran. The trapper was filled with excitement.

The black wolf is not often killed or even seen. Only the year before McKenzie, at Fort Union, had paid August Larivière $100 for a single skin, and had offered $150 for a mate to it. One hundred and fifty dollars! Lame Charlie swiftly donned his cowskin coat, his Cut Head overshoes and rackets and gave chase.

There was more than a foot of new snow, covered with a crust, upon which had fallen the rime and frost of several still, cold days. Lame Charlie had once run down a silver gray fox upon just that kind of snow. He believed that he had hit the wolf and could soon overtake it. The tracks were easily followed; the animal was running at a shuffling lope.

Although he could find no blood spots upon the snow the trapper was in nowise discouraged. He had more than once shot a gray wolf or a deer through ham or flank, and had had to hunt diligently for his bullet hole when the game was finally secured.

The night was very cold, but the air was still and bracing, and Lame Charlie enjoyed his chase. After an hour of stiff running he was rewarded with a sight of the beast loping a hundred yards or so in front of him. He now felt sure of the black wolf's pelt.

He fired a random shot, and the creature did not increase its lead perceptibly. On they sped, hunter and hunted. Another hour passed, and still the flitting, bobbing black speck kept its distance close to the edge of indefinite things. The trapper "took up a hole" in his belt.

On they fled, man and beast, over hilly strips of land, across broad stretches of prairie, the hunter as tireless as his quarry. Three times the trapper tightened his belt, each time sure that another determined spurt would bring him within shooting range. If the animal were not hurt, he reasoned, it would long since have left him far behind.

At last the beast led him down into a deep, bushy creek known as Bad Coulee. Then Lame Charlie knew that his chase had stretched across twenty miles of crust. Still the hunter was not discouraged. He shuffled on over the rough ground, now and then jerking his rifle to his face, only to see the wolf disappear over the creek bank or behind a clump of willows. Several deer were startled from their beds, and clattered away upon the snow crust.

The animal he was chasing took to the high land, ran across a promontory and plunged again down a steep grade into the coulee. After it went the trapper. Squatting upon his rackets, with a whoop of victory, he shot down the long, steep slope as swiftly as the duck flies. He would quickly have overtaken his quarry, too, but the cunning brute suddenly shied and fled at right angles along the steep.

Turning to fire a shot as he passed Lame Charlie tripped, his gun exploded in mid air, and he tumbled, rolled and slid to the foot of the bluff.

He landed in a thick cluster of willows upon the creek bank, and when he had extricated his rackets and tumbled out of the thicket it was to find himself facing a row of Indian teepees upon a sheltered flat. Dogs began barking, and immediately inmates of the lodges, roused by his rifle shot, began to appear upon the creek bank opposite.

The moon had risen, and standing upon the ice within a few rods of them Charlie knew at a glance that these Indians were Assiniboins. Most heartily he wished himself out of the scrape. He was an adopted member of Black Kettle's band of Cut Heads, inveterate foes of all Assiniboins. If these Indians were made aware of that fact Black Kettle's camp would speedily lose a valuable ally.

He was too tired, however, to risk taking to his heels, and so, when an Indian hailed him he answered, "How! How!" and went [illegible] warily.

A group of bl[illegible] quickly gathered rou[illegible] to him i[illegible] had come. The trapper replied that he had chased a wolf, which had led him far from his camp and immediately related the incident of his tumbling down the bluff. In order to divert the savage's mind from further inquiry Lame Charlie gave his adventure a humorous turn, describing minutely and with many gestures, the somersaults he had taken.

Those who were able to understand laughed with him and in turn repeated his story to their fellows. At the end a tall, muffled figure turned from the group and bade the hunter follow. A moment later Lame Charlie entered a teepee and seated himself before a heap of live embers. The tall Indian, still muffled in his blanket, threw fresh sticks upon the fire and blew the coals to a blaze. Then he uncovered his black pall and squatted upon the ground, confronting his guest. To his dismay Lame Charlie found himself face to face with Gaucher, the most villainous and widely known rascal of all the Assiniboin tribes.

Traders, trappers, voyageurs and various tribes of savages knew him under many titles—Left Hand, Knife Holder, Big Medicine, Poisoner, the Kid, Bear Leader and "The Napoleon of the Prairie." None knew any good of him. The man was a fomenter of difficulties, a secret and treacherous foe, a poisoner and deviser of inhuman cruelty to hapless captives. By the members of his own band he was held in superstitious dread.

Lame Charlie gave himself up for lost, for the cruel chief knew him personally. One glance into the evil, shifting eyes of Gaucher convinced the helpless trapper that his hours were numbered. Had his gun been loaded he would have discharged it at the chief instantly. But the weapon was useless, and outside he heard the muffled crunching of moccasined feet. The teepee was surrounded.

There was "medicine" in all this, so the trapper believed. The black wolf had been a tole of Gaucher. Truly, the man was powerful in his medicine. Thus reasoned Lame Charlie, and with the stoicism of an Indian captive he sank upon an elbow and awaited his fate.

Gaucher very deliberately filled and lighted a long stemmed pipe, and smoked in silence for a time, apparently devising some cruelty which should sustain his evil reputation. At last, moved, as it appeared, by angry mutterings outside his teepee, the chief knocked the ashes from his pipe bowl and spoke.

"You come from Black Kettle's village," said he. "I will send you back to him. But first give me your ride so that I may know you will not fire back at us."

At this instant several of his bucks crowded in at the entrance of the teepee. Seeing there was no alternative Lame Charlie surrendered his useless gun. Then, at a word of command, several Indians laid hands upon the trapper and stripped him of his cowskin coat and two blue woolen shirts.

Why the savages left him his leggings, moccasins and his old skin cap Lame Charlie does not know, but doubtless it was from refinement of cruelty. Gaucher, secure in the belief that his victim must perish in the bitter cold, wished to prolong his misery to the last extremity.

The trapper was thrust half naked into the night and bidden to make his way homeward. As they shoved him out of the teepee, the Indians laughed immoderately at Gaucher's new freak of cruelty.

Keenly the trapper regretted that he had not clubbed his gun and striven to sell his life at some cost to these miscreants. As it was there seemed nothing to do but to run until he should fall, freezing and exhausted. Notwithstanding his recent long run he fled from the hooting, taunting Assiniboins at the top of his speed. The bitter night air cut him to the bone, and life lay in vigorous action.

He knew well that he could not in any event have finished a run back to his cabin—much less could he do so in his present plight. He determined to run as long as he could without freezing, then to remove his outer leggings, wrap his body as best he might and crawl into a drift, there to lie until he should either recover strength or die.

In this one desperate expedient lay his only chance of life. That he might increase that slender chance he kept to the bottom of the coulee, where no air was stirring and where the drifts were deep. For many miles the coulee led toward Minni Wakan Lake.

To check the action of frost he used his rough skin cap, chafing his body as he ran. At first it seemed that he must freeze through and through at once.

But as he exerted himself reaction came, and he felt a strange, tingling exhilaration, an airy lightness of body which enabled him to speed over the snow crust, going in long, lithe jumps like a jack rabbit.

As he bounded forward at the distance of a mile or more from the Assiniboin village, he saw over his shoulder a creature running at his heels. The black wolf again! He believed the animal was about to leap upon him and drew his one weapon which the Assiniboins had overlooked—a razor-edged pocket dirk.

As he turned to fight, however, the trapper found himself facing a bruised dog of ordinary size and certainly meek appearance. The animal fell upon the snow at a few yards' distance and whined pitifully, wriggling toward him as a bashful puppy does toward a visitor.

Greatly rejoiced the trapper called the dog to him and took it in his arms. The creature was scrawny enough, but there was warmth in its body and in its thick, shaggy coat. It would certainly help him to save life in a drift. He actually carried the animal as he ran, deriving grateful warmth from its body. This he did until several deer jumped from their beds among cornstalk grass the dog leaped suddenly away to give chase.

Bad Coulee, with its shelter of bush and tall grass, was the night resort of numerous bands of deer and elk.

Lame Charlie stopped to call back the dog, but finding himself freezing to the marrow presently sped on. After a time the dog overtook him, and again loped at his heels, but the man was now too much exhausted to carry a burden.

Again a band of deer jumped in front of him, this time out of a thicket of low willows. There were a dozen or more, and they scampered in all directions. A buck and a large, fat doe, in attempting to leap the creek channel, broke through the crust of a deep drift, and before the doe could extricate herself the dog was upon her, with its teeth in her throat.

With a stroke from his knife Lame Charlie killed her. Then with chattering teeth, crackling skin and freezing fingers he fell to work.

He peeled the deer's skin from its shoulders, skinned the hind legs whole, turned the pelt inside out, drew on his improvised coat and belted it tightly about the waist. Then he sat down to laugh at recent peril and to make a meal of leaf suet, while the dog also helped itself.

Lame Charlie did not laugh long, however, for the pain of frost bites setting in nearly drove him to distraction, until he had rubbed his hurts thoroughly with deer's tallow.

With his dog companion he reached his cabin late in the morning. His wrongs were quickly told in Black Kettle's village, and that chief, delighted to know the arch enemy was so near, immediately set out to surprise the camp. But the wily Assiniboins were on the march, and being only a hunting party, without squaws or children, easily made their escape.

To this day Lame Charlie is not wholly convinced that the black wolf and dark, brindled dog were one and the same creature. He admits, however, that this might have been the case; that a dog might have been stolen from one of the Red River posts, might have been driven out of the Indian village by their freakish curs, and might have been hunting a new master. Such a dog would have run from him and toward the Indian village so long as he carried a gun and continued to shoot at it.

And the fact that Lame Charlie admits this as a possible solution of his perilous adventure is really proof that it is so.—Youth's Companion.

SCIENCE & MECHANICS

Germany's shipments of cement to this country are dwindling noticeably. This country has cement of its own to sell nowadays. Last year it shipped abroad 1,007,000 barrels of cement, valued at $1,484,000. "Up to 1897," remarks Consul Harris (Mannheim), "the export trade in American cement amounted to practically nothing."

The director of the Breslau Hygienic Institute has announced the result of his mosquito war experiments. The first object was to destroy egg-bearing females, which were found in large numbers in Breslau cellars. Fumigation was used, and the number falling on the papers placed on the floors often ran up to over 2000 mosquitoes. For destroying the larvae in pools of water fifty grains of "larvicide" was put into a cubic metre of water and poured into the pool. This kills all the larvae within half an hour, but does not harm frogs and fish.

Malt is practically but another form of glucose. In the form of diabetes due to disease of the pancreas, the highest authorities advise the administration of glucose for amelioration of disease. Glucose may be justly called pre-digested starch, since in it is starch in the exact condition that we find prepared by the digestive organs for assimilation. Further, glucose is pre-eminently a fat-forming, heat-producing food. Under a diet of glucose man can perform more muscular work than under any other single article of food. Lastly, glucose not only is not injurious, but it is an essential article of food, without which, in some form, man cannot enjoy life.

The motor car of a Paris firm is designed to light the country residence of its owner or do other work in its hours of rest from travel. The car is immovably braked on two fixed rails placed in the auto house, the detachable crank provided is removed from the two-cylinder gasoline motor, and by means of a shaft with two universal joints the motor is connected with the dynamo or other machine to be driven. While this arrangement promises to be especially useful for furnishing electric light away from the usual power stations, it may prove a great convenience for driving pumps, wood saws or other domestic apparatus.

According to an official of the Botanic Gardens at Washington there are in New Zealand no less than 500 species of plants that have been introduced and acclimated since the colonization of the islands. The presence of these plants there is described, directly or indirectly, to the presence of civilized men. They have followed him, and, curiously enough, have driven before them some of the plants indigenous to the soil. Most of the invaders are small species, yet they have prevailed over large and vigorous native species. Man is a conqueror, and plants and animals which are able to thrive in his presence, and under the conditions that he creates, are overrunning the world in the wake of his conquests.

For the Younger Children....

FOR A LITTLE GIRL OF THREE.

Moo, moo!
What can I do
For my little girl of three?
I will eat the sweet grass,
I will give her a glass
Of my milk for her tea;
Moo, moo! that's what I'll do
For my dear little maiden of three.

Mew mew!
What can I do
For my little girl of three?
I will catch all the mice,
And they shall not come twice
To the cake, you'll see;
Mew, mew! that's what I'll do
For my sweet little maiden of three.

Bow, wow!
I will go now
With my little girl of three;
I will make a great noise;
I will frighten the boys,
For they all fear me;
Bow, wow! that is just how
I'll guard my sweet maiden of three.

Neigh, neigh!
Out of the way
For my little girl of three!
I will give her a ride,
We will canter and glide
O'er the meadowy lea;
Neigh, neigh! that's just the way
I'll help my sweet maiden of three.

—"Uncle Ned," in St. Nicholas.

THE GAME OF JACKSTRAWS.

The game of jackstraws is not a new one, but it is both interesting and exciting, more so than one thinks who has not given it the consideration it deserves. Let us describe it as it should be played, and you will see how diverting it is.

It is a game that is specially adapted to a number of players, the number being practically unlimited, except by the size of the table around which they sit. Each player is supplied with a slender stick, to the end of which a hook is attached by being neatly wrapped with thread. A small fish hook, a piece of thin wire or a pin will answer, the wire or pin being slightly bent at the end.

The jackstraws consist of little sticks of ivory, bone or wood, all of equal length, say, from four to six inches. A "pack" of them may number from twenty to a hundred, at your pleasure, the time consumed in the game depending on this.

The straws may be perfectly plain or some of them may be carved, as is done in France, to distinguish them from the ordinary ones. One, for example, may be king, another queen and still another jack. The object of this will be explained later.

To begin the game a player takes the pack, or bundle, of straws in his hand, holding them close and upright, with the ends resting on the table. Then he suddenly lets them go, and the straws fall outward on the table, in every direction. The player next on the left then takes his hook and with it draws out as many straws as he can, one after another, but he must do so without moving any other straw. If in taking out one straw he moves another his turn is over. Then the next player on the left takes his turn, and this continues until all the straws have been taken. Each player then counts his straws, and the one having the greatest number is the winner of the game.

If the king, the queen and the jack are used, the one who holds them, or either of them, counts twenty for the king, ten for the queen and five for the jack. All the other straws count one each.

The game may be played with long matches, the heads of which have been cut off. This will be convenient when the regular straws are not on hand.

Jackstraws is known and played in many lands, but under different names. In England, for example, it is called Spillikins; in Germany, Feder Spiel and in France, Ionchets, or Honchets, from the word meaning to strew. Sometimes the French made the king, the queen and the jack of different shape, so that they will be more difficult to pull from the pile.

Sometimes all the straws are numbered, say, ten number one, ten number two, and so on, when a hundred straws are used. Then, instead of counting each straw a point the numbers on them are added together, each scoring the sum of the numbers held in his hand.—New York Press.

DOROTHY'S PIANO.

Once upon a time there was a little girl called Dorothy Watts.

Dorothy could sing lots of pretty songs. She knew "In the Pleasant, Sunny Meadows," "Good Morning, Merry Sunshine," and "Jesus Bids Us Shine."

Dorothy's papa was a musician—that means he could play on the piano. He played such lovely music that it made everybody who listened to him happy. Dorothy wanted to learn to play on the piano, too, but they had no piano at her house, only one at her papa's studio, away down town, where he was all day teaching big people to play on pianos.

Well, Dorothy had an Aunt Annie who loved her very much, and this aunt had lots of money, so she promised Dorothy that when she was seven years old, on her birthday she would buy her a piano, and that very day would begin to teach her how to play on it.

Dorothy could hardly wait till her birthday came. She knew her auntie always did what she said, so she was sure she would have the piano on her birthday.

Well, just two days before Dorothy's birthday her Aunt Annie thought she had better go down town and see about the piano.

So she went to the music store and said:

"Please show me some of your very nicest pianos."

The man said: "I am sorry, madam, but I've only one left."

Auntie looked at the piano, but it was all scratched and not a bit nice, so she said:

"This will not do at all. But whatever am I to do? for I promised that child, and I must keep my promise, if I can at all."

Well, there was another music store away at the other end of town, so she started to go there. There were no street cars in that part of the town, so she had to walk nearly a mile. When she got there the man in the store said, "I'm just out of pianos. Sold the last one this morning."

So auntie had to go home without knowing where Dorothy's piano was coming from, and wasn't she tired when she got home! She said nothing to Dorothy about it, and the next morning, bright and early, she went to the railway station and took the train for Benton. Benton was a town about thirty miles away. You see, auntie was going to Benton to buy Dorothy's piano.

It was a very hot day. The car was full of people, and the lady grew very tired on the train, and she thought to herself.

"How silly I am to come away here to get a piano for a little girl! If I had told Dorothy that there were none in the shops I am sure she would not have minded about it." Then she thought, "But I promised her, and I must keep my promise if I can at all."

At last she came to the town. She got out of the car and found the music store.

"Please let me look at some of your pianos," she said to the man.

"I'm sorry, madam," he said, "but I just sold the last one a few minutes ago, and I am expecting a new supply the first of the week."—Mother's Magazine.

FIGHTING HARES.

Mr. Richard Bell had been visiting a friend and stayed to supper, and when he thought it was time to go home his friends accompanied him to the door. In "My Strange Pets" he tells of the very pretty and unusual sight they then witnessed:

My friend and I were prolonging on the doorstep a conversation begun at table, when were startled by his wife exclaiming, excitedly:

"What is that? Look at the lawn."

When we turned our eyes in the direction in which she was pointing we saw two small figures, hand in hand, dancing in the bright moonlight. They seemed to be waltzing, sometimes advancing and retiring and at other times stooping down and bowing to each other, while all the time they were uttering a peculiar puffing sound.

The lawn was a large one, and when we first saw them they were a good way from the door. We all three felt a certain amount of awe, and were quite unable to account for the apparition.

As the dancing went on they approached nearer and nearer the edge of the lawn. When at last they were near enough for us to distinguish them clearly we discovered they were two buck hares engaged in a fierce combat.

The idea of dancing was conveyed to our minds by the apparent salatory movement of the hares during a fight carried on at a distance.

What we thought was the joining of hands was one of the positions they assumed. They stood on their hind legs, spurring each other with their forefeet, an action which at the distance appeared as if they were holding each other by the hands.

Their dropping down on all fours for a second or two was for the purpose of relieving the strain on their hind legs, and this led us to imagine that they were stooping down and bowing. The puffing sound was, no doubt, the language in which hares abuse each other.

London Ishmaels.

London's outdoor man is the coster. He is the Ishmael of our gutters. A very jolly Ishmael, it is true, who is more than content to acknowledge the line of demarcation between himself and the true cockney. But, nevertheless, in a modified twentieth century way, he is still the wild man whose hand is against every man's, and every man's against his. He is probably the last remnant of the world's old race of wanderers—the last suggestion of the primitive man—left to the cities. He is to us town dwellers what the gypsy is to the countryside. His descent seems to spring from the same roving stock. And he is regarded, from a safe distance, with the same contempt by those who don't know him. His habits and his impulses still savor strongly of the days when tribe warred against tribe, and every man's arm was for himself and his clan. And although his pitch is below the curb, his caravan a barrow and his beast of burden a Russian pony, a donkey or himself, he is as free and exclusive as any other lusty scion of the people who live under the skies. Ishmael he is, and Ishmael he chooses to remain. And the chances are ten to one that whoever goes a-fishing for information among the barrows will come back with an empty creel or a fine show of fisherman's tales. For your coster knows both how to keep silence and how to use his tongue picturesquely in defense of his jealously guarded traditions and the internal economies of his existence. —Outing Magazine.

A One Story Building.

Senator Clay, of Georgia, was once showing a constituent the sights of the national capital when the Washington Monument was reached.

"What do you think of it?" carelessly asked the Senator, as the constituent stood gazing in awe at the stately shaft.

"Senator," responded the Georgian gravely, "that's the darnedest, highest one-story building I've ever seen."

Amending an Epitaph.

"Such an amendment," said Senator Tillman during a debate, "would destroy the bill's meaning as the meaning of the epitaph on old John Skinn's tombstone was destroyed. An amendment was tacked to John Skinn's epitaph. It consisted of one word—the word 'friend.' It was put on in the dead of night. The epitaph previous to the amendment read: 'He did his best.'"

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 Angora goat furnishes most of the hair which adorns ordinary dolls. This product is valued at $40,000,000 a year.

WAR NEWS IN THE KLONDIKE.

Billy Dowling, a Klondike mailcarrier, has just died. Eight years ago he contracted for the transportation of the mail between Dawson and Fairbanks, a route of nine hundred miles. He established stations, and maintained about two hundred and twenty dogs, for some of which he paid one hundred and fifty dollars. He did a large business, carrying supplies and gold as well as mail-matter. On one trip he safely conveyed five hundred thousand dollars' worth of dust. In those early days of the Alaskan fever it took pluck, endurance, almost life, to bring to the miners the news from the outside world. How eager those exiles were for every scrap of information is shown in Mr. Adney's "The Klondike Stampede."

The first news of the Spanish War which penetrated the Yukon fastness was brought by the "Mountain Kid," a gambler escaping from justice. His story was not believed. Not long after that an old Seattle newspaper found its way to town. It was too precious an article to trust to the mass, and it was decided that a public reading should be given of its contents by a lawyer from San Francisco, who had a good voice. At the appointed time a crowd of nearly five hundred men gathered about the dry-goods box set in the middle of the street, which served as the reader's platform.

Clear and distinct came the words: "Dewey's Great Victory." There was a moment's silence, then cheer upon cheer arose, and hats and arms were waved wildly in the air. When the article was read and the listeners understood what it was about, the enthusiasm knew no bounds. Every item of news was read and reread. Nothing else was talked of that night.

Not long after a second paper was procured, which told of the progress of the war, and another reading was held. When the story was reached of the Spanish captain who nailed his colors to the mast, and his brave men who fired as the ship went down, there was a dead silence. Then a low voice said, "They were right! they were right!" Not a man was in that crowd whose heart was untouched by that instance of the enemy's pluck.

The first papers with the war news brought whatever was asked. In justice to the owners, however, it should be said their demands were not exorbitant. Later, when more papers were brought, they sold anywhere from twenty-five cents to a dollar apiece.

FIFTY MILES OF HOT WATER.

After sailing through miles of water, so hot that the cook declared he was able to boil eggs in the steam that arose from it, the British steamer Lothian arrived here recently from Japan and China, says the New York Mail.

The biling water, as the bo'sun put it, is supposed to have been caused by submarine volcanic disturbances, and altogether it is figured that the Lothian steamed through fifty miles of the mid-ocean hot springs.

The ship was between Hongkong and Cebu, and was making twelve knots an hour in a tranquil sea when the water began to boil.

The mate of the Lothian said that the first knowneldge they had of the boiling of the water was when the ocean all around the ship began to crackle. It was like the noise of burning wood.

At the same time the ocean began to bubble like a pot of oatmeal. There was no vapor such as might be expected when water boils. The atmosphere for twenty-five feet above the sea was perfectly clear, but below that steam arose until it was condensed by the air.

No distinct shock was felt, but the ship trembled "like it had chills and fever." The sea resembled a huge pot of boiling water and the ship tumbled about for four hours before she passed through the boiling water zone.

Meanwhile the cargo grew hot and the crew feared for the consignment of fireworks that was on board. The cook says the ship was so hot that he made griddle cakes on the top of the rail.

The members of the crew were almost frightened out of their wits. They had never heard of a boiling mid-ocean, and they were not calmed even by the griddle cakes or boiled eggs. The bo'sun said to-day:

"I now know wot comes o' the missin' ships. They are scooped up by marine hearthquakes and blazing 'ot water. The odd thing 'bout this was that the sea became calm as one o' them turtle doves the moment we passed out of the b'iling water. That water bubbled and foamed as if it was on the ice side of the stove. While we was doin' the trick the ship shook like she was scrapin' over a reef. I wouldn't want another experience like that agin. Blast me, but I'm sweatin' yet."

A YARN OF A CROCODILE.

'Twas on the good ship Atholl, just arrived from Malabar, that a crocodile, with a winning smile, approached a hardy tar. She brought two eggs for baggage, seemed exceedingly select, so the Cap said, "Hey! Come on! Belay!" and more to that effect.

The reptile's name was Lena and she sailed 'mid tropic isles, till—lo! her eggs acquired legs and walked like crocodiles. And Lena said, "A dinner grand I'll give my babies wee," and thereupon saw Ching Kan Yon (the Chinese boatswain he).

She followed him around the deck; the Chink caught on at last. He yelled "Belay!" and spent the day perched on the mizzenmast. The reptile paused, then with the words, "My babies wee must sup," the timber raw, with iron jaw, she started to chew up.

The boatswain in the mizzenmast did to Confucius pray, but mighty Con did not get on (it was his busy day). And then the Chink in terror loudly screamed unto the croc: "Lun lound a while, dear clocodile; me getlee dleadful shock."

He screamed so that the third mate came (the gallant Mr. Luce), but ere he had that reptile bad a wave of ocean juice came pouring o'er the gunwales, catching Lena on the side, and with a grin she vanished in the briny deep, and died.

And now the Atholl lies in port, from savage reptiles far; far, far away from Mandalay (or rather, Malabar). Beside the dock two reptiles wee in silence mourn their loss, while Ching Kan Yon has duly gone to thank the Mott street joss.—New York Times.

REAL HAIRBREADTH ESCAPES.

E. T. Hamlin, employed in an office on the third floor of the Corn Exchange, narrowly escaped being killed by a rifle ball. While he was sitting at his desk writing, a bullet crashed through the window, passed through his hair and buried itself in the opposite wall. Mr. Hamlin jumped to his feet to investigate. The window glass was scattered all over the office, and as he looked out through the window another bullet buried itself in the window sash, not more than a few inches from where Mr. Hamlin was standing. The fact that the window was open was probably the means of saving the life of the stenographer, who was sitting at her machine writing a letter. The young lady was in the direct path of the bullet, and if the window had been closed the deadly missile would have passed through the glass and into her body. As it was it was stopped by the sash. Police investigation showed that the bullets which had disturbed Mr. Hamlin were fired by boys in the old Chamber of Commerce building shooting at pigeons on the ledges of the Corn Exchange. Two lads who are on probation were taken into custody by the police and an effort will be made to have them sent back to the Red Wing school. — St. Paul Pioneer Press.

SLEEPING WITH A ROOSTER.

Dr. Grenfell, Labrador's famous medical missionary, tells an experience that befell him in a small, overcrowded house where he had to pass the night.

There was absolutely no place for him to sleep except on top of a hencoop. For a man used to hardship that was nothing, but for a man tired by a long journey it was much that the rooster underneath should at once manifest a determined predilection for untimely noise.

It was not to be borne—but neither was the neck of his host's rooster to be wrung in a land where fowls are scarce. Nevertheless, he thrust down his hand between the slats, grabbed the bird's neck, and held on to it with a grasp tight enough to produce silence, though not suffocation.

But as the doctor grew sleepier his grasp would relax. Then the outraged captive would emit a feeble squawk or the beginnings of a cock-a-doodle-doo not destined to be finished, for the first notes would again rouse the sleeper, who would straightway tighten his clutch once more.

So the night passed. When morning came the rooster was alive, although afflicted with a stiff neck, and the doctor had slept—a little.

HOT WATER OUSTED BEAR.

A big black bear took possession of the cab of a Colorado and Southern locomotive near Como, Col., one day last winter, and fought fiercely rather than abandon its warm abode. It was finally routed out with hot water and a hose from another locomotive. A snow plow, with five locomotives, had been engaged in clearing the tracks of snow, and during the night the string of engines was left on a sidetrack, with fires banked and only one watchman. The next morning the bear was found in one of the cabs. None of the party was armed, and other means to dislodge him having failed, the hose was used, and brute took to the mountains.

LIFE AND DEATH STRUGGLE.

A young Swiss woodsman had the other day a life and death struggle at close quarters with a wild boar that would make any old sportsman's blood tingle. He was cutting wood near Goldswil when he was suddenly assailed by the beast. His first move in self-defense had to be a violent kick on the boar's snout, under which the brute retired a few paces. Before he could charge again the woodsman had hurled a log with all his force between the boar's eyes, completely stunning him. Then the man seized a heavy stake and got in half a dozen blows on the skull, and the boar was ready for converting into bacon.

AN EXTRAORDINARY ESCAPE.

The Marquis of Waterford, who has been on a hunting expedition in British East Africa, had an extraordinary escape a few days ago from being mauled to death by a lion. While the Marquis was trekking along in the open a lion suddenly bounded from the bush and landed on his shoulder. Beyond a severe bruising the Marquis did not suffer any injury, as before the ferocious beast could attack him again two gun bearers came to the rescue.

Red Cloud the Famous Sioux Warrior.

But it is among the Sioux that we find the greatest number of old historical characters. Each year cuts down their number, and soon these old fellows who know of the days before the coming of the white man will be no more. Red Cloud is, without doubt, the record holder of the living North American chiefs to-day. His home is close to Pine Ridge Agency. Ninety-one years old, blind, almost deaf, he sits dreaming of the past. No wonder he is irritated by the idle information seeker! Who would be called back from the dreams of his youth? Sightless and infirm, he is living over the days when in youth he sat his horse as a king, the pride of the great Sioux Nation. To his ears must come the roar of the hunt as the countless bison herd, like a tidal wave, rolled by; and, again, the great day of his life, when his red-blanketed band swept down on the hapless Fetterman troop. Even now his heart must seem to stand still as he lives over again that day.—From "The Tribes of the Northwest Plains" by E. S. Curtis, in Scribner's.

Employes in salt works never get cholera, scarlet fever, influenza or colds.