THE QUEENSTOWN NEWS.

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"Bribery," says the Atlanta Georgian, originally meant a piece of bread given to a beggar. How times do change!

It is feared that some man with a muck rake or a strainer will go forth and discover what beer is really made of, laments the Kansas City Star.

London Punch remarked the other day: "Our royal princes have to undergo all the hardships of ordinary little boys. Last week, for instance, they were taken to the British Museum."

Here is an editor who finds a good word to say for the loose "lid." He remarks in the Kelton (Wyo.) Gazette: "One [illegible] our delinquent subscribers gr[illegible]sterday and paid us [illegible] few orders [illegible]ing for a [illegible] save money. [illegible] here and the real [illegible] can now ease his tro[illegible]es by [illegible]ng so excited over the play that everything else is forgotten, declares the New London Telegraph. There is no other such effective safety valve for tired nerves and troubled brain as an exciting game of baseball.

Millions of dollars change hands every twelve months as the "ponies" go around the ellipses. The "bookies" win most of it and spend their winnings in fast living. The cash is, of course, put into circulation, but in circles that do not touch the constructive, wholesome, progressive business interests, or advance the welfare of the masses.

Years ago, it is recalled, Parton predicted that the coming man would neither smoke nor drink. The coming man has not yet arrived, declares the Louisville Courier-Journal. But if the coming man will neither smoke nor drink, the indications are that it will be because the coming woman will leave him nothing to smoke or drink.

The Hartford Times declares that the diaphanous summer garment should not be forbidden entirely may be argued in reply to anything that may be said in the pulpit against it. Lay down all the general rules you please, good men in surplices and chokers, but make an exception in favor of peek-a-boo waists. They are greatly needed.

"Capital cannot itself be condemned," [illegible] the Hartford Courant. It is the [illegible] acquired, and the way the [illegible] power that it affords is [illegible]. The criticism of stock-watering [illegible] of rebates and of combinations [illegible] restraint of trade are not [illegible] of capital. They are criticisms [illegible] men and of men who are [illegible] enemies of capital and, for [illegible], of society itself.

[illegible]versity of Paris is one of [illegible]smopolitan in the world. [illegible] students in the universi[illegible] more than a tenth, are [illegible]. There are nearly a thousand [illegible]dents, less than half of [illegible]ench. There are a few [illegible] Anglo-Saxons among them, however, such as some young doctors, supplementing their Edinburgh and London studies, and some students of letters; but most of the Anglo-Saxons in Paris are there to learn art or music, and belong to no university.

It seems evident that any theory which will be fully accepted must explain the local agencies on the Pacific coast that necessitated the dislocation of the deep-seated rocks. In a general way this may be accounted for by the stresses due to the slow accumulation of sediments, which, as Major Dutton forcibly says, ultimately become resistless and lead to the collapse of the rocky strata which generate the earthquake. But the subject requires, observes the New York Herald, much more profound elucidation than it has yet received.

Of course, if the United States owes Maryland $72,000 loaned to complete the original capital at Washington, the debt should be paid; but it does seem as if Maryland ought to have presented its little bill earlier. The $72,000 was advanced in 1790. Virginia also loaned money for the same purpose, $120,000. These facts seem odd reading nowadays, notes the Boston Transcript. But one hundred and sixteen years ago the States had more ready cash than the Federal Government, and everything about the latter was new, even its credit.

The naturalization bill to reform many of the evils that now attend that process meets the approval of the Philadelphia Press, which says: "The whole purpose of the bill is to keep out the unfit and compel the exercise of greater deliberation and a nicer judgment and selection in the making of citizens. Men who have resided in this country five years and desire to become citizens have themselves to blame if they cannot write their petition and answer the questions of the court in the English tongue. If their American spirit is genuine they will overcome the impediment and fit themselves for admission."

WHEN EVENING BRINGS US HOME

When the twilight shadows softly fall
Across the fading light,
And vesper bells in music call
The heralds of the night—
O, hour that breathes of peace and rest
To those who sadly roam,
Hour that is the dearest, sweetest, best,
When evening brings us home!
Forgot the trials of the day,
The toil, the grief, the care—
All seem to fade at sunset ray,
The world grows bright and fair;
And yet the shadow deeper falls,
And weary wanderers roam;
But through the gloom a loved voice calls,
When evening brings us home.

And lagging feet quick onward press
To meet those at the door,
Where love in answering caress,
Waits loyal evermore.
Most blessed hour of all the day
To those who toil and roam!
Love is the star that lights our way
When evening brings us home.

And if it be that no one waits
In earthly homes to greet,
There is a home beyond the gates
Where all who love shall meet;
So we may say in truth alway
To those who sadly roam;
Each heart will find its own some day,
When evening brings us home.

AT THE END OF THE LINE

BY CHARLES TENNEY JACKSON.

Two old prospectors of my acquaintance, have long taken pleasure in relating a ludicrous and yet serious adventure that befell them while washing for gold along the coast of Sonora, in Mexico, some years ago. With the aid of two natives they were working over a gravel bar in a small stream with indifferent success. Below this bar, over which the creek water rippled in thin streams, there was a deep pool that shoaled off on one side to a sandy beach and on the other into a dense "tule" marsh, where great lily-pads were also part of the semi-tropical vegetation.

Penny, one of the miners, a big Yankee of humorous bent of mind and with a keen eye for original methods of getting on in the world, had conceived the idea that in this pool below the bar there must be coarse gold washed from the stretches above, where they already had found "color."

He had so impressed his partner with this idea that they had tried to drain the pool. When that met with little success, they attempted to use a crude dredge which had shown just enough of the rich sand to confirm Penny's belief, without being practicable. The bedrock of the creek wherever they struck it made the men believe that the twenty-foot pool was a golden pocket. They were willing to undertake the expense of draining the hole thoroughly if their opinion was confirmed.

When Penny came back from his "glubstake" trip to Guaymas, he brought a strange outfit, the like of which Morse, the old Californian, had never seen before.

"What's that awful thing?" he asked the smiling Penny.

"That?" said the Yankee. "That's a diving suit. It cost $200 dollars, and dead cheap at the price. Some chaps who had been trying pearl fishing in the lower gulf were stranded, and were trying to sell the suit and a pump in a junk shop. I had a brilliant idea, and gobbled it up quick! I'm going to explore the hole!"

Morse was used to his genial partner's whims, but this was startling. The plainsman declared that the "sea critter" got on his nerves. It was a frightful looking monster, with Penny inside—a rather antiquated affair of its kind, with copper helmet and plates, rubber dress, and two great, staring eyes.

The buckles, brass studs and screws led Morse to liken it to an immense horned toad; and the two natives, when they saw Penny in it for the first time, were frightened, and became loud in predictions of evil from its use. Morse, too, had misgivings about its safety.

The first time that Penny went down, with Morse and the natives attending to the pump and life-line from the boat, the weights were ill-adjusted, and he landed on his head in the mud. It was only after frantic signals and much exertion that he was extricated. The next time the valves were loose, and Penny nearly strangled; the third time, in pulling him out, the Sonorenos capsized the boat, and Penny again all but lost his life.

Morse begged him to desist, but Penny, who was now learning how to keep his feet in the current at the bottom, would not consent. The four men constructed a rude dam and platform above the pool to divert the swift, shallow stream, and to afford a vantage ground from which to attend to the diving apparatus from above. On this plank bulkhead Morse and the natives worked the pump, while Penny explored the sands of the hole. This bulwark cost infinite labor, but after some weeks the Yankee prospector-diver began to bring out coarse gold from the gravel strata below. The pocket was rich, and the men determined either to drain the pool in some manner so that it could be worked, or else import a dredge and scoop out the golden sands.

Meanwhile Penny explored the dim amber depths, while Morse, and Andreas Micheltorena, dubbed "Mike" by the Americans, lazily attended to the pump and hauled up the baskets of rich slime, sand and mud to be washed. The other peon was busied about the camp a hundred yards away on the rocky bank.

One warm afternoon Penny was below on his short shifts—for it took him long to become accustomed to the uncouth rig—with "Mike" at the life-rope. Morse and Victorio were padling the boat into the tule swamp in search of a water fowl, which the miner had shot a few minutes before.

The arms of the party were all at the little camp, where utensils, supplies, and "dust" were stored, with no thought of trespassers. They were in a wild country, but had no particular intimation of danger, since the turbulent Indians of the interior rarely came to the coast.

But a stray party of Yaquis, on their way to the annual tribe gathering on the Guaymas river, had happened on the camp the day before, and noted its defenceless position. Scenting rich loot of gold and equally precious ammunition, a small party of warriors had trailed back, lurking in the hills for a chance to plunder.

It came that afternoon. The wily bucks crept almost between the camp and its occupants, among the boulders.

Suddenly the crackling of half a dozen rifles broke on the air, and bullets showered about Micheltorena, the only man visible. The Mexican leaped on the bar and fled to the brush.

The Indians ran across the open, saw Morse and his companion in the boat, and opened fire on them.

Victorio fell with a wound in the shoulder; his weight capsized the boat. The men were floundering in the muddy marsh, and the Indians, coming up both sides of the creek, sent the bullets whistling into the tules where they had been seen.

"Under the boat, Victorio!" whispered Morse.

He dragged the frightened native beneath the water, for already two of the Yaquis were wading through the tules; across the stream others prevented any escape by the open water.

Under the capsized boat, Morse and Victorio thrust their heads above the water in a dim greenish light. They sank in the swamp to their necks. They could hear nothing except their own hoarse breathing, loud in the confined space. The air quickly became foul, and Morse cautiously raised the gunwale of the craft.

Not twenty feet from them the back of a warrior showed, reflected, too, in the clear water. He was sunk to his waist, alert, silent, watching the creek. The Indians supposed the men had dived into the deeper watercourse. Another Yaqui was splashing to the reedy margin.

Morse lowered the rim of the boat and waited. In a moment the air became heavy, the suspense intolerable. Poor Victorio, sinking in the mud, with his wound reddening the water, was helpless, clinging to a thwart with one arm. Morse feared that he would faint in the close air.

Morse forced the gunwale up on his broad shoulders. The Indians stood silent as statues, with rifles raised above the water, holding their cartridge belts in their teeth, for they, too, were sinking in the ooze. Across the creek their comrades were plundering the camp. Morse lowered the boat and waited in cramped despair.

Then there came a violent shove at the boat, dragging the imprisoned men off their feet. The Indians were trying to force it shoreward. Morse seized the thwarts, holding back, and the warriors tried then to right the craft. One took the rope and hauled, and another pushed at the stern so close that Morse could have trod on the fellow's toes in the mire.

The Indians strained and tugged, calling for aid. The two miners held desperately, choking in the foul air, and the bucks simply submerged themselves neck-deep in the tules.

"It's all up, Victorio!" groaned Morse, when the Indians shook and rocked the boat. "Let's cut and run. Can you swim with that arm?"

But the Indians, with their precious rifles endangered from the water, suddenly left this task in disgust, and made for the solid bank, mystified at the obstinacy of the apparently empty craft. After a bit, Morse cautiously raise the edge of the boat. The party had gathered near the plank dam, hallooing to others in the camp, and examining the air-pump and the diver's rigging with much interest.

Penny! What had become of him?

To Morse it suddenly seemed hours since the attack. His plucky comrade must be strangling, signalling in vain to be given air or be drawn from his deadly peril.

Morse groaned aloud. It seemed as if he could see the life-line jerking where it hung from the platform. Penny never stayed down longer than eight minutes, and the air was kept circulating constantly. By now what was his fate? Morse tried to reckon the time since the helper had fled from the pump.

The gesticulating warriors about the pump guessed that the apparatus was part of the gringos' mining outfit. Perhaps a load of treasure was on the end of those two lines. They had already seized the gold box in the tent, along with the supplies.

Morse and Victorio, beneath the boat, their chins just at the water level, so quiet that no ripple betrayed their presence, saw three of the Indians grasped the life-line and leap off the platform upon the sandbar across the creek. Then half a dozen bucks took the rope and dragged it slowly up the beach. The squaws in the plundered camp screamed and laughed approval, and then up through the shoaling water of the creek there appeared the strangest find that a dozen bad Indians ever secured.

The diver came sprawling through the sand, huge and helpless at the end of the line.

There was a yell of astonishment from the onlookers. The party holding the rope slacked a bit, and Penny fell in the shallows. Then seeing the frightful thing struggling to its feet, alive, huge, and menacing, its bulk reflected in the ripples, the Indians shrank back in terror.

Penny staggered up a black, shining monster, the sun reflecting from his head-piece, the great staring eyes full on the awe-stricken Indians, his hands raised to free himself of the trailing air tube and lines.

The Indians gazed one instant with dumb fright at this terrible being. One warrior only, safe across the creek, retained his senses, and fired shot after shot at the manlike inhabitant of the dark pool. Penny rolled on and fell forward near the party.

Like a scurrying of autumn leaves every last red man fled to the brush of the creek bed; the squaws dropped pots and pans, and biscuit boxes in the ashes of the camp, and followed. When Morse threw the boat from his shoulders with a shout, the last Indian was scaling the bluff back of the tent with a howl of terror.

Morse plunged into the creek, swimming across to where Penny rolled in the sand, trying to unscrew his face-plate and kicking his leaden shoes wildly about. Morse thought he was writhing in a death-agony.

The big Yankee was choking and black in the face when the helmet came off, but when he could get his breath he roared in anger at the startled trio who had gathered about him.

"You fellows all gone crazy?" he shouted. "Shut off the air and nearly pull me in two, will you? Yank me out across this bar like I was a catfish, hey? And who did the shootin'? Mighty nice joke to put up on a man!"

"Joke nothing!" said Morse. "The joke was all on a pack of Indians, and you missed the whole thing!"

Penny had nearly strangled, and had been unable to see anything when he was hauled ashore. It had really not been more than ten minutes, however, from the time the pump was stopped till his face-plate was removed, and the air in his dress had been sufficient to keep him alive and conscious. Through the twilled rubber of his dress were two bullet holes. Morse indulged in roars of laughter as he explained, while they dressed Victorio's shoulder and restored the disordered camp.

"We got five guns from that bunch of Indians," said he, "and I guess when this story gets around, you can't get a red on these creek diggings for love or money!"—Youth's Companion.

SCIENTIFIC & INDUSTRIAL

Explosive rock has been reported from the north of the Tauern tunnel in Austria. The rock is in such compression that, without warning, slabs several yards in dimensions will be suddenly hurled from one wall to the other. Fatal accidents have resulted.

In liquefying helium, the last of the gases that have been thought to be permanent, Olszewski has reached a temperature of 271.3 degrees below zero Centigrade. This is a cold about 11 degrees greater than Dewar obtained three years ago in liquefying hydrogen, and is within about 2 degrees of the supposed absolute zero. The question has now been raised whether 273.7 degrees below the freezing point of water is really the absolute zero.

Acetylene is being used as an explosive in Germany, where it has proven disappointing as an illuminant. Each cartridge contains an ounce and three-fourths of calcium carbide, yielding about sixteen quarts of acetylene, and after wetting the carbide the confined mixture of generated gas and air is exploded by an electric spark. In blasting the rock is not thrown out, but is broken up into pieces small enough to be readily removed.

Most persons probably think that winged seeds from trees travel great distances on the wind. But the studies of Doctor Ridley of the Botanic Gardens at Singapore indicate that winged seeds have a far narrower range of flight than do "powder" seeds and plumed seeds. The greatest distance traveled by the winged fruit of a forest tree, observed by Doctor Ridley, was 100 yards. Under the most favorable circumstances, he calculates, it would take this plant 100 years to spread 300 yards, and 1,500,000 years to spread from the Malay Peninsular to the Philippines, if a land connection existed.

In comparatively few cases have the physiological and esthetic effects of electric lighting been duly considered. The Electrical World complains of the injurious results of placing clustres of vivid incandescent lamps in theatres and amusement halls and in such situations that the spectators' eyes are partially blinded and greatly wearied by them. Ground glass shades supply only a partial remedy. Great possibilities of improvement and of artistic achievement exist by combining proper shading with the concealment of the lamps from direct vision. In streets, as everybody has observed, very little attention has been paid to the physiological side of the lighting problem, and often pedestrians are dazzled, confused and placed in peril by blazing lamps, the light of which streams straight into their eyes.

SPORT AND ADVENTURE

DARING FEAT AT NIAGARA.

Crawling twenty-five feet out on a shaky ladder directly over the brink of Niagara Falls in the moonlight, Fireman Thomas Conroy and Patrolman Dennis Blake rescued a man who had attempted suicide, and was about to be swept over the precipice into the roaring abyss, writes the Niagara Falls (N. Y.) correspondent of the Philadelphia Record. The slightest slip would have meant death for all three.

The ladder, resting on a ledge of rock at the river edge, was weighted down on the short end by two-score men, while the intrepid volunteers crawled slowly out to where the would-be suicide was clinging to a edge of rock, ten feet from the brink of the falls.

As they reached over to sieze him, the man in the water fought them, and the struggle for life was witnessed with bated breath by the spectators.

The man whose act called forth the exhibition of bravery gave his name as Amos Schwertzer, although the police believe him to be Amos Robinson, of Toronto. He was well dressed, and came here from St. Catharine. In his pockets was found $5.45. He refused to make any statement as to why he wanted to die, when locked up at police headquarters. Chief of Police Maloney has asked the Toronto police to look him up in that city.

Schwertzer, or Robinson, was discovered by some negroes in the river close to the Prospect shore early today. The rushing water swirled about him, and he seemed about to be swept from his feet. He was wading out, and the men called to him to return, but instead of replying he went out further.

The men notified Policeman Blake, who brought out a long pole. With this he waded out and thrust it toward Schwerzer, telling him to take hold. Schwertzer did as he was bidden, but instead of coming ashore pulled Blake out into the stream. Blake held on as long as he dared, and finally cast the pole away and returned to shore.

By this time Schwertzer had been jarried from his footing, and with a wild, despairing cry was swept toward the awful abyss 500 feet away. Just at the edge he was hurled against Thunder Ledge, and this he seized. In the bright moonlight his face presented a ghastly hue, while he held on with the water dragging at him as though he had changed his mind as to the value of life.

By this time the policeman had telephoned to fire headquarters, and a fire truck was sent to the scene, carrying an extension ladder. This was run out over the ledge. Slowly it was pushed over the falls, and as it passed the balancing point, men sat upon it to keep it from falling into the river.

Finally the forty-foot ladder extended its length into the stream. Fifteen feet were on the shore side of the fulcrum, and on this two-score men were seated.

Volunteers were then called for to go out on the trembling ladder.

Policeman and fireman stepped forward, and with Blake in the fore they crawled out on hands and knees till they hung suspended directly over where Schwertzer was fast slipping to death.

Fireman Conroy reached down and seized the man by the collar. The man fought him, but Conroy would not let go. Aided by Blake, Conroy drew the struggling form up from the torrent. Thus, in air, he was carried to shore, his rescuers being greeted with a cheer.

RAT FIGHTS MAN.

Wes. W. Taylor, proprietor of the West Broadway restaurant, near Hester's grocery, is suffering from a wound on the hand caused by being bitten by a rat during a battle Wednesday night in the sleeping apartment at the rear of his restaurant. Mr. Taylor and his clerk, J. P. Cook, had retired about 11 o'clock, and it was only a few moments until the fun was on in dead earnest. Mr. Taylor has two pet white rats which he keeps in a screened box in the restaurant department. The gray or house [illegible] had come to make acquaintance with the white pets and made things hum until Mr. Taylor arrived on the scene with a butcher knife in his hand. He made an effort to deal death to the big rat of the visitors with the knife, but was met with serious objection. The rat grabbed his hand and the teeth pierced entirely through a portion of his hand. The injury was quite painful, and Mr. Taylor has since been busy with turpentine and liniment.—Mayfield (Ky.), Messenger.

BOYS KILL BLACK BEAR.

Hubert Stevens, 16, and Paul Stevens, 18 years of age, sons of George A. Stevens, proprietor of the Stevens House at Lake Placid, N. Y., trapped and killed at the foot of Mount Whiteface one of the largest black bears that has been taken in the Adirondacks this season. The boys had already taken two small bears on Mount Whiteface this season and a few days ago, discovering tracks of another, they set a trap, and yesterday afternoon, in company with John Ormsby, a guide of this place, paid it a visit. They were astonished to find thrashing about in the bushes one of the largest black bears they had ever seen caught by one foot in the trap. The bear was young and full of fight. Its desire to fight was increased by pain from the self inflicted wound where it had bitten its foot in an attempt to get away.

Hubert Stevens was the only one of the party armed, and he, watching his chance, aimed at the beast and pulled the trigger of the light .38 calibre rifle he carried. The shell missed fire and at the same instant the youthful hunter's foot slipped. The bear lunged and it was only by quick work that Stevens managed to get beyond its reach. In an instant he was up. Once more the bear lunged. Young Stevens pulled the trigger and the ball found a vital spot just behind the ear, shattering the beast's backbone.

Paul Stevens rowed back down the four miles of the lake to the hotel and a gang of men were sent up in an electric launch to get the bear down the mountain and into a boat to be towed back. The bear was about five years old and tipped the scales at 450 pounds. Its paws measured 7 inches across.

George H. Daniels of the New York Central Railroad, who is at his summer cottage, saw the bear and said it was one of the largest he had ever seen taken in the vicinity.

BATTLE FOR LIFE WITH BULL.

In a bare handed fight with a mad bull Nile Latta, a young ranchman of Valentine, Neb., succeeded in killing the beast after his horse had been fatally gored.

Latta interfered to separate the enraged animal from another bull with which it was engaged in battle royal. He tried to drive it home, but instead it ran for a lake nearby. Latta followed it into the water, where it charged and gored the horse, hurling it some distance.

Latta returned to the fight, seizing the bull by the tail. Finally he succeeded in climbing its back and worked himself astride the animal's neck. A desperate struggle followed. Latta kept his feet securely locked under the beast's neck and went to the bottom several times as the bull plunged in its efforts to dislodge him.

Watching his chance, he succeeded in forcing the bull's head under the water while it was gasping for air and held it there until it was drowned.

COOL UNDER TRYING CIRCUMSTANCES.

Seymour Harris of Morrisville was recently attacked by a bull in Elmer Ryder's barnyard, and nothing but Mr. Harris's coolness saved him from a horrible death. He was hit square in front by the animal, his body fortunately between the horns, and knocked flat upon his back into a fetid pool of the yard. The bull stood for a time over him and went through all of the motions of goring a victim, but Mr. Harris had the self-control to lie perfectly still as if dead, and this act doubtless saved his life. Beyond resulting lameness and unavoidable effects of the shock, Mr. Harris was uninjured.—St. Albans Messenger.

SWAM 30 MILES IN 17 HOURS.

Through the capsizing of a boat occupied by Edward Devauchelle, a half white, and three native companions off Maui Island, Hawaii, the three natives were drowned. After swimming for seventeen hours and covering thirty miles, Devauchelle reached a rock, on which he slept all day. Next day he took a further swim of two miles and landed at Molokai. One of the natives accompanied Devauchelle for sixteen hours and then sank exhausted.

New Facts About Pompeii.

What was the precise date of the destruction of Pompeii? In an uncommonly interesting article in the current Harper's Weekly, Professor Rodolfo Lanciana, D.C.L., L.L.D., Ph.D., Professor of Ancient Topography at the University of Rome, answers this question in a decisive and authoritative manner. Whether the great eruption of 79 A. D. occurred in summer or in the autumn of that year has long been a moot question among scientists. Many facts that have been brought to light in the work of excavation have been variously interpreted, but no entirely convincing conclusion had been reached. The belief that the disaster occurred in the autumn has now, however, been made a certainty, says Professor Lanciana, by the discovery of the impression, in the soft ashes, of the trunk, branches, leaves, and berries of the Laurus nobilis. The presence of the berries, which come to maturity in the autumn, solves forever, he says, the question about the precise date of the destruction of Pompeii. Other arguments which he brings to bear upon this conclusion are the discovery of the fact that the eruption occurred at the same time as the consummation of certain natural processes—such as olives freshly dipped in oil, plums already dried, chestnuts in considerable quantities, and wine newly made—which belonged to the autumn season. Professor Lanciana's article is accompanied by some remarkable photographs of reproductions of bodies found in the ruins of Pompeii, which throw much new light upon the facts of the catastrophe.

Prince Whan's Spirit Parrot.

Min Yung Whan, the Korean prince who killed himself as a protest against the Japanese protectorate, lived in a magnificent palace of his own, which came down to him by hereditary right, and was surrounded with an army of retainers, fighting men, slaves and women. He had a table of beaten silver, crusted with the most precious sapphires, and his state dress was so heavy with gorgeous jewels that it took two men to lift it over his head.

He carried with him on his travels a great white parrot, with rose-colored lining on his wing. The parrot's beak was perforated and on either side was set with priceless sapphires.

The ignorant natives believed that the great white parrot was Min Yung Whan's familiar spirit, and that when he died, Min Yung would die too. When Min Yung Whan's body was found lying on the purple cushions of his couch, the great white parrot flew screaming out of the window and disappeared in the palm trees.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

A SAD C[illegible]

Daddy sometimes says that I
Am a little tad.
And it often makes me feel
That it's pretty sad.

For I know that I'm as brave,
Though I am so small,
As George Washington or Grant,
O great Hannibal.

And it's hard to think one could
Be so great, you know,
And then not be able to,
Because one has to grow.

DUCK-ON-A-ROCK AND EMPEROR.

Duck-on-a-rock is an old game, but for generation after generation it holds its place in the hearts of the boys who know how to play it. Here it is now for all of you, and girls may become really quite expert at "throwing straight," if they will try to play the game, too.

A large stone with a smooth top is chosen for the rock, and each player is provided with a stone of the right size to be easily held in that hand. These are the ducks.

Draw a line twenty-five to thirty feet distant from the rock, according to the size of the field played in, and back of this line is "home." The next step in the game is to "pink for duck," which consists in each player's throwing his stone from "home" to the rock. The one whose stone lies farthest from the rock, when all have thrown, is "It," and must place his stone on the rock for the others to throw at, their object being to knock it off. He must stand near the rock.

If any player knocks the stone from the rock, there must instantly be a general stampede for "home." The player who is "It" must quickly replace the stone on the rock, and when he has done so must try to touch any player who has not yet reached "home." The one so touched becomes "It" and must place his "duck" on the rock to be thrown at, standing near by himself.

Sometimes, if a player touched by "It" is a fleet runner, he may be able to place his duck on the rock and run back and touch the former "It" before he has had a chance to get his stone and run "home;" in that case, the fleet runner wins his release, and the former "It" must again place his duck on the rock.

If no stone dislodges the duck in one round of play, their owners forfeit them to "It," and terms must be made with him to recover them. He may command one to "jump" home, which he must do with the stone between his feet, and hop home thus burdened. Another he may command to "kick," which is done by working the stone onto the foot and kicking it homeward. Or he may command one to "heel," which means to kick the stone home backwards, with the heel.

While these forfeits are being paid no one else may go "home," and the first one who fails in fulfilling the penalty and getting his duck home, becomes "It."

Emperor is a game that is played in much the same way as Duck-on-a-Rock, only the emperor is a wooden figure placed on a post about eighteen inches in height. A player called the Prime Minister stands near it, and the others, each with a ball like a croquet ball, try in turn to knock off the Emperor.

The rules in Duck-on-a-Rock hold good in this game, all players running home when the Emperor is displaced, and the Prime Minister being compelled to replace him before he runs to touch another and make him Prime Minister. A time limit might be fixed for this game, and the one who has displaced the Emperor the greatest number of times, or the one who has been Prime Minister the least times, may be the visitor, according to agreement.—New York Press.

LIVE OYSTERS IN THE HOUSE.

Years ago a family lived on a farm in a little country town, where there was no railroad, and the nearest city was a number of miles distant. The father was very fond of oysters, and how do you suppose he managed to have some always "at hand?" He would drive to the nearest city, buy a bushel of "real live" ones, and bring them home with him. They were then carefully placed in rows along the cellar floor, where it was rather dark and cool, and a little damp. The most interesting part, however, was to keep them alive. Every little while some one would go "down cellar" and feed them by sprinkling them with meal and water. One of the little girls in the family, who is now grown up, says she can remember how the oysters closed their shells with a snap after they were fed; but perhaps that was only in her imagination. Anyway, if they happened to be forgotten for a time, they would be found patiently waiting with their shells open, ready to receive their next meal. By the way, nearly all of us have heard the saying that oysters are good to eat only during the winter months which have an R in their name, but who knows when that idea first originated? It was mentioned in a book called "Dyet's Dry Dinner," printed in 1599. We are not so very much brighter than our ancestors, after all, are we?

"I'LL PAY YOU FOR THAT."

This little parable by an unknown author teaches its own lesson:

A hen trod on a duck's foot. She did not mean to do it, and it did not hurt the duck much, but the duck said, "I'll pay you for that!" So the duck flew at the old hen, but as she did so her wings struck an old goose, who stood close by.

"I'll pay you for that!" cried the goose, and she flew at the duck, but as she did so her foot tore the fur of a cat, who was just then in the yard.

"I'll pay you for that!" cried the cat, and she started for the goose, but as she did so her claw caught in the wool of a sheep.

"I'll pay you for that!" cried the sheep, and she ran at the cat, but as she did so her foot hit the foot of a dog who lay in the sun.

"I'll pay you for that!" cried he, and jumped at the sheep, but as he did so his leg struck an old cow who stood by the gate.

"I'll pay you for that!" cried she, and she ran at the dog, but as she did so her horn grazed the skin of a horse who stood by a tree.

"I'll pay you for that!" cried he, and he rushed at the cow.

What a noise there was! The horse flew at the cow, and the cow at the dog, and the dog at the sheep, and the sheep at the cat, and the cat at the goose, and the goose at the duck, and the duck at the hen. What a fuss there was! And all because the hen accidentally stepped on the duck's toes.

"Hi! Hi! What's all this?" cried the man who had the care of them. "You may stay here," he said to the hen, but he drove the duck to the pond, the goose to the field, the cat to the barn, the sheep to her fold, the dog to the house, the cow to her yard, and the horse to his stall. And so all their good times were over because the duck would not overlook a little hurt which was not intended.

THE FACE OF AN ENGINE.

A writer in the London Saturday Review comments upon the fact that a railway engine has a face and that the face has an expression. "Look at an engine," says the writer, "and you can see that one looks noble—simply noble in its strength; another, gigantic in force, but not noble—an expression of mere brute strength. Some engines have a lofty, almost supercilious, expression; others almost foolish. Some have an air of smug stoutness. Then there are engines that distinctly look angry and others comparatively gentle. What is the key to this physiognomy? Where is the seat of expression? On the whole, it seems to be the funnel."

RODENT TRIBE INCLUDES

The rat.
The hare.
The mouse.
The jerboa.
The beaver.
The gopher.
The marmot.
The squirrel.
The dormouse.
The chipmunk.
The prairie dog.
The unsociable porcupine.
The poor, hunted, lovely chinchilla.
The pretty and lively little guinea pig.

The capivara, or water hog, which is the largest of the gnawers, and weighs 100 pounds.

THE ARABIC DAY.

The Arabic day begins at sunset, and the particular one which begins any month is that on which the new moon is first seen after sunset. Apart from the cloudiness of the sky, there may be and generally is considerable difficulty in seeing the crescent, lost as it must always be in the radiance of the set sun, and consequently there is always uncertainty for some time after sunset whether the day that has just begun is to be reckoned with the last month or as the first of a new month.

Philosophers and Traffic.

Many a philosopher in the course of his stargazing has fallen into a ditch—and worse. The fate of Prof. Curie, the discoverer of radium, who, intent upon its possibilities, fell under the wheels of a wagon and was crushed to death, might be paralleled by several instances of the kind from lives of philosophers, notably that of Archimedes of Syracuse, who was so concentrated on a mathematical problem when its Roman besiegers at last burst into that city that he fell under their swords, in spite of his impatient "Noli turbare circulos meos!" Stepniak, too, the Russian refugee, was so engrossed with the study of Nihilist questions in the course of a walk in a London suburb that he was run over and killed by a train at a level crossing.—London Chronicle.

Arts of the London Beggar.

Owen Seaman, the new editor of London Punch, has studied all sorts of odd things. Among others he has devoted much attention to the professional beggar, for which ingenuity he has immense admiration. He tells of a woman beggar, who, with her 7-year-old girl, was admitted to the home of an English aristocrat. As the two waited in the hall the mother was heard to say: "What will you say when you come into the drawing-room where the Countess is?" The child, smiling, whispered in reply: "I know. I'll put on a beautiful, lost look and burst out: "Oh, mother, is this heaven?"

Precocious.

All newspapers containing a reference to the proposed inheritance tax have been carefully withheld from the Rockefeller baby.—Puck.

A company with a capital of $25,000,000 has been organized to build tramways, electric lighting and power plants and railways and docks in Japan.