THE QUEENSTOWN NEWS.

VOL. XXIV. QUEENSTOWN, MARYLAND, SATURDAY, JULY 28, 1906. NO. 35.

A Paris specialist prescribes tomatoes for a bad voice. Patrons of the show generally administer the tomatoes, declares the Tampa Globe.

French Anarchists are boasting that they have men in the French navy who are ready to render their ships useless at a given instant.

The Atlanta Constitution says that the Empress Dowager of China was a cook at one time, and that makes it clear why she is the boss over there.

We shall always have burglars and other thieves, suggests the Hartford Times, but we keep them in tolerable restraint, and we shall probably always have corrupt practices in elections. but they also must be kept down.

It was only recently that Indiana amended the law on this subject so that the vote buyer as well as the vote seller shall be subject to punishment, says the Indianapolis Star Some of the other States still cling to the anomalous theory that only the vote seller should be punished.

Henry Labouchere was in a more than usually savage mood when he penned the following for a recent number of the London Truth: "Society is a combination of men and women who overdress themselves at the expense of their tradesmen that they may overeat themselves at the expense of thir friends."

"But it is not in Turkey alone that women are beginning to get tired of the life that their sex has lived, and are beginning to long for a freer atmosphere, says the Denver Republican. In Europe and America there is not an empire, kingdom or republic in which the women are not manifesting a certain restlessness that bodes no good to those who would thwart them in their desire.

"The Man With the Muck Rake' is after all the representative of the minority, just as the ruffian is of the smaller class, notes the New Haven Register. "The Man With the Muck Rake" is the representative of the majority of finely balanced men, who, unattracted by the rewards of commerce and the honors of a public life, sleep like soldiers with their arms by their side, ready to answer on the moment the call to duty, wherever the scene of it lies.

Luther Burbank's article on the training of children in the current number of the Century is almost as confusing to the parent as the thousands of volumes on simple methods in poultry are to the amateur in the hen business. "Balanced feed," says the hen writer, and that's just what Luther Burbank advises for the child, but neither tells what it is, laments the New York Sun. Mr. Burbank is much more of a wonder with his grafting tools and in putting pollen where it never was before than as a writer

In England there is less hostility than indifference to this country, and this indifference is founded on an ignorance so wide and so deep as to be quite astonishing to the average American, observes the New York Sun. Very few Englishmen know anything about this country, and most of them do not desire to know. It is an old saying that John Bull is a conservative, but probably we Americans, ever seeking some new thing, are slow to grasp his real attitude, which is that of one absorbed in his own business and wishing not to be disturbed.

Common honesty is still common, and nothing proves it more completely than the astonishment and indignation with which the country has received one after another, the disgusting revelations in insurance circles, in railroad circles, in the oil manipulations and in the meat outrages, says the Hartford Courant. Some timid people have been asking whether such exposures were not going to undermine the regard for property and to weaken the right of property itself. The very opposite is the fact. Property would have mighty little "right" about it, if it all were accumulated by graft and theft and extortion. Every time a sleek thief is exposed the rights of honest men are strengthened.

It is for the common schools, therefore — the schools which take hold of the child and during his earliest years of life begin to mold his mind and character—that Governor Folk pleads with the greatest earnestness. These affect the very foundation of a republican government. A splendid common school system is the great desideratum, declares the Louisville Courier-Journal. Anything done to extend it should be hailed by all Americans. Aside from the value of education in contributing to individual happiness and earning capacity, its value to the State is inestimable He does a great patriotic service, as well as humane, who helps to put the common school within the reach of all, no matter in what remote region they may live nor what may be their handicap through crushing poverty.

BACK TO 'LINDY'S.

I want to go back to 'Lindy's—back to the old firm place,
Where the friends I knew were true as blue and poverty no disgrace;
I want to forget the sighing, the rush and the rattlety-bang,
The whistle's toot, the rumbling cart and the car bell's noisy clang.
I'd like to go back a-roving in the drowsy afternoons,
And drown the sounds of the grimy town in an ocean of clover blooms.

I want to go back to 'Lindy's—back to "Stubtoe Land,"
Where it didn't take much of learning to make folks understand;
Where the grasp of a hand was rugged, but the clasp was firm and true,
And the eyes of the man behind them looked honest and frank at you.
I want to steal off at twilight as I did when the sun sank low,
And dream the dreams that were mine to dream in the hazy afterglow.

I want to go back to 'Lindy's—back thro' the stretch of years,
I want to go back to the boyhood track beyond the doubts and fears;
It seems but a step back yonder to the fields and the rose leaf rain—
A step in miles, but ah! the years—they're linked in an endless chain!
What little of spoil I've garnered, what little the world has doled,
I would barter it all, thrice over, to live in its sweet enfold.

I want to go back to Lindy's—where the white roads wind away
O'er valley and hill and dale and rill to the rim of distant gray;
I want to get out in the open, where a fellow has elbow room—
Where he's never afraid to cross the street for fear he will meet his doom.
Back to the fragrant orchard and the cool of the grateful sod—
For that was as near, I reckon, as ever I've been to God.

—Milwaukee Sentinel.

MRS. PEGGY.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

The house overlooked the river and the shipping. One saw always through the windows a delicate tangle of spars and cordage. There was a courtyard in front of the house with orange trees in tubs, a high stone wall, and barred gates shutting out the world.

The bars were necessary. A great many idlers haunted the roadway outside and spent themselves in useless endeavors to bribe Matthew, the surly old porter, to carry messages or bouquets or jewel cases to his mistress.

"Mrs. Peggy is an honest woman," he would growl, "if she is a stage player. Put up your guineas, sir."

It was true that Mrs. Peggy was an honest woman, and that piquant and unexpected fact but whetted the desires and ambitions of her adorers—and they numbered all the town's pretty fellows. Disappointed in bribing low, some of these admirers were prepared to bid the highest. Rumor had it that one of Mrs. Peggy's rejected addresses carried a duchess' coronet. What if the duke was old and padded and wicked and had a glass eye, her stage sisters, to say nothing of more reputable ladies, would have given the world for her chances. Mrs. Peggy, though fate had made of her a stage player, hardly saw the world she lived in. Even though they called her the Comic Muse—and on the stage she was the wittiest, gayest, most irresistible thing alive, sparkling and glancing in the wild, wicked comedies of Vanbrugh and Mrs. Aphra Behn—she had no more of sin about her than a child or a daisy, and knew as little of the world.

She was learning a new part this gray day of November when the short afternoon was turning to evening. The candles had not yet been lit in the great drawing room, and the fire had sunk low.

Such a small, pale, tired face it was on which the gray light from the windows fell. The eyes were glorious and would have made a plainer woman than Mrs. Peggy beautiful. The nose was short and straight, the chin full and white. But Mrs. Peggy had forgotten her rouge, and the face amid the brilliance of the powdered hair showed wistful and colorless.

She had the part nearly by heart. When she was uncertain she had to incline her head to the light to catch the reflection upon the pages of her book. There was not a sound outside. Snow was coming and a tense stillness hung on everything.

Suddenly the gate in the courtyard opened and was shut to with a violence of sound which startled Mrs. Peggy.

She stood an instant listening. The fire fell in the grate and flames followed the shower of sparks. There were footsteps on the stone stairs outside Mrs. Peggy's door. The door was flung open and in rushed Matthew panting and blowing. With him came a stranger in a cloak, whom he half led, half supported.

"Mrs. Peggy, Mrs. Peggy," he stammered in his haste; "see whom I have here, and the soldiers are after him. Hide him for heaven's sake, Mrs. Peggy."

Mrs. Peggy flung down her book.

"My lord, my lord!" she cried, receiving the stranger almost on her pink satin bosom; "you are wounded. And there is the knocking at the gate. Keep them in parley as long as you can, Matthew. Into the powdering closet with you, my lord, and take care you do not sneeze for your life. I shall be ready to receive them."

She lifted the hangings of the wall, opened a door which no one would have suspected in the panelling, and pushed the wounded man inside with gentle haste. Then she flew to her make-up box. Her maid came in and began to light the candles.

"All, all, Elizabeth," she said. "I want you to make me an illumination."

The maid went on quietly lighting the candles in all the sconces and candelabra before the girandoles on the wall till the room sparkled and shone lighter than day. The parley at the gate had ended. Matthew's feint of deafness which had served him often with Mrs. Peggy's adorers was done well. The gates were flung wide and there was the steady tramp of armed men, the clanking of swords in the courtyard below.

"Do I look my best, child?" Mrs. Peggy asked in reply to her maid's startled glances.

"Oh, madam," said the girl, "you are more beautiful than ever."

"Then go and pray, child. Pray hard that I may be successful in my part, for if I fail I shall kill myself."

She was alone when the officer came into the room; alone, and studying her part.

Matthew looked over his shoulder with all the rosy hues of her face gone purple.

"It is another lover, madam," he said, "or so I conjecture, for I can hear nothing but their bawling. I told him you were busy, but he would force his way into your presence."

She stood about the centre of the room smiling. The white and gold train of her rose-pink satin stretched out stiffly behind her. Her stomacher was of diamonds, and above it her breast, like white velvet, was half hidden, half revealed, by the embroidered scarf which floated airily with her every movement. Her eyes were bright as her diamonds, her lips softly scarlet. The rouge flamed in her cheeks.

"We are in pursuit of a rebel, madam," the officer said, blinking as though he had come into strong sunlight.

"A rebel!" shrieked Mrs. Peggy, and her shriek was like a little arrow of silver in the air. "But we are loyal people. I am devoted to the King. Is it possible my servants——"

"We have no warrant for any of your household, madam, but we have orders to arrest a notorious rebel who was about to make his escape from the harbor. 'In person,' reading from the warrant, 'agreeable, height 5 ft. 10 in., brown eyes, brown hair, which he wears unpowdered. His name——"

Mrs. Peggy uttered a second shriek. "Was not that the sound of oars?" she said. "He has escaped. This dangerous criminal of yours has escaped. Hark, there it is again!" Her charming head went sideways. "Oh, sir, while you are on a false scent in my house your prisoner is embarking."

"I think not," said Ensign Trevor. "It is your agitation, madam. I hear nothing. I am very much grieved to have disturbed you, but I must ask you to let my men make a search."

"Bid them search," said Mrs. Peggy lightly. "Let them leave neither hole nor corner unexplored. We want no rebels in this quiet house, which contains only womenfolk except for deaf Matthew at the gate. I hope he did not detain you, sir. Meantime, while your men search you will drink tea with me."

"You honor me," said Ensign Trevor, watching her with honest, bewildered eyes and thinking that he had never seen anything so gloriously beautiful. He wondered who she could be. He was a serious youth, sprung of an austere stock, and did not frequent playhouses. He supposed her to be a great lady.

She handed him his tea in the tiniest porcelain cup, and while he sipped it he grew more and more bewildered by her beauty.

The house was a burrow of up-and-down corridors and passages, and the search lasted a long time. Before it came to an end Ensign Trevor had drunk many cups of tea and was madly in love with Mrs. Peggy.

He knew now what she was and was ready to swear to her honor and virtue as he would have done to his sister's.

"A play actress," he thought confusedly. "I wonder what my old mother would say. This one must be different if the others are not modest. She is as good as she is beautiful."

Mrs. Peggy had been, indeed, a wonderful kaleidoscope during the time, three-quarters of an hour or so, which the corporal and his men took to search the house. There were moments—quite long intervals of time—when she sat quietly, and the pale, Quakerish radiance came in her soft face, despite the rouge. Again—she had fancied she heard a sneeze in the powdering closet—she was on her feet acting a bit for the new play, singing a little song of shepherds and shepherdesses with a shower of notes in the air that reminded Edward Trevor of the falling of rose leaves. One moment she was flirting her fan at him, the next she was demure and pensive; now she lifted her train, and, revealing scarlet slippers, she danced through a bar or two of singing with the most exquisite grace of movement.

It pleased Mrs. Peggy to have fascinated the young man. It was certain that she put forth all her arts, and they were many.

"You should not be in the playhouse," he said at last in his bewilderment. "When I look at you I think of apple blossoms and the spring. You should not be in that wicked place where every fool that pays his money can stare at you and talk light of you."

The natural color came under the rouge.

"They may stare at me," she answered, "but they do not talk light of me. I am a modest woman, though a play actress. As for the apple blossoms, I would I might be among them and never leave them."

Some one knocked at the door with the butt end of a musket, and being bidden enter, Corporal Bunn came in and stood to attention.

"We have searched the house, sir," he said, "and found nothing."

"Would you like to search here?" Mrs. Peggy said, springing up. "Come, you must not let it be said that you left any rooms unsearched. Creep under the settee, corporal, if you please. There is plenty of light. He can hardly be hiding behind the tapestry."

She flew hither and thither, flinging the tapestry aside. Once she stood between the corporal and the door of the powdering closet. Fortunately, the good fellow was not very sharp. As for Edward Trevor, he watched her like a man in a dream.

Afterward they left the house with many apologies. When the corporal had clumsily backed out through the door Mrs. Peggy gave her hand frankly to Edward Trevor. He took it and kissed it reverently.

"Come again, sir," she said. "I want to hear more of the apple blossoms, people do not talk to me of such things."

He came again. He came often. Matthew had orders to admit him of all the mob of young fine gentlemen that prayed for admittance.

They talked, he and Mrs. Peggy how they talked! He knew in time all there was to know of her simple history—how she and her mother, being very poor, had been befriended by the famous Mrs. George Anne Bellamy, who would have little Peggy for the stage to lift them out of their poverty. But now, what was the good of it all, for the mother had not stayed to be made rich, and Mrs. Peggy's soul was sick of the footlights and the smell of oranges and sawdust?

"I have a mind to be a nun," she said.

"Nay," he replied hastily. "But why not an honest man's wife? Let me take you home, Peggy, to the cottage in the apple orchard where I was born. I cannot give up my sword now, and you must lead a wandering life with me for many years to come, but there will be the cottage in the apple orchard for us and for our children."

"Why," she said, yielding herself to his embrace, "when I am with you I am among honest country things, though it were the playhouse itself."

After a time he sat toying with her hair.

"I thought you were a goddess that day I first beheld you," he said. "To think I should have won a goddess to stoop to me! Why were you so bewildering?"

"You will not frown on me?" she said timidly.

"So long as you love me best," he replied.

"Forgive me, Edward," she said, "but that day I cheated you of your prisoner, I hid him in the powdering closet over yonder. Afterward I nursed him for some weeks till his wound was well, and carried him to safety by the packet boat as my woman Elizabeth. It was easy to dress him for the part. Can you forgive me?"

For an instant he looked gloomy; then his face cleared.

"I am glad his capture is not on my hands," he said. "And, after all, you owed me nothing then. He is a brave gentleman."

"Not a woman here," she said, "but would have died for him, from his lady to the meanest serving lass."

"Live for me," her lover said, leaning to kiss the impassioned cheek.—The Tatler.

SCIENCE & MECHANICS

The big trainshed seems to be a thing of the past. The initial cost of these gigantic structures, and that of maintenance, grew out of all proportion to the increase in the dimensions.

The London Lancet notices the death of a woman from a scratch on the nose, received while smelling a variety of primrose originally brought from central China. The Lancet says it is not the first case of the kind.

Among the many baking powder adulterations may be mentioned ground stone. A powder of this description, recently placed on the market, was enlarged under the microscope 120 diameters. The adulteration amounted to over twenty-five per cent.

It is asserted by high authorities that neither heat nor long maintenance of the requisite temperature is required to sterilize milk suspected of containing the germs of diseases, such as tuberculosis. The bacilli of that terrible disease are destroyed by a temperature of 105 degrees in five minutes.

Root penetration in the soil has been tested by excavating about six feet so as to leave a vertical wall, and then spraying from a garden hose. The bared roots retained their natural positions. Rye, beans and peas each showed a matted felt of white fibres reaching down about four feet, wheat had extended 3½ feet in seven months, and maize and clover were traced to a depth of ten feet in light, rich soil.

In your own home insist on having a current of pure air through every room, night and day. Just as truly as the blood of the body needs to circulate in order to keep pure, and water needs to be kept in motion to prevent the accumulation of slime and filth, so the air needs to circulate to keep it free from impurities. Refuse even to go to church or a health lecture if the place is not well ventilated. Let us no longer submit to the ignorance of the masses, and we may in time be able to bring about a reform that will strike a death blow to these epidemic disease.—Dr. D. H. Kress, in Health.

The flying frogs of the Malays appear to be mythical, but three tree snakes of Borneo, lately described to the London Zoological Society by Mr. R. Shelford, are credited with taking flying leaps from the boughs of trees to the ground. It is found that scales on the lower part of the body may be drawn inward so that the whole lower surface becomes concave. The resistance to the air is thus greatly increased, and experiments indicate that the snakes do not fall in writhing coils, but are let down gently in a direct line by the parachute-like action of their peculiar bodies.

For the Younger Children....

IN SUGAR LOAF TOWN.

BY NAPOLEON S. HOAGLAND.

There's a Sugar Loaf Hill in the town of Deerfield,
All covered with frosting so nice;
It stands by the side of a lemonade stream,
In which there are big chunks of ice.

That Sugar Loaf Hill is indeed very high,
To climb it would take you all day;
For it leans against the far-away sky,
Where the bright little cloud-babies play.

That Sugar Loaf Hill is indeed very queer,
With its sides of chocolate brown.
You could eat every day and need never fear
You ever could nibble it down.

On the top of the hill a table is spread,
Where the sky-gods may come down and eat;
But the far-away view from the smooth table-rock
In itself is a wonderful treat.

By this Sugar Loaf Hill tall sugar-trees grow,
And when frost goes before a warm sun,
Though the ground be yet covered with plenty of snow,
Then will the sugar sap run.

And, if you are fleet, the runaway sweet
You can catch and presently make,
By the aid of some heat, some syrup to eat,
Some taffy, or nice candy cake.

In Sugar Loaf Land there is plenty to eat,
In hunger no one ever begs;
There are oceans of milk and a mountain of sweet
And the ground grows butter and eggs.

—Christian Register.

A LITTLE GIRL INVENTOR.

That a little schoolgirl of fourteen should invent something remarkable enough to arouse the interest of trained engineers, something important enough to lead a government to treat for its purchase, seems hardly to be believed, and yet it is what has just happened in Belgium. The schoolgirl is Ernesta Carton di Lusi, and her invention is a kind of turntable which will allow a vehicle to revolve on its own axis, so that it can reverse its direction in a moment. Every one who drives, whether horses or an automobile, is naturally interested, for the device will, it is said, revolutionize the present methods of traction; but it seems odd that it was a little girl who first thought of it.

Ernesta, her mother says, was always "contriving to make things out of nothing." When she was at the mature age of three and a half years she made a pump out of brown paper, cutting the parts out and sticking them together herself. "She always liked to make workable toys," her mother says of her, "and dolls never interested her much."

One thing she does like is being taken to ride in a friend's automobile. Her friend's chauffeur has explained the construction of the automobile to her, but aside from that no one has ever taught her anything about machinery. But Ernesta is naturally observant. One day on the Antwerp dock quays she noticed the difficulty there was in turning some heavy automobile wagons, and she said, "A better way ought to be found than that." She thought about it in the night, and came down the next morning with the complete scheme in her head. Her mother was inclined to laugh at "Ernesta's new idea," but when the idea was explained to some friends they saw its value. A designer was sent for, and when plans were drawn according to the child's instructions her notion was pronounced perfectly workable, and so a patent was secured. Now, it is said, the little girl will probably realize a fortune from her "idea." The Belgian Government wants to buy it, seeing how important the method will be for military wagons.

In the mean time, Ernesta is described as an unaffected little girl, happiest when playing with her dogs, and rather puzzled that engineers and journalists should be calling upon her to talk about her invention, which seemed to her, she says, "just one of the little ideas which so often come to me. I didn't dream it could be of real importance."—New York Tribune.

WATER SCORPIONS.

"Well, Ranatra," said a scorpion to his cousin, as they met on a flat stone in the brook one morning, "how is hunting to-day?"

"Poor, very poor," replied the cousin; "I have had only one drink of beetle blood since sunset last night."

"Look!" cried the first scorpion, "there comes a fine whirligig," and off he hastened and seized the poor beetle. Ranatra hurried after, but the first scorpion, being a greedy fellow, never offered him a single sup.

"I had a rather curious experience yesterday," said Ranatra, "and if you will glance at my back you will see why I cannot move as fast as usual to-day. I was having my noonday nap, which I always take with one eye open, when I saw a lady boatman approaching. "Ah, what a delicious lunch!" thought I, and was just going to seize her when I saw that she was peering about, evidently searching for something. I waited, and do you know, that foolish creature actually mistook me for a twig, and glued a couple of dozen eggs onto my back. When she had finished I sucked her blood and now I am hoping the eggs will hurry and hatch. Then what a feast of little boatmen I shall have!"

WHEN THE SAP RISES.

Miss Carl, the American artist, who was so long a resident of the imperial court at Pekin, was present at a Chinese ceremony in honor of the opening of the farmer's year.

"The awakening of spring," she records, "the day when the sap is supposed to stir from its long sleep and to feel the first throes of renewed life, is commemorated in a pretty, homely ceremony at the palace. The radish and young shoots of lettuce, the first vegetables to feel the benefit of the rising sap, are presented in a silver salver to the dowager empress by a kneeling slave. She partakes of them, and then gives them to the young empress and ladies to taste of.

"When her majesty raises the first radish to her lips, the young empress, princesses, and ladies assembled in her throne-room repeat the wish for imperial happiness, which is synonymous for 'national prosperity.' This wish is echoed by the high attendants in the ante-chamber, and re-echoed by the slaves kneeling in the courts without, and still echoed and re-echoed by the inmates of the palace, until the waves of sound reach to the outer walls. Then her majesty makes a wish that the sap may rise in such abundance as to produce a fruitful season, that all the people of the great empire may enjoy peace and plenty.

"Thus are these first fruits of the awakening of spring partaken of with a simple ceremony of praise and thanksgiving. Thus are these homely plants consecrated with wishes for the good of the country and the happiness of its rulers."—Youth's Companion.

GAVE LIMPY A CHANCE.

"Here, boy, let me have a paper."

"Can't."

"Why not? I heard you crying them loud enough to be heard at the city hall."

"Yes, but that was down t'other block, ye know, where I hollered."

"What does that matter? Come, now, no fooling. I'm in a hurry."

"Couldn't sell you a paper on this here block, mister, 'cause it belongs to Limpy. He's just up at the fardest end now. You'll meet him."

"And who is Limpy? And why does he have this block?"

"Cos us other kids agreed to let him have it. Ye see, it's a good run, 'count of the offices all along, and the poor chap is that lame he can't get around lively like the rest of us, so we agreed that the first one caught sellin' on his beat should be thrashed. See?"

"Yes, I see. You have a sort of brotherhood among yourselves?"

"Well, we're goin' to look out for a little cove that's lame, anyhow."

"There comes Limpy, now. He's a fortunate boy to have such friends."

The gentleman bought two papers of him, and went on his way downtown, wondering how many men in business would refuse to sell their wares in order to give a weak, halting brother a chance in the field.—Ram's Horn.

A FISH'S APPETITE.

All the deep-sea fishes are enormous eaters, says John C. Van Dyke in his volume called "The Opal Sea." There being nothing to eat but the life about them, they live upon each other. They follow the prey like packs of wolves, and in turn are followed, band succeeding band, increasing in size as they decrease in numbers. The herring eat the smaller fish, even their own young. They are harried by the blue fish, until a trail of blood stains the water, while following the blue fishes come the insatiate porpoises. The cetaceans, especially, are wonderfully equipped for the consumption of small sea life en masse—"one rorqual perhaps swallowing thousands of herrings at a single gulp." The seal's appetite is also phenomenal, "in captivity fifty or more pounds of fish being required daily by a single seal. After gorging himself he goes to sleep, floating on his back with flippers folded, his head bobbing up and upon the waves, as peacefully as upon a bed of roses."

A FABLE FROM ESOP.

A Nightingale once fell into the clutches of a hungary Hawk who had been all day on the lookout for food. "Pray, let me go," said the Nightingale. "I am such a mite for a stomach like yours! I sing so nicely too! Do let me go: it will do you good to hear me." "Much good it will do to an empty belly," replied the Hawk; "and, besides, a little bird that I have is more to me than a great one that has yet to be caught."

The Philippine Pineapples.

The Manila Cable News states that with a preferential tariff on the importation into the United States of Philippine products there is but little doubt that the pineapple canning industry in the Philippines could be made one of the most productive that could be introduced. At the present time some of the finest pineapples ever grown are being cultivated in Bataan and Bulacan, and even in the red clay soil of Benguet there are growing plenty of plants producing this luscious fruit which is in so much demand in the United States. The product imported into the United States is derived from foreign countries, and it is only the size of the fruit at present grown and the tariff that keep the industry from assuming great proportions in the Philippines. The Philippine pineapples now grown are remarkably suitable for canning, as they are relatively free from fibre.—United States Consular Reports.

Hair Cut as Penalty

Some of the women arrested in the course of the recent riots in British Guiana were sentenced to have their hair cut. This is a legal punishment in the colony, but the Earl of Elgin has intimated that women are not again to be punished in this manner.

TEMPTED DEATH 12 YEARS.

Frank Reis, formerly a professional trick cyclist, bicycle racer and high diver, has been in the jaws of death a score of times during a career extending over a period of twelve years.

His greatest accident and most marvellous escape was in the attempt to loop the loop at St. Louis. This loop was constructed for another man, says the Republic, but he developed stage fright at the last moment and refused to make the attempt. Reis, who had never looped the loop, consented to make the ride. He made the first turn of the giant wheel, but in the second round the machine misguided and Reis was hurled into the air.

His nose was broken; the flesh was literally torn from his left cheek, both his arms were broken, many of the small bones in his hands were splintered, while his entire body showed the marks of the great fall.

He was hastily taken to the hospital, where the surgeons, after careful examination, found that seventy-two bones had been fractured, while the body was covered with bruises from head to foot. Some of the doctors gave him an hour live, but at the end of eighteen weeks he left the hospital, hardly showing a trace of the accident.

In 1896, when he was riding a wheel down the chutes, going at an estimated speed of fifty miles an hour, the machine swerved and he shot into the air. His left arm was broken, but his other injuries were slight. The next season he tried the same trick, riding backward. Result, right arm broken, and a rib fractured.

In 1899, when riding down Cass avenue at full speed, Reis dashed into a street car. Spectators turned their heads that they might not see him killed. When they looked again he was scrambling to his feet. Total injuries, right wrist sprained and face bruised.

Two years prior to this Reis had figured in a similar accident. He was racing his wheel, when he suddenly came upon a Grand avenue car.

Unable either to stop or turn his machine, he took a daring chance and shot his wheel straight ahead in an effort to beat the car to the crossing. Instead of beating the car Reis plunged into the fender, one of the old-fashioned, flat variety.

The wheel, instead of stopping when it struck the fender, continued to roll, and the machine and rider sailed peacefully over the fender to the other side of the street. The motorman, the while, was vainly trying to stop the car. For a moment the passengers were awe stricken; then the humor of the situation appealed to them, and they laughed heartily as Reis, who was smiling and uninjured, rode on down the street.

In diving from a hundred foot pedestal at the Lagoon, in Cincinnati, in 1895, he misjudged the tank below and his body was hurled violently against the side of the receptacle. His body fell into the tank and he was dragged out unconscious. Left shoulder bruised, otherwise not injured.

As a member of the Morgan-Wright bicycle team in 1895, he figured in more than twenty spills, but escaped without serious injury. On one occasion, at Louisville, Ky., he was guiding a squad in a ten mile handicap on the three lap track at Fountain Ferry Park.

On the last turn Reis was unable to guide the machine around the bend and the quadricycle, making a speed of nearly a mile a minute, dashed over a twenty foot embankment and sailed in the air for a distance of fifty feet. None of the riders was injured.

By way of variety, Reis was shot at in a street fight. Though the firing was at close range, the bullet merely grazed his right ear.

In lighting a gas machine in his bowling alley a year ago he ignited four gallons of gasolene, which exploded. At such great force that buildings for blocks around felt the shock. Although Reis stood within a few feet of the explosion, only the hair on the back of his head was scorched. The building in which the explosion occurred was wrecked.

Reis has not appeared in public for nearly three years. Personally, he prefers the show business and would be eager to take a few chances with grim death if it were not for the objections of his family.

BOYS' ENCOUNTER WITH TIGER.

Jhulan Gaur and Nila Gaur, his brother, were grazing bullocks in their jungle near San Shai Bhahal village, about half a mile from the basti about 9 a. m. The cattle were in front, then came Nila Gaur and then about fifteen paces behind him, Jhulan Gaur. They had just crossed a "nala." Nila was to one side, when from the other side suddenly a tiger rushed at a cow, slapped it aside with a blow on the rump and in the same stride jumped on Jhulan Gaur, bore him to the ground doubled up in the position of a Mohammedan saying his prayers or a Chinaman "kowtowing"—the hind paws on his back and the forepaws on his head.

Jhulan was quite conscious and knew his doom was sealed. At the time he was borne to the ground he called to his brother to help him. But when the tiger began to shake his head from side to side consciousness left him. Nila heard his brother's shout for help and ran to him at once. The tiger was on his brother's head and Nila struck the tiger two blows on the head with a light drover's stick he had in his hand. The tiger had his mouth open and was growling and lashing his tail. Nila went in front of the tiger's face and when he struck the tiger the brute sprang off his brother on to him. He did not slap, but pushed him backward.

He lost consciousness at once. Jhulan, as soon as the tiger left his body, regained his senses, and saw the tiger on his brother. His brother was on his back with his face on the right side and one forepaw of the tiger was on his face and the other forepaw on his chest. He struggled up and with the light stick in his hand (which he had never relinquished) he struck the tiger three times on the side of the head. The tiger let go his brother and took a circle round, then saw Jhulan and threatened him again by growling, and made as if he meant to attack again, but on Jhulan raising his stick the tiger slunk into the "nala" and disappeared. I saw them ten days after admission into hospital and they were both doing well, but seemed quiet and subdued.—Sambalpur Cor. Indian Field.

INOFFENSIVE AFRICAN 'LION.

Lions are increasing in number throughout the district, and, I believe, in all Angola, though they are still not so common as leopards. Certainly they watch the road for dinner, and all the way from Benguela to Bihe you have a good chance of hearing them purring about your wagon any night. Sometimes then you may find a certain satisfaction in reflecting that you are inside the wagon and that twenty oxen or more are sleeping around, tied to their yokes. An ox is a better meal than a man, but to me as well as to oxen the lions are becoming more dangerous as the wilder game grows scarcer. A native, from the wagon which crossed the Cuando just after mine, was going down for water in the evening when a lion sprang on him and split the petroleum can with his claw. The boy had the sense to beat his cup hard against the tin, and the monarch of the forest was so disgusted at the noise that he withdrew, but few boys are so quick and many are killed, especially in the mountain zone about 100 miles from the coast.—H. W. Nevinson, in Harper's.

A QUEER STRATAGEM.

Sir Henry Johnston, the famous explorer, once escaped from a tight corner in Africa by a queer stratagem. A score of murderous natives had surrounded his tent, into which, before rushing, they sent an envoy. The envoy was told that smallpox was in the camp, and a wretched Albino was sent out as the awful example. In five minutes the scared tribesmen had vanished. As Sir Henry well knew, they feared the "white disease" more than all the inventions of Maxim.

TRIBE OF 2,000 CHOSE DEATH.

Fathers Kill Families and Then Themselves to Escape Starvation.

One of the most terrible stories of nomadic vicissitude ever told has just reached St. Petersburg, Russia. It is to the effect that an entire tribe, the Tshuktobees, numbering about 2,000, has just perished by its own act as the last avenue of escape from famine.

The tribe inhabited one of the bleakest parts of Yakutsk and obtained a precarious subsistence by rearing reindeer. Early in 1905 a deadly disease appeared among the deer and by winter the entire herd had perished. The unfortunate people endured much, hoping that spring would bring some better prospects. This hope was disappointed and with slow starvation staring them in the face the elders of the tribe spent a day in discussing what should be done. The almost incredible decision was that each father should first kill his family and then himself.

On the following day the appalling tragedy was carried out in the open air in a general assembly. The only exceptions were a few old men without families, who, when left to themselves had not the determination necessary to commit suicide and some of them continued to drag on a miserable existence until they were found

Smoke Protection For Fruit.

A new preparation from Germany may prove of value as a smudge from its power to give out a dense smoke that is expected to protect fruit trees against damage from late frosts. The preparation is patented, but evidently contains a good deal of tar. It is turned into buckets or boxes or in small holes made in the ground, and may be lighted with a match. It is a question whether the preparation will be adopted in this country, as the cost is considerably more than that of tar, and would be still further increased by the cost of importation. Thus far American fruit growers have not met with great success by use of smudges on account of the cost and difficulty of producing a uniform smoke cloud over a large surface.

Pigeon's Flight Across Indiana.

E. Lathrop, who on Sunday morning at 5.15 o'clock loosed eighty homing pigeons belonging to a South Bend club, in Sunset Park, has received a letter from the birds' owners telling him of their flight.

A pigeon belonging to J. Korunsok arrived home first, having made the 275 miles from here to South Bend in seven hours thirty-six minutes forty-five seconds, an average of almost thirty-seven miles an hour. Three birds belonging to another man came in ten seconds later. Within the next four minutes fifteen more birds arrived home. Of the eighty birds every one made the trip and at 10 o'clock Sunday night all were in their nests.—Evansville Courier.

In a dry goods store in Bir[illegible], England, is a comfortable room, where gentlemen, accompanying ladies, will find coffee and tea free of charge."

Prizes aggregating $7500 for suggesting improvements in connection with railway construction and service are offered by the Verein Deutscher Eisenbahnverwaltungen. The latest date for communications is July 15, 1907.