THE QUEENSTOWN NEWS.

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phritis is the latest penalty for automobile scorcher. Nature, it ars, has certain speed laws also, s the New York Tribune.

pparently the most skilful cabi- makers in Russia just now find mpossible to construct this article rial furniture, says the In- e News, so that cracks won't all the joints.

nly wonder is that the crimi- feign insanity are not more s, especially when skilled can be so readily engaged defence and can so stub- ght for their side, remarks York Herald. Thus the re- ends mostly on legal quib- ther than on exact and un- iced scientific testimony.

In the first six months of 1906 the miles of track laid for railroads operated by steam have numbered 2298. This is the largest record of tracklaying with one exception in fifteen years, says the Boston Transcript. The probability of the passage of a railroad rate bill may not have exerted such a terrible influence on the railroad business after all.

Specialists who scoff at "hereditary tendency" as something impossible will generally admit, declares the New York Commercial, that inheriting a predisposition to deafness is easily possible; and it is to be regretted that Dr. Bell's inquiry did not extend to the means best adapted to preventing the development of the infirmity in cases where the hereditary taint or predisposition is known to exist.

Politics, after all, is largely a question of tactics. A certain individual may be absolutely right on a certain question and be powerless to budge public opinion or the Legislature. Will he make more headway for the consecrated cause by turning outlaw or by orderly agitation? asks the New York Herald. Will he win attention by discussion or by the experiment policy are likely to

st declares: We eepers are on the ccept their offers know of no worse ns open back ity where the law selling on Sunday. compromise here; vigilance, no turn- he saloons must be unday, and closed r.

ged in a war in last year over been killed out- 5,000 wounded it asualties of any ar on either side, be the principal would fill the and the would and unremitting effort to bring it to an end, observes the Cincinnati Enquirer. When, however, we are officially informed that between June 30, 1903, and June 30, 1904, 10,046 persons were killed and 84,155 injured in railroad accidents in the United States it seems to make no more impression on us than an idle tale.

Some years ago the president of one of our great universities, a man of the highest character and most liberal views, when questioned about the "trust problem," as it was then called, said that in his opinion a great part of the unscrupulous pursuit of wealth would be ended if honest men would decline to put their legs under the table with men whom they knew to be thieves. Not a name was used, only the ugly word thief. But forthwith it was circulated, declares the Hartford Courant, that the remark had cost his university millions of dollars, and that certain rich men had said that they did not propose to give an institution whose head had called them thieves. It may have been serious business for the university, but for ordinary spectators it was amusing to see how quickly the cap was put on.

The result of the unchecked use of automatic guns in this State, declares the Atlanta Journal, will be the complete annihilation of the small game within a very few years. And, as President Shields, of the League of American Sportsmen, remarked in his address before the judiciary committee yesterday, "the preservation of birds is not wholly a question of sentiment." Twenty-five years ago, he recalls, the plains of Texas fairly swarmed with quail and prairie chickens and meadow larks. The State settled up, and an unbridled slaughter of the innocents resulted. These "lesser children" were practically annihilated. And the result has been that that industrious little insect known as the boll weevil has taken possession of large areas of cotton land in Texas, and the planters of the State have lost millions thereby. The birds are worth many millions of dollars to Texas, just as they were to Texas.

A FEW IFS.

I.

If all who sneer would praise us
And prospects all were fair,
The sad tricks Fortune plays us
Would not be hard to bear;
If those who knock would aid us
And all our hopes came true,
And all our debtors paid us
And all our clothes were new,
How few of us would borrow
Brown cares or brook dismay
Or wish it were to-morrow
Or noontime yesterday.

II.

If every girl were pretty
And women ne'er grew old;
And if, for love or pity,
The ones we long to fold
Within our arms came, laying
Their cheeks against our own
And stroked our features, saying
They smiled on us alone,
How few of us would grumble,
How few of us would fret
Or feel that we were humble
And sinking lower yet.

III.

If every dog were toothless
And millionaires would cease
In lawless ways and ruthless
To make their stores increase;
If gasolene were fragrant
And smoke and dust were sweet,
And every tattered vagrant
Earned all he got to eat,
And all our poor relations
Would cease to sponge, at last
How scarce the provocations
Would be to feel downcast.

IV.

If prowess, fame and pleasure
To each whose aims are high
Were granted in full measure,
The fools alone would sigh;
If stocks would always hurry
To rise when we invest
How few of us would worry
Or be by want oppressed;
If "buts" and "ifs" would never
Creep in to plague mankind,
We'd have no griefs whatever
To spoil our peace of mind.

—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

TAKEN FOR A "RUSTLER."

By FRANKLIN WELLES CALKINS.

A lathy, slouching yellow cayuse was led to the door of my tent near old Fort Fetterman. The owner, Mr. Sam Keeler, of Klickitat County, Washington, offered the animal for sale.

"I've cleaned out my bunch to your men," he said, "but I've saved my saddle-horse for their boss."

This was flattering, but I looked the animal over and shook my head doubtfully.

"See here," said Keeler, "this cayuse was bred in my own herd on the Klickitat cow range, and I broke him to ride, an' he's carried me four years. You can take him at thirty-five dollars, or I'll ship him home."

I took the pony.

"His name is Coots," said Keeler, while I was writing his check, "and when you ride him you don't want to carry quirt or spurs. When you want to get anywhere, no matter how far, just kick his ribs once in four miles, and he'll do the rest."

Thereafter I rode Coots on my rounds of the line of railway grade which was being constructed under my supervision. Apparently there was nothing remarkable about Coots except his rather uncommon willingness to go at an easy, ambling gallop. He was exceedingly docile, could be left standing for any reasonable length of time if his saddle were not removed, and could be approached at any time if one called out his name.

I did not really discover Coots, however, until an accident and, as it turned out, very perilous encounter brought his quality to light.

We had finished our contract at Fetterman, and most of my outfit had moved to new work on Deer Creek, some thirty miles up the Platte. I had lingered over unfinished business at the old camp, and I finally followed my men on horseback and alone.

It was a lowering morning about the middle of October when I set out with Coots. I had made some miles, too far to turn back, when a wind arose, and soft snow began pelting in my face; and in a few minutes a fall blizzard was in progress. Against this Coots ambled without reluctance for a couple of hours.

We had crossed a piece of newly finished grade and were following the old Oregon trail between that and the river when the cayuse surprised me by a sudden halt. He turned his head half about, with ears pricked up inquiringly. He was evidently asking what I proposed to do about something in the wind.

I peered ahead, but the snow was so thick that I could see but a few yards. Yet I had a feeling that there was something to be avoided; and then a muffled rumble came to my ears, and before I could make out in which direction a stampede was coming, Coots and I were in the thick of a big bunch of cattle going before the wind.

Luckily the herd was swinging along at a trot instead of at a run, or we should have been trampled underfoot. As it was, Coots was nearly borne off his feet, and before he could recover we were packed too tightly for immediate escape. Then Coots laid his teeth angrily to the rump of a big spotted steer, and followed the tactics of a "cut."

For several minutes we dodged among the hustling cattle. We must have been carried forward a half-mile, working toward the front and to one side, when we parted from the herd.

Instantly Coots put himself between the herd and his "cut," and raced the big steer back toward the trail we had left. I had given the cayuse his head altogether, and now, unthinkingly, I enjoyed his trained performance. But the chase came to an end in a startling fashion.

In a whirl of snow we came fairly against a couple of horsemen, evidently in charge of the running stock. The muzzles of two revolvers were quickly thrust in my face.

"Hands up!" was the order, and of course I quickly obeyed. I saw on the one hand a big, lank fellow with long, straw-colored mustache and pale-blue eyes, and on the other a slight, boyish individual, as dark and grim as an Indian.

These men relieved me of my revolver, and cutting the pack-strings from my saddle, tied my wrists behind my back in a twinkling.

"Gettin' pretty foxy, ain't ye, cuttin' out steers in a blizzard?" The big man spoke, and his blue eyes twinkled in a dangerously humorous way.

"Gentlemen, I assure you——" I began.

"Shut up!" The tall man, with Coots' lariat wrapped about his saddle pommel, wheeled and galloped on after the cattle. The smaller cowboy followed at my pony's heels.

During a brief rush through the storm I had time to reflect that my thoughtlessness had brought me into a bad scrape. I had been captured red-handed "rustling" a steer! I was dressed in the rough corduroy, slouch hat and leather leggings of the range, and I rode a cow-pony of the line and carried a lariat at the pommel of one of the best of Cheyenne stock saddles. Moreover, I was a stranger.

How was I to identify myself or convince these men of my innocence? I thought of the papers I usually carried in my pocketbook, but remembered that I had nothing but currency with me. All my personal papers and recent correspondence had been packed in a chest, which would be on its way to Deer Creek as soon as the weather should clear. If I could not prevail upon my captors to listen to me my case was hopeless.

When we came up with the tail of the herd, the tall man halted and tossed my rope to the younger. "Take care of him, Bill," he said; "the rest of us'll herd the steers."

The one addressed as Bill now drove Coots in front of him. We rode forward at a shuffling trot until we reached the banks of the Platte, where there was a halt to look for a ford.

While my guard and I were sitting our horses I attempted to speak to him, but he stopped me with an angry gesture.

"Don't open your chin to me," he said, "or I'll shoot your teeth out!"

As we sat on the outskirts of the uneasy herd two cow-men, whom I had not seen before, rode by. Each gave me a lowering glance.

Presently we began moving behind the cattle again. A ford had been found, and we crossed the river at a shallow rapid, and thence passed up a narrow creek valley and into the rough bad lands which, above old Fort Fetterman, lie along the river for many miles.

Each minute now was bearing me hopelessly beyond the range of the railroad camps. In these bad lands I could hope for no chance encounter of an acquaintance. Whether these men would even give me the brief formality of trial by lynch-law was an open question.

For an hour or more, going slowly now, we threaded a deep valley, where the wind whistled high above and the snow dropped upon us as if shaken from a sieve. Here one could see at times the length of the herd, and I noted that there were five men on the "drive." One, whom I had not seen before, led a pack-pony.

In the forenoon a halt was ordered in a flat, sheltered basin, where the stock could find good grass under the snow. At the upper end of this basin and in the dry creek channel the man with the pack-pony had found a pile of drift stuff. He had halted, unpacked his pony kit, and lighted a brisk fire when my guard and I came up. This man was short, fat and good-natured. He greeted us hilariously.

"So," he said, "that's our cheeky rustler! I admire that kind of a man. He's got nerve."

My surly guard's face relaxed in a brief grin, but he growled, "Dry up, Jake! This ain't no funny business!"

I was ordered to get off my horse, and the animals were bridled and turned loose, with their saddles on and lariats dragging. Having only to look after me, Bill now seated himself on a blanket roll and watched the cook preparing to fry bacon.

I sat in the snow against a hummock, where I could cool my aching wrists and, incidentally, wet the leather strings which tied them. I made no attempt to speak to either of the men before me. But as the minutes passed I prepared myself mentally for the effort of gaining a hearing before the men when they should all assemble at dinner. They should listen to me or they should do their worst at once, and I had not much doubt as to what they would do.

While I was bracing myself for this ordeal the cook looked up from his work and noted that his unsaddled pack-pony was making off.

"Hang it, Bill, that pinto of mine's takin' the back trail!" he said. "You go after him."

"Go after him yourself!" was the reply. "I'll hold your fryin'-pan."

Acordingly the cook ran and Bill took his place at the fire. I watched the man running for his pony until his figure showed dimly in the sifting snow. Then I looked at Bill. He was stooping toward the fire to put some coffee into the boiling pot. He had his back to me, and was apparently oblivious of my existence.

An uncontrollable impulse seized upon me. I leaped to my feet and jumped at the stooping man, planting my heels in his back. He pitched headlong among the firebrands.

Then I sped toward Coots. The cayuse, with two others, was digging for grass on the flat a little way out toward the herd. I called him by name as I ran, fearing he might take to his heels at my swift approach. But Coots lifted his head and stood as usual, and I thrust a foot into one stirrup and threw myself in a side-swing into his saddle.

With a yell I set him going, and with a pressure of one knee, to which he answered as to a rein, I turned his head to the back trail. As we wheeled about I saw my late guard dancing like a Sioux, holding his left hand to a face burned by bacon grease or scalded by boiling coffee, while with his right he fumbled for his pistol. He was hors de combat, and I gave a whoop of joy.

Coots struck the running gait like a rabbit, and responded to my urging with a speed which added to my success the delight of a discovery. In cowboy phrase, we simply "cut the wind," and I knew that my legs were hugging the flanks of a racer. I had loosened my wrists a trifle, and I gripped the tree of my saddle behind and leaned as far forward as I could.

I turned anxious eyes toward the cattle herd, and was overjoyed to see its outlines fade and vanish in a whirl of falling snow.

I had forgotten the cook in my excitement. Coots had sped a quarter of a mile or more when we came up with him, just mounting his pinto, which he had captured in a depression of the valley.

We were upon him almost before the man could make a motion, and before he could bring his revolver to bear we were flying fifty yards away, and going faster than any wind which blew that day. I looked back, to see him gallop up a rise, banging at me. His bullets went wide of their mark, and the last I saw of him he had halted in the dim distance, and was waving his hat in farewell.

I do not know whether any of those men chased me farther, but I do know that they had not a horse in their outfit which could have overtaken Coots.

When we came to the Platte I felt safe enough to get off my steaming cayuse and soak my wrists in cold water until I got my bonds loosened, and later on I reached a railway camp in safety.

Some weeks later, long after the snow had melted, I was riding down my grade-line one morning when I saw a familiar figure approaching. It was the tall man of the tawny mustache, who had taken me for a rustler.

He halted his pony in much confusion.

"Say, stranger," he said, "I've rode forty miles to—"

"Never mind," I interrupted him. "I've never mentioned that little affair. Fine morning, isn't it?"

The man was visibly embarassed. He sat staring at me with his face red and working for a moment. Then he spoke.

"Say," he said, "I'll give you a hundred dollars for that cayuse you're ridin'."

"Not for sale," I replied. "Good morning!" and I rode on.—Youth's Companion.

SCIENCE & MECHANICS

To render rough woodwork almost non-inflammable two heavy coats of ordinary whitewash is recommended by a painters' journal.

A recent discovery in surgery, which may in time do away with the amputation of injured limbs is that bony tissues will grow into and form themselves in paraffine.

M. Mollard, of Paris, not satisfied with the usual grafting adopted by floriculturists, has started to transform vegetables. It is said that he has succeeded in turning a radish into a potato.

A medical expert points out that meat juice and meat extracts have a value quite separate from their actual nutritive constituents, inasmuch as they have a direct stimulating action on the gastric juice.

An efficient tool-room is a requisite of a good shop. The machines in this department should be high-class, otherwise their imperfections will be reproduced in the tools. In the larger shops it is the duty of the tool-room not only to see that certain tools are on hand for doing the work, but to see that jigs or other fixtures could be made to cheapen production, and to consider in general the best way to handle any special job.

The Parisian idea of introducing electricity into billiards is ingenious at least. In the centre of the table is placed a plate of some easily electrified substance and the balls are compressed pitch, the cue being tipped with chemically prepared cork. The balls being influenced by the electrified plate, caroms are difficult. The player finds exercise for greater skill than ever, it is claimed, and the new difficulties add zest to the game.

The electric radiator of E. G. Rivers has a layer of finely powdered retort carbon held between enameled iron plates, and kept in position by asbestos cardboard. A copper strip is led in at the centre, with another at each end, and a continuous current is passed from the centre strip to the outer two. A current of eight ampere at two hundred volts keeps a heating surface of twenty-five square feet at an average temperature of 190 degrees F.

Non-actinic white light, first made known by a French photographer some years ago, is produced by filtering sunlight through a colorless solution of three parts of nickel chloride and one part of cobalt chloride, ultra-violet rays being absorbed by coating the containing vessel with collodian mixed with sulphate of quinine slightly acidulated with sulphuric acid. Sensitive paper has been exposed to this filtered white light for a week without change.

Expensive.

The military budget of the French Republic foots up a total of 29,000 officers, whose pay alone amounts to nearly £4,000,000. Italy, under the same head, has 14,000 officers, drawing £1,450,000 annually. Spain pays, on account of 23,000 officers, the sum of £2,750,000.

For the Younger Children....

"IDA SPIED A SPIDER."

Ida spied a spider,
And she was sore dismayed.
She did not dare kill the thing,
For that might rainy morrow bring.
Alive, she was afraid,
And while she stood considering,
The spider guessed her plan,
He thought it wiser not to wait,
And so away he ran.

—Clara Andrews Williams, in St. Nicholas.

A NEW OUT-OF-DOOR SPORT.

Have you ever tried the sport of pole kicking? You all know what pole vaulting is. Well, pole kicking is even more exciting, and has the double advantage of being new, at least in this country, although in England it is getting to be one of the recognized school sports, just like the standing broad and the running high jumps.

All you need is a good stout pole, which you are very sure will bear your weight, and a wooden disk with a screw eye in the middle of it, a string fastened to the screw eye and a friend to beat or to beat you. The string is slung over the limb of a tree or (the right way) over the top of a pole driven in the ground. The

disk hangs in the air level with your head, and bearing your weight on the pole you spring up and kick the disk. Then it is raised higher, and you kick it again, having it raised each time until you can no longer reach it.

With practice you will find that you can kick a disk suspended twice your height above the ground, and even this may be beaten if you are strong in the arms.—Good Literature.

THE HOLE IN THE CANNA BED.

One evening in May, Chuckie Wuckie's papa finished setting out the plants in the front yard. Into one large bed he put a dozen fine cannas. They looked like fresh young shoots of corn. He told Chuckie Wuckie that when summer came they would grow tall, with great spreading leaves and beautiful red-and-yellow blossoms.

"Taller than me, papa?" asked the little girl, trying to imagine what they would look like.

"Much taller; as tall as I am."

Chuckie Wuckie listened gravely while papa told her she must be very careful about the canna-bed. She must not throw her ball into it, or dig there, or set a foot in the black, smooth earth. She nodded her head solemnly, and made a faithful promise. Then she gathered up her tiny rake and hoe and spade, and carried them to the vine-covered shed to put beside her father's garden-tools.

Next morning, when papa went to look at the canna-bed, he discovered, close beside one of the largest plants, a snug, round hole. It looked like a little nest. He found Chuckie Wuckie digging with an iron spoon in the ground beside the fence.

"Dearie," he said, "do you remember I told you last night that you must not dig in the canna-bed?"

"Yes," said the little girl.

"Come and see the hole I found there."

So Chuckie Wuckie trotted along at her father's heels. She stood watching him as he filled in the hole and smoothed the earth over it.

"I did not dig it," said Chuckie Wuckie, "I just came and looked to see if the cannas had grown any through the night, but I did not dig."

"Really?" asked papa, very gravely.

"Really and truly, I did not put my foot on there," said Chickie Wuckie.

Papa did not say another word. But he could not help thinking that the hole looked as if the iron spoon had neatly scooped it out.

Next morning he found a hole dug there again, and Chuckie Wuckie was still busy in her corner by the fence. There were prints of small feet on the edge. He only smoothed down the earth and raked the bed. He did this for three mornings; then he led Chuckie Wuckie again to the canna-bed.

"Papa," she said earnestly. "I did not dig there. Truly I didn't. The hole is there every morning. I found it to-day before you came out, but I did not dig it." There were tears in her brown eyes.

"I believe you, Chuckie Wuckie, dear," said her father earnestly.

That night the little girl stood at the gate, watching for father to jump off the car. She could hardly wait for him to kiss her. She took his hand and led him to the canna-bed.

"Look!" she cried eagerly.

She was pointing excitedly to a hole beside the roots of a fresh green canna-plant.

"That hole again!" said her father. "There is a stone in it now, isn't there?"

"No, that's what I thought; stoop down and look close, papa!" cried Chuckie Wuckie.

It was the head of a fat hop-toad, but all that could be seen was its mouth and bright eyes. It was staring at them. Papa poked it with the point of his umbrella. It scrambled deeper into the hole, until there was nothing to be seen but the dirt. It was slowing changing to the color of the black earth.

"I watched him," cried Chuckie Wuckie excitedly—"oh, for an hour! When I found him he was just hopping on the canna-bed. He was looking for his house. He acted as if the door had been shut in his face. Then he began to open it. He crawled and scrambled round and round, and threw up the dirt, and poked and pushed. At last he had the hole made, just as it is every morning, and he crawled in. Then he lay and blinked at me."

"Clever fellow," said papa. "Well, we won't grudge him a home, and we won't shut the door again in his face, will we, Chuckie Wuckie?"

The canas have grown very tall now, and so thick that you cannot see where the roots are; but a fat, brown hop-toad has a snug, cool, safe little nest there, and he gratefully crawls into it when the sun grows very hot.—St. Nicholas.

THE SPIDER'S LIFE-LINE.

I took a wash-basin and fastened in it a stick upright like a mast, and then poured in water enough to turn the stick into an island for my spider, which I named Crusoe.

I put him on the mast. As soon as he was fairly cast away, he anxiously commenced running round to find the mainland. He would scamper down the mast to the water, stick out a foot and try the other side, and then run back to the top again.

Pretty soon it became a serious matter to Mr. Crusoe, and he sat down to think it over. As I was afraid he might be hungry, I put molasses on the mast. A fly came, but Crusoe wasn't hungry for flies just then. He was homesick for his web in the corner of the woodshed. He went slowly down the pole to the water, and touched it all around, shaking his feet as pussy does when she wets her stockings in the damp grass.

Suddenly a thought appeared to strike him. Up he went, like a rocket, to the top, and began to play circus. He held one foot in the air, then another, and turned round two or three times.

He got excited, and nearly stood on his head before I found out what he had discovered, and that was that the draft of air made by the fire would carry a line ashore on which he could escape from his desert island.

He pushed out a thread that went floating in the air, and lengthened and lengthened until at last it caught on the table. Then he hauled on the rope until it was tight, struck it several times to see if it was strong enough to hold him, and walked ashore. I decided that he had earned his liberty.—Hearth.

LEGEND OF HOOPOE'S CROWN.

That interesting bird, the hoopoe, is now represented in the zoological society's menagerie. Compared with a bird of paradise, the hoopoe is a humble looking creature in its red sandy plumage, barred with black; but in its way it is beautiful. It has a large curved beak, and its head is adorned by a crest of stiff feathers. The hoopoe is well known in Asia as well as in Europe. There is a Spanish legend concerning it which has been related by Kingsley.

The story goes that once upon a time the holy birds who run up and down on the Prado at Seville among the ladies' pretty feet had golden crowns on their heads. One day the birds and beasts all went to pay homage at the court of King Solomon; among them, of course, were the hoopoes. When their turn came they made their request, which was that the king would pray for them that their crowns might be changed.

So King Solomon prayed, and instead of golden crowns they received crowns of feathers. Ever since then, the legend continues, the hoopoes "live as merrily as crickets in an oven, and also have the honor of bearing the name of his Most Catholic Majesty King Solomon."—Pall Mall Gazette.

AN AMUSING EXPERIMENT.

A simple kaleidoscope may be made by any boy or girl by taking a straight lamp chimney—an argand one is best—and painting the outside of it black. If you make a pinhole in a piece of paper, and hold it at one end and look through the other, it will appear as a number of circles of light. It is the cylindrical surface that reflects and causes this. If now you fasten two pieces of glass at one end of the chimney, placing between them beads and bright-colored bits of glass so that they move as you turn the chimney, you will have as good a kaleidoscope as you would care to buy.

Society Youth a Hard Worker.

Rhinelander Waldo, the young society man of New York, who occupies the post of deputy police commissioner, is disappointing his enemies by showing a capacity for hard work in his new post. He arrives at the office at 9 a. m., and sticks to his desk until 5. Then he makes an evening tour of the city to familiarize himself with the actual workings of the department.

Fence Made of Old Doors

Near Ridgewood, in Brooklyn, there is perhaps the oddest fence in Greater New York. It is composed entirely of doors—scores of them, all of a height and joined close together. The fence has stood for years. What strange freak induced its owner to erect it is a mystery, but it furnishes a constant source of comment to persons passing that way.

There is an estate of 10,000 acres on the Delaware River which is used solely for the study of bird life.

BENGAL TIGER SHOOTING.

There is no subject connected with Indian sport which has given rise to greater controversy than the size of tigers; but, in spite of all statements to the contrary, it is now practically an admitted fact, based on the long experience of trustworthy Anglo-Indian sportsmen, that Indian tigers, whether shot in Bengal, Madras or Bombay, have seldom exceeded ten feet in length when stretched to their fullest extent, immediately after death, and measured carefully from tip of nose to end of tail, all curves included. However, every rule has its exceptions, and the tiger which forms the subject of this tale was certainly one of them.

A writer in the London Field points out that for some months previous to the expedition, which ended in the destruction of this monster, rumors had reached the district authorities of Gopalgairi of the existence of an enormous tiger, which was said to have taken up his abode in a large government reserve forest, some twenty miles from the civil station, to prey on the cattle of the villagers residing in the immediate vicinity of the forest. After giving details as to the organization of the expedition and the discovery of the tiger, the writer adds: In crossing a patch of open, Mr. Watson, the district officer, who is probably the safest rifle shot in Bengal, aiming a full length ahead and on the ground line, fired, rolling the animal over in his tracks.

It was a beautiful shot, yet so fast was the tiger going that, even with the allowance made, the bullet, as we subsequently discovered, struck well behind the ribs. Picking himself up at once, the tiger stumbled on, and, gaining a thick bit of wild plum jungle, disappeared into it.

The struggle had continued for about an hour, and as there seemed no immediate prospect of surrender on the tiger's part, nor any likelihood of his succumbing to his injuries, it was determined to attack him in his stronghold with the howdah elephants—a fairly perilous undertaking, considering the state of his temper and the position he occupied. Matters were getting serious and the sun unpleasantly warm. The howdah elephants and two staunch tuskers were accordingly formed into line, and advanced cautiously into the cover. No sooner had they entered than they were greeted by a roar so appalling in its ferocity that the three elephants carrying the forest officer and the planters turned tail and fled incontinently, nor in spite of all threats and inducements could they be persuaded to return to the attack. Watson and the two tuskers were left to carry on the fight as best they might.

Several attempts were made to force a charge, but without success. Finally one of the tuskers, an exceedingly stanch and powerful animal, was pressed slowly forward till nothing but a few leafy branches lay between it and the tiger. Then with an indifference almost incredible under the circumstances it seized and gently pushed aside the branches with its trunk till a patch of black and yellow stripe was exposed to view. Watson, who had been directing this very dangerous operation, quickly seized his opportunity and, seeing that the tiger still refused to charge, fired a charge of No. 6 into the patch, hoping this might affect a change in the tiger's position and thus allow of a more certain shot.

The effect was instantaneous, but scarcely in accordance with the wishes or expectations of the sportsman, who had scarcely time to change his shotgun for the rifle when with a mighty bound the tiger sprang fairly at the elephant's head and, holding on with teeth and claws, remained clinging there. Fortunately the brave old elephant, in spite of this unwelcome addition to his load, stood like a rock, enabling Watson to take a steady aim at the snarling brute, now literally face to face with him. The blinding flash and smoke that followed obstructed his vision for a while, but as it cleared off he could see the tiger stretched out below him, gasping away the life he had so stubbornly defended to the end.

Lying there extended to his fullest length, he was a sight to fill any sportsman's heart with joy, and Watson, who had shot many a tiger in his time—in fact, could count them by the score—gazed with wonder and delight at the huge proportions of the beast.

The measuring of a tiger is always an exciting moment, even when the animal appears to be of ordinary dimensions. Imagine then the excitement created by this monster, so obviously a giant of his tribe. And such in fact he proved to be, for when the measurements were completed the following were the figures recorded by the tape: Length from tip of nose to root of tail, seven feet; length of tail, three feet seven inches; total length from tip of nose to end of tail, ten feet seven inches; height at shoulder, three feet four inches; girth, four feet eight and a half inches; upper arm, two feet one inch; forearm, one foot seven and a half inches.

THREE NIGHTS IN A CREVASSE.

The adventures of three young Germans on the Jungfrau have been the topic of much discussion and the cause of great anxiety at Grindenwald. A few days ago the three young men, two of whom have had considerable Alpine experience, while the third, an Alsatian, is a novice, started without a guide to make one more of those foolish attempts at a big climb unaided which have been so common and so fatal this season. Leaving Lauterbrunnen in the afternoon they passed the night at Hottal cabin. A storm, however, overtook them on the way up, a signal of danger which no prudent Alpinist would have failed to profit by. At 2 a. m. the next morning, though bad weather was threatening, they resumed their march. The Alsatian listen to the advice of his more experienced companions. Three was already showing signs of distress, but refused to go back or to hours afterward a blinding snowstorm broke over them, rendering progress both dangerous and difficult, and blotting out all signs of the track and landmarks. Plodding doggedly on, however, the trio managed to reach the Silberhorn slopes, a little below the summit, where they were compelled to pass the night.

Shelter was difficult to find, and their position appeared desperate, when one of the party noticed that a crevasse near at hand appeared to terminate at a depth of some twenty feet. Carefully roping himself, one of the party was lowered over the edge and found that there was sufficient space and excellent shelter at the bottom. By firmly wedging their ice axes into the ice his companions were able to lower themselves also, and in this confined space, walled in by solid ice and in imminent danger from falling ice above, the night was spent. Fortunately a small stove and a good supply of eatables formed part of the climbers' equipment, and the hot coffee which they were enabled to brew probably was the means of saving their lives. Huddled together and almost frozen, the three waited for dawn. The snow, however, still fell pitilessly all next day and the day following; progress or retreat was impossible, and a second night, and then a third, had to be faced in the icy shelter.

The Alsatian, unable to stand the bitter cold, began to complain of severe pains in his feet, a well-known sign of evil omen among snow-climbers. Next morning his two companions emerged from their refuge to find the weather still and clear, and completed the ascent, returning to find their companion evidently in great pain and quite unable to move. The two others thereupon set off for the Concordia but, half leading and half carrying their unfortunate comrade. There the half-frozen man was left while one of his friends hastened down to the Eggishorn Hotel. A relief party was at once sent out, and with great difficulty the sufferer was borne down to the hotel. Both his feet were frozen and his condition for some time caused the greatest anxiety. Meantime, from the Lauterbrunnen side search parties were at work hunting for the missing men, who, it was believed, could not have lived through three days of such weather on the icy heights of the Jungfrau. It is said to be the first time that a climbing party has ever emerged safely from so prolonged a stay below the surface of the glacier ice.—Geneva Correspondence of Pall Mall Gazette.

AN OX WAGON IN AFRICA.

The oxen were going quietly along, when, all of a sudden, they were startled by the heavy thud of the wheels jolting over a tree stump on the track. Within a few yards off the brink they set off at a trot, the long and heavy chain hanging loose between them.

"Kouta! Kouta ninni!" ("Brake! Hard on!") shouted the driver, and we felt the Ovampo boy behind the wagon whirl the screw round till the hind wheels were locked. But it was too late. We were over the edge already. Backing and slipping and pulling every way, striking with their horns, charging each other helplessly from behind, the oxen swept down the steep. Behind them, like a big gun let loose, came the wagon, swaying from side to side, leaping over the rocks, plunging into the holes, at every moment threatening to crush the hinder oxen of the span. Then it began to slide sideways. It was almost at right angles to the track. In another second it would turn clean over, with all four wheels in air, or would dash us into a great tree that stood only a few yards down.

"Kouta loula!" (Loosethe brake!) yelled the driver, but nothing could stop the sliding now. We clung on and thought of nothing. Men on the edge of death think of nothing. Suddenly the near-hind wheel was thrown against a high ridge of clay. The wagon swung straight, and we were plunged into a river among the struggling oxen, all huddled together and entangled in the chain.

"That was rather rapid," I said, as the wagon came to a dead stop in the mud and we took to the water, but in no language could I translate the expression of the driver's emotions.

Only last wet season the owner of a wagon started down a place like that with twenty-four fine oxen, and at the bottom he had eight oxen, and more beef than he could salt.—Harper's Magazine.

A City of Towers.

Why not build office towers? The curse of the tenement is the want of light and air; and the same curse belongs to modern office buildings. An office tower would secure an abundance of light and air. It might consists of a series of rooms arranged one above the other inside the tower, with stairs and lifts in projections at the angles; or four towers, each with a room on every floor, grouped around a stairs and lift block in the centre. These towers could be carried 300 feet high—which is about the height of the campanile of the new cathedral at Westminister. A city of spires we already know, but a city of office towers is a suggestion of what might be, and may perhaps be.—Builders' Journal.

The right of wearing a red hat was given to Cardinals by Pope Innocent IV., in the first Council of Lyons, 1245. The color of the hat is to signify that the wearers are always ready to shed their blood in defence of the church.