THE QUEENSTOWN NEWS.

VOL. XXIV. QUEENSTOWN, MARYLAND, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1906. NO.42.

Russell Sage evidently believed that "charity begins at home," and, after all, it was his money and his own business which he bequeathed to the wife who helped him bear his burdens.

Wholesale suppressions of newspapers in Russia are among the last refuges of despairing despotism, declares the Fourth Estate. It is a stupid and impotent device for we read that in spite of seizures and imprisonments the papers that are left grow bolder day by day.

The action of the Pennsylvania Railroad in announcing a reduction of the rate of single passenger fares will be widely appreciated, observes the New York World. The passenger rate between New York and Philadelphia, for instance, has been preposterous. It is high time the was changed.

Superintendent Jordan, of Minneapolis, opposes the plan of the National Board for the Promotion of Rifle Practice to have target shooting as a part of the public school curriculum. He says: "It is not within the scope of school training, which should teach the ideals of peace rather than those of war."

Battles are fought at long range, largely, in these days, it is true, but the recent Russo-Japanese conflict showed that there is still room for close work, where soldiers fight hand-to-hand, and what could be better calculated to strike terror to the hearts of an enemy at close quarters, asks the New York Press, than a charging body of men dressed by an English tailor?

The Un[illegible] States Department of Agric[illegible] publishes officially gathered figures which show that there are thousands more horses in the country, in actual use, than were to found when the first automobile added its odorous and noisy way [illegible]er the city pavements. More than that, when the first auto appeared the average value of the horses [illegible]ned in America was but $65; today it is $130; which helps to prove, [illegible] The Horse World, that while the industry may not have benefited horse business, it has not injured [illegible] the least.

Andrew D. White, former President of Cornell University, in an address before the Cornell summer [illegible]ol declared the time has come [illegible] technical appeals in criminal should not longer be allowed [illegible]e courts. Referring to the situation in New York City, Dr. White While the number of murders [illegible]pidly increasing, procedure [illegible]hem is becoming more and [illegible]neffective, and, in the light of recent cases in New York and [illegible]re, is seen to be a farce. One [illegible]orst results of these cases is [illegible]ing opinion among the people [illegible]rge that men with money [illegible]ay justice by every sort of that there is virtual immunity from punishment for the [illegible]rimes.

[illegible]Who was before the Hartford court, charged with intoxi[illegible] the [illegible]ndent defense [illegible] his right [illegible] privilege [illegible]nk if he didn't neglect his [illegible]ys the Hartford Times. No [illegible] right anywhere [illegible] The general statutes of Connecticut make drunkenness a penal offense. Right to drive a coach and six through the criminal laws of the commonwealth is a myth. Even if inebriety were not a statutory offense it would still be a moral offense and be devoid of justification. Wholly apart from what the legislatures may say, denial of the right of drunkenness rests on the same basis as denial of the right to commit any other deed that is obnoxious to good citizenship, injurious to domestic happiness and detrimental to one's moral and physical fiber. Moreover, in addition to being a criminal offense and a moral delinquency, drunkenness is a consummate folly.

In view of the oft-repeated discussions on the questions whether insanity is more prevalent than formerly, and, if so, what are the causes for that condition, the statement made by Dr. Charles G. Hill, physician in charge at Mount Hope Retreat, in the sixty-third annual report of that institution, is interesting. Dr. Hill, in speaking of the reasons for any possible increase, gives, among other things, "the prosperity of the period." He says: If there is a marked increase of insanity at the present time I believe that by a thorough re-[illegible] consisting not only of a sur-[illegible]ental symptoms but an [illegible] with microscope and [illegible] of the tissues, fluids [illegible] the body, it could [illegible] great part to the [illegible]period—the luxuri-[illegible] dissipations, the [illegible] old standard of [illegible] deterioration [illegible] conditions of [illegible]ser degree.

Greta's Reward.

By I. P. H.

The strains of a violin floated from the porch of a California ranch house standing isolated near the base of a mountain. The ranch was ill cultivated and there was little "stock" upon the scant alfalfa pasture.

The house, on the contrary, was large, well built, and was altogether a pretentious looking residence. John Engledew had bought the land and built the house when he first came out from England ten years previous with a pretty, delicate wife and a little girl five years old. Being of a sanguine and unbusiness like disposition he was cheated in the land, and spent so much upon the house that he had not the wherewithal to support the place during the first non-paying years; hence he became poor instead of rich; he was in debt and the land was mortgaged "up to the hilt." Of late Engledew had fallen into bad health, he had almost entirely ceased to work, and what little the ranch returned them when the interest on the mortgages was paid was due to the young violinist who was making music upon the porch.

A believer in heredity would have had his theories thrown into confusion by the little musician; it was neither from the delicate, querulous mother, nor from the lazy, good humored, lax principled father that Greta Engledew inherited the vigorous will, courage and good sense that showed in the clear, blue gray eyes and in every pose of the lithe, strong figure. At fifteen she was more of a woman than most girls of twenty; it was she who milked the cows, made the butter, cooked and cleaned, rode to the town to sell poultry and eggs, insisted on lazy Mike, her ten-year-old brother, attending the "district school," and generally "kept things together" on the "View Halloa" Ranch.

The father was as wax in the hands of Greta, but the mother had a spice of that strange obstinacy common to the weak. She would occasionally take determined and usually disastrous action in the family affairs; thus she steadily combated her daughter's persistent cultivation of her musical talents, while she deplored the fact that her shapely hands were sunburnt because she did not wear gloves.

Greta had a pronounced and remarkable talent for music. Old Manuel Xeres, who lived at the Mission Dolores, had discovered her gifts; he had taught the little blue-eyed girl all he knew, and when he died, which he did when his pupil was fourteen, he left her his violin—a "Strad"—of which neither she nor any one in her environment knew the value. Greta arose at dawn to work in order that she might have time to practice. She loved music, but she had also other aims in view.

She was playing "Che faro," giving the long-drawn, wailing notes softly, but not so absorbed in the music as to prevent her hearing the door at the back of the house open and close. She stopped playing and listened; there were steps in the kitchen—light, hesitating steps.

"Is that you, father?" she cried.

There was no answer.

"Mike, is it you?"

Still no answer came. As Greta went into the house, violin in hand, she heard a distant beat of hoofs. She walked through the front parlor, through the kitchen beyond and into the small wire-inclosed "summer" kitchen that lay behind it. In this apartment she saw the visitor whose steps she had heard—a tall man, clad in the ordinary working dress of a rancher, a sunburnt, black bearded man, who might have been any age from twenty-five to thirty-two. He leaned on the table for support, his breath came in gasps, and on the left sleeve of his cotton "jumper" was an ominous dark-red stain.

"Who are you?" asked Greta, boldly. "What do you want?"

The stranger raised his head, looked at her straight from a pair of handsome hazel eyes, and caught the sound of horse's hoofs; he sprang toward her and clutched her arm.

"Listen to me," he said rapidly. "I am innocent—I never touched the horse, but it's my oath against Jim Sweeney's. They're all on my track like fiends; if they catch me they'll hang me to yonder tree! Will you hide me? If you don't I'm a dead man, and I swear to you that I'm innocent!"

"Innocent or guilty," said Greta, coolly, "they've no right to kill you for theft!"

The man looked at her and gave an odd, reckless laugh.

"No right to hang a horse thief?" he said. "You're not Californian."

"No, I'm English—as you are. I knew you were English the moment you spoke."

The sound of hoofs echoed on the bridge over the ditch; the girl dragged her unbidden guest through the kitchen into the parlor, pushed him into a deep rocker which stood with its back to the room, flung a handkerchief over his head to make it appear that he was indulging in a siesta, and drew her bow steadily across the violin strings. She had played three bars of the "Che faro," when there came a knock at the door.

"Come in!"

The door was pushed open, to disclose a group of angry men. The girl stepped forward.

"Good-day, gentlemen!" she said, in a clear voice. "Is there anything I can do for you?"

The spokesman doffed his hat. He was an American, and Americans are habitually polite to women.

"Sorry to disturb ye—Miss Engledew, ain't it?"

"Yes, I'm Greta Engledew. Say, shall I call papa?"

"Thar ain't no need, Miss Engledew. Ye ain't seen no one pass by yore, I s'pose? We're out after a skunk of a horse thief; that's what's the matter with us!"

"Papa's working down near the People's ditch. You might ask him."

"You ain't seen no one pass?"

"No; I've been playing here"—directing attention to her violin—"and I've not been out since noon. Say, Jack"—boldly turning her head toward the rocker, at which one of the men was looking—"you've not seen a horse thief, have you?"

The ocupant of the chair remained silent.

The girl laughed, went up to him, and peeped under the handkerchief.

The sleeve of the jumper and the cushion of the chair were alike soaked with the red stream that issued from the wound in the man's arm; the man himself was in a swoon. Greta dropped the handkerchief and turned to the pursuers.

"Sound as a church!" she said, merrily. "I guess you needn't trouble him with questions."

"Sorry to hev troubled you, Miss Engledew! Say, boys, he must hev made tracks for Blue Point Falls."

"Just go way down by the People's Ditch and ask papa," said the girl, sauntering easily after them.

"No, I guess not, Miss Engledew; we'll go by Blue Point."

The calvacade clattered over the bridge, and the girl sprang back into the house. She ran to the kitchen to fetch water and some stimulant, then rapidly returned to the side of the wounded and hunted man, who was still insensible; she ripped up the sleeve and revealed a sunburnt, muscular arm, with a bullet wound a little below the shoulder. Greta was capable of a little rough-and-ready surgery; she stopped the flow, bathed and bandaged the wound, put the arm in a sling, and then managed to force some stimulant between the white lips; in ten minutes the man groaned, stirred, sat up, and gazed at her blankly.

"They've gone past here to Blue Point Falls. If you're fit to go, you'd best be off to the Mission."

The man stood up.

"I am very much obliged to you," he said, faintly.

"You've no need to be. Would you like something to eat before you go?"

"No, thanks. I should like some water."

She brought him some, and he drank; then he suddenly turned and said, abruptly:

"You declared that I ought not to be hanged, even if I were a horse thief."

"That is the view I take of it. I don't think you ought to be."

The man stooped and looked steadily into her eyes.

"But I do not wish you to think of me as a thief—I want you to feel convinced that I am honest, and that I am simply the unluckiest man on earth."

Greta gave no answer.

"Do you believe that?"

Greta looked at him—the hazel eyes were very honest.

"Do you?"

"Yes—I do."

"Thank you," said the man, drawing a long breath. "I'll go now—only——"

He paused.

"Well?"

"I haven't heard a violin for ten years. Would you mind finishing 'Che faro?'"

"Why, you must be mad!"

"I assure you I am not—but, if I am, will you humor me?"

"Yes."

She played the air, and at the end the man arose.

"Thank you—I shan't forget that music nor the musician. Good-by!"

"Stop!" said Greta. "Come with me—it's twelve miles to the Mission, and you're too weak to walk them."

She flitted before him to the barn and through the barn to the pasture; presently she returned with a horse, bridled and saddled.

"Here—you can get away on this."

"No—no," said the man, gently. "You'll get a scolding if you give away your father's horses. You shan't be scolded for me."

He clasped the hand that held the bridle as he spoke.

"This is my horse," said Greta, flushing, "and you're welcome. I want you to take him."

Their eyes met; the man mounted silently and stooped.

"Will you tell me your name?"

"Greta—Greta Engledew."

The man stooped lower yet, suddenly flushed, and pulled himself upright in the saddle with a jerk.

"Thanks avail little," he said, in a low voice, "but I shall not forget." He hesitated, then stretched forth the unwounded arm, and with his hand gently drew out the bunch of orange-yellow wild flowers that glowed on the girl's bosom; he thrust them into the breast of the stained cotton jumper, and turned the horse's head. Five minutes later he had vanished in a cloud of dust.

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Four years had passed. Greta Engledew sat in a small, dingy apartment in Plymouth. Time had transformed her into a remarkably handsome girl. Her violin rested upon her knee, and she tapped her little foot rather impatiently upon the floor.

"But, mother, dearest," she said, gently, "what else can I do? I do not think you understand, dear, that we are positively penniless!"

The only answer was a wail from the pallid woman, in her shabby widow's weeds, who was Greta's companion.

"We had much better have remained in California after dear father died and the ranch was taken, but I yielded to you in that. See now, dear mother—we have no relations, no friends, no interest. I cannot get employment without references. Mike is too young to be of any help in that direction, but he can be of assistance in the path I have chosen; he can protect he, and he sings very nicely."

"I still think it disgraceful and almost immodest."

The tears welled up in Greta's eyes.

"Oh, mother, do you imagine that I take any pleasure in walking miles along dusty roads in order to play my violin on the parades of summer watering places? But until I did this we were in want—you know we were!"

"The whole thing has been a muddle from beginning to end," responded Mrs. Engledew.

Greta was silent.

"Of course, you will not listen to me," the lady continued; "you will start to-morrow as you propose?"

"We cannot pay the rent and buy food if I do not," replied Greta. "However, I will not oppose you. Refer it to Mike, mother—let him decide."

But Mike, mindful of days of semi-starvation, supported Greta, and on the following day brother and sister started on their tour.

It was a hard life, unfit for a refined and gently-bred girl, but it was a free and healthy outdoor existence, and the weather was beautiful.

For three weeks they tramped happily from place to place, but on the fourth week disaster befell the young musicians.

There is an unwritten law which prevails in California to the effect that wayfarers may halt and refresh themselves with the produce of orchards. Mike, reared in California, in perfect innocence plucked and ate, only to find himself given into custody by an irate farmer, who met Greta's pleadings by roughly telling her that,

"Her was ivery bit as bad as that young limb was. He'd be bound he'd taught the boy to steal; he'd go before his worship, Squire Arden! Ah, he'd be lucky if he got let off with the birch and a fine!"

Poor Greta found some difficulty in getting decent lodging for the night, and would have fared badly had not a rosy-faced young woman consented to receive her.

"Don't you fret about the boy," said this good Samaritan. "What's a few apples! Lor' bless ye, Squire Arden's a very pleasant gentleman! He's only had Combeley Dell a year—since the old squire's death. The old squire was dreadfully bitter against Mr. Miles, till the death of Mr. Francis two years ago made Mr. Miles the heir. Then the old squire made friends with him."

Greta listened with little interest—she was thinking of Mike. The next day she went with a beating heart to see her brother arraigned in court. The justice was a handsome man on the right side of forty—a grave-looking man, closely shaven, and with very fine eyes.

Greta explained tremulously that her brother had meant no harm—he had not understood English customs.

"You are from California?" said the justice, fixing his gaze on her face.

"Yes."

"I think," said the magistrate, slowly, "I shall be justified in dismissing the case. You will be prepared to pay for the apples?"

"Oh — yes — yes — three times over!"

"That," said Mr. Arden, slowly, "will be unnecessary, Miss Engledew. The prisoner is discharged."

Greta thanked him fervently, and was turning away, eager to join Mike.

"Miss Engledew, one moment," said the squire. "I am anxious to speak to you. Do you know my house?"

"Yes."

"My carriage is outside. I will direct you and your brother to be driven there."

Greta, bewildered and exceedingly thankful to be restored to Mike, entered the smart dogcart, and was driven to a beautiful old house on the outskirts of the moor.

They were shown into a room, where a servant brought them luncheon. An hour later the door opened, and their host entered. He advanced and held out his hand.

"You do not remember me, Miss Engledew?"

"I have never met you before, I think, Mr. Arden."

"I thought you did not remember; but a man does not readily forget the woman who has saved his life. Do you remember these?" And with loving care he drew from a big, bulky pocketbook a bunch of faded and withered flowers.

Greta started.

"Will you play me 'Che faro' today?" said Arden, softly. "You see, I have the same flowers still, Miss Engledew, and the horse is very happy in our Devon pastures."

Greta turned white, and would have fallen had not Arden caught her.

"Your sister and I are old friends, my boy," he said, as he turned a smiling face to Mike. "I owe her more than she guesses—more than I knew until this moment."

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Greta Engledew was playing "Che faro" under a cedar tree on the lawn of a pretty cottage where her mother was installed in great comfort.

Miles Arden sat beside her.

"Greta," he said, as the long, wailing notes died away, "three months ago I said that a man does not forget the woman who has saved his life. That was a half truth—will you hear the whole to-day? A man may forget the woman who has saved his life, but not the woman who fills it with a love that will last as long as his life lasts. Greta, I think I loved you even that day, for it was very hard to ride away without taking—what I take now."—New York Weekly.

As London Sees Us.

It is too bad that the fascinations of bridge whist should be the alleged cause of the abandonment of their business by the New York security insurance companies. Gambling among the women of New York is on the increase, and a not unusual thing is for a woman who has incurred debts in play or in horse racing to take out a burglar policy for several thousand dollars, representing to her husband that she was in fear of being robbed. After a short time the woman goes to a pawnshop, gets a loan and raises the cry that she has been robbed. The husband in turn makes a claim upon the insurance company, and usually some sort of evidence is produced to support the burglar theory. But such women are happily black swans in New York.—London Evening Standard.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

SPINNING.

A spider was swinging herself in glee
From a moss-covered swaying bough;
A breeze came rollicking up from the sea,
And fannned her beautiful brow.
She hung, it is true, with her pretty head down,
But her brain was cool as you please;
The fashion quite suited the cut of her gown,
And she could look up in the trees.

She saw where a humming-bird lighted down;
At his throat a bright ruby gleamed;
On his head was a gold and emerald crown,
And he sat on a bough and dreamed.
The spider ran up on her silver thread,
And looked in the little king's face;
"If I may but sit at your feet," she said,
"I'll spin you some beautiful lace."

The humming-bird looked in her shining eyes,
And then at her nimble feet,
And said to himself, I have found a prize,
She is useful as well as neat.
"You may sit by my side, if it please you well,"
Said he, "the summer time through;
And since you spin on a noiseless wheel
I'll do the huming for you."

—Belle W. Cooke.

THE ROBIN THAT REMEMBERED.

There was trouble in Robintown, in the Apple Orchard country. Father and Mother Robin were flying from tree to tree in great distress, and all their friends were hurrying to see what had happened. I knew the secret the two had guarded so carefully—of the nest in the old Sweet William apple tree with its three tiny, wide-mouthed babies. I thought of Neighbor Browne's black cat, and left my work to hasten out and see what was the matter.

As I stood in the old orchard, listening, I heard a faint cry from the grass under the tree, and, after careful search, found one of the baby robins lying helpless on the ground. I suppose it must have fallen over the edge of the nest. Somehow, too, it had broken a leg, either in its fall or in its struggles after it reached the ground.

Tenderly taking it in my hand and speaking a soothing word to Father and Mother Robin, who ceased their plaintive cries when they saw their little one in my hands, I took the little sufferer to the house, lined a box with cotton for a resting place, and set the broken leg as well as its restlessness would allow. Such a hungry baby! It was always ready to be fed and never ceased to have too much. Would it be possible for a growing robin to overeat, I wonder?

The days passed by, and Tony—as I named my little charge, grew large, and he and I became the best of friends. The broken leg was strong again, and before long Tony was hopping around the room and following me from place to place about my work. But I knew I must not keep my little pet a prisoner. So one sunshiny morning I opened the window and let him look out upon the beautiful free world.

He turned his head from side to side, studying the strange, new country; but soon he heard the happy notes of other birds not far away, and, giving me a bright look from the corner of his eye, away he flew—to freedom. But every morning Tony appeared at my window for his breakfast, and often he would come into the tree in front of the house and sing me one of his most joyous songs. If I went to the door and called "Tony!" he would give a quick, short cry and stretch out his wounded leg, now entirely well, in a peculiar way, seeming to remind me of the accident which had brought us together.

When autumn came and the robins flocked together, ready to escape the cold by flying south, I expected to say good-bye to my little friend forever. I often wondered where he spent the snowy days and if he ever thought of me. Imagine my surprise, then, one bright spring morning, to hear outside my window that peculiar call which I knew only Tony would make.

I hastened to the door, and, sure enough, there was my little friend. The spots on his breast had given place to an even red, and the mate that he had brought with him told me that he was now a full-grown robin, ready to face the responsibilities of life. What his mate thought of such unusual proceedings I would like to know, but Tony had not forgotten, and had come to tell me their happy secret, "Mrs. Tony and I are looking for a nice, shady place in Robin Town to make our home this summer."

I am sure they found it, but I wonder whether Tony ever told his children of strange adventures, "when I was a boy," in the giant's castle, and how the giantess proved a kind friend and helper in his need. —Alice B. Fletcher, in the Congregationalist.

TYLER'S GIANT.

Tyler was three years old. He had a giant, Bad Habit. And the giant made him obey and do what was wrong. Mother and Tyler went down to the old farm to spend the summer with Grandmother Tyler. One afternoon they all thought Tyler was taking his nap. Pretty soon grandma tiptoed to the porch and beckoned to the family who were sitting there.

There on the end of the couch in the sitting-room sat Tyler, with the pudding dish between his knees, eating the custard which had been made for supper. Mother was ashamed. But grandmother said, "Hush! Wait!" When supper was finished, grandmother said, "Louise, would you like some custard for dessert?" And Louise said, "Yes, please, grandmother." But grandmother said, very sadly, "You can't have any, Louise. Tyler's big giant went into the pantry and ate our custard all up."

All the other grown people around the table also asked for their share of the custard, one after another; but they couldn't have any, because Tyler's big giant had eaten it.

Oh, but Tyler was ashamed! Truly, he was. It was dreadful to have a giant that ate up everybody else's dessert! And Tyler found out what mean things giants will do—if little boys let them.—Christian Observer.

SPELLING MOUSE.

Grandfather Chase was walking in the garden one fine day when Fred came home from school, after he had been going there for a few weeks.

"Well, dear," said grandfather, "I suppose you are getting to be a famous scholar. You can spell almost anything now, can't you?"

"Yes, sir, 'most anything!" answered the little boy, who seemed to think that his words of two and three letters were about all there were in the world.

"Well, can you spell 'rat?'" asked grandfather.

"Oh, yes, sir! R-a-t, rat."

"Very well, indeed, my dear. Now can you spell 'mouse?'"

Fred looked a little puzzled, thought it over in his mind, and then said, "No, sir, I don't believe I can spell 'mouse.'"

"What, can't you spell a little bit of a mouse? You can spell a great big rat and can't spell a little mouse!"

The child wrinkled his forehead and tried to guess; but, finding he couldn't, he looked up into his grandfather's face and said, "I know I can spell 'rat,' but I can't spell 'mouse;' for I guess a spelt mouse is a great deal bigger than a spelt rat."—Every Other Sunday.

CANNED FLOWERS.

Ethel's auntie was canning strawberries. Ethel liked to watch her, and to think how nice the berries would taste next winter, when the snow was on the ground. She looked out of the window at the flowers, and said, "I wish we could can some of the flowers, auntie, and have them next winter."

Auntie laughed, and said, "Go out doors, and watch the bees awhile, and then come back, and tell what you think about it."

When Ethel came back, she said, "I watched the bees a long time. They went to the flowers to get their honey. I think that honey is canned flowers. I will remember that next winter, when I eat the honey."—Primary Plans.

Rachel.

When Rachel stepped upon the scene, not with the customary stage ride, but with a dignity and majestic grace all her own, there was first a spell of intense astonishment and then a burst of applause. She stood still for a moment in the folds of her classic robe like an antique statue fresh from the hand of Phidias. The mere sight sent a thrill through the audience; her face a long oval, her forehead, shadowed by black, wavy hair, not high but broad and strong; under her dark arched eyebrows a pair of wondrous eyes that glowed and blazed in their deep sockets like two black suns; a finely chiselled nose with open, quivering nostrils; above an energetic chin a mouth severe in its lines, with slightly lowered corners, such as we may imagine the mouth of the tragic Muse; her stature, sometimes seeming tall, sometimes little, very slender, but the attitude betraying elastic strength; a hand with fine, tapering fingers of rare beauty; the whole apparition exciting in the beholder a sensation of astonishment and intense expectancy. — Carl Schurz, in McClure's Magazine.

Windows of the Stage.

"Monsieur Beaucaire," which was revived at the Lyric Theatre, is the sort of play which will continue repeatedly to come to life. It is known as a "romantic English comedy," with the Bath of the days of Beau Nash as the scene. The splendor of the costumes, the magnificance of the hero and of his good lady, are such that it is not becoming to quibble at details, but there is a most perplexing detail of the scenery beyond our understanding. Act IV., according to the context and the programme, is laid in the pump room; but what window of that building looked immediately upon a park even in the year 1735? A royal Duke of the House of France is the hero. It is really too exciting a spectacle to watch in the warm weather; the fight in Act III., where we see Mr. Lewis Waller with cloak and sword contra mundum, is in particular more of a winter spectacle. Whether his sword play is orthodox or not does not matter; it is a fine sight and the costume play of the future, moreover, will have no such thing unless the hero scatter his foes with the tricks of jiu-jitsu.—London Times.

Would Punish Untruthful Advertisers

William Gray, of New York, secretary of the National Association of Retail Grocers, says he will try to obtain the enforcement of a law against false advertising which was passed by the New York Legislature in 1898. The law forbids the dissemination in advertisements of untruthful statements regarding the value, price and methods of production of merchandise offered for sale. No prosecution under the law was ever instituted. The grocers' association is said to have obtained evidence against several advertisers.—Fourth Estate.

SPORT AND ADVENTURE

A ROMANTIC CAREER.

What master of fiction has ever given to the world a more pathetic story than the veritable life history of that poor Baronne de Rahden. Blind, poor and ailing, though still comparatively young, she has known in her brief career all the joys and all the bitterness of life in their most intense forms.

Left an orphan at an early age, with no other patrimony but debts, she, a frail girl, suddenly found herself face to face with the terrible problem of assuming the support of three persons. During the time of her father's prosperity she had become an expert horsewoman, and after long searching of heart decided that she might turn this skill to profitable account by giving public exhibitions of horsemanship.

In Riga, where she made her debut in a small circus, the manager took advantage of her inexperience by offering to buy her horse for as many shillings as it was worth pounds, in lieu of paying her a salary! As she was penniless, she had no option but to accept the man's shameless proposal.

Then came the celebrated Ciniselli Circus in St. Petersburg, where her professional rivals, jealous of the youth, the grace and the wonderful prowess of the newcomer, succeeded in making away with another valuable trained horse, so that she was obliged to appear before a critical public on a poor, infirm creature substituted at a moment's notice.

In spite of this her success was complete, and brought to her feet, among a host of other adorers, a Russian naval officer, Baron de Rahden, a giant who had been everywhere and done everything that a man may or may not do. For her alone he threw aside his terrible airs, happy to be bound in the silken chains of love. They were married, and for a few all too fleeting years unalloyed happiness was theirs.

In Berlin, Baron de Rahden suddenly died, and not long afterward his widow, obliged in spite of a broken heart to continue her public career, woke up one morning to find herself totally blind. Her perilous exercises had won for her the intoxicating plaudits of half Europe, but had ended by determining a flow of blood to the head, which at last ruptured the delicate vessels of the retina. Thus terminated in a moment all her dreams of fame.

It was only afterward discovered that Czardas, the noble animal who had been the companion of the triumphs of his mistress, had become blind, too, long before her, though none had suspected the fact until the fatal evening in Nice when horse and rider dashed together against a post that was now for both invisible!

Since her enforced retirement from the circus ring Baronne de Rahden has courageously set to work to study music, and, with the compassionate assistance of the Princess of Belgium, has made her first public appearance as the "blind songstress."—Grand Magazine.

HEROISM AND COMMON SENSE.

The usual summer Sunday drownings are often acompanied and relieved by stories of heroism, which carry their moral as well as the regrettable incidents themselves. Foolish and careless people may be cautioned against taking unnecessary risks, but risk is of the essence of life saving. A week ago a policemen most bravely risked and lost his life in the course of duty. His "tour" was to watch swimmers, and when one of them went down he plunged after him with bulldog courage. He died according to one account because he dove with such force that he drove his head into the mud, and could not arise. According to another account he dove with his clothes on, and his arms were pinioned while he was removing his waistcoat and the drowning man took his death grasp. He deserved a hero's funeral, but with a tear for his fate one may also heave a sigh that he lacked discretion to match his courage.

This week's hero was of a different sort. He demonstrated that life-saving may be managed with skill as well as with courage. He had saved lives before, and moreover wisdom had arrived with his sixty-five years. When the call that a man was drowning was brought to him he did not leap into the water with his clothes on, not he. His trousers were new, and he removed them. He was not ready to go overboard yet. He looked around for a rope, and left one end in good hands behind him, while he took the other with him. Then he did not dive at all. He jumped, keeping his head above water and his eyes dry, so that he could see what he was about. He knows how to dive, and he can swim, too, but experience has taught him that lives can be saved sensibly as well as if not better than otherwise.

The result in this case was that all he had to do was to ask those ashore to pull away, and he was landed with his prize as unromantically as a bag of coal, and there was nothing left to do but to put on his new trousers with the same courage that he took them off. Walter Bollas, dockmaster, thus did more than save life. He taught those who would emulate him that not even brave men can afford to dispense with thought regarding what they intend to do after they have the drowning man in hand. It is as important to get out of the water as to get into it. Bravery will take you in, but will help you not at all about getting out. Bravery is admirable, but discretion adorns it.—Editorial in The New York Times.

SINGING TO A LION ALL NIGHT.

A recent communication addressed to a daily paper gives an account of a woman who was attacked and thrown to the ground by a cougar, being held there a prisoner, while she entertained her captor with her vocal accomplishments and thereby saved her life. The animal appeared so pleased with the performance that she felt compelled to keep it up all night. Attracted by the singing, the husband of the woman directed his course to the spot and shot the beast. It would seem from the above account that some one in the lion—(be careful how you spell it)—business is a howling success. The only instance I can recall of melody exercising any influence over the dumb creatures is the familiar one of the cobra, which is fascinated by the flute of the Indian conjurer. The reptile raises itself half its length, apparently charmed with the music, and sways its neck and body about in accompaniment to the strain.

It seems altogether wanton and unnecessary to slay an animal which had such a fine appreciation of vocal talent as did this mountain lion. Undoubtedly the lady was very much fatigued after singing all night to the cougar, but it is not altogether certain that her captor insisted upon it, and it is possible he might have left after one or two encores had she discontinued the performance. Under the circumstances it seems that the big cat was rather harshly and inconsiderately dealt with. Is it not about time that your correspondent from Saginaw, who criticised me for shooting an eagle, should declare himself on this subject? The wicked and wanton outrage of slaying such a noble beast must stir his soul to righteous indignation.—E. F. Randolph, in Forest and Stream.

BEARS AND LIONS IN WASHINGTON.

Alta Russell, a sixteen-year-old girl living on the eastern slope of the Cascade Mountains, 200 miles west of Spokane, is the envy of all other girls in this part of the country who attempt to hunt large game, and there are several of them, writes the Spokane (Wash.) correspondent of Forest and Stream. A few days ago, this young sportswoman killed her sixth bear, a fine, large specimen. Alta Russell is the daughter of John Russell, who lives in the Teton basin, a section which is attracting a great deal of attention because of the Government's irrigation enterprises. She and her sister were out hunting on Indian creek, three miles above her father's farm, when they chanced upon a large black bear on the trail. Whether the animal would have let them alone if they had let him alone, cannot be said, for the nervy little girl gave him no opportunity to decide. As quick as she caught sight of him, she fired with her rifle and wounded him. This made matters worse, for after he had been hit, there was no uncertainty as to what the animal intended. He was maddened by the wound and started for the two girls. Alta knew that if they attempted to run it would be their last hunting trip, so she stood unmoved until he came nearer and fired a second shot with truer aim, which killed him. The girls have spent all their lives in the mountains, and have hunted not only in that section, but in other famous hunting districts in the Spokane country.

"SECOND NATURE."

What sort of a man is Edward Crane, who is introduced to the public in a Post-Dispatch telegram from Narragansett Pier? It seems hard to believe in him, but he is certainly possible.

This is proved by the report that he has done already on the spur of the moment what everybody would like above all things to be able to do and what most men might do with long practice and from an hour to twelve hours for making up their minds.

What he did as an auto-driver was to drive his own automobile up to the side of another automobile which was running away at full speed with frightened women who could not check it. Then, after having applied the brakes to his own machine, he sprang from his own machine into that which was running away, and after turning it into the road applied the brakes and stopped it.

This is the story of what is clearly possible, since every one who would be glad to be able to do it might do it with time enough to make the habits which belong to it a second nature.

Nothing but a second nature, however, could have made it possible. It shows an actually rational mind, acting at once, in full control of a body rational enough to be controlled at once and fully by the mind.

It requires a much higher quality of mind to do such a thing as this than it does to make a million dollars and be able to own any number of automobiles. As a second nature it could not have come merely from automobiling, but perhaps we may develop more of it finally through automobiling or in spite of it.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Food and Morality.

The superintendent of the Chicago Parental School lays a good deal of emphasis in his annual report on the importance of a wholesome dietary in the treatment of truants. He suggests that if a truant child is improperly or insufficiently nourished—which is the same in result—it is almost impossible to correct him. One of the causes of truancy, indeed, he declares to be the lack of proper nourishment.

It is an excellent thing to find this common-sense truth emphasized. There is no doubt that neglect of hygiene is the source of much that is classed as wicked in children. With proper hygienic conditions morality becomes normal and almost spontaneous.

In the Mosaic scheme there was a clear recognition of the necessity of obedience to hygienic laws as a basic condition of morality. It is well to have this applied in the Parental School. And the entire morality of the city of Chicago would considerably be raised if the same sound principle were realized by the presiding geniuses of the boarding house.—Chicago Post.