THE QUEENSTOWN NEWS.

XIV. QUEENSTOWN, MARYLAND, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1906. NO.

...p well, eat well and forget ...t. It may be hard to do at first, ...t life will be pleasanter, and your disposition sweeter, writes a philosopher in the Pittsburg Gazette.

Edison says he will soon place automobiles within the reach of all. ...me of us have had to be pretty ...y to get out of reach of them, remarks the Milwaukee Sentinel.

It is said that God testifies His ...or money by the kind of people to whom He gives the most of it. He gave an awful lot of it to Russell Sage, is the significant comment of the SanFrancisco Argonaut.

With free alcohol and new storage batteries we are likely to have a rev... "on in means of conveyance which will make all vehicles now in use seem useless and antiquated, predicts the Christian Register.

France is now playing the role of ...wor... bank... and lost her ... she went to ...a. A generation ...go to Lond to feel ...e international money ...ay one makes a better ... Paris.

...man Emperor is quoted as ...g that any youth of twenty without knowledge of education could go to any newspaper office in the world, and, taking a position on its staff, write articles which would create senastions. The same youth would probably create a sensation as an emperor, adds the New York Tribune.

...onies" helped to ...president and the ...ed bank in Chic... ...sion has proved a "road to ruin" to so ...surprising to the New ...t its nature is not ...ed by men who are ... the average in intel... below the avera... in

...l opinion," said the Fi... ...icle, "has settled into ...at such a promising state ...ps as exists in the United ... continued to maturity along ...cannot fail to result in ...ndition of business af... the coming twelve ...other domestic trade ...by their activity and ...then the same belief."

...e other good things, ...an unhealthy sub... ...e Youth's Companion. ...s from Panama that the ...roes, accustomed all ...close huts, have poor ...sequently suffer from ...l quarters which the ...on has provided for ...xpense. It is believed ...h, rather than lazi... ...use of inefficiency on ...e West Indian work...

...king the old kind of ... impossible? A ...nical World Maga... ...ndividual daring is ...g replaced by fine calculation applied to fine machinery. Never again will a Farragut run the torpedoes or a Dewey take his chances of dodging mines. Shots will be plotted by trigonometry, orders given by telephone, marches planned by the aid of balloons bearing telescope cameras. If personal bravery, the plunge of the volunteer into unknown dangers, the personal inspiration of a human leader are ever rendered obsolete by the increase of mechanical science in war, the consolation will be that war will become impossible, and human courage will be left to the less scientific ... peace.

Until next summer, announces ...th's Companion, unscrupulous ...ers may sell articles made of ... as eighteen-carat gold, for the ...against this sort of fraud, re...ly passed by Congress, does not go into effect for a year. It provides a penalty of $500 fine, or three months' imprisonment, or both, for the man who makes or sells goods so fraudulently marked. The law applies to silver as well as to gold. Fifteen States already have laws forbidding the sale of goods marked "Sterling" unless the silver in them is nine hundred and twenty-five parts fine, and the sale of solid silver of lead spoons ... a little silver in them has ceased. For years watches have been sold for five dollars which the adv...ments announced were con...carat gold cases, ...here was the ...e inside of the ...s of "eighten... ...o been offered ...when a little ...d the unsus... ...there is not ... make even ... manufac... ...d have a ...r pres... ...well ...gold ...of

SOMEWHERE.

There's a whisper in the branches of the heaven rearing pines,
And a purple blossom smiling from behind the clinging vines;
There's the chatter of a chipmunk, as he leaps from tree to tree,
While the daisies yonder whisper: "Come out here and play with me."

There's a path, a winding ribbon, just the clover fields beyond,
That goes stealing through the meadows to the distant pick'rel pond;
There's the cool, dank, grateful shadows; there's the lazy, droning bee,
And I fancy them a-saying: "Come out here and play with me."

There's an orchard where the fragrance of the fields come lilting sweet,
Where the sod is velvet tenderness to pavement weary feet;
There are songs, without restraint, from songsters winging to the blue,
And each feathered throat is singing of its song at me and you!

There's a quaint, old fashioned garden with its peas and hollyhocks,
And its blushing, loving roses, timid pansies, flaming phlox;
And a sweet old fashioned lady, with a blossom in her hair,
Winding in and out among them, watching every one with care.

And the dear old fashioned lady, with her crown of wavy snow,
Beams a smile and hums a love song as she patters to and fro.
And it's oh, so sweet—the dreaming! They're so much of life a part,
For they've somehow found a dwelling here within a rugged heart.

—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Lawyer in the Family.

It was a remarkably cool and pleasant room. A gentle breeze fluttered the white muslin curtains and the roses on their tall bushes nodded across the window sills at the caller. The caller smiled back at them and drew a long breath of the delicately perfumed air.

He was a young man who liked roses and green fields and the charm of the countryside. And he liked the restful quiet of the little sitting room.

He arose quickly as a lady entered the room.

"Good morning, madam."

"Good morning."

She was a slender lady of perhaps sixty, a gray haired lady of an old fashioned type, a lady of much dignity of movement, and yet with a quick manner that at times suggested the sprightliness of a bird.

She pressed her gold-rimmed glasses a little closer to her nose and carefully surveyed the young man.

"I trust you are quite well, madam?"

"Quite well."

She drew her thin lips together.

"If it's books," she said, "there isn't any use of your staying a minute longer."

The caller smiled.

"I'm not a book agent," he told her.

"Is it apple corers?"

"I'm not a peddler."

"I bought an apple corer of a young man who was something of your build most three years ago. It broke on the second greening. He was a mite stouter, perhaps." She paused and again regarded him attentively. "If you are neither a book agent nor an apple corer," she said, "you may take a chair."

"Thank you, madam."

He seated himself in the straight backed chair she pointed out and then the lady took the rocker, placing herself where she could study the young man's face.

"Is this a business call?"

"Yes, madam."

He had been instructed how to meet the lady's advances. He was to remain strictly on the defensive and let her cross-examine at her leisure.

"Wait. It isn't lightning rods?"

"No, madam."

"Nor windmills?"

He suddenly smiled, and there was no doubt his smile added to his agreeable appearance.

"That's a little nearer the truth, madam."

She looked at him sharply with her gray head on one side.

"What do you mean by that?"

"I only mean that I am a lawyer, madam."

He was glad to see that she caught the point of the mild witticism at once. She even laughed softly.

"A lawyer," she echoed. "Then I scent trouble."

"I assure you I am quite harmless, madam."

She smiled a little grimly.

"Well," she said with a slight asperity, "you have been here now quite a spell and haven't told me a word about the business that brought you here, and really nothing worth knowing about yourself."

"Pardon me, madam," he said, "my name is Richard Barclay, and my home is in New York. I am in the law office of Renfew, Keene & Darnley and will be admitted to a partnership in the firm the first of January."

"There is nothing very startling about that," said the lady. "Perhaps in time you will get around to the business that brought you here."

"Yes, madam. You have a niece."

"Oh, it's my niece you want to see?"

"No, madam, my business is with you."

"You are the strangest young man for beating around the bush I ever met. Why don't you say what you want, and be done with it?"

"Madam, I want your permission to marry your niece."

There was a little silence during which the lady regarded the young man with a steady gaze.

"I knew," she presently said, "that I was taking great chances when Clare made that visit in New York with Louise Humphrey."

The young man wisely waited, but the lady relapsed into silence.

"I haven't much to offer her," he said; "at least, at present. I'm young and I'm making my way, and my chances seem good. I can give Clare a modest home in a nice neighborhood, a home in which there will always be room for you, dear madam."

The lady slightly sniffed.

"You are getting ahead a little too fast young man. I've no thought of moving just at present. Does Clare know about this—this delightful arrangement?"

"Yes, madam."

"It's all settled, then?"

"No, madam. It all depends on you."

Again the lady slightly sniffed.

"My niece was in New York just a month. During that month you contrived to persuade yourself that she was the only girl in all the world you could ever care for. Did you, or did you not?"

"I did, madam."

"Seems nonsensical, doesn't it?"

"No, madam."

She shook her head at him reprovingly.

"You look like a fairly sensible young man. Does my niece reciprocate this—this fanciful attachment?"

"Yes, madam."

"And she sent you to me?"

"Yes, madam."

"But why come to me if you are both agreed?"

"Clare owes you too much, madam, to do anything contrary to your approval."

"Hoity-toity! And suppose I refuse?"

"We can wait, madam."

"That's just what you should do. How silly this seems. You have met my niece twenty times, we'll say, and no doubt think her the one perfect flower of all girlhood. Do I use the right expression?"

"Yes, madam."

She drew the gray shawl a little closer.

"Do you appreciate what you are asking of me?" she suddenly flamed out. "What do we know about you?"

"Very little, madam. I can only tell you that I am clean and honest, and have a good profession."

"That is what you say." Then her eyes suddenly twinkled behind her glasses. "I'll admit that I'm a little prejudiced in you favor—although you certainly are not as good looking as Clare would have me believe. And I like your letters."

"Did Clare show them to you?"

"How else could I have seen them? They were not nearly as slushy as might have been expected."

"Thank you."

"That one that told about the Italian child in the police court was as good as a book. I'll admit that Clare and I both cried over it." She paused and drew a long breath. "It's very silly in me, I know, but never having had any love affair of my own it is natural I should feel an extra interest in Clare's."

She took off her glasses and again wiped them with much care. He looked at her curiously.

"I begin to have a suspicion," he said.

"Of what?"

"That you knew me all the time."

The lady laughed softly.

"I wasn't particulary startled by your appearance."

"And you didn't really take me for a book agent?"

"No."

"Aunt Lucy, said the young man, "you certainly are a very clever woman."

"Aunt Lucy! Hoity-toity! You are taking a good deal for granted, Richard Barclay. But there; let's be frank and straightforward. I promise you nothing. You will stay and take dinner with us and then we three will talk this all over. We are going to be perfectly independent on our side, you understand. We may be poor—or at least very far from rich, but we are proud. We come by it naturally. That's my father's picture up there, Jethro Holt. He was as proud as a lord."

The young man looked up quickly.

"What did you call his name?"

"Jethro Holt."

The young man's eyes sparkled.

"Jethro Holt, of Petunia, Me. Born there in 1815; died in 1863."

"Why, yes. He was my father."

The young man drew a narrow book from his pocket and rapidly leafed it over.

"Jethro Holt left three children, a boy and two girls, Arthur, Lucy and Emily."

"Yes. I am Lucy Mellin Holt—commonly called Aunt Lucy Mellin. At least that's ... Clare has called me ever since she could talk. Emily was Clare's mother. She died when Clare was a baby, and Clare's father died the year later."

The young man stared hard at her.

"Can you prove this relationship?"

"Why, yes, of course. I have the old family Bible and many letters and my father's picture and the deed of the old home."

He drew a quick breath.

"This is wonderful," he said. "Tell me about your brother."

"He was older than I—nine years older. He was a wayward boy and greatly worried my father. When he was eighteen he ran away from home and shipped on a whaler. The ship was lost in the Pacific and all the crew were reported drowned."

"Your brother escaped," said the young man. "He was picked up by a Russian sealer and landed at a Siberian port. He found his way to Australia and roughed it as a sheep herder. There, through some mad fancy, he changed his name. He was no longer Arthur Holt, he was Henry Harlan. He became a trader and prospered; he prospered greatly. Finally he made his residence in New York. He lived there twenty years. He died there seven months ago."

The lady, a strange look in her eyes, stirred suddenly.

"And that man was my brother?"

"Yes."

She sighed. "My poor brother."

The young man leaned forward.

"Oh," he said, "we have searched for you in so many places! The head of our firm was your brother's attorney and one of the executors of the estate. The matter of finding the heirs was placed in my hands. I have traveled many miles on false clews; I have advertised in many sections—and now, to stumble on you like this!"

"Then we are heirs to his property?" said the lady.

"He died without a will. You and Clare are the only living kin."

"Does that mean we are rich?"

"Very, very rich."

They were both silent for a moment or two. Then the lady sighed.

"That comes a little late for me," she softly said, "but it will be beautiful for Clare."

A troubled look crossed the young man's face.

"Clare," he murmured. "This changes everything."

"What do you mean?"

"Don't you see? Clare is now a great heiress. A new world opens before her. She can choose where she will."

"True," said the lady.

"It puts me in a painful, a false position. Why, even you might believe that I knew her relationship to Henry Harlan before I asked her to be my wife."

"True," said the lady again.

"Such a suspicion is shameful," he went on. "The one manly thing for me to do is to release Clare from her promise."

The lady arose and went to the window. It was plain that she was agitated by his startling news.

Presently she beckoned to him.

"Here," she said. "Do you see that young woman coming up the roadway? That is the great heiress. And she's something much better than that. She's a sweet and lovable girl whose womanly heart can't be spoiled by any amount of money. I know her better than any other living person, Richard Barclay, and I tell you you have nothing to fear." She turned and looked at him and laid a slender hand on his shoulder. "Besides——" she began.

"Yes, dear lady."

She softly laughed.

"It really looks as if we ought to have a lawyer in the family."—W. R. Rose, in Cleveland Plain Dealer.

SCIENCE & MECHANICS

A Chicago physician says that there are fifty varieties of headache.

As a protective coating for iron, cadmium is proving much superior to zinc. The coating looks like zinc, but it is much more adhesive and harder, it tarnishes less rapidly, and it withstands the fumes of acid better.

The average rigidity of the great planets, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus and Neptune, lies between eighteen times and three times that of nickel steel. The great rigidity of the bodies is due to the pressure acting throughout such large masses.

Recent experiments show that the crystals of alum form in a saturated solution with so much force that they are not repressed in their natural growth by a heavy weight. In like manner the crystals of pyrites, forming in slate rock have been known to split layers of slate without in any way changing the form of the crystals which exert the separating force.

Corticite, the new Portuguese heat insulating material, has granulated cork for its principal component, and it is claimed to be a perfect insulator, resisting the greatest extremes of climate and the attacks of insects, even of white ants. It can be sawed and bored like wood. It is not inflammable, and is of value for many purposes. A covering of it for steam pipes and boilers is claimed to effect a great saving of heat, correspondingly reducing the temperature of the boiler room.

The 250th part of an inch is a millimeter. The 2,000,000th part of a millimeter is what Dr. P. E. Shaw, of England, is measuring. The unaided eye can not perceive much less than the one-tenth of a millimeter. With the help of a microscope the eye can see as little as 1-5000 millimeter. The measuring medium used for engineering gauges will detect differences of 1-8000 millimeter. By using interference bands of light we can perceive movement of 1-100,000 millimeter.—Scientific American.

In the recent troubles with Zulus in Africa the military searchlights have been found to possess a certain value as weapons on account of the paralyzing terror which they inspire. The awestruck natives call them the Eye of the Almighty, and fall on the ground when the light is flashed in their faces. They are also struck with amazement and fear when they see distant hills suddenly bathed in mimic daylight, and all the trails distinctly revealed. But, like the terror once produced by firearms, this fear will, of course, eventually lose its effect. Savages are quick to adopt the inventions of civilization when they serve the purposes of war, or, if they cannot adopt them, they discount their effect.—Youth's Companion.

Rival to the High Handshake.

One London hostess of high degree, whose word carries weight, has pronounced against the high handshake. She is not the only woman who says such a hand clasp makes grace impossible. Mrs. W. R. Travers is introducing a new handshake at Newport. At least, it's new for the day, though our forebears may have used it. The hand is extended on a level with the waist line and the grip is "calm" and "earnest," as its admirers tell it, not the drop-it-like-a-hot-potato shake, which has been the recent expression of alleged cordiality. "A cold, radiant smile" (whatever that marvel may be) is the handshake's accessory.—New York Press.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

LITTLE MISS HURRY.

Little Miss Hurry,
All bustle and flurry,
Comes down to her breakfast ten minutes too late;
Her hair is a-rumple,
Her gown is a-crumple,
She'd no time to button and hook herself straight.

She hunts and she rushes
For needles and brushes,
For books and for pencils flies upstairs and down;
If ever you find her
Just follow behind her
A trail of shoe butons and shreds of her gown.

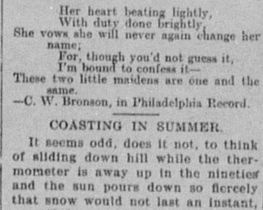
But little Miss Steady
By school time is ready,
All smiling and shining and neat in her place,
With no need to worry,
She pities Miss Hurry,
Who but yesterday sat here with shame on her face.

Her heart beating lightly,
With duty done brightly,
She vows she will never again change her name;
For, though you'd not guess it,
I'm bound to confess it—
These two little maidens are one and the same.

—C. W. Bronson, in Philadelphia Record.

COASTING IN SUMMER.

It seems odd, does it not, to think of sliding down hill while the thermometer is away up in the nineties and the sun pours down so fiercely that snow would not last an instant, even if there should be a foot of it on the ground? Still you may coast to



The Barrel Stave Sled.

your heart's content provided you can find a hill covered with—not snow, but short grass.

Summer coasting is not easy to contrive for the city boy, for about the only grass-covered hills he has access to are in the parks, and the "Keep off the grass" signs forbid just such amusements. But if he is spending some days in the country or lives in the suburbs there are hills aplenty for him.

In the first place you will need a special sled. The one you used last winter, with its iron-shod runners, will not do at all, for the runners must be broad, and the whole sled must be both low and light. Still, you can make a sled so easily and with such simple materials that, provided you can use a hammer and nails—and what boy can not—you need not let this condition of the sport worry you at all.

About all you really need for the construction of your warm-weather sled is a barrel, or part of one. Indeed, two good stout barrel staves and a couple of odd bits of wood make just exactly the right sort of sled for the sport.

Get two barrel staves, as long and as broad as possible, but be sure to have them the same length. Should one be slightly longer than the other saw off the end till it is the right length. Now get a stout piece of wood about two and one-half feet long, and, laying your barrel staves side by side about fourteen inches apart, nail the piece of wood to them about eight inches from the ends, as shown in the accompanying picture. Be very careful to drive the nails first through the barrel staves, so that their points will come out on top of the block of wood. Drive the nails in so deeply that their heads are below the surface of the barrel staves, for their rounded, or lower, sides are to be the bottom of your runners, and you do not want any nailheads sticking out and catching in things, holding back your sled when you start to slide.

When this is done, get a piece of board the same length as the first crosspiece and nail it in the same way across the other end of the barrel staves. Bend over the points of nails which may protrude above the wood, and hammer them flat so that they will not catch in your clothes.

A couple of screw eyes in the front end of the staves, as shown in the picture, will furnish places to fasten your sled rope.

Now you are ready for a coast. Get an old candle and rub it on the bottoms, or curved sides, of your stave runners, rubbing it as hard as you can until they are so slippery that they will not take any more candle grease. You will find that this sled will slide easily over anything but bare dirt, and when you take it to the top of a steep, grassy hill, sit on the broad board, cock your feet on the smaller crosspiece and start, you will fly down at a speed which will compare very favorably with your fast winter sled on a snow or ice-covered hill.

Two or three boys can make several summer sleds in an hour or so, and when once the sport of summer coasting has been tried, it will be a very fascinating pastime indeed which will coax you away from your greased runners and grass-covered hill.

It is a good thing to carry a candle end in your pocket and to grease your runners afresh after the first few slides. After that the grass gets so slippery that you will shoot down like a rocket, needing to grease the staves only after every dozen or fifteen slides.—New York Mail.

THE GAME OF TARGET FLIP.

Get a piece of smooth board—pine or any other wood convenient—that may be placed on the ground or on the porch. In the centre of it lay a large-sized dinner plate, around the edge of which you draw a circle with chalk or colored crayon, so that it is perfectly distinct. Remove the dinner plate, and in its place put a breakfast plate, drawing a circle around it inside the larger circle. Then use a saucer, a teacup and an afterdinner cup in the same way, until you have five circles, one within the other.

On the inner, and smallest, circle mark the number 100; on the second, the number 50; on the third, 25; on the fourth, 10, and on the fifth, 5.

Now supply to each player six common white beans, and each in turn flips his six beans, one at a time, from the edge of the board to the circles, allowing room only to rest the hand, if desired. When the six beans have been flipped, the sum is made of the numbers of the various circles in which they rest, and counted to the score of that person, who then takes up his six beans.

The second player follows, and each player takes his turn in order, until all have "flipped." Then the first player takes a turn again, ten turns for each player making a game, and the highest score winning.

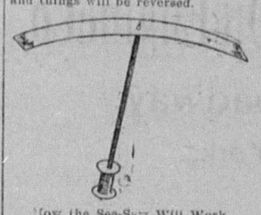
When a bean is not fully in a circle, but rests between two of them, the one of lower value is scored. If two beans rest in the same circle, its value is counted twice, a value for each bean.

A FLY SEE-SAW.

Here is an amusing little trick that you will find lots of fun:

Stick a long lead pencil in the end of a spool of thread so that it will stand upright. Now get a piece of very stiff blotting paper and from it cut a strip two inches wide and about a foot long. On each end of this put a drop of molasses or syrup.

Now balance the strip of blotting paper, with the syrup side up, on the point of the pencil. You should have two players, although one will do. Each player chooses an end of the paper. In a moment a fly will alight on one end, attracted by the syrup, and that end of the paper will go down a trifle. Then another fly will light on the other end, or perhaps several will come there for the sweets and things will be reversed.



How the See-Saw Will Work.

As more flies come, alighting on the ends, the paper will lean first this way, then that, till it overbalances and falls to the table. Then the player whose end grew so heavy as to cause the tumble wins.

We would not advise you to try this in the house, but rather out of doors in the warm sunshine, where the flies will not bother any one.—New York Mail.

THE FLYING GAME.

"The Flying Game" is a popular one in Mexico.

A tree is cut, its branches removed, and steps are made out of ropes. Others affixed to the corners of the frame are then wound around the pole. Four boys, dressed as eagles or hawks, climb up the steps, and each taking a rope, swing off, while another boy whirls the square frame around. This unwinds the ropes, and makes the boys fly, round and round in large circles, until they reach the ground. While the birds are flying down, one boy stands on top of the pole, waving a flag and beating a drum.

SOME BIRDS GOOD SURGEONS.

Certain birds seem to possess a remarkable instinct for surgery. The woodcock, the partridge and some others are said to be able to dress their wounds with considerable skill. A naturalist observes that he has shot several woodcock that were recovering from wounds previously received. In every instance he found the injury neatly dressed with down plucked from the stems of feathers and skilfully arranged over the wound, evidently by the long beak of the bird. In other cases ligatures had been applied to wounded or broken limbs.

Living Not in Vain.

Life is a bubble, which any breath can dissolve. Wealth or power a snowflake, melting momently into the treacherous deep across whose waves we are floated on to our unseen destiny. But to have lived so that one less orphan is called to choose between starvation and infamy; to have lived so that some eyes of whom Fame shall never know, are brightened, and others suffused at the name of the loved one—so that few who know him truly, shall recognize him, as a bright, warm, cheering presence, which was here for a season, and left the world no worse for his stay in it, this surely, is to have really lived—and not wholly in vain.—Horace Greeley.

Professional Dignity.

"What wages do yo expect?" asked Mrs. Randolph of Aunt 'Phronie, who had come to hire as cook.

"Well, ...h tell you. Er Ah cooks an' waits on de table, too. Ah 'spects $2 eber week Ah lives; b-u-t ef yo' all has family reach at de table an' Ah 'es' hab ter cook, den Ah charges er dollar and fo' bits."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

LOST ON ARCTIC ICE.

The life of a missionary in the Arctic Circle is one long adventure. The greatest danger that has to be guarded against is the cracking of the ice. I once had a perilous journey across the ice.

As the evening advanced we began to think about our sleeping quarters. No snow, however, suitable for our purpose could be found. A kind of small gully, with a sloping, grassy-looking side of ice, some fifteen feet high, presented, however, a possible ascent to the land, on which we knew plenty of suitable snow could be found. So we made for the gully. The dogs managed to climb some distance up the ascent, but could get no further. Muneapik (our dog driver) then made holes in the ice with a harpoon, which gave us a kind of footing. We then hauled away at the dogs' traces and finally succeeded in getting both dogs and sledge up the incline. Beyond the gully we built our house—a perfect "Jack-in-the-box" affair—not more than five feet high and some fifteen feet in circumference. Here the three of us—myself, my man and a boy—were closely packed together. I made coffee with a methylated spirit lamp, the steam from the water finally turning into a kind of hoar frost.

In this way we traveled about ninety miles in three days. At one time a pack of hungry wolves attacked a sledge, and the usefulness of guns and a good supply of ammunition was proved.

After supper we had prayer and I then managed, I hardly know how, to get into my sleeping bag, where I slept pretty well through the night.

During the last stage of the journey on the ice nothing could be seen for a long time on account of a dense kind of hoar frost which rose in clouds from the open sea. A gale of wind in such a position probably would have carried ice, sledge and all of us away. Our driver and guide kept the dogs well in hand. I felt half frozen and longed to get a glimpse of the land, so as to find our true position. Some three hours afterwards we joyfully saw, through a break in the mist, a point of land.

Then we met some Esquimaux, who, with a few dogs, were wending their way over the gloomy waste looking for seal holes. They took me to their dwelling, right out on the frozen sea, some five miles from land, where I was welcomed to the comforts of a snow house.—Missionary E. J. Peck, of the "Farthest North" Station and Baffin's Bay, in the Chicago Tribune.

EXPLORER RIDES ON A TURTLE.

Six years ago M. de Rougemont appeared before the geographical section of the British Association at Clifton and described with much detail his remarkable adventures in the heart of the Australian continent. He included among them some striking reminiscences of the pearling industry in Australasia, and added that, having been wrecked, he occupied some part of his leisure by riding turtles in the lagoon of his desert island. Yesterday, after the lapse of many days, he appeared—in a striped bathing blanket and a bathing suit—before a British audience at the Hippodrome to demonstrate the truth of this part of his narrative.

There is no ground for supposing that it is the same turtle which shared M. de Rougemont's solitude in Australasia, or that it is a confederate in any way. Yesterday it lay placidly by the Hippodrome lagoon while M. de Rougemont lectured once again on his entertaining experiences, and it gave no sign of intelligence while he described the whole art of turtle riding. Suddenly the explorer flung off his blanket, and seizing the turtle unceremoniously by the scruff of its neck and the back of its shell hoisted it into the water. The turtle sank, but rose again. M. de Rougemont went in after it and in a moment was on its back. Down it went again and then once more rose. This time the rider grasped it firmly, crying, "Ta, 'Ra 'Ra!" and slapped it with some severity. It was an exciting and amusing entertainment from the spectators' point of view and M. de Rougemont also appeared to enjoy it very much. Of the turtle's enjoyment we have some doubt, but its general attitude was that of a passive resister. At any rate, M. de Rougemont did ride it.—London Daily Graphic.

SNAPPING TURTLE AND BIG BOY.

A Middletown (N. Y.) dispatch to the New York Times says that a turtle nearly drowned John Torrey, twelve years old, of Mechanicsville, while he was fishing in a pond near his home. He sat on the bank with his feet in the water, and a large snapping turtle seized him by his great toe. The boy was so frightened that he fell into the water. His screams attracted the attention of several laborers. They ran to the pond and succeeded in pulling the boy out. The turtle was still clinging to the boy's toe, and its head had to be cut off and the jaws pried open before the boy could be released from its grip. The turtle was one of the largest ever caught in this section. It weighed thirty-nine pounds.

OVER A CLIFF.

To go out after game in the hill country of India means that the hunter will find game, says Captain Glasfurd, the author of "Rifle and Romance in the Indian Jungle." One morning, followed by his shikarees, or native hunters, Captain Glasfurd was out looking over a rough hillside for bear. He had passed round the curve of a high ledge, when he found himself in front of a large, low roofed cave. On the sandy ... the entrance to the cave were fresh ingoing tracks of a bear.

Our position was a sufficiently hazardous one. The ledge was extremely narrow, overhung by rock, and on the verge of a perpendicular face of sandstone. We began quietly retracing our way. But scarcely had we taken one step when a horrible disturbance occurred in the depths of the cavern. This hastened our movements; but our haste was as nothing compared to the rapidity of the eruption that was going on behind us as the bear came yelling and scrambling out of the cavern. For me there was nothing but a swift whip round to face this horrid denouement, my rifle not even permitted to reach my shoulder.

To right, a blank wall of smooth cliffside; to left, a swift descent to the unknown over the edge of the cliff, and in front a raging, roaring mass of black hair shooting toward me with the speed of a runaway motor-car.

Bang! goes my rifle, and the next moment I am enjoying a strange, slow-moving nightmare, one of the most vivid of its memories being the smooth-brushed appearance of the bear's forehead as her jaws closed on my right thigh.

We bump and whirl swiftly downward. A semi-unconsciousness held me, and then came a shock. I saw the body of the bear hurled far from me into space, and I realized that I was clutching at something.

It was a little tree that I gripped in the strength of despair. I was hanging to it, head downward, on the face of the cliff itself.

My Jat orderly's voice sounded in my ear. The plucky fellow had crawled down that awful slope and managed to seize my hands. I was somehow drawn upward to the ledge. Then my gaze fell upon that solitary sapling, rooted in some mere chink in the rock. There was no other tree within many yards.

Two months on my back afforded scope for thought as to my extraordinary piece of luck.

BLOODYING THE HUNTER.

A correspondent of the London Field, who participated in an Austrian deer stalking expedition, relates this incident following the hunt:

"Before going to the house the keeper handed me a 'Bruch,' a twig off the nearest pine, which he first smeared in the wound, and I put it in my hat, as a victor puts laurels around his head. This is an old-established custom, the origin of which is unknown.

"When I returned it was already dark. On looking at the hats on the rack, I saw that three of the party had been successful. One of them, I found, had never killed a stag before, and had therefore to be what is in Scotland called 'blooded.' This ceremony was performed next day in the following manner. The whole party assembled at the front of the house; the victim was marched up to where his stag was lying, solemnly escorted by the keepers. He had to kneel down over the prostrate body of the fallen 'monarch of the glen.' A ring was formed round him, and the hostess struck him three times across the shoulders, saying, 'Der Erste Streich fur Kaiser und Reich, Der Zweite Streich fur's Ritter und Knecht, Der Dritte Streich fur's Waidmannsrecht.' The translation of this is 'The first stroke for Emperor and Empire, the second for Knight and Serf, and the third for the Sportsman's privilege. From this day onward the victim could hold up his head among sportsmen as their equal—a knight of the forest. People that object to this ceremony are looked down upon by Austrian sportsmen, and it is best to get through it as best one can, though it may not look very dignified while one is undergoing it."

ELEPHANT HIDE AND SEEK.

Captain Speedy, of the British army, writes in Harper's of some of his adventures while hunting elephants in North Africa. On one occasion he was chased by a huge one, in imminent danger of being overtaken, when he tripped and fell near a large tree trunk lying prone on the sand. He rolled under it just in time to escape the elephant, who ran from one side of the trunk to the other in pursuit of him. This game of hide-and-seek continued for some time, and Captain Speedy admits that, though it might have seemed funny to a bystander, it was far from amusing to him, as he expected each moment to be reached by the excited monster. The elephant finally gave it up and changed his method of attack, and though he was eventually shot by his victim, he gave a very bad half hour to a brave hunter and soldier.

Wild Parrots Not Sheep-Killers.

The story of how sheep are killed by the kea, or wild parrots of New Zealand, has become a classic. According to this tale, the bird alights on the poor animal's back and tears out the kidneys with its sharp beak, this being the only part that the parrot relishes. The sheep is then left to die.

"We have always felt," says Knowledge (London), "that if there were any truth at all in the stories of the depredations caused by the kea parrot on New Zealand sheep farms, they must be greatly exaggerated. In the field "R. L." gives a brief account of the result of a conference of representative men held recently in Wellington. It would seem that they have been enabled to show that these stories are without foundation in fact. All the members of this conference were men well acquainted with the bird in its native haunts, but not one of them, either as the result of his own experience or from the testimony of others, was able to adduce a single item of evidence in support of the alleged sheep-worrying charge."—Detroit News-Tribune.

A treasured relic at Penshurst Place, the seat of Lord de L'Isle and Dudley, is a stool covered in faded blue velvet, edged with silver cord, on which Queen Victoria knelt to receive the sacrament at her coronation.