THE QUEENSTOWN NEWS.

L. XXV. QUEENSTOWN, MARYLAND, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22., 1906. NO. 4.

s very apt to find himself
ople's way when he insists
g his own, admonishes the
tar.

ith will help the Nation
immigration problem, de-
Atlanta Constitution, if a
nd good specimens of the
peasant are turned this
month.

cophagus of Charlemagne
pened for the first time in
and notwithstanding the
od that has elapsed, re-
e Indianapolis News, exam-
howed that that remarkable
men was still dead in it.

altimore Manufacturers' Rec-
es the surprising statement
n in the infancy of its devel-
the coal industry of West
now furnishes more railroad
han the entire wheat crop of
ntry raised on over 50,000,-
es of land.

Empress of China has en-
an Englishman and made his
s for nine generations Man-
f the highest rank, notes the
le Courier-Journal. Here is
rtunity for members of the
n snobocracy to secure vig-
nd deep-rooted family trees.

in Washington was trying
a plaster cast of the Presi-
ace. "How long would it take
e the cast?" Mrs. Roosevelt
"Twenty minutes," was the
"That settles it," answered
oosevelt. "No human power
nduce my husband to remain
r twenty minutes."

following notice is posted up
the ticket office of the bath-
ce on the sands at Eastbourne,
he Japanese Mail: "Will the
y who is in the habit of cleaning
n boots on the bathing tow-
se leave his boots here before
, as we would rather clean
ts than wash the towels?"

school commissioners of sev-
unties of Maryland have taken
to establish agricultural high
s. This is a movement that
to be encouraged in all agri-
al States, declares the Buffalo
rier. There is every reason to
ve that the teaching of farming
become a more and more promi-
l important feature of State
nal systems throughout the

rip" argues in the New York
s that pheasants — being bred
essly for the table—are not game
s, but domestic fowl. "If a
n," he says, "were to breed 1000
keys, allow them to run loose in
fields and woods, then shoot 100
hem and sell them to a New York
et out of season, would he lay
self liable to punishment? Cer-
There is no closed season

has been figured up at
marks the Springfield Re-
the total money cost of the
Russia amounts to $1,100,-
This does not include the
the war debt to be paid
It cost Great Britain lit-
than that to conquer
republics of South
,000,000 being
al of England's
Little less amaz-
overwhelming of
Eastern Asia is the
aliness of the money

of Massachusetts tax
r revenue only. The
is carefully computed to
annual expenditure. And if
enue can be increased without
g additional burdens upon in-
y and trade, so much the better.
can be done by levying a tax
direct inheritances, suggests the
Post. It is a most fruitful
ource of revenue, it can be collected
small cost or at no cost at all, and
has the advantage of oppressing
one. The payment of an excise
on property which comes by de-
cent to persons who have done noth-
g to create or acquire it is in no
ay a burden or a hard exaction.

Army officers who are in favor of
remount service, as contrasted with
e contract method of purchasing
blic animals, are again agitating
e subject of a change in the system
obtaining horses for the military
ervice. They are now going a step
urther than hitherto by suggesting
hat the whole system be placed un-
r a chief of cavalry, to be on duty
Washington. It is pointed out
y the New York Tribune that there
has been a steady increase in the cost
f horses under contract, and that
t would be cheaper, as an initial
tep toward an economical method
f getting good animals, to encour-
he raising of horses of the kind
ed and develop a regular mar-
or cavalry and artillery animals.
hoped by this means to induce
rs to go into the business, and
tain these horses directly from
owners without the intervention
of middlemen.

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VISIT OF ANGELS AND CHRIST'S BIRTH

: : : WRITTEN BY REV. W. H. WEEKS, : : :
: : : : Chaplain of City Hospital, N. Y. : : : :

One bright morning a group of angels, white and fair, were seated beneath a spacious tree planning how they should spend the day. They suggested a great many things and finally decided to visit our world. What shall we do when we get there? it was asked. Look for angels, was the reply. What could be more delightful than looking for angels! So they started on their long journey. It was a very long one, because there were so many other worlds to pass, but they flew along as quickly as they could.

While flying along they talked about their prospective visit, wondering if there were any angels there; were they large or small; could they sing; what color wings had they; were they white and large like other angels, and what did they do. As they had never visited our world no correct answer could be given, so they went on chatting about what might be seen. However, the journey was ended and they began in real earnest to look for angels.

Wherever they went the most beautiful things you can think of presented themselves to their view. Extensive gardens planted with all sorts of blooming flowers, roses, lilies, honeysuckle, jasmine, tulips and many others, the forests, too, extended beyond their view. So many varieties of trees were grouped together that they were enchanted by the sight, and exclaimed, "how beautiful!" There were orange trees, fig, apple and vine trees, which yielded more fruit than could be eaten. Some were tall and looked like towers; others spread out their branches so wide that the children could sit beneath them, protected from the hot, scorching sun. As they looked around and saw so many beautiful sights they exclaimed, "How lovely! How glad we are that we came to see this new world!" Although enchanted with its beauty, there were a great many things which distressed them. One was that of a boy who had lost a limb in trying to steal a ride behind a big wagon which went so fast that he could not get a secure hold, so he fell right down and another vehicle right behind injured his leg very seriously, indeed. He promised that if he got well he would never try such a thing again. Another boy was seen who had gone out on a rainy day against his mother's wish, and caught a bad cold. It became so distressing that the doctor thought he would not recover. Like the other boy he said, "If I regain my health I will not break the fifth commandment again." And his mother said, "John, I hope you will not. Disobedience always pays in sorrow and loss."

The angels felt very anxious because they could not find what they were searching for, white angels. While they were standing together singing was heard which sounded like children's voices. But what ever do you think it was? Not children, as you might suppose, but birds, which sang so clearly that the singing could be heard a long way off. And their plumage was rich and gorgeous beyond description. "There's an angel!" one cried after flying a good distance. What do you think it was? Such a disappointment. It was a white swan gliding smoothly down the river. Even this did not dampen their courage to go on seeking for snow-white angels. A sweet little girl was walking along and one of the angels said, "Are you an angel, little girl?" She replied by singing, "I want to be an angel, and with the angels stand." "O dear! O dear! What made those stains on your hands, sweet child?" They were dreadfully stained. The angels looked at one another thinking that she had done something naughty to have such dark stains. The child confessed that she had purposely broken the arm of her sister's doll. The angels looked at each other with feelings of sadness, then looking at her lips they saw stains caused by saying cross words when she was angry. "O dear! O dear!" sighed the angels. "What shall we do?' We cannot find any white angels." They walked along until they reached a large garden where a great many children were playing. There was a little boy, seven years old, and they asked him, "Are you an angel, little boy?" Then he began to sing very softly, "I want to be an angel, and with the angels stand." "Look at his hands," said one of the angels. They are covered with black spots. One was caused through taking his brother's candy without his leave, another through throwing a stone at a schoolfellow, because he laughed at a mistake made in the lesson, and one very large one was the result of having struck a playmate so hard that he cried for a very long time.

Then the angels sat down to talk over all that had happened, and what they should do. Should they try longer to find angels? Or must they give up their task? They decided to have another try. A short distance away they saw a number of children standing, looking over into an orchard. The angels went to them, hoping to find some who were perfectly white, but after having examined their hands and lips they could not find one who had not spots of some sort. One would not say prayers; another refused to obey his parents, and some loved to tease their sisters so that they could not learn the lessons without terrible hindrances.

Immediately they flew back to heaven and told the King that they could not find even one sweet little white angel to bring back with them to heaven. The King said that He was sorry, very, very sorry, and promised that He would Himself go down to earth and become a little child, that they might see how easy it is to be good when they wish to be, and try to do as He wishes them to do.

And He really came. He was born in a little town called Bethlehem, where He grew up to be a boy and afterwards to be a man. Everyone who knew how kind He was to those who did not love Him was surprised, and learned from Him how to be kind, loving and true. By His sweet example He taught boys and girls that it was easier to be good than naughty, and that they were not obliged to do wrong things, and they would not if they would try to do as He did. And He taught something else. What do you think it was? That when they tried to be good they always felt power come into them which enabled them to practice just what they wished to do.

But He did what no one else ever did. He suffered every kind of abuse and insult that men chose to offer, and at length He shed His most precious blood on the cruel cross, so that every spot and every stain which had spoiled the children's lips and hands might be washed away. Besides, He cleanses the heart so that they think good things and wish to do them, and they pray every day "Create within me a clean heart, O God," because of which they always avoid doing things which will make them sorry. They help their sisters to learn their lessons and say kind words and do kind things for their friends. Then when they die Jesus sends His angels to take them to His home in the sky.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

THE TWO KNIGHTS.

Away in the forest there stands a good knight
Clad all in a coat of mail;
His lance is made of an icicle bright,
His arrows are the hail.

And now and again he encounters a knight
In Lincoln green arrayed;
His crest is a spray of hawthorn white,
A sunbeam is his blade.

They fight from dawn till set of sun,
Till the leaves come out on the trees,
And all the rivers begin to run,
To carry the news to the sea!

Till all the flowers spring from the earth,
And wild grass is green on the ground;
Then winter yields to the green knight's worth,
And is out of sight at a bound.
—Lucy Fitch Perkins, in St. Nicholas.

A HUMAN SALAMANDER.

It was a warm corner. Day after day the French soldiers had pushed their batteries nearer and nearer toward the besieged town, and now one could look out from behind the breastworks and plainly see the faces of the Austrian artillerymen, as they stuck to their guns with grim determination and sent their shots flying into the French forts.

In one of these little mud constructed forts a small party of French soldiers, under the command of a corporal, were busily engaged in returning the fire of the enemy.

The corporal, a tall, gaunt young fellow of twenty, was directing the work of his men. Often he leaped to the ramparts to note what effect the fire of his guns was producing.

"Truly," said one of the soldiers, as the corporal jumped back among them, "thou are a veritable salamander, for thou canst stand fire."

'Who is a salamander?" inquired a gruff voice from the rear of the smoke filled battery.

The soldiers turned and saw standing there a small, pale faced man in a general's uniform.

One of the men pointed toward the corporal.

"It is he, general," he replied.

"A salamander! We will see!" reiterated the officer, as he ran his eye over the corporal. "Can you write?" he inquired.

"Yes, my general."

"Follow me, then." Out into the shot swept open the two passed, walking side by side.

"You seem," remarked the general, pleasantly, "to be at least a foot taller than I. Kindly walk on this side," and he indicated the side nearest to the enemy. "It will be a great protection to me."

Without a word the corporal took the place.

Just at that moment a shell burst directly over their heads, but did them no harm.

The officer cast a quick glance at his companion. He was not in the least flurried. He did not even quicken his pace.

Presently they reached and entered a battery which was nearest of all to the Austrian lines. It was filled with dead and wounded soldiers. Only one gun remained standing.

Calmly seating himself on a broken gun carriage, the general gave the corporal paper and quill and ink, and commanded him to write as he began to dictate a letter.

The corporal's hand did not shake. He wrote almost as rapidly as the general spoke.

Suddenly, just as the letter was finished, there was a deafening report, and a huge cannon ball passed close above them and buried itself with a dull thud in the earth beyond. The wind caused by its passage overturned the two, and dust and dirt completely covered them.

The general picked himself up in an instant. Calmly leaping upon the ramparts the corporal waved the finished letter defiantly towards the Austrian lines.

"Thanks, my friends," he shouted, "you have saved me the trouble of blotting it."

A look of genuine admiration crept into the eyes of the general.

"What is your name?" he asked, harshly.

"Corporal Junot of the Ninth Foot, general."

"Say rather 'Captain Junot,' for I cannot afford to let such fellows as you remain corporals;" and General Bonaparte—for it was he—clapped the young man on the shoulder.

Eight years later Marshal Junot was decorated with the grand cross of the Legion of Honor by the Emperor Napoleon.—Frank P. Channon, in St. Nicholas.

"BOONE TREES.'

In the good old days our brave pioneer ancestors wore buckskin clothes trimmed with long fringe of fur, and for weapons they carried long rifles with barrels made of imported horseshoe nails, the wooden stock trimmed with brass and ornamented with eagles, raccoons, deer and other objects cut from shells and set into the wood. They also carried long hunting knives, and buskskin or leather bullet pouches, often beautifully decorated with patterns of colored porcupine quills and glass beads, or made of some expensive fur. Their powder was carried in cowhorn powder flasks scraped smooth with pieces of broken glass, and with the surface engraved in rude designs of suns, moons, stars and figures of big game.

In the leather belt which encircled the waist and belted in the wampum they carried trusty tomahawks, and like their neighbors, the redskins, many of the picturesque old fellows were expert in the use of these little camp axes as weapons of offense and defense.

The great Daniel Boone himself carried an axe of this kind, and the trees he blazed with his tomahawk to mark the boundaries of land were so well known as "Boone trees" that in after years lawsuits were decided by the identification of the blazed boundaries as the ones made by the stroke of Boone's tomahawk.—Dan Beard, in Woman's Home Companion.

THE HAPPIEST LITTLE BOY.

"I am going to tell you who was the happiest child I saw to-day," said papa, taking his own two little boys on his knees.

"There was a flock of sheep crossing the city to-day, and they must have come a long way, so dusty and tired and thirsty were they. The driver took them up, bleating and lolling out their tongues, to the great pump in Hamilton court to water them. But one poor old ewe was too tired to go to the trough, and fell down on the hot, dusty stones. Then I saw my little boy, ragged and dirty, spring out from the crowd, fill his hat and carry it—one, two, three—eh, as many as six times, to the poor suffering animal, until the creature was able to get up and go on with the rest."

"Did the sheep say 'T'ant you!' papa?" asked Jim, gravely.

"I didn't hear it," answered papa. "But the little boy's face was shining like the sun, and I am sure he knows what a blessed thing it is to help what needs helping."

PUMPKATO OR TOMAKIN?

The pumpkato, or the tomakin, whichever it may be called, is the latest addition to the flora of Ohio.

Edward Womeldorff, of Gallipolis, a young farmer, late in the season set out some climbing tomato plants close to a telephone pole. Nearby were pumpkin vines. One of the tomato plants and one of the pumpkin vines intertwined and climbed the telegraph pole. The joint vine prolonged itself over the wires and the current of electricity pervaded it.

Vegetables developed in the course of time, but while each retained its outward form, each borrowed the characteristics of the other. The tomato tasted like pumpkin and the pumpkin had the tomato flavor.

The introduction of the electric current from the telephone wires produced a curious result. At night the pumpkins glow with a yellow incandescence, while the tomatoes are of a passionate red shade. The illumination is soft, but penetrating. Womeldorff says this is a good feature, because the vine has plenty of light to work all night, and so grows twice as fast.

THE ELEPHANT.

He has a thick hide.
He enjoys a long memory.
He is the only animal with a trunk.
His size gives him precedence on land.
In the sea he would be rivaled by the whale.
He has five toes on each of his very big feet.
Instead of eye teeth he has ivory tusks, which cause him to be hunted
As a baby he has a tiny pair of milk tusks, which are shed like a human baby's teeth.
He is connected with the other hoofed mammals by a number of forms now extinct.
His trunk is but an elongated nose, which he uses both as an organ of smelling, feeling and feeding.
In India a baby elephant weighs 200 pounds at birth. We shall see what Texas will do with her new elephant ranch, which is to start out nobly with 100 mother elephants.—Philadelphia Record.

Muskmelons.

Since May 15 I have ordered from dealers in all parts of New York and Jersey City the old-fashioned muskmelon and succeeded in obtaining two. And the merchant who sold those thought they were cantaloupes! Nobody in the melon business seems to know what the muskmelon looks like or tastes like, and its place in the market has been taken entirely by the Rockyfords and their several cousins. One fine muskmelon is worth a dozen mealy cantaloupes. It may be nine inches long and six inches thick, resembling a small football. The meat is a rich saffron, and the flavor indescribable. Price, thirty-five to fifty cents; and well worth it. Sliced in wedges an inch thick at the back, making portions the shape of an Indian canoe, and eaten with black pepper and salt in green-corn style (biting the flesh off with the teeth and making a tooth brush of the rind)—Oh, my! Watermelon style, too, in the country!—New York Press.

Children's Shoe Trees.

Boot trees are a comparatively recent addition to the requirements of the average American man or woman and are one of the many little signs of the luxury of the times, for the average New Yorker who makes any pretensions to being well groomed has a pair of trees for every pair of boots and shoes. Just to make this luxury a little more insistent, they have taken to making trees for children's shoes now, and the cost to mothers who think it necessary for their children to have such things is just as much for a pair to fit a No. 6 child's size as for a pair to fit a man's No. 10's.—New York World.

For Safety.

A traveler passing through a small country town noticed a post on which was marked the height to which the river had risen during a recent flood.

"Do you mean to say," he asked a native, "that the river rose as high as that in 19—?"

"Oh, no," replied the native, "but the village children used to rub off the original mark, so the mayor ordered it to be put higher up, so as to be out of their reach."—Tit-Bits.

HOW HE SAVED HIS GOLD.

J. V. Dusenberry was one of the victims of the Yosemite bandit who held up the passengers of five valley stages in one continuous performance.

Dusenberry lost only sixty cents, but on his person when the highwayman searched him were ten twenty-dollar gold pieces and a gold watch and chain.

Dusenberry had left the stage shortly before it reached the bandit's ambush. He was following slowly behind, gathering wild flowers and intending to take a cross country path later on and head off the stage, which was obliged to follow the tortuous road.

The highway man stopped the five stages one after the other. As he stopped one he ordered the driver to pull off the road in such a way as to conceal the coach and horses from the stage following. The passengers he lined up behind a clump of trees. Dusenberry, ignorant of the excitement ahead, was dawdling along enjoying the beauties of nature and adding blosson by blosson to the bunch of wild flowers in his hand.

He turned a sharp bend in the road and found himself looking into the barrel of a rifle. Behind the rifle was a tall, stooping figure with head, face and neck swathed in cloth. Through one of the crevices in the face covering gleamed an eye.

"Hands up!" came in a quiet tone of voice from another crevice.

"Now, stand at the head of that line," continued the voice.

The highwayman then resumed the operation of stripping the passengers of their wealth which Dusenberry's unexpected appearance had interrupted.

Instead of standing at the head of the line, however, relates the San Francisco Chronicle, Dusenberry sauntered down to the other end and joined those who already had been robbed. Behind the friendly shelter of an old lady's parasol Dusenberry made a rearrangement of his personal property. The $200, part of which belonged to a fellow traveler, and the watch and chain he dropped inside the waistband of his pantaloons and a sudden chill around the ankles told him of the safe arrival in his socks of his valuables.

It was not until all the passengers had been ordered back into the stages that the bandit remembered Dusenberry. He found the passenger agent and demanded his money. Dusenberry gave up the sixty cents and a knife.

"Better let me keep the knife," said Dusenberry. "If you take it it might cut friendship."

The knife was returned, and after sounding the outside of Dusenberry's pockets for more coin, the highwayman told him to "chase himself."

While standing in line many of the passengers, says Dusenberry, threw their valuables into the brush. They returned later to find them them gone. They had been picked up, however, by the detectives who took the bandit's trail, and were restored subsequently to the owners.

The highwayman opened the Wells Fargo box, but refrained from taking the $50 he discovered there. His modesty, he explained, was due to a dislike to interesting the express company in his capture for so small a sum. He borrowed Dusenberry's linen duster, spread it on the ground and on it laid all the loot he did not want. He turned this bundle over to one of the passengers for distribution later to the owners.

"He was very cool," said Dusenberry, "but took no chances, either of surprise or subsequent identification. The mask he wore hid even his hair and disguised the shape of his head. He wore a loose-fitting suit and his feet were swathed in gunnysacks. The detectives found that after we had left the fellow had discarded his mask and the loose-fitting clothes and burned them. He was a tall man, but maintained a crouching position, and I do not suppose any who saw him could guess his height within a couple of inches. In the valley nobody seems to think there is much chance of capturing him."

BATTLES WITH RHINOCEROSES.

Mr. William Cotton Oswell, who made his second expedition into the interior of Southern Africa in 1847, had two terrible experiences with rhinoceroses. His son, in the lately published biography of his distinguished father, records these adventures.

He had one pre-eminently good horse, Stael, the very pick of all he ever had in Africa, fast and most sweet-tempered, and so fearless that he would, without whip or spur or any urging, carry his master right up to a lion and stand perfectly motionless within a few feet of the brute while Mr. Oswell fired.

Returning to camp one evening on Stael, he fired both barrels of his rifle at a white rhinoceros. Instead of dropping or bolting, it began to walk toward the smoke.

Oswell turned his horse, only to find a thick bush was against its chest. Before he could fell it the rhinoceros drove its horn in under the flank, and threw horse and rider into the air with such terrific force that the point of the horn pierced the saddle.

scalped his head for a space four inches in length and in breadth. He scrambled to his knees, and saw the horn actually within the bend of his leg. With the energy of self-preservation he sprang to his feet, but after tottering a step or two tripped and came to the ground. The rhinoceros passed within a foot without hurting him.

As he rose for the second time his after-rider came up with another gun. Half pulling him from his horse, Oswell mounted it and galloped after and caught the rhinoceros. Keeping back the piece of scalp with his left hand, he held the gun to his shoulder with his right and shot the brute dead.

On the return journey to the Cape he met with the most serious accident of his life. Stalking two rhinoceroses, he was lying flat when they came within twenty yards of him. The nearer of the two came near stepping on him. Hoping that his sudden appearance from the ground would startle her and so give him a chance of escape, he sprang up and dashed alongside of her to get in the rear, his hand being on her as he passed.

She immediately gave chase. A quick turn saved him for the moment; the race was over in the next. As the horned snout came lapping round his thigh he rested the gun on the long head, and, still running, fired both barrels; but with the smoke he found himself sailing through the air, and it was not until three hours later that he recovered consciousness, to find a deep gash in his thigh eight inches long, down to the bone in all its length.

For nearly four weeks, unable to get to the wagons, he made his bed under a bush.

PURSUED BY WOLVES.

Samuel Johnson, an Indianapolis man, eighty-three years old, who was one of the most enthusiastic old settlers at the recent reunion at White City, tells of an experience with wolves on Buck Creek that nearly ended disastrously for him.

"I was out on a hunting trip about twelve miles from Indianapolis on Buck Creek," said Mr. Johnson. "There were thick woods all around that part of the country and few people near. I was living in a house made of logs in the midst of the woods and a fine place for wolves. I never thought much about the danger, though, and used to go many miles away on a hunting expedition without seeing a wolf or thinking about one.

'One day I went on a trip and stayed out a little later than usual. It was getting dark and as I got near home the air was cold, and if wolves ever are hungry they would have been hungry that night. I hurried along trying to get in the house before night, and I began to wonder if there were any wolves near.

"I happened to look back and saw a big patch of black moving toward me. I hurried faster and just got inside the door when the pack reached the house. I barred the door and kept clear out of sight, but on the outside I could hear the animals howling and scratching around. They must have stayed an hour or more, but I did not try to shoot them and I think they lost the scent of me. Anyway, they turned suddenly and ran off down the road, and I never saw them after that time."—Indianapolis Star.

THE PRISONER'S ESCAPE.

The story is told of how a neatly constructed cipher saved Sir John Trevanion's life. This cavalier was taken prisoner and locked up in Colchester Castle to await his execution. On the second day of his confinement the jailer brought him a letter which as far as the warder of the castle could discover was merely a note of condolence from a friend. But the letter had been concocted on a cipher to which Sir John had the clew. Every third letter after a punctuation mark of any kind was to tell. What he made out was: "Panel at east end of chapel slides." On the following evening the prisoner begged permission to pass a quiet hour in prayer in the chapel. The request was granted, and before the hour had passed the panel had done its work and the bird had flown.—Boston Post Magazine.

SHOT INVITED BEAR RACE.

There was something doing near Appollonia, Wis., when Elmer Hill went partridge hunting. Elmer struck a nice place in the brush and started up a bird, which got away, but he shot at the second to fly up. Elmer missed the bird, but hit something else. A big black bear had been peppered, and Elmer and the bear had a merry race. The bear caught Hill and wounded him five times with his claws, Hill's only defense being a hunting knife, as he threw away his shotgun in the race. Hill was exhausted by the time help beat off the bear.—Philadelphia Record.

A PLUCKY RUSE.

A man hopelessly lost in the bush in South Australia, after wandering about for four days, came across the telegraph line between Adelaide and Port Darwin. He had not the strength to go farther, but managed to climb a pole and cut the wire. He then made himself as comfortable as possible and waited. The telegraph repairers were sent along the line, and they came to the wanderer just in time to save his life.—Kansas City Independent.

The Battle of Blenheim.

It was a summer evening.

Old Kasper had been working all day on the site of little old New York and he was tired.

He sat before his cottage door—the place where there used to be a skyscraper, but now all was green.

Suddenly Wilhelmine noticed her brother Peterkin was busy with something large and round.

"Aha!" said old Kasper, taking it up, "a victim of the great city. Plenty of 'em about."

"What did he do?" asked Peterkin.

Kasper smiled. "A little of everything," he replied. "This chap may have been a subway victim. He may have been run over by a surface car or been clubbed to death by a policeman. He may have met his fate in an excursion boat, or died of indigestion."

"But," queried Peterkin, "what good came of it all?"

And old Kasper merely shook his head, as he blew his smoke over in the direction of what was once Hoboken.

"All I know," he said, "is that once it was a famous municipality."—The Late Robert Southey, in Life.