THE QUEENSTOWN NEWS.

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A man who can inherit one fortune and marry another, and not be absolutely extinguished, declares Puck, is a tremendous fellow.

Speaking of Mr. Garfield's rapid rise, one writer says the President calls him "Jimmy." Perhaps that helped him to break into the Cabinet, suggests the Washington Post.

A new motor-cab has been invented which is to have six wheels. Probably they decided, suggests the Atlanta Journal, that the victim did not get sufficiently squashed with only four wheels.

According to the Cadiz (Ohio) Democrat, a citizen of that town "stepped on a corncob, and it threw him, discolating his shoulder." Since the discovery that it contains alcohol, the humble corncob is showing some spirit.

There are now about 37,000 free delivery routes in rural districts in the United States. These routes average about twenty-four miles. Road-building and road-bettering have accompanied the development of this civilizing work, asserts the Hartford Courant. With telephones, free delivery and expanding trolley service, the country is coming nearer to the city every day.

The Boston Transcript observes that: The destiny of Fort McHenry does not appear to have been settled, further than that it will be abandoned as a military post at the end of March. It has been proposed to turn it over to the Agricultural Department to be used as a cattle quarantine, and the mere suggestion has stirred all Baltimore with indignation. The Sun likens the proposed desecration to building a hospital for diseased poultry on Plymouth Rock. Altogether, Baltimore knows how Boston felt last year when a distinguished Baltimorean recommended that Old Ironsides be employed as a floating target.

It would appear that they do not approve of domestic science in the State educational institutions of Iowa. The young woman from Boston who was engaged to teach the branch of higher education, says the Cleveland Plain Dealer, was somewhat rudely informed by a member of the State Board of Control that her lectures were nonsense and her science a fad. "Get your fingers in the dough!" shouted the extremely practical person. Then he added: "You have to get into the kitchen to know how to cook." All of this was extremely distasteful to the teacher, and while she had a contract that empowered her to lecture in the Iowa schools for a year, she preferred to resign rather than be under the supervision of a board that could not discriminate between a scientist and a cook.

Bishop Fallows, of Chicago, thinks at estates of $1,000,000 should pay inheritance tax of 50 per cent., to to the school fund. The Chicago urnal thinks that it is virtually cation and never would win con- but that proper tax must come. s: The time is approaching law will be passed providing ases. Wealth is accumulat- in this country that means had to distribute it for the the people. We have that feature hitherto in ted States because it is only st twenty or thirty years that become pressing. But in the enty years something must be done to meet it. The 's plan has not yet been an- but it may be depended up- be a rational and sensible solu- on of the problem. If men are to e allowed to pile up great fortunes without interference they must con- ribute of them liberally when they e. The inheritance tax, an estab- hed institution in Great Britain, become one of our own laws be- re many years have passed.

We take it as a matter of course, a matter of certainty, that the ning State Legislature will pro- e a sanatorium for consumptives, marks the Indianapolis News. The rk of the Commission appointed the Governor to consider the sub- t has for a background the long d careful investigation of the State ard of Health, which is a part of e enlightened progress of the time. natoriums have been established roughout Europe and in various tes of this country. There has dom been a large question of this based on a firmer foundation is, for two broad reasons: Study the disease has revealed with thematical certainty that it can cured. Once thought to be be- d remedy, the only thing to be e to alleviate the patient's suf- ing while death gradually ap- ached, it is now known that in the t majority of cases—about 80 per t.—it is curable and in all pre- table, if treated in time. It has en demonstrated that the "white gue," which destroys a larger mber of the human race than any her affliction, can be eradicated; n be driven to the wall as small- has been driven.

WHILE WE MAY.

The hands are such dear hands,
They are so full they turn at our demands
So often; they reach out,
With trifles scarcely thought about,
So many times; they do
So very many things for me, for you—
If their fond wills mistake,
We may well bend, not break.

They are such fond, frail lips
That speak to us. Pray, if love strips
Them of discretion many times,
Of if they speak too slow or quick, such crimes
We may pass by; for we may see
Days not far off when those small words may be
Held not as slow, or quick, or out of place, but dear,
Because the lips are no more here.

They are such dear, familiar feet that go
Along the path with ours—feet fast or slow,
And trying to keep pace—if they mistake
Or tread upon some flower that we would take
Upon our breast, or bruise some reed,
Or crush poor Hope until it bleed,
We may be mute,
Not turning quickly to impute
Grave fault; for they and we
Have such a little way to go—can be
Together such a little while along the way,
We will be patient while we may.

So many little faults we find,
We see them; for not blind
Is love. We see them, but if you and I
Perhaps remember them some by and by,
They will not be
Faults then—grave faults—to you and me,
But just odd ways—mistakes, or even less—
Remembrances to bless.
Days change so many things—yes, hours;
We see so differently in suns and showers.
Mistaken words to-night
May be so cherished by to-morrow's light,
We may be patient; for we know
There's such a little way to go.

—George Klingle.

BY THE FLASH-LIGHT.

By CHARLES TENNEY JACKSON.

The sheriff halted his tired horse under the pepper-trees and watched the early morning light bring out each cow trail and bunch of chaparral against the dry, brown California mountainside across the river.

"If they've crossed, some one has helped 'em!" he muttered, staring now at the covered photographer's wagon and the littered camp by the sheep-corral. "Stranger," he added, to one of the young men, who sat on the wagon-tongue, wiping the frying-pan with a bit of bacon, "have you seen anybody on the Sonora road—big, red-bearded man on a bay cayuse and a little dark man on a pinto?"

"No," answered Lamont. "We've been broken down here at Gutierez's ranch for a week; one of our mules lied. Who is it you're after?"

"Two of the Gates gang. They held up the Cooperstown stage. Big Anse was one of 'em; he's called the Red Dog, maybe you know. We're trying to keep 'em from reaching the high mountains with that four thousand they lifted. The Red Dog gave us the slip in the brush last night. Somebody's helping him out of the foot-hills. What's your business here, may I ask?"

"Taking pictures," stammered the young photographer, for something in the keen, abrupt query had confused him. "We're working the mining-camps and the lumber-mills. We take groups of the boys at the bunk-houses, and then get orders for pictures. It's a pretty poor business, though; and besides that we've lost a mule."

The weary sheriff's eye saw something lacking in the boys' disordered camp. "Where are your blankets? Where'd you fellows sleep last night?"

"Up the river. Old Gutierez said we might get a snap picture of some deer on their runs to the water. He said there was a big ten-point buck came to a certain hole every night."

The mountain officer paused in distinct surprise, with the pint cup of coffee which one of the boys had handed up to him. His glance went to the deserted adobe hut of Jose Gutierez, the Mexican sheep-herder.

"Jose! That old sheep thief? And how can you take pictures in the night?"

"Flash-light," answered Burton, the assistant. "A picture of a big buck drinking from the river would be worth money. We got one flash-light of a wildcat cornered by dogs in a tree and sold it to a magazine."

The sheriff was plainly incredulous. He opened his mouth in silent laughter, and then thought better of it in the presence of his hosts.

"Old Gutierez, hey? Must have wanted to get you off the Sonora road pretty bad these nights. Where's the Mexican now?"

"Looking up sheep over near Warner's. He's been gone two days. He told us we'd get that buck, sure, if we watched after the moon set——"

The big man on the horse suddenly writhed in his mirth. He turned his animal with a touch of the Spanish bit, and rode off. Then he looked back at the two young men from the East, and shouted:

"I was going to deputize you two fellows to join the posse; you might run across the Red Dog and pick up that thousand-dollar reward. But anybody who'll sit up all night, waiting for a buck deer to come and have his picture took——"

The sheriff doubled over his saddle-horn in silent glee. The two amateur photographers looked after the man-hunter in no amiable mood. To be laughed at at five in the morning, after a night of fruitless vigil in the mountain cold, ruffles one's temper.

"He thinks it's funny about those deer pictures. At first I thought he was going to accuse us of the hold-up," said Lamont.

"But we can get the flash-light all right," declared Burton. "The deer tracks are thick about that hole; it's the only place in miles where an animal can get down from the dry hills to the river. We'll swing old Gutierez's skiff from a new point to-night and get to leeward of the deer trails down the canon."

The two weary young men slept most of the day in the dirty but cool interior of the sheep-herder's adobe hut. The shadows were far over the canon when they woke, and Gutierez's burros were braying hungrily in the corral. The Mexican had not returned.

The boys prepared supper, keeping an expectant eye on the road winding down under the laurel, but not a glimpse of the sheriff's posse did they see, and the great shaggy mountainside disclosed nothing of the silent man-hunters who were beating out every gulch and thicket for their prey.

At dusk the two travelers set out on the trail that led up the river, carrying the big camera, the flash-light machine, and their blankets and midnight supper. The sheriff's derision had dampened their faith a bit, but no better adventure offered; and they resolved to employ the utmost care in their plans.

It was after dark when the boys emerged from the rough trail upon the silent, rolling Stanislaus, where it burst from a steep and narrow gorge between the hills. Beyond this little rocky basin the walls of the canon were unscalable for miles, and the hillside was worn with deer and cattle trails, where the animals scrambled down to the water.

The camera-hunters made their arrangements leisurely enough. They could not expect the deer to come until after the feeding hours near to the dawn. The old skiff was anchored to the willows so that it swung some yards out on the swift current. Lamont had a fine lens, which would sweep the entire bank where the trails converged, and Burton was to operate the flash-light machine on a plank extending from the bow of the boat. They had used it many times in mine interiors and camp pictures.

But long before midnight both of the boys slumbered. Lamont trusted his wits to waken him before dawn. Yet he knew he had slept many hours, for he was sore from his cramped position in the boat, and the moon had set behind the mountain wall, when he started from his blankets with a confused idea that many voices were whispering on the wooded shore.

He stared out on the swift-flowing river, then knew he had been fooled, as he had been many times before, by the babbling water over the riffles. But it must be nearly daylight. The deer would be stealing to the drinking-holes now before they retired to the dense, brushy canons to sleep through the hot day.

Lamont wakened his companion, and after a whispered conference, they lay in position to watch the shore, trusting to their alert senses to hear the animals among the rocks or make out their forms under the gloom of the bank. The camera was carefully focused for the end of the "deer run," while Burton was to operate the flash-light, which ignited from a percussion-cap.

An hour they lay in the little boat swung out from the shore, while the darkness deepened as the moon sank lower. Nothing stirred on the bank; no sound came except the murmur of the river. Burton soon nodded, then drowsed off, to recover his senses with a start when his friend nudged him.

"What's that?"

The faint ricochetting of a stone somewhere up the canon side came to their strained ears; a pebble rattled down one of the steep trails. Some live thing was there!

"Wait!" whispered Lamont, as he felt the younger man start. "It's a buck, sure! Let him come to the water. There'll be a doe or two behind him if the coast seems clear."

But Burton, who had never seen a wild deer in his life, could not stand the nervous strain of staring blankly into the dark. He began to see all sorts of apparitions.

"Billy," he gasped, "there's a dozen of 'em! Look there!"

A larger stone rolled down the converging trail. There was a splash at the edge of the water. More experienced hunters would have known that no deer would have made as much noise as this. They listened excitedly to the sounds in the gloom—a clatter of pebbles, a plunge into the swift current.

"Here it comes," whispered Burton. "It's swimming straight at us! Open your slide—quick!"

Lamont obeyed, almost too astonished to signal back for the flash-light, for some object was indeed coming toward them in the semi-darkness over the water. Then he struck his friend's leg, and Burton pulled the trigger of the flash-light machine.

For the fraction of a second the whole bank of the river and the canon side beyond leaped into intolerable brightness—trails, rocks, chaparral—and there in the middle ground a man was struggling with a rearing bronco, while in the river itself two other riders were swimming their animals against the swift Stanislaus. The foremost, a big, bearded man, was plainly pictured; the other, hidden by a gray Mexican sombrero, was bending over his horse's neck, making for the distant shore.

The blackness that succeeded the flash-light was impenetrable for a moment; then from the bank came a burst of orange light, and a bullet tore the water by Burton's hand on the gunwale. Then from one of the objects in the river came another flame. A shot struck the boat itself! The photographers recoiled in the bottom of the skiff. The man on the shore was emptying a repeating rifle at them, shot after shot, until Lamont reached over the stern and cut the line that had anchored them to the willows.

His face was filled with splinters which the bullets cut from the thwart; but now the boat darted off on the rapid current after the two horsemen who had been swept far down-stream. One of them began to yell excitedly as the skiff app[illegible]. He fired his pistol, and th[illegible] dered off his horse's back [illegible]ed. The other kept on for [illegible]osite shore.

Burton seized the one oar [illegible] paddle in the craft and strove mightily to run in among the overhanging alders. But the treacherous whirlpools of the Stanislaus kept the boat in mid-stream for several hundred yards. When finally the fugitives landed, a bend concealed their mysterious enemies, and the boys made their way, exhausted enough, through the brushy bottom to the trail along the canon.

Lamont clung to his big camera; everything else they left in the boat. Daylight was coming as they hurried down the mile of rough trail toward the stage road. No one was about their camp at the sheep-herder's corral. The boys hastily made a cup of coffee to refresh their exhausted energies.

"I think we must have run across the Red Dog and his gang," said Lamont. "I wish the deputies would come this way, or we could notify them. But there were three of those fellows!"

"Well, we must have a picture of them," retorted Burton. "Billy, let's develop that plate right away!"

They were in a darkened corner of old Gutierez's adobe when a figure appeared in the doorway.

"Hello!" said the sheriff. "Was it all quiet up the canon last night?"

"Not exactly," answered Lamont, straightening up from the fixing tray. "I had excitement enough to last me a year. Hold on a minute, Mr. Sheriff! Have you got your outlaws?"

"The boys headed 'em back from the summit yesterday. We think they're crowded pretty close to the river, and we're watching this side. The only place they can cross in forty miles is right here. I'd like to clap eyes on 'em!"

Lamont carried a dripping plate toward the light at the door.

"Well, here you are—and it's fine, too! Here's the big, bearded man, and the little one on the bank, and who's that in the river?"

"Gutierez—as I live!" cried Burton. "That's his hat!"

"The little rat!" exclaimed the sheriff. "I always mistrusted he stood in with these men. He never thought he'd have to guide 'em down to the crossing where he had sent you to get you away from his ranch on the main road. But how did you fellows get that picture?"

The deputies were riding fast up the canon trail before the photographers had completed half their story. Lamont and Burton sat down alone and stared at their negative.

"The best flash-light we ever took!" said Burton.

The boys were making prints from the plate that afternoon when a posse of twenty armed men rode out of the canon with two prisoners. The sheriff gazed thoughtfully at a complete and mounted picture that Lamont handed up to him.

"Gutierez went to the bottom or else got away," he commented, "but here are your other two subjects. The Red Dog says he was never so scared in his life as when you blew that stuff up in his face. And the little man walked right out of the brush and surrendered. He hasn't got over it yet."

"We did neglect to tell 'em to 'look pleasant,'" laughed Lamont, "but we were rather rattled ourselves. Anyhow, it's a good picture."

"How much do you picture men want out of that thousand-dollar reward?" said the sheriff. "Will two hundred and fifty make it a square deal?"

"Yes!" cried the photographer. "We shall be satisfied. All we want is another mule—and that flash-light picture."—Youth's Companion.

SCIENCE & MECHANICS

A novel hot water kettle which is guaranteed cannot boil over under any circumstances, embodies a steam chamber into which the water when it rises in violent ebullition is made to pass through slots and then to fall back into the main body of the kettle. The spout comes from the steam chamber and is baffled and connected only indirectly. The steam chest of this kettle is utilized for cooking as well as providing pure boiling water for tea-making.

Men who wear silk or "stovepipe" hats know that the temperature inside the hat is much higher than outside; but it has remained for a French physician to measure the difference. He has discovered that when the thermometer registers ninety degrees in the shade in the outer air it stands at one hundred and eight degrees in his silk hat, and that when it is sixty-eight outside it is eighty-eight inside. From these differences he concludes that the unnatural heat causes many nervous diseases. Other persons have supposed that the heat of the hat made men bald.

All colds are probably due to the action of some microbe, and so are to be ranked among the contagious or infectious diseases, but it is also probable that the microbes that may cause the malady—or maladies—are of various species. Hence the treatment that will relieve one cold is powerless to cure another, because a remedy that is inimical to one microba may have no effect upon another. It is known, however, that all microbic diseases are prone to attack those who are "below par" physically, and nowhere is this more strikingly evident than in the case of cold-catching.

It is reported from Paris that Prof. Behring has discovered a new method of sterilizing milk, without boiling it or destroying any of its essential principles. The method is based on the powerful qualities of German perphydrol, simply oxygenated. One gramme per liter of this substance is sufficient to destroy all noxious germs. Milk thus sterilized can be kept a long time, and is not injured by transportation, but cannot be drunk until it has been gently warmed and a drop of a catalytic substance added. Dr. Behring has proved that light has a very harmful effect on milk, whether sterilized hot or cold, and he recommends that it should be kept in a dark place or in red or green bottles.

BEAR HAD NO BREAKFAST.

Stephen Allard was born in New Durham, N. H., in 1770, and died in Albany in 1870. He was a unique and somewhat eccentric character, and was known throughout the Pequeke country as "Steve, the Bear Hunter." Many anecdotes are still related of him. The following is a well authenticated one:

He had set a bear trap in a plot of corn about a quarter of a mile from his residence. His brother David was a guest at his house. Stephen went early in the morning to see if any bears had been among the corn during the night. As he arrived at the corn he heard a rattle of the trap and found a bear caught by the toes on one forward foot. One glance convinced him that the hold of the trap was weakening. He seized the chain, when Bruin instantly rose on his hind legs and made for him.

Without hesitation he closed in with the bear, and, being a powerful man, succeeded in soon getting the mastery and called to David to come quickly and bring an axe with him.

After considerable delay and when Stephen's patience had become exhausted, David arrived with the axe. Stephen berated him, in language not fit to print, for his tardiness, and in explanation David said that breakfast being ready, and not thinking there was any necessity for hurrying, he stopped and ate his breakfast. Stephen said: "Dave, hold this 'ere b'ar and let me kill him."

David was loath to do so, but to appease Stephen's wrath finally did as requested. When Stephen saw David had a strong hold on the bear he threw the axe out of David's reach and said: "Dave, hold fast that varmint while I go to the house and get my breakfast."

Stephen went and got his meal, and then returned and killed the bear.

HEROIC WOMAN.

To the heroic fortitude of the captain's wife, Mrs. Frank McGuire, who stood lashed to the wheel during the gale that recently swept the New England coast is largely due the safety of the schoongr Gold Hunter, which came into the harbor of Machias, Me., eleven days overdue from Portland.

The Gold Hunter, with Captain McGuire, his wife and one man for an assistant, left Portland November 10 for Machias. On the following Sunday she made good progress until afternoon, when the wind breezed up from the northeast, while the vessel was four miles off Peter Manan light.

A sudden gust of wind split the mainsail and carried away the jibs, and the schooner became unmanageable. The sea made up rapidly, and the vessel was continually smothered in the wash of the combers.

Mrs. McG[illegible] was below when the storm broke, but rushed on deck and took the wheel, while her husband and his one-man crew went to work to bend on a foresail.

With great patience and consummate seamanship the two men labored for hours to get their little rag of sail set, while Mrs. McGuire, lashed to the wheel, steered the almost helpless craft.

Finally the foresail was rigged, double reefed, and while the two men clung exhausted to the mast, Mrs. McGuire brought the vessel around head up to the wind and held her there for forty-eight hours.

Before the gale the vessel drifted out to sea for ninety-six miles off Mount Desert Rock. In all this time it was impossible to cook food or even to heat up coffee.

Kept up only by excitement and pluck, the captain's wife clung to her post through the height of the gale, while Captain McGuire and his man attended their storm sail, which continually broke from its fastenings.

It was a man's work at the wheel, with the helm "kicking" strongly to the plunges of the ship, but the endurance of the rugged north woman was equal to the test and she stood her trick with the men.

DEHORNING A RHINOCEROS.

There is an old story about a man who had to have his arm amputated, and began by cutting off his fingers, and then his hand, in order to get used to it before undertaking the larger job. It does not sound historically accurate, and may have grown up from a tale narrated by Richard Bell about a rhinoceros which was "broken in" to having its horn sawed off.

This animal, which lived in the London Zoo, was troubled by its horn, which grew down in front of its mouth, so that only with difficulty could it eat or drink. To save its life the keeper decided on amputation.

The horn of a rhinoceros is not a horn at all, but an accumulation of hair and skin which has hardened and become cemented together by some gummy substance. The owner of this one had a very touchy temper and was not easily approached. His keeper, however, decided to try what he could do.

For some days it required all his skill to persuade the beast to come to the front of the cage and put its horn through. Then for some days he stroked the horn—much to the animal's disgust at first, although later it seemed to like it. When it found he meant no harm, it let him take the horn in his left hand, and then with the right imitate the motion of a saw across it.

When this had been done some time, and the rhinoceros no longer minded it, a piece of wood was held in the right hand, and at last, when even this no longer worried the animal, a real saw was brought in and the horn cut off—without the slightest remonstrance from the owner of it.

A PIRATE STORY.

This tale from Hongkong shows the ingenuity and courage of modern Chinese pirates: "Ten men, who appeared to be harmless laborers, boarded the British steam launch Fienam just below Wuchow. They had been on board only a little time when they suddenly produced revolvers, searched and bound the passengers and crew, and took charge of the vessel. Their captain took the rudded and deliberately collided, while going at high speed, with a larger Chinese launch, the Chanfook. The robbers were flung to the deck by the force of the collision, but instantly sprang up and leaped on board the Chanfook.

"Again the crew and passengers were carefully searched, robbed and bound. This done, they were thrown headlong on to the captives lying at the bottom of the Fienam. The pirate leader then returned on board the latter and quickly wrecked the machinery. The Fienam, helpless and with her helpless cargo, was cut adrift. Steaming up in dark on the Chanfook, with no lights showing, the pirates attacked a commissioner's armed launch, on board of which a guard of eight soldiers was watching over a valuable cargo, but this time they were beaten off.

"In no wise discouraged, the pirates sheered off, and next attacked and overpowered the launch Saiyik. When the dawn came the pirates ran the Chanfook on the beach and made off unharmed. Their night's work had brought them nearly $5000."—Chicago News.

GUARD CHILDREN FROM BEARS.

Farmers who send their children to the public school at Plain 10, on the New Portage Railroad, have been furnishing them with an armed guard to prevent them from being attacked by a pair of big black bears that have been seen in that vicinity the last few days.

The bears have been so bold that children have been forbidden to venture out alone day or night, and all the men go armed. While no real depredations have been committed by the brutes they have come so close to the farm houses, always when the men are absent, that they have caused a panic among the women.

Posses have been hunting for the bears, but they seem to scent danger and hide in the mountains. The whole countryside is alarmed for the safety of the stock.—Altoona correspondent Philadelphia Press.

TOWED TO SEA BY SHARK.

Word has just been received at Cincinnati of a thrilling time experienced by George H. Armstrong, while fishing for tarpon off the coast of Florida. For two hours he and his guide were at the mercy of a shark that towed them out to sea.

Mr. Armstrong was fishing in Tarpon Bay, fifteen miles from Fort Myer, Fla. He hooked a large tarpon, weighing at least one hundred pounds. As the tarpon was brought alongside the boat an enormous shark appeared and cut the tarpon in two. Having disposed of the lower part of the body, the shark went after the head.

The shark swallowed the fish's head and hook and began towing the boat toward the Gulf. After a struggle lasting two hours the shark was shot.

LION ATTACKS HIS TRAINER.

There was almost a panic at the Circus in Berlin, when the biggest lion of a troupe trained by a man named Hendrickson attacked the trainer and was prevented from killing him only by Hendrickson's presence of mind.

The lion, in the course of the last part of the act, jumps into the ring. In doing this he knocked the trainer down and then placed his paw on his breast. Hendrickson drew his revolver and fired several shots, which frightened the lion away. Hendrikson was wounded in the breast and shoulders, but was able to rise and bow to the audience, who called him back a dozen times.

It is said that the lion once killed a negro in New York.

QUICK BOY PREVENTS WRECK.

Three minutes' delay and the quick eye and nerve of twelve-year-old Orlo Maxley saved a heavy passenger train on the Colorado & Northwestern near Boulder, Col. A huge snow plow standing at the mouth of the Boulder Canyon was mischeviously released by some unknown person and gained terrific speed as it came down through the railroad yards toward the station.

Young Murray saw the runaway plow coming toward the slightly delayed train. Twenty feet away was a switch, which the boy ran into and threw, turning the plow into a lumber yard.

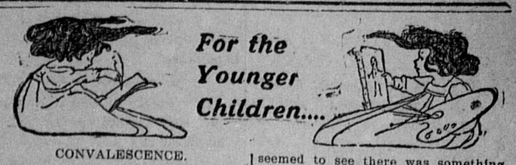
The Great Chinchilla Cat.

"The Silver Lambkin," the celebrated chinchilla cat known to every cat fancier the world over, has just died at Gimlingay, Cambridgeshire.

In every country where cats are bred his progeny holds a leading position. It is now six years since one of his many sons won the gold medal at Boston. Born in 1889, this remarkable animal attained a great age as compared to most highly-bred cats, and from the time he was three years old to the present his descendants have won at the Crystal Palace at every succeeding show.

In four years he raised the color to which he belonged from one or two unique specimens to the most fashionable variety in the country. The ethereal loveliness of the chinchilla became sought after by fashionable ladies. Sixty guineas ($415), the highest price ever paid for a cat, was given for one of "The Silver Lambkin's" sons.

The embalmed remains of "The Silver Lambkin" have been accepted by the Natural History Museum.—London Daily Mail.



CONVALESCENCE.

At 9 poor Tom was sick in bed,
A towel wrapped about his head.

At 10 the pain is somewhat less,
But still he feels too ill to dress.

11—Thomas thinks that he
May possibly get up for tea.

He takes some nourishment at noon,
And hopes he may feel better soon.

At 1 he groans, and says, perhaps,
He may be getting a relapse.

"It's wonderful," he says at 2,
"What good fresh air will sometimes do!"

At 3, to see him slide down hill,
You wouldn't know he'd been so ill.

N. B.—This illness, I've heard say,
Need not be feared on Saturday.

—Baltimore Young Folks' Herald.

AN ESSAY ON HENS.

A boy who was required to write an essay on hens produced the following: "Hens is curious animals; they don't have no nose nor no teeth nor no ears. They swallow their wittles whole and chew it up in their crops inside of 'em. The outside of hens is generally put into pillers and into feather dusters. The inside of a hen is sometimes filled with marbles and shirt buttons and sich. A hen is very much smaller than a good many other animals, but they'll dig up more tomato plants than anything that ain't a hen. Hens is very useful to lay eggs for plum puddings. Hens have got wings and can fly when they get frightened. I cut off a hen's head with a hatchet and it frightened her to death."—Chicago News.

TO RIDE OR TO DRAW.

For some days I have been much interested in two little boys playing in the street with a cart. They are about the same age and equally well dressed, but one rides and the other draws the cart. At almost any time of day you can hear the insistent "get-up" of the driver, and the little horse responds. He gallops down the hill and patiently plods back, always with his little driver on the seat. Being curious to know if the "little horse" ever got a ride, I have observed them for several days, but so far he is a horse indeed.

Surely, if "the child is father to the man," one will ride and the other draw the cart through life.

Let us not forget that "as the twig is bent the tree's inclined," and teach our children to respect the rights of others, then there will be fewer who will ride all the time, fewer who will draw the cart all the time, and more who will ride a part of the time.—Christian Register.

WEE BOY LOST IN SWAMP.

Colonel Sanger's hounds, when they found three-year-old Raymond Dowd in Nine-Mile Swamp, near Sangerfield, Otsego County, says the Rochester Democrat and Chronicle, gathered around the boy and licked his face.

The child wandered away last Friday when his father was picking hops. An all night search by 300 men was fruitless. Lanterns were carried and fires built to attract the lad's attention, but he gave no sign.

Saturday morning the four hounds arrived. After smelling of a jacket belonging to the lost boy they began searching for his tracks and soon found them. Following a circuitous course, estimated to be ten miles long, they came upon the child lying at the foot of a tree, exhausted from hunger and exposure.

There was a tremendous demonstration when one of the horsemen took the boy home perched on the pummel of a saddle, and the dogs came in for their share of the ovation.

HOW TO MAKE A BUTTERFLY.

Directions for making butterfly flap its wings:

Cut out the two wings through the heavy black line, leaving them joined at the line marked x. Now fold the two wings together at the line marked x; then cut out both the butterfly bodies marked 3 and 4, paste them together, back to back, leaving the legs unpasted, as they may be spread apart to form six legs. Cut out the two feathers and slip them

between the paper at dots over eyes, as in the model; spread apart down to the head. When this is finished, says the Brooklyn Eagle, fold the wings over body, as in model No. 1. Then take between finger and thumb, as in model No. 2, and pinch them together. You will then see the butterfly flap its wings in the most life-like and pretty manner.

PATHETIC STORY OF SANDPIPERS

A few weeks ago, while shore bird shooting on the Chatham (Mass.) flats, my father and I were eye witnesses to a very remarkable and interesting occurrence, which might be of special interest to some of our writers and students of bird life, especially while discussion is made by various writers about the possible reasoning powers of birds and animals.

While we were sitting in our blind a small flock of least sandpipers, or as they are more familiarly known, peeps, came by, and when about ten yards beyond us one of them suddenly left the bunch and lit on the open flat, and for quite a while remained perfectly still.

Soon another single peep came by, and seeing the first little fellow, immediately whirled, emitted his greeting "tweet," and joined him.

Almost immediately the well bird seemed to see there was something wrong, for after walking around the sick bird two or three times he seemed to actually begin to push him toward a small clump of beach grass ten or fifteen feet distant from where they stood.

Arriving there he again walked two or three times around the sick bird, then came close to him and laid his head across the other little fellow's back, after which he settled down on a bit of seaweed and watched him very intently.

In about twenty minutes or half an hour he again started the sick bird toward the heavy beach grass which joins the edge of the flats, and both disappeared within.

Waiting ten minutes or so I walked over to where they had disappeared and saw what to me was quite a remarkable sight. There, about three feet inside the grass, was the sick bird, evidently grown very weak now, squatting on some seaweed, and standing in front of him, as straight as he posibly could stand, and with wings partly spread, as though to screen him from view, was the well bird, intently watching every move I made. I left them there.

Having observed shore birds for a good many years myself, and knowing their wild and wary nature, also my father having shot them for the last thirty years, during which time he has never seen anything like this incident, the occurrence was to me quite remarkable, as it not only showed that the well bird realized there was something wrong with his fellow, but he showed a loyalty and constancy to him in time of need.—Correspondence in Forest and Stream.

A TRICK OF TIME.

Ask any person to think of some hour of the day; tell him to deduct it from twenty and remember the remainder. You take out your watch and inform him that you are going to count around on the dial, and that when you have counted the number corresponding with the remainder that he must remember, he must stop you.

Suppose he thought of 5 o'clock. Five taken from twenty leave fifteen remainder. You now count promiscuously (mentally, not orally) pointing at each count with a pencil to one of the hours on the dial (which must be provided in advance and is made by cutting out a circle of cardboard and marking on it with ink the twelve figures of the clock-face).

Be sure when you make the eighth count to point to the "twelve," and thence in regular rotation backward toward the left. When you come to the figure "five" you will be stopped, as this will be the fifteenth count, corresponding to the remainder—fifteen—which he was to remember. You will thus know that 5 o'clock was the hour thought of.

If this trick be repeated more than two or three times, it is well to vary the number from which the deduction is to be made. Thus, instead of deducting as in the foregoing example, five from twenty, the person addressed may be told to deduct the hour thought of from eighteen, but

The Magic Dial.

as eighteen is only six more than twelve, you must be sure to make your sixth (not the eighth) promiscuous count be at the figure "twelve" on the dial.

In the first example, with twenty, the eighth count was made at "twelve" because twenty is eight more than twelve. If twenty-two be the number adopted, the tenth count must be made on figure "twelve," twenty-two being ten more than twelve—and so on with any other number.

When your friends see you are able to tell the time they thought of from different numbers to be deducted from, then they will be more mystified than ever, and will become convinced you are a real mind reader, if you don't let them into the secret.—New York Mail.

Comforts on the Farm.

In the past few years the farmers of Brown County have fitted up their country homes with nearly every convenience, such as bath and toilet rooms, telephones and furnaces. With mail delivered every day and good roads they are even more comfortably situated than their city brethren. John Leidy, a farmer living near Robinson, has gone them all one better by installing a complete electric-light plant on his place which lights his house, barns, cowsheds, corncribs and granaries. A gasoline engine runs the dynamo for the plant.—Kansas City Journal.

Appropriate Vehicle.

Mrs. Newrich lived in an expensive and luxurious hotel. She knew that well appointed equipages of many sorts were to be had, and proposed to show that she knew what was suitable for each occasion.

"Chawles," she said to Mr. Newrich's valet one afternoon, with great dignity, "I am going to return some calls this afternoon, and you may go to the stable and tell them to send up the best cart-de-visit they have."