THE QUEENSTOWN NEWS.

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The St. Louis Post-Dispatch maintains that if there is a prejudice against wealth, ill-gotten wealth is largely to blame for this condition. Mankind demands a square deal.

A package containing $175,000 worth of stocks was picked up from the pavement in Wall street the other day. It took the sun several hours to dry out the damp spot, sarcastically observes The Commoner.

Woman, the aggressive, the restless, the invading, has begun to poach on the preserves of the man scene painter. As yet there is, so far as known, only one woman scene painter in this country, but she has painted the scenery for three prominent New York theatres. Her name is Grace N. Wishar, of San Jose, Cal., and she received her education in Paris.

Observes the Inland Farmer: Many farmers are ambitious to leave the farm and locate in the cities and towns, there to live at ease and to give their children city advantages. In the cities we find many business men, bankers, professional men and not a few mechanics who are eager for the time to come when they may retire to the enjoyment of country or suburban life. And so it goes.

The airship, whether viewed from the standpoint of transportation, war or sport, is to have its early "inning," and the fact that rival governments like France and Germany are putting forth special efforts to be each the first "on deck" would seem to indicate that the flying machine has, to their minds, fully as great and significant possibilities in war as in the sports and the business of peace.

The time was when no man who laid claim to the title of gentleman would remain seated in the presence of a woman who was standing, but now it is no uncommon thing to see a business man remain seated at his desk while talking to a woman visitor who remains standing simply because she has not been invited to sit. Is this discourtesy or is it merely granting to woman the equality she so long has asked for? asks Good Business.

Here's a new "beauty" recipe by W. E. Fabor in the Florida Agriculturist: The "most beautiful woman" in California says to her sister women, young and old, "If you want to know the easiest way to become beautiful, I will tell you. Plow. Get into some old clothes and follow the plow for an hour each morning." Fancy a "Sassiety" girl doing this and so changing that line of the poet that tells about the weary plowman wending his way homeward.

The Christian Register remarks: We often wonder why a hundred years ago a minister in New England with no salary to speak of could support his family in comfort, send his boys to college, and, dying, leave a moderate estate to his family. One reason is evident. A parish minister a hundred years ago did not buy shares in mining or other stock companies. His modest savings were invested in a homestead or lent on security at six per cent. interest. If a thorough exposure of the accounts of ministers in our time and the losses sustained by them in consequence were possible, we should discover an enormous leakage.

The Mining News remarks: There has been for two or three months past a chorus of railway presidents complaining that the public will not invest in railway securities because of the railway legislation at Washington and elsewhere. The Union Pacific and Chicago & Alton revelations are a full and sufficient reply to all these statements. When our financiers adopt the plan of giving the small stockholder all his property earns, and not as little as they can and still keep outside of prison bars, there will be no lack of funds for legitimate railway development. The investing public fears High Finance more than it fears the President or Congress.

The Premier of England says that "old age pensions will be taken up as soon as time and money permit. * * * Far from sapping independence and undermining thrift, it would be just the opposite. Any scheme ought to be universal and must be put into effect by the State, which alone has the means of carrying it out." Speaking to the same deputation, Mr. Asquith, Chancellor of the Exchequer, said "there was nothing nearer his heart than to be able to submit a financial plan for such pensions." He favors one "altogether dissociated from the Poor Law," and states "the government regards this question as one of extreme urgency." The Premier declared that it should be applied "without inquisitorial machinery." Whatever the wisdom of it, the Christian Advocate believes that the tendencies of industrial and other departments of society will bring about old age pensions within the next quarter of a century.

THE NEW MILLIONAIRE.

A New Millionaire is
Come out of the West,
And in New York City
His house is the best;
The biggest and brightest
That ever was built,
The outside all marble,
The inside all gilt;
No house in the world with
This one can compare;
No man has a home like
The New Millionaire.

Some people have said with
A great deal of malice
It might be a prison,
It might be a palace,
It might be a temple,
It might be a fort,
It might be a castle,
It might be a court;
But everyone's willing
To frankly declare
No man has a home like
The New Millionaire.

With terraces, turrets,
And arches and towers,
Its pillars and porches
And cupids and flowers,
Its doors and its windows,
In ten diff'rent styles,
Its forms and its figures,
Its scrolls and its tiles,
There is no stone in the place
That is left plain and bare;
No man has a home like
The New Millionaire.

The inside resembles
A fair, or a show,
Or mart, or museum,
For row upon row
Are paintings and bronzes
And marbles and glass
And so many vases
One scarcely can pass,
And screens, rugs and carpets
All wond'rous and rare;
No man has a home like
The New Millionaire.

Such tapestries, hangings,
Such silks and brocades,
From shops and from salesrooms
From booths and arcades;
Such chairs and such tables,
Such desks and divans,
Such armor, such trinkets,
Such laces and fans!
Our eyes can but ache in
This glitter and glare;
No man has a home like
The New Millionaire.

But where is the comfort
And where is the ease
And where is the pleasure
In such things as these?
Oh, where is the love, say,
And where is the joy?
These pleasures they pall, and
These splendors they cloy
To a cozy wee cottage
You'd better repair;
You'll find it more homelike,
O New Millionaire!
—The Simple-Liver, in Town Topics.

VINDICATION OF TOKIO KATO AT THE SILVER BELL.

By D. H. STOVALL.

There was an urgent need of a cook's helper in the Silver Bell mine mess house, and when Tokio Kato came into camp and applied for work, Judd, the superintendent, promptly signed him.

In some respects it proved unfortunate, both for Judd and Tokio, as Tokio was a Jap, and Silver Bell's crew, from Croskey, the night foreman, to Milkevitch, of the chucktenders, was largely Russian.

Within an hour from the time of Tokio's arrival it was known from top to bottom of the Silver Bell that Judd had signed a Jap. The protests that followed were loud and strenuous. The stopers discussed it while they waited on the station levels for the hoist cars to drop them down into the mine; the muckers, with Merskey and Blustock as spokesmen, denounced it as an outrage when they congregated at the blacksmith shop for sharpened drills; the millmen talked it over in "sign language" while they scraped the copper plates beneath the thundering batteries; and even Big Pete, the Samoan cook whom Tokio was especially to assist, looked upon the little Jap with disdain.

It was soon evident to Judd that the Jap was not wanted in Silver Bell; nevertheless the big-hearted superintendent was determined to keep the little brown boy as long as he was faithful to duty. "The war don't reach us," said Judd, when they came to them with their protests. "This is California, and a mighty long way from the disputed territory." Then he wheeled around in his office chair and put his face to the desk, as if the matter was fully dismissed from his mind.

Despite the threats and abuse Tokio was cheerful to work. He was a boy in years, and coming from a race of small men, was but a dwarf beside the giant miners of the Silver Bell. He entered into his duties with such vim and dexterity, such an absolute knowledge of how things should be done, that Big Pete was led to show him due respect. "Him is small, but him is a typhoon at washin' dishes," Pete declared.

Tokio could speak but little English when he first came to the mine, but he possessed an ambition to learn, and occupied all his spare time learning the alphabet and spelling simple words. One day Judd entered the mess house between meal hours and found the little Jap studiously pondering over the big black letters of a calendar that hung on the wall. Shortly after Tokio was called into the kitchen to make pie dough, and the superintendent was surprised at dinner when a big pie was set before him on which was inscribed the word "December."

That completely won Judd. Henceforth Judd and Tokio sat together an hour each evening and Judd taught the boy.

Still the crew would have nothing to do with Tokio. They tolerated him just as they did the mess house cat—because they were obliged to. They never spoke to him kindly, and though he was the best waiter that ever served the crew, the men were always finding fault. Tokio took the abuse with supreme good nature, and for every frown returned a smile.

Only once did he lose control of himself. That was on the day the news came to camp, reaching Tokio through Judd, of peace being declared at Portsmouth. The boy was delighted, and in celebration of the event baked a monster cake, setting it in the middle of the main table for supper. Across the white frosting were the words in chocolate, "Komura-Teddy." And then, because the Russian commissioner's name was omitted, Croskey, the night foreman, was angered, and in a frenzy threw his portion of the cake out of the window.

The broad smile that played over Tokio's face vanished, and the glare as of a snapping serpent glittered from his black eyes. His hand gripped the long knife, and he raised the blade as if to strike. Then reason returned, his hands dropped to his side and he left the mess house without a word. Out behind the meat cellar, in the cool darkness of the night, and all alone, Tokio wept bitterly.

Judd saw it all and understood. When supper was over he called Croskey to the office and gave him his time. While he wrote the check a messenger ran to the door and told him he was instantly wanted at the mine. He hurriedly signed the pink slip, thrust it into Croskey's hand, and rushed up to the trail to the shaft house.

There was great confusion about the collar of the dark shaft. The entire crew of the night shift was frightened from the mine by a cave-in on the main tunnel of the lower level. The timbers bracing the thousands of tons of earth and rock, were giving way, threatening to fill up the tunnel and choke the mine by cutting off the ore supply. It was the fear of being caught in an underground trap that drove out the men. They stood in a huddled group near the entrance, but not a one of them would go down.

Peterson, a tall Swede, and acting shifting boss, vainly attempted to find two men who would go below with him and prop up the breaking timbers. Not a man would respond. It was too much like certain death.

Judd charged into the crowd. "Quick!" he yelled to Peterson, "get on the cage and let's go down. Here, we want another man."

The crew held back. "There's no use," said one; "we can't hold 'er up. The whole mountain is caving."

"Can't?" Judd yelled angrily. "How do you know you can't when you haven't tried? We must hold 'er. If the tunnel fills, the mine will be closed for a month. Be quick."

Not one of the crew would respond. Judd and Peterson leaped on the cage to go down alone. They signaled the engineer, and just as the cage dropped, a shadow, seemingly flitted through the group and stood between the two men. It was Tokio.

As the cage dropped down the superintendent and the boss lighted their candles. A cry of surprise escaped the big Swede when he held his light aloft and recognized the little Jap.

The cage stopped suddenly on the lower level, 700 feet below the surface of the earth. Ordinarily the stations and tunnels were lighted with electricity, and the concussion had severed the wires and black darkness filled the underground passages. The three stepped from the cage into the thick gloom of the tunnel, poising their candles to get their bearings. All around and about them the mountain's heart throbbed and palpitated. The underworld trembled as if in the grasp of an earthquake, loosening earth and rock, and showering shattered quartz like hailstones.

The roar of the quaking mountain was deafening. The timbers supporting the tunnel were crying and groaning like dying monsters in despair. Now and then a smaller stull broke with a snap and a crack like a rifle shot. The entire roof of the tunnel was sinking fast.

Little wonder the crew fled from under the settling mountain. Though fear was unknown to them, the two men stood immovable, held by a strange terror. Tokio stood between them and wondered why they did not move forward.

Finally Judd regained his self control and ran forward under the hanging roof. He thrust his hand pick into the breaking quartz. "She hasn't opened yet, but she's hanging only by a thread," he cried, above the thundering roar. "She's coming down fast, and we will have to block 'er quick. We'll ring for timbers and drive new wood under 'er. It's the only chance." He rushed to the station and pulled the bell wire. The cage shot up almost instantly and almost as quickly returned with new stulls, jacks and wedges.

The crying and groaning increased in fury, and the three flew to the task of propping up the mountain. Peterson carried the timbers from the cage to the tunnel, Tokio chucked them in, and Judd drove them home. As each load was used, Peterson rang for more, and the cage flew between the lower level and the surface.

Madly, bravely, the three worked. Twice the roof settled, but was checked with a groan on the new stulls, and additional timbers held the mountain firm. Rock and quartz showered on their heads, and rattled over the floor on their feet. But they worked on, unmindful of it all, driving, hammering, gaining inch by inch, till the thousands of tons of earth and rock were forced into silence. The creaking and grinding gradually ceased, and the hanging wall settled on its new foundation.

To be sure of victory, the three worked on untiringly. Just as they made ready to rest a huge shale rock, sharp of corner, slipped from the roof and fell upon Tokio, bearing him down. He lay stretched at full length on the damp floor of the tunnel. There seemed no life in him when Judd and Peterson picked him up. Carrying him between them they tottered weakly to the cage and pulled the wire. Within less than a minute they were out in the cool night air, and willing hands threw warm blankets about them, to keep the chill from their prespiring bodies. Tokio remained unconscious.

"Here, boys," said Judd kindly, "take the lad to the bankhouse and call the Doc. He's got a bad gash on the head, and is gone of breath. He's ginger, I tell you, and we can't afford to loose him."

The big hands of Croskey were the first to lay tender hold upon the boy. He gathered him as he would a babe and carried him to a bunk. They bathed his face and washed his matted hair. Anxiously the big miners stood in silence and waited while the camp physician bandaged the lad's wounds.

"It's a bad cut; but his vigor and his grit will bring him around all O. K." said the doctor, whereupon every man of the crew was well pleased.

An hour later Tokio opened his eyes vaguely and gazed up smilingly at the work-hardened men about him. Croskey stooped lower over him, and a tear dropped from his unshaven face upon the boy's cheek. "Tokio, I'm sorry," was all the big man could say. The little Jap raised his hand and stroked the Russian's face.

Peace was declared at the Silver Bell.—Minneapolis Children's Tribune.

SCIENTIFIC & INDUSTRIAL

Congress has made an appropriation to investigate the habits of birds.

The Cape Cod Ship Canal construction is to be carried on under joint supervision of the Railroad Commission and the Harbor and Land Commission of Massachusetts.

A steam-turbine of 24,000 horsepower is being built at the Mannheim works of Brown, Boveri & Co., according to the "Schweizerische Bauzeitung." The machine is to be installed in the Krupp rolling-mills at Rheinhausen, Germany.

Water reduces the temperature of the flame below the point of ignition; therefore, it cannot burn. Water does not smother the flames, even when the burning brand is completely immersed in a tank of water, because the first contact puts out the fire; that is, reduces the temperature of the flame below the point of ignition.

Bridges over navigable streams are affected by a decision of the United States Supreme Court of February 25. The Secretary of War had ordered a bridge over the Allegheny River in Pittsburg, owned by a private company, to be raised, and the bridge company appealed from the order on the ground that the act took property without compensation. The Court upholds the Secretary of War.—Engineering News.

A professor of Copenhagen University has obtained wonderful results by putting plants to sleep. He first completely narcotizes the plants and then lays them aside in a condition in all respects the same as sleep, which lasts for a considerable period. On their revival from this state they begin to bud and flower in remarkable profusion. The known physiology of plants does not explain this phenomenon, but those who have seen the results of experiments with ether and chloroform attest the reality of the results.

HISTORY AS IT IS.

Report of Meeting of Railway Managers to Cut the Melon.

The directors of the Great Melon Railroad Company were gathered round the board. It was a highly important meeting.

"Gentlemen," said the president, "we have, as you know, accumulated a surplus of thirty millions of dollars. As honest and painstaking men, it only remains for us to decide the form in which this shall be distributed to our hard-working stockholders, of whom I—ahem!—am one of the largest."

At this moment the superintendent of the road was announced.

"Gentlemen, excuse me for interrupting you; but the fact is, a strike has taken place at the other end of the road and is rapidly spreading. The engineers complain that they have to work nearly fifteen hours out of the twenty-four, which makes it impossible for them to do their duty, thus increasing the danger of severe accident. The brakemen are paid starvation wages, owing to the fact that the Ice Trust—" "of which I am a director," murmured the president—"the Coal Trust, the Meat Trust—" "in which we are all vitally interested," murmured the other directors—"have put up the price of all necessities. Here are the demands of the men."

The president, concealing his annoyance as much as possible, glanced over the papers handed to him, and then said:

"What is your pleasure? Shall we raise the wages of these misguided men?"

"Never!" muttered the other directors unanimously.

Thereupon the president of the road turned to the superintendent:

"You have heard our reply," he said. "Make usual efforts to take care of passengers and shippers, call on the militia if necessary, and issue a manifesto showing how we have worked and labored to preserve harmony, how unjust the demands of our employes are, and how we will, if necessary, fight to the death and put the dear public to no end of inconvenience and trouble rather than give up one iota of the rights to which we are entitled under the Constitution."

Then, turnin to the directors, he whispered, "Gentlemen, I guess we'd better not cut that melon until after that strike is over."—Life.

There are almost as many winter as summer visitors at St. Moritz, Switzerland. Nearly all of them are English.

PIRATE ONCE A GROCER.

A famous pirate who ravaged the seas early in the last century was Charles Gibbs.

Gibbs was a native of Providence, R. I., and while his true name was James D. Jeffers, he was generally known as Charles Gibbs. At one time he kept a grocery store on old Ann street in the North End of Boston.

He then had the reputation of one who had a decided antipathy for work. Being a sailor, when he had the chance to drop the hard grind of a store, he had the habit of suddenly leaving things to run themselves and ship on some of the vessels that sailed directly in the path of the West Indian pirates.

A good deal of the history of Gibbs, up to the time that he started the grocery store on Ann street, has been a mystery, though it was well known that he associated with some of the roughest characters who frequented the port.

It is even said that he was a full sharer in their plunder because he concealed it for them.

He was a swaggerer and was always in possession of much wealth, which the townspeople claimed never came from honest toil.

The last voyage he ever made was when he sailed from New Orleans in November, 1830, as a member of the brig Vineyard, bound for Philadelphia.

After the vessel was five days at sea Gibbs and another sailor made known to the rest of the crew that there was $50,000 specie aboard, and they consulted as to the best manner to get it into their own possession.

Finally, at the instigation of Gibbs, it was resolved that, as the captain and mate were old men, it was time that they should die and make room for the rising generation.

William Thorby was the master of the vessel and William Roberts the mate, and the latter was declared to be so peevish that he deserved death.

Under the leadership of Gibbs the crew planned to murder the two on a following night.

The murder of the master was assigned to Gibbs and Wansley, and that of the mate to the other members of the crew. The vessel was just off Cape Hatteras when the time set for the murder arrived.

Wansley was the first to act, and he struck the captain behind the neck with a pump brake so that he fell forward crying "murder!" He then repeated the blows until the captain was dead, and then with the assistance of Gibbs threw the body overboard.

Then the mate was struck down, dragged to the rail and served in the same manner as the captain was.

The pirates took possession of the vessel, with Gibbs as the master, and after carousing for a while the money was gotten from the hold and divided all round, share and share alike.

They then steered a course toward Long Island, and when near Southampton light resolved to scuttle the brig and leave her in the small boats.

One of the boats was swamped with two members of the crew, but the others got ashore with their share of the piratical plunder and buried the major portion of it on Pelican Island.

They crossed the Sound to Great Barn Island, and here were denounced as murderers as murderers by Brownrigg, one of the crew.

Gibbs, Wansley and Dawes, the latter, boy of the ship, were captured and later taken to New York to stand trial for the murder and the scuttling of the ship. Both of the men were found guilty and hanged in the April following, but not before Gibbs had notified friends of the hiding place of the money and directed them to unearth it and carry it to a certain spot in Boston Harbor, so that if he should by any chance escape death it would be awaiting him.

He never escaped, however, and it is supposed that if his friends and free companions carried out the order he gave the money lies still buried within the harbor limits.

Just before death Gibbs made a startling confession of his life and adventures before the taking of the Vineyard, but much of it was discredited. He told of having been one of the crew of the Columbian privateer in the year 1818, and that when the crew of this vessel mutinied he became the commander and hoisted the black flag.

The first vessel they took was the English ship Indispensable, whose crew they immediately killed.

Those of the crew that resisted were hacked to pieces, while the others were reserved to be shot and thrown overboard by the fifty men he claimed to have under him in this ship.

This was the manner in which they proceeded in all of their subsequent captures, which totalled a dozen, so he confessed.

"Dead men tell no tales," was his order to all of the men, and he said that he never had to give the order to begin a massacre.

This course of piratical life he kept up on the Spanish Main for several years more, then returned to Boston for a few years, where, it is said, he buried much of the booty he brought with him, but it has never been found.—New England Grocer.

"THE HEART OF BRUCE."

Many a mother has made the discovery that nothing will keep an active child within bounds like an interesting book. The mother of General Lew Wallace found that as soon as the boy could read he was happy with a story, and bethought herself of a long, good one, "The Scottish Chiefs." In his autobiograph General Wallace recalls the fact that at first there was much halting and stumbling; the broad Scotch names refused to be spelled, and not until he realized that the story was about a man who "was actually named after his brother William" did the boy become interested.

Then my brother read the wondrous tale, and we debated it early and late. We cried over its sorrowful passages, trembled while the battles were in progress, and were genuine Scots, whether the victory was for or against us.

Was such pleasure to be bottled up for us alone? We called in our chums, one Robert Evans, and two others, Henderson Rawles and Wesley Harper. The five read the heroic chronicles together, whereupon we turned them into a play.

Each took a character. On account of his name, my brother's right to the role of Sir William was admitted.

In deadliest earnest we went to war with the haughty English. We made helmets of pasteboard and swords of seasoned clapboards. The young hazel shoots we wove into shields.

Sad to say, however, at last we lost the "heart of Bruce"—a tin can loaded with sand. My brother one day essayed the part of Douglas. We found the "Moors" in the bend above the town, under a grove of sturdy water maples. Nothing daunted by their numbers, our leader flung the sacred relic and called on us to follow him. We were winning a splendid victory. The sunflowers strewed the ground.

Suddenly a great growl arose before us. We had not time to ask, "What now?" Out of the thicket rushed the mother of a litter of half-grown pigs. The bristles on her back were as long as the pins on a Georgia conifer, and they all stood erect.

Right at us she dashed, and we forgot the silver case entrusted to us by the redeemed people of Scotland; we ran. Presently Black Douglas and all his peerless chivalry were high on the limbs of trees, and wondering when the ferocious enemy would raise the siege. We reached home by the directest route, but never returned for the "heart of Bruce."

MOTORING AFTER ELK.

A party of hunters near Billings, Mont., chartered an automobile for a trip after elk. They left before daybreak for the reservation where elk were ranging. The purpose of the hunt was to secure venison for a big barbecue, given at the Montana State Convention of Elks in Billings.

After arriving on the hunting grounds the party spent several hours in fruitless search, but suddenly while bowling along over the open range, five magnificent specimens of the elk family, headed by a big buck, sprang out of a small coulee, by the side of the trail, and made a break for the hills.

Although the big machine flew after the animals at the best rate of speed possible, no perceptible gain was made upon them, and they disappeared down a narrow defile in the rocks.

As it was impossible to follow the quarry except on foot, it was decided to go by a circuitous route of several miles to the mouth of the canyon down which the elk were heading.

After their first fright had subsided the animals proceeded slowly, for when the party arrived at the selected spot they were nowhere to be seen.

In about forty minutes, which seemed to the anxious huntsmen several hours, the herd was seen coming slowly down the canyon. When the animals were within 300 yards of the automobile they scented danger and stopped to reconnoiter.

The leader, a magnificent bull with high and wide spreading antlers, sniffed the air suspiciously, and when ce hesitated a moment and turned aside to make off, the big rifle, which was resting on a bowlder, cracked spitefully, and the handsome beast made one wild leap into the air and stretched out quivering on the rocks, while his frightened companions broke for cover.—The Automobile.

FINDS CHILD PETTING WOLF.

A vicious gray wolf, kept in captivity at Beaver, Pa., for several weeks by William Patterson, escaped from its cage and terrorized the town, day and night, tearing to pieces two big dogs. Mrs. Charles Bingo, living in the lower part of the town, went out on a recent evening to look for her daughter Nina, five years old, who had been sled riding, and found the child standing by a big gray wolf in the centre of the street, patting him and gurgling, "Nice doggie! nice doggie!"

The mother almost fainted. She called to her child to come away from the "nice doggie who might bite," and with tears the little one obeyed. She had stepped but a short distance from the wolf when a rifle shot killed the animal. Patterson and another man were trying to get a shot at the wolf when the child ran up to it and began to fondle it. — New York Times.

Trading on Honesty.

"At a journalists' dinner in New York," said an editor, "I once heard the late William L. Brown tell an interesting story about an upright Ohio Judge.

"Colonel Brown said that when he was running the Youngstown Vindicator a civil case involving a large sum of money was tried before this Judge. It was the Smith-Jones case, and Smith won.

"A friend, meeting Smith later, said:

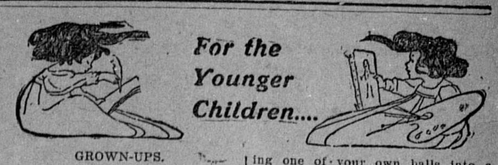
"'I was rather surprised to hear that you won that case. I thought the evidence was rather in Jones' favor.'

"'Maybe it was,' said Smith, with a cunning smile. 'But, you know, the Judge is an honest old boy. The day before the case ended I sent him a letter begging him to accept an inclosure of $500.'

"'Why,' said the other, 'I should think that would have made you lose your case.'

"'To be sure it would,' said Smith, with another cunning smile, 'only I signed Jones' name.'"

The natives of Kisiba carry coffee beans in bags of dried banana leaves.



GROWN-UPS.

There are no real fairies, grown-ups say so,
Except in stories, which is so absurd!
If only they could know the secrets I know,
And hear the things I've heard!
I know what the thrush near the nursery window sings
In the lilac bush below,
The fairies tell me heaps and heaps of things
That grown-ups never know.

I know why the shadows grow so long and glide
Across the lawn, beneath the poplars tall,
It's because they want to look at the world outside
They're climbing the ivied wall;
I know what the butterfly with painted wings
Says to the proud red rose.
The fairies tell me heaps and heaps of things
A grown-up never knows.

I know why the clouds, with which the sky is whitened,
Hurry along so very, very fast:
They want to see the sunset, and are frightened
That each may be the last.
I know why the river never, never sleeps,
Why the wind comes and goes.
The fairies tell me secrets, heaps and heaps,
A grown-up never knows.
—Ursula Twenty, in Pall Mall Magazine.

BLESSING THE ANIMALS.

The ancient custom of blessing animals on the feast of Saint Anthony, by the abbot in Guadalajara, was observed recently at La Merced Church, in that city, where the observance is more general than in any other Mexican city.

Within a period of two hours hundreds of animals, including horses, oxen, cows, mules, donkeys, sheep, goats, pigs, dogs, cats, rabbits, turkeys, chickens, parrots and singing birds were sprinkled with holy water. Saint Anthony, the abbot, is the protector of dumb animals, and is credited with power to guard them from disease and to bring increase in numbers.—Mexican Herald.

THE GAME OF LAWN BOWLS.

Before the Revolution, the favorite sport in New York City was the game of lawn bowls, and it is again to the fore as an outdoor amusement. Then the Battery was the centre of fashion, and the end of its main thoroughfare has its name from that time —"Bowling Green." But now any lawn will serve as a bowling green.

The word "bowls" is really a corruption of "balls," and the balls used in the game are four or five inches in diameter, so that they may easily

be held in the hand. They are usually made of lignum vitae, and are enameled in colors to be gayly effective on the grass. They are also slightly flattened at the poles, or are made in an oval shape, particularly if the game is to be scientifically played, as in this shape they may be given a bias direction at will. But if you can't get these balls, croquet balls will serve the purpose very nicely for a home game.

A small white ball called the "jack" is first thrown to one end of the lawn. The bowlers, each using two balls, which are numbered to distinguish them, take up their positions at a certain distance from the jack, and in turn each bowls at it, alternating with their two balls. He whose ball stays nearest to the jack scores one point, and the game usually consists of twenty points.

When there are two players, they stand side by side to deliver their balls; but when there are more than two, they form sides and bowl from opposite sides of the green.

The object in bowling is to knock away the jack from the opponent's ball, or to knock the opponent's ball away from the jack, leaving your own nearest to it, so as to score a point. When sides are taken, and all have delivered their balls, if two balls from one side are nearer to the jack than any of the opponents' balls, a point is counted for every ball on that side.

You may play this game as you please, but a true green is about seventy feet square, level and with the grass closely cut. If you have a bank for a boundary, it may be used for the spectators to sit on.

A "rink" consists of four players, called the leader, the second, the third and the skip, or captain. Each contestant plays two balls alternately before points are counted, and the privilege of playing first is usually "tossed" for. In a match game the skip has entire charge of his side in the contest, and may decide the order of play.

A piece of carpet or canvas about a yard square is placed at one end of the green. This is called the "footer," and is the starting place for the throwing of each ball, the player putting his foot on the carpet when he throws. The balls, however, are not "thrown," but are rolled, the hand being held down near the ground.

Your first object is to roll the ball as near to the jack as possible. The next is to "guard" or "block" it by rolling the second ball so as to form an obstruction if the opponent tries to drive your ball away from its position near the jack.

"Riding" a ball is rolling it with great force, and is used only in emergencies.

"Raking" a ball is rolling it with sufficient force to drive your opponent's ball from its place near the jack and putting your own in its place.

"Chucking" is striking a counting ball out of range, and adding thereby to your own counting balls, or striking one of your own balls into a counting place.

GROWING UP.

As the door closed behind Polly, Tom looked across at his mother.

"How long has this been going on?" he asked. "She used to be the jolliest little youngster in the world."

Polly's mother shook her head at him, although her eyes were troubled.

"Don't be severe on her, Tom, Polly's growing up, and sometimes a girl takes growing up rather hard. Just now her sense of proportion is a little out of focus and small troubles loom large, but she'll find herself presently, and it will be all right."

"I should hope so," Tom replied, fervently. Upon second though he decided to say nothing to his mother of the plan he had resolved upon, but wait his opportunity with Polly. It came in a few days when Polly came from school tearful and indignant over her French mark.

"It isn't fair," she declared. "Margaret Judson didn't do a bit better work than I, yet Margaret had ninety-six and I only ninety-three. I do think I have the hardest times!" she wailed.

"Yes," Tom agreed, "I think you do."

Polly looked at him in surprise. Tom's attitude since he came home had not been sympathetic—that was one of her grievances.

Tom pulled a notebook from his pocket and began to read:

"Monday was a horrid, dull day, and your hair wouldn't stay in curl and everything went wrong—as things do on rainy days. Tuesday you went down town and couldn't find any silk like Lena Andrews', and you had to get a homely old thing that you never would like. Wednesday you discovered that nobody ever did understand you anyway. Thursday evening at Miss Jacob's, Miss Jacob acted 'queer,' and you wished you hadn't gone. Friday, Bridget let the cream custard curdle when she knew it was your favorite dessert! Saturday—"

But Polly interrupted. "Oh, Tom, don't! I didn't know I—" and then, a deluge impending, she rushed tumultously from the room.

"Oh, Tom," the mother remonstrated, her own eyes full of tears.

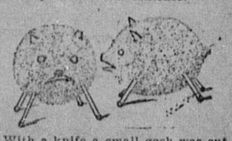
"Don't you worry," Tom answered. "I know Polly. She's grit and she'll come through all right. I'm just helping her grow up."—Newark Call.

LEMON PIGS.

"Why don't you make animals as well as people out of fruits and vegetables, children?" said papa one day.

Why hadn't they, to be sure? They had never thought of such a thing, but when they did it was not long before the place was stocked with all sorts of strange animals.

The first piece of vegetable live stock the little Wests owned was a lemon pig which Uncle John made for them from a lemon, two white-headed pins and four matches.



With a knife a small gash was cut for a mouth; then ears were cut from the skin. These were left fastened to the lemon at the front edge.

Then pigs must have pens! So pens naturally followed—pens of corn cobs put together in rail fence fashion.

Later in the season there were acorn pigs in pens made of sticks and straws.—"Lady Hollyhock."

WHAT RED CORAL IS.

The red coral that is used for necklaces is a horny axis which suports a number of soft bodied, coral like animals, or polyps, the entire structure bearing a strong resemblance to a small shrub. The fishermen, after they have brought this shrublike colony to the surface, clean the soft animal matter away, preserving the red core, or axis, which is sold as jewelry. Although red coral contains some lime, it is largely composed of a substance akin to horn, and, like horn, it takes a fine polish, says the St. Nicholas Magazine. Horn, wool and other animal substances of this nature almost invariably change their color when brought into intense heat.

Mighty Interesting Reading.

President Roosevelt is a better hunter now than he was some twenty years ago, when he first went looking for deer in Maine under the guidance of "Bill" Sewall. On that occasion he and his guide camped at a place where deer were abundant. Just before dusk Sewall placed him at a corner where he could watch the runways. "When you see the deer you let drive," said the guide. In a few minutes a fine buck came trotting toward the ambush. Unable to restrain his joy young Roosevelt turned and whispered: "Do you know, this is the first deer I have ever shot." Then he turned to "let drive," but the buck, whose keen ears caught the whisper, had jumped sideways and disappeared. What Sewall thought and what Roosevelt said for the next five minutes would make what Horace Greeley used to call "mighty interesting reading."—Savannah News.

The two main reasons why steamship lines are deserting Liverpool are that London is so much nearer to Southampton and that the port is much deeper.