THE QUEENSTOWN NEWS.

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It is not possible for our imagination to exaggerate the sufferings endured by millions in Russia and China under stress of famine and disease.

The final census report on cotton shows that for the year 13,290,677 bales have been ginned. That means that the factories of Europe will be busy, for America exports its cotton raw.

The exposure of abuses must certainly tend to reduce for a time the volume of business, but, for the inevitable damage, they are responsible, the Christian Register charges, who provide the evils which have to be exposed.

Only twenty-four out of the 119 counties in Kentucky remain "wet." Nevertheless the ancient joke concerning the insult to the colonel from the Blue Grass State because he was asked to drink water will live forever, is the derisive comment of the Baltimore American.

Seven European countries have adopted the postal savings bank system, namely: Great Britain, Austria, Hungary, Belgium, France, Italy and the Netherlands. In 1904 there were in the United Kingdom 9,673,717 depositors. In the United States there were the same year 1157 savings banks and 7,305,443 depositors.

According to a dispatch from Reading, Pa., to the Philadelphia Record, the "Ladies' Auxiliary of Modern Woodmen," in session at the Berks County metropolis, "consumed a mile of sausage." This performance deserves consideration as an endurance test at the hands of Professor Fisher and his vegetarian record makers, declares the New York Tribune.

Industrially New York is too big to remain a centralized city, pleads the New York World. It is easier to carry the industry to the workers once for all than to carry the workers to the industry every day for years. Decentralization should mean for them better health, more air, better dwellings and less dependence upon overburdened street car companies.

There is much to be said in favor of the proposed revival of steamboat traffic, admits the New York American. Originally the rivers were the natural highways of the nation. They remained such until their business was crippled and in many cases absolutely ruined by the railroads. The method used in this warfare was the same as that employed to build up trusts and kill their competitors—the railroad rebate.

The coal deposits of this continent are being exhausted rapidly. We consume nearly 1,000,000 tons every day. Last year more than 350,000,000 tons of coal were taken from this country's mines. The recognized authorities have shown that in 100 years the American people will practically be without coal. The most sanguine estimate sets forth that the Pennsylvania anthracite fields will be exhausted in a little more than fifty years from to-day.

Robert Treat Paine, Jr., chairman of the Executive Committee of the Massachusetts Public Opinion League, has prepared with his colleagues a circular urging upon the Legislature the enactment of a public opinion law designed to bring legislators and their constituents in closer communion, by means of open conferences together on public measures. The circular takes the position that this relationship would supplement and perfect the representative system of the State in accordance with the ideas of the constitution of the commonwealth.

According to some curious investigations conducted by English scientists eldest sons tend to be criminals and youngest sons paupers. A great many thousand school children and many family histories have been examined to yield these results. First born children were found to be, as a rule, taller and heavier, with greater ability and endurance than the others. This is in accordance with the popular feeling in many countries that the oldest child is superior to the others and deserving of special privileges. It is a well established fact that among men of genius an undue proportion are eldest sons.

Recently a famous railroad manager appeared on the witness stand and admitted that he sold the bonds of his railroad company to himself at sixty-five cents, and then, as manager of an insurance concern, bought them of himself for the company at ninety-six cents. Either he robbed the railroad company by selling its bonds too low, or he robbed the insurance company by making it pay him too much for the bonds, exclaims The Commoner. But as he is a "power in the financial world," and as this is what is called "high finance," he will not be dismissed in disgrace. On the contrary he will be more powerful than ever because the bond transaction netted him a neat pile of money whereby to manipulate other and larger deals.

SUNSHINE OF YOU.

I have plodded the ways of this brimy old world,
'Mid the hives and the marts of the millions hurled,
I have tasted its sweets, I have supped of its gall,
And I've lingered and dreamed where the rose petals fall;
I have bent to its hopes—and many have failed—
At the fates that befell me I've angered and railed;
But what do they matter, lost hopes and the rue,
So long as the heart knows the sunshine of you?

It matters but little what skies may look down,
Or whether the hopes, long cherished, have flown;
No matter how gloomy the mantle to-day,
There will come, sure as Fate, a rift in the way,
Where the sunbeams will filter and splash on the road,
And a song will come lilting to lighten the load,
On the long rugged steeps, whate'er I go thro',
I go with the dream of the sunshine of you.

I shall go thro' the years till the sun sinks to rest
'Neath the gold-burnished skies in the desolate West,
Where the flood gates ope wide to the River of Sleep,
Where there never is wailing and eyes never weep;
I shall go with a song ever rife in my heart
That flows with the freedom of waters that start
From earth's purest spring. Like a mariner's star
You shall guide me forever—wherever you are!

—Will F. Griffin, in Milwaukee Sentinel.

"Slippery Letts."

By EDMUND G. KINYON.

[How a young man in the service of an American railroad suddenly blossomed out as an expert criminal. He gave the authorities an infinity of trouble, and his frequent sensational escapes from custody earned him the nickname which heads this story. Many thousands of miles had to be traversed by the detectives, many revolver shots fired, and much money spent before this audacious jailbreaker was finally laid by the heels.]

One night, about four years ago, an alarm of fire was sounded in the little town of Princeton, Kansas, on the line of the great Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railway. Those who rushed out, in various stages of deshabille, discovered that the railway station house was in flames. There being no fire-fighting apparatus, the little coop of a building was quickly consumed, together with all its contents. No night agent was maintained at Princeton, and the day agent, Harry M. Letts, was sleeping in his room at the village hotel when the fire broke out. Letts was of the type of young men usually found in charge of wayside stations in America—of mediocre ability, unassuming, popular with the young ladies, and on speaking terms with everyone in the town.

Letts made a satisfactory report to the company, saying that he had no knowledge of the fire's origin; that when he left the office at 8 o'clock everything was in proper shape; and that he was entirely innocent of any negligence or inattention to duty. After the customary investigation the report was accepted, the cause of the fire attributed to tramps, and the incident was apparently closed. A few days afterwards, however, Letts telegraphed his resignation from his box-car office, mentioning ill-health as his reason for wishing to quit the service of the company. He was promptly relieved, and forthwith dropped entirely out of the company's ken. His accounts were straight; he was apparently in no way responsible for the loss by fire; he wished to stop working, and was permitted to do so.

Several weeks later Mr. H. H. Germain, chief secret service agent of the railway company, was sitting at his desk examining a couple of passenger tickets which had been secured from a "scalper" by one of his "spotters." Noting the numbers printed upon the tickets and consulting a large record-book, he gave a low, meaning whistle, for the numbers disclosed the fact that the tickets belonged to the considerable quantity supposed to have been destroyed in the Princeton fire. From that moment the fire incident was reopened, and gay young Harry Letts once more entered into the hearty concern of the great railway company. Before the chief left his desk he had started a chain of events which was to fasten the title of "Slippery Letts" upon the callow, ailing, wayside agent, and develop him into one of the most skilful and elusive criminals of the day—a man seemingly proof against revolver bullets, and for whom jail-bars offered little restraint.

The methods of the secret service department in finding and following clues, are, of course, hidden from the people. It is sufficient for this narrative, therefore, to say that after several weeks of careful search it was positively established that Harry Letts burned the station house at Princeton, after robbing the ticket cabinet of all the unissued ticket-forms. With the aid and connivance of an expert ticket manipulator the tickets were prepared for sale through ticket-brokers and represented a value of about forty thousand dollars. The manipulator was easily traced and arrested and a portion of the tickets were found in his possession and confiscated. Then, as a matter of routine, little suspecting the temper of the man with whom they had to deal, the officials proceeded to find and arrest Harry Letts.

Following the trail of the ex-station agent the detectives located him in Kansas City, Missouri, and two of them called at his boarding house one evening and requested him to accompany them to Ottawa, Kansas, where he was to be tried for his alleged crime. He consented quietly enough, and the three proceeded to the central station by boarding a street car. Near the station, just as they had left the car, each officer holding an arm of their prisoner, Letts suddenly threw the two men off and bolted. They sprang after him, commanded him to halt without avail, and then, drawing their revolvers, fired point-blank at short range. Letts paid no attention to their commands, but dodged into the crowd and made his escape, to the great chagrin of the two redoubtable officers, who were again obliged to take up the weary trail.

The pursuit led them hundreds of miles over the country, doubling here and there. The man had a sweetheart living at Ottawa, and it was surmised that he might go there to visit her. A watch was accordingly set, and sure enough he did that very thing, hazardous and foolhardy as it may seem. He was quickly captured by the local police, who lodged him in the county jail. Court was about to convene, and it looked as though Letts' journey to the penitentiary would not be much longer delayed.

But Letts had no serious thought of digging coal for the State. He was confined in a small steel cell opening into a steel corridor, in which during the day he was allowed to mingle with the other prisoners for exercise. One night he rigged up a dummy figure and stood it in his cell. When the jailer, all unsuspecting, came to lock the prisoners in, Letts flattened himself against the wall in a dark corner of the corridor and waited. The jailer, with a careless glance at the dummy, fastened the cell and turned to pass out through the corridor door. Letts, following noiselessly behind, actually wriggled under the man's arm and leaped through the office into the street! The jailer, recovering instantly from his surprise, dashed after him, revolver in hand, and fired at the fleeing man as he passed under a strong electric light; but Letts sprang away uninjured and soon escaped from the town. It was then that the baffled pursuers commenced to refer to him as "Slippery Letts."

With untiring energy the Santa Fe officers again took up the trail and resumed their weary hunt. Months passed, and Letts was heard of down in the State of Texas. The trail became warm, and he was finally located in a small town, where he had secured employment. Mr. Germain, the chief, not wishing to take further chances, went himself to arrest the man and convey him back to prison. He learnt where Letts was boarding and sent a couple of local officers into the house while he remained to guard the door. Soon the men returned, leading their prisoner between them. The fugitive evidently did not fully comprehend the import of his arrest, for he walked along quietly until he caught sight of Germain; then, like a flash, he repeated his former tactics, threw off his two captors, and bolted. Germain knew well the desperate character of the man, and was prepared for just such an occurrence. His revolver, which he knew well how to use, came into instant play, but Letts ran off unharmed, dodging along the street seeking for cover. It was daylight and the straggling village afforded him no hiding place, so that he was quickly run down and captured.

Handcuffed and manacled, "Slippery Letts" was taken back to Ottawa and lay in his cell for five months awaiting trial. When the court was convened he was tried and convicted and a day fixed when he should receive his sentence—a term of years in the State penitentiary. Before the date arrived Letts again escaped from the jail. By the use of tools smuggled in by confederates, he accomplished the seemingly impossible feat of tearing a hole through the steel floor of his cell. Then he dug down into the hard earth and tunnelled a long distance to the foundation wall. This wall was constructed of large granite blocks set in cement. The enterprising Letts removed one of the blocks and crawled through to liberty!

For several months after this the fugitive kept under cover and the detectives could get no trace of him. Then a clue developed and he was once more located—this time working as a farm hand in Michigan. To avoid frightening his quarry the chief decided not to send his men to make the arrest, but asked the local sheriff to take him into custody and to guard him day and night. The sheriff drove to the farm where Letts was employed and found his man working in the field. He readily agreed to accompany the sheriff, but all the time his fertile brain was seeking an avenue of escape. As they approached the house, Letts asked to be allowed to enter and get his overcoat, as the weather was cool. The sheriff agreed and stood in the open door, keeping a close watch upon his prisoner. Instead of securing his coat, Letts sprang through a room and out of the back door of the house. A quarter of a mile distant was a patch of woodland. The fugitive started for this cover on a dead run, with the sheriff in hot pursuit, firing his revolver. It was a close and exciting race, and the officer, having exhausted one revolver, drew another and emptied that also, but all to no purpose. Letts gained the cover, dodged into the brush, and found a hiding place. At night he crept away and escaped from the country-side, although the wood was surrounded and extraordinary efforts made to recapture him.

Once more the railway detectives took up the trail. They followed "Slippery Letts" to Canada, and found where he had tarried briefly in many places, but he never remained long enough in one locality to be caught. Then he was traced back into the United States, to New York and other cities of the East, always disappearing just as the officers were about to arrest him. Finally, he dropped out of sight entirely, and nothing was heard of him for several months. The secret service men were of the opinion that he had escaped to some foreign country, and their surmises proved to be true.

Recently and quite unexpectedly, through one of his many avenues of information, Chief Germain learned that Letts was in the Panama Canal zone, working as a telegraph operator for the United States Government. He did not cable the officers to arrest him—that plan had failed too often. Instead, he detailed two of his most trusted men to make the long journey to South America and secure the fugitive. Armed with the proper extradition papers and passports, the men set out upon their mission. Weeks passed, and then came a cablegram saying that "Slippery Letts" was once more in custody, and that he would be returned to his own country immediately. The two officers had rushed in upon him unexpectedly and handcuffed him, at the muzzle of a revolver. They were, moreover, acting under strict and unusual orders. From the moment they placed their hands upon the surprised operator in his Panama office until they delivered him to the penitentiary one of them was handcuffed to him constantly, day and night. To bolt, or to trick or dig his way to liberty was impossible. His only recourse would have been to attack his keeper, and that he had never shown a disposition to do, and did not attempt. In due time the journey was completed, and after the necessary legal details were adjusted Harry Letts was incarcerated in the frowning State prison, there to pay, in remorse and toil, the long deferred penalty for burning the station and stealing the property of the railway company.

In many respects Harry Letts must be classed as one of the most remarkable criminals of the day. For a man to break away and run when he knows to a certainty that he will be fired upon with deadly intent evidences an unusual willingness to take desperate chances. Letts never hesitated for an instant to bolt in the open in broad daylight in the very face of bristling revolvers with cool and experienced men behind them. In all, during the chase, over forty shots were fired at him, most of them at short range. He never received so much as a scratch, and a feeling amounting almost to a conviction prevailed among the officers that some supernatural power protected him. His original offence was not very remarkable—the company deals with more serious ones every month—but subsequently he caused the secret service department more trouble than any other criminal, big or little, with whom it has had to deal. Not counting his original peculations, his escapades cost the company over five thousand dollars in cash, while the distance traveled by its detectives, if a record had been kept, would aggregate many thousands of miles.—The Wide World Magazine.

SCIENCE & MECHANICS

The Jiji Shimpo states that, according to the government's present plans, the efficiency of the Japanese navy in 1915 will be double what it was before the Russo-Japanese war.

The French Minister of War has ordered a census to be taken of industrial vehicles capable of being mobilized for military transport. The wagons will be divided into three categories, according to the load carried. Public service vehicles will also be included.

There is said to be an increasing demand for dredging in Egypt, on account of the drainage works contemplated by the Egyptian Public Works department. Machines suited for use on the small canals will be chiefly in request, and manufacturers of these are recommended to bring them forward. A steam water-weed cutter would also sell well.

The cutting and wearing power of a stream of blown sand, long since utilized for various purposes, has lately been employed for testing building materials at the Gross-Lichterfelde Institute in Germany. Granite, pine wood, lineoleum, and other substances used in the construction and furnishings of buildings, are subjected for about two minutes to the action of a blast of fine quartz sand, under a pressure of two atmospheres. The results show the resisting powers of the substances tested to the effects of wear. This form of test is applicable to road-building materials.

Germany leads to-day in the manufacture and use of alcohol for light and power. In that country potatoes are the chief source from which alcohol is produced. The potato crop last year reached the astounding proportions of 1,775,579,000 bushels, or more than 53,000,000 standard tons. Of this amount nearly one-half was used in the manufacture of alcohol and starch. One-eighth of all the tillable land in Germany is planted to potatoes, which show an average production of 217 bushels an acre, which sold at an average of 27.6 cents a bushel, or about $60 an acre. In France alcohol for manufacturing purposes is made chiefly from molasses and sugar beets.

The cereal rubber of William Threlfall Carr, an English inventor, was suggested by the observation—familiar to country boys—that the chewing of wheat grains produces a sticky, gummy mass. Experiment showed that the ptyalin of the saliva acts as a ferment and combines with starch to form dextrose, which special treatment converts into rubber. The ptyalin of saliva is found to be essential, but this has been obtained in remarkable quantity from hogs. Different kinds of rubber result from arresting the fermentation, and the six grades so far produced are designed for waterproofing tubes and other flexible material, tires, floor coverings, paving and golf balls. Unlike other rubber substitutes, this can be vulcanized of hardened by sulphur.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

TABLE MANNERS.

The bluejay is a greedy bird; I often watch him eat,
When crumbs are scattered from our door, he snatches all the treat.
He drives the smaller birds away, his manners are so rude—
It's quite a shocking thing to see him gobble down his food!
And sometimes, when I'm not polite, I hear my brother say,
'Why, now I see a little boy who's eating bluejay way!"

The sparrows are a noisy set and very quarrelsome,
Because each hungry little bird desires the biggest crumb,
They scold and fight about the food, all chirping "Me! Me! Me!"
And sometimes when we children are inclined to disagree
About the sharing of a treat, my mother says, "Why, you
Are acting now the very way the silly sparrows do!"

The jolly little chickadees are perfectly polite,
They never scratch, they never bolt, they never, never fight,
They hold the crumbs down daintily with both their little feet,
And peck off tiny little bites—we love to watch them eat!
And when my sister's good at meals, my mother says, "I see
A little girl who's eating like a darling chickadee!"

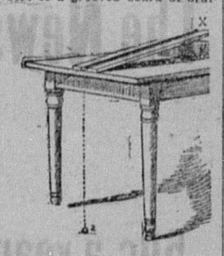
—Hannah G. Fernald, in Good Housekeeping.

PUZZLE OF FALLING MARBLES.

If someone asked you which reached the ground first, a cannon ball shot forward (not upward) from the mouth of a cannon or a cannon ball just dropped from the mouth of the same cannon at the same time, you would probably hit upon every solution but the correct one.

The right solution is that both balls reach the ground on exactly the same instant.

Here is a very simple way in which to prove the truth of this well-known scientific law: Procure any sort of a grooved board of ordi-



nary length; twist a piece of wire into a round eye just large enough to hold a marble so loosely that the slightest touch will drop it through the eye; fasten the wire to the end of the board exactly where the centre of the groove comes, and then mount the board on a table with one end propped up under a block of wood or a book, as shown in the illustration.

Now place one marble in the wire loop and then allow another marble to roll down the inclined groove, starting at point X. It strikes the marble in the wire and both drop to the ground, and although the second marble drops a couple of feet farther away from the table at point 2, yet you cannot detect the difference of an instant in the sound of both marbles' contact with the r.—Good Literature.

TRUE STORY OF A CAT.

While teaching school in a little town in Georgia the following story was told me as true:

Thomas was a large, yellow cat, very beautiful and much loved by his mistress. During the day and the early part of the night he used to lie on the rug in front of the big log fire. One evening the family all went off to a near neighbor's house to sit a while, leaving no one at home but Thomas. They left him in his usual bed on the rug by the fire, which was burning very brightly. They did not want him to get cold, for the night was extremely chilly, so they did not put out the fire.

They had not been gone more than a half hour when, sitting in the neighbor's house, they heard something at the door. Upon opening the door in walked Thomas. Straight up to his mistress he walked and began to claw at her dress. She tried to scat him away, but he still clawed at her and looked into her face and mewed. He would walk to the door and then come back to her and act in the same manner. She at last got up, determined to follow him and see what he wanted. He led her home, and when she got there she found that the log had tumbled down on to the floor and the floor was in a light blaze.

The cat had been the means of saving his mistress' house from burning, and probably several others, as the houses were close together.—D. Bell, in Our Dumb Animals.

DOLLS AT A WEDDING.

What little girl has ever seen an assemblage of one hundred perfectly dressed dolls, all of whom were either actors in or guests at a miniature wedding? In Scarborough, England, an entertainment of this sort was recently given for charity and was a great success. It took months to get up, though. The church had little oak pews, each with a red knitted cushion. There was a carved oak pulpit, seats for the clergy and the choristers and tiny carved pillars. The bridegroom was in the uniform of the Grenadier Guards, with a sword by his side. So was the best man. The bride, who was given away by a correctly attired father, wore the conventional white satin dress with a train and a veil, and had sixteen bridesmaids and two pages to attend her. Soldiers from the Grenadier Guards lined the aisle. As for the guests, they were elaborately and tastefully gowned in strictly up-to-date finery. The choir all wore black cassocks and surplices, and there was even a verger in a black robe and a policeman in regulation uniform. So many faultlessly attired dolls were probably never before gathered together in any country.—New York Tribune.

WHERE DOGS MUSTN'T BARK.

To teach a dog not to bark would seem to be as impossible a task as teaching a child not to cry, or a boy not to talk loud; but there is a case on record where a dog was so taught, although it took the trainer three years to accomplish it. Then he thought he had a dog that differed from all the other dogs in the world, but in this he was mistaken, for there are at least three varieties of dogs that never bark—the lion-headed dog of Thibet, the shepherd dog of Egypt and the Australian dog. The law in some countries is quite severe on night-barking dogs. In Japan, for instance, the owner of a dog is liable to arrest and to a penalty of one year's work on the complaint of anyone who has been disturbed by the barking.—Home Herald.

HAWK FOUGHT HUNTER.

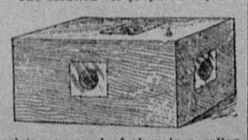
Albert Baker and Charles Yeager, of this city returned from a two-days' hunting trip in the vicinity of Fritztown to-day. They shot nine rabbits, three red squirrels, a polecat, a hawk and a red fox. The hawk measured four feet ten inches from tip to tip of wings.

Baker, who shot the bird, had a most exciting experience. He only wounded it, and when he went to obtain it the bird attacked him and sank its claws into his face, shoulders and hands. Baker fought the bird for fifteen minutes before he succeeded in killing it. It is one of the largest birds of its species caught in this section for some time.—Reading Correspondence Philadelphia Public Ledger.

THE CRYSTAL GROTTO.

You have doubtless heard of the beautiful crystal caves such as Mammoth Cave in Kentucky. A perfect imitation is very easily made. A deep cigar box will do to start with. Now cut five openings in the top, ends and sides. Then drive nails through the top and bottom into the inside. The nails should be of various lengths so that many jagged points may result. Wrap these points about in various directions with coarse thread or string, or with canton flannel. Plug up all the openings with corks except in the top, and then pour through that into the box a warm solution of crystallizing alum. Now plug up this hole and wait until the solution cools.

The solution is prepared by dis-



solving a pound of alum in a gallon of warm water.

After the crystallization and the removal of the corks the jagged ends and surface inside will be found to be covered with bright crystals that look exactly like the stalactites of a beautiful grotto.

Then cover the holes in the top, sides and one end with colored glass, and over the front opening place white glass, or, what is more effective, if you can procure it, a convex spectacle lens having a focus about equal to the length of the box.—Good Literature.

SCREECH OWLS ON ENGINE.

"That's sendin' an engine some when you make 'er overtake and kill birds on the wing," said a railway yardman at the union depot last night. He found three dead screech owls on the engine pilot of a Burlington train that had just arrived.

The engineer and fireman knew nothing of the owls. It is supposed the birds were on the track and flew up just as the engine reached them.—Kansas City Times.

Forty Days Round the World.

Many of us marked an epoch for ourselves when Jules Verne wrote "Round the World in Eighty Days." Perhaps it was not possible then to go round in eighty days; the book would have been less exciting to children if it had been possible. But at all events it was nearly possible, and many of us marked down the epoch. How many people could say offhand to-day, however, to what those eighty days have been reduced? A writer in the Daily Mail, Mr. F. A. McKenzie, tells us that the journey can now be done in forty days, and that in comfortable trains and ships, not by the desperate expedients of Jules Verne.

We are told that the tickets cost only about $325 second-class and $615 first-class. The journey is reckoned in this way: London to Moscow, two and a half days; Moscow to Vladivostok, thirteen days; Vladivostok to Yokohama, two days; Yokohama to London via Vancouver, twenty-one and a half days; connections, one day. The Russians understand the art of comfortable railway traveling; their carriages and buffets are models.—London Spectator.

A firm in business in Oxford street, London, has just insured for $1,000,000 against earthquakes.

TALES OF ADVENTURE

HORSES AND RIDERS.

What is said to have been one of the most surprising feats of horsemanship in all Ireland is credited to the late empress of Austria. After a desperate chase a fox leaped the wall of Maynooth College, where the students were meditatively pacing to and fro. As the fox scurried across the ground the young clericals were about to take up the chase themselves, when a beautiful woman, superbly mounted, cleared the wall in pursuit of the quarry. It was the empress. Dr. Walsh, the present Roman Catholic archbishop of Dublin, received his unexpected guest with gracious courtesy. The chase had taken her through deep water, and her wet clinging garments suggested the desirability of a change. But there was not a shred of female attire at Maynooth College, so the empress threw over her shoulders an academical gown belonging to Dr. Walsh. In exchange for her wrap the empress pressed upon the future archbishop a diamond ring, and upon her return to Austria she sent to the college a superb statuette in solid silver of St. George and the Dragon, and for Dr. Walsh vestments of silk and gold worked with shamrocks in green silk.

Here is a story of a wonderful jumping horse as told by an English journalist: "A California cowboy was taking steers to Leadville and had camped for the night on Bear River near its junction with the Little Snake. In the middle of the night something occurred to stampede the cattle. The man mounted his bronco and rode hither and thither on the flank of the herd until their fright had died away. Four or five times the rider felt his horse give tremendous leaps and with daybreak he discovered the cause. The cattle had climbed on to a level plateau which is intersected by a canyon four miles long and from 1500 to 2000 feet deep. Its walls incline toward each other at the top, where the distance is fifteen or twenty feet. In riding the man had kept the steers circling about this plateau. A dozen of them he found, had fallen down the canyon and been killed. Hoof marks showed him that the great jumps made by his horse were occasioned by the animal's clearing the canyon each time it came to the taking-off spot."

Gertrude Page, author of "Life in Rhodesia," tells of a very intelligent South African horse: "Smoke is this delectable animal's name, and in all Rhodesia for character and endurance he probably has not his equal. One tells of how he carried him up a kopje like a house side, looking round occasionally to make sure his rider had not slid off his back. 'I was too busy keeping my seat to see how he did it,' he explained, 'but he must positively now and then have hung round trees with his forelegs.' Another will describe how he steps over a little ledge a few inches wide, across a river without turning a hair or calmly manipulates stepping stones like a human."

SAVED BY SILENCE.

Two soldiers, who belonged to a body of troops crossing the Western plain in 1852, started out to capture a buffalo. A herd had been seen about a mile distant, their horses were in good condition, and, says the author of "Five Years a Dragon," they had every reason to anticipate good sport.

They approached the herd at a walk, and were within easy pistol-shot before the buffalo saw them. Then one of them, named Peel, went to the west, the other to the east. Peel's companion had dropped his first buffalo when the voice of Peel rang out, "Get on your horse!"

No time was lost, for looking east, he pointed to fifty or more Indians in a half-circle half a mile away, their left wing so far advanced that retreat to camp was cut off.

Consultation was brief. Peel led the way down the hill and circled round a thicket, carefully selecting the firm buffalo-grass sod so as to leave no trail, and drew into cover not twenty yards from where some of the Indians were sure to come down.

There they sat on their horses, pistols in hand. They had no future plans; they might have to fight death under that bluff; they would do whatever circumstances seemed to dictate.

They had not long to wait. The Indians came rattling down the rock trails leading into the bottom, sending out their blood-curdling war-whoop at every jump. They seemed to think that the fleeing men would try to escape toward camp, and be enveloped in the circle; did not think that they would do anything but run for their lives, which would be sure death. One brawny brave drew rein at the foot of the trail where the men had come down, raised himself in the stirrups, and looked sharply toward them. Peel's companion, believing they were discovered, raised his pistol to shoot; but Peel quietly reached over, and placing his hand on his comrade's arm, gently pressed it down.

In a moment the Indian was off to the west, showing by his actions that he had not seen them.

The way now seemed clear, and they quietly walked their horses up where they had gone down a few moments before, turned south, and gently trotted back toward camp. No fresh meat cheered the camp that night, but they had a new adventure to talk over.

ARKWRIGHT'S STRANGE CASE.

Strange, indeed, was the case of Henry Arkwright, a man of twenty-nine, aide-de-camp to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, who more than forty years ago was traveling in Switzerland with his family. They went to to Chamonix; and Arkwright, though no climber, resolved to ascend Mount Blanc. A sister went with him as far as the Grands Mulets hut. Another party of two also resolved upon the ascent. On October 12 they left Chamonix, crossed the crevassed Glacier des Bossons, and reached their night quarters. While the climbers were absent next day, Miss Fanny Arkwright busied herself writing letters. Meanwhile the two parties set out early and hurried up the snow slopes.

Suddenly ominous cracks were heard to the right amid the towering seracs or pinnacles of solid ice. "Lie down!" screamed the guides, but the irresistible wind that goes before a mighty avalanche caught them all.

Sylvian Couette, the porter, drove his alpenstock into the hard snow, crouched on hands and knees, and turned his bent head to the hurricane. After eight or ten minutes, he untied the rope about his waist and began to descend. At one hundred and fifty feet below he came on Francois Tournier, the guide. He was dead, his face frightfully mutilated and his skull crushed by a mass of ice. The porter, after herculean efforts, got the body down to the Grands Mulets.

Thirty-one years passed away. One morning in 1897 Colonel Arkwright, a brother of this Alpine victim, was astounded to receive this telegram from the Mayor of Chamonix:

"The remains of Henry Arkwright, who perished on Mont Blanc in 1866, have just been found."

The glacier had given up its dead at last, after having borne the body of its victim to a spot nine thousand feet below in the ice. Slowly, slowly, the grinding river of ice gave up other relics. First came a handkerchief, then a shirt front, next a gold pencil case, watch chain, and gloves, with other odds and ends.—Sunday Magazine.

HOW THE WRECKED ACT.

What has most struck me in my many experiences of shipwrecks has been the strangely diverse ways in which the passengers acquit themselves under intense excitement and panic, said a lifeboat man to the writer.

Women cry, cling to each other and faint, but are the least trouble. Men often act very strangely. I remember one man throwing into the lifeboat a heavy trunk which he wanted to save, but which we promptly heaved overboard.

Some men become quite panic stricken. I've seen strong men, probably brave enough in other cases, fighting fiercely for the life buoys and thrusting the women and children aside in frantic endeavors to leap into the boat first; yet, strangely enough, one man who thus disgraced himself has since obtained the Royal Humane Society's medal for saving life at sea, thrice volunteering with a scratch crew in aid of a distressed vessel.

I've known others who became so stupefied with fright as to resist all attempts at rescuing them, begging to be left to die and having to be forcibly thrown into the lifeboat. Some persons frequently become half demented, and I've known several cases where they have in a frenzy committed suicide by positively jumping headlong into the sea and drowning themselves, and one man to insure his sinking, filled his pockets with coal.

Some years ago another passenger hearing the ship had struck, went and drowned himself in the bathroom, anticipating his fate, as it were.

I remember another case where a passenger hanged himself in his cabin just as the lifeboat arrived.—Tit Bits.

DEED OF A GALLANT NOBODY

It is not always the information carried by the recognized aides-de-camps to and from the commanding officer in battle which is of highest value. There was a supreme moment during the battle of Waterloo when the Duke of Wellington was left absolutely alone—and that not when he was running the risk of capture by sailing through the enemy's lines. It simply meant that every galloper had gone his way, each with his message. At this moment a stranger rode up to the duke and quietly asked: "Can I be of any use, sir?" The duke took one glance at him, and unhesitatingly answered: "You take this pencil note to the commanding officer," pointing to a regiment in the heat of the battle. The stranger took the note and galloped away with it, through the thick of the fight. He delivered it, but what happened to him no man knows. The duke always declared that to be one of the most gallant deeds that had ever come under his notice. It was done without prospect of acknowledgment or reward, and neither attended its successful accomplishment.—London Standard.

The Ups and Downs of Geronimo.

There are many men in the West who would dearly love to have a potshot at Geronimo, men whose kinsfolk died in torture in the light of their blazing homes some thirty-odd years ago. And it was impossible for the thousands who have seen him in recent years at St. Louis or Buffalo or with a "Wild West Show" to realize these facts as collected by the Society of Pioneers of Arizona:

"Seventy-six white men, women and children were killed by Geronimo in his last raid. It is said that in the years 1849 and 1870 175 persons were murdered by his band of Apaches, and according to a record kept by Herman Ehrenberger, a civil and mining engineer, 475 persons, at that time one-half the American population of Arizona, fell victims to the scalping knives of Geronimo's braves between 1856 and 1862."

Now his talents are turned toward making money by selling bows and arrows and posing for artists.—From the Outing Magazine.

Palestine has 100,000 Jews at the present time.