THE QUEENSTOWN NEWS.

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"Can women appreciate a club?" queries an exchange. Undoubtedly, answers the Washington Post, but it's a mean man who would use one on his wife.

Richmond will erect a $5000 monument to Edgar Allan Poe. It seems that money matters come easy for really great poets only after they are dead, sighs the Houston Post.

About the best abused man in the country, insists the Washington Post, is the corporation lawyer, and it is come to pass that the best way to put an end to a public man's political life is to call him a corporation lawyer.

The savings banks in New York State gained in deposits by $700,000,000 last year. This gain alone is greater than the total savings bank deposits of Japan or Canada, and almost as much as the total deposits of Holland.

In the opinion of the Washington Star the question of how much a soul weighs may interest a few psychologists, but it can never attain the popular importance that attaches to the question of how much a pound of beef is going to cost.

President Truesdale, of the Lackawanna, seems worried because of the public sentiment against the railroads. There is a remedy, suggests the New York American. He should prevail on high railroad officials to stop manufacturing this adverse public sentiment.

Such instances as come from a city in Indiana where a student of a girls' high school was branded with powerful acid as an initiation into a school society will not help along the cause of the higher education of women, laments the Baltimore American. The majority of parents will consider that their girls pay too high a price for the most advanced education when they sacrifice for it the best attributes of womanly character.

The year recently ended is the third consecutive year that Gloucester has experienced without the loss of a vessel and her entire crew, although during the past twelve months eight vessels have gone to the bottom and been pronounced total wrecks, a gross tonnage of 634, and net of 435 tons, the valuation of the crafts being $59,200, with an insurance of $45,326, notes the Boston Herald. There were thirty-two fishermen lost or died while engaged on fishing trips, leaving eight widows and twenty fatherless children. In 1905 there were ten vessels lost, but the loss of life was only nineteen, leaving five widows and three orphans.

There can be no doubt of the immense good that will arise from this latest Rockefeller benefaction, contends the Providence Journal. It will provide new facilities for many weak schools and collegiate institutions and so contribute to the proper education of thousands of youths for a happy and successful after career. It is the greatest single gift that has ever been made, so far as a record exists, far eclipsing the Rhodes fund of $10,000,000 for bringing together of young men from parts of the world to Oxford University and the like Carnegie at Aberdeen. It is a gift of proportions as would not have been possible a few years ago.

The following advice is from the Teachers School Journal: Never write of old-time schools in contrast. We are in advance of them in many ways, it is true, and for that we are thankful, but our thankfulness should be largely mixed with humility. Those were the schools of our fathers and grandfathers, and really it must be admitted that they were and are as a body entitled to our respect. They did their best in the light of that tallow candle. Are we doing as well in the brilliant blaze shed upon our path by electricity? They were slow in reaching an objective point in their ancient lumbering vehicles. Do we accomplish as much when we reach our journey's end by the limited? These are questions which the youth and middle-aged of our day should ponder.

The following significant utterance is taken from Fisk & Robinson's last Monthly Bulletin of Investments: One word as to the agitation for and against State and Federal control of corporations. Like all great questions which have disturbed the country in the past there is, without doubt, much that merits careful consideration in the contentions of the extremists on each side of this controversy. Undoubtedly a middle ground will, in the end, be found where all can meet, and the railroad and other industries of the country will be established on a better basis than ever before. The country is going through the throes of a great moral awakening. The outcome, we are convinced, will be increased security for capital invested in the bonds and stocks of our great corporations, better service to the public and a clearer appreciation of the rights and merits of the corporations themselves.

WHISTLE!

As a boy when coming homeward,
When the sun had said "Good night,"
Just before the stars were shining,
When the road was scarce in sight,
When the woods seemed thickly peopled,
When the seconds dragged like years,
Did you whistle through the darkness,
Just to drown your mounting fears?

When the owls had joined in hooting,
Sending down your back the chills;
When the silence fell upon you,
Rousing weird and ghostly thrills;
When the prancing, dancing phantoms,
Chased each other here and there;
Did you whistle through the darkness,
That you might not seem to care?

When upon life's homeward journey,
Shadows fall across the way;
When the seeming dangers threaten,
When 'tis neither night nor day;
When the hours with fears are freighted,
When the road is scarcely plain;
Whistle! Whistle through the darkness;
Whistling is not always vain.

Whistle, man, and whistle loudly!
Make the world with music ring;
Never mind the tune you whistle,
Whistle! Whistle anything!
Phantoms vanish when you whistle,
Half the dangers disappear;
Whistle, then! Oh, Whistle! Whistle!
You at least can conquer fear.

—The Dreamer, in Town Topics.

Pauline's Pendant

"Father, it has disappeared."

Sir Nevil Masterton and I were sitting in his study at Masterton Priory after breakfast when his only daughter, Pauline, rushed in with a white face.

"My dear little girl, what has disappeared?" inquired her father in a soothing tone.

"My pearl and diamond pendant! The one you gave me just before the wedding! Oh, father, who can have taken it?"

Sir Nevil smiled. "You have mislaid it, that's all! We don't have anything so exciting as burglaries here."

"But, father, here is the empty case, which I found in the drawer where I locked it up yesterday morning with the pendant safe inside."

Sir Nevil looked grave. "That sounds odd," he said, slowly. "Tell us all about it, little girl."

The "little girl" was a fine, tall young woman of two-and-twenty. Her mother had died when she was a child, and Sir Nevil's eldest sister, Miss Priscilla Masterton, had played hostess at the priory while Pauline was growing up. She adored her niece, and Pauline could always get her own way so far as Aunt Prissy was concerned.

A few months ago the little household had received a shock—the announcement of Sir Nevil Masterton's second marriage. Every one had come to look upon him as a confirmed widower.

The new Lady Masterton was the famous stage beauty, Miss Lydia Beaugarde. She was principal showgirl at the Majestic Theatre, where her lovely face and matchless figure brought her admiration and a handsome salary, while her strong common sense and excellent capacity for looking after herself had kept all admirers at a respectful distance until Nevil Masterton placed his baronetcy and his rent roll at her feet.

Pauline tearfully explained to her father the exact circumstances of her loss. She was in the habit of locking her jewelry in a certain drawer, and then hiding the keys in the corner of another drawer. The fact that the keys and the case of the pendant were both in their proper places seemed evidence that the pendant had been removed by some one intimately acquainted with its owner's habits.

Her father tried to comfort her, and added: "Leave me to talk it over with Mr. Carter, here. If your pendant has really been stolen he is more likely to get it back for you than any one else!"

I realized that to possess a reputation as a sort of amateur Sherlock Holmes involves one occasionally in awkward responsibilities, but I hastened to reassure her as far as possible.

"You are in for it now, Carter!" said Sir Nevil grimly.

"That's all right," I said, quietly. "Just tell me a little about the history of the pendant before we go any further."

"Well, you see," he began, "we have a good many family jewels which Pauline had come to look upon as her own particular property. So that when I brought my wife here, a month or two ago, Pauline did not altogether like parting with what she considered her treasures.

"It was to make up for this," continued Sir Nevil, "that I bought her a pendant, a diamond crown with two fine pear-shaped pearls hanging down on little platinum chains. And it is this pendant that has now disappeared."

"I see," I said, thoughtfully. "What about your servants, Masterton?"

"They have all been with me for years," he said, warmly. "I should never suspect any of them."

"What about Lady Masterton's maid?"

"Oh, yes—Rayner. I forget about her. She is a girl whom my wife has known for a long time and in whom she has every confidence."

I began to perceive that I was going to have a rather unpleasant time. At lunch every one was talking about the pendant, and Lady Masterton in particular seemed much concerned at her stepdaughter's loss.

It was difficult to see what possible motive Lady Masterton could have had for being concerned in the mysterious disappearance of her stepdaughter's ornaments.

I found myself wondering whether this brilliant beauty might not have some poor relation in desperate need of money, for whom she might have committed the theft, not daring to part with any of her own jewelry for fear of being discovered. Personally, however, I was much prepossessed in Lady Masterton's favor.

Then another wild conjecture came into my mind. Had Pauline herself simply hidden the jewel to bring discredit upon her newly acquired stepmother?

I was sitting alone in Sir Nevil's study after lunch, when the door was softly opened. I was a good deal surprised to see Miss Priscilla, or "Aunt Prissy," as she was always called.

"Mr. Carter," she began, in a mysterious whisper, "I want to speak to you about the loss of Pauline's pendant!" Miss Masterton sighed. "I am afraid, Mr. Carter, that the information I have to give you is of a distressing character!"

"Nothing can be more distressing than the present uncertainty," I declared.

"I—I felt it was my duty to tell you," she said, awkwardly.

The faded old maid produced her pocket-handkerchief, and then said:

"Pauline's room is in the left wing of the priory, next door to my own room. Yesterday afternoon I was surprised to see Lady Masterton coming out of Pauline's room when Pauline herself was out riding with her father. An hour later my sister-in-law went out into the shrubbery with a little packet in her hand, which she handed to a rough looking man waiting there, after which she returned quickly to the house."

"Did any one else witness any of these incidents?" I inquired.

"No," she said, quickly. "It was evident that Lady Masterton had chosen her time carefully."

"But what possible motive could Lady Masterton have for taking her stepdaughter's pendant?" I asked.

"You must be aware, Mr. Carter," she said, "that my sister-in-law is a person of very obscure origin. What more likely than that she may have poor relatives in pecuniary difficulties, whom she has chosen to relieve in this dishonest fashion?"

I was startled to find my informant furnishing evidence of the correctness of a theory that I had already formulated, and then dismissed. Meanwhile I answered:

"I should be very sorry to think that Lady Masterton was capable of stooping to a crime of this kind; but the case certainly looks suspicious. May I ask you, however, not to say a word of this to any one?"

Aunt Prissy rose. "The subject is so extremely painful, Mr. Carter, that you may be quite sure I shall not breathe a word to soul. Meanwhile, I sincerely hope that you will be able to prove Lady Masterton innocent, after all."

Old maids are often charming people, and Miss Priscilla was described by her niece as "a dear;" but I could not help feeling that she had not yet forgiven her brother for marrying again; while her view of ladies connected with the stage were old-fashioned and out of date.

At dinner that evening Pauline was anxious to know whether I had made any discoveries.

"Like Scotland Yard," I replied, lightly, "I have a clue. But I propose to preserve the strictest secrecy until I put my hand on the culprit and produce the pendant!"

"And when will that be?" asked Pauline, eagerly.

"Probably to-morrow morning," I answered. "Possibly to-night."

"Then you know who took the diamond?" exclaimed Pauline, excitedly.

"Yes," I said. "I know who took the diamonds."

I did not look at Miss Priscilla, but I could not fail to be conscious of the triumph in her eye.

"There is nothing Carter loves like a mystery," said Sir Nevil, sarcastically. "Carter, if you really know who took the pendant, tell us, and have done with it!"

"I can't quite do that," I said. "But if you will all be in the drawing room at 10 o'clock this evening, I shall probably elucidate the mystery."

Immediately after dinner I returned to my room; but at 10 o'clock punctually I entered the drawing room, where I found Masterton with his wife, sister and daughter playing bridge.

"Do come in, Mr. Carter!" said Lady Masterton. "We are simply dying to know!"

"Very well, Lady Masterton. But I want an absolute promise that I shall not be interrupted until I have finished my story, however startling or outrageous my statements may seem. Do you all give that promise?"

They all answered lightly in the affirmative. Whereupon I added:

"I warn you, Masterton, that you will find it very hard to keep your word as soon as I have begun."

"Go ahead, Carter! If I want to break your head, I promise you I'll save it up till you've finished your yarn!"

"All right," I said. "The day before yesterday, in the middle of the afternoon, some one was seen coming out of Miss Pauline's bedroom; and the same person was afterward seen to hand a small packet to a mysterious looking man in the shrubbery. The person in question was—Lady Masterton!"

Sir Nevil started from his chair. But I reminded him of his promise, and he sat down, again glaring fiercely.

"The mysterious looking man in the shrubbery was a ne'er do well brother of Lady Masterton's who is leaving for Australia in a few days to make a fresh start in life."

Here Lady Masterton was on the point of interrupting.

"Appearances are all pointed to the fact that the packet handed by Lady Masterton to her brother contained the missing pendant."

Miss Priscilla looked discreetly triumphant.

"But," I added, "appearances were entirely misleading. The purpose that took Lady Masterton to Miss Pauline's bedroom was to get a book she had lent her the day before, and the packet she handed to her brother was a sum of money she had arranged to give him, with her husband's knowledge and consent."

Sir Nevil sprang from his chair once more. "Look here, Carter," he said. "Fortunately, you have removed my desire to punch your head! But what the deuce has all this got to do with Pauline's diamonds?"

"Ask Miss Priscilla," I said, quietly.

"What on earth do you mean?" he inquired, blankly.

"The pendant is locked up in the top left hand drawer of her wardrobe," I answered. "And if you ask her, she will go and fetch it."

"Is this true?" demanded Sir Nevil, fiercely.

"Yes," she answered meekly, as she went to the door. And in a few minutes she came back carrying the diamond ornament wrapped up in a piece of tissue paper.

Poor Aunt Prissy's tearful explanation of how she took the pendant, in sudden jealousy, to bring disgrace upon her new sister-in-law, who, she considered, was robbing her beloved niece of her proper rights, was extremely pathetic; but Sir Nevil's chief thought was naturally for his wife.

"Can you ever forgive her, dearest?" he asked, tenderly, taking her hand in his.

"Forgive her! Of course I can!" answered Lady Masterton. "She did it only because she was so devoted to her niece. And I hope that, when she knows me better, she will perhaps become equally fond of her sister-in-law!"

And Sir Nevil always declares that the deep affection that now exists between his sister and his wife dates from the loss and recovery of Pauline's pendant.—Modern Society.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY

A Janesville, Wis., grocer and butcher has contrived a way to dispense with ice for cooling his icebox in the winter time. He has run a furnace pipe from the box to the outer air, and by means of an electric fan drives the cold air from outdoors into the box, and finds that it serves very well as a substitute for ice.

A diamond is nothing but carbon, almost absolutely pure. If a diamond be raised to a white heat in the absence of oxygen it turns into a black mass, which is virtually the same as a piece of charcoal. Diamonds which are not absolutely white owe their tinge of color to the presence of oxides of various metals, such as iron.

The Pennsylvania system is investigating the problem as to how many miles a locomotive should make before being sent to the shop, irrespective of whether it is broken down or not. An expert engineer is studying the problem and is making exhaustive reports on the mileage that can be made economically by a locomotive before it should be sent to the shops for an overhauling. When this mileage has been determined orders will be issued to send every engine to the shops when it makes the specified run, regardless of its general condition.

When an automobile is running at high speed the rubber tires are rapidly warmed and the heat sometimes becomes very great, with resultant injury to the rubber. The cause of this accumulation of heat in the tire is ascribed to the kneading of the rubber, which generates heat faster than it can be radiated away. For this reason manufacturers have found it to be an advantage to have metal parts in the tread, such as the ends of rivets, in contact with the tire, because the metal, being a good radiator, helps to carry off the heat to the outer air.

One of the reasons why pneumatic tires gradually become exhausted, even when unpunctured, is that the compressed air within slowly escapes through the rubber, and this process is hastened by the oxidation of the rubber, which causes it to crack. As at least a partial remedy for this, it has been proposed to inflate tires not with ordinary air, but with nitrogen, an inert gas which does not affect the rubber. Tests of nitrogen-inflated tires for automobiles have been made in France, and the results are said to be encouraging.

Why He Did Not Marry.

As a reason for not marrying Brahma once wrote to a friend:

"At the time when I should have wished to marry, my compositions were either hissed at or at any rate very coolly received. I knew their worth, though, and that sooner or later the page would be turned; and in unmarried solitude I never really took my reverses to heart.

"But to be questioned by a wife at such moments, to have her inquiring eyes anxiously fixed upon me, to hear her ask: 'Again a fiasco?'

"No, that I could never have borne. For, however much she loved me and believed in me, I could not have expected her to have unwavering faith in my subsequent victory. And had she attempted to console me! Ugh! I can't even think of it. It would have been little less than purgatory!"—Monthly Review.

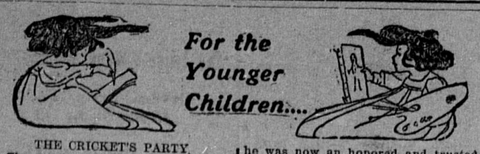
Hereditary Barbers.

A wonderful family of barbers is that of Benjamin M. Youells, who lives at Easton, and who, although eighty-seven years old, still wields a razor.

Of his nine children, all of whom are living, the three sons are barbers and two of his six daughters can handle a razor as skillfully as a man.

The other four daughters married barbers.

Nine of his eleven grandchildren are barbers, and his seven great-grandchildren say they will become knights of the razor.—Easton Correspondence Philadelphia Record.



THE CRICKET'S PARTY.

The cricket had a party
At half-past four;
He invited his cousin Spide,
And a hundred and fifty more.

They had a dance that evening,
The hornet played the flute,
And he really looked quite handsome
In his brand-new suit.

They ended with a supper,
And had a pumpkin pie;
The flea he ate so much
That he thought that he would die.

—William McD. Sweets, Age Eleven Years, Shelbyville, Ky., in the Woman's Home Companion.

A TRUE MOUSE STORY.

"Molly, mamma wants you in the parlor. Hurry."

"Oh, dear! I was just finishing Agatha's apron." Molly held it up with pride as she spoke, but big sisters are unappreciative.

"Well, put it away. I am to brush your hair and put on you a clean apron. Mrs. Warren wants to see you."

"Very well, when I thread my needle and stick it in." Molly unwillingly folded up her doll's spring sewing, which lay scattered all about. But she was an obedient little girl; and when Sister Bess had finished making her toilet, she went at once downstairs.

Just as she shook hands with Mrs. Warren something dreadful happened. She distinctly felt something move in her pocket! It gave a little jump, and then was quiet. Then it jumped around, until Molly was nearly frantic. She was sure a mouse had gotten in her pocket, and at the thought she uttered a scream that brought mamma to her side.

"What is the matter, what is the matter?" cried mamma.

"It's a mouse! It's a mouse! I feel it in my pocket! O-o-o!" Demure little Molly actually screamed with fright.

Mamma grasped the pocket and held it.

"Now, darling, it will not trouble you any more," she said. A funny look came into her face, and she began to laugh. Then she put her hand in the pocket, and drew forth—a spool of thread!

"Here is your mouse," she said. Molly suddenly chocked her tears and began to laugh too.

"Why, it has been unwinding ever since I left the nursery," she exclaimed, catching sight of the thread trailing along the floor. "I wonder where the beginning is!"

"Run and see, and wind it up carefully as you go," said mamma.

With tears still wet upon her April face, Molly retraced her steps, winding all the time. And where do you think she found the end of her thread? Why, in the very needle she had stuck in Agatha's apron, and laid away in her little work basket.—Holiday Magazine.

THE BOY IN DEMAND.

One of the finest qualities in a workman is a disposition to do things that need to be done without being told. Young men working their way through college are invaluable if they have this quality. A tool is left out on the lawn; there is a rail off the fence; there is a window pane gone somewhere. The boy who tends to these things because they need attending to without specific directions is the boy who, other things being equal, is going to be in demand when he gets out into the great world. It is the attention to little things and the habit of observation, which sees what needs to be done and then does it which makes exceedingly useful men and women. There will always be a call to come up higher. It is in one sense a small thing to do these little things without orders, but it is the doing of them that makes great captains, great engineers, great artists, great architects, great workers in any department, and it is the absence of this quality that makes commonplace men and women, who will always have to live under the dominion of petty orders, men and women who do nothing unless they are told to do it. It is this quality which makes volunteers in church work, and the invaluable men and women who do not have to be stood over. They are the joy of the pastor's heart; they are the persons who do not have to be watched.—Home Herald.

TWO WORDS AND THEIR RESULT

Several winters ago a woman was coming out from some public building when the heavy door swung back and made egress somewhat difficult. A little urchin sprang to the rescue, and as he held open the door she said, "Thank you," and passed on.

"Cracky! d'ye that?" said the boy to a companion standing near by him.

"No; what?"

"Why, that lady said, 'Thank ye' to the likes o' me."

Amused at the conversation which she could not help overhearing, the lady turned around and said to the boy:

"It always pays to be polite, my boy; remember that."

Years passed away, and last December, when doing her Christmas shopping, this same lady received an exceptional courtesy from a clerk in Boston, which caused her to remark to a friend who was with her:

"What a great comfort to be civilly treated once in a while—though I don't know that I blame the store clerks for being rude during the holiday trade."

The young man's quick ear caught the words, and he said:

"Pardon me, madam, but you gave me my first lesson in politeness a few years ago."

The lady looked at him in amazement, while he related the little forgotten incident, and told her that simple "Thank you" awakened his first ambition to be something in the world. He went the next morning and applied for a situation as office boy in the establishment where he was now an honored and trusted clerk.

Only two words, dropped into the treasury of a street conversation, but they yielded returns of a certain kind more satisfactory than investments in stocks and bonds.—Home Herald.

BENITO.

There was once a donkey that had traveled over the streets of an old Spanish town for many years, carrying panniers, or baskets, on each side of his saddle, which were loaded with jars of sweet olive oil. Beside Benito walked his master, who cried his wares along the street, stopped at the street doors of those who always bought the oil, when he pulled the bell. In Spain many of the houses stand behind high, thick walls, and have beautiful gardens around them, and one can only enter by pulling the bell rope beside the door in the wall.

Benito's master had gathered his olives one year, and worked so hard putting them through the press and storing the oil in his cellar, that he grew weak and sick. His old wife could not go with Benito, for she was not strong, and she had to care for her sick husband.

"Benito will sell the oil," said the old man. "He always rang the bell, and he will go to all the houses where I sell the oil."

And so it was. A little brass box with a narrow opening in the top was fastened on Benito's saddle, and every day he faithfully made his rounds, pulling the bell at each house and waiting until his patron had measured the oil and put a coin in the box.

No one stole from Benito, or tried to cheat him. His master trusted them as he trusted Benito, and how could they prove less worthy of trust than a donkey?—Home Herald.

CURIOUS ANTS.

The ants in Lapland are three times as large as our common ant. Their nests are hillocks or fire sprigs and rubbish, often four feet high, the inside a mass of eggs and ants. Well beaten roads diverge from them in every direction, like the lines of a railway. These ants cross the little streams and brooks by means of natural bridges.

One day a naturalist was jumping over a brook and brushed with his head and shoulders two willow branches which met over the water. In an instant he was covered with ants, which were making their way across the bridge which he had disturbed. There is a species of large ant, which has mandibles that can bite through almost anything. One of the peculiarities of this ant is that when it catches hold of anything with these jaws it cannot be made to let go. Even if the rest of the body is pulled off, the jaws will keep their hold.

Ants know their friends after they have been separated from them for a long time. An Englishman took half the ants from a nest, and after six weeks marked one and put it into its old home with a stranger. The ants in the nest flew at the stranger, but took no notice of their old friend. He did the same thing once a week for a month, and every time the stranger was killed or driven out.—Good Literature.

WHY HE SUCCEEDED.

A boy, fourteen years of age, engaged as a dry goods clerk, was told by his proprietor to stretch the cloth, and because he would not be dishonest, he was discharged. He afterwards became Adam Clark, the great commentator. He planted the seed in this one act of loyalty that was to become a tremendous force for righteousness in his subsequent life.

A boy who had been apprenticed to a jeweler in New York was asked by a wealthy customer of the firm for an eighteen caret ring. In looking over the stock he discovered that there was no ring in the establishment which contained more than sixteen carets of gold. When the lady had left the store, the proprietor, who had overheard the conversation, reproached the boy for not having made the sale. "She would have been satisfied," he said, "with a sixteen caret ring, and she would never have known the difference."

"But I knew the difference," said the brave fellow, "and I would not tell a lie to make a sale."

This is the kind of stuff that makes men, if it doesn't make salesmen. Such boys are building life carefully, and the value of such scrupulousness—in the long run—is inestimable.—Home Herald.

A Two-Pound Fish in a Jug.

A remarkable catch of fish was made here yesterday. While workmen were busy cleaning out an old ditch that had been abandoned for five years they came upon an old jug. In the jug was a two-pound fish that was as lively as if just taken from the river.

It is supposed that it entered the jug when it was a minnow. The neck of the jog was much smaller than the fish.—Bourbon Correspondence Indianapolis News.

Not So Sure.

Golfer (who rather fancies himself)—"I suppose you've been 'round the links with worse players than me, eh?" (The caddie takes no notice.)

Golfer (in his loudest voice)—"I say, I suppose you've been 'round the links with worse players than me, eh?"

Caddie—"I heard yerra weel what ye said. I'm just thinkin' aboot it."—Pacific Outlook.

In the matter of train speed Austria, Italy and Spain are at the bottom of the list.

THE REAL RHODESIA.

The misconceptions of Rhodesia are manifold. Many people seem to think of it as a desert, just as the name of Egypt brings to their mind's eye a vast sandy plain, with Pyramids and a Sphinx instead of grass and vegetation. But as a traveler who has recently returned from Rhodesia put it, if an average Englishman could be blindfolded at home, taken to Rhodesia, and there told that he might remove the bandage from his eyes, he would, not, when he did so, be able to tell from the scenery that he was not at home in one of the more picturesque districts of his native land. Mr. Alfred Bromwich, the curator of the British South Africa Company's museum, has brought back with him from his tour in Rhodesia quite "a cloud of witnesses" to the luxuriance of the vegetation of the country, in the shape of wonderful botanical specimens, palms, grasses, ferns, flowers and heather, and hundreds of photographs, which sufficiently emphasize the fact that the country is neither an impenetrable jungle nor an arid waste. Perhaps the samples of heather are the most fascinating of his curiosities. Somehow or other, one cannot get away from the notion that in Scotland, Yorkshire and the Devonshire moors we have the only heather in the world. One does not, at all events, think of heather in such places as Africa and India. But in Rhodesia there are vast expanses of glorious heather-moor exactly like stretches of Dartmoor or the Grampians. And, judging by the way in which other British fauna have thriven when imported into Rhodesia, it would probably be not a difficult matter to stock Rhodesian moors with grouse and blackcock—indeed, with all the game of an English or Scottish grouse moor.

The northwestern district of Rhodesia, in particular, abounds in every description of big game—elephant, hippopotamus, giraffe, zebra, lion, buffalo, rhinoceros and antelope, with other members of the deer family too numerous to mention. Even from the railway, so Mr. Bromwich says, great herds of game can be seen, and are in some cases quite a nuisance. The elephants, for instance, have some rooted and unaccountable objection to the mile pegs by the railway line, and cause endless annoyance by their habit of pulling them out of the ground with their trunks. There is, by the way, some excellent fishing.

The baboons, too, being expert thieves, and even burglars, are a considerable nuisance, particularly to storekeepers, of whose goods they manage to filch a surprising quantity. Mr. Bromwich relates the experience of a storekeeper personally known to himself. This man, hearing a noise in his shop at a time when he was temporarily in a small room at the back of the building, returned hurriedly, just in time to see a baboon grab something from the counter and then dash out of the shop. This was a large bottle, as its late owner discovered, and contained Epsom salts, and as he watched the simian thief disappear, brandishing his prize, he shook his fist after him exclaiming, "Well, I only hope you'll take the bottleful all at once." However, he never saw the end.

Baboon hunting is a very popular sport, and the quarry is abundant—so abundant, in fact, as to be dangerous on occasion. No single man, even though armed with a rifle, will venture to molest a troop of baboons on the raid. Another nuisance to farmers is the tebi cat, a little tigerish beast which causes great havoc in unprotected fowl houses, and is ruthlessly killed on sight.

Perhaps the greatest recommendation of Rhodesia as a sportsman's country is that it is never necessary, in order to come within reach of big game, to get out of touch with civilization. In case of an accident, for instance, this fact is particularly comforting, for you can always get at a doctor within a day's travel. That means that you need not burden yourself with an enormous amount of luggage. The necessaries of life can be bought near to the actual place where shooting can be had; though, of course, men who are particular in matters of outfit and provisions will provide themselves with what they consider necessary in England.—County Gentleman.

GRANDMAMMY'S POCKETPIECE.

One evening in the early part of September, 1792, Major John Buchanan, commander of a log fort situated about five miles from Nashville, Tenn., was awaiting an attack by Indians. The fort was strong, with blokhouses at the four corners, and the people were brave. Even the aged mother of the commander slept within easy reach of an ancient blunderbuss, which had not been used since it was wielded by her husband in the Battle of the Bluffs. The gun was so rude and clumsy in make that the soldiers laughingly called it "Grandmammy's pocketpiece." Nevertheless the old dame believed she could use it if need be.

The attack began, and the brave young wife of the commander, kneeling on the hearth, was pouring molten lead into the bullet molds when she was hailed in a loud voice by an impetuous Irishman, whose senses, says the author of "Old Tales Retold," were none the clearer for having taken a horn of whisky.

"It's me own gun that's no gud at all!" he bawled at the top of his voice. "Lend me th' loan of me Grandmammy's pocketpiece and it's Jim O'Connor will put the whole Injun army to rout."

As he would not listen to denial, the old gun was finally placed at O'Connor's disposal. It took four times as much powder as the more modern pieces. O'Connor, having rammed in the quadruple charge, noisily clambered up the ladder and thrust the blunderbuss through the porthole. Then he pulled the trigger and cried confidently, "It's dead ye are intirely!"

He was sure he had done great execution, although he had heard no report, a circumstance he accounted for by the uproar going on all round. He descended the ladder and demanded another charge. Four times in succession he descended for ammunition, and each time he put into the gun the full amount of powder and lead which it required. In the belief that he had already dealt death to the savages with each shot, he pulled the trigger for the fifth time.

"Hurray!" he shouted. "This will finish the row."

This time the gun went off. A streak of fire that seemed a yard long to Jim's astonished eyes flashed from the muzzle with a report that shook the stout buildings and deadened every other sound. O'Connor, kicked back with the recoil, went rolling down eight feet to the ground floor. The ancient blunderbuss had been discharged for the first time, and all the heavy five loads had gone off at once.

"Well," said O'Connor, as he picked himself up, "I gave it to thim, but she gave me a tremenjous pounce!"

In truth, "Grandmammy's pocketpiece" in O'Connor's blundering hands helped the pioneers win the battle. The Indians stood in awe of the white man's "big guns," and when they heard what they believed was the report of a cannon the sound unnerved them to such a degree that they relaxed their efforts and acted with a hesitancy which the pioneers were quick to see and profit by.

FARMER TORN BY A HAWK.

After a desperate battle, in which he narrowly escaped losing his eyesight, Jacob C. Smith, an old farmer whose home is in North Babylon, succeeded in killing a large and hunger-crazed hawk which chased his chickens into the hen coop and then followed them in to feast upon them at leisure. Time and again the feathered marauder flew at the eyes of Smith, who had hurried to save his pets and closed the door after him to prevent the hawk flying out and escaping. It was only by covering his face and eyes with his arms, and letting the beak and talons of the infuriated bird sink into his forearms and hands that the doughty old farmer saved his sight and killed the hawk. It was measured to-day. The stretch of its wings from tip to tip was three feet. Its beak and talons were long and almost as hard as steel.

For several weeks Smith had been missing chickens. He knew a hawk or a fox was at work on his flock. Diligent watch failed to reveal the chief. Fortunately Smith was near the chicken house when the hawk appeared. With graceful swoop it descended toward the yard, and the fowls fled cackling into their house. With an ordinary hawk that would have settled the situation and they would have been safe. But this old campaigner had decided to have a chicken for dinner. Instead of flying away over the fields it alighted near the henhouse and then hopped in after the chickens. That was too much for Smith, and he hopped in after the hawk.

Smith just had closed the door behind him and fastened it when he heard a savage scream and a whir of wings. He did not have time to grasp the angry bird, which was hurling itself straight in his face. All he could do was to throw up his arms and save his eyes from being gouged out. Then he felt the talons of the bird sink into his arms and hands and the beak beat against his hat. Realizing it had been foiled in reaching its objective the hawk flew to the other end of the henhouse and watched for another opening. It was confused for a few seconds by the wild fluttering and cackling of the chickens, which were running and flying in all directions. Then it uttered its battle cry anew and made another lunge at Smith.

That time the farmer was ready. He realized he must sacrifice his hands to save his eyes. He succeeded in grabbing the bird just before it reached him, shifted one of his hands to its neck, gave a sharp twist of his wrist and then threw the hawk away from him. He had broken its neck. Prone among the chickens upon which it had expected to feast, the pirate of the air gave a few flutters and died. With lacerated and bleeding hands Smith picked the bird up and carried it out to show his family and the neighbors.—New York Press.

The Scotch Juror.

In Scotland in a civil case jurymen get ten shillings a day for their services, and the litigants must in addition provide them with lunch. If two cases are tried consecutively on one day, and the same jurymen officiate they get ten shillings for each case.

But the most important difference between an English and a Scottish jury is this: An English jury when returning their verdict must be unanimous, and if they fail to agree after a certain length of time they are dismissed, and the whole proceedings are begun again de novo before a fresh jury. This is a most expensive mode of administering justice. In civil cases, in order to avoid this result, the litigants sometimes agree to accept the verdict of a majority. In Scotland the jury can always give a verdict by a majority, in civil cases after the lapse of three hours.—Chambers' Journal.

Use For Obsolete Pennies.

Four hundred pounds of obsolete German pennies of about the same proportion of copper and tin as used in high conductively electrical castings have, it is said, recently been purchased at twenty-one cents a pound by United States manufacturers, being cheaper now than electrolytic copper.—Philadelphia Record.

On the Tombigbee River, Alabama, is enough limestone to supply a cement plant for 100 years.