THE QUEENSTOWN NEWS.

VOL. XXV. QUEENSTOWN, MARYLAND, SATURDAY, MAY 25, 1907. NO. 26.

It might be wise, declares the Washington Post, to conduct railway speed experiments with railway officials as the only passengers.

We cannot have happiness until we forget to seek for it, says Henry van Dyke. We cannot find peace until we enter the path of self-sacrificing usefulness.

The Denver mining engineer arrested for reporting "mountains of untold wealth" in a mine which did not have them has a promising future as a promoter if he will come East, believes the New York World.

The Omaha school director who proposes that all high-school girls in that city shall dress alike is predestined, confidently believes The Commoner, to learn something just as soon as the young ladies become acquainted with his scheme.

Nothing is better calculated to make a person feel like a three-ply idiot than to have some of his old sentimental letters produced in court, mourns the Hartford Courant. The safest way is to destroy a personal communication after it has been answered.

The most hopeful forecast of the life of American iron ore fixes it at fifty years. The next generation of Americans will practically have no wood or iron and the coal supply will be scarce and rapidly diminishing. This will call for serious readjustment of the economic lot of millions of people.

The London Standard calls the oratory of Mr. Jerome and Mr. Delmas in the Thaw case "flapdoodle." If our esteemed British contemporary thinks that was flapdoodle, it should hear a Western spellbinder nominating a favorite son in a national convention, exclaims the New York World.

Walter Wellman has never, in the opinion of the New York Tribune, said anything which betrays more good sense than his remark that "the plan of reaching the Pole with an airship is too good to be ruined by a premature attempt." Those who hope for the ultimate success of the methods which he has adopted will rejoice to know that he does not intend to start from Spitzbergen until he has made elaborate tests of his vehicle.

Former Secretary Shaw has been elected president of the Carnegie Trust Company at New York. Asked as to the effect that this step would have upon his political fortunes, he replied: "A man by taking thought may make himself justice of the peace, but no man in my time by taking thought has made himself President of the United States, and those who have given the subject most serious consideration have usually died in disappointment. Admittedly some of the successful ones have sought the place, but no one was nominated because he sought it.'

Says Victor Smith in the New York Press: We have become acquainted with brainstorm. Now why not introduce "mental petrifaction?" It is no invention of mine. I had it of Epictetus, the noblest of the Stoic philosophers, notwithstanding a poor, suffering, maltreated slave of a brutal master. Epictetus observed that there were certain persons who would deny the plainest and most evident truths, and this state and condition he termed a "petrification or mortification of the mind." Good, very good! We have a town half full of these persons. Petrification, petrifaction and fossil are entirely synonymous.

All the world has a mouth watering when it hears of the "roast beef of old England." When Henry Edward Crampton, Ph. D., professor of zoology, was delivering his series of lectures on the "Doctrine of Evolution; Its Basis and Scope," he gave the following explanation to a wondering audience in Cooper Union: "The roast beef in England is so good because they have so many old maids over there. The old maids keep cats. These cats, running free, catch the mice which make eternal warfare on the bumble bees. The bumble bees fertilize the soil which grows sweet clover, the finest possible forage for cattle; so you see it is really due to the old maids that there is such fine beef in Great Britain."

In an interview in London on the result of the Thaw trial Mr. Hamar Greenwood, M.P., delivered the following simile: "It is true the English people are very prone to hold up their hands in holy horror at the semi-theatrical display of so-called society within the precincts of the court and at the glaring headlines and millions of columns that fill the American press. It must be remembered, however, that a millionaire like Thaw is in American life in much the same position as a wealthy Duke in England. I venture to think that if a millionaire Duke shot another nobleman on the ground that the latter had insulted his wife you would have in the English press as great a sensation as imaginative editors could put into print."

MEMORIAL DAY

HERE squatted in one corner of Col. Wallett's plantation a little hut occupied by old Granny Brown, who had lived by herself nearly twenty years. For the past few years her only work had been to knit such articles as "Ma'am Wallett" had directed. Granny's house was built of logs. At one end a rough stone chimney rose two or three feet above the moss-covered roof; at the other a wooden door swung on great hinges and a small window, covered with greased paper, admitted a few rays of light into the single room. A stone threshold, scrubbed to a pearly whiteness, leaned to one side, threatening to lose its place, and near by a single moss rose bush nodded and waved.

Inside old granny sat in a great armchair, her needles clattering busily. Her gray, wavy hair was parted in the middle and drawn back over her large forehead. Her eyes were little and deeply set, but they sparkled and blinked as they supervised the work of her large, hardened hands. Unconsciously her large red lips moved about as she worked, displaying a white row of teeth, which occasionally parted, showing a thick tongue. She was clothed in a red checkered gingham wrapper, of which she was evidently very proud, for now and then her knitting would cease while she carefully smoothed some wrinkled place in her dress. On a table near by a few pieces of chinaware were arranged with precision on a small blue and red mat. In one corner of the room was an old-fashioned bed, whose coverlets were spotlessly white. The earthen floor had been swept, but was uncovered.

It was dusk when granny carefully put away her work and settled back in her chair for a nap. She was nearly asleep when she heard a noise. Thud! thud! it went, then was still for an instant, when it was repeated. Visions of ghosts, hobgoblins and other unearthly things came into her mind. She walked to the door. Nobody was outside. She looked around the room, but saw nothing unusual.

"Wat yo'se 'fraid of, nohow? Ar'n't nauthin' roun' hyah," she mumbled to herself as she sat down again. Some time passed. The old woman was dozing again, when suddenly the floor near her began to crack. She stared in terror. A dirk, grasped by a human hand, appeared. The hole grew in size, as the knife hacked at the ground, until a white man's face and shoulders appeared in the gap.

"Oh, God! hab mahcy!" granny cried, gathering up her skirts and preparing to run.

"Be quiet, my good woman," came from the stranger. "I am nothing but a wounded soldier. Be quiet now, I'll reward you. Close your door."

Keeping her eyes upon the unwelcome visitor, she reluctantly did as she was bid. The soldier stretched out his hand, saying, "Now, help me out, aunty." Granny took his hand in hers and pulled him to his feet.

Thus she worked over him for two days and nights.

His face was thin and pale and besmeared with mud. His eyes were surrounded by dark circles and blood came from a cut in his forehead. One arm dangled uselessly at his side and his clothes were torn and bloody.

"How'd yer get hyah, chile?" asked granny, eyeing the poor man from head to foot. "I'll tell you all afterwhile," he feebly answered; "the rebs will be after me again. No place to hide here, is there?" He looked despairingly around the room. Granny brought out a pot of tea that she had had hidden somewhere and offered a cup to the man, who gripped the chair as he drank. "What's that noise?" he asked, setting the cup on the table.

"Git back in thet thah hole, quick," granny said, pointing to the place from which the stranger had come. "It's th' whole ahmy."

Further direction was unnecessary. Into the gap jumped the frightened man. Granny pulled the table near, placed her chair over the hole in the floor, sat down and spread her dress out around her. Seizing her needles she began to knit rapidly, singing loudly:

"De sun shines bright in de ole Kaintucky home,
'Tis summah an' d' darkies are ga——"

"Don't make so much noise, niggah," spoke a young officer, poking his head in the door. "Show us that clevah rascal you've got in hyah or we'll whip you soundly."

"Sakes alive, man, wha don' yo' all scah a pooah woman?" granny said, feigning great surprise. "Whar's that man now?" insisted the soldier. "Wat yo' talkin' 'bout, sah? Yo' oughten know I ain't got no man hyah," granny answered, looking angrily at the man who had spoken.

While this conversation was going on several privates had entered the room, looking behind the table, around the chair and tearing the bedclothes from their place. The old negress was bewildered. "Nothin' in this shack." "Niggahs haven't enough wit to hide a cur." "We'll get him soon, though," and similar remarks came from the men as they left the house.

Granny kept knitting for half an hour before she moved her chair. By that time it was dark. The poor fellow crawled from his hiding place. "Gee, that was close," he whispered, as he took another sip of tea. "Got anything to eat? I'm awful hun"——

Knock, knock, at the door. Granny motioned to the hole and it walked toward the door. "Whah yo'se bin, granny, is yer' sick?" asked a bow-legged little girl when the door had been opened. "No, I ain't sick, Chloe. Nevah was feelin' bettah. Run along to yoah own maw, now," answered granny, as she closed the door. The child's bare feet could be heard clapping against the ground as she ran away.

Cutting and buttering a few slices of bread and making another pot of tea, granny handed them to the man, who still remained in the hole. He grasped them eagerly. When he had finished eating granny persuaded him to come to the bed, where she dressed his wounds by candle light. Her patient became unconscious during this time. Granny wrapped him in a blanket, forced him to take some tea and rubbed his arms until nearly morning. Thus she worked for two days and nights, the man remaining asleep all of this time, except when awakened for some dainty granny had prepared.

Three weeks passed. The man's wounds had healed splendidly. A bullet remained in his left arm and gave him some trouble, but he determined to leave for headquarters in spite of his nurse's objections. After much trouble in getting a horse all preparations were made to leave. He thanked granny again and again for having saved his life and promised she should hear from him again. In answer to her question about himself he said:

"My name is Crawford Floyd. I am one of a party of six who were sent out by Grant into the Confed's country to learn what they could for the use of the Northern army. Three of us were captured in a skirmish at Pond Fork and taken to the temporary prison at Apple Valley, where two of my comrades were shot for attempting to escape. I fared better, however, and got away after being shot in the arm. The men knew I was a spy and sent a detachment out to hunt me down. I was nearly caught. One night I slept in the little house over the hill. Nobody lived there, because the place is supposed to be haunted, as you told me. I was in great danger of being recaptured and knew that meant death, so I determined to tunnel underground for a few days in order to get the beasts off my track. In my sack I had quarter rations for a week and a half. The second night I began my work, digging with the dagger you have seen. It was slow, hard work, and I often suffered for air and drink, but after nearly giving up in despair, I happened to break through the floor of your house, my good angel. Tell nobody what has happened until you hear from me again, which will not be long, I hope. The war'll soon be over now. God bless you and good-by."

The soldier rode off in haste. Granny stood watching him until he was out of sight. "Whew-w. A no'the'n spy. Bet this hyah niggah gits ketched yit," she said to herself as she hobbled into her shanty.

"Oh, Granny, Granny—y—y—y! Don' yer know this hyah day am Decahrashun Day?" Early one May morning Granny was awakened by a little urchin who cried thus in a shrill voice. The old woman rose and dressed slowly. Presently she threw open her door and, squinting her eyes in the bright sunlight, said, reprovingly: "Benecration Day! W'at yo' mean by sech a thing, boy? I nevah heerd o' the laike."

"Lookie! Lookie, Granny," the boy went on; "yondah comes a man on hoahsback." Shading her eyes with her hands, Granny looked where the child pointed and saw a man, covered with dust, riding a black horse, whose sides were flecked with foam.

The man sprang from his saddle and, leaving his horse in the road, ran up the short path to where the old negress and the boy stood. Frightened, the pickaninny ran away, but Granny waited for the man to speak.

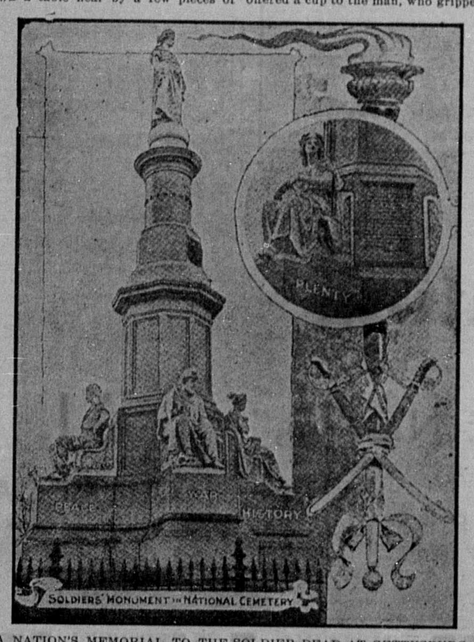
"Miss Granny?" he asked, lifting his hat.

"Evalene Harriet Brown's ma whole name, sah, but roun' hyah I's called Granny," came the answer as Granny placed her arms akimbo and looked searchingly at the new arrival.

"Oh! beg your pardon, Miss Brown," said the man, making a low curtesy. "I am from Major Crawford Floyd, to whom you rendered a service some time ago. He has charged me to deliver this trifle as a little token of the high esteem he has for you." So saying, he handed Granny, who was thoroughly surprised, a neat little package, which she took without answering.

The words were scarcely spoken before the man had mounted and was riding away. The old negress looked at the package with a smile. "Wondah w'at's in thah?" she said, as the package was laid on the table and slowly untied. The sight which met her eyes made her jump. Before her lay a circular piece of gold, the first she had ever touched. Taking it to the door, Granny turned it over and over, chuckling to herself. Slowly and tediously she spelled out the inscription on the back, which read, "Twenty Dollars."

That night the piece was placed with extreme care in an old cup and hidden away as securely as the tea had been which she had given the wretched spy.—Pittsburg Gazette.



A NATION'S MEMORIAL TO THE SOLDIER DEAD AT GETTYSBURG.

TALES OF ADVENTURE

NOT AFRAID TO DIE.

Sir Lyon Playfair, in a letter to Junius Henri Browne, says: Having represented a large medical constituency (the University of Edinburgh) for seventeen years as a Member of Parliament, I naturally came in contact with the most eminent medical men in England. I have put the question to most of them, "Did you in your extensive practice ever know a patient who was afraid to die?" With two exceptions they answered "No." One of these exceptions was Sir Benjamin Brodie, who said he had seen one case. The other was Sir Robert Christison, who also had seen one case, that of a young girl of bad character who had a sudden accident. I have known three friends who were partially devoured by wild beasts under apparently hopeless circumstances of escape. The first was Livingstone, the great African traveler, who was knocked on his back by a lion, which began to munch his arm. He assured me that he felt no fear or pain, and that his only feeling was one of intense curiosity as to which part of his body the lion would take next. The next was Rustem Pasha, now Turkish Ambassador in London. A bear attacked him and tore off part of his hand and part of his arm and shoulder. He also assured me that he had neither a sense of pain nor of fear, but that he felt excessively angry because the bear grunted with so much satisfaction in munching him. The third case is that of Sir Edward Bradford, an Indian officer now occupying a high position in the Indian Office. He was seized in a solitary place by a tiger, which held him firmly behind his shoulders with one paw and then deliberately devoured the whole of his arm, beginning at the end and ending at the shoulder. He was positive that he had no sensation of fear, and thinks that he felt a little pain when the fangs went through his hand, but is certain that he felt none during the munching of his arm. —Our Dumb Animals.

WHEN TOLSTOI WAS A COWARD.

Tolstoi feels very keenly the seeming inconsistency of his life, the fact that he cannot make his altruistic notions harmonize with his daily life. His chagrin has on one or two occasions nearly made a coward of him. At night when no one was looking he has slunk away toward Moscow, like a tramp, to be himself somewhere. But always before he has got far a voice has said to him: "Lyoff Nicholayevitch, you are afraid. You dread the remarks of the crowd. You shrink on hearing that you preach what you don't practise. You are trying to run away from it all, to be comfortable yourself, whether others are or not.

"Think of your wife and children, of the home you have made. Is it your right to sneak away from all this just to make yourself look and sound consistent? Have you not duties toward your wife and children to observe? Do you think that you can throw over all that you were to them and they to you merely to satisfy your vanity—vanity, Lyoff, and nothing more? You are vain in your very sneaking. You insist upon appearing all that you think you are.

"Back, back, back! Remember your wife and children. Remember that you have no right to make them think and live the way you would. Remember that to sneak away is cowardly. Back, Lyoff Nicholayevitch!" And back the old man has trudged to take up his burden as a citizen.—Josiah Flynt, in Success.

A TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE.

On Friday, the 11th inst., Arley Fields, a young farmer living near Silverville, Lawrence County, rescued his wife and mother from fifteen feet of water at Salt Creek ford. In attempting to ford the stream he drove his horse in at the wrong crossing. The buggy was overturned and the party was thrown into the icy water.

Unable to swim the women sank, and it was only by heroic efforts he succeeded in getting one of the women to take hold of his shoulder. Confronted by the old problem as to who he should rescue, his wife or his mother, Fields swam about with his wife on his back until his mother came to the surface and seized hold of her son. With the two women clinging to him he then swam to a ledge of rock fifty yards down stream.

Marooned on this miniature island the three sat and shivered, shouting wildly for help. Shortly afterward their cries attracted the attention of the crew of a Monon switching train, and the men swam to the rock. By locking hands they succeeded in bringing the party to shore.

But for the almost superhuman strength of Fields and his bravery in making a desperate fight with the water, both women would have been drowned. His team, valued at $300, was drowned.—Indiana Farmer.

BEWARE OF THE JERSEY BULL.

He is dangerous, horns or no horns. A dehorned Jersey bull butted to death a valuable young mare on the farm of Frank Robbins, south of Greensburg. The bull, heretofore had shown a gentle disposition and it and the horse had been allowed to run together in the barn lot during the day. For some reason the bull became enraged at the horse, and, crowding it against a stone way which led into the barn, used its head as a battering ram and killed the horse.

Aaron Robbins, who works for Mr. Robbins, drove into the barnyard just as the bull had killed the horse, and the animal then turned its attention to him. He took refuge behind an old gate post in the yard and for a time was busy flying around the post to keep out of reach of the angry bull. Finally he evaded the animal and darted into the barn, where he obtained a pitchfork, and with the sharp tongs jabbed the bull into subjection. The horse was valued at $300.—Indianapolis News.

A FRENCH HEROINE.

This is a story of a heroine of France:

"At St. Vincent, near Lorient, in Brittany, the River Arz was frozen over. Some children ventured on the ice utterly heedless of weakness and the depth of the stream beneath. Before they had gone many steps they had fallen through and were in the water. Mlle. le Commandeur, a girl of nine, heard the cries of two women who saw the accident from the river bank some distance away.

"She resolutely waded into the river, making a way for herself through the broken ice, and with the water sweeping over her shoulders she reached the two elder children, one aged ten and the other seven, who were clinging to the edge of the ice, and brought them to the river bank.

"The third child, a two-year-old baby, she left balancing on the ice, thinking that he had a better chance of staying above water than the bigger children. But before she reached him he slipped and was washed into midstream and sank out of sight.

"The girl dived, caught the baby's clothing and dragged him to the shore. Rescued and rescuer were all put to bed at once, and none suffered any bad result of the wetting and exposure."—Chicago News.

SECRET ROOMS AND PASSAGES.

A romance of the Revolution was recalled when the police of Arlington, Mass., suspecting that unlawful enterprises were being carried on in the old Cooper Tavern, a local landmark, devoted two or three days to a search for it. Discoveries were not numerous at first, but after a time it was perceived that one of the inner foundation walls seemed too short for the actual outside support of the building. That gave a hint which resulted in finding that the old house was literally honeycombed with secret rooms and passages—utilized of late by gamblers. The tavern was built just before the Revolution. In one of the front rooms, on the day of the Battle of Lexington, two armed patriots, hemmed in by Lord Percy's soldiers, made their last stand. Other citizens were known to have been in the building on that eventful day, but they made their escape. The recent discoveries suggest the way in which they might have done so.—Youth's Companion.

FOUGHT BEARS WITH AXES.

Two woodchoppers, armed with axes, had a battle with a huge black bear and four partially grown cubs on Mount Pico, near Rutland, Vt. They killed two cubs, but the mother and other cubs got away.

Luther Weeks and his son Clinton felled a large tree and it crashed down into a clump of bushes. Angry growls followed, and the five bears, which had been hibernating under the bushes made for the men. The men fought and won.

The cubs that were killed weighed 100 pounds each. The men declare the old bear was fully eight feet long and would weigh about 500 pounds.

EAGLE WHIPS MAN.

Frederick Hollenbach, near Saegersville, Pa., was feeding the gray squirrels in his woodland when an eagle flew past that had in its talons one of the lambs, says the Philadelphia Public Ledger. Hollenbach struck the bird sharply with a stick. The eagle dropped the lamb and made for the man, ripping open his face, hands and chest with his talons and tearing off almost all his clothes. After it had Hollenbach lying prostrate in the woods the eagle picked up the lamb and flew off. Hollenbach is in bed, with a doctor attending him.

STONED A COUGAR TO DEATH.

One day recently Jack Runk, who lives near Lorraine, was driving to that place with his wife in a buggy when they noticed a half grown cougar run across the road.

Mr. Runk got out of the buggy and, giving the lines to his wife, went after the animal and soon had him treed on a small tree near the road. He got a hatful of good sized rocks and went to pelting the snarling varmint with all his strength. He proved a veritable David at stone throwing and soon had the big cat hors du combat.—Eugene Register.

High Speed Trains.

High speed trains may properly be called vast testing machines, and though they do not measure maximum stresses in track and equipment they are relentless in showing weak points and are the most potent factors in suggesting improvements that tend to the betterment of the service and to develop all those details which make railway travel safer and more comfortable. High speed is expensive from every point of view. The consumption of fuel is enormously increased, more expensive equipment is required, the cost of maintaining track largely augmented, and train or tonnage capacity materially reduced. For these reasons two cent fares are the more to be deplored. In the operation of trains at high speeds safety is insured only by eternal vigilance and the constant and heavy expenditure for the most efficient appliances (which are expensive), and everything which reduces the ability of the railroads to procure these is a menace to the safety of passenger travel.—Railway Age.

Her Father's Blessing.

A little girl had been allowed by her mother to visit the minister's family and stay for dinner, tells the Stotesbury Tribune. After the preacher had finished asking a blessing, the child said: "That isn't the way my papa asks a blessing." "And how does your papa ask a blessing?" inquired the minister. "Why, he just says, 'Good God, such a meal.'"—Kansas City Post.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

THOSE BUTTONS.

When I am going to bed at night,
My clothes come right undo'
I'm sure I can undress mysel
As fast as any one.

But in the morning, when I
My things seem such a lot!
It takes so long to put them on,
I get all tired and hot.

My stockings aren't so very bad;
I lace my boots up, too,
But, O, the buttons up my back
Are dreadfully hard to do.

I twist and turn, and try to fe
To get them buttoned straight,
But it's no use; they're always wrong,
And always keep me late.

Big people may like buttoned backs,
But I do wish there'd be
Some clothes that go on easier
For little girls like me.

—Jewels.

ANIMALS BLUSH.

Animals blush as girls do, but it is fear and not modesty that in their case causes the inrush of blood.

Horses blush in their ears, especially in the left ear. When a horse is frightened its left ear will be found very hot and swollen. This is also true of rabbits.

Cows and all other cloven-footed animals blush just above the fetlock. Dogs blush in their tails. When a dog is frightened its tail blushes so that it hangs limp, the dog having absolutely no control over it.

Insects blush in their antennae.—Chicago Chronicle.

SQUIRRELS ESCAPE DETECTION.

"It is surprising to note," the Dundee Advertiser observes, "the various means employed by squirrels to escape detection. One may flatten himself out against a gray patch on the back of a tree trunk, absolutely motionless; and unless in your earnest, steadfast looking you can detect an ear or a shoulder in relief against the sky you might as well abandon search. Another may lie along a bough flattened at full length; but here the telltale ears are more easily seen. Still another may crouch drawn up in the fork of a branch, and here the thing to look for is the fluffy tip of the tail. Again, one may gather himself up in a bunch to imitate a knot, and here he can very well tell when you have spied him out. He will catch your eyes even as you catch the eye of an acquaintance in a crowd, and will instantly start on a headlong flight, leaping from tree to tree, till he vanishes from your sight."

SIMPLE MAGNIFIER.

Take a glass goblet in which the lower part is shaped out at the sides, and, holding it by the stem, incline it toward you, after having poured a little water into it, so that the water will collect in a large drop in that part of the goblet that is not shaped out.

Now, if you will hold the glass as shown in the illustration and look at the tablecloth through the drop of

The Magnifying Glass.

water you will find that you may easily count the threads, for the drop of water takes the form of a double convex lens, as shown in the small figure A, and that, you know, is what is called a magnifying glass, or single microscope. The same drop of water will enable you to examine in detail the different parts of a plant or of an insect, parts that you would hardly be able to see with the unaided eye.

Look through the part of the goblet that is shaped out. That, you will find, is concave on the inside and concave also on the outside. It is therefore a double concave lens, as shown in the small figure B.

The threads of the tablecloth, looked at through this water lens, are so much diminished in size that you can hardly see them, which demonstrates that a double concave lens makes an object appear smaller than it really is.

That explains why the eyeglasses of long sighted persons are double convex, with thin borders, while the glasses of near sighted persons are double concave, with thick borders.—Chicago News.

THEIR "TEDDIES" LOST.

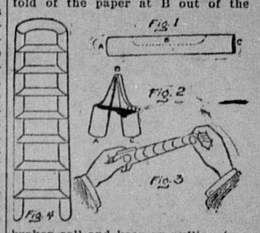
The Misses Clarissa and Ethel Pyne, aged four and six years, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Archibald Pyne, of Broad and Cambria streets, cried themselves into hysterics yesterday over the loss of their two brown Roosevelt bears, received as presents last Christmas. While playing on the front porch little Ethel dropped her Teddy on the pavement just as a stray dog was passing. In a jiffy the dog seized the supposed cub and shook it to pieces in short order. Clarissa, to save the stuffed animal, ran out on the pavement with her Teddy in her hand. Thinking the woods were full of game, the dog soon had the second Bruin torn to pieces, and, after licking his chops, trotted off leisurely down the street, evidently proud in the belief that he had saved the lives of the two little girls.—Philadelphia Record.

THE VALUE OF BALANCE.

Carpenters, blacksmiths, axmen and others accustomed to the constant use of tools with long handles know that if the tools are not so balanced that the force of a blow falls upon the centre of percussion an uncomfortable jar is felt. An ax or a hammer particularly well balanced is regarded as a peculiar treasure. An unusual instance occurred recently in one of the tunnels now being driven under the Hudson River at New York City. A workman had found a finely balanced pickaxe, and on leaving his work he put a private mark upon it. The next morning another workman, who had had his eye on that particular pick, got possession of it first. The result was a fight that became so serious that the police had to be called into the tunnel to stop it.—Youth's Companion.

THE MAGIC LADDER.

Have you seen a "strong man" do tricks? Here is a trick you can do on a small scale which will make a very pretty little paper ladder. Take a strip of paper about twenty-four inches long by six wide. Roll it loosely but evenly, so that your thumb (if you are a little chap) or your forefinger (if you are a grown-up) will slip easily into the roll. Press the roll flat and with sharp scissors cut out a piece as marked by dotted line, which will make the roll look boat-shaped. Then press the centre of the bottom of the little boat below B up and A and C down, and make a sharp crease at B, as in Fig. 2. Then holding the ends A and C lightly in the left hand, grasp one fold of the paper at B out of the



broken roll and keep on pulling (see Fig. 3) gently and firmly until the ladder is complete. The sides of the ladder should be even so that it may be shut up like a telescope. A little practice will make perfect in this and amuse little people and big.

The "strong man" does this with an enormous roll of paper which he tears with his fingers, instead of using scissors.—Good Literature.

AN AGE CONTEST.

Write the following questions on a program. The answers all end with "age." It is suitable for a birthday party or for any affair where something is needed to fill in part of the time:

To what age will people arrive if they live long enough? Dotage.

To what age do most people look forward? Marriage.

For what does a soldier sometimes wish? Courage.

What age is required on the high seas? Tonnage.

What age are we forbidden to worship? Image.

What age is neither more nor less? Average.

What is the age people get "stuck on?" Mucilage.

What is the age of profanity? Damage.

At what age will vessels ride safely? Anchorage.

What age is necessary for a clergyman? Parsonage.

What is the age of communication? Postage.

What age is most important to travelers? Mileage.

What is the most popular aid for charity? Coinage.

What age is shared by the doctor and the thief? Pillage.

What age do we all wish for? Homage.

What is the age of slavery? Bondage.

What age is most enjoyed at the morning meal? Sausage.

What is the most indigestible age? Cabbage.

What age belongs to most travelers? Luggage.

What age signifies the farmer? Tillage.

What age indicates the rich farmer? Acreage.

What age is unfrayed and smoothest? Selvage.

What age do milliners delight in? Plumage.

What age do a number of people enjoy in common? Village.

Beggar Boy's Original Excuse.

"Mister, gi' me a cent?"

Thus to a passing man a cheerful small boy whose face was so phenomenally dirty that the man was quite struck by it. He had never seen even a small boy with a face anything like it.

"Well, I'll give you a cent," says the man, "if you'll go and wash your face. How did you ever get it so dirty?"

"My father works in a coal yard," said the small boy, and this answer so struck the man that he gave the small boy a cent, promptly, and another one to the small boy's companion.—New York Sun.

Progress on the Canal.

At last we have positive evidence that progress is being made on the excavations for the Panama Canal. At the Gatun dam, the dispatches say, Secretary Taft took off his coat and descended to the bottom of a hole that goes to the bottom of the lock. If there is a hole at Gatun big enough to hold "Bill" Taft, then it won't be long before there will be a hole there big enough for craft of the Dreadnought type.—Savannah News.