THE QUEENSTOWN NEWS.

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The general opinion about the unwritten law, observes the Atlanta Journal, is that it should remain unwritten.

The Chicago News maintains that China is so much impressed by this talk of disarmament that it has ordered 2,000,000 new rifles.

An amateur astronomer in Wisconsin discovered a comet while standing in his back yard the other day. It is stated that he used a home made glass, but the dispatch fails to describe the contents of the glass, urges the New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A bucket shop is as much a gambling resort as a faro bank, asserts the Richmond Times-Dispatch, and should be prohibited by law; and the law should be enforced against any legitimate broker who plays the game, or allows it to be played in his place of business.

Says the Baltimore Sun: The effect of aeronautics will be, it is thought, to add materially to the horrors of war. Armies will be the first to employ the new means of conveyance. Hitherto they have been said to move only on their stomachs, but now they will cut loose from earth and soar, attacking from above, without regard to earthworks and other such like obsolete defenses.

Disarmament has been considered impossible, remarks the Birmingham Age-Herald, but it is not if public sentiment will get sternly behind the law and its enforcement. When men go armed any trifling quarrel may lead to a street fusilade and to homicides. The only way to stop such disgraceful outrages consists in disarmament. The pistol toter must be made to shed his enginery of war no matter what his standing in society may be.

The carrying of concealed weapons should be a felony in every State, affirms the Louisville Courier-Journal, and judges, juries and governors should realize that persons in authority who extend clemency to men who carry concealed weapons are, morally, accessories before the fact to the crime of murder. The connivance of peace officers at "pistol toting," the mistaken leniency of courts and governors, and in many States the lack of drastic legislation against the custom that is the greatest promoter of murder, combine to make the number of deaths by violence much larger that it would be if "private disarmament" could be effected.

Carl Bailey Hurst, American Consul at Plauen, Saxony, reports that a paper yarn is being manufactured there which can be woven into any [illegible] Rugs, carpets, sails, all sorts [illegible] clothing, slippers and even shoes are being made of paper, as also are [illegible]ens and towels. Enough paper can be bought for $1 to make a three-piece suit. The new fabric is not [illegible] by water, can be dyed with [illegible]fect than silk and is not at[illegible] by moths. The process for its [illegible]re is patented in all coun[illegible] success of the new ven[illegible] popularity of the goods [illegible]icate a possible revolu[illegible]al affairs, and point [illegible]ctured by writers of [illegible] human race shall be [illegible] gone. Thirty [illegible] country listened [illegible] the "Chinese [illegible]he Philadelphia [illegible] on the "sand [illegible]rsest sort; it was [illegible]ardly, but it was [illegible]f of the working[illegible] coast that "Chi[illegible]s underbidding [illegible] their wages. He [illegible]g the Chinese ex[illegible] a leader in labor [illegible]gn lasted perhaps ten [illegible]en he was deposed, and, [illegible] struggle to gain his place, [illegible] up and turned to specula[illegible] made money in wheat, cot[illegible] options, put on kid gloves [illegible]ent leather shoes and ac[illegible] the habits of the capitalists [illegible]e had cursed volubly in his [illegible]s Sunday afternoons on San [illegible]co's "sand lots."

There is always a stage at which convention cities begin to receive injurious criticism. It has been so since the Philadelphia Centennial of 1876, contends the New York Sun. New Orleans, Chicago, Buffalo, St. Louis and all the rest had the same mud flung at them in turn, and it is not wholly incredible that they all deserved a good deal of it. He must be a very optimistic and inexperienced person who imagines that human nature can be subjected to complete occultation at the bidding of an unselfish local pride. This noble emotion is usually monopolized by the uncommercial element of the community, while those who have accommodations to sell postpone their patriotic altruism to another turn of the wheel. In this respect the history of the Jamestown exposition is a mere abject imitation of all preceding histories of similar occurrences and episodes.

HEART O' ME.

Heart o' me, the world is sweet, the violets are blooming,
All the tender, greening things are laughing in the sun;
Sad, my heart? Be glad, my heart! Summer time is coming!
Bird and brook are singing for the joy-days now begun.

Oh, the weary, weary days, and nights that followed after,
Oh, the bitter tears we shed, and oh, the mist of pain!
Sad, my heart? Be glad, my heart! Listen to the laughter!
How the sunshine glimmers on the blossoms wet with rain!

Heart o' me, the world is sweet! Remember not thy sorrow,
Follow after running brook, and bloom, and bird, and bee!
Sad, my heart? Be glad, my heart! Greet the good to-morrow!
Wist ye not the golden world was made for thee and me?

—Cecilia Myrover Robinson, in Woman's Home Companion.

A MILLION BEANS.

By WALTER LEON SAWYER.

That day before Thanksgiving the debating society of the Four Corners High School had made a sort of Roman holiday over the question of the best way to use a million dollars. Fond hopes and cherished dreams had been cast into the arena, only to be butchered by alleged facts. These in turn had been assailed and rent and left for dead. And because nobody knew very well what he was talking about, everybody had been very vehement in defense and loud and scornful in attack, the end being that most of the debaters "got mad," so that each forsook his chum and went home by himself.

The first year boys were permitted to attend the society's meetings, but they could not take part in the debates. Thus the event had made no break in the friendship of Fred Blake and Berry Wilkins, and they left the schoolhouse arm in arm, as usual. They were chuckling over the affair, and when they had made sure that no senior or junior could overhear, they told each other how much better their own class could manage the society.

"Silly wrangle, wasn't it?" said Berry. He was a tall, lean, nervous boy, with a habit of going into things head foremost. "And yet it stirs a fellow up to think about a million," he added, reflectively. "What would you do if you had a million dollars, Fred?"

Cautious by nature and frugal from necessity, Blake stuck to first principles. "I'd count it, to make sure I had it, and then I'd put it away where it would be very safe," he answered.

Wilkins laughed. This was no answer to his question. But he had learned long ago that his friend's mind moved a step at a time, so to speak, in regular progression; and now, instead of trying to hasten the process, he halted where Blake did.

"You would count the money, eh?" Wilkins repeated. "What if you had it in one-dollar bills? You couldn't count a million dollar bills in three months, not if you worked twenty hours a day!"

"Yes, I could."

"Stump you to do it!"

About that time the two boys, who were growing a little excited, happened to take a second thought, and of course they had to laugh. But that did not settle the matter, so far as Blake was concerned, and a minute later he spoke again.

"I can't count a million dollar bills, because I can't get 'em to count," he said. "But I can count a million beans between this and the middle of January—and that's a good deal less than three months."

"You do it! You just do it, now!" Berry spoke in a tone of challenge. "You can't! If you can, I'll give you—I'll give you ten cents a day for every day you're actually counting!"

"All right. Here goes for it."

Berry smiled, and changed the subject to basketball and hockey. His interest in beans might revive when Saturday night came, but it was safe to say he would forget all about counting a million unless somebody reminded him.

But Fred, who was a different kind of boy, soberly and seriously did his chores, soberly and seriously carried to his room a peck of beans and an armful of his mother's fruit jars, and soberly and seriously began to count.

All the imagination he possessed had been stirred by a debater's chance remark about "the immensity of a million." To measure oneself against immensity, to feel that one really comprehended the volume of a million units, would be rather interesting, Fred thought. Therefore the beans. And he stuck to his task, early and late, Thanksgiving Day and all, until just before bedtime Saturday, when he presented himself at the Wilkins house and called Berry to the door.

"Hello! I can do it!" Fred announced.

"Hello, Fred! Do what?"

"Count a million beans before the middle of January. You said I couldn't do it in three months, and I said I could do it in about half that time, and I can!"

Blake's tone was rather aggressive, perhaps. He had worked hard, and felt as if he was entitled to "crow" a little. So Berry naturally took the same tone and fell back on his defenses.

"I meant count straight, you know," he said. "I don't call it counting a million to have fifty or a hundred out of the way. If you were counting money like that, you'd get in trouble."

The visiting calculator drew himself up and spoke with dignity.

"I'm counting straight," he rejoined. "There won't be any beans over or under!" But Berry laughed in a superior and irritating fashion.

"Maybe not," he said. "Tell you what I'll do. If you count the beans without making a mistake, I'll eat 'em all in two weeks. If you overcount or undercount, you eat 'em!"

Blake hesitated. He liked beans, but— And then Berry snickered.

"Thought you weren't so sure of it as you pretended to be!" he taunted.

"I'll take that up," was Fred's retort. "If I'm right, you'll eat 'em, and if I'm wrong, I'll eat 'em. Good night!"

There had been an instant when he was tempted to ask if Berry realized how many meals a million beans would make. But Berry's sneer put him beyond the reach of consideration. He deserved to have to eat them all!

And yet suppose— A horrid doubt afflicted Fred. He had counted a hundred thousand beans, a tenth of his million, but when he got home he started counting them over, and the new result, when he reached it, showed five too many. He shuddered at the multiplied chances of error that a million afforded. Hereafter he would look at each bean twice!

There were beans enough, but his mother's supply of fruit jars would run short before he reached the end. He lined a new barrel with stiff paper, through which no bean could penetrate, put a placard over the top to show that this was "Fred's barrel," and as fast as he had counted a hundred thousand beans into fruit jars, carried the jars to the barn and carefully emptied them in.

Then it was beans, beans, beans, at every odd moment, for days and days and days. Handling beans until his fingers stiffened, looking at beans until he literally saw double, registering beans until his brain reeled with numbers and totals. But the fruit jars filled fast, the store in the barn increased, and the end of the million came constantly nearer.

"What's the market price of beans to-day?" Berry would sometimes say, jeeringly; and Fred would smile a queer sort of smile and answer that beans were looking up. About the only fun he had was the thought of Berry's face when he discovered what quantity he had bound himself to eat within two weeks.

But the joke on Berry lost its sustaining influence when the holidays came—and Fred must keep on counting. He had to find comfort then in the assurance that he was approaching the end.

Meanwhile he was of not much use to himself or anybody else. At school his mind wandered, with low marks as a consequence, and he got himself disliked by refusing to come out for the hockey team. At home his little sister Katie, who had been his pet, appealed to him in vain for the help he had been used to give.

"My dolly's ewadle bwoke, Fweddy," she reported. "Her wants bed-'tead, to go sleep!"

"O scat! Go 'way! Go out in the barn and play!" the big brother would answer, irritably, as he labored with his beans.

"Play slide down-hill, Fweddy?"

"Yes, play slide up-hill if you want to. Fifty, five, sixty, five, sev— There, confound it, I've lost my count! Have to go over that cupful again, just by your bothering round!"

"Fweddy cwoss!" the baby lamented, as she fled from that uncomfortable neighborhood.

"Yes, he is!" growled the boy. "But now I've started this I'll put it through if it kills me!"

It might have killed him had he had to keep it up much longer. Had his been the nervous temperament, the strain would have racked him beyond endurance. Even as it was, there came a time when his heavy-lidded eyes saw beans and fruit jars wherever they looked, and when the horrid vision was reproduced in dreams wherein he was eternally counting, and always coming out wrong.

Yet when he seriously considered the matter, he had very little doubt about the accuracy of his count. Nature had given him a talent for accuracy, as well as a stubborn will. And now, at last, with an uplifted spirit, although with swimming eyes and a reeling brain, he made his way to Berry Wilkins', prepared to hurl back the challenge.

"Saturday, the 14th. Not the middle of January, is it?" Fred began.

"Why, no! What——"

"I've counted the million beans. Took me forty-five days. At ten cents a day, you owe me four dollars and a half. Fork over!"

That Berry could do; he was one of the few boys in town who had an allowance. But Fred's manner jarred on him; it had frequently done so of late, and he fell back on his rights.

"How do I know you've counted 'em correctly?" he argued.

"You don't. You've got to count 'em all over again. If my count is correct, you'll eat 'em all in two weeks. If it isn't, I'll eat 'em."

The two boys stared at each other a moment. Finally Berry shook himself together and squared his shoulders.

"Well, I won't be called a quitter!" he cried. "Let's see your old beans!"

Silently Fred led the way back along the road, past the house, into his barn, and swept his hand toward the corner under the harness rack.

"Those barrels? All those barrels?"

Berry's face showed awe, and really, when Fred reviewed the situation, he did not wonder. He nodded.

"My gracious, Fred, you've got grit! To stick to a thing that way!" It was just like Berry that he should think of the other fellow's achievement in the most generous terms. But Fred waved the compliment aside. He was beginning to suspect that it was foolish obstinacy instead of "grit" that makes one stick to a senseless enterprise. He was not yet ready to admit that, however—and besides, there was business on hand.

"I'll take that four-fifty," he said, in his most businesslike tone. "I'll lend you the beans, too. You can begin to count any time."

"Here's your money. But——" It was a dull and lifeless voice in which Berry spoke. He looked as if he wanted to weep and run. Eagerly he welcomed the diversion occasioned by the entrance of Fred's little sister.

"Hello, Katie!" he cried.

"Hello, Bewwy! You want to see me play slide down-hill?"

"Sure. How do you play it, Katie?"

With the dramatic instinct of childhood, the baby ran first to a disused stall in an out-of-the-way place, then back to the opposite corner, whence she dragged a rusty corn-popper. Dimpling with fun and importance, she looked at them a moment; then to Fred's last barrel, the one left partly filled, she flew. Before the boys could check her, she had plunged the corn-popper into it, scooped out a handful of beans, darted across to the empty stall, and lifted the popper to the top of the broken feed box.

"Pat, pat, pat, hear 'em slide down-hill!" she shrieked, gleefully, as the beans rattled through the chute.

The trough was almost full of beans. Suspicion seized upon Fred's mind as he gazed, and a frantic hope grew up in Berry's breast.

"Where'd you get your beans, Katie?" asked both boys, almost in a breath. "Out of the bin?"

The baby curled her lip in a pitiful way, as if the question recalled an old grievance. "Can't weach old bin!" she answered. "Got 'em out of bawwels." And then she turned and started for the door, for Berry had uttered a yell that threatened to raise the roof.

"Saved! Saved!" he cried. "I don't have to count 'em, Fred! I can't count 'em if Katie's been taking beans to play with! I'll admit your count is correct, and—and I'll save up and buy her the biggest doll that ever came to Four Corners!"

"Well, it's a good thing for you——"

"It's a good thing for one of us that we can't check that count!" Berry interrupted. His face expressed both thankfulness and awe. "Guess I didn't realize what I was talking about, eh, when I spoke of eating a million beans in two weeks?"

"No," Fred answered, in a meditative way. "They run about eighteen hundred and fifty beans to a quart. There's something over five hundred and forty quarts."—Youth's Companion.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY

There is a blind spot in every eye. Dr. Holmes suggested that there was an idiotic area in every brain. Probably no mind is sound and sane in every part.

Concrete is coming to the front as a building material. It can be used on the farm for fence posts, stable floors, houses, barns and other buildings. Well made, it lasts for generations.

Sir William Ramsey denies that he is able to make copper by a chemical process. The problem of the ages, the creation or transmutation of the precious metals, is as far from solution now as it was in the days of the alchemists. There is no get-rich-quick scheme recognized by nature.

Refrigeration of powder magazines is suggested by Charles Tellier, a French engineer, as a safeguard against such explosions as that of Montfaucon, France. This occurred on September 16, and seems to have been connected with the intense heat of the last of August, the extreme influence of which could not reach the magazine through several yards of earth until after considerable time. It is contended that cooling to forty-five degrees or fifty degrees Fahrenheit with the apparatus now readily available would prevent future disasters of this kind.

Dr. Richard Fritzsche has recalculated from recent data the amount of rain annually falling upon the earth's surface. He finds that it is equivalent to a layer of water of the uniform depth, for the whole globe, of about thirty-five and one-half inches. The amount falling on the land is equivalent to a uniform depth of twenty-nine and one-fourth inches. Considering only the land which is drained by rivers flowing into the sea, Dr. Fritzsche calculates that only thirty per cent. is returned to the ocean, and that the rest is removed by evaporation.

Recent phenomena, like the upthrust of a new island in Bering Sea, and the tremendous earthquake shock, evidently originating in the ocean bottom, felt in Apia in December last, give fresh interest to the results of the exploration of the Pacific's floor made by the United States steamer Nero in surveying a transpacific cable route. East of the Island of Guam a submarine mountain range was discovered, some of whose peaks rise within 689 fathoms of the ocean's surface, whereas the valleys between them descend to a depth of 5000 fathoms. Here was made the deepest sounding on record, 5269 fathoms, only sixty-six feet less than six miles. This abyss is now called the "Nero deep."

Definition of Luck.

Did you ever happen across Max O'Rell's definition of luck? It may serve as an answer to some of those who refer to freaks of fortune. "Luck means rising at 6 o'clock in the morning, living on a dollar a day if you can earn two, minding your own business, and not meddling with other people's. Luck means appointments you have never failed to keep, the trains you have never failed to catch. Luck means trusting in God and your own resources."

Max O'Rell never said a wiser thing, and no better definition of "luck" can be given. It should be printed in capitals and hung up in every office, counting room, workshop and family living room.—Scottish American.

For the Younger Children....

A LULLABY.

What will you do when the old Sand-man
Comes through the window as soft as he can,
Baby, O baby?
I'll shut my eyes as fast as I can,
And goody get away from the old Sand-man,
Maybe, O maybe.

What will you do when old Noddynid
Comes down the flue, like Santa Claus did,
Baby, O baby?
Oh, soft is the finger of old Noddynid,
And he'll show me the way to shut the lid,
Maybe, O maybe.

What will you do when the moon can't stay,
And what will you do when the stars go away,
Baby, O baby?
When the moon goes down and the stars all stray,
I'll build me a house in the milky way,
Maybe, O maybe.

—Home Herald.

TWO PLEASANT ROADS.

The road that led to the schoolhouse was a straight road. When Constance stepped out from her front gate she could look down the broad, pleasant street and see other little girls starting from their homes, and at the foot of the street the brown schoolhouse for which they were all bound.

There was another way to go to school. By going out the back gate and across the field, then through a shady wood of white birches and over a brook. Constance thought this much the nicer way to go to school, but mother liked the straight road, because then she could watch her little girl all the way.

The brook was bridged by a narrow plank, which "gave" in the centre; that is, it would bend down toward the water when Constance jumped up and down on it, and then spring back into place.

Usually Constance would ask, "May I go to school over the brook this morning, mother?" And usually Mrs. Gray would reply, "Not this morning, my dear." But now and then she would smile and say, "Will my little girl be very careful?" And then Constance would go happily off across the field.

One morning, when Mrs. Gray was very busy, Constance did not ask, but started off toward the brook. It was a morning in early spring, and there were pleasant things to see. The violets were in blossom along by the fences, and the willows were showing a delicate green as they leaned over the brook.

When Constance came near the brook she saw a little circle in the water, exactly as if a pebble had been dropped in. As Constance looked another ripple came across the smooth water, and she caught a glimpse of something dark and shining, with flecks of color. "A trout!" exclaimed the little girl. "A truly trout!" and she went out on the narrow board as carefully as possible. When she reached the centre, where the plank "gave," she stopped and looked eagerly down at the sandy bottom of the brook, hoping for another sight of the shining fish. She leaned over just a trifle too far, and splash! and there was a little girl in the water and a frightened trout scurrying toward the shore.

It was a shallow little stream, and Constance easily waded ashore, her gingham dress all wet and dripping, and her pretty tan shoes all dark and soggy with water. She went back through the pretty wood and down across the field and in at the back door and stood before her mother.

"The brook!" exclaimed her mother.

"Oh, yes!" wailed Constance.

But mother smiled and hurried her into dry stockings and shoes and a fresh gingham dress, and went down to the front gate with her, and stood watching the little girl till she was safe in the schoolhouse door.

Constance looked back along the pleasant street where her mother stood at the gate. "O dear me!" she whispered to herself. "I don't see why I ever thought the brook was the pleasantest way to school when I can see my mother this way by just looking for her," and waving her hand toward the front gate Constance went in to school.—Youth's Companion.

HELEN'S NEST.

Once upon a time there was a little girl named Helen. She lived in the country, and about her house there were many fine trees, where the birds came every year to spend the summer. Now, Helen loved to watch the birds, butterflies and bees doing their work.

Well, one day Mr. and Mrs. Oriole came to look at the big elm tree. They soon decided to build a nest there, and each flew off in a different direction to find building material.

"Oh, papa," cried Helen, who had caught the gleam of brilliant orange and black, "let's help them so they'll stay here."

"All right, little girl," answered her father.

Helen had helped birds before by putting bits of string and worsted and straws on the ground and nearby bushes. Suddenly she clapped her hands, exclaiming, "Oh, I'm going to label the nest, and then, after it's all built, it will be mine!"

So she carefully wrote her name on a tag of paper, putting a long piece of white string through the end of the tag. On some other tags she wrote the day of the month, "May 28." Then they were left in plain sight, and Helen scampered away.

The birds did not seem to notice the strings at first, but later every one was gone, and from the hanging nest waved six little tags bearing Helen's name and the date.

When the birds had raised their families and gone south her father took down the nest and brought it into the house to Helen.—Home Herald.

A GOOD LOSER.

Bob sat in the barn doorway staring moodily down the road. When he heard Dick's step he began whistling. Usually Bob was proud of his brother's friendship, but just now that brother was the last person in the world that he cared to see. Still, it had to be done, and the sooner the better. Bob whistled and braced himself for the greeting he dreaded. It came in the form of a hearty hand upon his shoulder and a voice full of cheer.

"It was hard, sure enough, old man, but you'll have better luck next time."

"There won't be any next time," Bob muttered gruffly. "It's no use."

Dick nodded. "I know. I've been there. Do you remember the time I lost the race I'd been so sure of? I felt just as you do—disgusted—ready to throw the whole thing over. It was Professor Dana who saved me. He came up and shook hands and congratulated me. I can remember his words now. 'Field,' he said, 'you put up a good race, and next time you'll win, but you've won a bigger victory to-day in proving yourself a good loser. I'm proud of you.' I wasn't, you know. I was black as thunder inside, but that made me think. Sometimes I've thought I didn't get anything in college as valuable as that sentence. It fits in everywhere."

This time Bob nodded.—Home Herald.

A LIFE-SAVER.

When I was a child, in our old Cornish home, we had an ancient pointer, who used to roam about the place as much as she liked. One day a stable boy, washing a carriage, noticed old Bess evidently trying to tell him that she wanted him to do something for her. She ran round him, whining appealingly, and finally took hold of the leg of his trousers, and tried to pull him in the direction from which she had previously come. He at last followed her, and she led him joyfully up to a little pond just out of sight of the coach house, where a small sluice-gate let the water down in a little stream as it was wanted. In this sluice-gate a large duck was caught by the neck, and the boy was only just in time to save it from drowning. It had evidently been diving for food, and had jammed its head under the gate. Bess, in her wanderings, had seen its struggles and gone off for help. As soon as the duck was liberated the old dog capered about and barked her thanks to the boy.—London Spectator.

THE FIRST TORCH.

Although fireflies have been used here and there by primitive folk, they could hardly have been the first lamp. Man's battle with darkness really began with the torch, which was lighted at the fire in the cave or in the wigwam and kept burning for purposes of illumination. A burning stick was the first lamp.

The first improvement in the torch was made when slivers or splinters of resinous or oily wood were tied together and burned. We may regard this as a lamp which is all wick. This invention resulted in a fuller and clearer light, and one that would burn longer than the single stick. A further improvement came when a long piece of wax or fatty substance was wrapped about with leaves. This was something like a candle, only the wick (the leaves) was outside, and the oily substance which fed the wick was in the centre.—From S. E. Forman's "Stories of Useful Inventions," in St. Nicholas.

THE AGE OF FISHES.

The normal length of life of our common small minnows probably rarely exceeds four or five years, and may be much shorter, but there are few satisfactory observations on this point. No general rule can be laid down regarding the age of fishes or the relation between age and size. It is known that the salmons of the Pacific coast, which enter the rivers in such immense shoals, live to be four or five years old, and then invariably die after once laying their eggs. One Japanese fish died when one year old. On the west coast of Europe there occurs a small fish which is like an annual plant—that is, all the individuals die each year, and only the eggs—i. e., the seed—remain to produce the next season's crop.—From Nature and Science, in St. Nicholas.

A BUSY INDIAN BOY.

An Indian boy who was kept home by sickness, wrote to his teachers: "I am not working at all. I only do a lot of talking for the Indians. I have to interpret almost every day, or else I have to read letters to Indians, and I also split wood for our fire at nights." Some boys would call that last occupation "being busy."

The Evaporating Elm.

Do you know to what extent trees aid in the evaporation of the water which goes to form rain clouds? If you don't, there are some interesting surprises awaiting you—such, for example, as the fact that a full grown elm tree is capable of sucking up and throwing off into the air seven tons of water in the course of a single fair day. No, it is not a typographical error—seven tons, I say—more than enough water to fill a tank five feet square by ten feet deep.

Now, what if you cut that tree down? Don't you exercise an influence over the rainfall in some part of the world?—Brooklyn Eagle.

Interval For Coughing.

Preaching at Blackpool, a Baptist minister paused, and then remarked: "There will now be a short interval to allow members of the congregation to cough."

The congregation took the minister at his word, and the sermon was presently resumed.—London Evening Standard.

SPORT AND ADVENTURE

TOM HIGGINS' FIGHT.

Tom Higgins was one of the Illinois Rangers, and the fight herein described took place near Vandalia, Ill., on August 21, 1814. Indian signs had been discovered near the fort, and Tom and five others went out to see what they amounted to. They had not gone far when they were ambushed, three of the party falling. Tom's horse was mortally wounded, and he tried to escape on foot. Three savages, stalwart and fleet footed, took after him. Suddenly one of his legs failed him, and for the first time he found that he was badly wounded.

One of the savages raised his rifle and fired, wounding Higgins in the thigh. He fell to the ground, staggered to his feet again, receiving the fire of the other two Indians, and once more fell, this time severely wounded. The Indians, now feeling secure of their victim, threw aside their guns and rushed upon him, spears and knives in hand.

Lying helpless on the ground Higgins succeeded for a time in holding them back by aiming first at one and then another as they approached. As he did not fire the larger Indian thought his gun must be empty and was advancing boldly when Higgins fired and killed him.

The situation was now desperate, the Ranger lying helpless on the ground, his gun empty and four bullets in his body. The other two savages, closing upon him, inflicted several ugly wounds, and at last one of them threw his tomahawk, which struck Higgins on the cheek, glanced and severed his ear, laying bare his skull to the back of his head. Again the two Indians rushed at the Ranger, but he kept them off with his feet.

Getting hold of one of their spears, the Indian, in attempting to pull it from him, raised Higgins up from the ground, when with one blow of his rifle he dashed out the savage's brains, but broke his gun, the barrel only remaining in his hands.

The remaining Indian now attempted to stab Higgins, but his blows were warded off, and the savage started for his rifle, which lay some distance away. Higgins knew that if the Indian once got his gun it would be all over with him, and in a last desperate struggle he lifted himself to his feet, drew his hunting knife and closed with his foe. Faint from loss of blood, the Ranger was no longer a match for his adversary, who succeeded in throwing him off and at once started for his rifle.

To add to his despair, the main body of Indians began advancing toward him from a nearby ravine, and Higgins gave himself up for lost.

At this moment Mrs. Pursley, wife of one of the Rangers, who had seen the whole of the unequal contest from the walls of the fort, tried to get the men to go to Higgins' rescue, but failed to get any response from them. Calling them cowards, she snatched her husband's rifle and started out alone. Shamed by the woman's heroism, they set out after her, reached the spot where Higgins had fallen and fainted, and, before the main body of Indians had come up, succeeded in bearing their wounded companion in safety to the fort.

For days it looked as though Tom Higgins had no chance for recovery, but he was brave and tough, and he fooled them by getting well and living to a green old age, respected and beloved by all who knew him.

For many years the frontiersmen of the Illinois country continued to talk of Tom Higgins and his great single-handed fight with the three stalwart red men.—The Rev. Thomas B. Gregory, in the New York American.

"LITTLE CAYUSE."

In the first days of opening the route across the continent there flourished an old trapper called "Whipsaw." One day a Sioux Indian came to his cabin carrying a Pawnee papoose which he had captured. The little thing was about two years old, and was half-starved and frozen. What became of the child is told by Mr. Henry Inman and Col. William F. Cody in their book, "The Great Salt Lake Trail."

The Sioux was anxious to trade his capture, and Whipsaw, who was as tender-hearted as he was rough-looking, gave a jack-knife for the boy. Once in possession of the baby, he put soft moccasins on its little feet and a warm doeskin jacket on its back. Under the trapper's kindly care the little fellow throve and grew rapidly into a strong and handsome child.

Soon after his adoption the trapper took charge of an overland station on the line of the pony express, that famous means of carrying the Western mail. By the time the little Pawnee was five years old he was of great service to the old agent.

With an intense hatred of his own race, the boy inherited many of the red man's remarkable traits. His sense of hearing was marvelous. He could distinguish the distant footsteps of a bear or the thud of a horse's hoofs on the soft sod long before the trapper could make out a sound. He always gave warning when the pony express was coming, either by day or night, and the men named him "Little Cayuse," because his ears were the first to catch the sound of the horses' approach.

In the middle of the night the little Pawnee would waken the trapper. "Cayuse, cayuse!" he would say. The rider who was to take the place of the one who was coming would jump up, saddle his horse, and be ready to relieve the express the moment it arrived. Little Cayuse's warning never failed.

The pony express was not the only approach of which the boy gave news. The Indian horse-thieves soon found out they never met with success at the station where Little Cayuse lived. He was better than an electric battery. One cold night he woke Whipsaw at 12 o'clock.

"Is the express coming?" asked the trapper.

"No," answered the Pawnee lad.

"Well, go to sleep, then," said the trapper, but the little Indian shook his head.

"Long time no cayuse," he said.

Sure enough the pony express was two hours overdue. Whipsaw woke up the men. Little Cayuse slipped out of the door and laid his ear to the ground.

"Heap cayuses," he announced. The men got ready their guns and waited. Before long a band of Sioux crept up to surprise the sleeping station. But the station was not sleeping, and the thieves were soon put to flight. Later, a mile from the cabin, the express rider was found dead.

The president of the company heard of Little Cayuse's action and sent him a beautiful rifle, built for his small hands. The boy was only six years old, but he had not had his gun long before he shot with it a great gray wolf.—Youth's Companion.

RESCUED HIS DOG FROM WOLF.

To have his dog attacked in broad daylight in an open field by a wolf and to witness one of the hardest fights he ever saw was the experience of the nineteen-year-old William Bennett, whose story is given in the Register of Iola, Kansas. The dog was nearly killed, and the wolf was driven away only after repeated assaults with a club in the hands of the sturdy farmer boy.

The boy was plowing, and the dog, which is a shepherd of fair size, was playing about the field. Suddenly the boy's attention was attracted by the barking of the dog, and he turned to see the animal fighting full tilt with a large gray wolf.

The fight was fast and furious, the animals went round and round, and finally worked their way up under the plow handles. The wolf was so interested in its combat with the dog that it did not realize that the dog had a faithful ally in his master.

The boy saw that the wolf was getting the better of the bargain, so seizing a club, he hammered the animal with all his strength. The wolf hung on with great tenacity, and it was only after a severe beating that it let go. When it gave up, it made for the woods as fast as its legs would carry it. It made no attempt to attack the boy. The dog was thoroughly exhausted and covered with blood, but was not cowed, and later in the afternoon raised a great rumpus round a pile of rocks in the field near where the fight had taken place.

The boy made an investigation, and discovered the wolf's lair in the rock pile. From the pile of rocks he took eleven young wolves. The game fight which the wolf put up was then explained. The dog had discovered the wolf's den, routed out the wolf, and the animal, for the purpose of protecting its young, had made the hard and determined fight which wild animals know how to make under such circumstances.

BABY ON FLIER'S PILOT.

When the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul flier No. 3, with Engineer Swanson up, stopped at Calmar, Iowa, for water, a three-year-old child of the family named Johnson climbed upon the pilot of the engine, unnoticed by any of the trainmen or the pump house engineer.

After the fireman had replaced the tank cover Engineer Swanson pulled open the throttle and the train was soon flying fifty miles an hour toward Des Moines.

When about ten miles out of Calmar the fireman, looking ahead, saw what he thought was a bit of gingham standing straight out in the breeze. He told the engineer, who changed seats with him and took a look for himself.

At that instant the little fellow's hair came into view and Swanson put on the airbrakes with such force that the train stopped almost within the length of itself. He climbed down to the pilot, where he found the little fellow laughing and crowing and holding on tight to one of the braces.

Conductor Hoxie took charge of the child and sent him back home from Decorah.

HUNG BY ROPE FROM ROCK.

While two tourists were attempting to scale the cliffs of Scrawfell, a mountain in Cumberland, England, one of them slipped, dragging his companion by the rope with which they were coupled. The rope caught on a projecting rock and the climbers hung at either end swaying over a precipice some hundreds of feet high.

They hung helplessly for several hours, when another party of climbers chanced to see them. They were rescued in an exhausted condition. Had they not been found they would have hung until the rope broke or would have died from exhaustion.

Trousers a Passing Fashion.

It may not be known that the familiar soutane or cassock of a Catholic priest was the garment habitually worn by all gentlemen up to comparatively recent times, though it was not always necessarily black. There is a portrait of Dante wearing one of instep length, made on an unmistakable "sun ray" pattern. And long gowns were not confined to gentlemen. The habit of a Franciscan friar was the garment worn by the shepherds of Umbria in St. Francis' time and probably for centuries before and after it.

There is evidence enough of this in our own times, if one travels outside the narrow limits of Western civilization. The man or woman who goes East will see skirted men everywhere—Arabs, Cashmeries, Punjabies, Burmans, Chinese, Japanese, Malays, to mention only a few. The present bifurcate system of Western Europe, though it seems to the untraveled eye as fixed and unalterable as the pyramids, is but a passing fashion in the history of male attire.—Grand Magazine.

A Hindu catamaran can go to and from ships when ordinary craft can not be launched.