THE QUEENSTOWN NEWS.

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Washington sends out a warning that the shad are being killed off.

A physician has published a book in which he calls worry the disease of the age, thereby causing many innocent persons to worry about worry.

Americans, seem to Judge, to be fated to stand at the head of the line. They beat the world in trade, prosperity, drink, suicide, and candy-eating.

Observes the Chicago News: Very likely it is true that many young doctors do not know much, but nature works as hard to assist them as it does to assist the old practitioners.

Our national conventions are growing more and more like our race-courses, where to the knowing ones there are few surprises, philosophizes Colonel Henry Watterson, of Kentucky.

A New York man joked while his leg was being cut off. That sounds very fine and heroic, but let him toss off a few merry quips while his teeth are being pulled if he wants to attract attention.

First and foremost comes the corporation's duty to the public. Next comes the matter of compensation for the service given. This is the law now laid down by the United States Supreme Court.

In the course of a recent speech Mr. Francis J. Heney, of San Francisco, made this notable remark: "We must have a higher standard of morality in business, and then we will get a higher standard of morality in politics."

The New York American exclaims: If around every racetrack were assembled the bodies of those that have killed themselves because of it, by jailbirds it has started wrong, the drunkards it has contributed to furnish, the men and women it has impoverished and the scoundrels that have grown rich from all this misery, the world would then have an object lesson and would be able to judge this tree by its fruits.

The New York Tribune observes: The Salus-Grady libel law, passed with such a flourish of trumpets under Governor Pennypacker's administration in Pennsylvania, has been repealed. Not a vote was cast against repeal in either branch of the Legislature. The law, in fact, neither terrified nor restrained the press, and no action of any consequence was ever brought under it. It was aimed at evils which were only imaginary.

The United States Circuit Court has made the injunction against the Drug Trust perpetual, announces the New York American. The chief count against the combine was that it blacklisted druggists who undersold fixed prices. The injunction not only prevents the publication of such blacklists but also forbids any understanding as to prices or any other combination in restraint of trade. The final results of this decision will be interesting, as they may furnish a guide in other anti-trust proceedings.

...ion that seventy-five per ...present day sermons from ...uld be dispensed with ...ment of church attend... expressed by Mr. Butler, ...ania, a delegate to the ...ference of Church Clubs, ...ession, at Washington. ...might stagger under the ...emarked, "but its recov... rapid and lasting." The ...s warmly applauded, and ...ed in a discussion of the "Why Men Do Not Go to

The Boston Transcript quotes the Rev. Herbert C. Herring, D.D., of New York, the new secretary of the Congregational Home Missionary Society, as saying in the course of an address before the Congregational Club of Boston: The only unqualifiedly dangerous class in America is the self-centred pleasure-seekers, men and women to whom existence is synonymous with dining and sleeping, with automobiles and yachts, with Sunday jaunts and theatre parties, who touch no burden of church or state, who have abdicated thought and renounced parenthood—these are the men and women, if multiplied sufficiently, who can sink our nation to a bottomless hell.

Life, the clever satirical weekly, reprints the following: The politician is my shepherd. I shall not want for anything during this campaign. He leadeth me into the saloon for my vote's sake. He filleth my pocket with good cigars; my cup of beer runneth over. He inquireth concerning my family, even unto the fourth generation. Yea, though I walk through the mud and the rain to vote for him, and shout myself hoarse when he is elected, straightway he forgetteth me. Although I meet him at his own house he knoweth me not. Surely the wool has been pulled over my eyes all the days of my life and I shall dwell in the house of a chump forever.

THE WINGED WORSHIPERS.

BY CHARLES SPRAGUE.

[Addressed to two swallows that flew into the Chauncy Place Church, Boston, during divine service.

Gay, guiltless pair,
What seek ye from the fields of Heaven?
Ye have no need of prayer,
Ye have no sins to be forgiven.

Why perch ye here,
Where mortals to their Maker bend?
Can your pure spirits fear
The God ye never could offend?

Ye never knew
The crimes for which we come to weep;
Penance is not for you,
Blessed wanderers of the upper deep.

To you 'tis given
To wake sweet Nature's untaught lays;
Beneath the arch of Heaven
To chirp away a life of praise.

Then spread each wing
Far, far above, o'er lakes and lands,
And join the choirs that sing
In yon blue dome not reared with hands.

Or, if ye stay,
To note the consecrated hour,
Teach me the airy way,
And let me try your envied power.

Above the crowd
On upward wings could I but fly,
I'd bathe in yon bright cloud,
And seek the stars that gem the sky.

'Twere Heaven indeed
Through fields of trackless light to soar,
On Nature's charms to feed,
And Nature's own great God adore.

... The Kidnaping of George ...

BY W. R. ROSE.

The young man's face was clouded by a shadow. And the face of the young woman whose clear gray eyes intently regarded him was clouded, too.

"No, Martin," she presently broke the silence, "I cannot be persuaded."

He looked at her tenderly.

"I am selfish enough to think you are wrong," he said, "but that's a lover's unfairness. Anyway, there is no question about the beauty of the sacrifice you are making."

"I am only doing what I believe to by my duty, Martin."

"And you would marry me if it were not for George?"

She hesitated a moment. "I—I think I would, Martin."

He moistened his lips. "George looms very large and very formidable," he said. "What can be done with him?"

The girl sighed. "Nothing."

There was a little silence. "It isn't right," murmured the man beneath his breath, and there was bitterness in his tone.

"It is the only thing I can do," said the girl.

"You know he isn't worth the sacrifice."

"He is my brother."

The man drew a long breath. "Such a brother!"

The girl's face flushed. "I cannot discuss this even with you, Martin. I must do my duty as I see it. George needs my care. My mother with her last words asked me to watch over him when all others deserted him. I will carry out my promise."

The young man looked up eagerly.

"Let me help you care for him, Margery."

"No, Martin. He shall be my disgrace alone."

Her head drooped, her gaze was turned from him.

"And can nothing be done?"

"Nothing. I have had the best medical advice. It was of no avail. He will do nothing to help himself. He is utterly indifferent to his condition. If he cannot get brandy he resorts to morphine. He has had the so-called 'cures.' If he could be taken away from this perilous atmosphere, far away from these wicked friends who are sapping his life and his money, if he could be made to fight out the battle with himself alone and unaided—why, it would either cure or kill him. And that, they tell me, is the only hope."

Martin stared hard at the floor.

"I would be glad to help George if I could, he said, "but he repels me. He appears to regard me as an enemy." He paused and then looked up. "I have told you, Margery, that on your decision an important move in my career depends. If you will marry me I will remain here in Somerton. If not, I will accept an offer I have to go to Egypt, where a contracting engineer is needed." He looked at her anxiously. "Is there any hope?"

"No, Martin."

"I will be gone at least two years."

"Yes."

"Will you wait, Margery?"

"Do not ask me to make any promises, Martin. I cannot tell what may happen."

He hesitated an instant.

"You have sufficient income?"

"Yes."

He arose. "I must wire my acceptance of the offer to-night and start to-morrow."

Before she could answer this the outside door was noisily slammed, and a young man staggered through the doorway.

"George!" said the girl, in a pitiful cry.

"What's that?" he muttered thickly. "'S that you, Martin Henley? What you doing here? Makin' love to my s-sister? She don't want nothin' to do with you. She got her dear brother to look after. Good night, Martin Henley, goo' night." He lurched toward the sofa and fell upon it heavily.

Martin Henley, his eyes avoiding those of the girl, passed into the hall. The girl followed him. He turned quickly as they neared the outer door.

"You say the only hope for George is a new scene and new surroundings?"

"Yes," she whispered.

"Come back here, sister," the profligate called. "I need you. Don't you hear me? I need you." And the maudlin voice trailed off in a discordant song.

Martin Henley put out his hand.

"Good-by, and God guard you, Margery."

"Good-by, Martin."

And he was gone.

If he could have looked back into the hallway he would have seen the girl leaning against the wall and sobbing as if her heart would break.

Quite unconscious of this, however, he strode along, a new and strange idea dulling the pain of his departure. The idea still held possession of his mind when he entered the telegraph office and penned his dispatch accepting the Egyptian offer.

When tea time came the next day and George did not return, Margery Selby felt little anxiety.

At 11 o'clock a telegram was brought:

Am trying the only hope. Don't

"Have kidnaped George. Am trying the only hope. Don't worry.

"MARTIN HENLEY."

The telegram fluttered from her hands. Then she stooped and picked it up. It came from New York.

At 4 o'clock the next day Margery received another message.

"Just boarding a Mediterranean steamer. Everything hopeful."

Margery drew a long breath of relief.

The days wore away and it was almost a month later before Margery received the first letter. It was dated Gibraltar.

"We have been buffeted by storms," Martin wrote. "It is too early yet to talk about results, but I have not lost hope in the success of the experiment. No doubt you are wondering how I contrived to kidnap George, but it wasn't very difficult. It was a harder matter to get him aboard the steamer, but I finally succeeded. I am sorry to say that he does not appreciate the efforts I have made in his behalf. In fact, he regards me as his bitterest enemy. Perhaps this feeling will wear away. You may rest assured that it will make no difference in my feeling toward him."

Margery cried over this letter. She could only faintly imagine the events of that long voyage. But she knew that Martin would persevere to the very utmost.

The letter from Alexandria was a long time coming. She opened it with a feeling of dread.

"George has been ill," Martin wrote; "so ill that I did not have the heart to write you until he was better. But he is so much improved that in a few days I hope we can start up the Nile. There was one very gratifying feature of his illness—all his old animosity disappeared. He has just called to me, 'Tell sister,' he says, 'that I am in good hands.' I will write to you again before we enter the desert."

Then Margery waited for the letter from the desert. At last it came.

"More delays," Martin wrote, "but now our equipment is ready and we enter the desert to-morrow. I do not know when you will hear from us again. We are going to be cut off from the usual means of communication.

"I am writing this in a troop shed, the only quarters we could get. George is lying on a blanket-covered board. I do not dare let him leave my sight. He is very melancholy, and his antipathy to me has returned. I am writing to you frankly, dear girl, just as I am sure you would have me write. We had a hard battle and the outcome is not at all certain. Good-by and heaven keep you."

That was the last that Margery heard from Martin for many months.

A year wore away and still no message came. And then Margery almost ceased to hope. She knew there had been an uprising of the savage tribes of the Soudan. The fanatic followers of a leader long supposed to be dead had swept away the outposts of the British advance and destroyed much of the work upon the new railway.

Later came tidings of a battle in which the British force had routed the fanatics with great loss. But their own loss was heavy and the advance was slow. There were rumors of white prisoners somewhere in the interior.

Six weeks later Margery received a cablegram.

"We are coming home," it told her. And the name under it was "George."

Another long period of waiting followed, but now Margery's anxiety was tempered by hope.

Then came a clear and beautiful morning in June, when two men, one strong, robust, clear of eye, and rosy of cheek, the other gaunt, pale, hollow eyed, confronted her.

Margery gave a little scream. This fine young fellow, whose hand firmly clasped hers, was George, and the figure holding fast to his arm, a shadow of his former self, was Martin Henley.

The tears sprang to Margery's eyes at this pitiful sight, and she caught hold of Martin's wasted hand and drew him into the little sitting room.

"There he is," cried George. "He took me away from home, and I've brought him back. Margery, if I talked for a month of Sundays I couldn't begin to tell you what that man has done for me."

"Don't, George," murmured Martin.

"Look at me, Margery," cried George. "See what I have become! This is a man. Oh, you needn't be afraid. My craving for the stuff has gone. It was burned out of me and starved out of me and beaten out of me! A thousand temptations couldn't harm me now. And this man stood by me and nursed me back to life and saved me from the Arab swords, and dug me out of the Arab prison." He paused, his eyes were suddenly suffused. He caught up Martin's hand. "What horrors we have been through, brother!" he half sobbed.

"A fine fellow, Margery," murmured Martin with a smiling nod at George. "He brought me through the desert fever."

"That was the only chance he gave me," cried George. "He broke down at last and then it was my turn. I twice thought I'd lost him, but when I whispered 'Margery' in his ear he rallied and fought on. Oh, but he's going to be all right now, sister. The one tonic in all the world that will make a man of him again is here, and its name is Margery."

He turned abruptly and went out of the room.

Then Margery went to Martin and stooped over him and put her rounded arm about his neck and pressed her rosy cheek to his wasted one.

"Dear, dear Martin," she sobbed, "you will never leave me again."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

SCIENCE & MECHANICS

A French invention consisting of bulb thermometers, predicts at sundown whether there will be a frost.

The number of different species of animals known to naturalists is, roughly, 156,000, of which 15,300 are vertebrates, or backboned.

Prof. von Hanseman, of Germany, has concluded, after examining the brains of Mommsen, Von Helmholtz and the painter Menzel, that geniuses are hydrocephalous.

The use of train speed indicators is said to be compulsory on passenger locomotives in several countries of Continental Europe and they are largely used on freight locomotives as well.

Failure of a concrete arch bridge which had just been built but not yet put into service is reported to have occurred at Lowry, near Bedford City, Va., on April 27. The bridge is stated to have had a span of about 100 feet.

A geological discovery as interesting as that of the State Geologist of Iowa, who lately found the fossil tooth of a hippopotamus in that State, has been made in a clay deposit at Filey, Yorkshire, England, where the remains of a large crocodile have been unearthed, including several large vertebrae and some large scales.

The difficulty so long found in bonding together new and old concrete has been obviated by a recent patent. This bond consists of an extract of coal tar, used instead of water as the mixing agent for neat Portland cement. The mixture is laid in one-eighth inch to one-quarter inch layers on the old concrete surface, and immediately followed by new concrete or mortar. The inventor says that the compound is entirely insoluble, and forms a complete and monolithic bond between the old and new work.

The aurora borealis is attributed to cathode rays by both Prof. Birkeland, a Norwegian, and M. Villard, a French physicist. In some experiments by the former, the earth has been represented by a spherical electro-magnet wrapped in copper foil spread with barium platino-cyanide. The barium salt became luminescent on exposure to a pencil of cathode rays, and on exciting the magnet the light seemed to concentrate round the poles and throw out auroral streamers. The difference between the two theories is that one supposes the cathode rays to come from the sun, while the other assigns to them a terrestrial origin.

FIND A NEW PEOPLE.

The Workmans Discover a Himalayan Village 12,000 Feet Up.

Dr. and Mrs. Bullock Workman, well known for their explorations at great altitudes, are now in Paris on their way to London from India, where they made an effort to unveil the mysteries of the Himalayas.

"Last summer," said Dr. Workman, "we camped at the highest altitude attained by man, 21,300 feet. This was in the unexplored Minkum Range in the Province of Suru Kashmir. From our camps on a snow plain surrounded by seven towering peaks, we ascended to a height where I stopped to take photographs as the mist was increasing, while Mrs. Workman climbed to a peak 23,300 feet above the level of the sea.

"Only once was this record broken, when I climbed the Chogo Lungma glacier, 23,394 feet. During the last five days of our climb the atmosphere was so rare we were unable to sleep. The thermometers went down to six below zero Fahrenheit. Our coolies went no higher than 19,000 feet.

"The highest peak of the range seemed beyond the possibility of attainment, as on all sides it was nearly perpendicular, so we ascended the second highest. This was by no means easy, for the ice walls sloped between sixty and seventy degrees each.

"Avalanches in the Alps were miniatures compared to those we saw in the Himalayas. Some were half a mile wide, and plunged down the precipitous slopes with a terrific roar. It was appalling in grandeur. I managed to make important scientific records, but must reserve them for a paper I shall read before a scientific body in London."

The Workmans found a people of a Mongolian type at a height of 10,000 feet growing rye, wheat, oats and barley, and even at 12,000 feet they saw a village where human beings were living in huts with white goats, fowls, marmots and strange animals. These people are not much above the animal in many respects. Above 14,000 feet the Workmans saw only a species of partridge and a pair of chough birds, like the crow, but thinner and with red beaks and feet. The doctor said he had heard of snow leopards being found at great altitudes, but saw none, and above 16,000 feet there was practically no life.

Mattresses of Paper.

Mattresses made of paper shavings are in use in Germany for soldiers' beds. The shavings are said to be more comfortable than straw, and need changing only once in three years.—Tit Bits.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

LITTLE PRUE.

Sewing all day for her dollies;
Washing and ironing, too;
From morning till night so busy
Is our dear little Miss Prue.

She is never idle a minute,
Save when she's asleep, you know;
And then she is only resting,
And taking time to grow.

—M. W., in the Birmingham Age-Herald.

THE KING OF THE IROQUOIS.

In the dramatic struggle between France and England for the mastery of this continent it was one Irishman's genius that gave the magnificent prize to Great Britain.

If the great Iroquois confederacy, known as the "Six Nations," had thrown its power upon the side of the French it is morally certain that England would have lost the battle, and the supremacy would have gone to the Latin rather than to the Saxon. But the Iroquois sided with the English and that fact was the death-knell of French aspirations.

It was the great good sense, consummate tact and marvellous personality of Sir William Johnson that won over, and held fast the friendship of the powerful red men.

It was a disappointed love affair that sent Johnson to America. In the land of the Shamrock, a land that he loved with all his heart and where, doubtless he would have been content to remain, he fell in love with a beautiful girl who was unable to reciprocate his affection, and, brokenhearted, the young man sailed for the New World.

He was only twenty-three when he landed in New York, but young as he was he was intrusted with a most important task—that of the management of a large landed estate in the Mohawk Valley belonging to his uncle, Sir Peter Warren.

Sir Peter could not have picked out a better man to look after his interests in the New World. Johnson attended to his responsible trust in a way that was both businesslike and honorable, and his uncle never regretted the confidence he had put in him.

In the meantime Johnson went into business for himself, and at a point some twenty-five miles west of Schenectady began a systematic Indian trade. In all of his dealings with the red men he was scrupulously fair, never permitting his agents to wrong them in any way. He also, diplomatically and yet firmly, held the red men to the rule of strictest justice. He never cheated them himself, nor would he allow them to cheat him.

Johnson's absolute integrity appealed to the Indians, and they soon grew to trust him implicitly. The savages felt that at last they had struck a palefaice who intended, come what might, to speak and act truly and honorably.

The wild Mohawks had such reverence for the great-hearted, good-natured Irishman that they made him a sachem, and when Sachem Johnson spoke the braves listened and obeyed.

By the time of the breaking out of hostilities between the French and English Johnson had made the powerful masters of the Mohawk Valley such fast friends that it required but a word from him to make them the friends also of Great Britain.

The French would cheerfully have given millions to have procured an Iroquois alliance, but the mingled blarney and fair dealing of the Irishman defeated the realization of their wish and with that the consummation of their high designs upon this North American continent.

After the treaty of 1763, as a token of its appreciation of his services during the war, the British Government gave Johnson a hundred thousand acres of land north of the Mohawk River. He had previously been knighted by the King, and full of honors Sir William died at Johnstown, N. Y., 1774, in his fifty-ninth year.—The Rev. Thomas B. Gregory, in the New York American.

DEVOTION OF A HORSE.

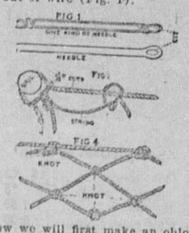
Animal devotion has received a fresh illustration in the action of the horse of Archie Montgomery, a young farmer of East Coldenham, N. Y. While going home from his milk route in a bitter cold wind last winter Montgomery fell asleep. His faithful horse was finding its own way in the darkness, as it had often done before, when at a grade crossing about fifteen miles above Cornwall-on-Hudson a southbound train struck the wheels of the wagon. The young man was hurled unconscious to the side of the track, amid a pile of wreckage. Three hours later he was found unconscious by a searching party, and over him, sheltering him from the piercing wind with its body, stood the devoted horse. The animal had evidently refused to desert its driver and seek shelter, although blanketless and exposed to a temperature of fifteen degrees below zero. But for its faithfulness Montgomery would have perished of cold. As it was, his injuries did not prove fatal. —New York Tribune.

A REMARKABLE FUNGUS.

I was following an old wood road and paused for a moment to enjoy the beauty of the sun-flecked pathway; a bit of orange color attracted my attention. On closer examination I found a slim, club-shaped object about an inch long that appeared to be the cap of a small fungus. It reminded me of the spadix of a calla-lily. Wondering from what source this strange little parasite had been getting its food, I poked away the decaying leaves from the short stem and found to my great astonishment that the small, branching roots of this remarkable fungus were embedded in the head of a brown chrysalis about an inch in length. The chrysalis had lost its plumpness and was light to the touch, plainly showing that while it had served as a host for the little parasite a wonderful transformation had taken place. Mother nature had changed the organs of an insect into this odd little orange-colored fungus.—From Nature and Science in St. Nicholas.

HOW TO MAKE A NET.

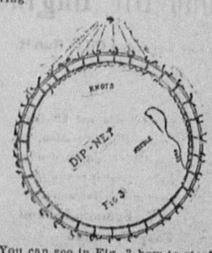
The first thing to learn is how to make the knot. It is easily made, and I won't have it to explain, as you can make one by using the illustration as a guide. When you get that "down pat" make your needle. It may be a darning needle or a bodkin, if you have one; if not, you can make one out of wire (Fig. 1).



Now we will first make an oblong net—a minnow net. Material: Four big nails, five yards of one-eighth-inch cord, two balls of wrapping cord and one needle.

Mark off on a board or table an oblong one and one-half yards long by one yard wide, and drive a big nail in each of the four corners, then run your one-eighth-inch cord around them, and tie it tight. Then begin to knit, tying the knots one-half inch apart (Fig. 2). Start string as shown in Fig. 2.

Next we will make a dip net. Material: A hoop five inches larger in diameter than the finished dip net is to be, one-eighth-inch cord and string



You can see in Fig. 3 how to start. A is the hoop, B is a lot of loops to hold the cord to the hoop. Knit around and around. When you come to the centre a few more knots will make the net "fish tight." Then take it off and run a hickory band around it, allowing plenty of sag, and tack your net on.—Bernard Wills, Age Fifteen Years, Cincinnati, Ohio, in the Woman's Home Companion.

A STAMP MENAGERIE.

A very complete menagerie may be formed from a collection of postage stamps having animals, birds and fish as the central figures. The animals represented are lion, tiger, elephant, giraffe, jaguar, camel, hippopotamus, buffalo, bear, leopard, dog, kangaroo, deer, horse, cow, llama, goat, monkey, donkey, beaver, duckbill, seal, sable, gorilla, cobra, crocodile, tortoise. The fowl family is represented by the peacock, owl, heron, eagle, parrot, turkey, snipe, swan, goose, quail, dove, huia-bird, emu, pheasant, lyre-bird, apteryz, torea. Of fish there are but two—the cod and carp. The insect kingdom has one representative in the butterfly, nestling in the coiffure of former Queen Liliuokalani.—From Frank J. Stillman's "Stamp Collecting," in St. Nicholas.

An Artificial Island.

The War Department has determined upon the plans for the building of an artificial island at the entrance to Chesapeake Bay. This island will be built up from a submerged ledge, and will be made sufficiently large to contain, besides a battery to command the approach to the bay's entrance, quarters and barracks for men and a parade ground for drill, together with suitable storehouses for provisions and ammunition which would be required for a protracted period. A part of the program is the construction of an artificial harbor to accommodate the supply of boats and submarines, the latter to form an adjunct of the coast defense system.—Harper's Weekly.

Danger in Giving Up Business.

The man who wishes to live out his alloted span of life, with ten or twenty years to spare, should never retire from business. That is the opinion of Dr. Scofield, an eminent physician of London. He says there is a great danger in any sudden change of environment after a certain age.

TALES OF ADVENTURE

THE END OF BLACKBEARD.

All the world has heard of "Blackbeard," the English sailor who, after having been a highly respected officer in His Majesty's navy, turned pirate and raised the black flag against everything afloat.

This notorious sea robber, whose real name was Teach, I believe, took his pseudonym from the fact that he wore a very heavy black beard, which he was in the habit of doing up in two large braids and tying them up behind his ears. He was a man of gigantic proportions and of surpassing strength. His heart was as cruel as that of a tiger. Every now and then, when there was nothing else in sight, he would shoot one or two of his own men—just to keep his practice up!

In the early days of the eighteenth century Blackbeard patrolled the waters of Europe, but it finally became too hot for him there and he struck out for the coasts of North America. How well he plied his trade in the new field is evidenced by the fact that from Nova Scotia to Florida he succeeded in making his name a mortal terror.

In a captured ship of forty guns he entered Charleston harbor and held the town up for a large ransom. From Charleston he passed into the waters of North Carolina, plundering and slaying right and left, and in their distress the "Tar Heels," being able to get no aid from their own Governor, Eden, appealed to Governor Spotswood, of Virginia, to relieve them of the terrible pirate, who was making their lives a hell.

Spotswood did not listen to the appeal in vain. Looking about for some one to put a quietus upon Blackbeard he found the person he wanted in one Robert Maynard, a young officer on His Majesty's ship Pearl, which happened to be lying at the time in Chesapeake Bay.

Manning a couple of small craft with some sixty resolute men, Maynard set out early in November, 1718, in search of Blackbeard, and on the 21st of the same month found him at Ocracoke Inlet, North Carolina. Blackbeard did not know what fear was, young Maynard was as full of fight as a hungry wildcat, and the ball opened at once. The dancing was to the tune of "No Quarter!" For over three hours Maynard and his sixty men fought the pirate and his fifty associates.

Blackbeard sprang to the rail of his ship and seizing a bottle of whisky, drank from it and shouted: "Damnation seize my soul if I give you any quarter or take any from you!" "I neither ask for nor will I grant you any quarter!" roared back Maynard.

In the shallow waters of the Carolina Sound the pirate's ship grounded and Maynard made for her, intending to board her in the final death grapple, but as the two vessels came together Blackbeard anticipated his intended movement and jumped aboard of him with sixteen of his followers. Maynard had but thirteen men left by this time, but with these he tackled the sixteen pirates and their desperate leader.

Crossing swords with Blackbeard Maynard succeeded in dealing him a death thrust, and in the meantime his men had killed or wounded all of Blackbeard's followers.

With the sea robber's head swinging by its long black hair from the bowsprit of his little craft Maynard sailed back to Virginia to receive the congratulations of the Governor and the loving thanks of all dwellers along the American seaboard.—The Rev. T. B. Gregory, in the New York American.

THE WHALEMEN'S TIGER HUNT.

Two days had been spent watering ship at a spring on the banks of the New River, which is a day's sail from Anjer, a neat little roadstead in the Island of Java, and on the morning of the third day the captain of the New Bedford whaler concluded he would make an excursion a few miles up the river. Accordingly his boat was fitted out with some provisions, and there was a gun for each man, with plenty of ammunition. The captain took his rifle, the only weapon of its kind on board. A young whaler with a record as a good shot—a tiger at twenty feet being his achievement—was ordered into the boat as the lookout man and sharpshooter. What followed after they set sail is best told in his own words as he has written them in Forest and Stream.

The wind was fair and we proceeded up the river at a good pace. It was a narrow, sluggish stream, its banks bordered with virgin forests, and no sign of human habitation; the trees were full of birds and monkeys, and they kept up a racket which was novel and interesting to us. Then, too, the captain was in excellent humor, full of yarns of his voyages and adventures, and the time passed rapidly. At noon we ate our lunch and took in sail, and began our return journey, estimating that we had gone up the river about fifteen miles.

The wind was now dead ahead, and we got out oars for a fifteen-mile pull, a mere trifle for well seasoned whalemen. Bending to the ash we made the boat spin along at a lively gait, and were some five miles away from the turning point when suddenly the captain exclaimed:

"My goodness! Look at that tiger!" And sure enough, lying well out on an overhanging branch of a tree under which we must pass lay a magnificent tiger, evidently watching its chance to spring into our boat.

To say that the captain was "gallied" conveys but a faint idea of his mental condition, and as for my shipmates, they were a sight to behold. Perhaps my experience at Anjer helped to steady my nerves, for while the captain was still in a funk I said, confidently:

"Captain, let me have your rifle, and I feel sure I can knock that fellow off his perch."

The captain handed me the rifle, and in an instant I drew a bead, and just as the captain was saying, "Now, Jack, don't miss him," I fired. I felt shaky myself, for I knew if I missed him the chances were that when he made his spring he would land in our frail boat, and that would be the end of boat, captain and crew.

But the bullet went to the mark. Like an arrow from a bow the beautiful creature shot through the air. We felt the wind of his form as he passed only a few inches over our heads, and with a fearful splash went below the surface of the water. The instant he struck the captain roared like a lion:

"Now, pull, boys, pull! Let's get out of this infernal hole!"

We did pull, better perhaps than we ever did on going on to a whale, and the gait we made in going back to the ship held the record for the rest of the voyage. Long after, sometimes when the captain would get excited in pulling for a fleeing whale, he would sing out, "Pull, boys, pull! There's a tiger up that tree!"

BRAVE WOMAN'S WILD RIDE.

Alone on her farm and unable without assistance to extinguish the flames of a burning bridge, Dora Jasper mounted an unbroken colt and rode three miles over hills and gullies to warn the crew of the fast mail train that, but for her warning, would have crashed through the burned trestle.

Mrs. Jasper's farm is near Eureka Springs, Ark., on the Missouri and North Arkansas Railway. When Mrs. Jasper first noticed that the trestle bridge over a branch of White River had been fired by the sparks of a passing freight she attempted single handed to put out the blaze. Finding this impossible, she ran to her barn. Every animal and every saddle and bridle was in use with the sole exception of a wild, unbroken colt and one rope halter.

Bareback and halter-bridled, Mrs. Jasper rode at racing speed to the switch, which she reached in time to flag the train. Besides the train crew and fully 100 passengers, a high official of the road was on the train.

His first order was for the finest side-saddle to be obtained with a suitable inscription stamped on the flap to commemorate her bravery.—New York Times.

A WARTIME CHRISTMAS EVE.

One day in December the soldiers of the Sixty-ninth Battalion, in which several artists were enrolled, received orders to guard the bridge at Suresnes. They had taken up their position there when some one remarked, "It is Christmas Eve," and the young men, suddenly aroused on that cold winter night, gave themselves up to dreams of the beautiful festivities of their childhood.

An air of melancholy pervaded the whole camp. The clock struck 12 and a voice cried "Midnight!" Then a soldier of singular height left the battalion, advanced toward the plain and with a magnificent voice sang the Noel of Adam. All the soldiers took up the chorus and the song revived their spirits. On the other side of the Seine the Germans struck up Luther's hymn by way of response. Then the firing was renewed.

The enemy's bullets which this time spared the unexpected singer were to strike him dead twenty-five days later in the fight at Buzenval. He was one of the painters of the company. His name was Henri Regnault, and his paintings to-day are among the finest in the Louvre.—Jean Frollo, in the Petit Parisien.

NOVEL "LIFE PRESERVERS."

Mr. Hare, in his book, "The Last of the Bushrangers," says that in the early days of the Ballarat diggings in Australia a police officer was very ill with an abscess of the liver, and the doctors had all given him up.

A police magistrate had watched over him night and day, and when all hope seemed to be gone the dying man said to his benefactor:

"My dear fellow, you have been very good to me, and I want to leave you something. I am the only man in camp who has a pair of boot-trees. When I am gone you may have them."

The magistrate was very grateful. The next day he went into the sick-room softly, believing his friend was dying or was dead, and took possession of the boot-trees; but before he could get out of the room with them the owner, who had been watching him, suddenly started up, and called out:

"Come, come, now! Just leave those trees alone. I'm not dead yet!"

The sudden attempt to rise burst the abscess, and he recovered. Years afterward the boot-trees used to be shown as "life preservers."—Rochester Herald.

The Mint Crop.

The peppermint crop in Western Michigan includes from 2000 to 3000 acres, mostly reclaimed swamp land. It is rich and heavy soil, but still wet and springy at certain times in the year. The mint fields are carefully prepared and kept free of weeds. The mint is mowed, partly dried and put through a distillery to extract the oil. Most large growers have distilling outfits on their farms. The usual yield in the Michigan section is about fifty pounds of oil per acre, and the price this year is $2.50 a pound. Most of the mint produced in this country is grown in Southern Michigan and in Wayne County, N. Y.—American Cultivator.

Old Roast of Shakespeare.

Pepys' Diary, 1659-1669, commenting on Shakespeare's plays, says of "Midsummer Night's Dream:" "It is the most insipid, ridiculous play I ever saw in my life," and upon reading "Othello, Moor of Venice,' which I have hitherto esteemed a mighty good play, but having lately read the 'Adventures of Five Hours,' it seems a mean thing."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

The present population of Birmingham, England, is 540,000.