THE QUEENSTOWN NEWS.

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These are the days, observes the Atlanta Journal, when people look over the paper to find which road has contributed the daily wreck.

Spasms of virtue and spasms of reform do no good. The only way to effect reform, contends the Birmingham Ledger, is by cool, peristent, determined effort.

Dr. Wiley's declaration that there is no decent excuse for failing to attain a ripe old age will probably not affect his popularity with the life insurance companies.

Secretary Taft is alleged to have declared his willingness to eat his hat if the Panama Canal is not finished within eight years. Mr. Taft doesn't wear a small hat, either, asserts the Chicago Record-Herald.

The advice of the Agricultural Department that farmers should not kill skunks may be generally followed when the department originates a breed of deodorized skunks without a taste for chickens, prophesies the Pittsburg Dispatch.

London is considering the public banquet seriously in the light of a public nuisance. It is estimated that every year in the British metropolis sees at least 10,000 orgies of dishes and speeches, and a feeling of oppression is growing upon the men who are forced into the position of confirmed diners-out.

Observes the Denver Republican: "We may be tempted at times to think that it is only in places like Colorado and a few of the large cities of the world that scientific men are considering the problems of tuberculosis, but the fact is that many of the ablest men in every civilized country on earth are studying methods of treatment."

The fact that to encourage the birds is to discourage the insects is too little appreciated, in the opinion of the New Haven Register. Probably we wouldn't have any trees of any sort if the feathered exterminators didn't pursue the insects day and night. It is time their help was appreciated, and the helpers encouraged instead of hunted to the death. The protection of education and law cannot be too strongly thrown about the birds.

Pure food laws and other legislation in the interests of honestly made goods that really are what they profess to be, are doing much to protect people from injurious products, and the dealer who sells the latter for the sake of the larger profit will have to pay the penalty, announces the Indianapolis News. The manufacture or sale of impure food products is a perilous proceeding, now that the people of the country have become aroused to a recognition of the danger to health and life that lurks in them, and Congress and the State Legislatures have enacted laws providing for strict examination of such articles and the punishment of those who deal in them. The legal brand of wholesomeness has become the safeguard of the purchaser.

The poet's wish for a "manly independence" finds an earnest response in nearly every human breast, avers the Philadelphia Ledger. The independence to which he referred was a competence or wealth which gives so many kinds of freedom. Myriads are that from the "sad vicissitude of things" they are but "slaves of circumstance," doomed to toil for mere subsistence, and constantly deprived of the broad liberty which captivates the imagination—the liberty to do as one pleases. It is, no doubt, very beautiful to be at liberty and free, and there are a great many people who misconstrue the limits of possible independence, and imagine that they could be positively indifferent to the attitude of their fellow-men. Many thoughtless people of means really believe that they are independent, but independence for the individual in a civilized country is only a relative term, and its limits are very strictly and narrowly circumscribed at best.

In the campaign against "the wealthy criminal classes" the West still leads, admits the New York Press. Following Ohio, where Ice Trust directors have really been put in jail and Standard Oil conspirators have been started in that direction, comes now Nebraska. Samuel E. Howell, president of the Omaha Coal Trust, has been sentenced to serve six months in jail. Judge Sutton said in passing the sentence that but for money and good lawyers Howell would have been in jail long ago, where he belonged. Also that Howell was "no better than a common highwayman who put a revolver to a man's face and made him give up his money." Newspapers have been printing sentiments like this for years with regard to trust criminals. American citizens by the millions have been saying them in fearless fashion. But they do not count until public prosecutors begin to act on them, until juries approve them and until they are thundered from the bench.

THE RIGHT OF WAY

A Railroad Agent's Stratagem.

The president of the Great Southwestern Railway Company tapped impatiently on the table. The other members of the board kept a constrained silence, and the second vice-president, in charge of extension, gazed longingly at a plebeian sign of "beer" across the street and seven stories below. It was at him the president was directing his remarks.

"It is ridiculous," he said, "that we should be blocked by the obstinacy of one man in our endeavor to build this branch line. A casual observer would certainly suppose that the executive department of the company had sufficient brains to overcome such an obstacle as this. The situation is simple enough. Here is our road and here is the mountains in which the new strikes have been made. To develop them, machinery must be hauled in and ore hauled out. That means a branch line. One man owns all the land—mesa and foothills—between the railroad and the mines. We must cross his ranch, but he delcines to sell a right of way. He is a pioneer and is bull-headed. He says the country was getting along without railroads when he came here, and that it can get along without them still. We must overcome his objections—but how? We offer to pay him well for all damage done, and he replies by suggesting that our grading outfit bring along one flat-car of coffins. He is certainly a contrary individual. Have I stated the case correctly?"

"You have," said the second vice-president, removing his gaze from the sign below to the map on the table, "with one exception. Colonel Snortally is not an individual; he is a community, and more; he is a corporation, because he owns 40,000 acres of land; he is a political party, because he employs more cow-punchers than you can ordinary get together at a country dance; he is a law-giver, because of his wealth and the taxes he pays; he is a law-enforcer so far as he sees fit, because he can shoot straight and has men with him who can do likewise; he is society, because his daughter, whom I have had the pleasure of meeting, is the most beautiful young lady in the Territory. What can a poor, ordinary railroad company do against such a combination? We can not condemn until we can get a right of way from the board of supervisors, and he is the county government."

The president mopped his brow. His gaze wandered across the street and down seven stories to a sign. He arose and picked up his silk hat.

"All right," he said. "We must get across that ranch some way."

A cloud of dust was coming down the road. Theophilus Smith carefully watched it for a moment and then turned Bucyrus among the boulders by the roadside. Bucyrus was his mule. Just ahead of the dust-cloud appeared a frantic horse, tearing wildly down the road toward him. Now and then he could catch glimpses of a swaying buckboard and a young lady clinging to the seat. Theophilus, who was a careful young man, put his briarwood pipe in the inside pocket of his jacket, drew his sombrero down tightly upon his head, and then disinterestedly watched the approaching runaway. As the dust-cloud and its contents passed, Bucyrus wheeled, and they, too, went flying down the road. Through sand and over boulders they went, horse, buckboard, mule and dust.

"Excuse me, miss," said Theophilus, as he came alongside and reached for the bit of the running horse; "pleasant day, is it not?"

He gripped the bridle hard, pulled sideways and backward, and Bucyrus cheerfully sat down to the occasion and slid. There was more dust, and then they stopped.

Theophilus rubbed some of the dirt from his eyes and raised his sombrero to the girl in the buckboard. She looked at him with wide-open blue eyes.

"I am very sorry," he said, politely, "to stop you so rudely merely to ask you a question; but will you kindly pardon me and inform me where Colonel Snortally lives?"

The young lady's lip quivered, and, instead of replying, she burst into tears. Then, recovering from her embarrassment and fright, she drew a deep breath and smiled faintly, and, as the color came back to her cheeks, she answered:

"I am the colonel's daughter, and I will gladly show you the way home."

Theophilus spoke a few words to the still restless horse, handed the reins up to the young lady, and led Bucyrus to the rear of the buckboard to which he tied him.

"I suppose," said the colonel's daughter, as they started up the road, "that I should thank you for saving my life and my father's best buckboard. Really, I thank you very much. If you will stop at the house for dinner, I will try to show my gratitude with some tortillas and frijoles of my own cooking."

"The debt of gratitude is on my side, and not yours," Theophilus answered. "I am in search of work as a cowboy, and I can not but hope that your acquaintance is an auspicious omen."

"Cowboys don't talk like that," she said, a little sharply, eyeing him in surprise. "You're not fitted for a range man, anyway. Cattlemen don't ride mules. Papa says there is only one animal more ridiculous, stupid and idiotic than a mule, and that is the man who rides one."

"But your father doesn't know Bucyrus."

"Nor his owner," she rejoined, laughing.

They stopped in front of a long, low, adobe ranch house, with deep-set windows and doors. Ivy circled the windows and climbed to the eaves. A few firs, some tall blue gums and a dozen palms stood in the front yard. The house was set far back, and the veranda that surrounded it was half-hidden in the green of orange trees. A stream from the mountains ran through the orchard in the rear, its course marked by a line of cottonwoods and willows, that broke the monotony of the otherwise treeless mesa. On the other side of the creek, and at some distance from the house, were the corrals and stables of the ranch.

The young lady stepped lightly to the ground. "I will call papa," she said.

A few minutes later a tall man, heavy set, with a face like the full moon in harvest time, his scanty locks somewhat grizzled with the first snowfall of the winter of life, came swinging down the walk with great strides.

"How air ye!" he shouted before reaching the gate. "Glory tells me ye ketched that son of Satan thar jest in time. I'm mighty glad to meet ye." He seized Theophilus' hand and Theophilus tried to look pleased.

"Jack!" shouted Colonel Snortally. A dusty cowboy with a sombrero on the back of his head sauntered around the corner of the house. "Take that hoss out beyond thar'n' shoot him. Come in Mister—er——"

"Smith."

"Dinner'll be ready by'n by. Whar'd that beast come from?" he added, pointing at Bucyrus.

"He's my mule," answered Theophilus.

"You don't say so! S'posed you know'd better'n that. Mules hain't no place on this ranch. Can't ye find a greaser to give him to?"

"Bucyrus is no common mule," said his owner, calmly; "he knows more than any horse you ever saw. And he can run, too."

This last remark amused the colonel so mightily that he sat down on the porch and laughed heartily. A mule that could run! "I never yet clapped eyes on a mule that could ketch a yearlin' calf in a fair race. Must be a slow kentry you grow'd up in, young man." The colonel wiped his eyes and chuckled.

"Well, if I stay," said the defender of mules determinedly, "I'll show you one mule that can run."

"Stay! Of course ye'll stay if ye wanter," said Colonel Snortally, cordially. "Ye kin hev your pick of jobs, an' ef you must make a holy show of that mule, we'll pervide the necessary accessories."

Theophilus stayed. He was handy with the lariat, rode a horse like a native and a mule a great deal better. He evidently understood all the marks and deeps of the bovine character, and very shortly won for himself which he could not for his mule—the colonel's respect. When Bucyrus would head off a skillful stampeder, Colonel Snortally would grumble something about "fools rushin' in," and when he would dodge a belligerent steer he would growl something about a "fool for luck." On the subject of mules the colonel and Theophilus continued to disagree. They argued the question morning, noon and night. The colonel pointed out the bad qualities of the mule; Theophilus grew eloquent over the animal's virtues. Glory smiled, but took no part in the discussion which resulted in the famous race at Crag's Corner—a race that is still memorable throughout all of the Poncho Basin country.

The colonel brought out a long-legged mustang that he had purchased across the border the year before. This mustang was a sad deceiver, and had lightened the pocket of many a cowboy who had backed a home animal against the imported stock. A light-weight Mexican rode him. A few minutes later Bucyrus ambled forth, wearing that surprised look of a mule when he is but half-awakened from a sweet dream of peace, with plenty of barley hay in it. Judge Arkansaw West officiated as starter and judge. All the inhabitants of the Basin were on hand to see the race, and even old man Johnson stopped his sheep-shearing and came from over the range with all hands to enjoy the holiday.

At the start the mustang ran away from Bucyrus, and at the quarter there was room enough for a threshing machine between them. The crowd laughed and cheered, and the colonel issued a general invitation for free drinks for all present after the race, for the colonel was very fond of his own opinion. For some reason Glory did not smile. But when the animals reached the half, there was a change. Bucyrus seemed to remember that he was neither asleep nor working for the Government. He began to run. At the last quarter there was silence, for the crowd was holding its breath. While the mustang and Bucyrus were coming down the home stretch the colonel's countenance was interesting, and when Bucyrus passed under the wire something more than an ear ahead, the colonel arose and made his way through the silence to Crag's Palace of Delight and faintly asked for a stimulant.

That night Theophilus showed a woeful lack of good taste. He ostentatiously reviewed the merits of the mule family, and of Bucyrus in particular. The colonel sat in fiery silence and chewed the cud of bitter reflection; but finally, when Theophilus wound up by declaring that Bucyrus could outrun the Overland Limited from Crag's Corner to the mountain road crossing, a distance of a little over a mile, Colonel Snortally arose in his wrath and swore.

"I'll bet ye anything ye want that yer wall-eyed apology fer a hoss can't do anything of the kind," he said.

"Will you bet my pick of any hundred unimproved acres on your ranch against Bucyrus that he can't?" quietly asked Theophilus.

"Sartinly," said the colonel, who, deep down in his heart, had a liking for Bucyrus.

"All right," said Theophilus; "if you say so, we will settle it to-morrow—going west." The colonel said so, and went to bed.

By the light of the stars that night a man rode hurriedly down to Crag's Corner, the nearest railroad station, and before dawn rode as hurriedly back to the ranch again.

The next day was another day of excitement in the Basin. The rumor of the novel race spread swiftly. That is why Ike Williams heard, way up in Rocky Gulch, that Colonel Snortally had bet his 40,000-acre ranch against a herd of mules that a certain swift animal of that kind could not beat the Overland Limited in a ten-mile race.

The wagon road ran for miles along the railroad track, so Bucyrus was not handicapped. The race was an even one up to the last fifty years, when Bucyrus, by a tremendous spurt, shot ahead and passed the crossing with twenty feet of daylight between himself and the engine. But there are wiseacres in the Basin who shake their heads when telling of the wonderful race, and hint that the engineer was half asleep.

Colonel Snortally was a good loser, and he cheerfully invited Theophilus out the next day to choose his hundred acres. He was not the less cheerful because Theophilus the night before had made him a present of Bucyrus. Theophilus proved an amazing chooser. He took a narrow strip of land running from the corner up to Warder's Canon, at the foot of the mountains. To the colonel's jesting about his choice, he said something about it making a good racetrack.

About a week later Theophilus was enjoying one evening a quiet after-dinner smoke on the veranda. He was at peace with the world, when Colonel Snortally came up the walk. The colonel's face was like the sun shining red through a thunder-cloud. He was too much agitated to speak for a minute, but when he did begin to talk his words were to the point. From his expressions one might gather that he was perturbed by the fact that Theophilus had sold a certain hundred acres of land as a right of way to the Great Southwestern Railway Company. Colonel Snortally finished by declaring his intention of removing from the scene a stranger who had taken him in, and therewith drew his revolver.

There was a rustle of a dress, a low cry, and Glory was sobbing, with her face on Theophilus' shoulder.

"Don't do it, colonel, unless you feel compelled to," said Theophilus, rising with one arm about Glory, "and unless you want to make Glory a widow. We were married two days ago."

Colonel Snortally's face grew white and the revolver slipped from his grasp. Glory was the dearest of all to him.

The president of the Great Southwestern Railway Company looked across the street and down seven stories to a certain plebeian sign. Then he arose and picked up his cane and silk hat.

"Well," he said, "we won, after all. That was cleverly done—cleverly done."

"Yes," said the second vice-president; "but the attacking force lost heavily. For the young man from my office who engineered the deal has married the colonel's daughter, made peace with the colonel, and at the last report was laying out a town at the terimnus of our projected branch, and selling corner lots."—The Argonaut.

SCIENTIFIC & INDUSTRIAL

Interest has been aroused at Naples, Italy, by a motor invented by Giovanni Dilco, a resident of Andria, twenty-two years old. The motor is operated by compressed air, and the inventor says that he has solved the principle of perpetual motion.

The proprietors of an Austrian carpet factory at Mafferdorf have acquired German patents which embody a method of manufacturing carpets or floor coverings from paper. The new material can be made in all colors, is washable, and may prove itself a rival to linoleum.

A German patent covers the employment of egg shells as gas mantels. The two ends of the shell having been removed, it is to be supported by a gas burner, so that it may be heated to incandescence from the inside. Eggs are getting scarcer; and this may throw a little light on the subject.

The tear and rush of modern life have a strong influence in permanently disturbing the mental equilibrium. Among the symptoms of insanity usually given are slowness and difficulty in thought processes, peculiar restlessness and fixed delusions. It would, however, be a mistake to regard conclusions as a certain proof of insanity. There are many men attending to large businesses who have delusions.

A Swiss engineer announces a new fire escape. It consists of a series of folding iron ladders, contained in frames, attached to the window cases, each reaching to the window below. By merely turning a small winch on any floor all these frames are pushed outward from the building, the ladders extended and securely connected with each other, thus forming a continuous communication from the top floor to the ground. The manipulation is simple and takes less than a minute. When not in use the escape is barely visible, and does not disfigure the facade of the building in the manner that the ordinary outside iron staircase does. A public test of the new escape has proved successful, and the Vienna fire brigade representatives have expressed their approval of it.

For the Younger Children....

THE WABBLETY DOLL

Oh, my Wabblety Doll
I love best of all,
More even than golden-haired Lou!
On her face there's a crack,
There's a tear in her back,
'Twas ages ago she was new!
Now her joints are all loose,
So she's not any use,
Excepting—just only to me!
Oh, she is such a dear,
When I hold her near,
A real child's no nicer than she,
For she cuddles so sweet,
And her dear little feet
Hang dangling just over my arm
And her poor little head
On my breast makes a bed,
Where it's safe altogether from harm.
And she loves me, I know
For she clings to me so—
Just limp, and so weak!
Oh, the Wabblety Doll
Loves me best of all.
She'd say so if she could but speak.
—Rebecca D. Moore, in Youth's Companion.

CHINESE SHADOW PICTURES.

We will show you a simple way of making shadow pictures that appear in front of the spectators, while all preparations are made behind them (see illustration).

Place a light, preferably a candle, on the table and a sheet of white paper on the wall in the same height with the light. Place any non-transparent object, a large book, for instance, between the light and the sheet of paper. Stand a mirror on one side of the table in such a way that it throws a round or square light, according to the shape of the mirror, on the sheet of paper. Little figures cut out of paper are then placed between light and mirror and set in motion. Their shadows will appear on the sheet of paper, as shown in the illustration. — Washington Star.

The Clown on the Wall

PARSON WEEMS.

To the little hamlet of Dumfries, Virginia, belongs the credit of having sent out into the world one of the most curious characters in all our country's history.

It was in the above mentioned village, in the year 1760, that the subject of this sketch, Mason Locke Weems, first saw the light of this world.

By the advice of friends young Weems went to London to prepare himself for the ministry. Returning to his native Virginia he filled various pulpits, being finally called to the rectorate of the historic Pohick Church, near Mount Vernon, of which Washington was a vestryman.

Notwithstanding the fact that Parson Weems had in his congregation the "Father of His Country," and other social magnates of the Old Dominion, his salary was so small that he could not live upon it. Here was a "condition, not a theory," and the parson had to decide whether he would keep on along the old way or take up some new business that would give him a little more of the "needful."

He took the latter alternative and became a book agent, representing a well known Philadelphia publisher. Selling enough of his worldly goods to buy him a horse and saddle, he filled up his saddle bags with books, strapped his fiddle behind him and set out to dispose of his wares to the best possible advantage.

Riding through the Southland he stopped wherever he could find a crowd and began to tell stories and crack jokes, and when he had got his audience interested in his yarns he would spring upon them the main business of the occasion—the subject of his books. As a general thing he succeeded in exchanging them for the cash of which he was in such pressing need.

The parson was a fine fiddler as well as an accomplished story-teller, and when he could not sell his books by wagging his tongue he would set his fiddlestrings to vibrating, and as a rule the results were most gratifying. On one occasion, the story goes, Mr. Weems was playing with might and main at a young people's dancing party, when the screen behind which he was hiding fell down, revealing the fiddler in his sacred garb, "very much to the scandal of the beholders!"

About 1800 the book agent and fiddler turned to literature, meeting with such success as seldom comes to an author. Weems' "Life of Washington" is said to have been "one of the most popular books ever written by an American," going through some seventy editions.

"The Life of Washington" was followed by biographies of Marion, Franklin and William Penn, all of which were successes.

Parson Weems, while an intensely interesting writer, cared little for the trifles over which some people haggle. It made no difference to him whether a story was true or false, so long as it was attractive. The parson was probably all right at heart, but he dearly loved a "taking yarn."

That is why he published to the world "and the rest of mankind" the story of George Washington and the cherry tree. It was a very pretty story, pretty enough to be true—and that settled it.

But whatever we may think of Parson Weems' usefulness as a historian, no one can doubt his patriotism. He was a patriot to the core. Nobody, in his opinion, was greater than George Washington, and no cause holier than the one for which Washington made so many sacrifices. —The Rev. T. B. Gregory, in the New York American.

IN MARBLE SCRAMBLE.

To be born in Florence, Mass., is one of the jolliest things that can possibly happen to a young American. This will be so, at least, so long as Julius P. Main lives, for every year Mr. Main stocks up with 18,000 marbles and 1000 pennies, and then scatters the same before the village postoffice for the children of the community to scramble for. Mr. Main says that he does it "just for fun" and because he likes children, and he certainly does get enough fun out of it to last him a year. As for the children, they look forward to it as they do to the Fourth of July or Thanksgiving.

The twelfth penny scramble has just taken place, and one thousand children assembled to gather up Mr. Main's gifts. The hour set for the scramble was 1.30 o'clock, and long before that time children began to congregate, until the roadway was choked with them and the town constable had to make an opening to permit the trolley cars to pass through. There were as many girls as boys in the crowd, and they entered into the rough and tumble play with just as much vim as their brothers.

Both boys and girls were dressed for the occasion, the boys in overalls, sweaters and caps, which they promptly lost when the struggle began, and the girls in their oldest calicoes and ginghams, with no hats at all, for the penny scramblers are no respectors of persons, and feminine millinery would fare hardly in the fray. Most of the girls brought bags to stow away their treasures in, while the boys put their faith and their booty in their trusty and capacious pockets.

There are no printed rules for the contest, but it is is generally understood that no children over twelve or under five are to take part in it, and rarely do the boys and girls disregard this unwritten law. They also understand that they are not to strike or kick one another in their efforts to get the marbles and pennies, but they may fight with all their strength. That is, Mr. Main says, they may fight fair, but there must be no fouls. In general, he requires the football code to be followed. When the marbles are thrown out, the boys and girls enter into the contest together, and no consideration is shown to the weaker sex. In the struggle for the pennies, however, the greed for gold renders the boys more brutal, so they are required to remain on one side of the street, while the girls have the other. There is a desperate scramble over the pennies, but when a boy or girl actually gets hold of the coin no one has a right to take it away. In the case of marbles, the wise children know that quality is better than quantity. So before they do any fighting they watch carefully to see if there are any alleys in the handful which Mr. Main has thrown out, for what boy or girl does not know that an alley is worth fifteen common marbles?

Mr. Main always distributes his own gifts, and as he strides through the crowd of eager children, sowing the pennies and marbles broadcast, he makes a striking figure, for he is over six feet tall, and on these occasions he always wears a long butcher's frock, reaching to the tops of his cowhide boots, with a fur cap pulled close over his eyes, the rest of his face being almost covered by a bushy beard.

When the contest is all over, the children make for the candy department of the village store, and the coins for which they have fought so earnestly are turned into lollypops, "jaw breakers," taffy on a stick and black licorice.—New York Tribune.

INTELLIGENT BLIND HORSES.

The way in which blind horses can go about without getting into more difficulties than they ordinarily do is very remarkable, says a contemporary. They rarely, if ever hit their heads against a fence or stone wall. They will sheer off when they come near one. It appears from careful observation that it is neither shade nor shelter which warns them of the danger. On an absolutely sunless and windless day their behavior is the same. Their olfactory nerves doubtless become very sensitive, for they will poke their heads downward in search of water fifty yards before they come to a stream crossing the roadway. It cannot be an abnormally developed sense of hearing which leads them to do this, for they will act alike though the water be a stagnant pool. Men who have been blind for any great length of time develop somewhat similar instincts to blind horses.

Incidental Music.

One afternoon a couple from an adjoining town presented themselves to a Boston divine, and asked to be married, just as he was about to enter the pulpit to conduct an afternoon service. The minister replied that he regretted that he could not, at that moment, comply with their wish; but that, immediately upon the conclusion of the service, he would take pleasure in performing the ceremony.

The lovers, after some demurring, seated themselves in the rear of the church.

When the minister had finished the service he made the following announcement:

"The parties who are to be joined in matrimony will present themselves at the chancel immediately after the singing of hymn 415, 'Mistaken Souls That Dream of Heaven!'"

Where Discord is Dangerous.

The new band has been urged to give open-air concerts weekly, but the band boys are afraid to appear on the streets until they practice more. There are some pretty tough characters in Kelton and there is no telling what a few discords might prompt them to do.—Kelton (Wyo.) Tribune.

Pluck and Adventure.

A BALLOON ADVENTURE.

One of the most terrific experiences in the history of ballooning was that of three aeronauts who in 1875 made an ascension in a large and well made balloon, the Zenith. In this voyage the object was to reach the greatest possible altitude. The balloon rose to a height of 28,000 feet; that is, about five and a half miles from the earth. At this point something happened—what, no one will ever know, since the only surviving balloonist, Tissandier, was at the time insensible. But the balloon began a rapid fall, and finally struck the ground with such a frightful shock that Sivel and Croce-Spinnelli were killed instantly, while Tissandier's life was spared by a miracle.

The account of this frightful fall is perhaps best told in Tissandier's own words:

"At 23,000 feet we were standing up in the car. Sivel, who had given up for a moment, was reinvigorated. Croce-Spinnelli was motionless in front of me. I felt stupefied and frozen. I wished to put on my fur gloves; but, without being conscious of it, the action of taking them from my pocket necessitated an effort that I could no longer make. I copy verbatim the following lines which were written by me, although I have no very distinct remembrance of doing so. They are traced in a hardly legible manner by a hand trembling with cold:

"'My hands are frozen. I am all right. We are all right. Fog in the horizon, with little rounded cirrus. We are ascending. Croce pants. He inhales oxygen. Sivel closes his eyes. Croce also closes his eyes. Sivel throws out ballast.' These last words are hardly readable. Sivel seized his knife and cut successively three cords, and the three bags emptied themselves, and we ascended rapidly.

"When Sivel cut away the bags of ballast at the height of about 24,000 feet, I seemed to remember that he was sitting at the bottom of the car, and nearly in the same position as Croce-Spinnelli. For my part, I was in the angle of the car, thanks to which support I was able to hold up, but I soon felt too weak even to turn my head to look at my companions This was about 1.30 p. m. At 2.08 p. m. I awoke for a moment, and found the balloon rapidly descending. I was able to cut away a bag of ballast to check the speed, and wrote in my notebook the following words:

"'We are descending. Temperature, 3 degrees. I throw out ballast. Barometer, 12.4 inches. We are descending. Sivel and Croce still in a fainting state at the bottom of the car. Descending very rapidly.'

"Hardly had I written these lines when a kind of trembling seized me, and I fell back weakened again. There was a violent wind from below upward, denoting a very rapid descent. After some minutes I felt myself shaken by the arm, and recognized Croce, who had revived. 'Throw out ballast,' he said to me; 'we are descending;' but I could hardly open my eyes, and did not see whether Sivel was awake. I called to mind that Croce unfastened the aspirator, which he then threw overboard, and he threw out ballast, rugs, etc.

"All this an extremely confused remembrance, quickly extinguished; for again I fell back inert more completely than before, and it seemed to me that I was dying. What happened? It is certain that the balloon, relieved of a great weight of ballast, at once ascended to the higher regions.

"At 3.30 p. m. I opened my eyes again. I felt dreadfully giddy and oppressed, but gradually came to myself. The balloon was descending with awful speed, and making great oscillations. I crept along on my knees, and pulled Sivel and Croce by the arm. 'Sivel! Croce!' I exclaimed. 'Wake up!' My two companions were huddled up motionless in the car, covered by their cloaks. I collected all my strength and endeavored to raise them up. Sivel's face was black, his eyes dull, and his mouth was open and full of blood. Croce's eyes were half closed, and his mouth was bloody.

"To relate what happened afterward is impossible. I felt a frightful wind; we were still 9700 feet high. There remained in the car two bags of ballast, which I threw out. I was drawing near the earth. I looked for my knife to cut the small rope which held the anchor, but could not find it. I was like a madman, and continued to call 'Sivel! Sivel!' By great good fortune I was able to put my hand upon my knife and detach the anchor at the right moment.

"The shock on coming to the ground was dreadful. The balloon seemed as if it was being flattened. I thought it was going to remain where it had fallen; but the wind was high, and it dragged across fields, the anchor not catching. The bodies of my unfortunate friends were shaken about in the car, and I thought every moment they would be jerked out. At length, however, I seized the valve line, and the gas soon escaped from the balloon, which lodged against a tree. It was then 4 o'clock. On stepping out I was seized with a feverish attack, and sank down and thought for a moment that I was going to join my friends in the next world; but I came to. I found the bodies of my friends cold and stiff. I had them put under shelter in an adjacent barn. The descent of the Zenith took place in the plains 155 miles from Paris as the crow flies. The greatest height attained in this ascent is estimated at 28,000 feet.'—W. R. C. Latson, in the Sunday Magazine.

MONKEYS ON GUARD.

The monkey bears the same reputation the world over; he is keen for mischief, but wary of detection. The same traits are exhibited in India and in Africa. What Lady Broome has to report from Mauritius is in keeping with what other writers have told of monkeys in Algeria. Her ladyship, however, has observed some traits of monkey character which have escaped the professed naturalist. She noticed that these creatures chose Sunday for the time of raiding the sugar cane fields because on that day all the world was silent and sleepy.

It used to be my delight to watch from the window of an upper bedroom the stealthy appearance of the old sentinel monkeys, who first peered cautiously up, and who evidently reconnoitered the ground thoroughly. After a few moments of careful scouting, a sort of chirrup would be heard, which seemed the signal for the rest of the colony to scramble tumultuously up the bank. Such games as then started among the young ones, such antics and tumblings and rompings!

But all the time the sentinels never relaxed their vigilance. They spread like a cordon round the gambolling young ones, and kept turning their horribly wise human looking heads from side to side incessantly, only picking and chewing a blade of grass now and then. The mothers seemed to keep together, and doubtless gossiped; but let my old and perfectly harmless Skye terrier toddle round the corner of the veranda, and each female would dart into the group of playing monkeys, seize her property by its nearest leg, toss it over her shoulder, and quicker than the eye could follow she would have disappeared down the ravine. The sentinels had uttered their warning cry directly, but they always remained until the very last, and retreated in good order.

SAVED BY HIS FINGER TIPS.

A strange coincidence was observed in a prison at Leavenworth, Kan. The police were looking for a colored man, a murderer named William West. While they were still looking for him a young negro named William West was arrested for a minor offense. He was promptly charged with being the long sought murderer. He stoutly declared his innocence, but when he was measured by the Bertillion system it was found that he was exactly the size and shape of the murderer. Only one test remained, that of the print of the finger tips. An impression of them was taken and compared with that of the murderer's fingers, and the man was vindicated. It was clearly proved that he could not be the missing man. This was confirmed a few days later when the guilty William West was arrested. The coincidence of name and figure might have been fatal to the innocent man, if the impression of the finger tips had not also been employed as a means of identification. The police say that this test is infallible. The impression of one man's finger tips never corresponds exactly with those of any other man. The guilty man has thus reason to dread the test, while the innocent man rejoices in it. It is a solemn thought to those who are doing wrong secretly that the ancient patriarch represents God as applying a similar test.

Thou settest a print on the heels of my feet. (Job 13:27.)—Christian Herald.

A FLIGHT FROM FIRE.

A press dispatch from Worcester, Mass., tells the story of a woman's daring and presence of mind. She with her husband occupied a lone cottage in the woods. Her husband was away on an excursion and she was alone in the house. There had been brush fires on the outskirts of the forest, but no one thought anything of them and did not suppose they would spread among the big trees. A sudden and strong shift of the wind caused the flames to rush down a grove, and though energetic efforts were made to check them, they were soon beyond control. No messenger was sent to warn the lady in the lone cottage, for it was supposed that she was away with her husband. Looking from a window, she saw an unwonted light and realized her danger. Not waiting even to put on out-of-door dress she rushed from the house, mounted her wheel and dashed at full speed down a narrow path lined on either side with fierce flames. After a half-mile sprint she was out of the woods and in a clearing, where she fell, panting for breath, from her bicycle. She was considerably scorched and frightened and says that the experience was a frightful one, but her life was saved by her pluck and quick action. It is a pity that when the soul is threatened with destruction, men are seldom so prompt to act. They are reluctant to leave property and friends, even when the voice of conscience, like the voice of the angel at Sodom, warns them that flight is the only way of salvation.

Escape for thy life; look not behind thee, neither stay thou in all the plain; escape lest thou be consumed. (Gen. 19:17.) — Christian Herald.

Where Do the Flies Go?

He is here again—the first house fly of the season. He came sailing and buzzing in to-day with as much assurance as if his winter vacation had not lasted more than forty-eight hours. Now, where has the house fly been in all the peaceful weeks and months since he blessed your nerves with a cessation of his pestiferous attentions? He didn't perish or vanish from the earth, for you can easily tell that he is familiar with every spot that he touches. He is full grown and full fledged. He was not produced yesterday. No stranger could possibly make himself so much at home as your house fly visitor does to-day, as he disports himself with ethereal alacrity throughout your vicinage. "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but thou canst not tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth." So it is with the house fly. We know when he is gone, but nobody has ever uncovered the mystery of his retreat; we know that he will return, and we know when he does return; but is it given to even the angels in heaven to know where he bestows himself between the period of his subsidence and his recrudescence?—Kansas City Times.