THE QUEENSTOWN NEWS.

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In India only one person in a thousand is white, and, with the present unrest, terror invades many a European household.

Statistics show that the Japanese poulation of Korea is increasing at the rate of 30,000 a year. Pretty soon the natives will be spoken of as the foreign devils.

The vanishing hopes of the advocates of Home Rule for Ireland indicate that England will probably continue to stand Pat off, is the witty surmise of the Charleston News and Courier.

We have often wondered what Yale graduates do for a living, admits Judge, and since Professor Bailey has told us that seven and one-tenth per cent. of them are "farmers and politicians," we are still wondering how many of them are farmers.

To a noted English Canon, standing once in company before a portrait of Henry VIII., the question was put: "What would you do if the King were to step down out of his frame?" "I should," responded the Canon deliberately, "ask the ladies to leave the room."

Half the college girls, according to President G. Stanley Hall, of Clark University, fail to marry. But consider their usefulness as advisers of their married sisters, and as authorities on social science applied to matrimony, exclaims the New York World. Shall not their contributions to the theory of marriage offset shortcomings in its practice?

House-cleaning comes as an episode of domestic life to those who scrub and dust and to those who are scrubbed and dusted. But the world-cleaning, on which we have now entered, and from which there can be no reprieve, philosophizes the Christian Register, will tax the energy and the patience of the wisest and best during all the century to come.

Commenting upon the spectacle of the fallen boss of San Francisco in tears and making confession, the Call of that city says: "The end of Ruef is the beginning of decency. During his time of activity law has been a mockery and justice a byword in San Francisco for big rogues with money and little rogues with a pull. It is dramatically fitting that he should be among the first to prove on the pillory that in the end, soon or late, the fundamental agreement of organized society as to the conduct of men, the agreement upon which all human law is based, will be inexorably enforced."

In special circular the Department of Agriculture requests Northern people to protect all kinds of swallows and martins, the great enemies of the cotton-boll weevil. The [illegible] nest in the North. Either through a mistaken belief that they [illegible] or from indifference, Northerners have allowed these useful birds to decrease. By returning to the old picturesque practice of [illegible] martin boxes and leaving the barns for the barn swallows in the North can benefit and help their Southern [illegible], suggests Youth's Companion. birds which are [illegible] North, like the bobolink during their Southern [illegible] swallow is man's friend here. In his interstate [illegible] a perfect record.

The Berliner Tageblatt [illegible] that the great men [illegible] of things unknown [illegible] be demonstrated by [illegible] Diderot on July [illegible] friend, in [illegible] wonder if Comus [illegible] that he calls his [illegible] is the charlatan [illegible] turn the [illegible] physicists. His se[illegible] communication [illegible] who occupy different rooms [illegible] the co-operation of a third person. If this can be accomplished, why not establish communication between two towns a hundred miles apart? How nice that would be! The persons at either end would only need a little box. This would be a miniature printer's outfit, which would produce the same matter at both ends.'"

An officer of one of the important New York banks received a letter recently from a brother banker on the Pacific Coast from which the following is an extract: "Here on the coast we feel the slow transportation by the railroad companies probably worse than any other part of America, because most of the goods required on this coast come from the East and require overland transportation. Goods that used to arrive in about three weeks now take anywhere from three months to a year. This mode of transporting goods requires that the merchant carry a stock in his store and warehouse besides another stock en route. The result is that he must have more money from the banks, so that we find that the most of the large merchants borrow about twice as much as was their usual custom before the prevailing transportation methods."

A LITERARY CURIOSITY.

The following remarkable composition evinces an ingenuity of arrangement peculiarly its own. Explanation: The initial capitals spell "My boast is in the glorious cross of Christ." The words in bold-face type, when read from top to bottom and bottom to top, form the Lord's Prayer complete:

Make known the Gospel Truths, **our** Father king
Yield up Thy grace, dear **Father**, from above,
Bless us with hearts **which** feelingly can sing,
"Our life Thou **art** for-ever, God of love."
Assuage our grief in love for Christ we pray,
Since the bright Prince of **Heaven** and glory died,
Took all our sins and **hallowed** the display,
Infant be-ing, first a man, and then was crucified.
Stupendous God! **Thy** grace and power make known;
In Jesus's **name** let all the world rejoice.
Now labor in **Thy** Heavenly **kingdom** own—
That blessed **kingdom** for Thy saints the choice.
How vile to come to Thee **is** all our cry,
Enemies of **Thy**-self and all that's **Thine**;
Graceless our **will** we live for vanity,
Loathing Thy be-ing, **evil** in design,
O God, Thy will be **done, from** earth to Heaven;
Reclining on the Gospel let us live,
In earth from sin **deliver**-ed and forgiven,
Oh! **as** Thyself but teach us to forgive.
Unless it-s power **temptation** doth destroy,
Sure is our fall into the depths of woe.
Carnal in mind, we've **not** a glimpse of joy;
Raised against **Heaven**, in us no hope can flow.
Oh, give us grace and lead us in Thy way;
Shine on us with Thy love and give us peace;
Self and this sin that rise against us slay.
Oh, grant each **day** our **trespass**-es may cease;
Forgive our evil deeds **that** oft we do,
Convince us **daily** of them to our shame;
Help us with Heavenly **bread, forgive** us, too,
Recurrent lusts **and we**-'ll adore Thy name.
In Thy **forgive**-ness we as saints can dig,
Since for us and our **trespasses** so high,
Thy Son, **our** Savior, bled on Calvary.

—Hartford Times.

THE PAWKY PEDDLER.

It is curious to contemplate the various modes by which people attempt to obtain triumphs over each other in this bad world. Some conceive that the very best way is to punish their enemies; some, again, take the Christian doctrine of holding up "the other cheek," and some are of opinion that there is no such thing at all as the luxury of a real, bona-fide, lasting and unqualified triumph to be had by one man over another.

Let us see. We think that the case of simple Walter Wylie, who was for a long time so well-known in the town of Inverkeithing for his peculiar manner of bringing out his sage philosophy of life after the pawky form of some packmen, who, when they are satisfied they have a real good article to show, affect a simplicity and scarcity of words of laudation, the very opposite of the verbose and stately declamation by which they endeavor to dispose of their general stock.

The quality of Walter's moral and political commodities was clearly indicated by the quantum of simple naivete infused into his speech and countenance while in the act of narration—his effort at the more pure degrees of simplicity being in exact proportion to the estimate (never a wrong one) which he himself made of the excellence of the communication his peculiar inspiration enabled him to produce.

His shop in the high street of Inverkeithing, in which he sold a variety of those commodities which are necessary for the sustenance of the human corporation, brought him more clearly into public notice. Directly opposite to honest Walter (as he was styled by the people) both in manners and locality was William Harrison, who carried on the same style of business in a shop on the other side of the street.

The ordinary rivalship existed between them, and they took their different modes of recommending themselves to their customers—the one, Harrison, by a most verbose and figurative signboard and a most loquacious speech, and the other by his peculiar simplicity of enunciation and publication of the qualities of his wares.

The former was both a philosophical and a practical rogue. The latter, again, was as honest as steel; and his honesty and simple humor combined made him beloved by all that knew him, while his rival, who bore spite, was mortally hated for his roguery throughout the whole burgh.

Now, it happened that Harrison, with a view to two objects—first, the gratification of his never-sleeping spirit of roguery; and, secondly, the ruin, or at least the inconvenience, of simple Walter—bought up from a neighboring rogue a debt alleged to be due by Walter, but which the latter had truly paid, though he had neglected to get it canceled or discharged by a probative receipt. It amounted to about £100; and Harrison paid for it only about £5, with a condition of paying the cedent £5 more in the event of the entire sum being wrung out of the simple Walter by the wrenching wheel of a horning.

As soon as Walter heard that his rival and enemy Harrison had bought up the false debt, he knew, by an instinct which had nothing wonderful about it, that he was committed for a tough fight; but he retained his equanimity, and even his simple naivete hung about his mouth and small twinkling eyes in the same manner as if no horning or any such thunderbolt of Jove had been in the act of being forged against him. One day his enemy came into his shop.

"Mr. Wylie," said he, with a most pert loquacity, and holding up the horning in his hand. "I have a piece of paper here, on which there is the name of Walter Wylie as debtor to me in the sum of £100. I think you had better pay me at present, for I do not wish to let the debt lie and ruin you by allowing a larger sum of interest to run up against you."

"I thank ye," replied simple Walter, with an obsequious bow, and then proceeded with the business in which he was engaged. Harrison waited, expecting his debt; but Walter continued his operations. "I winna tak' the present o' your interest," again said Walter; "ye needna wait. And as for your horning, it wadna row up three punds o' my sugar. You are as welcome to it as to the interest."

This answer produced a laugh among the customers against Harrison, who, swearing he would have a caption and apprehend Walter the next day, walked out to instruct his agent to put his threat into execution. He had scarcely gone, when several of his (Harrison's) creditors—for he himself was great as a debtor—arrested in Walter's hand the false debt due to Harrison, so as to secure it to themselves. The simple Waiter was astonished at all this parade about a debt that he had already paid; but he never lost his temper, and was determined to go to jail as meekly as a lamb. Meanwhile, the inhabitants heard of the expected incarceration of their favorite, and insisted upon his defeating the schemes of his enemy by resisting, according to law, his unjust demands; but Walter, with a good-natured smile, said that he trusted all to the ways of Providence.

Next morning Walter, altogether unconcerned about his apprehension, went forth to take his walk in the green fields, according to his custom, although it might be to take his breakfast in the old Tolbooth, which frowned upon him as he passed. He wandered a little way in the country, when he thought he observed two men slipping along behind a thorn hedge, as if they wished to escape detection; and, impelled by curiosity, he slipped along the other side of the same hedge upon his hands and his feet, and having seen the men deposit something in the side of a neighboring dike, squatted down as if he had been shot dead, and lay there as still as death until the men went away.

Up then rose Walter, and going cautiously, looking around again and again as he crept along, he came to the hole in the dike, and having examined it, found lying there a large bundle of bank notes, amounting to no less than £500. Putting the money into his pocket, he, by one leap, got to the middle of the road, when, having folded his hands behind his back and struck up a very merry tune, he continued his walk, with a slow and comfortable composure which was pleasant to see.

Several people passed him; and, as he was never heard to whistle before, they wondered mightily that simple Walter should whistle so merry a tune, and more so, on the morning of that day when he was to be put into prison.

When he went a little farther, still whistling and sauntering, with a very easy and pleasant carelessness, whom does he meet? Why, no other than William Harrison, flying along the road like a madman, calling out if any one had seen two blackguard-looking men on the way; for that his shop had been robbed during the night and all the money he had in the world taken out of it and carried away.

"I saw the blackguards," replied Walter. "They're awa' doun by Gibson's Loan yonder, as fast as if a messenger wi' a hornin' and caption was at their heels."

And he again whistled his tune—a circumstance that struck Harrison, who had never heard him whistle before, with as much surprise as his announcement; but he had no time to wonder or reply, and away he shot like a pursuing messenger while Walter walked into the town and opened his shop, wherein he deposited the £500, and proceeded to serve his customers with as much simplicity and good humor as ever.

The news of the loss sustained by Harrison went like wildfire through the burgh, and every one wondered that a man who owed so much money should have had so large a sum as £500 in the house at one time, and it was suspected that he intended to fly the country with the money as soon as he could wring the false debt out of simple Watty.

Every inquiry was made after the robbers, but they could not be traced; and now Harrison, made savage by his loss and the allusion made by Watty about the messenger, got his caption from Edinburgh by a special messenger, and sent to apprehend Walter for the false debt.

"I have a caption against you, Mr. Wylie," said the messenger as he entered. "Will you pay the debt or go with me?"

"If you'll wait," replied Watty, with the gr[illegible] "I'll 1 weigh this pund o' sugar to Jenny Gilchrist, I'll tak' a step wi' ye as far as the jail."

And, proceeding to serve his customer, he indulged in some of his dry jokes in the very same way he used to do; and, when he had finished, called up his wife to serve the shop, and walked with great composure away with the messenger to that place of squalor and squalid misery.

He was in due form entered in the jailer's books, and deposited in the old black building as a jailbird, where, if he chose, he might whistle as gayly as he did in the morning when he went out to hear the larks singing in the clouds, to which celestial residence he had so unexpectedly accompanied them.

The news soon spread far and wide that Walter Wylie was in prison, and many efforts were made to get him to pay the debt at once and gain his liberty; but Walter knew himself what he was about, and, having thus ascertained how far Harrison would go he sent for a writer, and, having given him instructions and a part of the £500 to pay his expenses got out in a few days on what the honest men of the law call a suspension and liberation.

Some time afterward, Harrison himself, having lost all his money, was put into jail at the instance of one of his creditors, who was enraged at the scheme he had resorted to for defrauding them; and there he lay in the very same room in which Watty had been deposited. Harrison's creditor was a good and godly man, and, like Walter, was an elder of the church, and the people pitied him greatly for the loss he was likely to sustain through the rogue who had thus cheated so many poor people. His debt was £50, and, to the wonder and amazement of all the inhabitants, he got full payment from Walter Wylie, whereupon Harrison was immediately let out of prison.

No sooner was it known that Walter had paid one debt of Harrison than another creditor apprehended the rogue, and lodged him again in jail. He was allowed to lie there for a considerable time, when Watty again came forward and paid this debt also, whereupon he was again allowed to escape. A third creditor followed the example of the two others, and the rogue was again committed to durance, but this time Watty allowed him to remain for a longer time, and then paid the debt, that he might deal out his punishment in due proportion.

A fourth time the rogue was apprehended, and a fifth and a sixth time, and upon each of these occasions he was allowed to remain for as long a time as Watty thought might produce as much pain as it was his intention to inflict. Altogether Harrison had thus lain about eight months in prison.

His debts were now all paid, and the whole sum of £500 exhausted—having been honestly divided among those creditors whose debts were just, and who required them for the support of their wives and children. No part of the £500 was kept to answer the false debt claimed against Watty, because he had secured himself against that demand by getting assignations to the debts he paid, whereby he might plead compensation against his persecutor.

Thus had he, in his own quiet way, saved himself, punished a rogue, and brought peace and comfort to the homes of a number of deserving men, whose debts otherwise would never have been paid.

The wonder produced by this extraordinary proceeding on the part of Watty was unparalleled, and what nobody could comprehend, they were surely entitled to wonder at. Some thought the simple creature mad, and his friends tried to interfere to prevent so reckless a squandering of his means.

"I am surprised, Mr. Wylie," said his clergyman to him one day in the presence of a number of people who were collected in the shop—"I am surprised at this proceeding of yours, which has spread far and wide throughout the country. If your motive be a secret, I will not ask it from thee; but, if it is a fair and legitimate question, I would make bold to put it to thee as one of my flock and an elder of our church."

"There is nae secret about it, sir," replied Watty, with his accustomed simplicity. "We are told to do guid to them wha hate us, and pay for them wha despitefully persecute us." And he leered a grotesque look of simple cajolery in the face of the godly man.

"I fear thou misquotest the Holy Book, Mr. Wylie," replied the minister. "We are asked to pray for our enemies, not to pay for them."

"Ay, ay!" ejaculated Watty in surprise. "Is it possible that the single letter 'R' should have cost a puir, simple body £500?"

The minister stared and the people wondered, but up to this day none ever knew why simple Walter Wylie paid the debts of his enemy Harrison.
—The Glasgow Citizen.

Dead Letters.

A New York business man, while in Chicago recently, was expecting a money order letter in a day or two. In order to avoid any difficulty in identification, he went to a clerk in the postoffice and said:

"I am expecting a money order to the amount of one hundred dollars, and my name is Thomas Blank. Here are a lot of letters addressed to me for various places. You will observe the postmarks. So, you see, if I am not the man I claim to be, I must have murdered that man and possessed myself of his letters, and am now personating him. As that is not likely, you must admit that I am the man."

The New Yorker, having delivered himself of the foregoing, left the postoffice. In a few days the money order came, and the man from New York repaired to the office to get his order cashed. He expected to find the clerk ready for him, but at first the clerk did not recollect him. Presently the New Yorker succeeded in recalling himself to the man's memory.

"Oh, yes," said the clerk, quite seriously, "you're the chap that murdered the other man!"—Harper's Weekly.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

WHICH ARE YOU?

Said Benny, "When I grow a man,
I'll milk the cows, and split the wood;
I'll take my mamma out to ride,
And do a million things I should!"
And thus the minutes, one by one,
Found Benny dreaming in the sun.

Said Teddy, "Shall I get some chips?
And sha'n't I bring the eggs in, too?
I'll draw the baby in her cart,
And then she won't be teasing you."
And thus the minutes, one by one,
Slipped by—while Teddy's work was done.

—Mary C. Huntington, in Youth's Companion.

QUEEN SUMMER.

On a raised dais in a vine-wreathed, flower-decked bower, surrounded by a low fence, which sets her daintily apart, Summer the queen must hold her court alone. Her maids of honor, who render any needed assistance, remain outside the booth.

Summer should wear an old-fashioned, short-waisted, pink dress made of soft clinging material, and be crowned with a wreath of pink roses. On her lap she must hold a large shallow basket filled with small boquets of natural flowers. Attached to each by a narrow ribbon—and this is one of the most attractive features of the booth—is a small card that gives the meaning of the flowers which compose the boquet.

Summer must also have at hand long-stemmed, single flowers with their meanings hidden among their leaves. In fact, no flowers should be sold that do not have their language translated for them. The front and two sides of Summer's bower are open, but the back is enclosed and screened by a shower of roses which hangs from the top of the booth. The shower of roses is made by stringing pink paper roses on long strings, with a knot between every two flowers to hold them apart. Most of the decoration, which should be quite lavish, can be done with paper flowers and leaves. For the purpose these will look even better than natural flowers, for they can be made larger, are more showy and effective, and will not droop or fade.

Another novelty is that the bower will contain not only all the flowers one expects to find there, but odd little boquets made up from ordinary plants, and inconspicuous, unlooked-for blossoms, chosen for their meaning rather than their beauty, such as the well known arbor-vitae, which means "unchanging friendship;" the bay leaf, which says: "I change but in dying;" bachelor's button, that declares there is "hope in love;" cedar, which pleads: "think of me," and the saucy dandelion, whose meaning is "coquetry." The oak leaf means "bravery;" wheat, "prosperity;" sweet william, "a smile," and dwarf sunflower, "your devout adorer."—Adelia Belle Beard, in St. Nicholas.

"COMICAL COONIE."

Coons are funny animals, and often possess more intelligence than they get credit for. A writer in Little Folks telling about a pet coon owned in her family says:

"He liked to play on the stairsteps. He had a ball to play with, and he would take it to the top of the stairs, then drop it and listen until he heard it strike the floor. Then he would hurry down and get it again.

Mother didn't mind his playing on the steps, but sometimes he went into the rooms and tore things up generally. One day he was upstairs and did not answer when mother called, so she went up to see what he was doing. Brother Harry had been lying down on his bed that morning reading, and had left his paper. When mother went into his room there sat the coon propped up against the pillows with the covers partly drawn around him holding what was left of the paper up in his paws just as though reading! Mother said it was so comical that she just could not punish him, even if it was much extra work for her to pick up the torn bits of paper, and wash the white spread which he had soiled with his feet.

"I believe the most fun o' all was to see him chew gum. We had company one evening, and as Coonie was always shy when strangers were around, he could not be coaxed into the parlor. At last, Harry got him to come in and sit on his lap and chew gum. It was rubber gum; he would chew a little while, then take it out, roll it into a little ball in his paws, and put it back in his mouth again. Then he would stretch the gum way out, and chew it up until he had it all back in his mouth. Once when he had been rolling it, he forgot about the company and patted the ball of gum right into the side of Harry's curly hair. I had to cut it out with the scissors."

LITTLE THINGS TELL.

A merchant advertised for an office assistant. He had many boys and girls apply, but it took him a long time until he got the one he wanted. He was discussing the faults of his applicants with a friend:

"Do you know why I didn't keep the first boy who came?" he said.

"Why?" questioned his friend.

"I tried him, but he wrote a long letter with a hair on his pen. I don't want an assistant who hasn't sufficient gumption to remove a hair from his pen."

"That seems a slight thing to condemn a lad for."

"Pardon me, I think I read his character from that one thing.

"The second applicant was a girl. I didn't keep her because her nails were long and dirty. I couldn't stand an untidy person around me, although she seemed otherwise competent."

"And the third?" asked his friend.

"She wrote a good letter, but she seemed careless with the type-writing machine."

"And the boy who came in so hopefully?" asked the friend.

"His voice got on my nerves. It was like a buzzsaw. Did you notice the woman who just went out?"

"Yes; she seemed all right to me."

"But not to me. She wore too much jewelry. Her mind would be on her dress instead of on my work."

"It strikes me you are mighty particular."

"These faults seem like trifles," answered the business man, "but they are the straws which show which way the wind blows."—Philadelphia Ledger.

STORY OF A CLEVER JACKDAW.

In a small cottage in Herefordshire there lived a family who owned a very large but clever jackdaw which was noted for its very witty sayings. One day the jackdaw saw the lid of the stewpot partly off, so thinking he should like a meat dinner he went out and caught a frog and put it in the boiling water in the stewpot, which had in some pieces of beef. After this the jackdaw went quietly back to his perch and waited till dinner time. All went well till the cook began to share the dinner out before the family.

Every time she pulled a piece of meat out of the pot the jackdaw said, "That's not mine, that's not mine," till at last the cook pulled out the frog, when he exclaimed in a very triumphant voice, "That's mine, that's mine." The shock nearly made the guests faint away, but, nevertheless, the jackdaw got his meat dinner, while the others did without for a change.—Answers.

SWANS DEFEAT A FOX.

A correspondent of the Colwyn Bay Herald describes a fierce fight between a fox and a number of swans. The fox, after hiding for a while among some reeds, boldly swam toward a number of swans. The latter were on the alert, however, and when within a yard the biggest bird attacked him with wing and beak, entirely submerging him for two or three seconds. Nothing daunted the fox made a final attack, but ignominious defeat awaited him, as all the swans arrayed themselves in single file and made a desperate attack on their assailant, which eventually landed at the south side of the lake, his blood covering the belts of heather at the far end. The swans appeared to have sustained no injury whatever.

AN EMPEROR'S TEARS.

A touching little story is related of the aged Emperor of Austria. The other day a death warrant was given him to sign. He read carefully the documents bearing on the case, and afterward sat for some time in deep thought. At last, with a sigh and evident reluctance, he took up the pen and began slowly tracing his signature.

But as he wrote two large tears rolled down his cheeks and fell upon the paper. "Look," he said, throwing aside the pen and turning to the secretary, "I cannot sign this. See for yourself. My tears have blotted it out. I grant the condemned man his life. Surely heaven wills it so!"
—Detroit News-Tribune.

THE DOG EXPRESS.

Papa had gone to the station to take the train for the city, when it was found that he had left a package at home. There was not time for Fred to get to the station even if he ran. "Why not send Rex?" said Alice. Rex was the dog. He had always wanted to follow papa, and they had kept him in the house every morning until papa was out of sight. Mamma quickly tied the package to his collar and opened the door. Off he ran as fast as he could go. Papa was just going to step on the car when Rex came running up to him. He saw the bundle, and had only time to cut the string and take it, pat Rex and say, "Good dog!" when the train started.—Primary Education.

SCIENTIFIC & INDUSTRIAL

The American Museum of Natural History has sent out an expedition to unearth relics of prehistoric man in the North Platte region.

Monolithic bridges have become practically universal for small spans where any attempt at the artistic effect is desired.

A Cleveland scientist has discovered an advantage in being tall. The tall man's head is higher above the germs in the street.

It is said to be extremely important to the proper setting of concrete, if the best results are to be obtained, that it be protected while the process is going on from the wind and sun, especially in dry, warm weather. The dry air will rob the sharp corners, and even the faces, of their moisture, and a later wetting will not repair the damage.

The excavations in Rome being conducted on the Palatine Hill have shown a curious and interesting circumstance. The Necropolis has been found to contain remains of the ninth, eighth, sixth and fourth centuries before Christ. All fragments of the seventh and fifth centuries are lacking and archeologists are engaged in a close study of the field in order to find the reason.

TALES OF ADVENTURE

A HUMBLE HERO.

"He is the bravest man I ever knew," said Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith of Captain Thomas A. Scott, whose death occurred a few weeks ago, and whom the author has made famous in some of his stories and novels. But no act attributed by the pen of fiction to this submarine engineer and diver can equal the real facts of his courage and self sacrifice. The New York Tribune quotes from Mr. Smith the tale of one of Captain Scott's deeds which lifts the man into the ranks of true heroes. The captain was in the employ of the Off-Shore Wrecking Company, when one morning in January an accident happened to a Hoboken ferry-boat.

The ice in the river was unusually heavy, and the boat slowly crunched her way through the floating floes until the pack choked her paddles in mid-river. The weather was bitterly cold, and a keen wind was blowing. It was an early morning trip, and the decks were crowded with laboring men, the driveways were full of teams, and women and children stood inside the cabins, a solid mass, up to the swinging doors.

While the boat struggled to gain headway, an ocean tug crashed into her side, cutting a great V-shaped gash below her water line. Shrieks went up from a hundred throats. Men, women and children were crazed with fear. The disabled boat careened and fell over on its beam. The water poured in like a torrent. Sinking seemed only a question of seconds.

Captain Scott, on the wrecking tug Reliance, saw the situation. Bringing his boat alongside, he sprang to the deck of the ferry. Quickly he forced the crowd to the starboard side, and thus righted the boat, which regained an nearly even keel. With a threat to throw any man overboard who stirred, he dragged mattresses, blankets, clothes, anything, and crammed them into the hole. It was useless; even the oil rags had been used, and still the water poured in.

Captain Scott stood for a moment as if undecided, then deliberately forced his own body into the gap with his arm outside, level with the floating ice.

An hour later the disabled ferry-boat, with every soul safe, was towed into the Hoboken slip. When they lifted the captain, he was unconscious and barely alive. The water had frozen his blood, and the ice had torn much of the flesh from his arm from shoulder to wrist. When he opened his eyes, he said feebly to the doctor:

"Was any of them babies hurt?"

Weeks passed before he regained his strength. Then he went back to his work on the Reliance. In the meantime the wrecking company had presented a bill to the ferry company for salvages, which had been refused.

"Captain," said the president of the wrecking company to Scott the first time the latter appeared at the office, "we're going to have some trouble getting our pay for that ferry job. Here's an affidavit for you to swear to."

The captain took the paper, read it, laid it down, and walked toward the door.

"Did you sign it?"

"No, and I ain't going to."

"Why?"

"'Cause I ain't so mean as you be. Look at this arm! Do you think I'd have got into that hole if it hadn't been for them women and babies? And you want 'em to pay for it!"

Then he walked straight to the cashier, demanded his pay, resigned his position and walked out.

Some time after some one asked the captain to tell the story of how he stopped the leak.

"Oh, there ain't nothing to tell," replied the captain. "She got foul of a tug and listed some, and I sorter plugged her up. Been so long I most forgot about it."

TRADING FOR TUSKS.

The New York Zoological Society has recently received the longest elephant tusks known to have come from a living elephant. One of them is eleven and a half feet, the other eleven feet long, and the combined weight amounts to 293 pounds. Formerly owned by King Menelik, they were presented by him to a French official, and have now found their way to the United States. That ivory tusks, even of much smaller dimensions, are not always easy to get is shown by an incident told by Mr. Hardwick in "An Ivory Trader."

Mr. Hardwick and his company had been staying in a small African village, on the lookout for ivory. Disappointed in their search, they were about to start on, when their movements were delayed by the news that a native of a neighboring village had a tusk which he wished to sell. A servant was dispatched to fetch the owner. He proved to be a very old, decrepit man, who tottered into Mr. Hardwick's presence and indicated the length of the tusk as six feet. He had left it behind in his own village.

"Very well," said Mr. Hardwick. "That seems a good length. How much do you want for it?"

"One cow and one sheep."

"All right, if the tusk is what you represent it will be, we will give the price asked. But we must see it first."

The old man assented and tottered off. Two hours passed, and still he did not reappear. Finally a native, even more ancient than the first, solemnly seated himself in front of the tent and announced that he had a tusk of ivory to sell. This was good news indeed, but it soon turned out that the tusk was the same as the one previously bargained for. It was explained that the owner had already called and closed the trade.

"Oh, no," replied the aged native. "That was not the owner. That was a young man sent to bargain. I am the owner. I want a cow and four sheep. Like all young men, the other was rash, and exceeded his instructions. It is a beautiful tusk."

After a long, heated discussion, the first price was agreed on. The party was anxious to start the next day, and the old man promised to bring the tusk early in the morning.

No one appeared until midday. Then a deputation of elders turned up, leading a withered skeleton, which proved to be an extremely ancient native. This fossile was carefully deposited in front of Mr. Hardwick, and announced itself as the owner of the tusk, come to arrange the price.

"What!" cried Mr. Hardwick. "Is this tusk owned by a syndicate? We have already bargained for it twice."

The fossil declared that he was the real owner; the other two were only friends. His price was one good cow and three sheep with lambs.

After a weary discussion, Mr. Hardwick yielded, and the deputation departed, carrying the fossil with them. The tusk was promised the next day by sunrise.

Again the party waited, impatient to start. At noon a servant was sent to the next village who, on his return, reported that the old man had run away and hidden his tusk. It was only after the delay of another day that a native helper of Mr. Hardwick succeeded in securing the tusk, which was a fair sized one, weighing about fifty pounds.

THE MODERN INDIAN WARRIOR.

Indian warfare has produced many weird and unexpected situations, and the mind of the romancer has created more; but the strangest of them all will hardly surpass in novelty an experience which befell a citizen of Wyoming in the last Ute uprising. The Indians were sweeping across northern Wyoming, near the Montana line, and were being gradually surrounded by troops poured in from several quarters. The whites were armed for their own defense, and on several occasions conflicts had been narrowly averted.

One morning Mr. James J. Callahan, of Arvada, went out at daybreak with two "cow punchers" to cross the range in order to look at some stock. Suddenly out of the sage brush there rose up round them a dozen Indians, who had them covered before any of them could draw a weapon.

With their hands in the air, the three white men faced a serious situation. "Things looked mighty blue," said Mr. Callahan afterward. "We had made up our minds that we were likely to part with our back hair."

As they sat thus the leader of the Utes approached, and when he drew near gave a warwhoop which to Mr. Callahan's ears he[illegible] certain familiar and civilized twa[illegible] it. It verged on a college yell.

"Yah, there, Jimmy Callahan!" cried the warrior. "What are you doing out here? I'm Billy Birdseye, '95!"

"Billy Birdseye" it was sure enough, although hardly recognizable by his old Darthmouth comrade. Son of Chief Kannapap, leader of the Ute uprising, Billy was actively directing the operations of this party of his father's scouts, and keeping well in practice to take his father's place in case of need. He came running forward to shake hands with Mr. Callahan, while his followers lowered their guns and exchanged wondering remarks in their own tongue.

But the strangest part of the adventure was still to come. From a pocket Billy Birdseye fished out two slips of pasteboard. They were tickets to the Princeton-Dartmouth football game, to be played in New York a week later.

"Here, Jimmy, take these," he said. "I was going East to see the game myself, but this business has come up to prevent. You may as well go along and see the fun and meet the boys again."

The tickets called for two choice seats in the front row, centre of the field, and Mr. Callahan, whose half had by this time settled firmly into place, went East the next day to use them.

Queer pictures must have been conjured up in his mind as the "rooters" for Princeton and for Dartmouth shattered the air with their college yells.

Fur-Coated Fish.

Indians fishing at Moosehide about Christmas time were meeting with satisfactory success when suddenly one of them hooked a grayling which had on a fur overcoat. This statement, though it may not appear so at first, is literally true. The fish had all over its body a soft dark brown fur, and the Indians, fearing that this portended some great and sudden disaster, quit fishing and went to praying.

It may be that in all the experience of the aborigines they had never seen or heard of anything like this before, but it does not follow that because an experience with fish is new it is therefore incredible. New things are happening in the fish world all the time. Is it not a fact that nearly every season some hitherto unrelated fish stories are brought to our attention and added to our cherished collections?

This fur-overcoat story is really no more surprising than the news that Missouri River fish at certain seasons of the year wear overalls to keep out the dust. Different conditions bring about different habits in the fish family.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Welcome to Sleepyheads.

We should get up well every morning. If we do not, we are certain gradually to run behind in our physical bank account. This proves that sleeping is quite as important as eating. The luxury of sound sleep is one of the greatest means given to a man or beast for restoring and invigorating the whole system. No one should allow business or anything else to curtail this luxury, and parents should promote it in their children, instead of drumming them out of bed early.—Homeopathic Envoy.