THE QUEENSTOWN NEWS.

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Abe Hummel may now be said to be one of the most famous lawyers behind the bars, declares the Boston Herald.

President Shonts, of the Interborough-Metropolitan, of New York City, says that the corporations are experiencing a great moral awakening.

A Cleveland physician says that kisses should be sterilized, or, at any rate, that one should take a sanitary gargle after every fifth kiss. But who would stop to count? asks the New York American.

The London Financial Times, finishing a review of the railroad situation in the United States, said: It would seem that what American railroads now want is not more business, but improved conditions so far as regards the cost of labor and materials.

A Chinese newspaper has just celebrated its five hundredth anniversary. In all those years it never once published a 10 p. m. extra at 3 in the afternoon. Journalism in China may have a strict regard for professional ethics, but it is hopelessly slow.

Says the Boston Herald: Public discussion of the causes and cures for most of the contagious diseases brings out more and more clearly that they are easily preventable, and if dealt with in advance by men of trained experience would gradually disappear, as smallpox and yellow fever have.

A pathologist in Vienna, who is evidently a man of standing in his profession, believes that the microbe of whooping cough, the discovery of which has not hitherto been reported, is identical with the well-known bacillus of grippe. Possibly he is right, but bacteriologists have not been disposed to think that any one germ can cause two different diseases.

The Wall Street Journal is becoming uneasy. It says: 'For centuries the supreme question was how shall the great majority secure liberty and equality of opportunity against the power of the small privileged minority. The time may come when the problem will be reversed, and when the question shall be how to preserve the rights of the small minority against the power of the great majority. Looking at it from every point of view the tyranny of a despotic majority can be more unjust and do more harm than the tyr[illegible] of a despotic minority."

According to the Department of Agriculture, the rat does more damage in this country than all other noxious animals combined. Its extermination would be a blessing to the race. The female breeds three or four times a year and produces from six to twelve young at once. Rats destroy grain, ruin dry goods in shops, eat or pollute food, carry contagious diseases thousands of miles in ships, cause fires and flooding by gnawing matches and water pipes, kill young pigs and poultry, strip whole regions of the young of song birds and deface the wooden trim of buildings.

"The moving finger writes and [illegible]ing writ, moves on." We can no [illegible]re stop or guide its writing than [illegible]d the wild man whose relics we [illegible]k for in the drift of another geo[illegible]ical period than ours, muses the [illegible]ndon Saturday Review. What is [illegible]i more humiliating practically, [illegible] can no more tell what it is going [illegible] write even to-morrow than could [illegible]t cave dweller. In truth, there [illegible] no science of history. Conceive [illegible] man more learned than Freeman [illegible]n history, greater in science than Darwin, deeper versed in human character than George Eliot—yet he could not even roughly draw the map of Europe as it may be a little time hence. The heap of letters which Ca[illegible] put in the hand of His empire builder, bidding him "make with them what word he could," are still in constant disarray.

It is a curious fact, notes Leslie's Weekly, that the best defense of yellow journalism comes from an editor whose paper shows that he himself is not in the yellow journal class. Thomas P. Peters, the eloquent and gifted editor of the Brooklyn Times, speaking at the recent dinner of the Packer Alumnae Association, in New York, paid a high tribute to that class of journals commonly designated as yellow. The higher sensitiveness which prevails in both public and private life to-day he ascribed largely to the influence of yellow journalism, which he says is leading in the march toward higher ideals of public and private purity. Mr. Peters sees in this new journalism "the untrammeled agent of all of the people," leading in the fight against hypocrisy and sham, and oftentimes bringing to justice the guilty whom the courts cannot reach. All modern journalism, says Mr. Peters, is more or less an imitation of the yellow variety, which is the truest indorsement of the new methods. This is a new view of a question that may have two sides, after all.

THE SIMPLIFIED EXISTENCE.

Everything is ready-made in this progressive day,
The hats and shoes, all that we use, are sold in such a way
That all you need to do is walk along and take your pick;
It only takes a very little while to do the trick.

When some fond youth would send a lass a captivating line,
He doesn't waste his mental force; he mails a valentine;
And when he fain would leave some small impression as a wit,
He buys a comic postcard and a stamp, and makes a hit.

The dealer small need not compute the profits he shall take,
The trust will tell him just how much he is allowed to make.
The statesman for opinions need no longer rack his brain;
He can go straight to headquarters and secure them, brief and plain.

So what's the use of sighing in a prosperous time like this,
When all is neatly prearranged and cannot go amiss?
It's a very simple program, and we point to it with pride.
There is not any doubting, life is vastly simplified.

—Washington Star.

The Lace Medallion.

By Louis D. Quincy.

"I don't know as I can ever fix this right, Lucella. It's upside down now." The large kindly face of Mrs. Graham wrinkled into a troubled frown as, standing first on one foot, then on the other, like a schoolgirl caught in some misdemeanor, she surveyed her handiwork, hanging limply against the small glass window of the new front door.

Lucella put down the pink muslin waist she was finishing and came out into the hall, her dainty prettiness contrasting strangely with the dull, old-time surroundings. Bits of coarse netting lay on the floor, and she stooped to picked them up before answering.

"I guess we might as well give it up," she said, after a hurried glance. "I spent all day yesterday and day before on it. It's not fit to be seen," she burst out; then, as if ashamed of her petulance, "It's of no account, anyhow. The house'll be fine enough without lace medallions. I'll just roll the thing up, and put it back in the drawer, and no one'll ever know we thought of the door."

Mrs. Graham pulled the lacy failure this way and that, trying to bring the medallion to its proper place in the centre. A little pang smote her at the thought of asking assistance, yet the task was clearly beyond her powers. She made a last stand for independence with the deprecatory remark:

"It's not in the middle exactly, Lucella, but it's pretty good. Anyhow, I've seen worse."

"Well, I don't know as I have," said Lucella. "Everybody'll be looking at it, and maybe criticizing, just when I want everything to go off especially well. My land!" she said, the lovely color sweeping up to the roots of her soft, brown hair. "I wouldn't have Tom see it for the world!"

"Well, I should think not!" her mother upheld her, loyally. "And your engagement party, too."

A figure of indecision she stood perplexed for a moment; then the lines of care were swept away by a saving thought.

"I'll tell you what," she said. "Now," and her voice grew more cheerful with each word, "we'll ask Mrs. Blumm to tea, and maybe she'll help out. I don't know as I like to do it just that way, but the time's so short. You run right back to the sitting-room, Lucella, and I'll get my things on, and go see Mrs. Blumm. Sakes alive!" she ejaculated, looking up into the girlish face, grown suddenly radiant with expectation. "I should think Tom'd run off with you to-morrow, instead of waiting till Christmas!"

She stepped into the kitchen as Lucella went back to her work. She looked at the fragrant loaves of cake lying in a row on the pantry shelf, and gave a sigh of satisfaction as she tested the hardening frosting with her finger.

She drew the steaming kettle to the back of the stove, pulled the shades to the middle of the south windows, and put her husband's rocking-chair in its place beside the weekly papers, where it would comfortably invite him, should he happen to return before dinner.

"I'm more than thankful I can do everything but the medallion," she said, brightly, taking a last look round the room before going for her bonnet and shawl.

"I may be gone quite a spell," she said, looking into the sitting-room on her way to the front door. "If your pa comes in before I come back, tell him where I've gone."

She walked briskly along, her mind intent on her mission. The morning sun shone brightly down on the snowy road as she climbed the hill toward Mrs. Blumm's. "I declare," she gasped, pausing to rest beside the Carters' hitching post, "if it had been anything but th' medallion that Lucella's got her heart so set on, I don't know but I'd let it go!"

A pung came over the hill, with jangling bells, and stopped beside her.

"Well, if it's not Mrs. Graham, sure's you live!" exclaimed the loud voice of Mrs. Walker, the village grocer's wife, and, incidentally, the gossip of the town. "I said to myself when I saw you standing here, 'Some one to get poor Mrs. Blumm again to help out.' Then, 'No,' I said, 'if it's not Mrs. Graham!' What's the matter at your house? Nobody sick, or anything?"

"No," said Mrs. Graham. "Just a friendly call on Mrs. Blumm, that's all."

"Now isn't that too bad!" lamented the shrill voice from the seat. "Mrs. Blumm's gone to her dead husband's cousin's place in Vermont to spend the holidays. Guess I was the only one in the whole place that knew of it till she'd been gone quite a while. Hop right in," she continued, affably, tossing the bundles cumbering the seat into the straw on the floor of the pung, "and I'll take you down home.

"Going to ask her to tea, were you?" she questioned, as she guided the horse down the slippery incline. "Now isn't that just like you, Mrs. Graham! Most folks want her just to help out, or something, she's so handy. I shouldn't wonder if you and I are about the only folks in town that haven't had her in the house to work."

The pink spots on Mrs. Graham's cheeks turned a dull red as they neared the house. "I'm not going to ask you in, Mrs. Walker," she said, a bit shakily, as she climbed out of the pung. "We're upset this forenoon, getting ready for to-morrow and all."

"Well, if you aren't the kindest person, Mrs. Graham," said the other, with wondering envy, "to think of asking Mrs. Blum, who everybody knows isn't much to talk to, to tea, when you look tired to death, and about ready to drop. I declare," she added, looking searchingly into the face of her victim, "I don't know's I noticed you were looking so tired when we started! I'll come to-morrow night," she announced, cheerfully. "I declare, it makes me fell real young again!" She slapped the reins on the back of the big sorrel and went on her way.

"Did you get her, mother?" asked the girl, anxiously, taking off the bonnet and smoothing the tumbled hair.

"Well, if you haven't gone and fixed the sitting-room up real nice, Lucella!" said her mother, in pleased surprise, as she looked into the changed best room.

"Pa did it," said the girl. "He's been indoors all morning, helping round. He did all the lifting."

"Did he ask what I went for?" questioned her mother, quickly.

"No. He looked troubled, and said you were working too hard."

"Well, I'm thankful he didn't ask," breathed Mrs. Graham, fervently. "Your pa's overworked, Lucella, and I've had no time to help him. What with that good-for-nothing man's leaving last week, and the gray mare's breaking her leg, he's got all he can carry, let alone two hysterical women."

She turned to go up-stairs, followed by Lucella's questioning gaze.

"No, I didn't get her," she said.

The next morning Lucella, putting the freshly washed vases on the mantelpiece, heard her father's heavy step in the hall.

"Where's your mother?" he asked.

"She's up-stairs, pa," answered Lucella, not turning.

"You're not feeling sick, are you?" he asked, watching the flushed cheeks anxiously. "Twouldn't do to get sick now, with all the pretty things in the bureau drawer to fix up."

"It's not that, pa," she began, haltingly, then stopped, ashamed before the loving patience in the deep-set eyes. She threw her arms impulsively about his neck. "Don't you worry about me, daddy."

"There, there!" he said. "I'm none too clean, with these barn clothes and all. That you, mother?" he called, going to the foot of the stairs.

"What's the matter, pa? Anything wrong in the barn? I'll run right out and help," she answered, cheerfully, as she came down. "You stay where you are, Lucella!" she called from the kitchen door.

Hiram shut the door. "Now, Maria," he said, quietly, as he led her to his own particular chair, "you sit right down here; I want to talk. What's the matter with Lucella?"

"Why, there's nothing the matter with her; only a little tired, maybe. She'll be all right to-morrow. She's worked up over so much company."

"She's not had any falling out with Tom, has she?"

"Land sakes, no!"

"There's nothing she wants, is there, that she ought to have?"

"She has everything she ought to have."

Hiram looked out of the window for a time. Suddenly he turned to his wife. "It's not on account of the lace thing you were fixing for the front door, is it?" he asked, abruptly. "Seems to me I haven't seen it round lately."

Maria gasped. "Well, if that isn't the shrewdest ever!" she ejaculated, wonderingly. "My goodness, Hiram, I don't know as I can tell how you ever guessed the truth! We agreed to keep it to ourselves, Lucella and I, just to give you a rest from the worry. We've been worried about you, pa; you seem to have more than your share."

The tired look fell from Hiram's face. "Well, I'd like to know if we aren't willing to do all we can for Lucella," he said, warmly. "I'll tell you what we'll do. You get your best things on, and tell Lucella we're going to Pitman. We'll maybe get one of those things all made up."

"All right, Hiram. I'll just tend to the cream before we go, in case we shouldn't get back till late," she answered.

The dusk was beginning to settle when the colt came to a stop by the front steps.

"Well, if I'm not glad to have you back!" Lucella greeted them, joyously. "Just see what Tom sent over."

"O my! A whole dozen pinks! Just like the color of your dress, too, Lucella!" exclaimed her mother, hiding the large package leaning against the front of the sleigh as she steeped out.

"There's nobody come yet, is there?" she questioned, apprehensively, hurrying into the darkening hall. Her cheeks were abloom with their old time freshness, and the sunken, gray-blue eyes shone with a light that made her face look young. The pleasure of going from store to store during the long, busy afternoon, in eager search, had driven her cares from her mind.

She pressed a long, slender bundle into Lucella's hands.

"What is it, mother?" Lucella asked. "Something for the barn?"

"Maybe you'll use it in the barn, Lucella," answered her mother, "and then again, maybe you'll use it out-o'-doors about the time I get the new black silk made that your pa bought for me to-day."

Lucella's trembling fingers tore the paper from one end of the bundle. "My gracious, ma," she faltered, hastily unwrapping it all, "if it's not a new pink parasol! How did pa know I wanted one more than almost anything else for next summer?"

"I don't know. Perhaps he just knew it, the way he did about the silk."

Mrs. Graham turned briskly toward the kitchen with a tremulous laugh. "I declare," she said, "if I'm not sniffling over getting a thing I've wanted for ten years. Now you run up-stairs, Lucella, and lie down a spell. I have a lot of things to do here before the folks come, and you'd only put me back, child. I declare, I don't know what Tom'll say if he sees you looking pale," she added, as Lucella hesitated.

"Oh, well!" said the girl, and reluctantly obeyed.

A moment later Hiram cautiously thrust his head in at the door. "She gone, ma?" he asked.

"Yes, she's gone. We must hurry!" was the reply.

A moment later two figures stole guiltily through the dark hall, and paused beside the new door. One coughed dutifully loud and long, while the other wrestled with tacks, hammer and the fruit of the afternoon's quest.

Late that evening, when the guests were beginning to enjoy the good things Mrs. Graham had prepared, Lucella burst into the kitchen.

"Where did you get it, and when?" she questioned, eagerly. "They're all talking about it, and I only just saw it," she added, ruefully. "Tom and I've been so taken up with the folks and all. I declare, I don't know as I'll ever be as happy again as I am to-night!" she cried, gaily, her words tumbling over each other in her eagerness. "'Twas the only thing needed to make it all complete. I don't know as any girl ever had so much as I have this night. Taking all together, I mean, pa, ma and Tom and all."

Her father and her mother glanced at each other in shamed embarrassment for a moment; then a light of happiness sprang to their faces and rested there. "Here, Tom!" called her father to the smiling young man in the doorway. "Suppose instead of standing there grinning, you help Lucella carry some of this cake in. We'll come right along with the cream."—From the Youth's Companion.

SCIENTIFIC & INDUSTRIAL

The Canadian Government has granted a bonus on all electrically smelted ore treated in the Dominion. Steel has been successfully made in this manner at Niagara Falls and at Sault Ste. Marie.

An optician finds that a person occupied in writing all day has, as a rule, stronger vision in the left. Writing with the right hand and his arm resting on the table, his left eye is nearer his work and its vision is more concentrated. This expert says that our race will never become so short-sighted as the German while football, tennis, hockey, etc., are encouraged in our public schools.

The Los Angeles-Pacific Company, operating electric railways to several beach resorts near Los Angeles, Cal., has imported 60,000 sleepers from Formosa. These are of hardwood, most of them being of narra, a wood much used in the East for interior work. The cost of the sleepers at Los Angeles, after tariff duty is paid, is reported to be but slightly in excess of that of Oregon pine.—Engineer.

By the use of concrete a very tall lighthouse was constructed in a very short period of time at the Point De La Coubre, at the mouth of the Gironde River, in France. The building is 225 feet high and about thirty-five feet in diameter at the base. It was finished in nine months after the commencement of the work, and cost $90,000. The haste was owing to the fact that the sea had threatened to wash away the old structure, which was not so high, and somewhat nearer the water.

Recent study of the structure of the celebrated cedar of Lebanon is regarded as proving that it has come from the same general stock as the pines, and that it represents the most primitive form of the Abietinaee subgroup of cone-bearing trees. The great geological age of the Cedrus family has long been known, and now it has been shown that the wood of the cedar root possesses vestiges of the peripheral resin canals, which are a characteristic mark of the pines, whereas the cedars are characterized by a median canal.—Youth's Companion.

A Pleasant Belief.

John Burroughs was talking about the increased interest that the world now takes in nature and her works and ways.

"A modern girl from New York," he said, "would not be apt to say as I heard a girl say thirty years ago as she looked at a multitude of tadpoles in a pond:

"'Oh, look at the tadpoles! And to think that some day every one of these horrid wriggling things will be a beautiful butterfly.'"—Southwestern Rock.

For the Younger Children....

THE BIRTHDAY CAKE

What does it take to make
The birthday cake?
"Sugar and spice, and everything nice,"
And snow-white frosting as smooth as ice,
And little pink candles all round the edge—
Oh, who wouldn't like a generous wedge
Of the wonderful birthday cake!

How many candles all alight
Must stand on the cake to make it right,
To make it a regular birthday cake?
Two of pink and two of blue,
And one little shining white one, too,
Right on the beautiful tip tip top
Of the wonderful birthday cake!

Whom does it take to eat this cake?
Father and mother and Grandma Gray
And Robbie and Rosie and Eleanor May
And the dear little girl next door,
And a piece for teacher in basket small,
And a piece for Norah—I think that's all
Who eat the birthday cake.

There's a little gold ring inside the cake,
And, strange to say, it is Eleanor May
Who wins the piece with its golden prize—
For Eleanor May is five to-day.
And the birthday cake with its little surprise
Was made and trimmed by Grandmother Gray—
The beautiful birthday cake!

Harriet Crocker LeRoy, in Youth's Companion.

THE LOST MONEY.

Doris' papa gave her a five-dollar bill, such a lot of money! Doris went to a big bank and asked [illegible] they could give her smaller money for it. The banker said he though[illegible] they could. So he gave her two t[illegible]o-dollar bills and a big silver dolla[illegible] How much did that make? Doris [illegible]anted the dollar changed again; [illegible]o the banker asked if she would have two fifty-cent pieces, or one fifty-cent piece and two quarters—or perhaps four quarters or ten dimes—or twenty five-cent pieces—or a hundred pennies.

Doris thought a hundred pennies would be a good many to count and to carry, so she said she would take two quarters, three dimes and four five-cent pieces.

She laid away four dollars in the bank, those were the two bills, and put the change in her purse. When she went to the shop, she had such a lot of money that she thought she never could spend it. So she bought a paint box with two little saucers in it, for ten cents; that left her ninety cents; and then a big rubber ballon for twenty-five cents; that left sixty-five cents; and a little one for ten cents; and then Doris bought a whole pound of candy for thirty cents. Out of the twenty-five cents she had left, it cost ten cents to go in the car.

When Doris got home she opened her paint box. What do you think? Of course it was only a cheap paint box and the paints were so hard that they would not paint at all. Doris cut out the dolls, but they were no better than those in any newspaper's colored supplement. Doris' mamma said that the candy was too bad to eat at all, and the rubber balloons got wrinkled and soft in the night, because the gas went out of them. Doris cried when she saw them. "Now," she said, "I have nothing left of my beautiful dollar but fifteen cents."

"I'm sorry, Dearie," Doris' mamma said, "but it's bad enough to have wasted one dollar without crying about it too. When you and I go out we'll try to get such good things for the next dollar that it will make up for our mistake about this one." The next bright day they went to the bank and got another dollar.

Now Doris' mamma was a pretty wise person (mammas often are). So they went to a store where there were some books that had been wet a little by the firemen when the store caught fire. There they found a large, fine book of animal stories with pictures in it, that had been fifty cents, but the bookstore man sold it for ten cents, because the back cover and a little bit of the edge were stained with water and smoke.

That left—how much? Ninety cents. Doris' brother had told her he would teach her to play marbles, so she bought six glass marbles for five cents and a hoop with a stick for five more. That left eighty cents.

Then Doris asked if her mamma thought she could buy a pair of roller skates. Her mamma said they could ask how much roller skates cost, but the shopman said they were a dollar a pair. So Doris said she would save up the eighty cents that was left of her dollar and wait until she had enough for the skites.

However, a little boy was looking in at the window of the top shop and he looked so sad and so longingly at the tops that Doris spoke to him, and when he said he wanted one of the red balls she bought it for five cents and gave it to him. That left seventy-five cents.

When they got home they told papa about the skates and he said he could get them downtown for seventy-five cents, and he did.

So Doris learned by losing her first dollar to get a lot of good things that would be more useful and would last longer with her second dollar.—Bolton Hall, in St. Nicholas.

OLDTIME CELEBRATIONS.

The files of old newspapers are a priceless record of the history and manners of their times. In the Boston papers of 1796, and, indeed, in any papers of the time, the accounts of public rejoicings show that these were few in number, and that the method of keeping them differed widely from our ideas of festivities. Washington's Birthday was perhaps the greatest holiday.

"Industrius citizens," we are told, "appropriated the hour of noon for the congratulations of the day. Each family enriched the domestic meal with bountiful provisions, and gay spirits and temperate and undissembled joy pervaded all classes."

There were speeches and processions and illuminations for the less industrious, who were willing to give something more than the hour of noon to celebration, but the most memorable observance of the day was that of the Merrar[illegible] students:

"Saying to each other that it would be disgraceful to pretend to honor Washington with riot and disorder, they retired to their chambers before 9 o'clock, and by the time the bells ceased ringing there was not a light to be seen in any of the buildings."

This is equalled by the summing up of the celebrations of Fourth of July for the same year, a day observed with great rejoicings. No accidents are reported, and the editor concludes: "In short, in every place we heard from, happiness was the order of the day, tranquillity of the night."—Youth's Companion.

TOAD'S HATCHING PLACES.

Every tiny toad lays a stupendous number of eggs. Dr. C. F. Hodge, of Clark University, in Worcester, Mass., received 11,545 eggs from one toad, a necessary fertility, since the chances of an egg developing into a toad are less than one in a thousand.

Within two weeks after the eggs are laid the young tadpoles being to appear and feed first on their gelatinous envelope. Next the slimy deposits common to ponds and swamps are attacked. Steadily grow the young wrigglers until their bodies enlarge to the size of thumb nails by the end of June. The long tail now is absorbed and the legs develop. They begin to hop on the bank and disperse, never to return save in the breeding season.

It is at the spring of the year that the toads awake from their winter sleep below the rocks and scrub. They often have been literally frozen stiff, but they return to life as healthy as ever and on the first balmy night migrate toward the nearest breeding pond. Usually this is the old homestead where they were born. For the toad is a domestic animal and will travel a mile or more for the sake of returning to the place of its hatching.—Chicago Tribune.

INDIAN PAINT LANGUAGE.

When an Indian paints his cheeks in scarlet lines and daubs a yellow square on his forehead the world knows that he is in love.

When he covers his face with zigzag black lines upon an ochre base it is his purpose to get just as drunk as he possibly can.

When red circles are on each cheekbone and a rectangle of blue is on the forehead the young brave is going to steal a paleface horse.

When he paints white rings around his eyes he is running for office, he is a candidate for medicine man or councilor, and the white rings signify that he ought to be elected because he has the wisdom of the owl.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

BLUEJACKETS' MASCOT.

Bluejackets of the Monitor Nevada have turned their backs on the billy goat and game cock as mascots and are now devoting their loving attentions to a kingsnake, which has become the pet of the ship's crew.

It is asserted that the new mascot eats out of the hands of the sailors and can brave the roughest seas without getting seasick, just as though it were a hardened old salt. The Nevada was recently placed in reserve at Annapolis, and the sailors during one of their jaunts down along the Severn discovered the snake and taking a fancy to him took him aboard in captivity. The snake is said greatly to enjoy his new life on shipboard.—Washington Star.

DRIVERS CARRY CANDLES.

In Mexico all vehicles, be they handcart, automobile or anything between, must carry a light at night. This rule or law is rigidly enforced. Even the drivers of the poor little burro or mule carts, on their two wheels, must carry a candle.

So, rather than buy lanterns, which cost money, they take a dip candle, and, wrapping it in a bit of newspaper to shield it from the wind, carry it in their left hand as they drive along homeward from work after evening has fallen. The effect is striking, as the light, falling strongly on the Indian driver, throws the face of the man into strong relief against the darkness.—Modern Mexico.

TEACHING THE PARROT.

He who is condemned to this penance is supposed to be a parrot. He has to go round to all the rest of the players and ask each one "If I were your parrot, what would you teach me to say?" says Home Notes. The inquiry is answered as the players think best, and the parrot has to repeat every answer before putting the question anew. Should the lady say "Kiss poor Polly," the parrot will at once act upon the suggestion.

Apple Prices by the Dozen.

Buying apples by the dozen, $1 or more for twelve of them, is a commonplace to-day. Twenty years ago it was a proceeding seldom heard of, and even ten years ago it was considered a transaction in finance so high that only those who found their necessities, among the luxuries thought of being a purchaser at such terms. And it is not one kind alone that has this price put upon it. There are many—seven, or possibly more—that bring this figure, which is no longer considered fancy, and the supply of them creating a demand, there are plenty of buyers to take them home. The case invites speculation as to whether an orchard for these apples of gold alone is not a better paying proposition, after all, than a hen farm.—Boston Transcript.

Peril of Success.

Perhaps the saddest thing about the study of these old writers is that Horace and Juvenal and Tacitus were no false prophets, and the great empire fell through the curse of success and the vices of a materialized civilization.—Margaret W. Navlor[illegible], in Fortnightly Review.

SPORT AND ADVENTURE

HERO OF THE DARK CONTINENT.

To the St. Asaph Poorhouse, near Denbigh, Wales, in 1844, came a mother and her three-year-old son. No boy ever started life at worse advantage than did this little pauper, John Rowlands. Few men have accomplished more.

When he was thirteen Rowlands was set to teaching the younger children of the place their lessons, and for three years continued this thankless task. Then, in 1857, when he was only sixteen, he found he could stand the miserable, uneventful life no longer. His spirit craved adventure, and there is scant adventure in teaching the alphabet to poorhouse waifs. Rowlands had heard stories of America, the land of promise, beyond the seas, and resolved to try his luck in the newer country. He shipped as cabin boy, and landed in New Orleans, penniless, but with enough ambition to make up for lack of cash. He looked for work, and attracted the notice of a rich merchant named Stanley. The merchant adopted the lad and gave him his own name—Henry Morton Stanley—by which Rowlands was ever afterward known. The youngster's future seemed assured. But fate ordered it otherwise.

His benefactor died, leaving no will. The adopted son was thus left as badly off as when he first landed in America. All he had to show for his once bright prospects was the name Stanley, which he continued to use. He wandered to California, visited various Indian tribes, and, in 1861, at the outbreak of the Civil War, enlisted in the Confederate Army. He was soon taken prisoner. On his release he joined the United States Navy, did gallant service and was promoted to the rank of ensign. But the ending of the war (in which he had had the unusual experience of fighting on both sides) again threw him out of employment. He drifted to the Levant as a newspaper correspondent, went to Abyssinia with Lord Napier in 1867, and won fame by sending back the news of the latter's brilliant victory ahead of the official reports.

In 1869 his real career began. Some years earlier a great and good Englishman, Dr. David Livingstone, had gone to Africa as a missionary. His task of penetrating unknown regions and establishing mission posts there gave Livingstone the taste for exploration. Africa was in those days indeed the "Dark" Continent. Much of its interior was wholly unexplored. Maps bore blank spaces representing thousands of miles of unknown African territory. Now and then some daring American or European would plunge into the jungle, never again to be heard of. The geography of most of the "back country" was incorrectly charted. Dr. Livingstone had opened up many districts, and at last embarked upon a far more extensive march than ever before. From time to time news of his progress reached the coast. Then in 1869 no word had been received concerning him for more than two years. No one knew whether or not he still lived. Public anxiety as to his fate grew more and more tense.

The proprietor of a New York newspaper sent Stanley the following curt command: "Find Livingstone!" The young war correspondent prepared to set out at once on his perilous quest. In other words, he made ready to brave the unknown horrors of a mighty continent into whose recesses no white man had penetrated, and to search that vast, trackless territory for one man who was supposed to be somewhere within its area. The proverbial hunt for a needle in a haystack was as child's play compared to such a venture.

Stanley landed at Zambesi, on the east coast of Africa in January, 1871, organized a band of 192 men split it into five parties, arranged for means of communication between the scattered groups and began his dangerous journey. Through jungle and trackless wilderness he forced his way, encountering hostile tribes, wild beasts, disease and countless hardships. Many of his men deserted, other fell ill and died. Stanley himself was so sick he had to be carried part of the distance in a hammock. But his iron will, his stern, unchangeable purpose could not be weakened by illness. He drove the party onward, past almost impassable difficulties. If he did not spare his men he surely did not spare himself. And, in November, after long months of ceaseless marching, he came upon Dr. Livingstone at Ujiji, on Lake Tanganyika.

Another man, winning so great a triumph, would probably have made some melodramatic speech of greeting to the object of his search. But Stanley calmly walked up to the missionary, bowed and said with polite indifference:

"Dr. Livingstone, I presume?"

He and Livingstone made explorations together of Tanganyika Lake, and made other important discoveries. In 1874 Stanley went again to Africa, where he explored the equatorial lake region, was the first man to sail clear around Nyanza (Lake) Victoria, and to prove it the largest fresh water body on earth; to trace the Congo River from source to mouth, to chart Lakes Victoria and Albert, and to prove the latter to be a tributary of the Nile. In various other ways he opened up the Dark Continent and corrected innumerable geographical errors. A third time, in 1879, he took a similar trip through Africa, making discoveries that resulted in the opening of the Congo Free State; and once more in 1887, when he went to find the missing Emin Pasha, he found Emin and incidentally his trip resulted in Great Britain acquiring over 500,000 square miles of African territory.

Honors were showered on the fearless explorer. He became a member of Parliament, was knighted and lived until 1904, spending his last days peacefully in England after more than forty years of almost continuous activity, peril and hardship.—Albert Payson Terhune, in the New York Evening World.

ROOSEVELT AND THE BAD MAN.

The following story is told of Theodore Roosevelt's encounter with the traditional Western bad man:

"One evening after supper he was reading at a table in the public room of a frontier hotel, where he was passing the night. The room was office, dining room, barroom and everything else. A man, half drunk, came into the hotel with a swagger, marched up to the bar and with a flourish of his arm commanded everybody to drink.

"Everybody was willing to obey, that is, everybody but Mr. Roosevelt. He still sat at the table busy with his book.

"'Who's that fellow?' the man asked, pointing in Roosevelt's direction.

"'Oh, he's a tenderfoot, just arrived,' some one said.

"'Humph,' he grunted. Then he turned square around and called out: 'Say, you, Mr. Four-Eyes, I asked this house to drink. Did you hear me?'

"Mr. Roosevelt made no reply. The man swaggered over to him, pulling out his pistol and firing as he crossed the room.

"'I want you to understand that when I ask a man to drink with me, that man's got to drink,' he threatened, fondling his still smoking pistol.

"'You must excuse me to-night. I do not care for anything to drink,' said Roosevelt.

"'That don't go here. You just order your drink or there'll be more trouble.'

"'Very well, sir,' Roosevelt replied, rising slowly to his feet, and waiting till he was firmly poised on them before completing his remark, 'I do not care for anything, but if I must——'

"With the word 'must' he let his fist fly, striking the bully a terrific blow on the jaw and knocking him to the floor. In an instant Roosevelt was astride of him, with his knees holding down the man's arms. After taking away all the weapons he could find he let the man up. 'Now, I hope you understand, sir, that I do not care to drink with you,' said the young 'tenderfoot,' who had hardened his muscles to some purpose before he went West."

BLUNT BUT TENDER.

The recent revival of interest in Ethan Allen has brought out many stories of his various and apparently contradictory traits. That the old hero of the mountain was bluff and at the same time tender is shown in Mr. De Puy's book on the sturdy soldier. The first anecdote relates to the courtship of his second wife.

He had been "paying attentions" to Mrs. Buchanan, a charming widow. One day he drove up to her door in a carriage drawn by magnificent horses.

"Well, Fanny," he called out, "if we're to be married, let's be about it!"

The widow was equal to the occasion.

"Very well," she replied, "give me time to fix up."

In a few moments she was with him, and they proceeded to Judge Robinson's.

"This is a serious matter," remarked the justice. "Have you given it thought?"

"Yes, yes!" impatiently interrupted Ethan. Then, looking at his handsome bride he added, "but it don't require much thought."

Two little girls, daughters of one of the pioneers, wandered into the woods and were lost. A search for them lasted all night, without success. On the third day the hunt was relinquished. The parents were overpowered with grief.

Ethan Allen mounted on a step of a village house and addressed the men. In a laconic manner he drew a picture of the father's and mother's agony. He invited each hearer to put himself in their place. Then, with wonderful eloquence, he urged one more attempt to save the little ones, who were probably spending their last strength in their vain endeavor to reach their home. As he spoke his curt manner ceased, his giant frame was agitated with emotion and great tears rolled down his cheeks.

Suddenly from the crowd there sounded a shout of "I'll go!" It was echoed from every part of the throng. Before night the children were found, saved by the man who never was "forgetful of his fellow men's rights nor of the cause of his country."—Youth's Companion.

Morgan and the Stutterer.

A young reporter on the New York Sun, who stuttered fearfully, was sent one day to try to get a statement from Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan.

"Who and what are you?" demanded Mr. Morgan.

In moments of surprise or nervous excitement the reporter's stammering always became acute, so he stood with jaws locked, vainly trying to speak.

Mr. Morgan began to fume, and finally he sputtered:

"What in the devil are you?"

The reporter's sense of humor did not share the clogging up of his speech, and, after much facial contortion, he managed to gurgle out:

"I-I-I—aaaa-m an elocutionist."

Mr. Morgan saw the joke, he grimly related and when the reporter's speech-consciousness returned he got the statement.—Saturday Evening Post.

Mourning.

"The Parkers have all gone into deep mourning for a very distant relative. Don't you think it's a sign they're rich?"

"No. It's a sign the distant relative was rich."—Life.

The capital represented by Great Britain's cotton trade is $2,000,000,000 a year, and the profits $350,000,000 a year.