THE QUEENSTOWN NEWS.

VOL. XXV. QUEENSTOWN, MARYLAND, SATURDAY, AUGUST 10, 1907. NO. 37.

When the trust is properly regulated, possibly the Toledo Blade can afford to keep an umbrella at home and one down town.

Dr. Wiley advises us to bolt our meat just when the price has gone up and the Washington Post feels like chewing it a little longer to get its money's worth.

Four Kansas saloon keepers who broke the law were sentenced to thirty days each on the county stonepile. There are four men, thinks the Ohio State Journal, who won't do it again.

President Roosevelt has said: "There is but one person whose welfare is as vital to the welfare of the whole country as is that of the wage-worker who does manual labor; and that is the tiller of the soil—the farmer. If there is one lesson taught by history it is that the permanent greatness of any State must ultimately depend more upon the character of its country population than upon anything else."

We infer that the editor of the Korea News is not pro-Japanese in his sentiments and sympathies. "The Tokio papers," he notes, "are extremely sore at the result shown by the Chinese students who have studied in Japan at the civil service examination which has just been held in Pekin. It is stated that the students who received their education in England and Amreica succeeded remarkably well in the examination.

Protests against the kind of management and equipment under which railway catastrophes are possible have been raised so often that they are almost in danger of losing their force. Yet the accidents go on, laments the New York Post, not on one road, nor in one section, nor under one set of difficult conditions, but on all roads, in all parts of the country, and under all sorts of conditions. If legislative bodies are turning to remedies which railroad men say are wrong and ineffec the reason is not far to seek.

Not only is benzoate of soda used as a preservative to prevent fermentation in pie filler, warns the New Orleans Picayune, but it is used for the same purpose by many manufacturers of catsup, and chemicals of various sorts and of questionable, if not actually injurious nature, are used in preserved food, so-called, to prevent them from rotting. It is hoped that Dr. Wiley will eliminate all the poisons so commonly put in food, and while we can never hope again to get the pies that our mothers used to make, we will be furnished with a substitute which does not menace our lives.

Seventy thousand dollars was paid [illegible] Minnesota farmers who [illegible] State's bounty of [illegible] for land planted with trees, notes the New York Tribune. Forty-two counties have adopted the bounty system, which has been in operation since 1877. They are in the prairie districts of the State, and from the fact that the plan has been in operation for thirty years it would seem to be measurably successful. The bounty is paid for six years, and one owner may receive it for only ten acres. All trees must be planted from eight to twelve feet apart all that die must be replaced.

More accidents involving a loss of life have taken place on the railroads in the past year or two than in any previous period of equal duration. In this particular the United States has won a bad pre-eminence among the great countries of the world, declares the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. There are several times more fatalities in this country on the railways every year than there are in England, Germany or France, in proportion to the number of persons traveling. Overwork on the part of employes has been the cause of many of these casualties. Physical torpor due to excessive hours of labor of railway workers is accountable for the failure, in many cases, to make use of the mechanical devices to prevent accidents.

Canada has spent $62,000,000 for railways this year. She has added 3314 miles of line to her railway system. Out of the total expenditure about $44,000,000 has been used for construction and about $18,000,000 for equipment. The Canadian Pacific, says the New York Sun, which now has a grand total of more than 11,000 miles of completed road, has expended $23,000,000 during the year. The Canadian Northern has spent $15,000,000; the Grand Trunk, $7,000,000; the Great Northern (the Hill line), $10,000,000; and the Temiskaming, $3,000,000. The government owned lines, the Intercolonial and the Prince Edward Island, are not reported, presumably from lack of anything to report. Some of this new mileage is actually needed, but a considerable part of it represents provision for to-morrow, and Canada's to-morrow is big with promise.

TO THE FEARLESS.

Think not this fearless one must walk alone
Down the broad thoroughfare, we know as life;
He hath for comrades in the daily strife
Those noble ones whom other days have known,
Who, like himself, strode on and made no moan
O'er earth's injustices. 'Tis his lot to feel
The martyr's anguish, yet he's master will
Before no altared ignorance can kneel.
All patiently he takes his bitter fill
Of mockery, and with untiring zeal
Works out his mission with full meed of skill.
His is the form that here and there we meet
Standing erect while curs snarl at his feet.

—Lurana W. Sheldon.

The Lady in Green .....and Gold.....

By SEAMAN BRIGHT.

All Paris was talking about her.

Before Evelyn Stair had been in the gay capital twelve hours her friend, Nancy Forbes, insisted on taking her to see the new excitement.

"But, my dear Nancy, I am not in a violent hurry to see her," protested Evelyn. "I have a whole fortnight in Paris before me yet. And besides, we haven't seen each other since the days when we wore pigtails, and there is far more to interest me in your own doings than in—what do you call her?"

"'The Lady in Green and Gold.' Her real title is 'Memory,' but since Paris has gone wild over the matter every one calls her 'the Lady in Green and Gold.' And you must see her," insisted Nancy, "if only for the extraordinary resemblance to yourself. It is really uncanny. When you stepped out of the train last night I thought you were 'The Lady in Green and Gold' herself."

"It is flattering at any rate, if the lady is as wonderful as you say," laughed Evelyn. "And now, as you have roused my curiosity to excitement pitch, when am I to see her?"

"At once. It is a heavenly morning, and besides I have arranged a—a little appointment," hesitated Nancy, coloring a little. "I didn't tell you last night, as it was late, and you were tired; but, you see—well—you see," and Nancy held out her left hand, on which a diamond ring glistened in the sunlight.

"Engaged? Oh! my dear, I am so glad," and Evelyn bent down and kissed her friend tenderly.

"He is a dear, and his name is Dick—Dick Wingrave," explained Nancy. "He is an American, and an artist, like myself; only, unlike me, he has had many decorations and honors in both France and Germany. You will see him in half an hour at The Salon; we are to meet there, and—good gracious! it it nearly 11 now. We must really hurry, for I want to introduce you first to 'The Lady in Green and Gold.' To think," she continued a few moments later, as they stepped out into the whirl of the Paris traffic, "it is nearly ten years since the day we said 'good-bye' to each other on the steps of Miss Jay's academy. Ten years! It frightens me when I think what a little I have to show for it. Just an odd little canvas here and there at The Salon, and—and yes, there is Dick," she broke off, with a note of triumph in her voice. "Dick! He was worth all the years of waiting."

"All the years, Nancy, I am sure—every one of them," said Evelyn, with an inflexion in her voice that somehow brought the tears and a question to her friend's eyes.

"And you, Evelyn. What have you been doing all these years—I mean really doing? Of course I read of your father's death, and how you were one of the richest and most beautiful girls in England, and all that sort of thing. But of your real self—the self that said good-bye to me on those old steps ten years ago—the one that used to sleep with a bunch of forget-me-nots under its pillow, once upon a time?"

"Oh, don't Nancy! It was only the usual silly boy and girl affair, and one day, when the boy grew up, he—he changed his mind."

"And the girl?" queried Nancy, impetuously.

"The girl? Oh, the girl never quite changed. It's a silly way girls sometimes have," said Evelyn, a little piteously.

Nancy's brown eyes filled with tears and she felt for her friend's hand and squeezed it lovingly as they entered a quiet street.

"You see, no one was to blame," explained Evelyn. "There was never any real engagement. My father wouldn't hear of it till the boy had made a name. He was an artist, you see, with nothing but promise. So he came away to Paris, and for a time everything seemed to prophesy splendid things. Then a letter came—it was a very brief letter," continued Evelyn, after a pause, "and—and was not even written by himself. A friend wrote it. I suppose he was too busy to do it himself."

"What a horrid thing to do!" burst out Nancy, angrily.

"It wasn't nice. But I suppose there was a reason, and it didn't matter much, anyhow. There was nothing in it but a few lines, to say that something unforeseen had happened which must end our—our friendship. He asked to be forgiven and forgotten, and that was all. There was no address."

"But his friends—his relatives?"

"He had no near relatives, and his friends, he dropped them all, as he did me. None of us ever heard of him again."

"Yet, somehow, I can't believe your artist was a cad," said Nancy, after a pause. "It isn't in human nature to love a girl like you and then forget her so lightly. What was his name? Perhaps I have met him. We foreigners in the studios generally know something of each other, and I have been in Paris nearly eight years."

"His name was Vayne—Christopher Vayne," answered Evelyn.

They had reached the entrance doors of The Salon as she spoke, and the latter, as they swung to behind them seemed to take up and prolong the rhythm of the name.

"You know him?" questioned Evelyn, breathlessly, as she saw a startled change of expression cross her companion's face.

"I have heard of him," answered Nancy, recovering herself; "but I will tell you later, when—when we have seen 'The Lady in Green and Gold.'"

She led the way straight to the end of the gallery as she spoke, and though inwardly surging with emotions that Evelyn had fondly imagined were laid aside long ago with an old green gown, she was forced to follow her friend through the crowded room in silence.

Nancy's look of startled surprise, however, had done its work, and in the few paces that it took to measure the length of the gallery memory rolled back the dead years from the sepulchre of the past, and Evelyn saw herself a schoolgirl again at Miss Jay's academy, and Christopher Vayne, a boy with a paint box, who taught the local rustics to see their fields and barns through magic glasses.

Even the stray bunches of forget-me-nots that Nancy had remembered—foolish language of the schoolgirl heart as they seemed in these later days—were very precious in this hour, with their resurrected visions of things and imaginings that, alas! the mills of time and happening had bruised so badly.

Foolish, foolish days! They yet came back to Evelyn now in the crowded rooms of The Salon like the scent of clover on a summer wind.

Even Miss Jay's academy and all the schoolgirl sentiment for which it stood crossed her vision again, and then passed away, and in its place Evelyn saw the schoolgirl, now a woman, with all the sentiment transmuted into the fine gold of love, and the boy a man of passion and burning ideals, while the forget-me-nots took other forms which neither poet nor painter nor forget-me-not have ever yet made their own.

But, even as they reached the end of the gallery, these, too, passed away in their turn, and of all that had gone before nothing remained but a girl in a green gown, looking through an English hedge, down the road a man had once gone, on his way to Paris.

"This is it," said Nancy, suddenly, as they stopped in front of a large painting before which a little crowd had silently gathered.

Evelyn looked up as her friend spoke, and for the moment was conscious of nothing but a shimmering mass of green and gold; then slowly from out the tangle of foliage a girl's eyes met her own, eyes almost lost in the strong shadow in which the face was painted, but whose spirit seemed to reach out to the other girl's troubled consciousness with a suggestion of infinite calm.

All the subdued noise and chatter seemed to have left this end of the room, and something of the strange spirit of serenity and tenderness which the painter had embodied in his ideal seemed to have communicated itself to the frivolous Parisians who stood there rapt and silent in front of his masterpiece.

And yet, like all the great things of art and life, the picture was simple.

Just a girl in a green gown, parting a tangle of green boughs as if to send yet one more lingering glance to some one who was going away, and for symbolism might have served as a flash of his youth to a man when he is tired and gray.

The luminous landscape in the background rendered the figure at a first glance little more than a silhouette, and the cool foreground was barely relieved here and there by a flash of sunlight that played through the green leaves like the gleam of a fairy's wing.

One gleaming touch of light caught the gold of the hair, and a few high lights defined the outline; otherwise the figure as it stood there, with its back to the dazzling sunlight and its face looking straight out of the picture, was wrapped in shadow.

And out of the shadow, in turn, smiled the wonderful eyes—eyes suggesting vague questionings to Evelyn, and to which she began to feel she alone possessed the key.

"Don't you think it might be a portrait of yourself?" whispered Nancy, with a curious glance at her friend.

Evelyn did not answer. Strange answers to those vague questions began to float through her mind, and with it all there grew and grew a sense of familiarity with every detail of the picture.

The very boughs seemed like old familiar friends, and the girl who parted them? Ah! Now she saw the likeness Nancy spoke of. It was indeed herself—the old real self that Nancy had questioned her about less than an hour ago—the self Evelyn fancied had been laid aside long ago with an old green gown.

"Come," said Nancy, who was watching her friend closely, "and I will tell you the story of the man who painted 'The Lady in Green and Gold.'"

"He came to Paris six years ago, and he was English," she began abruptly, as they found a quiet corner and sat down. "He was young, he was brilliant, and before long became the shining light of Lemaire's. There was no future too great to prophesy for him, the master said, and if you add to this that he loved and was loved by a beautiful girl, and that every one was his friend, you will have a picture of this man as he was then. Now try to realize what it must have been to lose all this in less than a minute—just one little minute of time, and love and talent and even a future were swept away. It was at a railway station." Nancy went on quickly, for Evelyn's face was white with appeal, "and there was a great crowd. Many of the people were tipsy, for it had been a fete day, and in the rush that was made for the incoming train a mother and her two children—oh! Evelyn, wasn't it awful?—were thrown down on the rails. It was all over in a moment, and nobody ever quite knew how he did it; but Christopher Vayne was on the platform, and——"

"Saved them. Oh! he saved them?" whispered Evelyn, passionately.

"Yes, he saved them, but his arm—the engine caught it," explained Nancy, with a shudder. "It was his right arm, and the doctors, when they saw it, said he would never paint again. They amputated it and saved his life, but he was in the hospital for a long time." Nancy went on, after a pause, in which she dared not look at her companion's face, "and when he came out he was, as Dick puts it, 'absolutely broken and done for.' Dick, I forgot to tell you, was his friend and fellow student at Lemaire's, and the first thing Mr. Vayne did when he came out of the hospital was to ask Dick to write a letter. He had nothing left, he said, for any woman to waste her years over, so Dick wrote the letter. It was to a girl in England, whose name Dick has forgotten; but in essence it told her that the one who sent it 'had changed his mind.'"

"Oh! don't, Nancy, don't!" pleaded Evelyn, piteously. "Just tell me what happened afterward."

"He left Paris and disappeared. No one—not even Dick—knew what had become of him. It was supposed he had committed suicide in his despair, but for five years no trace of him was ever found. Then a week ago Paris was startled by 'The Lady in Green and Gold.'"

"You mean——" began Evelyn, a dawning comprehension in her eyes.

"He painted it with his left hand! That last day when he left Dick and went out into the dark alone he had nothing but a dim little hope for company. He took it away with him to a lonely village in the Ardennes, and there slowly but surely began to fan it into a flame. Little by little it grew as he worked on patiently through the lonely years—one—two—three—then four, then five, and he came back to Paris with 'The Lady in Green and Gold.'"

"Oh, splendid! Splendid!" repeated Evelyn, with shining eyes.

"Wasn't it? Just think of him away there in his lonely village, working on year after year till he mastered that unruly hand. Literally he had to become as a little child and begin life all over again. Ah, that was heroic, if you like," concluded Nancy; "far more heroic——"

But Evelyn had saddenly ceased to listen. She had risen to her feet and, with parted lips and all the color gone from her face, waited for two men who had entered the room and now came toward them.

One of these was keen of face and slight of build; he wore a foreign decoration in his button-hole, and had the modernity of America written on his every look and movement; the other was tall and strong, like a knight of old, and his badge of honor was an empty sleeve.—New York Tribune.

SCIENTIFIC & INDUSTRIAL

It is understood that a great many of the big Lake vessels will soon be equipped with the submarine signaling apparatus.

According to Power, at Columbus, Ohio, where the water is excessively hard, a water-softening plant with a capacity of 30,000,000 gallons per day is being constructed.

The fishermen round the Scottish coasts are beginning to interest themselves in the internal combustion engine as a means of helping them to compete with the steam drifter. Several motor-propelled boats, states the Motor World, are now to be found on the east coast.

Professor Dimmer, of Gratz, has recently perfected an apparatus for photographing the interior of the human eye which is said to give better results than any hitherto attained. By means of a system of lenses and mirrors a flash of light is sent into the eye, and the illuminated image of the retina is projected upon a photographic plate. The exposure is limited to a sixteenth or a twentieth of a second in order to avoid the physiological effects. The purpose of the invention is to obtain correct information concerning diseased states of the retina, and the pictures are clear and full of detail.

So important is an exact knowledge of the atomic weights of the various chemical elements that there is an international commission which undertakes to revise the list of such weights once a year, in accordance with the latest researches. The list for 1907 contains seventy-nine elements. Among these there are seven whose atoms are heavier than those of gold, namely, mercury, thallium, lead, bismuth, radium, thorium and uranium, which has the greatest atomic weight known. The weight of an atom of hydrogen, still the lightest of all known substances, is fixed at 1.008; that of an atom of oxygen at 16; that of an atom of gold at 197.2; that of an atom of radium at 225; and that of an atom of uranium at 238.5.

Funny actions of some people are due to their lack of sense of humor.

For the Younger Children....

DISCIPLINE.

Dolly's very naughty;
Dolly will not play;
Everything I tell her
Makes her cross to-day.

See how she is pouting!
Oh, what can I do?
Dolly, when she's naughty,
Makes me naughty, too.

Let me see! Supposing,
Dolly, I were you,
And was very naughty—
What would mother do?

Would she scold and punish
So severely? No!
She would say she loved me,
And would kiss me—so!

She would say I grieved
That would make me sad;
I should feel so sorry,
Till we both were glad.

So, my little dolly,
I'll be good to you;
And you'll be, to please me,
Good and loving, too.

—M. von Seydewitz, in Youth's Companion.

A SUMMER STORY.

The Indians thought of summer as a beautiful maiden. They called her Nipon, and she came among them in June, clad in green garments. She built her wigwam near the sun, covering it with green leaves and flowers.

Nipon had a grandmother, the Rain, who often came to visit her, and who always said to her when she took leave:

"My child, never turn your steps to the north, for Winter lives there, your deadliest foe. If you meet him face to face your beauty will vanish, your green gown will fade, your hair will turn gray and all your strength will go from you."

But Nipon gave little heed to the warning of the Rain. The forbidden country of the north looked strangely beautiful in the distance. It was a wonderful land, with shining lakes and high blue mountains and bright rolling rivers. She was drawn toward it against her will, but all the time she heard the voice of the Rain saying:

"Go back—go back—lest the Winter kill you!"

Still she gave no heed, but journeyed on till it grew bitterly cold, and her green garments grew yellow and faded. At last the wind blew them away, and her long, dark hair turned gray—and then white with the frost, and she lost her strength and could not go back.

The Rain-mother missed Nipon from her wigwam. The boughs of leaves were yellow and the flowers were faded—then she knew what had happened; Nipon was a prisoner of grim Winter, way in the North Country. So she called her bravest warriors, the South Wind, East Wind and Warming Breeze, and she bade them hasten and rescue Nipon from the clutches of Winter; and they flew to do her bidding.

As they entered the North Country, Winter felt ill at ease, so he called his chieftains, the North Wind, the Northwester, the Northeast Wind and all the frosts and sleet and snow spirits.

"Fly!" he cried, "fly to the battle! Our foes are coming from the south!" and he grew smaller as he spoke.

There was a mighty battle, but the driving Rain, and the mild South Winds broke down the Winter's strength until he was forced to set his prisoner free. And Nipon, looking weary and old, with her white hair, set out on her homeward journey, but as she walked the sun grew warmer and the days were longer and the air was softer.

She grew younger and younger at each step, until she was fair and beautiful once more. She went on and on, until at last she reached her own wigwam, where she found her grandmother, the Rain, nearly spent with the battle.

"You were disobedient, my daughter," said the Rain, "see that you never stray again."

But Summer—born again each year—is ever willful, and grim frozen Winter is her sternest foe.—Washington Star.

A PARROT STORY.

Many years ago, when our navy had a station on the African coast, the natives were in the habit of bringing off parrots for sale. They were very pretty birds, of a soft gray color enlivened by touches of red, and their price was a bit of tobacco, a piece of soap, or half a dozen brass rings—any trifle, in fact. The sailors bought a lot of them, and taught them nautical terms.

On morning inspections, while the men were at the guns, the parrots in their cages were on the gun-deck. The captain had a habit of clearing his throat before he gave an order: "Ahem, Starboard, fire!—Port, fire!"

Before he could fairly deliver it, the parrots would call out: "Ahem! Starboard, fire!—Port, fire!"

And so it went on with other orders; the birds took them up instantly, to the great amusement of the captain, officers and men.

I was one day performing some duty on deck when one of the parrots lighted on my hand. Intent on my affairs, I threw it off more roughly than I was aware, and it fell rather heavily on the deck. The owner picked it up, and caressed it, saying: "The master doesn't like parrots, does he?" After that the bird always called me "master" whenever he saw me.

We brought the ship into Portsmouth, N. H., on our return home. Not long after I was walking down Tremont street, Boston, at an hour when it was filled with people, and heard a cry, "Master! Master!" and, turning in the direction of the voice, I found myself opposite a bird-shop, in the doorway of which hung an African parrot.

I went over, and asked the proprietor where he found it. He told me he had bought it about three months before of a sailor just returned from the coast of Africa. By this I recognized my old acquaintance, and stopped some time, going over the "talkee-talkee" it had been familiar with on board ship, and apparently making it very happy. The bird had known me from the thousands passing the door.—Our Dumb Animals.

STRANGE BIRDS.

The following is from a naturalist who has traveled from this country around the world:

"For many years naturalists heard reports of a mysterious bird which made its home in the solitudes surrounding the volcano of Soufriere on St. Vincent, in the West Indies. The natives had many superstitions connected with it, one being that anyone seeing the bird would surely die, and as a result they avoided its haunts and it long remained the invisible mysterious bird with the heavenly song.

"The mystery was finally dissipated in 1876, when Frederick A. Ober made an expedition to the volcano, and after considerable difficulty and danger from big snakes managed to secure several specimens. It developed that the bird was a ventriloquist, which explains why its song would often be heard and still the bird not be seen in the spot whence the sound seemed to proceed.

"Certain live birds are put to curious uses. In the northern part of South America the natives often avail themselves of the services of a species of crane to care for their poultry, and also use it in place of a dog to herd their domestic fowl. This remarkable bird, which the Indians call yakamik and the ornithologists psophia yakamik, is found in a wild state in the great forests that lie between the northern coasts of South America and the Amazon. Their usual gait is a slow and stately march, but they enliven themselves from time to time by leaping up in the air, executing eccentric and fancy waltzes and striking absurd attitudes. When alarmed they utter the peculiar cry which has obtained for them the name of trumpeter.

"The yakamiks are readily tamed and prove valuable servants to the Indians. They may be trusted with the care of a flock of sheep or domestic fowls and every morning will drive the ducks and poultry to their feeding places and carefully collecting any stragglers bring them safely home at night."—Detroit News-Tribune.

A PERSEVERING ANT.

One day while walking through a field I came upon a small anthill. I noticed that the ants went in the hole on the right side and came out on the left. If an ant made a mistake and went in on the wrong side of the hole the ant coming out would walk over him. A closer observation showed that each busy little worker carried a grain of sand, which it deposited not far from the hole.

I stuck a blade of grass in the hole and waited to see what would happen. Soon an ant took hold of one end and pulled with all his might, while three other ants pushed at the opposite end. Together they got it out.

The next time I stuck two blades of grass into the hole. The ants removed one, but as they could crawl in and out of the hole, even though the other blade of grass was there, they did not bother with it. But one ant was bound to get it out. He fastened his hind legs to a blade of grass which hung over the hole, and fastened his forelegs to the blade which was in the hole, and without the aid of any of the others he pulled it out.—Margaret Brown (aged thirteen), in the New York Tribune.

GEESE IN SHOES.

They shoe geese in the country round about Warsaw, in the Vilna district, because the geese have a long annual journey to make—a journey to the goose market.

You see, in the late fall and early winter, a goose market is held at Warsaw, and geese to the number of 5,000,000 congregate in the town. The geese march to market on foot. Some come from 100 and 150 miles away. The average distance they come from is sixty miles, and to protect the feet on this long journey they are shod.

To shoe the geese the gooseherd first makes them walk back and forth in melted tar. With a coat of tar on their feet they then walk through fine sand. The result is that they are shod with a good, strong shoe of mixed tar and sand, that protects them well on their journey to the Warsaw goose market.—Philippine Gossip.

An Old Musical Instrument.

E. F. Hobson, of York, has acquired possession of a somewhat rare style of musical instrument. It is about two and one-half feet long, eighteen inches wide, and when inflated about two feet deep. When closed and clasped it fits into a neat box about the size of a suit case, with a handle, and can be carried in one hand. It is a melodeon or harmonium, and as nearly as can be ascertained is about 100 years old. It has a three-octave keyboard, possesses a sweet tone, and is in excellent condition. The peculiar thing about it is that the reeds are supplied with wind by the movement of the arms upon the instrument while playing. Mr. Hobson bought it of Milan Townsend, in whose family it has been for a great many years. Mr. Townsend remembers that at the time his aunt was married the wedding march was played on this instrument. It appears to be a great curiosity, and few remember having seen others like it.—Kennebec Journal.

Motoring in Burmah.

In Rangoon motoring flourishes extensively. Wealthy Chinese and Burmese gentlemen vie with Europeans in the possession of up-to-date cars.—Autocar.

SPORT AND ADVENTURE

A COOK WHO COULD NAVIGATE.

"How does it happen that the commanders of French vessels, with thirty-four schools of hydrograph in the kingdom, do not know how to calculate longitude by lunar distances, while even the cooks and negroes of American vessels understand it?" So in 1817 asked Baron von Zach, one of the first astronomers in Germany. No wonder he was astonished and puzzled; for he had just come from a remarkable interview on board the first large American yacht, Cleopatra's Barge. The baron tells his own story, to be found in the Historical Collections of the Essex Institute, Salem:

"I ventured on board of the American vessel, the Cleopatra's Barge, at Genoa. All the city crowded to see the magnificent palace of Neptune. I went among others. The owner was on board; he was a gentleman of fortune.

"The captain was a lively old gentleman, a cousin to the owner, and his son was on board, also. In making some inquiries respecting my friends and correspondents, I mentioned Dr. Bowditch. The captain answered:

"'He is a friend of our family and our neighbor in Salem. My son was his pupil. It is properly my son and not I who navigates this vessel.'

"I observed to the young man:

"You have had so excellent a teacher you cannot fail to be acquainted with the science. In making Gibraltar what was your error in longitude?'

"'Six miles.'

"'Your calculations were very correct. How did you keep them?'

"'By chronometer and by the lunar distances.'

"'You know how to calculate by lunar distances?' I exclaimed.

"The young man seemed a little offended by my question, and replied with some warmth:

"'How to calculate by lunar distances! Why, our cook can do that!'

"'Your cook!' I cried.

"Here I was informed that the vessel's cook had a 'taste' for navigation.

"'That is he,' said the young captain, pointing to a negro in the after part of the vessel, wearing a white apron, with a fowl in one hand and a carving knife in the other.

"'Come here, John!' called the old captain. 'Answer this gentleman's questions.'

"'By what method do you calculate lunar distances?' I inquired. To my amazement he replied:

"'It makes no difference. I use the methods of Maskelyne, Lyons or Bowditch; but I prefer that of Dunthorne.'

"I could hardly express my surprise.

"'Go,' said the captain, 'lay aside your fowl, and bring your books and journal, and show your calculations.'

"He returned with an armful of books, showed his calculations, made with admirable precision, and answered my questions in correct nautical terms."—Youth's Companion.

A REMARKABLE ESCAPE.

Among the remarkable means adopted by the pioneers in the Civil War to escape were their tunnels, marvels of ingenuity and perseverance. The ground around the Southern prisons at Andersonville, Salisbury, Savannah, Danville and Macon was fairly honeycombed with tunnels that were rarely pushed to successful completion.

When everything was seemingly propitious and the prisoners were only waiting for a stormy night on which to remove the final cap of earth and rush forth to freedom, some accident was almost sure to happen, blocking all their well laid plans, as when at Savannah a straying cow pushed her ill omened foot through a tunnel which the imprisoned Federals had carried far beyond the stockade that inclosed the prison yard.

The most wonderful of all these ventures was the tunnel that was burrowed out of Libby Prison in 1864, by which 109 Union officers escaped. The success of the enterprise was due wholly to the indomitable energy and unfailing optimism of two men, Colonel Thomas E. Rose, of the Seventy-seventh Pennsylvania Infantry, and Major A. G. Hamilton, of the Twelfth Kentucky Cavalry. They began operations with two case knives, by means of which they removed bricks enough from a fireplace to gain access to a seldom frequented chamber in the cellar of the prison.

So foul and noisome was this dungeon that it was known as the "Rat Hell." Here in a nauseating atmosphere of sewer gas, the two men, with the assistance of as many of their comrades as they thought prudent to admit into the secret, burrowed out under the foundations in an attempt to reach a sewer which they knew communicated with a nearby canal. The work seemed to be advancing favorably; but they had sunk their tunnel below the level of the canal, and the water suddenly broke through, almost drowning Rose. Undaunted, they stopped the flow, and began a second attempt. This time they ran too near the surface, and the earth caved in. Fortunately the officials of the prison attributed the holes to rats, and the prisoners were left unmolested to start on a third tunnel, which also failed them.

All the party except Rose and Hamilton now gave up in despair; but these two intrepid spirits never lost hope. Abandoning the idea of reaching the canal, they directed their fourth tunnel toward a yard opposite the prison. Gradually those who had given up began to return. For seventeen nights (they had already wasted thirty-nine on the other tunnels) they worked in three shifts, with a broken shovel, two case knives, and a small wooden box in which the earth was removed. Only one man could dig at a time. The others were busy scattering the earth on the floor and covering it up with straw, and fanning air in to the workers by means of a rubber blanket stretched on a frame.

The last two nights Rose spent the entire time in the tunnel himself, doing twice as much work as had previously been accomplished by the three shifts. On the last night he abandoned the horizontal and struck upward for the surface. Powerful man though he was, his strength had been sapped by his unremitting labor in the foul atmosphere. He felt himself fainting; but he was too weak to make his way back fifty-three feet to the cellar. The shovel dropped from his grasp, and with the last effort of despair he turned on his back and drove his hands upward against the roof. The earth gave way before him, and his head emerged into the night, just as the sentinel on the other side of the street called out, "Half-past one, and all's well!"—Sunday Tribune's Magazine.

A CAPTAIN COURAGEOUS.

Louis Vollet, of the French fishing schooner La Mimosa, picked up by the steamship Carmania off the Banks, had as thrilling a story of sea peril to tell World readers yesterday as the imagination of man could conceive.

Heavy seas swept the dory away from the schooner and washed Vollet's boat-mate overboard. With but a single oar left, his scant supply of food and water soon exhausted, not a craft in sight, "nothing before and nothing behind but the sky and the ocean," Vollet began his fight for life.

Now he whittles a rude oar from one of the thwarts with his fish-knife and rows aimlessly with feverish energy. Now he sinks back overcome and prays to Our Lady of the Sea for help. New hopes are born as he watches the sun rise, only to die as with sinking heart he sees it set. He strains his eyes for ships' lights in the darkness, afraid to sleep but falling half-delirious from hunger and cold into a doze in which friendly faces mock him with offers of bread. He wakes and finds he has been gnawing at his mittens.

Now he hears "voices" which to heed is madness, and he stops his ears against them. Spectres appear before him. He catches the raindrops as they fall and drinks greedily. A ship looms up in the distance and he rows toward it with puny strength, shouting in a voice that has become a whisper. It passes and he falls back ready to die just as the great liner arrives to save him through a feat of maneuvring at sea of which Captain Warr may well be proud.

Except in times of boundary disputes the Western world hears little of the French fishermen who make their way across the sea to share in the harvest of the Banks. They have had no Kipling. Yet what one of Gloucester's "captains courageous" can match the narrative of Vollet's fourteen days adrift in a dory?—Editorial in the New York World.

A STEEPLE-CLIMBER'S PERIL.

A man famous for his courage in climbing to dizzy heights came near losing his life at Utica, N. Y., a few days ago. He was doing some repairs near to the summit of the spire of Westminster Church, when he felt in the rope by which he was suspended, the peculiar thrill which men of his profession know to be the omen of approaching trouble. He had just time to reach out and grasp the safety line and hang on, when the rope he had been using parted. Some enemy had soaked it with acid at that part which would be at the apex of the spire when it was used. He signaled to his wife, who always accompanies him on his business trips and who was waiting below, that he was in trouble. In two minutes she saw a line of thin twine descending from her husband's hand. To this, when it reached her, she attached a new rope held in readiness for such emergencies, and her husband drew it up. He made it fast and descended safely to the ground. On examining the broken rope he found that the "dope" had eaten through the manila, leaving it as rotten as sand. It was an awful discovery for that man to make at that dizzy height, that his rope was failing.—Christian Herald.

The "Light Box."

All European countries make large grants toward "Secret Service," which, in plain English, means that a system of spying is subsidized by the various governments. Among other duties paid for by the secret service money is that of examining the correspondence of suspected persons. The "light box" is used to find out whether an envelope contains any extra inclosures. It consists of a black box mounted on a table in a dark room and containing an electric light. The letter to be examined is inserted in a slot in the top of the box, the electric light is switched on, and if the envelope contains anything beside the ordinary letter, say, a folded map or plan, it shows as a darker patch than the rest. If it is supposed to be of some importance the letter is taken to another department, where it is skilfully opened and the contents examined, after which it is fastened again and forwarded to its destination.—Dundee Advertiser.

Gospel of Rest.

Have Englishwomen come to such a pass that their lives must be a seesaw between overstrain and curative treatment? Where is the remedy? How are we to stem the neurasthenia, the mental ill health, the "nerves," the headaches, the depression, the insomnia, that are spoiling the lives of hundreds of women of the upper and middle classes to-day? Prevention is better than cure, and we can best help our sisters by preaching to them, with all the earnestness in our power, the gospel of rest.—Lady.