THE QUEENSTOWN NEWS.

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As London has suppressed "The Mikado" and welcomed "Salome," it is evident, to the Louisville Courier-Journal, that John Bull has more politics than religion.

Says the Omaha Bee: Uncle Sam was strong enough to take twice as much from China as the country owed him, and he is now showing that he is strong enough to give half of it back.

"There is a feeling," says Major-General Bell, "that there is something wrong with the army." A similar feeling has been growing in the public mind of late concerning army officers.

A man who recently attempted a burglary and failed gave himself up afterward on the plea that his conscience hurt him. Probably because he failed, comments the New York American.

"Boston Common in spite of recent changes has not lost its original character," says Samuel M. Crowthers, in the Century. "It is still a common and not a park. It is a place to be used and not merely admired."

Hereafter when married men write love letters to others than their own wives, warns the Pittsburg Dispatch, they must take precaution to place on each document in a final note that it is produced exclusively for the purposes of fiction.

Kentucky has a wealth of coal, the magnitude of which can only be comprehended by a comparison with other regions. Kentucky has about fifty per cent. larger coal area than Great Britain, now mining about 250 million tons of coal a year, and which has about 10,000 square miles of coal territory, while Kentucky has over 16,000 square miles. The wealth, the financial power and the domination of the world's shipping interests of Great Britain are all largely staked on coal, and yet Kentucky, even East-ern, has a greater [illegible] all Great Britain.

[illegible] London Shakes-[illegible] thinks well of Eng-[illegible] Americans, an-[illegible] His views were [illegible] a new British [illegible] "to help to [illegible] use of English, [illegible] due recognition [illegible] essential element in [illegible]." In Harvard, he [illegible] twenty professors [illegible] in Oxford there was [illegible] this was a fair example [illegible] universities in the [illegible] Possibly this atten-[illegible]lish is partly because [illegible] more to contend against, [illegible] partly, without doubt, [illegible]st and laudable ambi-[illegible]

[illegible]mplaint in the Gen-[illegible] Columbus that hod-[illegible]y than preach-[illegible] rather bitter [illegible]. The [illegible] "a [illegible] to his [illegible] father's experi-[illegible] the services of the churches [illegible]n. They are an ugly in-[illegible] the laymen in the pews. [illegible]ung men," he writes, "to [illegible]eater ministry of Chris-[illegible] largely, more heart-[illegible]nsecration than [illegible] the or-[illegible]

[illegible]g suits ag[illegible] companies to enforce the [illegible] provided for violation of the [illegible] Appliance law of 1893. This [illegible] forbids the use by any railroad [illegible]pany now engaged in inter-[illegible]te commerce of any cars which [illegible]not be coupled automatically by [illegible] without requir-[illegible] men to go between the ends of [illegible] cars. Congress allowed five years [illegible]r the companies to equip their cars [illegible]with safety appliances. Subsequently [illegible]hey were granted further time in [illegible] certain cases, so that the law did not [illegible] become fully operative till August 1, 1900. Many if not all the cars were [illegible] properly equipped, but when a United States Circuit Court nullified certain provisions of the law, the work of [illegible] equipment practically ceased, and the couplers that had been put on some of the cars got out of order. In December, 1904, the Supreme Court reversed the decision of the Circuit Court, and sustained the law. From that date the Interstate Commerce Commission has been able to compel the railroads to keep the couplers in good condition. It has forced the abandonment of an agreement among the companies by which they were to take cars with defective equipment from one another on condition that only the company first handling the loaded car should be held responsible for the defects. But the law has not been faithfully observed, or it would not be possible to find twenty-five companies against which evidence of violation can be found.

THE NEW LIFE.

Perhaps they laughed at Dante in his youth
Told him that truth
Had unappealably been said
In the great masterpieces of the dead.
Perhaps he listened, and but bowed his head
In acquiescent honor, while his heart
Held natal tidings: that a new life is the part
Of every man that's born—
A new life never lived before,
And a new expectant art.
It is the variations of the more
That are forever, more and more,
The single dawning of the single truth:
So answers Dante to the heart of youth.
—Witter Bynner, in the Century.

THE MIRACLE OF THE LOAVES.

By ANNIE HAMILTON DONNELL.

Carefully dropping the fluffs of dough into the two tins, Aunt Ellen patted them gently to make them fit into the corners.

"Light as feathers," she nodded, approvingly. "Well, the poor child deserves a little help, I suppose. I'll just run across and tuck them into her oven; mine isn't hot enough. The way the smoke's pouring out of that chimney, she's got all her drafts wide open—as usual. It beats me how Corinna's child can possibly be—Barbara!"

Corinna's child had been Barbara for sixteen years. She had grown tall and comely and "scatter-brained"—that was Aunt Ellen's word. She had not a trace of Corinna's housewifely talent even in embryo. Her mother could make bread and beds when she was six better than Barbara could at sixteen!

"I taught Corinna myself," Aunt Ellen thought, then added honestly with a grimace, "And I taught Barbara! Well, I'm not going to shoulder the responsibility of that child—she could do a good deal better if she tried. What riles me is her indifference."

All this while Aunt Ellen had covered the delicate loaves with a fresh towel, put on her sunbonnet, and started forth across the green space between the two houses. The two loaves would help the child out. It was rather an undertaking for a schoolgirl to keep house for a live man and three live boys.

"I ought to be more charitable," gentle Aunt Ellen repented. She entered the littered, hot little kitchen with a resolve to see nothing but the oven door.

But on the very threshold an acrid, penetrating smell greeted her; she had to see that smell!

With a groan she sped to the stove, threw open the oven door ,and discovered two black and smoking loaves of what Barbara might have meant for bread.

"Black as your hat—flat as pancakes!" was her grim inventory. "Well, all is, I pity those men!"

Barbara was evidently nowhere in sight or sound—or smell. The little loaves had been put into the oven, all the drafts of the stove opened wide to insure their burning, then left to the tender mercies of providence. That was Barbara's way of baking.

"It's lucky I made bread myself; I'm not going to have my brother-in-law and nephews starve to death in sight of my kneading-board!"

Aunt Ellen was on her knees, doing energetic things. The black loaves came out with a sweep of her arm, the white, perfect ones went in, the oven door snapped shut.

"Now I'll regulate this fire—all it needs is toning down. Those loaves'll bake in half an hour. Barbara! Barbara! Where is the child? You couldn't surprise me any, telling me she'd gone visiting! Well, all is, I've got to go home and run across again in twenty minutes or so. I'm going to have that bread baked right! I'll take this mess o' charcoal home with me and throw it into the hen-yard—charcoal's healthy if it isn't appetizing. And I might's well swap bread tins with Barbara, too; these are just like mine, and it will save some fetching and carrying."

Aunt Ellen bustled home, stopping only a minute to toss Barbara's bread into the midst of her flock of chickens.

She had hardly washed and set away the tins when wheels clattered rapidly into her little side yard. It [illegible]er son Dana, and calamity sat [illegible] him on the seat. Aunt Ellen [illegible] the door. "Which is it?" she [illegible] "Mary? The baby?"

[illegible]! They fell down-stairs [illegible] stop to take your apron off, [illegible]!" The man's face was white [illegible]xiety.

[illegible] Aunt Ellen, a few minutes [illegible]ocked up her little house and [illegible]way, she did not know it [illegible] many anxious weeks before she came back. Once and for all, driven out of her mind by the calamity that had ridden into the yard with Dana, the little episode of Barbara's burned bread and the exchange of loaves vanished from her memory. The dread of the weeks to come was to fill all the nooks and crannies of her mind.

Barbara, browsing dreamily among her books, did not remember her ill-fated loaves. It was mere chance that sent her back to the kitchen, and even then only the sight of her kneading-board that suggested bread. It was a kind chance that brought it all about just at the right time.

"Mercy, my bread! It must be burned to a cind——"

It was baked to a delicate golden brown! The dainty loaves were puffed up, dimpled, beautiful. A warm, delicious odor gently buffeted Barbara's face.

"Oh! Oh!" breathed she in delight. "Oh, it's perfect! It's magnificent!"

It was exactly the right time to take it out. Barbara took it out and set back on the floor with it in her lap. It burned through to her knees, but she wanted to be burned. She was in her first rapture of success. It was such beautiful, beautiful bread! She kept leaning down to sniff the delicious odor, to admire the puffiness and delicate brownness, to be proud of it.

Barbara had never been proud before of anything that came out of that oven. Burned things, raw things, heavy, flat, unsightly things had come forth in a steady procession—a dreary, dismal procession.—But here—here were two golden-brown, puffy, wonderful things! She saw them, felt them, smelled them!

"You beauties! You darlings!" exulted Barbara. "I could kiss you! And to think you are mine! What will father and the boys say? Oh, I can hardly wait for supper-time!"

But the thought of supper-time raised thoughts of the cake baked that morning and the scorched apple-sauce. Suddenly it appeared to Barbara as sacrilege that this beautiful bread should be served with anything less perfect than itself. With soggy cake and scorched apple-sauce—bah! Never! Barbara scrambled to her feet and deposited her loaves tenderly on the table. She went into the pantry and brought out her dreary cake, and set it beside them. The contrast appalled her.

"Never!" she cried, setting her lips together hard. "They've got to match better than that. I'll try another rule of cake, and we'll see! Anybody that can make bread like that——" She laughed softly to herself.

She was a stranger to this new enthusiasm that possessed her, and the pleasant tingle of it sent the color to her cheeks. When had she ever wanted to cook anything before! Sam would laugh at her and Rich and Jeff say teasy things, and her patient father—why, how it would please him! And save his life, too, perhaps, and all their lives! They were all of them starving by inches.

"Well, let 'em wait—let 'em see to-night!"

Barbara's mother had been away at the hospital more than a month, mending slowly from a broken hip. The accident had happened while she was away on a shopping trip, and she could not be brought home. Barbara had come home from boarding-school to "take care" of father and the boys!

Good-luck cake would be a good rule to make; it sounded propitious. Barbara got together her materials and went earnestly to work. She remembered as she followed directions with much painstaking that she had never made cake just this way before. It had not seemed much worth while to bother much with rules; she had scrambled sugar and eggs and butter together hurriedly, to get it over with. Perhaps—Barbara was honest—perhaps that was what had been the matter with her cake!

The first trial of good-luck cake belied its name. It was a distinct improvement on the morning loaf, but it did not match the beautiful bread. With all her care Barbara had left out the cream of tartar, and the soda, left twiniess, refused to do the work of both. Barbara sighed once—sighed twice—set her lips a little harder, and began over again. She had resolved to match her beautiful bread.

While the second loaf was baking she made more apple-sauce. Aunt Ellen always sweetened hers in the beginning. Why had she not ever thought of that before? And Aunt Ellen never stirred hers. Barbara sweetened her apple-sauce in the beginning, and did not stir it. She remembered she had seen Aunt Ellen set hers back on the stove, where it could not burn. Barbara set hers back. Always before she had been in too much of a hurry to get it cooked.

Good-luck cake was a good rule. Number two came out prettily rounded and browned. It did not quite "match," but it would do. And the apple-sauce really did look tempting this time. Barbara sang little tune-snatches as she cleared away.

"This kitchen must match, too," she thought, between tunes. "I'm not going to have those two beauties ashamed of it! And I shall put on a fresh table-cloth and napkins. That plate of bread must have a good 'setting'."

She was very tired when it was all done, but she was still humming little tunes as she waited. She meant to appear very natural and careless, as if nothing had happened, and then they would come suddenly upon her supper—her beautiful supper. "Tra-la-la-la—la-la-la-la!" sang Barbara, industriously, when heavy steps sounded on the walk. Out in the kitchen at the sink they took turns washing their hands. She sang on loudly and clattered plates, but she could still hear bits of what they said.

"Wish mother was here. I'm hungry as a bear!", mumbled Rich, behind a towel.

"Two bears here!" Sam's voice. "I'm always hungry nowadays. We never get anything fit to e——"

"Sh!" That was father. Barbara thanked him in her heart. But tonight—— She laughed softly.

She caught another bit later.

"Do you s'pose we'll have lead biscuits again?" Rich said.

"With burnt sauce?" asked Jeff, mournfully.

"Oh, come on, boys, brace up and face the cannon's mou——"

"Sh!" again sharply. Bless father! And then they came trooping in. Barbara was looking out of the window.

"Hello!"

There was four separate exclamations; they may have all been "hellos"—Barbara never was sure. She was always sure of the tone they were exclaimed in. It was a triple blend of astonishment, admiration, delight. The admiration seemed to predominate, and she was sure they must all four be gazing straight at her beautiful bread. She tried to turn about and take her place at the table carelessly; she never was sure about that, either.

"This—this is a great surprise, little girl!" father found voice to say. His face was shining with pleasure.

"I say, you didn't do it all, did you, Barb?" blurted Rich, unbelievingly. "Not all the fixings?"

"I got supper, if you meant that," with dignity. Then dignity took wings suddenly. Barbara began to laugh in a little tremulous crescendo, while becoming red spots blossomed in her cheeks. "I did it! I did it!" she cried, triumphantly. "You all thought I couldn't cook! Look at that bread, taste of that sauce, try that cake! You're not going to starve any more, poor dears! Mother won't come home and find four skeletons!"

"No, sir!" Rich shouted. "I'm getting fat already! Just the sight of that bread—Barb, it's a picture!"

"Isn't it!" she agreed, proudly. "I had such splendid luck with it; it's even lovelier in a whole loaf. Would—would any of you like to see a whole loaf of it?" She was on her feet, ready to bring it, blushing adorably.

Yes, yes, they wanted to see the whole loaf, to a man! When it appeared, they passed it round, admiring its brownness and puffiness and dimples. It must be left on the table, they insisted, so they could be sure there was more to come after the slices were eaten.

It was a merry meal. The "things that matched" disappeared as if by magic, and father had to stand guard over the loaf to prevent that, too, from vanishing. Since mother went away there had been no such meal as that.

It was the beginning of good things. There were failures, of course, and discouragements to the young housekeeper, but steadily and surely the failures lessened and the successes grew to be the expected order of things. Barbara had put on enthusiasm and interest; the old indifference had been dropped at the oven door when she took out the first beautiful loaves that day, and she had never stooped to pick it up again. Whose loaves they really were she never knew, and Aunt Ellen never remembered. There were other beautiful loaves, honest descendants of the first pair, whose identity was without question. It came gradually to be the natural thing for Barbara's cookings to "match." She must live up to her bond.

Aunt Ellen came driving home one day, looking worn but radiant. Mary and the baby had both come safely through their terrible peril, and the world looked bright to Aunt Ellen. She waved wildly to the girl who came running to meet her.

"Barbara, dear child!" she cried, joyously.

"Aunt Ellen, you dear! You're coming right to my house to supper, and Cousin Dana, too!" Barbara said, with authority. "No, you're not going to unlock the house, Aunt Ellen!"

"But, child, you weren't expecting——"

"I'm 'expecting' now," Barbara laughed. "There's plenty to eat, such as it is," she added, modestly, but she was not afraid. She ran on ahead to put on extra plates.

It was Aunt Ellen's turn to be astonished—at the dainty table and well-cooked food on it. There was no longer any hint of the old carelessness.

"Why, has Corinna—I didn't know Corinna'd come home!" she ejaculated. "Nobody wrote me——"

"She hasn't"—father smiled, for he understood—"but we're going to have her next week."

Aunt Ellen's bewildered gaze took in again the surprises of the table. Then she became aware that two miracles had been performed while Mary and the baby crept back to life—here was the other one.

"Yes," Barbara said, a little shy under Aunt Ellen's gaze, "she's coming home next week. Everybody's getting well, aunty." Then, with an impetuous swirl of skirts, she was round the other side of the table, beside the bewildered one, her arms round the lean neck, her lips to Aunt Ellen's ear. It was the merest whisper, but Aunt Ellen heard:

"I'm getting well, too!"—From Youth's Companion.

A French Murderess.

One of the most remarkable criminals who ever baffled justice is a cunning Frenchwoman of the farming class named Bobillier. In October, 1905, this good woman lost her husband, as the doctor certified, from fracture of the jaw and skull caused by the kick of a horse inflicted twenty-four hours before death. Then the widow placed all her confidence in her foreman, a man named Gouret, who developed drinking ways, and a few days ago he was found dead in the granary with a shattered skull and a pistol in his hand. Unluckily for the widow it was observed that the pistol had never been discharged, and a blood-stained axe was found which fitted only too well with the injuries to the dead man's skull. Confronted by these evidences the woman confessed that the man had staggered to the granary to sleep off a drunken bout, and that she had killed him with the axe. She also confessed that she had murdered her husband with the same weapon as he lay on his bed in a drunken sleep. He survived a day without recovering consciousness.—London Globe.

An Immense Telescope.

John D. Hooker, of Los Angeles, has provided the necessary funds for the purchase of a reflecting telescope, of which the mirror will be 100 inches in diameter and the focal length fifty feet. The enormous stride contemplated by the erection of such a telescope will be best apprehended if we compare its dimensions with the largest instruments of the kind yet completed. Hitherto sixty inches has been the limit of diameter.—Engineering.

A Feeler.

"But," asked the young doctor, "why do you always order champagne for every new patient that comes to you?"

"Because, my boy," replied the old practitioner, "I can judge by what the patient says whether or not he can afford it. That helps me when I come to make out my bill."—Philadelphia Press.

The fortress at Malta is regarded as second to Gibraltar.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

"THE MAN LAND."

Little boy, little boy, would you go so soon
To the land where the grown man lives?
Would you barter your toys and your airy things
For the things that the grown man gives?
Would you leave the haven whose doors are set
With the jewels of Love's alloy
For the land of emptiness and regret?
Would you go, little boy, little boy?

It's a land far off, little boy, little boy,
And the way it is dark and steep;
And once you have passed through its doors, little boy,
You mayn't even come back to sleep.
There is no tucking in, no good night kiss,
No mornings of childhood joy.
It's passion and pain you give for this,
Think well, little boy, little boy!

Little boy, little boy, can't you see the ghosts
That live in the land off there;
The "broken hearts," "fair hopes," all dead;
"Lost faith" and "grim despair!"
There's a train for that land in the after years,
When old Time rushes in to destroy
The wall that stands 'twen the joy and the tears,
So don't go, little boy, little boy!
—Howard Waite, in the Metropolitan Magazine.

SEA HEDGEHOGS.

Of fishes a large number are protected from hostile attack by a covering of prickles. By far the most curious examples are the globe fishes, or "sea hedgehogs" of the Atlantic and Indo-Pacific oceans. The extreme length of the globe fish is something less than two feet. It has thick lips and goggle eyes, which give it the appearance of a good-natured countryman. Courage it seems to lack, and one might suppose that such a simpleton would fall an easy prey to the first shark or dogfish it encountered. Yet the globe fish is able to take care of itself. It never, under any circumstances, attacks the enemy, yet is always ready to receive him in a suitable manner should he provoke hostilities. Let us suppose that a shoal of globe fishes is swimming tranquilly in the clear waters when it is suddenly surprised by a hungry shark. Of course the little fellows scuttle hither and thither in uncontrollable alarm. But the shark, poising himself upon his powerful tail, leisurely singles out one of the fleeing globe fishes and sets out in pursuit. Now, although the globe fish is a good swimmer, it is no match for the shark. The chase is in every way unequal and can have but one ending. Within a few minutes of its commencement the shark must overtake the globe fish. But the quarry is well aware of its danger. It makes a bee-line for the surface, and as soon as it gets there begins to take in great gulps of air. Then a strange thing happens. The fish that only a moment before was thin and small begins to grow stouter and stouter until, like the frog in the fable, it seems in danger of bursting. It stops inflating itself, however, just in time to avert this catastrophe. But its skin has become as taut as a drumhead and the whole of its body is covered with sharp, erect prickles. It has become a sea hedgehog, and the hungry shark which comes surging through the water dares not touch it, but turns tail in search of something more eatable. Of course the globe fish was covered with prickles all the time, but in periods of tranquillity these lie comfortably along its sides, just as do those of the hedgehogs. Unlike its land prototype, however, the sea hedgehog is unprovided with a special muscle for erecting its prickles, so when danger threatens, it has recourse to the mechanical method of inflating the whole body with air, or with water if it cannot reach the surface quickly.—Scientific American.

MARK TWAIN'S CHILDREN.

Ordinary punishments answered very well for Susy. She was a thinker, and would reason out the purpose of them, apply the lesson and achieve the reform required. But it was much less easy to devise punishments that would reform Clara. This was because she was a philosopher who was always turning her attention to finding something good and satisfactory and entertaining in everything that came her way; consequently it was sometimes pretty discouraging to the troubled mother to find that after all her pains and thought in inventing what she meant to be a severe and reform-compelling punishment, the child had entirely missed the severities through her native disposition to get interest and pleasure out of them as novelties. The mother, in her anxiety to find a penalty that would take sharp hold and do its work effectively, at last resorted, with a sore heart, and with a reproachful conscience, to that punishment which the incorrigible criminal in the penitentiary dreads above all the other punitive miseries which the warden inflicts upon him for his good—solitary confinement in the dark chamber. The grieved and worried mother shut Clara up in a very small clothes closet and went away and left her there—for fifteen minutes—it was all that the mother heart could endure. Then she came softly back and listened—listened for the sobs, but there weren't any; there were muffled and inarticulate sounds, but they could not be construed into sobs. The mother waited half an hour longer; by that time she was suffering so intensely with sorrow and compassion for the little prisoner that she was not able to wait any longer for the distressed sounds which she had counted upon to inform her when there had been punishment enough and the reform accomplished. She opened the closet to set the prisoner free and take her back into her loving favor and forgiveness, but the result was not the one expected. The captive had manufactured a fairy cavern out of the closet and friendly fairies out of the clothes hanging from the hooks and was having a most sinful and unrepentant good time, and requested permission to spend the rest of the day there!—From Mark Twain's Autobiography, in The North American Review.

THE ROAD TO FORTUNE.

"The best boy I ever hired," said the store manager, "was one I chanced to see once sweeping off a sidewalk.

"You know how many boys, and many men, for that matter, sweep a sidewalk. They leave a streak of dirt here and there, make a poor job of it generally and pay no attention to the passersby. They are slack and indifferent and they do whatever other work they have to do, you can make up your mind, in just the same way. But this boy that I'm speaking of was making another sort of a job of it.

"He dug into the corners up by the building and made it nice and trim there, and then, working quickly too, without losing a minute's time, he swept the sidewalk absolutely clean; and at the same time, as he worked, he kept his eyes open, had some thought for other people besides himself and some sense of responsibility. He was a worker and a good worker. You know he'd do whatever else he had to do in just the same way.

"About three months after that we had occasion to hire another boy, and curiously enough, as it seemed to me, that boy applied for the job He didn't need any other recommendation to me than the work I'd seen him doing, sweeping that sidewalk, and we hired him on the spot and he's been with us ever since, advancing steadily.

"What? No, he isn't a partner yet, but he's getting on; and you can set it down as a simple fact that any boy you see making a good square job of sweeping off a sidewalk will do well anything he undertakes."—New York Sun.

THE GAME OF NUMBERS.

Any number may play this game. A leader is chosen, called Zero, and he in turn numbers the players from three up. The players may sit or stand in any order they desire. Then Zero, who should be provided with a stick of some sort, points it at (say) number six. Number six, who must immediately give some number divisible by his own number (for instance, twelve or thirty or thirty-six), calls out one of the other players' numbers, say number eight, and the player who is number eight must give some number divisible by eight, as thirty-two or 104 or eighty-eight. If any player gives a number with a zero in it, the leader must have the next chance to call for a number. Every mistake made means a loss of five points to the one who makes it; the one who first discovers a mistake gains five points. Each player keeps his own tally. If Zero fails to seize his turn when a zero is mentioned in the number (as ten, twenty, 102, 300, etc.) and one of the players detects the mistake (gaining five points by so doing) Zero must change places with that player.

If a dividend is given a second time, it is called an error, and the point is gained by the one who detects the error.

The winner is the one who has gained the greatest number of points when the game is stopped.—Washington Star.

SQUIRRELS PLANT TREES.

Those who have argued that instinct that will lead a squirrel to bury a nut for winter use will lead him to find it when the winter comes may find some facts in the State-House yard that will cause their faith in this statement to shake a little.

Let them examine the lawn on each side of the walk leading from the gate at the northwest corner of the grounds, where most of the visitors feed the squirrels, and they will see the grass is thickly studded with the shoots of many kinds of nut trees and bushes, each one springing from a buried nut that the squirrel which buried it did not dig up.

As a promoter of forestry the squirrel is entitled to first place among the animals.—Columbus Dispatch.

Time and Expense.

The time required for the construction of the lock canal is about eight years, or virtually one-half the time that the sea level would consume in its construction. The expense in round numbers, including the interest on the investment during the additional eight years that the sea level canal would take for building, and the loss of profit during those eight years from the tolls which would be earned with a lock canal would make the difference in cost between $150,000,000 and $300,000,000. In other words, the time and cost of the sea level canal are just about double that of the lock canal.—From Secretary Taft's "The Panama Canal," in the Century.

At Regular Rates.

Miss Matilda Owens hung on the arm of the editor of the Laneville Bugle, to whom she had been engaged for three years, and endeavored to turn his gaze toward the sky.

"Just notice the moon, William!" she said, in a melting voice.

"At the usual rates, Matilda, I shall be happy to do so," he replied.

TALES OF ADVENTURE

A LAKE MICHIGAN EPISODE.

It all had happened so suddenly that when John Hourigan, the mate, and Edward J. Igoe, able seaman, sole survivors of the crew of the schooner W. B. Phelps, found themselves clinging to the fragment of rail and pressed knee to knee on the three square feet of ice-coated planking, which was all that remained of the forward part of the deck, it was several minutes before either could find speech. If they had escaped the sudden death of their comrades, it could only be because another and more awful fate desired to mock them in the last moments.

The vessel had been almost in sight of the safe harbor at Glen Arbor, Michigan, on the afternoon of November 19, 1879, when a tremendous northwest gale blew up, followed by a blinding snowstorm, and the Phelps was driven on the rocks near shore stern foremost, about a mile from Glen Arbor dock. With such force did she strike that in a couple of minutes her stern had sunk, and amidships was nothing but a tangled mass of spars, rigging, sails, and deck planking, over which the big waves pounded angrily. The captain and four members of his crew were immediately swept into the sea; but Hourigan and Igoe, who had been well forward when the shock came, found themselves raised aloft on the small section of the bow, with barely space enough to retain a footing.

This was at seven o'clock in the evening. The snow was still falling heavily, and the gale was driving the icy spray over the two survivors. At last Igoe spoke.

"Where are the others?" he shouted.

Hourigan's lips moved, and quickly he blessed himself.

Igoe nodded understandingly, and again there was silence—a silence that lasted for hours.

It was the seaman who broke it again. "John," he yelled, "I can't hold on! My hands are numb! I'm afraid I'm going!"

"No, you're not!" shouted the mate. "Get your hands under my coat and hang to my waist! I'm good for a few hours, if this piece of her will only hold together."

And in this fashion they spent the rest of the hours of darkness. When daylight came, they discovered they were not far from Glen Arbor, and soon Hourigan gave a great shout of joy. "Thank God!" he cried. "They've seen us, and they are coming for us in spite of the storm, bless 'em!"

But he had little idea of how well deserved was that blessing. It was true that they had been seen and that stout hearts were determined to attempt a rescue. To accomplish this, however, the men on shore had only one dilapidated flat bottomed fish-boat that had been so long out of service that it leaked like a sieve. Nevertheless, this was sledded to the surf, and five heroes piled into it and started in the teeth of the gale for the wreck. But the sea was too strong, and Hourigan groaned as he saw the frail craft driven back to the shore. He did not know the spirit of those who manned her. They had not the slightest intention of giving up. Instead, they hauled up the old boat, rapidly stuffed cracks with pieces of cloth, then hauled it about two hundred yards to windward, where a strong current would give them an advantage.

This time the boat did not have a chance to fill before it was borne against the stern. Making fast with a line to one piece of wreckage above water, the would-be rescuers surveyed the situation. It was as bad as it possibly could be. To approach the two sailors on the windward side was to face a sea so terrible that the boat would be swamped in an instant; to attempt the rescue from leeward was to run into the great tangle of spars, rigging, and timber which, bounding high on the waves, would probably smash their craft to matchwood.

For a minute or two they deliberated, and then another groan burst from Hourigan as he saw the line cut and the boat driven back to shore stern foremost. The boat reached the shore, and now hope fled, for the two unfortunates saw its occupants hastening inland. Chilled to the marrow and coated with ice from head to foot, the boat crew hastened to their homes to don dry clothes with which to continue the fight. Already, however, they had determined upon a plan of action. In some way or other the boat must be wedged into the mass of wreckage, and the crossing made on foot if necessary, but the mate and the sailor must be rescued.

By the time the third attempt was begun, the seas were bigger than ever, and despite the advantage of the current it seemed doubtful if the old leaky boat would ever reach the wreck. Hourigan began to shout encouragement.

"God bless you, boys! Pull hard!" he yelled.

And pull hard they did, until the boat was tightly wedged about sixty feet from the piece of the bows to which the two ice-covered figures still clung. A rope was thrown and caught by Hourigan.

"Now, Ned!" said the mate, and started to put the cord about Igoe's waist.

"I can't; I'm afraid. You go first," answered the seaman.

"Why, it's easy," said Hourigan; "just watch me." He fastened the rope tightly under his armpits, then began his journey over the mass of tossing and threatening debris. More than once he was compelled to stop and hang on until a big wave had gone over him; but at last he reached the side of the boat and was dragged aboard. Once more the rope was thrown, and, overcoming his fright, Igoe prepared to follow. He made a good start; but it was evident that the poor fellow was pitifully weak. When half way, his leg became caught in the timbers, and he had not strength enough to drag himself free.

Immediately two of the rescuing party were out of the boat, not waiting to tie lines to themselves, and jumping from piece to piece of the wreckage to extricate him. One caught him by the collar as he was going under, and, dragging him on the run along a spar twenty feet long, brought him also to the boat. There was little time to lose in getting back, for the frail craft had been filling and the two extra passengers brought the water in still faster. Ten yards from shore the boat went down; but a score of willing hands grabbed its occupants and hurried them to a place of shelter and warmth.

The rescuers were not members of the Life-Saving Service; but the Government lost no time in awarding gold medals to William A. Clark, Charles A. Rosman, Welby C. Ray, John Tobin and John Blanchfield.—From the Sunday Magazine, New York Tribune.

MUTUAL SERVICE.

The experience of Captain Robert Benham during troubles with the Indians in Ohio in 1778, is one of the strangest in the history of Indian warfare. The author of "The Ohio River" gives a description of it. "Having broken through the line of Indians during a battle, Benham made his escape, though wounded by a musket ball in both legs near the loins. He reached an immense fallen tree, crawled under it, and lay still through the ensuing night and the next day, in bitterest pain.

"On the evening of the second day he shot a raccoon on a tree near by, hoping by some means to get and cook it. At the crack of his musket the sound of a human voice reached him. In a moment's time he reloaded and awaited the Indian's approach, resolved to fight to the last extremity. The voice sounded nearer.

"'Whoever you are,' were the beseeching words, 'answer me.' And at the words a borderer, shot through both arms, came into sight.

"The comrades were unspeakably pleased each to find the other, for between them they had a pair of arms and a pair of legs, and therefore some hope of life and escape. As best he could, Benham dressed all the wounds and then proceeded to cook some food; all that could be done with arms and hands Benham did, cooking, loading and firing the gun.

"His comrade, having the rims of a hat placed between his feet by Benham, waded into the river and secured sufficient water for their needs; he also drove wild turkeys near enough to Benham to allow him to bring some down, and then he kept tossing them with the toe of his boot toward camp until they were within Benham's reach. By the same means he kept his partner supplied with wood.

"When the wounds healed and the men could travel they camped at the mouth of Licking River in the hope of being picked up by a passing flat-boat. Near the last of November a boat was hailed, and although it took some time to prove that they were not such savages as their appearance indicated, they were taken on board and carried to Louisville."

CARS SINK IN MORASS.

Contrary to expectation worse troubles than those experienced in the Gobi Desert awaited the contestants in the Pekin-Paris automobile race between Urga and Kiakhta. The Telegraph's correspondent describes the terrible trials, which frequently caused despair of continuing the journey. The Itala car twice sank in morasses and its abandonment, after several hours of labor, seemed inevitable. On each occasion, however, chance brought Mongolians to the aid of the automobilists, and by dint of immense exertions by men, oxen and horses the car, which all the while was slowly sinking, was rescued.

The Mongolians are described as wild fellows, with big knives stuck in their belts and carrying other weapons. The travelers were completely at their mercy, but they were amiable and willing to help for pay. Another peril was a sandstorm cyclone, which nearly overturned the automobile. Another time while descending a steep hill the car nearly came to grief, the brakes being unable to hold it. It was hardly saved from this danger when a precipice threatened it with destruction, but fortune placed some big stones at the crucial point in the rocky track. These stopped the car and saved it from disaster.

On Wednesday evening the car reached Verkhneudinsk, which is on the railway, the sight of which the travelers greeted with cheers, feeling that they were at last in touch with civilization.—London Cablegram to the New York Sun.

Demand For Prairie Dogs.

A report from South Dakota says that 2000 prairie dogs at $3 each have been contracted for by English lords, who have exterminated the rabbits and hares on their shooting preserves in England, and are languishing for sport. Mrs. Nellie Madden, of Waukon, Wis., has withdrawn her farm north of Huron, S. D., from the market, believing its value has enhanced immeasurably by the demand for prairie dogs, with which it is overrun. It is believed that the English noblemen have encountered another Yankee game, and that the character of the prairie dogs has been misrepresented to them.

The animals are the size of an overgrown rat, live in communities, their holes connected with outlets every rod or two. They are spry enough to arouse the sporting blood of the British, but when wounded drop into their holes, or, if dead, their fellows quickly drag them in.—New York Tribune.