THE QUEENSTOWN NEWS.

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Jaures calls the new French income tax bill "a glorious stage in the march of human progress."

Says the Washington Star: Lightning rods have gone out of vogue, and the insurance agent is comparatively silent. Yet there is much discontent.

The admitted prince of modern novelists, George Meredith, is one of the men of genius whose frank acknowledgement of the truth of woman's friendship, as in "Diana of the Crossways," outweighs all the pessimistic cackling of smaller souls.

In the archives of the Pennsylvania Railroad has been found a letter from James Buchanan, written in 1859 when he was President of the United States, declining a free pass. In those days, the temptation was not great, muses Puck. Seats were hard, springs were few and stubborn, and the comforts of the private car were those of the modern caboose.

"A Countryman," in a recent issue of the Journalist, truly says: "Country newspapers are opposed to sensationalism. They are themselves conservative, and they dete[illegible] what is known as 'yellow journa[illegible]m.' For a country newspaper to [illegible]sensational[illegible]tionalism [illegible]accuracy [illegible] news- [illegible] decent, [illegible] those [illegible] of Mid- [illegible] injured [illegible]filled the [illegible]place by [illegible]necessity [illegible] passed [illegible] soldier. [illegible]ws who [illegible] the na- [illegible]oud sor- [illegible]ns have [illegible]en to sail [illegible] that the [illegible]agut is [illegible] smokes [illegible]aba, re- [illegible] There [illegible] cigars [illegible] to fifty. [illegible]eclared [illegible] out all [illegible]rs told [illegible] was the [illegible] When [illegible]ce for [illegible] extra [illegible] The in- [illegible] finally [illegible] But the [illegible]rs that [illegible] cigars [illegible] the ex- [illegible]ed and [illegible] the last [illegible] was ar- [illegible]rowing [illegible]ars into [illegible]rs right [illegible] a nervous state of [illegible] is indicated, asserts the Chris- [illegible] Register. The kaiser, in the [illegible] of an extended conversation [illegible]he King of Denmark, whom he [illegible]iting last week, is reported to [illegible]d that Great Britain, by her [illegible] Japan, had committed [illegible]vilization and had [illegible]ible dan- [illegible]did

THE TELEGRAPH OPERATOR.

A ·— "A's" a dot and then a dash.
B —··· "B," dash, three dots, like a hash;
C —·—· "C," two dots, a space, a dot;
D —·· Dash, two dots, and "D" you've got;
E · "E" is but a period.
Readers, are you wear-i-ed?
F ··—· "F" is made thus—dot, dash, dot;
G ——· Dash, dash, dot to "G" allot;
H ···· Four dots "H"—how's that for high?
I ·· While two dots "I" will not satisfy;
J ·——· "J," dash, dot, dash, dot, you sound;
K —·— Dash, dot, dash for "K" you've found
L ·—·· "L's" long dash, so rest your hands!
M —— Next—two dashes "M" demands;
N —· "N's" dash, dot, make closely—see?
O ——— "O's" a dot, space, dot—Oh, me!
P ·——· Five dots next for "P" suffice;
Q ——·— "Q" two dots, dash, dot—how nice!
R ·—· Dot, space, two dots for "R" come next;
S ··· "S," three dots—now watch my text—
T — "T's" short dash, half size of "L;"
U ··— "U's" two dots and dash—that's well!
V ···— "V" is three dots, dash—art tired?
W ·—— "W's" dot, two dashes, wired.
X —··— Dot, dash, two dots, "X" you'll find;
Y —·—— "Y," two dots, space, two dots, mind!
Z ——·· Three dots, space, and dot are "Z."
& ·—··· "&" is vice versa—see?

—Detroit News-Tribune.

The Middlewell Moor Crime.

"You see, Mr. Third, I thought I had better come and see you myself, and save time. You have read the notes and papers which I sent you."

Sir James Alwyn, a big bronzed-faced man, in a rough shooting suit, looked at the vigilant anxiously; the famous detective nodded, and fingered the pieces on the chess board.

"The circumstances of the case are strange, and my own position is a bit peculiar," continued Sir James. "Here am I, a J. P. and all that, bound to try this man; all the evidence is dead against him. If he is sent to the assizes he'll hang as sure as eggs; and yet, though I'm not a betting man, I'd lay a thousand guineas to a penny piece the fellow is innocent."

"You had better run over the details of the story, Sir James," said the vigilant rather testily.

"Very good. Middlewell Moor is a biggish stretch of very dreary heathland, fifteen miles long, by ten across, and affords fine cover for birds. My own estate joins the shoot erected by a Mr. Halifax. Three nights ago his head keeper was found murdered. He had been hit over the head from behind with a heavy bludgeon, and his skull smashed in; Marne was the poor chap's name, and he was one of the best men with the birds I have ever seen. Apparently he had been going his night rounds, met this gypsy poacher fellow, and been bowled over; he was found in a dying condition by the underkeeper at half-past twelve. Help was summoned from Halifax house, but the man was dead before it arrived.

"Now, it can be proved that this gypsy, Pedres, was in the inn at Lamas, a small village at the far end of the moor, on the afternoon of the murder.

"Shortly after 6 the next morning, the alarm having then been given, he was arrested carrying some birds in a sack at Holyoak, another small village on the other side of the moor, fifteen miles from Lamas. A track of sorts connects the two, and the keeper Marne was found not twenty yards from this track, near a spot known as Middlewell Hole—a small house once an outlying farm, and now rented by an eccentric old gentleman named Cunningham.

"Pedres when arrested was in a disheveled condition—he was found sleeping hidden under the shelter of a peat stack. He had a big bludgeon with him; his cheek was badly cut, and had been bleeding recently, and there were bloodstains on his clothes. The birds had been killed within a few hours, and, moreover, his footprints, easily traceable in parts of the track by reason of the nails in the sole forming a cross, have been traced not a hundred yards away from the scene of the murder; possibly they could have been traced to the exact point where he left the track on the heather, but the rescue party and sightseers had obliterated them before they could be prevented. In addition, he confesses to have come along the track that night. You see, the case is as black as black can be, but I cannot believe him guilty."

"This Mr. Cunningham, what of him?"

Sir James laughed.

"He is quite out of the question. He is an eccentric old chap of over seventy, a bookworm; he chose the place for its solitude. Thompson, the underkeeper, who lives at Marne's house, half a mile away, looks after him; it has been an arrangement of some three years' standing. Thompson calls him at 6 in the morning, cooks him a bit of breakfast, and tidies up, coming back at 6 in the evening, then he lights the lamp, puts a cup of tea or coffee and some bread on the table and leaves him for the night, and the old man goes to bed at 12 sharp.

"The gypsy's version is that after drinking at the inn at Lamas he lay low till 9.30, and the village was quiet, then he started out with the deliberate intention of raiding the birds. He got seventeen in all, leaving the track at intervals, of course; it was while groping in a hollow, he explains, that he tripped in the heather and cut his cheek on a bowlder.

"He declares, too, that he didn't reach Holyoak till after 2 in the morning, and that during the last half of the tramp, having collected his spoil, he walked at a good, brisk pace. That would mean—assuming his story true—that he could not have reached the scene of the murder before 2 in the morning, an hour and a half after the finding of the body.

"Of course, the obvious explanation is that he started much earlier, 5 or 6 perhaps.

"I cross-examined him most carefully on these points, but nothing would move him. But I elicited beyond doubt that he was practically a stranger to the moor, and therefore dare not wander far from the track; and, also the fact that he never even guessed at the existence of a house planted down in the middle of the moor.

"Now, guilty or innocent, that proves one thing for certain; he must have passed Middlewell Hole after 12, for Mr. Cunningham's room looks right up the track toward Lamas, and the light in it would be bound to attract attention half a mile away in that direction, though visible from the Holyoak side. In which case his escape, if guilty, is a miracle, as he must have committed the crime within a minute or so of Thompson's arrival. Mr. Cunningham is a most punctual old man, and he is positive he did not put out the light before 12."

The vigilant looked up. "I should like to see this Mr. Cunningham, but——" he paused with a glance downward at his helpless lower limbs.

Sir James flushed a little. "I could—I—er—have a big motor here, you could be made quite comfortable. The case is remanded for a week, and we could go by easy stages, but I am afraid Mr. Cunningham is out of the question. He locked up the house, leaving everything just as it was after the murder, gave me the keys, and has gone off to stay with friends in Paris."

"I will come if you make room for my servant; he understands my needs. Yes, I will come, it may help, and country police are always bunglers."

II.

Three days later the vigilant was carried in to a chair in the sitting room of Middlewell Hole. Sir James having the keys considered himself entitled to take the liberty; the big motor which had brought them and in which they had visited the scene of the murder and part of the Lamas track, was panting and throbbing outside.

As Sir James had said, nothing had been touched since the eventful night—a half filled cup of coffee and the remains of a meal were still left on one end of the table; in the centre was a big lamp with a deep shade; at the other end close to the armchair, a pile of books.

The vigilant, resting in the chair, looked around keenly, his pale, colorless eyes noting every detail, even to the dust prints, and frowned.

"Sir James, I wish to see Thompson," he said presently.

The man was sent for—a fresh looking, well set up fellow of five-and-twenty.

Marshall Third shot one quick glance at him.

"Do you fill this lamp when you light it—every evening, I mean?"

"I used to, sir; Mr. Cunningham was always very particular."

"Did you on the evening of the murder?"

"Yes, sir."

"You are positive?"

"Quite, sir. I had to wipe it, I remember, because it overflowed a little. I was in a hurry when I did it, and spilt some."

"How late were you? When did you light it?"

"May be ten minutes, sir. The lamp was lit and the table laid just on the quarter after 6."

"You haven't touched it since?"

"No, sir. Sir James, here, has the keys. I haven't been in the rooms. The morning after the murder I had no time to see Mr. Cunningham. We were all out on the moors looking for tracks."

"Give it to me—the lamp, man; don't gape! Now that silver cup there."

The vigilant very carefully detached the oil receiver, unscrewed the cap and poured every drain of oil into the cup.

"Now fill it again—full, mind."

The man did as he was told. The glass oil receiver was full to the brim when he brought it back.

"What time do you make it, Sir James?"

Sir James Alwyn pulled out his watch.

"Exactly 11.10."

"Humph! I make it fourteen past—four minutes' difference. Light the lamp, Thompson. Sir James, you will save your man's neck. You, Thompson, and my servant, had better wait in this room. Let neither the cup nor the lamp be touched, and the window and door kept as they are—shut. With your permission I will drive round a little. I shall be back at 5.15."

At exactly twelve minutes past the hour the watchers of the lamp heard the car come up with a rush and a whir.

The vigilant was helped to his chair, and sat down as the clock in the hall chimed the quarter.

"Turn out the lamp," he said sharply. And Thompson obeyed like a machine.

Third reached for the silver cup, leveled it carefully on the table, and with a knife made a small horizontal scratch just level with the surface of the liquid.

"You see that, Sir James, and you, Thompson. That mark is exactly the height of the oil left in the lamp. You can swear to it on oath."

They assented.

"Throw the oil away and drain the cup thoroughly. Good. Now pour out the remaining oil in the lamp, which, as you have timed for yourselves, has been burning six hours."

They did so, and the liquid rose three full inches above the shimmering, roughened scratch.

Third shrugged his shoulders.

"You see," he said tersely. "Sir James, your man is safe. This oil is he residue after the lamp has been burning six hours. Mr. Cunningham has stated that he turned out his lamp at 12, in which case, on that occasion, it would also have been burning six hours—for we can prove that it was lighted a few moments after 6. Yet there is practically half a pint of oil left over and above the original amount.

"You can prove exactly how long that quantity will burn under like conditions if you choose. Personally, I know from observation that it will burn for as nearly as possible an hour and three-quarters—an hour and fifty minutes, may-be. In other words, Mr. Cunningham fell asleep, book in hand, and instead of putting out his light at 12, as he thought, woke up after a nap of an hour and a half or so, read for a little, oblivious of the fact that he had dozed off, and turned out the light close on 2 o'clock, which means that your gypsy cannot have passed here until at least an hour after the man's body had been found. Sir James, I should like to return at once, if you please. I have spent a pleasant time driving on the moor. Inside that envelope you will find something of interest. After I have gone you may open it."

The inclosed paper contained the words:

"When you hear a woman crying, look to the man she fancies most for the reason. I found Marne's daughter in tears."

A week later the vigilant smiled grimly over a telegram as he sat in his invalid chair.

"You were right—my man dismissed—young farmhand confessed to crime—in love with daughter—quarreled with father and murdered him in fit of rage as opposed match—writing details.—Alwyn."—London Answers.

SCIENCE & MECHANICS

The shark is the fastest swimmer of the fish tribe, and finds no difficulty in keeping up with the swiftest vessels, swimming and playing round them, and ever on the lookout for morsels, small or large.

To prevent the spread of tuberculosis germs, Dresden has provided all its streets with cuspidors, connected directly with the sewers. Each one bears an inscription, explaining its use. A fine is imposed on all who spit on the streets.

Plans have just been perfected to dredge placers in Nevada on a colossal scale. The purpose is to operate placer mines at Osceola, Nev. An immense pumping plant and gasoline hoist will be purchased; also two large dredges, capable of removing 2500 yards of earth a day, are to be installed. Churn drills will also be employed to ascertain the extent of ground that is capable of being worked by dredges.

To test the qualities of a submarine electric light a diver at Aberdeen, Scotland, descended twenty feet in muddy water, taking a newspaper and the light down with him. While seated on an anchor at the bottom of the harbor he read aloud for ten minutes to the men above, the words being conveyed through the telephone in his helmet. The paper was held eighteen inches from the lamp.

In the last few weeks a series of interesting tests of the vacuum brake on goods trains has been in progress on the Austrian State line across the Arlberg Pass, near the Swiss frontier, says The Pall Mall Gazette. These experiments have been closely watched by representatives of foreign governments. At first the brakes were tried on moderately heavy trains of forty-five wagons or so, which were afterward lengthened to seventy-five wagons, making a train nearly half a mile in length and weighing twelve hundred tons. In every case the vacuum brakes proved highly successful; the heaviest trains were readily controlled and stopped, even on steep grades, when traveling at speeds varying from six to twenty-seven miles an hour.

The interest of astronomers in the strange red spot, about 30,000 miles in length, which has been visible on the surface of the planet Jupiter since 1878, is intensified by the recent observations of Mr. W. F. Denning, and others, on a remarkable change in its rate of motion. In a period of about three months last year it was displaced some sixteen degrees of longitude from the position calculated as the basis of its former motion. This is the greatest change that has ever been observed in its rate of motion. On Jupiter the visible surface of the planet does not revolve, like the surface of the earth, everywhere with the same angular velocity, but, in general, the part nearest the equator move with the greatest rapidity. Thus the huge planet resembles a rotating ball of constantly changing clouds, and in the midst of these the great red spot seemed to float.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

THE ELEPHANT IN THE PIANO.

The smooth piano keys of ivory are made;
I asked papa one day, and that is how I know;
They catch an elephant, and bring his tusks away,
And make piano keys of them, he told me so.

I'm sure he must be right; just listen while I pound
A lot of them, and press that pedal near the floor.
Now, there! you need the white and black ones all at once.
Hear the great elephant! Just hear him boom and roar.

—Tracy Livingston, in Little Folks.

WHAT HAPPENED TO PUSS.

"Now, little girl, you must amuse yourself a bit while I get dinner," said mother, setting Mabel down on the couch. "Here are your balloon, and your dolly, and your new picture book to look at."

Mabel was very cross, because she had not been very well; so she began to cry, "No, no!" and clung to her mother's dress.

But mother had to go, for it was already eleven o'clock, and dinner would not be ready when father came if she did not begin to get it right away.

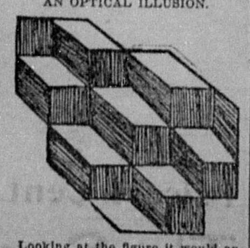
When mother went out to the kitchen, Mabel cried louder than ever. Then in a naughty fit of anger she threw all the playthings on the floor. The pretty book fell partly open, crumpling the fresh, clean pages, while poor dolly went down with a crash that came near breaking her china head. The balloon bounded across the floor and bumped against kitty's pink nose as she lay asleep on the rug. The cat's green eyes were wide open in an instant, staring at the big, round, red thing lying on the carpet close by. He soon rose to get a nearer view, and, walking all around the balloon, sniffed at it daintily.

Then he gave it a gentle pat with his paw, and jumped a little when the balloon rolled to one side.

Looking at the balloon with his head cunningly on one side, kit would pat it, first with one paw and then another, bounding after it as it rolled, then tapping it with the other paw. By and by he gave it such a smart tap that his sharp claw pierced the rubber, and the balloon burst with a loud pop. Such a surprised pussy cat you never saw. He spit and jumped to one side, arching his back and puffing out his tail from fright. Mabel jumped, too, just a tiny bit, and then she laughed so merrily that mother peeped in the door to see what amused her little girl so much.

While the cat was still puzzling, father came for dinner. "Well! What a happy little girl!" said he.—Home Herald.

AN OPTICAL ILLUSION.



Looking at the figure it would appear that seven bricks are in view. From different points of view the same drawing suggests different numbers. If turned half-way round to the right only six bricks are then apparently in view.—The Strand.

THE STUPIDITY OF A MONKEY.

It would be a very simple matter for a fourteen months' old child to learn to pull in, by means of a very light toy wooden rake, an object which it could not reach with its hands, and yet, Jimmie, a very tame Rhesus monkey of mine, spent many days in trying to learn this simple act and had not learned to manipulate the rake when our patience ran out.

Jimmy was kept moderately hungry at the time of the experiments; he was tethered just out of reach of some very tempting food (malaga grapes). A light top wooden rake was given him. Instinctively he grasped it, bit it, then dropped it and began straining at his tether and reaching out as far as possible with his fore-leg, making vain efforts to scratch in his food.

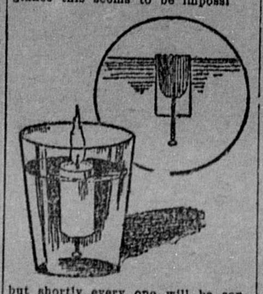
The rake was then put around one of the grapes and the handle extended toward Jimmie. Instantly he grasped the handle as before and jerked it, and the grape rolled within reach of his paw. The rake was dropped and forgotten and the faithful paw utilized for the completion of the act.

Now what happens when the grape has been eaten? The rake is still within his reach and the grapes are still outside the pale. Does he perceive the relationship existing between food out of reach, rake will lengthen paw, ergo, use rake?" Not Jimmie. And he is the brightest of six.

As long as you will kindly hook the blade of the rake around the grape and extend the handle toward him, he will condescend to pull in the rake and consequently the grape, but he has never yet both pushed out and then pulled in the rake of his own initiative.—John B. Watson, in the World To-day.

A CURIOUS CANDLE HOLDER.

Take a piece of candle and a nail and insert the point of the nail into the candle, as shown in our illustration. The nail must be heavy enough to make the candle sink up to the rim into the water without the fluid touching the wick. After lighting the candle tell your spectators that the wick of the candle will burn up completely notwithstanding its strange surroundings. At the first glance this seems to be impossi



but shortly every one will be convinced that it can be done. While the burning candle shortens the wick and brings it nearer to the water the weight of the candle diminishes in proportion to it, and it rises in the water in such a way as to keep the wick always out of the water.—Newark Call.

HOW TO CATCH FISH.

"Now how are you to increase the sport of the catching? Of course you want the largest fish, and these are usually the oldest and most wary. This wariness you do not expect to change, but you hope to defeat it. Study the habits of the fish, where and when and upon what it feeds or what it seeks. Let your fishing be governed by your discoveries. And while you are offering him what he wants and when and where he wants it, remember these old fellows are fussy about their table-service. They do not feel hungry if a boy throws his shadow across their table, or shakes it by rushing up to it. Stalk your fish then as quietly as you are able, and if you have alarmed it in any way stay out of sight and remain as quiet as possible for a long time until your clumsiness is forgotten, and let your lure, whether bait or fly, drift into the fish's sight as if you had nothing to do with it. And remember that the finer your tackle the more likely this pretence will be to succeed.

"You want also as good a fight as you can get. Remember that the fighting qualities of fish are, as a rule, best developed in those which live in rapid and turbulent water, and in those which pursue their prey and catch it by their own nimbleness. But any fish will fight better if you make the struggle more even by using delicate tackle. You win then only by dexterity of handling, which is one of the great charms of angling and about the only one, as regards the mere catching of fish, on which the experienced angler sets much value. The secret of success with delicate tackle may be told in two words—care and coolness. Care in the preparation of the tackle, coolness in handling it."—From "Harper's Outdoor Books for Boys."

HOW A FLEA JUMPS.

It is said that a flea leaps 200 times its height, and while it usually does land on its feet, it often fails, especially when it falls on a perfectly smooth surface, where the claws can get only a slight hold. A flea has six legs, whose great length and bulk make them so heavy that they must be a great help in keeping their owner right side up when it makes one of those gigantic jumps; and when it lands upside down, or in some other way, its ability to kick is so great that not more than one wiggle is needed to set things right. A flea's wings are mere scales, and of no use; but, small and worthless as they are, they tell the entomologist something about the proper classification of the insect. To the flea itself they have no value.—Nature and Science, in St. Nicholas.

A HARE AT SEA.

A coast guard saw a hunted hare, which had been lost by its pursuers, swim in from the sea, and land.

She appeared to be violently sick, probably from the effects of swallowing salt water; she then cleaned herself thoroughly all over and went quietly on her way, having thus effectually thrown off her hunters.—Country Life.

A Tribute to Von Sternburg.

The German Ambassador has returned, and disposes of the stories about his poor health and early retirement from office. His health, he says, is good, and retirement is not on the cards. Which is agreeable news. He has been a useful man at this post to his Government and a welcome one here. The importance of his mission was never greater than now. His understanding of matters is full. America and Germany are on the better terms because of the intelligence with which he has handled his business with the State Department. He knows our language and our people, and is allied to us by marriage. A pretty good man, then, on every account for us to communicate with on matters affecting the relations between America and one of the foremost countries of Europe.—Washington Star.

Greece is said to be the poorest country of Europe. Her total wealth amounts to $1,000,000,000, or about half that of Switzerland.

The tobacco plant has grown larger and more profuse in the United States than in any other country.

Pluck and Adventure.

BELIEVED IN LAW AND ORDER.

Not long ago there appeared at the gate of a penitentiary in Kentucky a man who asked to see the warden. He was a tall, well-dressed, fine-appearing man, with all the marks of a citizen of the eastern or mountain portion of the State. At his request the warden showed him the jail. Not a detail escaped the visitor's eye. He asked about the hours of exercise and of labor, looked at the kitchens, inspected the food, looked critically over a few cells, and at last, when he had made himself familiar with the routine and administration, departed to visit some other places of interest in the neighborhood.

"What time do you close up for the night?" he asked as he went away.

"At five o'clock," said the warden.

A few minutes before five the stranger again appeared at the office and produced from his pocket a file of papers.

"Well, sir," he said, "I reckon you'll just have to lock me in now. My time seems to be up."

"Lock you in!" exclaimed the warden. "What do you mean?"

"Just what I say. Lock me in. I'm to be one of your prisoners. Here are my papers." He handed over his commitment, which was regular, and required the warden to confine him in the penitentiary for two years.

"Sit down and tell me about this," said the warden. The stranger took a chair and explained.

"You see, up in my county they been having considerable talk up there about law and order, and against every man doing his own shooting. I'm that way myself. I believe in the law, and the sheriff. But of course, when they came to be a little shooting amongst some chaps that had a feud in their families, and it wasn't nobody else's business, and the sheriff stepped in and tried to arrest the fellow that done the shooting, and he being a friend of mine, I just naturally had to go along and see that he got away.

"There was considerable use of guns, and in the course of it the sheriff—that's Jim Burt—got shot up quite bad. They all said I done it, and I don't doubt I did, though we were all shooting.

"So they up and jailed me, and had me tried, and found me guilty. I owned up I probably done it, as they said, and the judge gave me two years in the penitentiary to pay for it.

"That's where the trouble come in. Jim Burt, he's a great friend of mine. Of course by law he had to come down here with me and turn me over to you; but being shot up that-away, he wasn't in any shape to travel. Doc said it would just break him all up to have to come. I was sitting up nights with him.

"'I don't know what I'm a going to do,' Jim says.

"'Why, Jim,' I says, 'you ain't going to do anything. You give me them papers, and I'll go down to the penitentiary and hand 'em over when I go in. I wouldn't be the cause of your having any trouble,' I told him.

"So Jim give me the papers, and I come down here, and here I am. So lock me up, Mr. Warden, and I'll put in my time any way you say till my two years are up."—Youth's Companion.

LIFE FOR A LIFE.

Sixteen of the great battles of the Franco-Prussian War are indelibly imprinted upon the mind of a Lincoln man, Henry Bickert. Although Mr. Bickert was an early settler of Nebraska and obtained a homestead near Lincoln in 1870, he was a light armed German infantryman. He lost a finger at Metz and it was in the skirmishing just before the bloody battle of Sedan that an incident occurred that Mr. Bickert declares stands out more clearly than any other one thing in his soldier life.

The future Nebraskan was then enlisted in the Second Bavarian Regiment. His company had captured a small party of deploying French and Mr. Bickert and a comrade were placed in charge of several of the prisoners and ordered to take them back to the guardhouse within the German lines. The squad was plodding wearily along, all more or less depressed, when a dashing North German cavalryman galloped up. The horseman charged straight for the little group and, with a harsh laugh and ugly oaths and insults, swung his sabre over his head and aimed it straight for the head of one of the French prisoners. Mr. Bickert's South German temper rose at the sight and, regardless of the consequences of rebelling against a superior officer, he warded off the sabre with his musket, knocked the cavalryman from his horse and gave him a sound thrashing. He never learned how it was that this breach of discipline never came to headquarters. Perhaps the cavalryman was too ashamed to report it, for he climbed to his saddle with a hangdog expression on his face and rode off without a word.

That evening the French prisoners were released on parole. The next day the German detachment with which Mr. Bickert was marching fell into the hands of a large French party. Somehow the rumor spread among the prisoners that they were to be shot. Such action was contrary to all military ethics, but Mr. Bickert says that he can feel yet the unpleasant chills that coursed up and down his spinal column at the news. Presently the prisoners were halted and an officer rode along followed by an orderly, who stopped to inspect the group carefully. Suddenly the orderly gave a start, hurried to the officer, and whispered something in his ear. Immediately the officer rode back to Mr. Bickert and addressing him in perfect German said: "You may go back to your lines."

Amazed, but with alacrity, the German soldier started, but as he did so he caught another glimpse of the orderly and recognized him as the prisoner whose life he had saved the day before.

"I have never seen that Frenchman since," says Mr. Bickert, "but I'd give a good deal to see him now and talk over those days with him. I have respected him ever since and have often wondered how he fared during the war. I have always remembered the look on his face soon after I got through with that German cavalryman. I knew no French and he knew no German, but we understood each other in that moment just as well as if we could talk perfectly."—Correspondent Omaha World-Herald.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

It is easy to plan beforehand how one will meet an emergency. Everybody knows what he should have done when the time of danger is past. It is the man who manages to produce the right behavior at the right moment who is an exception. Not many would have had their wits in such an available place as did Mr. Bickneil in an adventure described in "Travel in North Queensland:"

During an expedition in the bush we walked straight into an encampment of blacks. Our horses were at the foot of the hill. William had left his gun with the horses, and my five-shooter was the only firearm between us.

Two black fellows came up the other side of the hill. They were armed with wooden shields and long, hardwood spears. None of the aborigines have firearms, and their horror of them arises from their belief that the white man can continue firing as long as he pleases. These fellows wore a hideous grin and were ugly looking customers.

When they came up they produced pipes, by which we supposed they wished tobacco, and accordingly we gave them some. They were delighted with our matches, and scratched as long as our supply lasted. Then they demanded my pistol, but I was determined to keep that in my own hands. A happy thought struck me, and picking up a chalky stone, I advanced to a large, iron bark tree and drew a picture of their ugly figure-heads on it. They were as pleased as a child with a new toy and danced with delight.

Withdrawing to a distance I took out my revolver, aimed at the tree and planted a bullet right in the middle of the face. Both men were delighted and ran to examine the hole.

"Now is our time," I said, and we ran. Half way down the hill we turned, and saw the savages still intent on searching for the bullet. We got to our horses before the blacks realized the situation, and we did not draw rein until we had put fifteen miles between them and us.

THOUGHT FIRST OF OTHERS.

Lieutenant B. P. Wygant, of the battleship Georgia, a classmate, who served as pallbearer at the funeral and was near Lieutenant Goodrich at the time of the explosion, spoke in praise of his heroic conduct.

"If there ever was a hero it is Goodrich," said Lieutenant Wygant at the navy yard after he had returned from the funeral. "I was under the superstructure outside the after eight inch gun turret when the powder ignited. It is a superimposed affair on top of the after main twelve inch turret. One or two rounds had been fired from the eight inch guns. The men were working under the command of Lieutenant Goodrich and Midshipmen Goldthwaite and Cruse. Nine shots had been fired by the turret, making nine hits, and the crew still had time to fire two more shots and be within the time interval of two minutes, which is hot and fast.

"When Chief Carpenter Yates' boat, which picked Lieutenant Goodrich and Seaman Maleck up, came alongside the gangway, Goodrich, who was dying then, said to me with much effort:

"'How are the others? What's their condition?'

"Then there came inquiries as to whether or not his parents had been informed. When we started lifting him out of the boat he motioned to Seaman Maleck.

"'Take him first—he's worse injured.'

"After this was discussed feebly Goodrich, showing every minute his terrible injuries, said:

"'Old man, how many hits did our turret make?'

"That's bravery that is a credit to the service."—New York Sun.

SHE SAVES DROWNING BOY.

Mrs. Carrie De Young gave a remarkable display of heroism when she leaped into Lake Michigan at Kenosha, and saved the life of Vernon Armstrong, nine years old. The boy was fishing along the breakwater when he lost his balance and fell into nine feet of water. His companions began to scream for help and Mrs. De Young, who was passing, leaped into the water and kept the exhausted boy afloat until help came.

London's Old State Barge.

The old London City state barge, which is about to be broken up for firewood, is one of several similar vessels whose days of civic glory have long departed. In 1860, we read, a Lord Mayor's state barge was knocked down at an auction sale for a paltry hundred guineas, although fifty-three years earlier she had cost £2579 to build. She was a stately vessel, eighty-five feet long, built of English oak and elaborately gilded. Another famous barge was the Crosby, built during the Mayoralty of Brass Crosby in 1771, which had nearly half a century of splendid life before she was pronounced unfit for further service. But the best known of these civic vessels is undoubtedly the Maria Wood, which was launched in the year after Trafalgar, and named after the daughter of the Mayor, Sir Matthew Wood, grandfather of Field Marshal Sir Evelyn Wood. The Maria Wood is an imposing vessel, 140 feet long, with a grand saloon in which 140 persons can dine in comfort. She, too, came under the hammer.—Dundee Advertiser.