THE QUEENSTOWN NEWS.

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THE MAKING OF A CHAMPION.

Some fellows call him "Scrubby" Jones
'Cause he's so short an' small,
An' hardly no meat on his bones,
An' don't look strong at all;
But when we choose up sides to play
Baseball, an' when we look
Around to see who's there that day,
He is the first one took.

Somebody throws a bat up and
Somebody grabs it quick,
And then you go hand over hand
To see who gets first pick;
And then whoever gets first choice
No matter who it is,
He looks around among the boys
And takes "Scrub" Jones for his.

And so you go on till you choose
Nine men apiece, and then
You hope to goodness you won't lose,
And throw the bat again
To see who has first "ins" and when
You find out which one wins,
He always takes his "outs" for then
It gives him the last "ins."

Then "Scrubby" goes into the box
And rubs dirt on th' ball,
And you can bet nobody knocks
A two-base hit at all;
And sometimes you can hear a shout
From all our side, and it
Is just because he's fanned c'mout
Without a single hit.

Or if th' game is close and you
Have got two men on base,
Then "Scrubby" hefts a bat or two
And goes up to his place.
He squints a minute at th' sun,
And then pulls down his hat.
The game is just as good as won
When "Scrubby's" at th' bat.

And then th' whole of our whole side
Jump up an' cheer an' cheer,
And holler out, "Slide! Scrubby, Slide!"
So he is sure to hear;
Which makes him make a dandy slide,
But he's safe just th' same,
And hollers, "T'ally for our side!"
For he has won th' game!

—J. W. Foley, in the New York Times.

A WOMAN HATER

The man who sets his heart upon a woman
Is a chamelon and doth feed on air.

Three things a wise man will not trust:
The wind, the sunshine of an April day,
And woman's plighted troth—

quoted Captain Beauchamp, cynically.

"Considering, my dear Beauchamp, that your sojourn upon this planet cannot have exceeded thirty years, you must have been singularly unfortunate in your experience of women to adopt such aphorisms," retorted Mr. Wyndham, in answer. "To a man who takes them for a creed I suggests a boy who, having chanced to come across one or two sour plums among a tree full of sweet ones, vows he will never taste a plum again!"

"It would be more appropriate to the subject of our argument to say that, in a tree full of sour plums he had failed, notwithstanding their enticing appearance, to find a single sweet one!" and there was a stern bitterness in his tone.

This dialogue took place one summer evening on the lawn in front of Mr. Wyndham's Surrey residence, while the two men were smoking their cigarettes. Captain Beauchamp was an officer in a crack regiment—a man of fortune, handsome, fascinating, intellectual. Mr. Wyndham, who was well advanced in middle age, had known him from his boyhood, and the captain was a frequent visitor at the Pines.

There had been an unseen listener to this conversation. The two men were seated close to a very large rhododendron bush, and were unaware that a lady was seated on the other side of it.

Clarice Wyndham, the only daughter of the host, who was a widower, was dreaming over a volume of Browning when the quotations with which this story opened struck upon her ear. A look of mingled pain and sadness stole over her beautiful face.

As I have said, Beauchamp had been a friend of the family while Clarice was still in the nursery. And the child had been fondled by the youth and patronized by the young man, who even yet had scarcely realized that she was now a woman. Perhaps until this evening she had never regarded her affection for him in any other light than that of a sister's fondness for an elder brother; and even now she did not question her heart as to why it sank, and why the sunlight seemed to have lost its magic as she listened to his tirade against her sex.

After a silence Wyndham consulted his watch. "By Jove!" he said, "we have only just time to dress for dinner! I expected a lady down. Hark! I can hear a motor on the road. I shouldn't wonder if it be she!"

"A lady? You did not tell me you expected any one down to-day," said Beauchamp, lighting another cigarette. "I understood some people were coming to-morrow!"

"I intended to give you a surprise, and an agreeable one. But after our recent [illegible]——'

[illegible] she? Some one I know?" [illegible] Beauchamp, a little irri-

[illegible] Beaton—Maud Selby [illegible]——Eh! What's the

[illegible] given such a vio- [illegible] cigarette dropped [illegible] "Oh, nothing!" he [illegible] stooping to pick it up

[illegible] the motor has stopped at the [illegible]te. It will be she!" cried [illegible]m.

[illegible]champ turned upon his heel [illegible]ode towards the house.

[illegible]y Beaton was a fair, handsome [illegible]an of about twenty-six, and fas- [illegible]ng. She had only recently been [illegible]ied to the rich peer whose name [illegible] bore, and, as she was the daugh- [illegible] of a poor country clergyman, it [illegible] considered a fortunate match, al- [illegible]gh the husband was seventy.

[illegible]fter the first greetings she said, [illegible]er anxiously, "Who is the man I [illegible]ght a glimpse of through the trees [illegible]ring the house? His figure [illegible]ned familiar to me."

"Oh, an old friend of yours—Cap- [illegible] Beauchamp," answered Wyn-

[illegible]dy Beaton turned aside to speak [illegible]r chauffeur, but Wyndham per- [illegible] her change of countenance. "I [illegible]er if Beauchamp's sour plum [illegible]aud Selby?" And certain mem- [illegible] flashed upon his mind.

[illegible] couple of hours afterwards Beau- [illegible]p was smoking a cigar out of [illegible] in the moonlight. His meet- [illegible]with Lady Beaton in the drawing- [illegible] had been that of an old ac- [illegible]tance, and her woman's tact had [illegible]d her through the situation [illegible]t least equal success. But all [illegible]me Beauchamp was under the [illegible]est tension.

[illegible] had strolled some little dis- [illegible] from the house when the [illegible]n, wrapped in a light cloak, ad- [illegible]d rapidly toward him.

[illegible]aud!—Lady Beaton!" he ex- [illegible]d. She stood in his path.

[illegible]ve me a few minutes' conver- [illegible] with you. I—I want to ex- [illegible]" she cried in a broken voice.

[illegible] you refer to the past, no ex- [illegible]tion is needed. You were wooed [illegible]richer and a titled suitor, and you ignored that you were the plighted wife of another!"

"I know how badly, how wickedly, I have acted! You were away at the time, and every possible pressure, by father, mother, friends, was put upon me. Did you receive the letter I wrote in my distraction?"

He bowed his head.

"Forgive me, Herbert, forgive me! I hardly know how it came about. I must have been under some spell—some hallucination!"

"No, you were so dazzled by the coronet that you could not see right from wrong!"

"It has brought me nothing but misery and remorse," she moaned.

"Nonsense! This meeting has unnerved you, has brought back memories that are still fresh."

"But only listen to me!"

"No, it would be useless. The fact will still remain that you are not Maud Selby; but Lady Beaton, that every tie is broken between us forever. If you have no more thought for you honor as a wife than to risk being discovered here with me, I still retain too much respect for the woman I once loved and looked upon as my future wife to prolong this conversation. Good-night!"

With a bow, he turned upon his heel. When he returned to the house he found Mr. Wyndham alone in the smoking room.

"I am sorry to say that I must leave early to-morrow morning, my dear Wyndham. Do not mention it to-night to any one. I must ask you to make my adieux!"

Wyndham looked up at the pale set face, upon which the recent scene had left its traces, and answered, "I am sorry to hear that. I had anticipated some pleasant days together; and to-morrow we have some nice people coming down. But if it must be, it must be."

As he passed into the hall he met Lady Beaton, who had just returned from the grounds. "I have been indulging in a moonlight walk, hoping to hear the nightingale. But they are not singing to-night, it would seem," she said, speaking quite loudly. She was pale, and her eyes looked a little red, but her tone was free and unembarrassed.

"It was very ungallant of the nightingales to disappoint a lady," he answered, in the same strain.

"I shall find more than compensation in the drawing room. What a delicious voice Clarice has. She is singing one of my favorites—Schubert's 'Serenade.' Are you coming to listen"

"I am afraid I must deny myself the pleasure. Good-night, Lady Beaton!"

Yet as he reached the drawing room door he paused to listen to a siren's voice. Clarice, at Lady Beaton's request, had recommenced "The Serenade." With what a passionate sadness she poured forth that wonderful melody, which is the very voice of love!

"Can she be like the rest?" he sighed. "I shall not see her before I go. Perhaps never again!"

Slowly he walked up the stairs to his own room, the waves of the haunting melody following him until he shut the door against them.

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Four summers have come and gone, and it is the June of the fifth year when we again look upon the verdant lawn and bosky gardens of the Pines. The scene is the same, so are the dramatis personae.

Mr. Wyndham, looking rather grayer, though he is still a handsome man on the sunny side of sixty, is smoking a cigarette; Clarice is reading aloud, while Beauchamp, now a colonel, is reposing in a chaise longue. But how altered! He has been serving abroad and has returned home invalided.

Outwardly at least there is little left of the proud, indomitable, self-reliant man of the past in the pale, worn-looking figure, whose hollow gray eyes, once so ruthlessly keen, are now intently fixed upon the reader.

Clarice is little changed, save that her beauty is more matured; her tall, graceful figure is more firmly set. The dark eyes are as soft and lustrous as ever, the pale complexion is perhaps a shade warmer, but a shadow of sadness is over all.

Beauchamp has been staying at the Pines nearly a month. When he first came he had not long left a sick-bed, and was incapable of using any exertion. But the genial Surrey air has wrought wonders upon him. Each day he is gaining strength.

And was it only the air? Was there no other factor? Watch him as he drinks in the silvery accents of Clarice Wyndham's voice and the yearning look in his eyes, that are fastened upon her. In a pause in the reading she looks up and meets his gaze. Her eyes fall instantly and a deep blush suffuses her pale cheek. Brief as was the flash it thrilled him to the soul.

He glanced toward Mr. Wyndham, who was dozing in his chair. Then he whispered softly, "Clarice!"

And, as though there had been a compelling magic in his voice, she rose and, with hot, flushed cheeks, advanced to his side.

"Clarice!" he whispered again, taking her trembling hand in his. "Dare I say that I love you? Dare I ask you to be my wife?"

Was the declaration as unexpected as it was abrupt? Oh, no; his eyes had uttered it long before. She was waiting only for the word.

Their eyes met, and though she made no audible reply, the next moment his arms were about her and his lips pressed to hers.

Mr. Wyndham awoke with a start, stared amazedly for a moment at what he saw, then closed his eyes again and gave a warning cough.

When he looked up again Clarice was gone. The two men regarded each other, and there was something in Mr. Wyndham's face which apprised Beauchamp that he had witnessed this love passage.

Beauchamp said quietly, "I have asked Clarice to be my wife, Mr. Wyndham. Does it meet with your approval?"

"There is not another man I know to whom I would so heartily say 'Yes,'" answered the father, rising and grasping his hand.

"Thank you!" said Beauchamp, warmly returning his pressure. Then, after a moment's thought, while the other resumed his seat, he said, "Do you remember a conversation we had upon this very spot just above five years ago?"

Wyndham, who was lighting a cigarette, nodded. "You have changed your mind since then," he said, with a sly twinkle in his eye.—Modern Society.

SCIENCE & MECHANICS

It has been found that a properly-painted steel frame buried in masonry will not rust enough in thirteen years to alter its strength any measurable amount.

The filtering power of charcoal may be demonstrated by pouring red wine in a funnel lined with a water filter containing some charcoal. The wine that filters through will be white.

The direct generation of electricity from coal, in the near future, is prophesied by Mr. Edison. Great power plants will be established at pit mouths, and the electricity distributed over the country by wire. Nine-tenths of the power obtainable from coal is lost at present, he says, by the use of dynamos, boilers, and wheels.

The engineer's reliance in concrete is demonstrated by the fact that concrete foundations are now being laid for the Friede Globe Tower Company, a structure 700 feet high and weighing 8000 tons, which is being erected at Coney Island. The number of piles of concrete used will be 815 and they will be driven to a depth of about thirty feet. The great structure will occupy a site only 300 feet from the high-tide mark on the beach.

Natural soap baths are not an unmixed blessing. The curious soap spring that forms a wonder of a village in Timor, East Indian Islands, consists of a small elevated mud cone, from which bubbles up water heavily charged with alkali and radium, the discharge giving the appearance of a miniature volcano. A disadvantage of such a washing place is that vegetation is ruined for miles around.

For testing the power of lamps a Mayence optician has devised a novel photometer based upon the varying electrical resistance of selenium under different illuminiation. The apparatus includes two mirrors lighted respectively by a standard lamp and the lamp to be tested, while a selenium cell rapidly oscillating between two given positions is alternately lighted by either. The electric oscillations set up are shown by an ammeter. One lamp is moved until these oscillations cease, and the respective distances from the photometer will then give, according to a well-known rule, the light intensity of the lamp under test as compared with that of the standard lamp.

How the World Says Good-By.

In different countries, just as the manner of greeting is varied, so is the habit of saying good-by. The Turk will solemnly cross his hands upon his breast and make a profound obeisance when he bids farewell. The genial Japanese will take his slippers off as you depart, and say with a smile: "You are going to leave my despicable house in your honorable journeyings. I regard thee."

In the Philippines the parting benediction is bestowed in rubbing a friend's face with one's hands. The German's "Lebe wohl" is not particularly sympathetic in its sound, but it is less embarrassing to those it speeds than the Hindu's performance, who, when you go from him, falls in the dust at your feet. The Fiji islanders cross two red feathers. The natives of New Guinea exchange chocolate. The Burmese bend low and say, 'Hib, hib!" The "Auf wiedersehen" of the Austrians is the most feeling expression of farewell.

The Cuban would consider his good-by anything but a cordial one unless he was given a good cigar. The South Sea Islanders rattle each other's whale teeth necklaces. In the islands in the Straits of the Sound the natives at your going will stoop down and clasp your foot. The Russian form of parting salutation is brief, consisting of the single word "Braschai," said to sound like a sneeze. The Othaheie Islander will twist the end of his departing guest's robe, and then solemnly shake his own hands three times.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Just the Thing.

"I wish you'd help me by suggesting a name for my new novel."

"Tell me a little about it."

"Well, the hero is an only child—has appendicitis—is divorced three times and is in seven automobile accidents."

"Why not call it 'A Romance of the Commonwealth?'"—Brooklyn Life.

For the Younger Children....

THE TOY BEARKINS.

The children had fun with the bearkins
Teaching them all sorts of things,
Such as how to recite little verses,
Or sing as the story-bird sings;
A bearkin looks queer when he sings.

The very next day both the children
Went off to a ball game, somewhere,
And bearkins stole out to the garden
To play in the grape-arbor there;
Just the place they were looking for, there.

With grape leaves for dishes, and flowers
For bon-bons—they then tried to make
Of water and sand in a basin,
A sand-pie to call "birthday cake,"
That needed no oven to bake.

When Gretchen said Tot's cake had candles—
One candle for every year—
The wise Bouncer said he could fix it—
The kitchen and pantry were near—
And Gretchen said: "You are a dear."

When Bouncer came back he was burdened
With cookies and jelly and cream,
And a whole box of tiny wax matches
To make that sand birthday cake seem
A real birthday cake—and ice cream.

They feasted on all of the good things
That Bouncer had found on the sly,
And then they stuck matches all over
That play birthday cake of sand-pie—
And laughed till they thought they should cry.

When all of the cookies were eaten,
The cream and the jellies all gone,
They counted the wax matches candles
To find out when Gretchen was born—
They didn't know when she was born.

And then Bouncer lighted the candles—
The matches stuck 'round on the cake—
While both of the bearkins leaned over
To see how much light they would make,
And that was a sorry mistake.

The wind blew the flames in their faces,
And, trying to put the blaze out,
They singed both their paws and their noses;
And then they heard two children shout:
"Hello, there! what are you about?"

Then Rogue and Tot rushed in upon them,
And soon the whole story was told
By Bouncer, of their birthday party—
When Gretchen was "just so years old;"
And both Rogue and Tot kept the secret,
For fear that somebody would scold;
And only the story-bird told.

—John N. Jewett, in "For Very Little Folk," in St. Nicholas.

DUMB ORATORY.

This rainy day game is great fun, and the more players the merrier. Perhaps in a big summer hotel, where a long, wet afternoon holds a score of restless little captives, many hours may thus be spent in fun and laughter.

Select a large room, the emptier the better. At one end of it rope off "the stage." From this rope must hang a white curtain, two old sheets of heavy muslin will do, stretching from wall to wall and opening in the middle. Pin a placard on this curtain announcing that:

Miss Smith's School
Will entertain a select audience
with recitations
from 3 to 5 p. m.

The audience will come quickly enough. There must, of course, be a teacher who must be witty and and clever at making speeches. Some older person might volunteer who will explain that the elocution class is about to give an exhibition. The class will then come from behind the curtain, standing lined up before it. As the teacher calls for a certain performer the line draws away from him leaving him standing close to the curtain.

Now, on the other side of this curtain stand an equal number of players, in front of certain slits which have been made for their arms to go through. If there is a single performer, he will stand with hands behind him, between two convenient slits. The person on the other side thrusts his arms through these slits, making a very grotesque combination with the person outside, and the recitation begins, the speaker being aided by the gestures of the dumb, invisible orator.

When the recitation is in concert or in dialogue, and when, as it often happens, the speakers are girls and the "dumb orators" are boys, the effect is side-splitting.

A very good recitation for the purpose is "The Smack in School," but the sober pieces do just as well, for the contrasts are even more ludicrous. Poe's "Raven" and "Curfew Shall Not Ring To-Night" are also excellent, but there is a wide range in choice to suit all tastes and ages.—Washington Star.

SQUIRRELS MAY EAT TREES.

The squirrels in Court square are here to stay.

If the little animals choose to digest a few trees, flowers, plants and shrubbery they have permission to do so and the park commission will furnish the money to pay for it.

The importance of the squirrels to Memphis was decided late Monday afternoon at a meeting of the park commissioners.

It was decided that the park commission should take over the control of Court square in connection with all other parks in the early fall. Formerly the park commissioners have not had the management of Court square.

"And then we'll have to abolish the colony of squirrels," suggested one of the members of the commission.

"Why?" asked another.

"They will destroy the plants, flowers and trees which we will add," came the reply.

Col. Robert Galloway said it would never do to abolish the squirrels.

"I should say not," chimed in Mayor Malone. "Memphis owes her fame to those squirrels. I met a man from Bangor, Me., while away from home last summer and when I told him I was from Memphis, he said:

"'Oh, I've been to Memphis. I remember those squirrels in the downtown park.'"

This created a laugh.

"That is true," said several. "Every visitor to Memphis is certain to see and admire the Court square squirrels."

Mayor Malone said the people would not stand to have the squirrels removed.

"Suppose they do destroy a tree," said Colonel Galloway. "We can af-

ford to pay for what damages they do."

He said that he had made a brief calculation which proved that the squirrels could not, upon an average, destroy more than one tree a year.

"A tree," he said, "would cost the city $30."

It was then decided that if the squirrels wished to diet upon the trees and shrubbery they could.—Memphis Scimitar.

CROSS AS A BEAR.

"You're as cross as a bear!" said Bess to Billy.

Uncle Jim whistled. "Bears aren't cross to members of their own family," he said. "Now I knew a bear once——'

Bess and Billy both ran to him and climbed up on his lap.

"Did you really ever know a bear?" cried Billy with wide open eyes.

"Well, not intimately," said Uncle Jim. "But I used to go hunting them when I was up in Canada, and one day I was out with a hunting party and we saw right straight in front of us—what do you suppose?"

"A real bear!" gasped the children in concert.

"Yes, a real mother bear and her little son. The dogs started after them, and the mother bear began to run, but the little bear couldn't run as fast as she did, and the dogs were gaining on him, so what do you suppose the mother bear did? Leave her little son behind? No sir-ee-ee; she picked the baby bear up on her stout nose and tossed him away head, then she ran fast and caught up to him to give him another boost that sent him flying through the air. She kept this up for a mile and a half, then she was too tired to go any further, and the dogs surrounded her. Then she sat up on her haunches, took her baby in her hind paw and fought the dogs off with her fore paws. And how she did roar!"

Bess shuddered.

'You could hear her miles away. She never forgot her baby, kept guarding him all the time. When the mother was shot the baby cub jumped on her dead body and tried to fight off the dogs with his little baby paws. That's the way the bears stand by each other. Sometimes I think they love each other better than brothers and sisters—— Hey, Bess, what are you crying about? I guess I won't tell you any more bear stories if that is the way it makes you feel."

"Billy," sobbed Bess, "you're as good, as good as a bear?"

Then they all laughed together, and forgot what they had been cross about.—Washington Star.

TO DISTINGUISH EVERGREENS.

Here is a suggestion for a little nature-study for mothers and children:

White pine—Five needles in a bundle, scales of cone thickened at the top.

Scotch pine—Two bluish-green, short needles in a bundle.

Fir—Erect cone; flat, spreading needles scattered singly.

Austrian pine—Two long dark green needles in a bundle.

Norway spruce—Large hanging cones; scattered needles point all ways.

Hemlock—Small hanging cones; flat spray.

Red cedar—Bluish berries; sharp prickly spray.

Arbor-vitae—Flat branches; cones few-scaled, and only two seeds under each.

White cedar—Cones roundish, with four to eight seeds under each.

Pitch pine—Dark stiff needles arranged in threes.—Primary Education.

NO HURRY.

Some boys think it very manly to shave directly a little fluff appears on their faces. We heard of a juvenile who went to be scraped, and the barber, having adjusted the cloth and soaped his smooth skin, left him and went lounging about his door. As soon as the young "gent" observed this, he impatiently called out: "Well, what are you leaving me all this time here for?" The witty barber replied: "I'm waiting until your beard grows."—Boys' Life.

SIOUX CHIEF'S APPEAL.

Red Cloud, the famous Sioux chief, is now very old, and, realizing that he must soon depart for the happy hunting grounds, he has issued a pathetic appeal to the white people to be good to the poor Indian. Once a fierce warrior and a foe to the whites, Red Cloud long ago became peaceable. He still retains the old-style garb of his race, but he appreciates the value of civilization.

Building of Petrified Wood.

A building at New England, Hettinger County, N. D., is made of petrified wood. The building belongs to Charles Mead, a rancher. It was constructed for a residence but is no longer used for that purpose. It has been used for a private school the last year. It stands on the edge of a bluff at the foot of which runs the Cannonball River. The various colors of the petrified wood glisten in the sunshine. The wall is left unpointed, thus exposing the uneven projecting specimens of the wood that have become, through nature's mysterious influence, beautiful stones.

Here and there scattered over a wide area on the Missouri slope are groups of specimens, usually one or two wagonloads in a place. But there is a field in the western part of Hettinger County where these petrifactions are thick over two or three acres.—Glen Ullin Correspondence Minneapolis Journal.

In the United States 100 inhabitants cultivate 290 acres of land, while in Europe the proportion is 850 acres to the 100 inhabitants.

SPORT AND ADVENTURE

A PRINTER STORY.

On several occasions the Old Time Printer who manufactures this department has related printer stories, with the result that scores of letters have reached him from former members of the craft, telling of their enjoyment of the recollections of the old days. This impels the Old Time Printer to tell another true one, because it will please the craftsmen and at the same time amuse others.

"Jack" Bonner, of Omaha, who still works at the printer's trade, is the subject of this tale, and it will be told as nearly in his own language as possible.

"I'll never forget my first experience as a tourist," said "Jack" to a little bunch of friends the other night. "I had just served my apprenticeship and secured my union card, and determined to 'hit the road.' I went to Laramie on the velvet expecting to work my way back by freight car route. By the time I was ready to start back it was frightfully cold, but I started, and soon fell in with a fellow printer who was an old hand at the game. We caught a freight and remained on it until we reached the middle of the Red Desert, when we were discovered and fired off at a water tank. I was scared speechless, for it was cold and not a house within fifty miles that we knew about.

"My companion saw my condition, and at once reassured me.

"'Aw, we're all right,' he said. 'Just follow me.'

He climbed to the top of the water tank, opened a little trap door and dropped out of sight. I heard him calling me to come on, and I followed. What was about to happen was a mystery to me but I felt that I could follow where he led. So I dropped in after him. I found myself in a snug birth, for the railroad company had built a warm nest inside the tank for the use of track and section men who might be caught out in the wild blizzards that often sweep that country. It contained straw, warm blankets and some canned goods. The quarters were cramped, but we spent a comfortable night, and the next day caught a freight that carried us as far east as Sidney, which was well back into 'God's country.'

"I never forgot that experience, and for two reasons. A couple of years later I was chaperoning a young printer just out on his first trip, and we started out of St. Louis, bound south. We were discovered about fifty miles out, in the middle of the night, and once more I was put off at a water tank. It was quite cold and we were thinly clad. But remembering my Red Desert experience I called my fellow tourist to follow me and, climbing the tank ladder, I opened the trap door and dropped in—and fell into about fifteen feet of the coldest water I ever felt.

"The blamed old Southern railroads didn't take as much interest in their track walkers and section men as the railroads across the desert, and had failed to build the little houses of refuge in the tanks."—The Commoner.

A BOY'S FIRST BATTLE.

The first battle is a thrilling event to every soldier; but when one goes to it in the darkness of the night, in a heavy forest, and with so notable band of rangers as Mosby's men, and when one is but sixteen years old, it must come very near the sublime—or the ridiculous.

I shall never forget that grim and stealthy march, says John H. Alexander in his account of such an event. Creeping along through the deepest hollows and the darkest shades, says a recent issue of Scribner's, never a sound save the smothered tread of the men, or the scream of a bird scared from its roost, or the rustling through the bushes of some beast roused from its lair; moving away in one direction and then in another to avoid the vedettes which the colonel had located, we kept on, slowly but surely approaching our prey.

The silent and monotonous movement had beguiled me into a half-dreaming state, when suddenly I was aroused by the coughing of a horse, and saw a dark mass looming up in the centre of a small clearing. It was a Yankee picket post. Just then one of the men trod on a stick, and as it cracked beneath his foot a voice cried out, "Who comes there?" and almost simultaneously the sentinel fired his gun.

"Charge 'em, men!" cried Colonel Mosby, and there were shots and yells and running men and snorting horses and the odor of much brimstone—and that's pretty much all I know about the fight.

Out of a hazy uncertainty whether I was on my head or my heels there comes to me the recollection that I started in with the others, that I struck my head against a tree and knocked my hat off, that I stopped absurdly to pick it up, and that when I had found it and started on again, a few scattering shots were winding up the affair. And then I realized what a record I had made. It would never do to say that I had passed through my first fight without firing a shot, so directing my pistol towhere I thought the enemy ought to be, I fired the last shot of the occasion.

The surprise had been so complete that there was no opportunity for resistance. Our men were in among the prostrate forms before the Yankees were fairly awake, and assisted some of them to unroll from their blankets. None of them escaped except the sentinel, who must have dashed away the instant his gun went off.

We supposed there had been no casualties on our side until Welt Hatcher reported that he had come through the fight all right, "because there wasn't any," but while he was standing on the bank, after everything was all over, "some greenhorn behind him had let off a gun and shot him in the heel."

On that subject I kept very still.

A LIFELONG PUZZLE.

Grandfather "Baldy" McCollum was fuller of bear stories than any other man in the Carolinas, but a Northern visitor who endeavored to "pump" the old mountaineer found that his best bear story was not about bears, after all, but about hogs, and even this, in the long run, was not its most puzzling feature. Appleton's Magazine tells the tale in "Baldy's" own language:

Kennedy, he came from up North, and he was all for raising taters. Said there wasn't any land on yurth to beat this for taters. And so it might be, too, so it might be, but across the spur he had a neighbor—Gorman his name was—who was all for hogs.

This Gorman's hogs, they calculated from the start that they'd lard up on Kennedy's taters, and nothin' Kennedy could do would keep them over in their own bottom. He could 'a 'lit into Gorman about it, but no man wants to be unneighborly that-a-way, and, what's more, Gorman was a powerful great, big, nasty-tempered fellow. So Kennedy, he tried this, and he tried that, but nothing would do. And then one day, when he'd chucked out an old bit of b'ar pelt that he'd been using for a hearth rug, he noticed that when them hogs stumbled on it they ran like blue snakes.

That there, it gave Kennedy an idea. It wa'n't b'ar-shooting time, but he takes down his old "Harper's Ferry" and hits the trail for the back notches, and there he gets a varmint—not a very big one, but one just sizable for his purpose. And next day, when Gorman's hogs come down, he catches one in his corn-crib and brings out that fresh b'ar's hide and sews the hog up in it, and lets him go again.

Well, now, hogs they like their own kind nigh as much as sheep does. So this feller, as soon as he gets the use of the eyeholes, he starts to join his brothers and sisters. But with one uplifted, twenty-shoat-power holler, they let him know he wasn't going to join them—not in this world, anyhow.

Kennedy, he was able to watch them for near an hour. They'd run a mile or two, and then, all turning round to face that b'ar, they'd lay down and just glare and pant.

And that b'ar he couldn't do anything to show his friendly feelings but lay and pant, too. Then, and all about the same time, they'd stagger onto the hoof again, and run to a gasp, and lay down and glare at each other thirty or forty rod apart, some more.

They had headed straighway from Gorman's, and in that direction they kep' going. If they ever come to a final stop, nobody ever heerd of it.

And, as Gorman said every two or three days till he died, he could bear the loss of them there hogs, but what he did feel was just a-shortening his life was trying to puzzle out what under the dome had got away with them.

HOW LIFE IS RISKED.

Two women fell into a cage of lions the other day in the Apollo, a new music hall only recently opened [in Paris], and were nearly eaten up. The spectacle was much more sensational than had been intended by the program.

The two women were tight-rope dancers and were supposed to perform a series of clever feats on a rope stretched across the stage, and under which there was a big cage with two lions. The top of the cage was left open so that the lions could see the women performing over their heads, and the public could at the same time enjoy the delightful sensation of terror.

The lions, as a rule, took no interest in the feats of the tight-rope walkers and sometimes even dozed off while they were in progress. Perhaps they could not see the sense of the exploits. However, they suddenly awakened from their indifference. The rope snapped in twain in the middle of the performance, and the unhappy women fell literally into the jaws of the lions. The wild beasts naturally did not understand the situation and mauled and clawed the women terribly.

One of the women had the presence of mind enough to remain prostrate on the floor of the cage, and succeded in crawling out, while her companion was so imprudent as to stand up, and was being mangled by the lions. After considerable efforts the remaining woman was finally rescued from the cage. Her arms and breast were terribly clawed and bitten, but she had escaped with her life, and seemed cheerful over it. She even took her companion by the hand, and with dramatic self-composure, came before the curtain and saluted the spectators.—Washington Star.

Locust Trees For Cheap Land.

Farmers who are planting locust trees declare that there is no more profitable way of utilizing cheap land.

They figure it this way: Two thousand four hundred trees can be planted to an acre; in eight years these trees will be large enough to cut for fence posts and each tree will yield two posts. At retail these posts will be worth twenty-five cents each or fifty cents a tree. That means at retail a crop worth $1200 per acre at the end of eight years, or an average of $150 an acre a year. Of course it would be hardly possible for the producer to realize retail prices, but figuring that he could obtain one third of the retail price, the net return would be $50 an acre a year, a fair return in comparison with other crops.—Kansas City Journal.

The postoffice at the naval station at Guantanamo, Cuba, has been officially named Bagley, after Ensign Bagley, who was killed in the Spanish-American War.