THE QUEENSTOWN NEWS.

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The Rochester Post-Express observes that even outside of Kansas a politician who has been in jail is not a curiosity.

An exchange asks what advantage the new woman has over the old. It is a matter of years, the New York American answers.

Remember that the hottest region of the world is along the Persian Gulf, and not, perversely, observes the Indianapolis News, just where you happen to be on a midsummer afternoon.

Along with the elimination of curves, in sympathy with the best modern railroad practice, the Pittsburg Dispatch declares, we are told the ladies' new style clothing will be as tight as the money market.

A mirror as a cure for sea-sickness is recommended by a traveler. Looking at the reflection of one's face when the ship begins to wash, surmises the New York American, would seem to the landlubber to have anything but a curative effect.

Anybody anxious to learn why the railroads decided not to punish the people of Ohio, Indiana and Illinois by abolishing excursion rates, notes the Philadelphia North American, can obtain the answer by studying a map of the interurban trolley lines which cobweb those States.

Meteorological science does not recognize the "equinoctial storm" as an established fact, but regards it as a coincidence embellished by fancy. Nevertheless, avers the Boston Post, there is as much reality as imagination in the storm which takes that occasion to rush down upon the earth and the sea.

An Oregon paper looking into the future says that New York will in time have to get its apple supply in Oregon, and gives as a reason that our Eastern orchards are trained too high. It is true, admits The Country Gentleman, that most of our old orchards are too long-geared to spray thoroughly, but we have greatly improved apparatus for spraying. Young orchards are generally being set on a lower and improved plan, and the vigorous old orchards are being topped off and thus rejuvenated to prolong their usefulness. We do not need Pacific Coast apples yet, but we need more orchardists who know how to spray and (equally important) what to spray for.

The anti-opium movement, which is becoming conspicuous in all lands, is one of the many indications that the common sense of the world must, in the last resort, control the production, sale and use of stimulants and narcotics of every kind, remarks the Christian Register. By the process of natural selection some things are weeded out, and, as the result of experience, that which is good for the race is approved, and what is hurtful is forbidden by public sentiment and the private conscience. The law, representing the moral judgments of the minority and going in advance of public opinion, commonly fails. The law which follows and reinforces the moral judgments of the community is approved by the strong and furnishes a support for the weak.

We take the following encouragement from Puck: There is no panic in sight, and hard times are way below the horizon. The New York Sun and other inspired publications know this as well as Puck; but whereas the Sun and other inspired publications are privately moved to state the opposite of what they know, and to convey the idea that the country is tottering to its ruin, Puck is perfectly free to state the truth. This country is absolutely in good condition. The year's crops will be large and profitable. We cannot have hard times without crop failures, and the crop failures of the past will never happen again—they can't. The Pacific Slope is flourishing like a green bay tree, and the broad land east west as far as the Hudson River is prosperous. The man who talks hard times is an interested liar or an uninformed citizen.

A wave of literary Puritanism, or something like it, appears to be sweeping over England, says the Dial, if we may judge from her educational authorities. Kingsley's, "Westward Ho!" has been blacklisted at Tilbury, and the London Education Committee has banished "Mary Barton" unfit for reading. Mrs. Gaskell, it is true, is guilty of admitting to her story disquieting "references to dens and doings;" and the description of streets in Lancashire would shock the hearts of young children." Of course, no one would dispute, that we should prefer to learn to distinguish between good and evil; but the method here adopted can not be the inadequate natatory of a girl immortalized in fiction. The boys and girls who become objects of pity to Ruskin and Stevenson and Charlotte Yonge and Mrs. Ewing are kept under lock and key, while exciting literature also is provided by the "Bessie

UNPROFITABLE DREAMS.

He does not care for common things,
Like doing simple chores,
But his fancy takes on wings
And with what ease it soars
As he sits by the kitchen stove,
When daylight is near spent,
And tells how things would start to move
If he were President.

The barn needs shingling, since it leaks
With every shower of rain,
For axle grease the wagon squeaks,
And tons of hay have lain
Through half a dozen showers or so
The while his dreams are bent
On how the Trusts would have to go
If he were President.

His fences from neglect are down,
The cows are in his corn—
He saw them, with an angry frown,
A week from yestermorn—
And yet to making some repair
No useful aid he's lent;
He's thinking how the rogues would fare
If he were President.

He started out to milk the cow
A half an hour ago,
And met a neighbor with his plow,
So sat right down to show
How evil are the times and what
This vice of grafting meant
And what would be and what would not
If he were President.

The pump is out of order quite,
And will but wheeze and squeak,
And so his willing wife at night
Bears water from the creek,
Because he must have time to think
Not how to pay the rent,
But how he'd make the neighbors blink
If he were President.

And you, my friend, does your barn leak,
Your fences need repair?
Does your pump never wheeze and squeak
From lack of little care?
Or do you sometimes shirk your chores,
And is your fancy bent
On healing economic sores
With you as President?

—T. W. Foley, in Woman's Home Companion.

The Forest Fire.

By JOHN P. GUCKES.

"Did you ever hear of a forest fire, Uncle Jasper?" inquired his little nephew, Fred, laying down the newspaper he had been reading and looking up into his uncle's face.

"Did I ever hear of a forest fire?" repeated Uncle Jasper with a merry chuckle. "Bless you, I've been in one!"

"Been in one?" exclaimed Fred, his eyes dilating with astonishment. "When was it? Do tell me about it."

"Well, it was a good many years ago," Uncle Jasper answered, putting down his book and stretching out comfortably in his big chair. "A good many years ago, Fred. I was only a boy of thirteen or fourteen."

"Just about my age. Please don't wait, but tell me now."

"In those days all the upper end of Fairview County was a dense pine forest. Scarcely a year went by that two or three fires didn't sweep for miles, destroying hundreds of acres of trees and sometimes burning down the houses and barns of the scattered farmers. But the worst fire we ever had in the county was the one that came near being the end of me and Harry Randolph.

"Harry Randolph was the son of the village doctor, and about my own age. He and I were bosom friends, in school and out. Many a game I played with Harry in those days, and many the jaunt and fishing trip we took together. We also used to get up in the doctor's attic on rainy days and read 'Wild West' stories until our heads were just swimming with Indians and cowboys and what not.

"I think it was one of Oliver Optic's books that put into our foolish heads the idea of running away from home and camping in the North Woods all by ourselves for a week.

"We knew it was wrong, and that our parents would object decidedly if they got wind of the matter, so we kept the project to ourselves.

"We left our homes secretly very early one hot morning in July. Fortunately our silly young heads still contained enough sense to prompt each of us to leave a note at home, telling our folks that we had gone to the woods to camp out, and that we would be back in a week. It makes my heart bleed now, every time I think of the horrified look that must have been upon my poor old mother's face when she read my letter at breakfast that morning.

"We started off in gay spirits. We had neglected nothing, so we thought, and our baggage made two very large bundles. Each of us carried a blanket and the half of a canvas tent, which we used to set up in the doctor's yard. Then we had fishing rods, air rifles and pots and pans, in which to cook the game we expected to shoot.

"I was for taking no food whatever along. 'We'll live just like real Indians for a week,' I had remarked, 'fishing and shooting and gathering berries.'

"But Harry, who probably had more common sense than I, was dubious about the air rifles, and insisted upon carrying some food from our homes. So we took about ten pounds of crackers, a peck or more potatoes and a ham. They were the only things I ever stole, and it hurts me even now when I think how light heartedly we committed the theft.

"I suppose we walked the best part of fifteen miles that day we started, and evening found us in the very heart of the woods, miles away from any human habitation. We were so tired that we couldn't even set up our tent, but went to sleep right on the bare ground, with our blankets for pillows."

"Ugh," put in Fred, "weren't there wolves and bears about?"

"Well, I guess there were," answered Uncle Jasper. "But we were too tired and sleepy to worry about anything. I believe we would have fallen asleep that evening if we'd known there were lions and tigers within a few hundred feet of us.

"When we got awake it must have been nearly 8 o'clock. The sun was beating down through the trees. We felt fresh and happy, and were as hungry as young robins. I tell you those dry crackers, with water from a spring, tasted mighty good, and I was thankful to Harry for having thought of them. We saw a few pheasants and a squirrel or two, but of course we couldn't get any of them with our air rifles.

"After breakfast we put up our tent and built a rough stone fireplace in the open air. By dinner time we were so hungry that we had to cook our ham. We ate blueberries while it was cooking, but the smell of the ham was tantalizing, and we couldn't wait for it to get done, but ate it half raw. In the afternoon we caught two large fish in the creek, and these, with baked potatoes, served for our supper. We were tickled with our free life that day, but were glad to lie down in our blankets long before the moon came up.

"The next day crackers and fish and ham and potatoes began to grow tiresome, but try as we would to kill some game we had no success. No, I am mistaken. We did kill an old, blind woodpecker, but he smelt so that we were afraid to touch him.

"The next day our fare grew distasteful. We missed the cakes and honey, the apples and rice pudding, which we had in such abundance at home. Besides, the monotony of the woods and the intense stillness began to get upon our young nerves in spite of our efforts to play Indians. Probably both of us would have been glad to start for home, but each one was ashamed to suggest it.

"The water in the creek was very low. It scarcely reached our shoulders at the deepest point, so that we could go in bathing without any danger. Here we spent a good deal of our time splashing in the water. The creek was low because there had been no rain for many weeks. The ground was baked and parched, and everything was as dry as punk.

On the third morning the sun rose hot and merciless as usual. We took off our clothes and began to disport ourselves in the creek early. I suppose we had been in the water only five minutes when Harry remarked, 'I think I smell smoke.'

"'So do I,' I returned, 'but I guess it's from our breakfast fire.'

"'I guess not!' he shouted, excitedly. 'Look at that!'

"He pointed southward, and I followed his finger with my eye. There, where the tree tops met the sky, we could see ugly clouds of blue-black smoke belching into the sky. Then, for the first, we noticed flock after flock of wild birds passing above us to the north, some of them screeching with fear and excitement, all of them going the same way. Turning our eyes to the ground we were surprised to see squirrels and rabbits and even snakes fleeing in the same direction. To the left of us we heard a splash in the creek. A young bear was swimming across."

"'The woods are afire, Jasper!' shouted Harry, 'and everything is running away for safety.'"

"He did not need to tell me. I saw it all. I can tell you we got out of that creek and into our clothes in a hurry. By the time we were dressed stray sparks were flying over our heads, and the sun itself was obscured by a thick, yellow fog of smoke."

"'We'll have to run for our lives!' I exclaimed excitedly. 'And here we were fools enough to get dressed on this side of the creek.'"

"'It's too late to run,' responded Harry. 'There's only one thing to do. We'll have to get into the creek up to our necks and let the fire pass over us.'"

"'But gracious!' I objected fearfully, 'when the fire sweeps over us, our heads will be burned.'"

"'I thought of that,' returned Harry, quickly. 'Still, the creek's our only hope, Jasper. We must get the blankets and other things down to the creek. We'll need them.'"

"He was the leader, and I always obeyed him. In two or three minutes we had everything down at the bank. Harry, to my surprise, took time to put what was left of our ham into a pot and sink it into the creek. All the while the smoke was blowing against us in great volumes, sparkling pine needles were flying over our heads in a regular fire storm and we could hear distinctly the roar and crackling of flames in the near distance. The heat was growing intense."

"'Into the water,' ordered Harry. He plunged in with all his clothes on, and I was glad to follow. We dragged the blankets with us. 'Now,' said Harry, as cool as you please, 'we've got to keep as far under the water as possible. Jasper, you throw that wet blanket over your head, and I'll cover myself with this one. But keep ducking every minute or two, so the blanket don't get hot and take fire. And keep near me.'

"I followed every word he said. In a few minutes the fire was upon us. On both sides of the creek dry trees were burning with fury, fanned by a considerable breeze. Even through the wet blankets we would have to duck and stay under water for six or eight seconds. Once I dared to look from under the blanket and saw the top of the creek steaming from the heat. Neither of us said anything. The battle for our lives took all our time and energies."

"How long we were in the water we never knew, but it must have been some four hours. During that time I thought that almost every minute would be our last. I expected either to drown or to be choked to death by the thick smoke. Once or twice I almost fell to the bottom of the creek from exhaustion."

"Even after the worst of the fire had abated, and only heaps of charred sticks, with here and there a bare tree still pointing to the sky, remained of the beautiful pine woods, we dared not venture out of the water."

"When we finally did get out, the heat of the ground was so great that we could feel it through our shoes. We scraped away the cinders and sticks on the bank and made a place for our wet blankets. It was somewhat more comfortable to sit there than to stand in the creek. We could now breathe a little more easily, but not much. The smoke was so thick that it seemed like twilight, but we knew it must be still early in the afternoon."

"We let our clothes dry upon us, I suppose we both fell asleep from exhaustion, and slept a long while, because when we got up it seemed to be early the next morning. The air was still hot, and traces of smoke were about, but the sun came out brightly."

"Refreshed by our sleep we looked around for something to eat. Harry's forethought was again our salvation. I saw then why he had put the remains of our ham in a pot at the bottom of the creek. We didn't leave anything but the bone, and then we decided to get home as quickly as our legs would carry us."

"I shall never, never forget that fifteen miles walk home. Our poor feet were blistered from the hot ground, our eyes were sore and swollen. Several times we almost gave up. How we managed to find our way I can scarcely explain. The sun was our only guide in the charred waste which we traversed. For the last two or three miles of our walk we staggered along like drunken men. It was past ten o'clock when we got home. You can imagine with what joy we were received. The folks had been worried to distraction, thinking that we had perished in the terrible fire."

"I was hustled to bed and swathed in bandages and liniment. In spite of my pain I fell asleep in a few minutes. My parents never gave me one word of reproof. They could see from my poor bruised and burned body that I had learned a great lesson in the school of experience, and that it was not likely I would ever run off to the woods again."—Young People's Paper.

SCIENTIFIC & INDUSTRIAL

William Bardell, American Consul at Bamberg, Germany, reports the discovery by Dr. Radard, a Geneva dentist, that blue rays of light can be used as an anesthetic in the extraction of teeth.

A Frenchwoman has received a prize for discovering a reliable sign of death. The test consists of the subcutaneous injection of a solution of fluoresceine, which, if the blood is still circulating, in the course of a few hours causes the skin to turn yellow.

Pencils with potato in place of wood is the latest article "made in Germany," says Papermaking. A company has been formed to exploit an invention which, instead of making use of the expensive cedar wood, substitutes a compact mass, the main ingredient of which is potato.

What is said to be the biggest cannon ball ever made weighed 2600 pounds and was manufactured at the Krupp works, Essen, for the government of the Czar. The gun from which this projectile was fired is placed in the fortifications of Cronstadt. This gun has a range of twelve miles and it has been estimated that each shot costs $1500.

In a collection of Egyptian papyri Prof. Jules Nicole is reported to have found among some Greek texts an ancient Latin guide through Rome. As it contains an inventory of sculpture and indicates the locality where each piece was located, as well as describes each, it may prove of importance in supplying us with data for the attribution of as yet nameless statues.

The preservation of wood with sulphur, applied in liquid form, is gaining special favor in Germany. The material completely fills the cell spaces of the fiber, and at moderate temperatures it is little affected by water, acids and alkaline solutions, though it oxidizes readily at high temperatures. Poplar is best adapted for this treatment, results with oak and pine being less satisfactory.

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.

Learned in One Lesson.

The importance of accuracy in statement is a fact to be appreciated in all walks of life. The editor of the Billville Bugle tried to impress this truth on the new reporter. "My boy," said he, "you need caution. You must learn not to state things as facts until they are proved to be facts, otherwise you are very likely to get us into libel suits. Do not say, 'The cashier stole the funds.' Say, 'The cashier who is alleged to have stolen the funds.' That's all; and turn in a stickful about that Second Ward social last night."

Owing to an influex of visitors, it was late in the afternoon when the editor of the Bugle caught a glimpse of the great family daily. Half-way down the social column his eye lighted on the following cautious paragraph:

"It is rumored that a card-party was given last evening to a number of reputed ladies of the Second Ward. Mrs. Smith, gossip says, was the hostess, and the festivities are reported to have continued until 10.30 in the evening. It is alleged that the affair was a social function given to the ladies of the Second Ward Cinch Club, and that with the exception of Mrs. James Bilwilliger, who says she comes from Leavit's Corner, none but members were present. The reputed hostess insists that coffee and waters alone were served as refreshments. Mrs. Smith claims to be the wife of James Smith, the so-called 'Honest Shoe Man,' of 315 East State street."

"Shortly after a whirling mass, claiming to be a reporter, flew [illegible] into the street, and landed [illegible] the bystanders assert

For the Younger Children....

IF I WAS BIG.

I want a ladder awful high
Like Jack had, so that I can see
Right where the stars are in the sky;
I want to sail across the sea
Like Sindbad did; and I want three—
Or maybe four—fat hens; they'd lay
Some golden eggs to have for tea.
I wish that I was big to-day.

I want to go a-riding by
A castle with a golden key,
To find a princess, who will sigh
And wait for one to come and free
Her from the giant's spell that he
Has cast about her; and I'll slay
The great big giant! Yes-siree!
I wish that I was big to-day.

And sometime, maybe, if I try,
I'll find a dragon, too, and he
Will try to eat me up, and I
Will be as brave as I can be,
And I will kill him, and, "To thee,"
The King will cry, "we bow! You may
Become a Knight at once!" Oh me!
I wish that I was big to-day!

Envoy.

Lad, life holds much of mystery—
Beautiful visions far away!
Oh, would that I might change with thee!
I wish I were a lad to-day!

—Celia Myrover Robinson, in Harper's.

MINNIE MINNOW.

Down in the bay, where the river greets the ocean, there is always a little Swish of the cool green waves. It is the home and lively place of the frolicking Fin Folk—the Shiner family, the Flat Flitters, the Skin Skippers and the Only Golden One.

Minnie Minnow loved the place and often played there the splendid game of flit-tag on sunny afternoons with her cousins Finnie and Fannie Minnow, and wee Winnie Winnow.

Flit-tag is fun to play, for you dart most every way; now over the waves you slide and skim; now plunge to the bottom and slowly swim; suddenly dash through the sea-weed shade, and—the goal is won—the game is played.

Minnie Minnow could always win; with steady tail and lively fin, she'd dash and lash her way through Swish and distance all the other fish.

But sometimes she was kind and would keep behind, and let Finnie or Fannie, or even little Winnie, win.

Swish was a very pleasant place in which to play, and it had one great convenience. No matter how much it rained, Swish was never any wetter; and as for Minnie, she never let it fret her, for rain never wet her.

Said Minnie-fish,
"When'er I wish
I can swish in Swish
And never get wet.

"If I flirt my tail
I never fail
To smoothly sail,
And never get wet.

If I make a splatter
It doesn't matter;
If the drops down patter—
And never get wet."

Minnie and Finnie and Fannie and Winnie were very happy in Swish, but one day, while at play, Minnie Minnow went away to a place called Splish, where the water is very shallow.

Now Minnie Minnow's mother had gone away, but left behind the rules of play.

"In Swish you safely may abide;
In Splish is danger, watch the tide."

But Minnie forgot to watch the tide, and was having such a very good time darting here and there in the sunny shallows, she never noticed, until too late, the tide had turned, and—sad to relate—poor little Minnie was left to her fate.

It happened this way.

Every day the sun and moon up in the sky pull the waters of Splish till it gets quite—quite dry. And any little fish that stays in Splish will flop about and struggle—get dry and die.

But Minnie was wise; when she felt the water go she shut her eyes and dug her fins with all her might into the mud, sunk out of sight.

The hours went by and Splish was dry, and Minnie gasped and choked, but suddenly the water began to come back.

Presently Minnie was wetter, she felt much better, but a sadder and wiser little fish swam safely back to cool, green Swish.

Most any day, if you go that way, you'll see little Minnie Minnow at play, darting here and there, with zeal and zest, playing flit-tag games with all the rest.—Joshua F. Crowell, in the Washington Star.

HOW AMERICA GOT ITS NAME.

One of the most interesting portions of Ober's Amerigo Vespucci, in Harpers' "Heroes of American History" Series, is that in which it is pointed out that it was not Vespucci himself who named the Western world "America," but, by a curious chance, a stranger to Vespucci, an obscure geographer in a little town in the Vosges, Martin Waldseemuller. The suggestion was made by this man in a pamphlet printed in Latin.

"It was a small pamphlet, with engravings of the crudest sort; but it made a stir in the world such as has been caused by but few books since. But one copy of this first edition is said to be extant, and this is in the Lenox Library, New York City. It caused a flutter in cosmographical circles, not alone at the time of its issue, but for centuries thereafter, for in it first occurs in print the suggestion that the 'fourth part of the world,' discovered by Amerigo Vespucci, should be called America,"

And here are the words, translated, in which the suggestion was made:

"'But now these parts have been more extensively explored and another fourth part has been discovered by Americus Vespucius (as will appear in what follows): wherefore I do not see what is rightly to hinder us from calling it Amerigo, or America—i. e., the land of Americus, after its discoverer. Americus, a man of sagacious mind, since both Europe and Asia have got their names from women. Its situation and the manners and customs of its people will be clearly understood from the twice two voyages of Americus, which follow.'"

OVER ST. ANTHONY FALLS.

Anthony Aspinatis, a seventeen-year-old Chicago boy, went over St. Anthony Falls recently, and lives to tell the tale. His perilous trip was involuntary, says a writer in the St. Paul Pioneer Press. Aspinatis arrived in Minneapolis one morning from Chicago, and at once sought work. He finally agreed with an employment agency to go to Carrett, Montana, as a teamster. He was not to start until the next morning, and so had the rest of the day and evening to see the town.

After wandering about for some time he strolled down to the river bank. Near the Union Station, on the west bank of the river, he saw a pile of logs touching the bank. He scrambled over these to the outer edge and sat down on two small logs. Before he noticed it they were floating, and he could not reach those still firmly attached to the shore.

The boy realized that he was being swept along by a strong current, but did not realize his full peril. He sat straddling the logs, and paddled with his hands and feet against the current, but to no advantage. The logs were swept into the centre of the stream and over the falls.

When Anthony saw that he was going over the great falls he leaned forward and grasped the logs firmly in his arms. Over the apron he shot, head foremost, and down the steep incline into the turbulent rapids below. He clung desperately to the logs, but kept his head, and watched alertly for a chance to save himself.

In the centre of the stream, between the falls and a bridge, is a small, rocky bit of land known as Spirit Island. The boy saw it, and decided to swim for it. He attempted to remove his coat, but while trying to do so was thrown by the boiling rapids from the logs to which he had clung, and was unable to recover them. Pedestrians on the bridge had seen him going through the rapids, although none saw him shoot the falls. The police were at once notified, and hastened to his rescue in the police boat.

Aspinatis is believed to be the only person who has shot St. Anthony Falls and lived.

THE TELEGRAPH POLES.

Lack of understanding rather than maliciousness lies at the bottom of many international difficulties. Especially true is this in the dealings of a civilized with an uncivilized people. So apart are the ranges of experience that a mutual ground of comprehension is hard to find. One no longer wonders at the reluctance of the Asiatic tribe to allow the telegraph to pass through its country when he reads of the true reason of the native's refusal. The story is told in Mr. Bush's "Reindeer, Dogs and Snow-Shoes."

The company, surveying the ground for the telegraph, wished to bargain with the Lamuts for deer to be used in the construction of the line. The chiefs received the agents with great dignity, and gravely listened to their proposals. Then they announced that they had plenty of reindeer, and were perfectly willing to sell them for any other purpose, but not for the building of the telegraph.

Thinking that they did not understand the nature of the line and its object, the agents carefully explained telling the chiefs it consisted simply in a series of poles, extending through the country, with a small wire stretched along the tops. They enlarged on what advantage the natives would gain from the forts and stations established along the way, from which they could obtain supplies and clothes.

But nothing seemed to satisfy the chiefs. At last one asked in what direction the line would go. On being told, they became gloomy and even more reluctant.

The agents were puzzled, not being able to imagine why they were so opposed, when one Lamut, as if struck by a new idea, asked how far apart the poles would be placed. When this point was made clear, all faces brightened, and they assured the agents that they would sell all the reindeer needed.

The reason of their former objection was explained. They knew that the line of telegraph would cross their usual routes of travel, and they had supposed that the poles would be so close together that they could not pass between them with their deer. This difficulty disposed of, they immediately promised to furnish two hundred deer.

A TRAGEDY OF THE CIVIL WAR.

Not all the sad stories of war-time come from the battle-field. Many a heart-break is not recorded on the list of the killed and wounded. The Civil War knew no more tragic occurrence than the following incident, taken from the New York Sun. A soldier had enlisted from his home in Georgia, where his father remained undisturbed through the struggle. The young man fought through the war without a scratch, save a slight wound which left him a little deaf. This affliction he never mentioned in his letters.

After the surrender he sent his father word that he would reach home about a certain date. Travel was uncertain, and he could not tell exactly when he would arrive.

His father prepared to receive him. He brought out the best plate, which had been secreted for a long time, and with gold which had been paid. He bought such substantials as delicacies as the Southern market afforded. As many of the neighbors as were in the city were invited to

GIRLS' LUNCHES SAVED DOG.

Somewhere about the city there is wandering to-day a little yellow dog, nameless and without known kin, who, could he speak, might tell a little story of charity that probably saved his life.

Worn out with dodging trucks and cars in the crowded streets downtown, so hungry and thirsty that he could run only with difficulty, while his tongue hung from his jaws, he made his way into the front gate of St. Paul's Churchyard, on Broadway, at noon, along with the advance guard of the girls who take luncheon in one or another of the quiet nooks about the old church. There the dog fell, exhausted—in a final struggle for life, it seemed.

Everyone thought the animal mad, until one young woman, with lunch box in hand, suggested:

"Maybe he's hungry."

Boxes were opened at once, and sardine and chicken sandwiches, angel cake and candy were produced. It was soon apparent that the young woman's supposition was correct.

From all sides, then, came offerings, and the donors were so eager to do their best that they gave the little dog the richest and most indigestible morsels in their boxes. Presently, from a nearby drug store there arrived a girl with a glass of cool milk, which she set before the wayfarer, whose appreciation the onlookers saw in a look of dog thanks. A few minutes more were spent by the animal in resting. Then he arose with a happy little bark and a whisk of his stubby tail, as much as to say, "I thank you all," and trotted off, leaving his benefactors a good topic for noonday luncheon discussion.—New York Post.

AN AGED BRITISH TREE.

One of the oldest of British trees is the Cowthorpe oak, which has been standing near Wetherby in Yorkshire for 500 years, according to veracious chronicle. It is a tree that has been described often and has figured in works of fiction.

It is related of this tree that on occasion as many as forty persons have been gathered within the hollow of its trunk, although it must be confessed that some of these were children. The most recent measurement showed that its girth of trunk at the ground was fifty-four feet three inches and the cavity was eleven feet by nine feet.

The tree is not now so very tall, reaching only thirty-seven feet into the air. There are twenty-five props about the tree to support the falling branches.

The cavity has been noticeable only since the beginning of the nineteenth century. Many of the earlier measurements show that the tree once was much greater in girth than now.

Aged as it is the tree bore acorns in 1901 and 1905 and always produces a fair amount of foliage. In 1893 an acorn borne by the Cowthorpe oak was planted near by and a tree is growing up slowly as a memorial to the parent.—New York Sun.

THE TURNSTONE BIRD.

The turnstone is found in almost every part of the globe. It breeds in the Arctic regions and during the migration period is found in the Eastern United States. It derives its name from turning over stones and pebbles in search of food. This it does with singular dexterity. In some sections it is called the horsefoot snipe, from its partiality for the eggs or spawn of the kingcrab or horseshoe. It is a small bird, flies with a loud, twittering note, and runs with its wings lowered. They are rather shy, and, from the peculiar character of their food, not ranked among the best for the table. Other names given to the turnstone are calico bird, brant bird and beach bird. It is a good swimmer, moves rapidly and does not fraternize much with the other waders.—Bill Crockett, New York Press.

A WISE ANSWER.

Dr. MacNamara, of London, who is investigating the care and education of the poorer children of that city, recently was questioning a class of small girls on the daily course of the sun in the heavens.

"But suppose," said he, "I told you that on a certain day I saw the sun rise in the west what would you say?"

"Please, sir," replied a little girl, "I should say you must have got up rather late!"—Western School Journal.

The Unlucky Number.

The judge, who is also a philanthropist in a small but practical way, was visiting the cells in a prison, talking sympathetically with the prisoners, some of whom he had sentenced. His efforts were generally well received, but one man was quite unmoved by his friendliness. He returned curt replies and absolutely refused to expand.

"I'm no criminal," he said, at last; "I'm only a victim."

"A victim of what?" the judge inquired, with friendly interest.

"A victim of the number thirteen—that's what I am."

"A victim of the number thirteen!"

"Yes—a judge and twelve jurymen."—Youth's Companion.

Suspicious.

"That girl," said the country postmistress, "is carrying on a secret correspondence with some young fellow."

"How do you know?" asked the storekeeper.

"She never uses postal cards anymore."—Philadelphia Press.

Spare the Rod.

"When the manufacturer hardens a stream," remarked the Observer of Events and Things, "the sportsman stops whipping it."—Yonkers Statesman.

The young soldier arrived on the plantation the night before the earliest date he had mentioned. It was late and the family had retired, but the dog heard the noise and began to bark. The sound roused the father, who rose and got his shotgun. The country was overrun at the time with stragglers and sneak-thieves. The father, gun in hand, went to the door, saw the approaching figure and challenged it. The young man, being deaf, made no reply, but still advanced, whereupon the father raised his gun and fired. His son fell, shot through the heart.

It was a pitiful sight to see that almost crazed father carrying his lifeless son into the home which had been made ready to welcome him. The next day the guests arrived. Instead of joyously greeting the returned soldier, they gazed at the still form, wrapped in the flag for which the young man had bravely fought. Every private burial ground had in it a grave made by the war, but no funeral like that ever took place in the vicinity, or, possibly, in the whole South.

MOUNTAIN-CLIMBING RISKS.

Some hint of the perils of mountain-climbing is given by the simultaneous reports of the rescue of a young woman on Mount Rainier from a snowslide in which she had been held captive for forty-six hours and the narrow escape of a New Yorker and a party of friends from an avalanche of rocks on a peak in the Basses-Alpes, France, together with the rumored loss of an American violinist on Mont Blanc. The rescue of Miss Birchard by a St. Bernard dog invested the incident with truly Alpine romance. But what were her hardships to those of Mme. Schaffer, who on August 1 fell into an Alpine gorge and remained twenty-one days, helpless and forced to eat moss and the leather of her shoes for food?

The fascination of this most hazardous of sports attracts many who are unfitted by physique or muscular training for the endurance required. Among the 150 persons who lost their lives in the Alps in 1903 were women in party gowns and high heels. The deaths in 1905 numbered 172.

Tyndall has recorded his belief that "the dangers of the Alps can be reduced to the level of the dangers of the street by the exercise of skill and caution." But "for rashness, ignorance or carelessness the mountains leave no margin." Yet even for the experienced climber there are perils which no foresight can avert. In addition to the risk of slipping, rolling and bounding stones may at any moment overwhelm the party or a snowslide engulf them.

The lure of mountain-climbing leads too many to essay the difficult Jungfrau or Matterhorn whose powers are better adapted to a Berkshire hill. Yet what sport yields a reward like that of conquering a summit nearly three miles above the sea? In Mount Rainier, ascents of which are growing in frequency, the mountain-climber of the United States has a peak only 1000 feet lower than Mont Blanc on which to try his mettle.—New York World.

A SAILOR'S WORK ALOFT.

Much of the romance of sea life in the past lay in the fact that a large part of the sailor's work was done aloft. The Sea Breeze describes a feat once performed by a skilful seaman. The good ship Living Age, like other fine ships of forty years ago, had her three royal-masts tipped with gilded balls. They were for show in port, but were taken down at sea. On one occasion, however, the balls were neglected until the second day out, and when the mate ordered them down, the ship was struggling in a gale under close-reefed topsails.

The balls were successfully removed from the mainmast and mizzenmast, but the man sent to the foreroyalmast-head came back without the ball. It is little wonder that he did so. The royalmast-head extended as a bare pole about eight feet above the eyes of the rigging. At the top was an iron rod which supported the ball; a hollow shank six or eight inches long at the bottom of the ball slipped down upon the rod.

The sailor had to climb the pole, make a piece of marline fast to the shank of the ball, so it should not go overboard when unshipped, then take a marlinespike, slung from his neck by a lanyard, and knock upon the ball to start it off. This would be something of a job with the ship at anchor in smooth water. With a ship thrashing about in a gale it was too much.

The job was given to another man, Hinckley, who on the next voyage was second mate and later mate and captain.

Hinckley took the marlinespike, climbed to the ball, and after being fiercely swung about in curves and circles and ellipses with an amplitude of forty to fifty feet for what seemed an interminable time, while the old ship plunged and reared and rolled in the heavy seas, finally came down with the ball.

Moral Courage.

Moral courage should be instilled into every life. It is an irresistible talisman against manifold temptations that beset our steps on every hand. It enables us to be good in the presence of evil. I have no great admiration for the man, who, in order to be pure and holy, flees from the world and lives the life of a recluse, but I have profound respect and reverence for one who can mingle with sin without being contaminated, who can walk through the fire of temptation, coming forth without the smell of the flames; who can resist vice and immorality no matter in what alluring forms they present themselves. This power, which stamps moral heroism upon the individual and characterizes strong, vigorous, brave manhood and womanhood, may be acquired by all.

He is my hero, first of all,
Though spear nor sword he wield,
Who holds the Wrong his only foe,
The Right his only shield.
Who dares to battle for the truth,
Though Error, on her side,
Has gathered hosts, and shakes in wrath
Her pinions far and wide.
For though he win, but for one truth
When martyrdom is past
His victory is for all the [illegible]
As long as time shall last.