THE QUEENSTOWN NEWS.

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The choicest cut of meat will be a slice off the price, prophesies the Chicago Evening Post.

A hen cackles over an egg almost as much as a woman does over a secret, sneers the Philadelphia Record.

An English military officer has just circled the world in forty days, nineteen hours and a half. Man's dominion over the world is growing more complete every year.

The Berlin Tageblatt demands the resignation of a member of the German Reichstag on the ground that he has been guilty of the "Americanization" of German parliamentary life—in other words, of graft.

The promptness with which the automobile has been adopted as a tool of trade by the predatory element, suggests the Boston Post, is highly complimentary to the sagacity of the enterprising burglar.

New York City leads the world, admits the New York Herald, in its proportion of middlemen, who are not necessary factors in its economic life, who have no legitimate relation to themselves between the producers and consumers and whose absence would be of general benefit.

We have had a continual talk for a year or two now about railroads putting on new equipment. Millions after millions have been spent in that way, remarks the Hartford Courant. And yet with all these additions the railroads are unable to carry the freight offering and are [illegible]d to their utmost. Their busi[illegible]s is beating all records.

The Kansas City Journal turns from the spectacle of the frenzied financier to the fortunate farmer, saying: The farmers of to-day have no mortgages to pay off, no notes at the bank that they are not amply able to meet, and their farms have been enlarged to the desired size. This means that the profits of the year are not already discounted and spent. The men who till the soil are, after all, the only really independent people in the land. They plant and cultivate and reap with no one to account to and only beneficent nature to ask for favors.

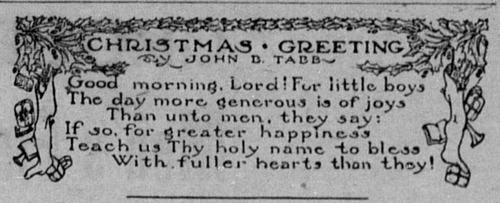
The cause of scientific forestry the country over will profit by the splendid gift to Harvard University of 2000 acres of valuable forest land, which has just been announced, observes the New York Post. There is no better timber in Massachusetts than stands on this tract near Petersham, a town that has long profited by the scientific methods of forestry in use on that property. So far as the university is concerned, its friends maintain that this gives it the best equipment for practical as well as theoretic instruction to be found anywhere in the country, when taken in connection with the great resources of the Arnold Arboretum, in the field of forest botany.

There is good reason to believe that there have been vast and terrible catastrophes in which wide areas of solid land have been overwhelmed up by the sea, while continents and islands which have been during the historic period dry land and the abode of man, were before that time deep under the waters of the ocean and were brought up to sunlight by titanic changes of level between sea and land. Reasoning from the fact that similar changes are going on now, proceeds the New Orleans Picayune, but with extreme slowness, and that there are still tremendous forces at work under land and sea, it is possible that there may again be such outbursts and convulsions as will cause a repetition of the tremendous and terrible tragedies and planetary wrecks that occurred in prehistoric times.

A large number of the most prominent manufacturers of Rhode Island, including the heads of the largest machine shops, woolen mills and cotton factories, have banded together in a united effort to prevent the spread of consumption among their operatives, announces Youth's Companion. Rhode Island is a great manufacturing State, and its important cities and towns contain a closely crowded population. The result, as shown by the latest figures, is that consumption carries off more than twice as many victims as all other preventable and communicable diseases combined. The newly formed league of millmen employs sanitary engineers and physicians who make constant inspections, and watch each employe for signs of tuberculosis. Assistance and proper attention are provided for those who have the disease, and a campaign of education is conducted among all the operatives. House-to-house inspection of tenement districts, careful records of the removal and whereabouts of families in which the disease is present or has appeared, and the formation of a committee on legislation are other steps which the millmen have taken. They are mentioned here because they are within the capacity of large employers of labor everywhere, and are not only humane but "good business."

Among the Lowly.

The picture is by Leon Augustin l'Hermitte and was purchased by the Metropolitan Museum of Art, of New York City, in 1905, from the income of the Catharine Lorillard Wolfe Fund. In a letter to the directors of the museum, at time of the purchase, M. l'Hermitte says: "I have endeavored to bring to all the figures in the scene the varieties of emotions proper to each but united as one in the expression of confidence—respectful in the old, searchingly so in the young."



HEARTENING THE SUPERINTENDENT

RICHARD BARKER SHELTON

THE superintendent was a tall, thin young man, with slightly stooping shoulders and near-sighted eyes which peered keenly through the heavy lenses of his eyeglasses. "Our Mr. Crawford," as he was always called by the general manager of the Perfection Electric Switch Company, had been transferred from his place as foreman of the wiring department to be superintendent of the factory at a time when an iron hand was needed to remedy the mischief which the lax methods and general inefficiency of his departing predecessor had created.

It was a difficult problem of reorganization that he had been called upon to face, but time had proved that the general manager's faith—he had stoutly advocated Crawford against the firm's opposition — had not been misplaced. The new superintendent had entered upon his duties quietly, unassumingly, but with a tenacity of purpose and an unrelenting energy that bent all things to his will. Three of the best years of his life he gave unhesitatingly and uncomplainingly to the work before him. At the end of that time the factory was running with a smoothness that took several wrinkles out of the general manager's brow and made the firm think seriously of increasing the plant.

Crawford's Shoulders Rose and Fell Convulsively.

"Our Mr. Crawford" — the firm spoke of him proudly in this manner now—had made himself necessary to the Perfection Electric Switch Company, but his success had not been entirely satisfactory to himself. With all his quiet force, the superintendent was a very human young man. He had hoped to gain the complete confidence of the men and women under him. It was respect he wanted rather than fear.

The lax, easy going regime of the former superintendent had made that careless individual very popular with the factory hands. They had given him all sorts of presents on his birthdays and at Christmas time. The day his "resignation"—oh, euphonic term!—had gone into effect they had presented him with an ornate watch charm, and when, red in the face and embarrassed he had tried to stammer his thanks, they had cheered him roundly and pressed about him to shake his hand. Powell had undoubtedly been popular with his employes, but his popularity had been gained at the expense of results in the output of the factory.

Under the new superintendent the output was satisfactory—and more. The question that continually presented itself to the young man's troubled mind was whether, in the interests of the firm he had not been too harsh with the employes. In eradicating the evils Jim Powell had wrought he had found it necessary to calculate in cold-blooded fashion, to be ready with blame and chary of praise. The result was inevitable. While the profits grew steadily Crawford realized that it was because of his ceaseless vigilance and the firmness with which he held the employes at work.

There were times—when he was tired, especially—when it seemed to him that he had merely developed into a successful slave driver.

Sometimes at 6 o'clock, when the big gong had sounded, he would sit by the time-machine and watch the men file down the stairs. He would have given much if here and there in the long line a face had been lifted to his with a nod or a comprehending smile, but the "hands" rang in their time in sullen silence. His very presence seemed to chill their spirits, and when one of them looked at him it was either with bitterness or a blank stare.

Meanwhile the Perfection Electric Switch Company prospered amazingly, and at the same time the superintendent grew a little more stoop-shouldered, a little more reserved, a little more heavy of eye.

In November of the third year it happened that "Our Mr. Crawford" was taken sick. At the time he was putting forth strenuous efforts to have an increase of pay for the employes, in consequence of which he was at the office several days when he should have been in bed. He wanted the hands to understand that their work had been appreciated, and although he had to grind his teeth to keep from crying out with the pain he went daily to the office and argued with the general manager and the members of the firm.

The firm was obdurate. It was decided finally that, in view of the extensive additions that were to be made to the plant the increase could not be granted for another year. Sick at heart and racked with pain the superintendent staggered to his apartments in the gray November dusk, went to bed and sent for a doctor. The physician came, chided the young man for his carelessness of his health and said a slight operation would be necessary the next day.

The operation was successful, and the physician assured the anxious general manager that the patient would be at the factory in a couple of weeks. But the physician had not reckoned on many things—the weariness of mind and body in his patient, the bitterness of his recent failure to induce the firm to increase the pay of the hands, and the dragging load under which he had struggled silently for the past three years.

The wound caused by the operation healed rapidly, but with the healing came no strength. Crawford sat daily propped up in a chair by the window, listless and uninterested in his surroundings. The physician was puzzled and not a little irritated; the general manager, who came daily, began to show signs of alarm.

"It's the pace of modern business, sir!" the physician snapped angrily to the attendant, who had been sent up from the hospital. "Get him interested in something. It's his only chance."

The man tried everything his fertile mind and thorough training could suggest, but with no results. Crawford sat silently by the window day after day, looking vacantly at the bare branches of the trees and the patches of dull cloud drifting across the early winter sky.

Christmas time found Crawford propped in his chair, looking out over a world newly swathed in spotless white. The doctor declared that now it was only a question of time, and the attendant had long since ceased trying to rouse the sick man's dormant interest. On Christmas Day Crawford opened an envelope from the factory, and found it enclosed a substantial check. He smiled bitterly and handed it to the attendant.

"Here, take it! Merry Christmas!" he said, in a colorless voice.

At dusk it was snowing again, and just after the lights began to twinkle through the gloom Crawford, in his chair, fell into a heavy slumber. He was awakened by a lusty rapping at the door. The attendant went into the little hall and presently returned.

"Two ladies and three gentlemen to see you, sir," he said.

The visitors were ushered in, and as they entered the room Crawford gripped the arms of his chair and stared with wide opened eyes. There were two giggling girls from the wiring department at the factory, two men from the assembling bench and the foreman of the brass room.

The girls tittered and the men looked ill at ease. Crawford sat up in his chair. Two spots of color came into his wan cheeks. The foreman advanced and cleared his throat.

"We've come, sir," he said, looking at the ceiling, "to show you that, even if you're not with us, you're not forgotten. Perhaps we haven't always understood you, but anyway we know you're the right sort. We've heard all about your fight for an increase for us, and even if we didn't get it, we know it wasn't because you didn't do your best for us. So to show our respect for you and your efforts in our behalf we've brought you this." He tore the covering from a parcel he bore and held out a silk umbrella with a large pearl and silver handle. "And—and Merry Christmas!" he finished.

"Merry Christmas!" echoed the two other men and the two girls.

A lump rose in Crawford's throat. He could only beam upon them and mutter feebly, "Merry Christmas to you!"

"Some few minutes after the committee from the factory had gone the doctor came bustling into the hall. The attendant met him and shook a warning finger at him. The doctor craned his neck and peeped cautiously into the room.

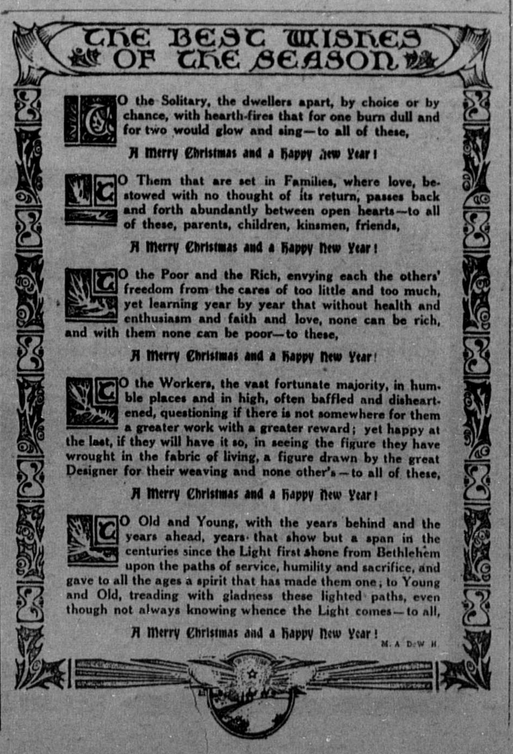
Crawford sat under the light. His head was hidden in the crook of one arm that rested on the window sill. Clutched tightly in the other was a silk umbrella with a large pearl and silver handle. Crawford's shoulders rose and fell convulsively; he was sobbing like a child.

The doctor smiled in comprehension. "Good!" he declared, emphatically. "That's something like!"

And turning on his heel he stole softly down the stairs.—From Youth's Companion.

Jack-in-the-Box — "Hands off there!"

Alice—"Why his hands are off, silly!"



CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

DOTTY'S DILEMMA.

"Autumn" was the awful word that Dotty
couldn't spell;
With other words it seemed to her she got
along quite well.
The teacher kept her in one day until she
could remember
The spelling of "the season which ends
with bleak November."
For one-half hour poor Dotty sat, but
memory failed to aid her
Or bring before her saddened eye the word
which had delayed her.
At last, when deep dejection seemed to
shut out every hope,
A happy thought broke through the gloom,
and Dotty ceased to mope.
"How stupid of me, silly, why it isn't
hard at all,
Scarcely any one says 'Autumn' and I
surely can spell 'fall!'"
—Captain Harold Hammond, in St. Nicholas.

HOME-MADE FLOWER POTS.

There is a little lame boy living in the same small country town with me who is so badly crippled that he never can go out to play with the other boys.

One day I went to see him and found him sitting in a wheel chair, looking so cheerful and pleasant that it was a pleasure to see him.

"Joe," I said, "tell me how you amuse yourself all the time. Don't you get tired of being alone so much?"

"Oh, not often," he said. "You see I have lots to amuse me. Would you like to see some of the things which I like best?"

"Indeed I would," said I; so Joe wheeled his chair briskly into the next room and I followed. There in a sunny bay window were a line of the funniest flower pots I ever saw, and out of each grew a delicate plant.

"These flower pots," exclaimed Joe, "I made all myself."

"But what are they?" I asked wonderingly. Joe chuckled.

"Nothing but raw sweet and white potatoes," he explained. "Of course I was anxious to have some plants, but they are pretty expensive to buy when a fellow only gets ten cents a week, so I thought and thought, and finally this idea came. I begged six potatoes from cook, three sweets and three whites. I cut them in half, lengthwise, and scooped out nearly all the insides and filled 'em with water. Then mother bought me ten cents worth of canary seed and I dropped a few in each potato. Just see how beautifully they have grown! Of course I have to be on the lookout to see that the water is fresh all the time, but that's all the trouble they give me. Now look here. See, I have some swinging baskets, too," and Joe pointed with pride toward the ceiling.

Sure enough, just as he said, there were the swinging baskets. These were made of carrots, their tops cut off and as Joe said, "their inside scooped out," filled with water and seed planted in them just like the potatoes. Then he had bored two little holes in the carrots, one on each side, about half an inch from the top, and tied a string through each hole, long enough so that the carrots could be tied to the curtain of the window and yet swing freely in the air.

"I think I like my plants best of all," said Joe, "but I have lots of other things, too. If you come over some other afternoon I'll show you some more."

"Indeed I will," I promised, as we said good-bye at the door. And as I walked down the street I could not help thinking that if poor little crippled Joe took so much pleasure from his home-made flower pots, maybe some of you sturdy, healthy little people might pass away a rainy afternoon by trying to make some for yourself.—Washington Star.

PLEASANT PROSPECT FOR PONY.

Tommy—"Oh, papa, couldn't we stop and invite Reginald and Marguerite and Georgie Simmons to come with us?"—Woman's Home Companion.

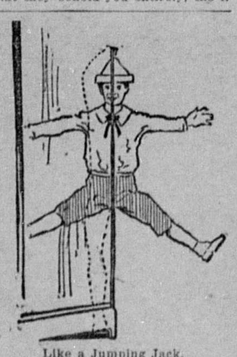
HUNTING BEARS IN INDIA.

The beaters arrived at camp the following morning. They began to come in twos and threes, then in fives and sixes, and finally in dozens, so that by the time breakfast was over, the entire male population of some three villages were grouped about my tent. With the help of the shikaris, fifty of these were selected and each given a slip of paper bearing my signature, for when they came for their wages at the end of the day, I did not wish the friends and relatives of the beaters as well as the beaters themselves turning up for payment.

The din these fifty souls succeed in making as they move in a long line up the base and two sides of a wooded nullah shrieking, howling, cat-calling, setting off fire-crackers and beating tum-tums, is enough to drive any self-respecting bear out of his seven senses. An army of battle-shouting dervishes could hardly create a greater amount of uproar, nor is it at all surprising that the bear should find a pressing engagement elsewhere at the earliest possible moment, after finding his nullah thus rudely invaded. If he turns down the nullah he encounters the invading army; if he tries to escape by the sides, he is met and driven back by beaters already posted. Therefore, he does the most natural thing in the world by fleeing up the centre of the nullah, directly away from the oncoming din. At the top of the cleft sands the sportsman. The undergrowth probably prevents the sportsman seeing the bear or the bear seeing him until they actually meet.—From "Black Bear Honking in the Valley of Kashmir," by J. J. Grew, in the Outing Magazine.

A GOOD TRICK.

This is a genuine bit of fun that demands no apparatus, and every one can do it, says Magical Experiments. Place yourself by the side of a mirrored wardrobe, as in the illustration, in such a way that half you body is concealed, the other half projecting from the wardrobe. As for the person standing at the other side, at a certain distance it will appear to them that they behold you entirely, the illusion being caused by one-half being reflected. When you lift your leg the appearance given by means of the mirror is that of a person who lifts both feet from the ground at once and holds them in the air—a rather startling apparition. You will look like a toy jumping jack which is operated by a string, and the more you move your leg and arm the funnier you will look.



Like a Jumping Jack.

WARNED BY RATS.

"Most miners favor the presence of rats in the mines in which they are employed. When rats are occasionally visible the men feel that the mines are safe," says Chums.

"As sailors believe that rats will desert an unseaworthy ship, so miners believe that when danger is imminent in a mine the rats all disappear; and it is no doubt true that in some instances the rodents seem to understand when water threatens to burst in on a mine or when dangerous gases are accumulating, and take warning and desert the threatened mine.

"No so very long since an explosion killed all the rats in a big coal mine, and a fresh supply of them had to sent for before the miners would resume their interrupted work."

A GOOD PUZZLE.

Here is a puzzle which you may try to see what you can do with: Tie a string about a yard long to a door key and take the string in the right hand. Hold it so the key will clear the floor four or five inches. If you will hold the string steady enough it will begin to swing back and forth in a straight line. Let another person take you left hand in his, and the motion of the key will change from the pendulum-like swing to a circular swing. If a third person will place his hand on the shoulder of the second person the key will stop. Just try the above and then solve the puzzle.

THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

An old man who is fond of children has his own way of attracting them to him. He visits one of the parks daily, carrying with him a little box which contains a pair of scissors and some white paper. Sitting on a bench, he folds the paper into long strips and then cuts away at it for several minutes. Unfolding his work, he reveals a long string of paper dolls, all "hold of hands," as the children say. By the time he finishes, at least two or three little girls are standing by to watch him, and before long he is cutting dollies by the dozen.—New York Press.

Alaska's Size.

Drawn to the exact scale, Alaska, if placed on top of the United States, would reach from Savannah, Ga., to Los Angeles, and from Mexico to Canada, and its range of climate and physical conditions are even greater. The strip of mainland and islands fronting on the Pacific Ocean are as warm as Kansas. The Arctic coast is colder than Duluth. Designate which part you refer to as carefully as you would in speaking of a place in the United States, bearing in mind that it is as important as it is to let one know whether you mean Illinois or Georgia, Minnesota or Texas.—Fairbanks (Alaska) Daily News.

Foreign Mining at Harbin.

According to the Manila American (Manila, P. I.), a circular has been issued by the Board of Foreign Affairs at Harbin to the effect that no foreigners shall henceforth be allowed to engage in mining enterprise within thirty li—or, say, within a distance of eleven and three-quarter English miles—of the railway, without a special license. Mines which are already being worked will be examined to ascertain their daily output, and as soon as the proper agreements have been drawn up with the foreign countries interested a scale of taxation will be arranged for all mining enterprises.—Engineer.

WRECKED ON LAND OF FIRE.

Six members of the crew of the American bark Prussia, wrecked on Staten Island, Terra del Fuego, were landed at New York recently by the steamer Tennyson, which brought them from Montevideo. Four members of the crew perished and three are still in the hospital at Punta Arenas. One of the three is John C. Drake, son of a well to do Norfolk, Va., family, who shipped before the mast at $5 a month for the good of his health and for the experience. He has sent home a request for $400 to get back in comfort with. Those who got in on the Tennyson were John Hunter, the mate, who has relatives in the city; Carl Stark, the carpenter; Ernest E. Rainey, a seaman and a native of Portland, Me.; Hernan Heyne, a native of Leipsig; Geo. Richter, also a native of Leipsig, and T. Takoman, the Japanese cabin boy, who is detained at Ellis Island. Captain Johnson died at Staten Island; Sabata, a Japanese cook, and Harry Hammond are supposed to have perished in the wreck. Joseph Hosteth, a Norwegian, died in trying to get to the lighthouse on New Year's Island for help. Stanislaus Porthin, a sailor, and Helman Harke are at Punta Arenas.

The Prussia was owned at San Francisco and sailed from Norfolk on March 17 with a cargo of coal said to be for the Government and destined for San Francisco.

On June 19 she was off Staten Island. It was bitterly cold. Captain Johnson was trying to make New Year's Island light. A storm came up in the night and the bark was ashore a wreck before the danger was realized. She broke up at once. Every man jumped overboard and eleven of the thirteen reached a strip of sand which was somewhat sheltered by overhanging rocks. They kept warm as best they could through the night. At dawn Sabata, the cook, and Hammond, a sailor, were missing. The Prussia was gone. The strip of sand was not more than 300 feet long and impassable cliffs kept the men from escaping across the island. The captain was so exhausted that he died early in the morning and was buried on the beach. The men collected what wreckage they could, made a fire, constructed what shelter they were able, secured some cans of provisions, and talked over means of escape.

Carpenter Carl Stark was set to work at once to build a small boat. He had no tools and had to make them from iron in the wreckage. All hands helped, but it was a slow, tedious job, and they feared that their provisions would not last. It was decided that two of their number should try to work over the mountains, and the lot fell to Porthin and Hosteth. These two scaled the high rocks and started across. After a few days Porthin returned, crawling on his hands and knees. His feet were badly frozen and Hosteth, he reported, had frozen to death.

The food had given out. The rocks were covered with limpets which the sailors collected, and they killed some seals that entered the cove. The seals, Rainey says, seemed to acquire wisdom, and after a few had been killed avoided the place. The boat was finished after thirty days of hard work and Mate Hunter, Stark and Heine started off to find New Year's Island and send a rescue party to their mates. It was only thirty miles to the island, but the frail shell in which they risked their lives had to be favored, and they avoided the open sea and worked in and out of the bays and inlets. It took them six days to reach the lighthouse and they think they went 100 miles.

Lieutenant Delgado, who is stationed at the light, called for volunteers, and with six men in a whaleboat, with Hunter acting as pilot, he started to rescue the men still on Staten Island. The weather grew so bad that they, too, spent six days at it, and consumed more than half of the provisions they had taken aboard. The bad weather lasted and they had to wait six days longer before venturing on the return voyage back, with little left to eat. Luckily the voyage to the light was a quick one, taking only one day. The sailors were carefully nursed at the light and sent on by the tender Orestes to Punta Arenas. Porthin was in the worst shape, and it was feared that he would lose both feet.

From Punta Arenas the six men were sent by steamship to Montevideo.

EAGLE DROPS CHILD.

One of the pair of giant bald eagles that nest in a dead chestnut tree on Waukhaw Mountain, near Caldwell, N. J., carried three-year-old Gladys Vreeland to the top of a tall hemlock tree on a recent morning and wrapped her into its branches, according to the story told by her father, John Milton Vreeland, a farmer.

The child weighs forty pounds, and, according to the father's story, the great bird was barely able to maintain its flight under the weight. Its carrying off of the girl was more than half involuntary, its talons having become caught in her clothing when she attempted to save a hen from the eagle.

Vreeland said the bird had been soaring over his chicken run for more than an hour. He saw it swoop downward into a clump of currant bushes. In the bushes the eagle pounced upon a hen, but could not rise with its prey because of the thick foliage. The flapping the great wings attracted the child to the spot, and when she saw the hen held by the eagle she seized a stick and began to belabor the marauder.

The eagle sprang on her, sinking its talons in her dress, the sharp claws tearing her flesh. Her cries brought her father running from a field near by. At sight of the man the bird, attempting to rise, dragging the child, struggling, after it. Vreeland believes that the bird's talons became entangled in the girl's dress and that it could not free itself. The two eagles have been familiar to the neighborhood since 1903, but never had they been known to attack human beings before.

The great bird rose slowly and laboriously, its wings beating the air wildly and the child screaming in terror. Vreeland sprang for[illegible] before he got within reach [illegible] had lifted itself and its prey [illegible]den above him and was slow[illegible] higher and higher. The child [illegible]ued to struggle and the bird seem[illegible] trying to free itself.

It had reached the top of a tall hemlock tree when the struggles of the girl rent her dress at the left shoulder. For several seconds she hung with her entire weight in the grasp of one talon of the eagle, which continued flapping the air wildly and trying to make headway.

Then the dress at the right shoulder gave way and Gladys fell through the branches of the tree to the ground, where fortunately a pile of hay broke her fall, so that she was little injured. As the child dropped the eagle shot through the air toward the mountain at express train speed.—New York World.

THREE TIGERS AT LARGE.

Tigers are not regarded as desirable fellow passengers on a pleasure trip; but as they are always "personally conducted," they are frequently taken on passenger boats from India to England. Mr. J. F. Keane, the author of "Three Years of a Wanderer's Life," tells how he once crossed the Indian Ocean in company with three young tigers that were larger than Newfoundland dogs, and with several hundred Mecca pilgrims.

The keeper used to drive the tigers through a middle partition of the cage when he wanted to enter. One morning he neglected to put up the bars on the side he had done with, went round the cage, drove the tigers through the partition and clear out of the open cage. It might have been attended with serious consequences, but to me, who saw the thing too late to interpose, it looked supremely absurd.

The tigers, on obtaining their liberty for the first time in their lives, took different directions, and crouching in the nearest corners, lay snarling and exposing their teeth, showing unmistakable signs of fear—a most dangerous fear.

The pilgrims behaved exceedingly well. There was little confusion. That side of the deck was simply deserted, and the crowd gazed with interest from all points of vantage at a respectful distance.

The third officer, the keeper and I placed ourselves each before a tiger, so that none of them could leave the corner which he had taken up. The captain and chief came on the scene, and a short discussion followed.

The third officer inquired if the tigers had been fed that day.

They had not; they were always fed on living fowls.

He called for three chickens from the hen coop. Taking these, he threw one in the face of each tiger.

The chickens seemed simply motionless, glued to the spot, so instantaneous was the fixing of teeth and claws. The officer then went deliberately up to a tiger, coolly took the loose skin of the back of the neck with one hand and the tail with the other, and using all his force, dragged the heavy brute along the deck to the cage and forced it through the open bars.

The chicken diversion acted perfectly. The tiger had no other object but to retain his prey. He growled fearfully, his eyes blazed, his teeth crushed through the chicken, his unsheathed claws clasped and pierced the quivering body. Red-hot iron would hardly have made him loosen his grip on the bird.

He Had to Go.

A Chicago medico tells of two physicians in a Wisconsin town, the one elderly, with a long record of cures, the other young, with his record still to make. The older doctor, it appears, was inclined to surrender some of his night work to the younger man. One bitter night in winter the veteran was aroused by two farmers from a hamlet eight miles away, the wife of one of whom was seriously ill. The doctor at once referred them to his young colleague, but they refused the latter services.

"Very well," replied the doctor, thinking to put a convincing argument before them. "In that case my fee is $10, payable now."

Whereupon there ensued a remonstrance on the part of the farmers, but the doctor was obdurate. Finally one of the men asked the other:

"Well, what do you think I ought to do?"

"I think you'd better pay him the $10," said the other. "The funeral would cost you more."—Harper's Weekly.

Courtship Among Animals.

Another human trait that seems almost universal among the lower animals is the coyness and reluctance of the female in her relations to the male. Her first impulse is to refuse and to flee. She is negative as the male is positive. Among the birds there is something like regular courtship, there is rivalry and jealousy and hostile collision on the part of both sexes. With the birds the propagating instinct in the female is evidently not subject to the same law of recurring intervals that it is among mammals. Hence the female must be stimulated and won by the male. He addresses himself to her in a way that is quite exceptional, if it occurs at all, among mammals. His aim seems to be to kindle or quicken her sexual and mating impulses. In the case of mammals these impulses recur at certain periods, and no courtship on the part of the male is necessary.—John Burroughs, in the Outing Magazine.