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VOL. XXVI. QUEENSVILLE

"Value," says counsel for the Consolidated Gas Company, of New York City, "is a state of mind."

A physician says early rising is an error. More frequently it is a necessity, comments the Louisville Courier-Journal.

When a man goes around boasting that he is self-made, you may be pretty sure that he has been lucky, opines the Somerville Journal.

You never hear of a divorce in a family where the shelves are loaded with preserves and pickles, announces the Cleveland Leader.

Esperanto, the latest device in the way of universal language, seems to be making better progress than any other linguistic invention of its kind.

It would be a blessing, according to the Washington Post, if the couples who are getting "quietly married" nowadays could manage to keep quiet about their troubles a little later.

The Mexican Herald exclaims: If the white nations can keep from war for ten years more there will be witnessed, the immense gold production aiding it, an accumulated fund that will make the most colossal enterprises possible.

The Financial Age, [illegible] publication, has this to say concerning the origin of the financial difficulties: "The commencement of the trouble in New York City can be directly traced to the quarrel of a few rich directors who controlled banks."

So long as the farmers are prosperous no other section of the population can long remain otherwise, avers the New York American. The really serious panics of the country's history have usually been attended by widespread crop failures. No such condition obtains now.

The Mary Kingsley medal awarded to Dr. Carlos Finlay for his discoveries in relation to the transmission of yellow fever by mosquitoes and the Copley medal of the Royal Society of England bestowed on Professor A. A. Michelson for optical investigation are two foreign tributes to American science gratifying to contemplate as an offset to foreign suspicion of some other things American.

"Our corn crop is worth, roughly, one billion of dollars each year," declared Harlow N. Higginbotham at the great corn exposition in Chicago. Continuing, he said, "It is equal in value to two-thirds of all our exports. Its value is twice that of the world's yearly output of gold and silver. The corn crop for ten years would nearly buy the world's production of gold for the last 400 years, and eighty per cent. of the world's corn crop is produced within an area of about one day's ride from Chicago."

"With all our love for the dollar it is at least not the narrow minded love for the twenty-cent piece, which is the besetting sin of Europe, and besides, we do something with the dollar to raise the standards of life and to advance the cause of the soul as well as the body," boasts the Philadelphia Press. On which sentiment the New York Herald comments as follows: As the dollar is worth five times as much as the franc, therefore our love of money is not so "narrow minded" as that of countries in which the franc is the unite, eh? Tweedledum and tweedledee!

There is just now the contrasted situation of farm lands lying idle and of prices for all farm products which, in some instances, have more than doubled when the prices of a decade ago are used as the standard for comparison. And yet there are at this time several Eastern States, the rich and densely populated Empire State being one of the number, in which abandoned farms have multiplied so continuously that the problem of what to do about these deserted lands is becoming a serious one that is troubling the State Government, and concerning which even the National Government is to be asked to take some action.

At the recent session of the New York State Conference of Charities and Correction in Albany Dr. Edward B. Angell, of Rochester, presented a report in which he said that so great has been the recent decrease in the number of people suffering from disease that it has actually affected the income of the average practitioner. He said that Dr. William Ewart, of St. George's Hospital, in London, had also noted this change owing to the growing success of the medical profession in reducing the prevalence of disease. "Diseases have been conquered, almost annihilated," he said, "and we are yet but at the beginning of the struggle to eliminate sickness and all of its consequent suffering. In the city of New York in 1876 out of 125,816 babies 3632 or 28.86 per 1000, died from gastro-intestinal diseases, while in 1906 among 282,424 babies only 3354 died from this cause, or 11.87 per 1000."

DUSK.

Day is done, and low in the West
The sun's last ray has sunk to rest;
Sweet songbirds cease their joyous lay,
And chirrup softly on their way
To find a quiet nest.
Now insects strike their nocturn hymn,
Through woods and meadow fast grown dim;
And high above in darkened dome
A twinkling star has early come,
And nature welcomes him.
The silver moon, with queenly grace,
In soft light floods earth's restful face.
No twitter now from sleeping birds
The insect host is all that's heard.
Dusk gives to night her place.
—J. Newton Greene, in Recreation.

RESTORING SELF-RESPECT.

The Green Orange Grove and Improvement Company, which advertised to clear land, set trees, care for groves and do all work necessary for non-residents, was about to go out of existence. John Green, its head, had already accepted a position as purser on a Clyde steamer running between New York and Jacksonville; and Abner Green, the rest of the company, was going back to Wisconsin to resume his former occupation of teller in a village bank. The fifteen or twenty discharged employes had scattered in various directions in search of work, generally toward the North, for Florida was just now prostrate, with an army of idle men and no employment.

For almost the first time in the three days since the great freeze, the brothers were together in their office. John, usually so energetic and busy, now tapped idly upon his desk with a pencil; Abner stood by a window and gazed out across the blackened squares and parallelograms of orange trees, some not more than two or three feet high, and others melancholy with their first crop of fruit frozen. Here and there were the scattered unpainted houses of residents; and just below, on the same street, the half dozen stores of enterprising merchants, who were already advertising their goods below cost preparatory to closing out and going away. Less than a mile distant was the dark, irregular line of the pine forest, driven back during the past few years, but now waiting grim and motionless.

Abner turned away with a shiver. He and his brother had been very successful in their Florida venture; but their success was represented in some of those blackened parallelograms, now worth less than the wild land they had purchased seven years before.

During the past three days they had made a careful, unprejudiced study of the situation, and had decided that it would be best for them to go away. They could earn more and re-establish themselves sooner than by staying here. Later, perhaps, when the natural elasticity of the State should cause it to rebound, they might return. Of the hundred or more orange groves they had had charge of, not one was likely to remain. None of the owners would care to throw good money after bad.

Suddenly John tossed his pencil upon the desk and rose to his feet.

"No use wasting more time on the past," he said, decisively. "What we have to do with now is the future."

"Yes," agreed Abner, promptly, "and I've been thinking you'll have to start for Jacksonville to-morrow if you wish to reach your boat in time for her next trip. As for me, there isn't quite so much hurry."

He took a bunch of keys from his pocket and unlocked his desk, taking therefrom a package of letters.

"I suppose it will be just as well for one of us to remain until everything is rounded off smoothly," he said. "I've already written to our corespondents about the loss; but there's another thing," hesitatingly, "don't you think it rather hard on them, after they have paid out so much on their groves and lost it, to have to pay us for work that does them no good? Suppose we write to them all that we are willing to call the thing square."

John shook his head.

"Won't do at all, he declared. "Most of them are well-to-do, and can afford their loss better than we can to give away our work. Besides, we have bills here and need the money to square them. I don't quite like the idea of selling our mules and wagons and tools just now. We could only get a fraction of their value; and, besides, I am looking forward to coming back after a year or two. The country will have recovered from the shock by then, and business confidence will be restored. Only we won't intrust all our profits to orange groves again, but divide them so as avoid another catastrophe like this." He paused, and then added as though in concession to Abner's proposal: "There's the old woman who pays us in small monthly installments, and the clerk in Cincinnati, and the two school teachers—I don't suppose they have much money to spare. You might send them receipts, and advise them on no account to sell their lands."

"Why not?" asked Abner with some surprise.

"Because they would get very little and when we return with money enough to make a new start, we can reset their groves and charge them the bare cost to us. This freeze is only going to be a temporary check to the orange industry. But have you seen Dave this morning?"

"Yes; said his father was thinking of moving away in search of work."

John laughed skentically.

"In search of a dram-shop, more likely. We've offered him work time out of mind and when he hasn't made some excuse for not accepting it, he has only worked a day or two at most. If it wasn't for Dave, the poor shiftless toper would often go hungry."

"I know it—poor fellow!" Then, in answer to the decisive smile on John's face, he went on, apologetically. "I've never regarded old Higgins in quite the same light as the rest of you. He is worthless enough, granted; but it seems to me we are more eager to hold him down than to help him rise. You know how it has been here; all the men, even the negroes, have scoffed at and openly derided him. Call a thing a dog, and it's pretty apt to be one. Higgins seems to have been born without that spur to ambition, a backbone; and, besides, he still prides himself on having been a gentleman in some far-off stage of his life. These two things alone are enough to destroy an ordinary man; but in addition to them, Higgins is still twitted of some obscure disgrace which has followed him down from Georgia. Got drunk and neglected an important trust, I believe. During the six years he has been here I have never seen a man shake hands with him or offer him any consideration whatever. Sometimes I have wondered how he would act if he were treated courteously, as an equal; or, better still, if he were given a position that implied confidence and respect."

John still looked derisive, but the smile had left his face.

"Who knows," he said thoughtfully, "it is a queer world, very full of queer people—I can shake hands with an honest negro and greet him heartily, but I draw the line at a man like Higgins. Hello! yonder comes Dave now," glancing from the window and then rising hastily and moving toward the door. "We must make some arrangement with him today."

"About taking care of the mules and wagons, I suppose?"

"Yes, he is the best person we can get for the work. With Dave in charge, I will feel as safe as though I were here myself. Besides, he is only a boy and will not expect much salary. We can hardly afford to pay out much just now."

Abner looked doubtful.

"All very good if Dave would agree to it," he said, "but you know how the boy is about his father. If old Higgins moves away, Dave is going to move, too. Whatever the old man may be to the world in general, he is everything to the boy."

"Yes," irritably, "but what are we to do? We have been counting on Dave as a sure thing."

"Can't do anything without counting the old man in." Then he stepped forward quickly and placed a hand upon his brother's shoulder, for now a brisk step was heard coming up the sidewalk toward the door.

"Leave this to me, John," he urged, lowering his voice, "I believe I can bring it round all right. Anyhow, give me a chance to try my idea."

"All right. Come in, Dave," in answer to a low tap.

The door opened and a strong, well-built boy of sixteen or seventeen entered.

"I've come to say good-bye, Mr. John and Mr. Abner," he said, with evident regret in his voice. "I've brought up the saw an' hammer Pap borrowed, an' Pap he's going to bring up the other things in a few minutes. He was just startin' when I left. Then we're goin' to pack our goods an' back 'em to Orlando."

"Oh, no, I guess not, Dave," retorted Abner, good-naturedly, "we're making different arrangements for you. Somebody's needed to look after our mules and wagons and things."

The boy's face lightened with wondering, almost incredulous, ecstasy; then drooped with the recollection of the hard reality.

"I'm ter'ble sorry, Mr. Abner, an' Mr. John," he said, striving in vain to keep his voice steady, "but Pap's 'lowin' we must be movin' on. We've staid here a right long spell now."

"But he's no call to be dragging you off to Orlando," broke in John sharply. "You're better off here. You've got five acres of land almost paid for, and another year you can clear it and set out trees. Your father——"

The boy straightened suddenly.

"Pap knows best," he said, his voice growing steady and his gaze direct, "he 'lows folks are gettin' down on him here, an' it's time he was movin' on."

John shrugged his shoulders.

"Let him move on then," he advised, "and you stay here. See how quick he will be coming back after something to eat."

The boy's eyes flashed.

"I'm much obliged to you all for what you've done for me," he said, the forced calmness of his words belying the resentful sparkle in his eyes. "That's what I walked up to say. Now I'll be going."

"Pshaw, pshaw, Dave," expostulated Abner, "you mustn't feel put out with what John says. Remember it was he who sent your father medicine when he was sick. There, that's right," as the boy's face softened. "And about your father now. I think he can be talked around. Is he coming, did you say?"

"Yes, sir; he'll be here in a few minutes. He's on the way."

Abner looked at John, who grimmaced, then nodded a good natured assent.

"Come, Dave," he said. "Suppose we leave Abner to talk with your father, while we go out to the stables and look around. I want to show you about the work and explain more fully what we desire. The mules must have plenty of exercise; you can use them in breaking ground, clearing land, or anything you like. You understand. Just take care of everything the best you know how, as though they were your own."

The boy followed him slowly, the resentment not wholly gone from his eyes. At the door he turned.

"Don't you go for to say nothin' bad to my father," he warned. Then he disappeared.

A few minutes later old Higgins entered. Abner was seated at his desk writing.

"I've come," began the visitor.

Abner turned in his chair. "Oh, it's you," he interrupted. "Glad to see you. Take a seat." Then as the man stared at him, wonderingly, without offering to sit down, he went on: "We were talking about you just now. You see, the thing is just here: we want to go away, but we don't want to sell out. Mules and wagons would bring very little just now; besides, we may come back at the end of a year or so. What we want is a good, trustworthy man to take charge of everything while we are gone; somebody we can depend upon, you know. You have been here long enough to understand our ways, and Dave will be a prime hand to assist. Now why can't we engage you permanently to look after the outfit? The pay will not be large, of course; but you can use the mules and wagons as much as you like. It will do them good. Take it all around, you can make a very nice thing out of it. What do you say?"

The man shifted uneasily and glanced about the room with a depreciating, half-foolish grin. Evidently he considered it a huge joke.

"I've come to say," he began again, when he was interrupted with:

"Come, come, Mr. Higgins; give me a direct answer, if you please. I'd rather have you and Dave than anybody I know; but if you can't accept, why, of course, I must look somewhere else."

The man's eyes shifted from the floor to his face.

"You don't mean, Mr. Abner——"

"Yes, I do mean," with a pretence of impatience. "Will you take charge of our affairs or not? Remember, I want a straightforward man on whom I can depend. Will you be the one?"

A tremulous hand which had been shifting uneasily between trousers pocket and frayed coat edge, now went up to the forehead in a pitiful, wondering way. Then the slouching figure began to straighten, and for the first time in his memory, Abner Green looked straight into the unwavering eyes of Dave's father.

"Why, if you—if you really mean it that way, I'll be awful glad," the old man said, still in a dazed sort of wonder. Then, catching his breath at the thought, "won't Dave be s'prised—pleased, I mean."

He walked toward the door as though the interview were ended, then stopped suddenly and took a bottle from his pocket, handing it to Abner.

"Some whisky one of the men got for me this mornin'," he explained, still looking Abner in the face. "I 'lowed on havin' a time, but I don't reckin your head man ought to drink. I'll give it up. S'pose you break the bottle, an' say nothin' to Dave."

"I will, and thank you." Then he rose suddenly to his feet and held out his hand to the man who had made such a long stride toward his own level. He felt a strange, almost explosive elation over the success of his idea, but he only said:

"We have not known each other as well as we ought to, Mr. Higgins. I hope we will get better acquainted in the future. But sit down, while I explain the business more in detail."

That evening, as Abner Green was returning from a visit to the stables, he heard rapid footsteps, and then felt his hand grasped warmly.

"I couldn't sleep till I came and thanked you, Mr. Abner," Dave's voice said rapidly. I—I can't tell you how I feel, but I'd rather a thousand times for Pap to have the place than me. "We'll never forget it. I—I——" and then with a quick sob he was gone.

And Abner Green, looking up into the still starry depths of the sky, even with all the desolation of the great freeze around him, felt a warm sudden glow, and went on to the office to make preparations for another start in the world.—The Craftsman.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY

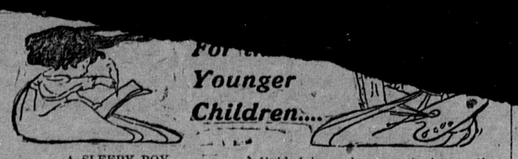
The amount of water daily lifted from the waters of the world by evaporation is about 510 cubic miles, and the average amount of rain which falls on the surface of the globe during a year is sixty inches.

A new turbine torpedo will shortly be tested in France of greater speed than any at present in existence, capable of traveling a distance of more than 1250 miles and of carrying a much larger charge of explosives than any torpedo now in use.

Signor Alfani, director of the Florence Observatory, says sun spots, which he calculated are twelve times the size of the earth, and which will reach the colar meridian about the middle of November, are likely to lead to violent magnetic disturbances, resulting in storms, floods, volcanic eruptions and earthquakes.

Four deaths are known to be directly attributed to exposure to the X-rays. There is a mystery about these cases, the disease being unknown to medical science, though it is believed to involve some great principle of life. Dr. Weigel, the president of the Rochester Academy of Medicine and the American Orthopedic Society, was the last victim.

Potatoes came to this country from Europe, which got them from Peru, whence the Spaniards carried them across the Atlantic. The name, in its original form, batata, was applied first to the sweet potato, which had a tropical origin, but accounts differ as to whether it came from the East or the West Indies. Its cousin, the yam, is a favorite in nearly all tropical countries. It grows a huge tuber and has a high-climbing vine which requires a pole to perform its acrobatic feats upon.



A SLEEPY BOY.

"Up! Up, my boy, it's time to dress,"
Calls father in the morning;
And then, a second afterward,
There comes another warning,
"What! not up yet, you lazy boy,"
Says father quite severely,
"It's fifteen minutes since I called,
And breakfast's nearly ready."

Now what I really want to know,
Is where those fifteen minutes go?
—Alden Arthur Knipe, in St. Nicholas.

HOUSE IN THE GARDEN.

Ethel had a July birthday. She had celebrated nine birthdays in her short life, to the accompaniment of birthday cakes and candles, and flowers, and candies, and dolls, and doll carriages. Indeed, so many good things had come to her that even mamma and papa began to rack their brains to find some sort of surprise for the tenth anniversary of their only little girl.

Aunt May put the idea into Mrs. Gordon's head.

"Why don't you build her a playhouse, Sister Fan?"

"Ethel is too big to play with dolls."

"Never! I love mine now—in secret; but I don't mean a doll's house. I mean a playhouse big enough inside to hold her and her friends; and outside finished off like a genuine house, gables, turrets, windows and all."

"What an imagination you have?" laughed Mrs. Gordon.

"If you'll give me leave to carry it out, I'll show you what can be done. I've seen the dearest little houses, but they cost money.

"Very well, go ahead," said Mrs. Gordon. "As long as Ethel is pleased I'm not counting the cost."

So Aunt May went to work, as she always did, with her whole heart and soul. But no one knew what she had done in the two months' time before the birthday.

Ethel opened her eyes on a clear, beautiful morning to the music of Aunt May's knock on her door.

"Get up, little girl, get up!" she cried, almost as excited as Ethel herself.

Ethel found dressing easy, with some one to button her shoes and comb her hair and fasten her dress. Then mamma and papa came, also very much excited, and Ethel was hurried down the shady avenue, past the hothouses and geranium beds, to the further end of the lawn, on which she had not been allowed to play for many weeks.

As she reached the geranium border she suddenly stood quite still and uttered a little shriek. There before her rose a miniature of her own dear home. It was a perfect little house, set back in a lovely garden, laid out in fascinating flower beds. There was a pretty fence around it, just like the home fence, and a little iron gate.

There were gay rockers on a dear piazza, and Ethel went wonderingly forward, pushed on by Aunt Mary. She looked through the front door into a perfect little sitting room, with rattan furniture and lace curtains in the windows and a cunning tea stove with a pipe going out through the real roof, just like the one in their big, old fashioned home kitchen.

Ethel was speechless with delight. No little girl ever had a present more calculated to make her happy.

The House in the Garden stood there for many years, and Ethel's own children play there now in the long summer days.

FEEDING ZOO ANIMALS.

There is a part of the Zoo that the public is not allowed to visit. It may surprise many to know that there exists in an out-of-the-way corner of the gardens an inclosed space where horses are examined, and often kept for some little previous to being slaughtered. Disease cannot be detected so easily in the carcass as in the live animal, and were carcasses bought the possibility of the carnivora becoming infected would not be nearly so remote as it is now. The only case in which the Zoo receives a carcass is where a horse, having met with an accident in the street, has to be slaughtered at once. If it has a healthy record the Zoo authorities do not refuse it.

Not only in this way is much care exercised in the choice of horseflesh, but when a carcass is cut up it is divided in such a way to insure that in each piece given to the animals there is a bone. Otherwise the lions, tigers and other big carnivora would swallow the piece whole, which would be bad even for their iron digestions. The presence of the bone compels them to take bites at the flesh, which they pick from the bone with their claws and teeth, licking the bone afterward with their sandpapery tongues until the surface shines.

For the smaller carnivora, such as polecats and weasels, and for the raptorial birds, horseflesh is somewhat too coarse and pungent, so they are fed for the most part on the heads and necks of chickens. These parts are selected also because of the bone in them.—London Daily Graphic.

DEATH OF FAMILY PET.

J. Howard Henry, a well-known abstracter of the city, appeared last night at police headquarters with a fine old Irish setter dog which has been the family pet for over ten years. "Poor old Don has been suffering of late with the rheumatism," explained Henry. "We are afraid he might freeze to death this winter, so we decided to bring him down and have him shot."

"I wouldn't shoot that dog for fifty dollars if he was mine," growled a big policeman. "I'd about as soon shoot my brother as a dog like that, which had been in the family so long. He wouldn't freeze, for I'd take him in the house where it was warm and make him up a pallet on the floor behind the parlor stove."

But old Don was led away, not by a string, but by a command from his master to the killing post. His neck was fastened to the post by a wire and Police Officer Leasure was told to kill him. The officer walked behind the dog, so he could not see its eyes and fired. Poor old Don fell. The officer spoke to him and as life passed away the faithful old fellow wagged his tail to show he understood. Leasure turned away and there were tears in his eyes as he walked back to the office, carrying his smoking revolver.—Des Moines Register and Leader.

THE BIRDLAND MORNING NEWS.

By A. F. CALDWELL.

SUN AROSE AT FOUR THIRTY-ONE!
The symphony concert had just begun.
WEATHER PREDICTIONS:
Partly fair—
So the singers were each one there!
TERRIBLE ACCIDENT! PARENTS DISTRESSED!
A mower destroyed Mr. Sparrow's nest!
ROBBERY!
From Mrs. Bobolink
Were stolen three eggs! What do you think?
From big stone house (philanthropic feat)
Were thrown out crumbs for birds to eat!
A FEARFUL SCARE!
Boy climbed a tree,
How many robins were hatched to see!
FOR SALE!
Some wool Mr. Finch can spare.
Good to line nests! Also some hair!
To let on shares (at easy terms),
A lot—just full of angleworms!
WANTED!
By Mr. and Mrs. Cuckoo,
A nest to hatch an egg or two!
Watch next week's issue ('twon't be dry)
For
"HOW SWALLOWS CATCH FOOD AS THEY FLY."
A word from the publishers—if they're wise—
ALL BIRDS IN THE "NEWS" WILL ADVERTISE.
—Youth's Companion.

TEN LITTLE INDIANS.

How would you like to go to school where the roll-call is like this: "Sophia Little Bar, Annie Red Crane, Lizzie Spider, Kiskoe, Gray Cloud, Laughing Face, Delay Ankle, Joseph White Plume, Frank Yellow Bird, Porcupine Creek?"

All these are the real names taken from the catalogue of a very famous school for Indians at Hampton, Va. I am told that sometimes the little redmen become dissatisfied with their picturesque titles and try to "Americanize" their names. And it is on record that one Shawnee lad, who entered the institute as Tommy Wildcat, appeared afterward in the catalogue as "Thomas W. Catt."—Philadelphia Record.

Wormless Fruit.

Did any one ever see a worm in a banana? In a lemon? In an orange? Apples, peaches, pears, apricots, plums, canteloupes, tomatoes, pumpkins, muskmelons, cherries, chestnuts, chincapins, walnuts, pecans, almonds, filberts, squashes, cucumbers, lettuce, cabbage, scullions, roasting ears, cauliflower—all these are the prey of discerning organisms which we regard as soulless and thoughtless animalcules.

Wheat is infected with weevils. Every other package of hominy you buy at the grocer's is alive with small worms. I have never seen a worm in rice. Corn meal is a fine breeding ground for worms. Wheat flour is better. Boston beans are splendid homes for worms. Beware of oats, rye and barley.—New York Press.

Jewels Safe For the Present.

The North Side has a burglar who forces pantry windows. With provisions at their present prices this is more profitable than blowing safes. —Chicago Evening Post.

In the last ten years the increase of prices in Germany was twenty-five per cent. for cereals, twenty-seven for animal products, fifty-five for textiles, sixty for mineral products.

A WOOD PEDDLER'S LOSS.

Martini Castillo is a swarthy Mexican wood peddler, living five or six miles from Santa Fe, on the road to the Pueblo of Tesuque, who feels that he has a real grudge against fate and his fellow men. He believes that he ought to be at liberty to sit in the doorway of his 'dobe and roll cigarettes all day long, instead of having to cut wood and pack it on his lazy burro to be peddled laboriously through the streets of Santa Fe for a paltry thirty-five cents a load. Two thousand dollars were almost within his grasp—but vanished before he could close his itching fingers upon the pile. And $2000, in Martini's estimation, is as great a fortune as a million is to any day laborer who earns as much as $1 a day.

Probably Martini never heard of captains of industry or Napoleons of finance, but in his way he displays abilities that might have made him one or the other if he had been favored with a wider field for the display of his talents. From childhood he played with the children of Tesuque. Often in their play they handled some bright stones, such as were to be seen in the house of the governor of the tribe and in the abodes of some of the head men. As he grew up to manhood he came to understand that these bright stones contained gold. One day one of the head men grew confidential, and told him that the white men would give a good many thousand pesos for the mine from which the specimens came, but that the Indians could not work it, because it would require a great deal of money to put in the machinery necessary to separate the metal from the worthless rock. The location of the mine, it was further explained, was a secret known to only a few of the tribe, and they would not tell, fearing that the cupidity of the white men might tempt them to take possession—not only of the mine, but of all the lands of the Indians.

Martini, by some process of reasoning of his own, seems to have fathomed the truth of the aphorism that knowledge is power. He had a little of the knowledge that he felt pointed the way to both wealth and power, and he thirsted for more. He thought long and deeply, and finally evolved a plan by which he hoped that his thirst for knowledge might be assuaged.

He began to pay assiduous court to the dusky daughter of the head man who had told him of the mine. She was not unresponsive, and one day the priest pronounced them man and wife. Then followed the pagan marriage ceremony of the Pueblos—for, though they are faithful Catholics, they still remain true to the gods of their ancestors as well. Martini then felt that he was surely at the door of discovery.

Nor was he mistaken. His wife knew all about the mine, and one dark night she led him to the spot. The knowledge was his. It remained to test its power.

For reasons of his own, Martini did not care to use his knowledge in Santa Fe. Instead, he journeyed to Las Vegas. A little inquiry enabled him to find a well known mining man and to him he showed the specimens he had carried all the way from Tesuque.

The great man showed even more eagerness than Martini had anticipated, and after several conferences a bargain was struck. Martini was to show the great man the mine, and the great man was to pay him $2000—provided the mine was on land that no one claimed.

Martini was faithful to his bargain, but little inquiry was necessary to reveal to his new acquaintance the fact that the mine was located on the Tesuque Indian land grant, patented to the Indians by the United States Government. Of course the deal was off, and Martini, whose dull wits have not fathomed the intricacies of communal ownership of the Tesuque lands, feels that the world has treated him harshly.—John L. Cowan, in the New York Evening Post.

"SALLIE," A DOG OF WAR.

The heroism and tragedy of war are not confined to its human participants. "Sallie" was nothing more than a little dog, but she showed a spirit which gave her a warm place in the hearts of the soldiers of Pennsylvania whose "Martial Deeds" are chronicled by Mr. Samuel Bates. Sallie was brought to the captain's quarters when she was a tiny puppy, and soon became a regimental institution.

As soon as the drum beat for reveille she was at hand, and she never missed roll call. No soldier was more regular at drill, and on dress parade she always accompanied the color-sergeant.

Sallie was at Manassas Junction, Port Royal, Shenandoah, Waterloo, Rapidan, Cedar Mountain and Bull Run, and in all these battles stuck close to the colors. Through cities, towns and wearisome marches she managed to thread her way.

At Antietam she went into the corn field with the skirmishers, who tried in vain to drive her back. A ball touched her side, but only marked her hair. At Fredericksburg Sallie was in the thick of the fight. When the ranks thinned and broke she, for the first time in her life, became demoralized. Missing accustomed faces, she sought the rear, and was seen to approach it at a rapid pace. This was the only time she showed fear. Steadily sharing toil, privation and danger, she never straggled or deserted.

During the first day's fight at Gettysburg she became separated from her regiment. Returning to the battlefield, she sought out her friends among the dead and wounded. There, for three days and nights, she kept a faithful vigil, without food. Finally the provost of her company found her [illegible] treating.

Sallie was killed [illegible] as the regiment was ma[illegible] advance. She was buried [illegible] of the enemy's fire, as the adjutant stated at the end of his official report.

Strictly honest, generally good tempered, with a strong dislike for women, civilians and strange darkies, Sallie lived and died faithful to her regiment, and was interred with the honors of war.

UNDESIRABLE SPORT.

All sorts of discomforts are suffered in the name of pleasure. Baron de Grancey, however, once reached the limit of his endurance, and thereafter took his fun in another way. This experience he gained during a tiger hunt in Cochin-China. He relates it in "Cowboys and Colonels."

"I had a platform built in a tree, and with a calf tied below for bait, I started in for a night's watch. The darkness came suddenly, as it does in the tropics, and I was just thinking I could enjoy a little nap before the tigers came along when I felt a sharp sting in my left leg. By the feeble light of the stars I saws a procession of ants scaling the leg—little black things.

"I got up, shook them off, and sat down again, only to feel another procession on my other leg. This line was red—great red monsters, advancing in good order, with superior officers at the head, and throwing out skirmishing parties which left very sensible traces of their course.

"Then came a fierce onslaught from an advance guard of mosquitoes.

"Catching my first rifle I prepared to descend the ladder. I had taken but a step or so when I heard a low quirements.

growl, which made me remount with a bound. Then came an answering growl. No sooner was I on the platform than the ants and mosquitoes renewed their hostilities. Three or four times I was driven to descend, but each time a growl drove me back.

"It seemed as if one tiger said to the other, 'Wait, my friend. I will take him by the leg as he comes down the ladder, and then we'll have something delicate for supper.'

"At 6 in the morning when the men came to look for me my head was swelled the size of a pumpkin and my legs burned as if they had been scalded.

"I never returned to lie in wait for a tiger, and I never recommended this kind of sport save to a German tourist, who had pursued me for three days with questions on statistics."

CATCH AN AMERICAN EAGLE.

Dr. H. S. Wende and John Reid, of Kingston, Jamaica, a medical student, drove up to the doctor's office, in Tonawanda, N. Y., with their clothing in tatters and blood trickling from severe cuts on their arms, legs and bodies. To explain their condition they pulled a magnificent specimen of the American eagle from the rear of the buggy.

Then men were driving on Grand Island when the eagle swooped down and fastened its talons into a calf that lay beside the road with its mother. Reid sprang from the buggy and the eagle began clawing lustily at him, while he clung to one of its big wings.

Wende went to Reid's assistance, and both men were nearly exhausted before they got the bird tied in the buggy.

COWS SAVE FARMER FROM BULL

James Irwin, a farmer, of Ware, Mass., went into the pasture of Chas. Austin to inspect heifers which he intended to buy and a vicious Holstein bull tossed him into the air and trampled upon him when he came down. Seven or eight cows drove the Holstein to a corner of the lot. Irwin emerged from the fracas clad only in a torn undershirt. His body was covered with bruises.

The Pop Corn Industry.

Iowa is said to produce 600 carloads of pop corn per annum, returning to growers over $85 an acre. Calhoun and Sac Counties are the centre of the industry, which started five years ago. A Shallee grower has had over 300 acres, yielding forty to sixty bushels an acre, worth on the ear $1.50 to $1.75 a bushel. It is planted late in spring and harvested before field corn, the huskers getting twenty to twenty-five cents a bushel. The corn is shipped in the ear and so reaches the wholesaler. One grower shells his corn and puts it up in ten cent paper packages for Omaha and Sioux City houses. This year he will plant 600 acres, build a packing-house and employ girls to put up the corn.

After Burbank.

Shortly after a new administration took hold of a well-known Southern railroad a great number of claims were preferred against the company on account of horses and cattle being killed along the line in Kentucky. To make matters worse, it appeared that every animal killed, however worthless it may have been before the accident, invariably figured in the claims subsequently presented as being of the best blood in Kentucky.

One day, in conversation with one of the road's attorneys, the president became very much excited in refrringfl to th situation. "Do you know," h exclaimed, bringing down his fist on the desk, by way of emphasis, "I have reached the conclusion that nothing in Kentucky so improves live stock as crossing it with a locomotive."—Montreal Star.

A Grand Larceny Panic.

The right name for the recent crisis is the Grand Larceny Panic.—From Life.

The largest lightning conductor in the world is on the Lugspite weather station, in Bavaria. It runs down the mountain-side for three and a half miles to a lake.