THE QUEENSTOWN NEWS.

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Says the Chicago Record-Herald: "When genius begins to get rich it becomes mere talent."

Speaking of tainted money, counterfeit coins might be called "'tain't money," might they not? suggests the Pittsburg Press.

Yielding to fashion, the new co-ed and female college yells this year will be just "Hurrah!"—leaving out the hips, observes the Boston Record.

"It is the thought behind the smile that makes it beautiful," says a woman writer. And yet, objects the Louisville Courier-Journal, we're always being told that the really pretty girl hasn't a thought behind her smile.

The Swedes do many things well, including the sending over of a lot of good citizens, but when it comes to [illegible] building, boasts the Bridgeport [illegible] we are in doubt as to their ability [illegible] frame up something that will [illegible] a show of capturing the American cup.

[illegible] the girls are going to discard [illegible], let them discard them altogether, admonishes the New York [illegible]. The habit of going about with the arm part of a long glove in place, and the hand thrust out of it, bending to the wrist a distressingly [illegible]pachydermatous appearance, is unlovely and deplorable.

The new Fish and Game Commission of New Jersey begins well, maintains the New York Sun, when it plans to ask for legislation further restricting the gunners. The exaction of a gun license, the abolition of spring shooting, prohibiting of the sale of game and other measures as are proposed will meet with the approval of every real sportsman in the State, for they realize that drastic measures are needed if there is to be any game left in a few years.

As the whole world is now practically on a gold basis, it is but natural that each country should seek to re-enforce its supply of gold held as security against its obligations. As always happens in periods of stringency, declares the New Orleans Picayune, a good supply of the precious metal has probably gone into hiding, to reappear again gradually as confidence is restored. This reappearing gold, as well as the new supplies of the precious metal that will come out of the earth, will in time relieve the situation, but in the meantime there will have to be a temporary halt in speculation.

Speaking of ambition and what the young man of to-day desires to make of himself there is nothing, in my mind, better than general farming, says Henry Hatch, of Gridley, Kan. It takes a man, through and through, to be a successful farmer now, and if he is successful he has done something and has something. It beats clerking in a store or bank and gives one much more freedom than doing any class of city work. The farm always has been my ambition, and, looking back over a short past, I find nothing which causes me to regret having stuck to the farm. There is a better opening for the boy of to-day on the farm than anywhere else.

The abolition of capital punishment and the mitigation of all punishments for crime seems to be a propaganda which is making headway in all civilized countries, and is particularly strong where Socialism is strong. Many well-meaning but misguided people, protests the New Orleans Picayune, are disposed to treat the criminal not as an outlaw and reprobate, but as an unfortunate suffering from mental ailment. The logical result has been an agitation against the death penalty, a general mitigation of prison hardships and other innovations which promise ultimately to make of the criminal a hero and downtrodden unfortunate rather than an incorrigible pervert and menace to the whole social fabric.

The Progressive Farmer remarks: If a people does not appreciate its heroes dead, there is little promise that it will grow heroes in the future. It is encouraging therefore to find the South paying tribute to those that once served her well by rearing monuments to their memory—to Hampton at Columbia, to Gordon at Atlanta, and to Davis and Stuart at Richmond, to mention only a few of the more recent instances. South Carolina is also preparing now to erect a $10,000 statue to Calhoun in Statuary Hall, Washington, and North Carolina will put Vance to stand beside him. A monument to Wyatt, first fallen in the Civil War, is also a natural sequel to the building of the Bagley monument. And now in more than one Southern State movements are on foot looking to the erection of suitable monuments to commemorate the Spartan courage of the Confederate women. General Irvine C. Walker is advocating the idea in Tennessee, and in North Carolina Mr. J. W. Bailey has the idea much at heart. And that there will be a hearty and generous response it would be a reflection on all the South to doubt.

AN OLD MAN'S IDYL.

By the waters of life we sat together,
Hand in hand in the golden days
Of the beautiful early summer weather,
When skies were purple and breath was praise,
When the heart kept tune to the carol of birds,
And the birds kept tune to the songs which ran
Through shimmer of flowers on grassy swards,
And trees with voices Aeolian.

By the rivers of Life we walked together,
I and my darling, unafraid;
And lighter than any linnet's feather
The burdens of Being on us weighed.
And Love's sweet miracles o'er us threw
Mantles of joy outlasting Time,
And up from the rosy morrows grew
A sound that seemed like a marriage chime.

In the gardens of Life we strayed together;
And the luscious apples were ripe and red,
And the languid lilac and honeyed heather
Swooned with the fragrance which they shed.
And under the trees the angels walked,
And up in the air a sense of wings
Awed us tenderly while we talked
Softly in sacred communings.

In the meadows of Life we strayed together,
Watching the waving harvests grow;
And under the benison of the Father
Our hearts, like the lambs, skipped to and fro,
And the cowslips, hearing our low replies,
Broidered fairer the emerald banks,
And glad tears shone in the daisies' eyes,
And the timid violet glistened thanks.

Who was with us, and what was round us,
Neither myself nor my darling guessed;
Only we knew that something crowned us
Out from the heavens with crowns of rest;
Only we knew that something bright
Lingered lovingly where we stood,
Clothed with the incandescent light
Of something higher than humanhood.

O the riches Love doth inherit!
Ah, the alchemy which doth change
Dross of body and dregs of spirit
Into sanctities rare and strange!
My flesh is feeble and dry and old,
My darling's beautiful hair is gray;
But our elixir and precious gold
Laugh at the footsteps of decay.

Harms of the world have come unto us,
Cups of sorrow we yet shall drain;
But we have a secret which doth show us
Wonderful rainbows in the rain;
And we hear the tread of the years move by,
And the sun is setting behind the hills;
But my darling does not fear to die,
And I am happy in what God wills.

So we sit by our household fires together,
Dreaming the dreams of long ago;
Then it was balmy summer weather,
And now the valleys are laid in snow.
Icicles hang from the slippery eaves;
The wind blows—'tis growing late;
Well, we have garnered all our sheaves,
I and my darling, and we wait.

—Richard Realf.

THE BLACK ROPE.

By PAUL E. TRIEM.

In the region about his own home Jay Hazleton had earned the name of being a "driver." In the busiest season of the farm year work never crowded Jay. Instead, he crowded his work with all the relentlessness of which his sturdy frame and square chin showed him capable. Strangely enough, during the summer of 1898 this very trait of forehandedness came near to wrecking the young farmer's fortunes.

Jay's "hired man" was a scrawny youth of about eighteen years, the farmer's opposite in physical and mental characteristics. Jay had hired him partly in pity of the boy's widowed mother, who rented the farm a mile southeast of his own, and partly, it must be confessed, because such help came cheap, and Jay believed that a few allopathic doses of "hustle" might induce the dawdling Watson to do almost the work of a man.

On the hottest afternoon the summer had known Jay was sorting eggs down in the basement of the barn. The little eggs were good enough for the farmer and his assistant, and the others would bring a fancy price from town customers. He was in even more of a hurry than usual, for this particular Tuesday was an important day for the old Hazleton farm and its master; from the place was going the first herd of Hereford cattle that he had ever sold to a certain dealer. A dozen two-year-olds and Daisy and Lass, two of Jay's star mothers, had been purchased by the Worthington Stock Farm. The man who was to take them to their new home was probably in town at this very moment. He and his car were to have arrived during the morning, and as Jay remembered this, he called to Watson.

"Hey, boy," he shouted, "it's time you were getting started with the cows! I don't want you to have to hurry them. You'd better get the team out and be going."

There was a moment's pause, as if the young fellow at work in the tool-shed was trying to think of an excuse for procrastination; then, "I don't like to start just now, boss," he sang, in his nasal tone. "There's going to be a storm before an hour's past—I can feel it, and the stock is plumb nervous. Better let me wait a while."

"Wait at the other end, Watson!" commanded the farmer. "If there's going to be a storm, all the more reason for getting the herd downtown—barn might be struck, you know. And come to think of it, I'll let you take the young stock instead of Daisy and Lass. The herd would be harder to handle in a storm, and I can't start just yet."

Jay laughed to himself at the pause which followed this announcement. He had purposely shifted to the boy's shoulders the harder part of the work, in payment for what he considered his attempt to dawdle.

"All right, boss!" Watson agreed, after another pause.

The sound of the grindstone's buzz ceased abruptly, and a few minutes later Jay heard the collie barking and heard the hinges of the gate give out a resonant squeak. He knew that he was alone; and instantly he began to doubt the wisdom of sending this inexperienced young fellow to town with four thousand dollars' worth of fractious cattle. Only twelve of them there were, but they were the finest in the State—and to Jay they meant success or failure in the business of raising fancy stock. With the money obtained from them he could buy a couple of imported animals and put up a small stable. If they should be damaged in any way—and the man broke the egg he was transferring to the case as the thought struck him—he must begin again at the beginning. He threw in the last dozen eggs, and hurried to the door of the basement.

Down the road, beyond a series of little hills, a cloud of dust was rising. It might be floating above his cattle, and it might be simply a dust halo above a wagon. At any rate, for better or for worse, it was beyond his recall. To the west some strange orange and black clouds were peeping above the prarie. The farmer stared at them for a moment, then turned, caught up the filled egg-case, and hurried with it into the farmyard. Into the back of the wagon he shoved the egg-crate. He noticed that the team was restless, but as it had been hitched and waiting for an hour this did not surprise him. When he went to the stock barn for the two cows, he found that they, too, were nervous and irritable.

"Guess they're feeling the heat," he mumbled. "It's time I was on the move. I made the boy start out in the teeth of this storm, so I guess I ought to risk it myself."

He tied Daisy and Lass to the back of the wagon, and drove slowly into the road. It was terribly hot, this July weather. The dust rose so thickly about him that at times he could hardly see the fields he was passing. He had to drive slowly because of the cows, and this poking gait irritated the team, so that they jerked at the lines and shied nervously every time a weed stirred beside the fence or a stone turned under their heels. A light breeze was blowing down the road, going in the same direction as the wagon, and bringing a fog of dust along with it. Suddenly Jay noticed that even this breeze had died out; and as he turned his head to catch any sign of wind in the distance, the sound of a continuous, humming roar came to him. He whirled in his seat and stared back up the road.

The highway upon which the Hazleton farm lay was the old State road, running straight as a plumb-line for nearly two hundred and fifty miles. Between the farm and the town lay a few insignificant hills, but for several miles on the other side there was neither rise nor depression. For this reason, when Jay turned in his seat he could see nearly to the old creamery, two miles away—not quite so far, because coming down the middle of the road and hiding all that lay behind, dragged what appeared to be the frayed end of a great black rope. Into the air towered this strand, bulging as it ascended, until it had reached its summit, two hundred feet above the prairie, and had widened into a funnel several hundred yards across.

As Jay sat clamped to his seat, the sultriness of the day had disappeared, as far as he was concerned. He seemed to be freezing, and the sweat that ran down his face was cold sweat. The cloud was advancing with the speed of the wind—the swiftest of winds, for that matter, for the young man knew that he was directly in the path of a cyclone.

The act of forming the word in his mind seemed to release him from the terror that had bound him helpless in his seat, and he turned to whip up the team. A little way ahead a lane opened from the highway and led toward the distant house of one of Jay's neighbors. Straight for this lane he urged his team, shouting to the cows behind to step up. After he had turned into the lane he looked back, and found that the storm had gained so rapidly that he still was in jeopardy. He could see, too, that the cloud was broader at the base than it had looked when farther away, so that anything within a wide radius was sure to be caught. Then he turned back to his team, and let them out to a greater speed.

He was going as fast as he could without dragging the cows from their feet, and with stubborn resolution he refused to look round or to heed the swift advance of the cloud. He could hear trees snapping in its path, and by this sign, and by the very heavens above him, he could tell something of how near the storm was. Certainly he did not expect to escape. When the noise of the tornado sounded behind him, and he found that he and his horses were still on the ground, he was surprised rather than relieved. He was not out of danger, however, for as he looked down the road after the dragging rope of the cyclone, a terrific crash of thunder sounded, and he saw the mass of clouds before him torn open by a ragged seam of fire.

In the quivering, rosy light of the flash, he had a last glimpse of the storm-cloud sweeping past the lines of the fence, rising occasionally and leaving spots unharmed, then drooping to tear up trees, and even posts, with its whirling tail, and to fill the air with a mass of rubbish. Afterward the darkness of night covered him. Crash after crash of thunder shook the ground over which he was driving, and with dazed faculties he strove to control his maddened team.

Fortunately his neighbor's barn was directly in line with the lane. Still more fortunately, the double doors were open. Jay guided his team through the dark arch of the doorway, and brought up against a row of stanchions. That was all that kept him from going through the barn and out the back way, he afterward declared. With the shaking knees of one who has been through the valley of death, he crawled from his wagon and tied the team to the stanchions.

Half-heartedly he examined the two muddy cows. They were puffing and wild-eyed, but apparently uninjured by their run. Then he went to the door, waited for a flash of lightning to show him the house, and started toward it on a run. He had stood the strain as long as he could without human companionship, and even at the risk of being struck by the darting lightning, he was determined to reach the house.

He did reach it, and was received by the two old people within with gestures of welcome, but without a word that could be distinguished. After half an hour the storm began to abate, and Jay was able to tell of his race with the tornado, and of the misfortune that had overwhelmed him—for in the loss of his cattle the young man thought he had been more stricken than he would have been by death itself.

"And the boy!" he groaned. "His mother a widow, and me sending him to his destruction—when he didn't want to go! I thought it was just his shiftlessness. He was always making excuses for putting things off."

"You're not to blame, Jay," the woman of the house comforted him. "No one will blame you. And you've lost all that fine stock. It's terrible."

"You did the best you could," the husband agreed.

After the storm had gone, leaving behind it the odor of wet dirt and fragrant meadows, the three went to the door to see what was left. Limbs of trees were scattered even in the farmyard, where the cyclone had not come. The straight wind that followed it had sufficed to tear them from the trees and to strew them for rods in every direction. And across the fields the watchers could see a straw stack burning, where the lightning had struck it. As they stood on the porch, the telephone bell rang. It was a party line, and the old woman kept count.

"One, two, three and a short!" she mumbled. Then, "Why, that's your ring, isn't it, Jay?"

"Yes," said Jay, while the white line about his mouth widened and the fear in his eyes grew more intense. "I'd rather be shot than answer it—but I've got to."

Shakily he walked to the telephone and took down the receiver.

"That you, boss?" a nasal voice reached him. "Glory be! I was afraid you had started for town and got caught in that tornado. I'm glad to hear your voice!"

Jay's hand shook so that he had to press the receiver hard to his ear to keep from dropping it. His eyes had grown bright, and joy sounded from his voice when he answered his hired man.

"Where are you, Watson?" he demanded. "How did you miss the storm? Did it kill all the cattle?"

To this three-barreled question Watson replied with his usual deliberation. "I'm over at mother's, and I missed the storm by reason of goin' half a mile south of it. The cattle is all right—little bit skittish, but I guess we'll beat you into town yet."

The boy explained afterward that, feeling sure a bad storm was coming, he had taken the road to his mother's place, instead of keeping on toward town. And for once Jay did not scold him for disobeying orders.—From the Youth's Companion.

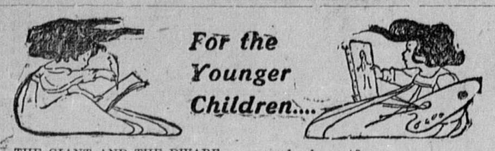
NOT WHAT WE GIVE, BUT WHAT WE SHARE
(FOR THE GIFT WITHOUT THE GIVER, IS BARE;)
WHO GIVES HIMSELF WITH HIS ALMS--FEEDS THREE
HIMSELF, HIS HUNGERING NEIGHBOR, AND ME.
(LOWELL.)

SCIENTIFIC & INDUSTRIAL

According to L'Electrician, a Vienna firm has recently placed on the market brushes made of glass, which are to replace emery cloth for cleaning and polishing the commutators of dynamos and motors. These brushes are said to clean the commutators without scoring the metal, and their use avoids the inconveniences and dangers of emery cloth.

An inexpensive instrument called the "snakebite lancet" has been introduced in India with splendid results. It is being distributed by the government in an effort to reduce the fearful loss of life, which amounts to 75,000 persons each year. A report is to the effect that one person saved the lives of twenty persons bitten by cobras and kariats within the last year by the use of one lancet.

One of the features of the recent submarine tests at Newport was an apparatus for the escape of occupants of a disabled craft under water. It is like a diving piece in appearance, with head-piece and jacket. In the jacket is a copper flask filled with oxylite, which generates oxygen. Before closing the glass face visor the wearer places a tube in his mouth connected with the flask, and the moisture from his breathing acts on the oxylite so as to produce fresh air to sustain life. Oxylite was discoverd by a Frenchman, but its application to this purpose was made by the makers of the Octopus. The test was made in a hogshead of water, but was not entirely successful.



THE GIANT AND THE DWARF.

"I can't" is a dwarf, a poor, pale, puny imp;
His eyes are half blind and his walk is a limp.
"I can" is a giant—unbending he stands;
There is strength in his arms and skill in his hands.
"I can't" is a sluggard, too lazy to work,
From duty he shrinks, every task he will shirk.
"I can" is a worker; he tills the broad fields,
And digs from the earth all the wealth that it yields.
"I can't" is a coward, half fainting with fright;
At the first thought of peril he slinks out of sight.
"I can" is a hero, the first in the field,
Though others may falter, he never will yield;
How grandly and nobly he stands to his trust,
When roused at the call of a cause that is just.
"I can't" has no place; act your part like a man,
And when duty calls answer promptly, "I can."

—Philadelphia Ledger.

THE HARVEST BARREL.

Bobby and Betty had just eaten supper when the door-bell rang. They were expecting the expressman to bring them something, so they ran to the window to look out.

"It's come! It's come!" cried Bobby. "It's out on the side porch now!"

"Look, mother, do!" cried Betty.

It was a barrel, and such a big barrel that two expressmen had all they could do to bring it upstairs. When it was rolled into the centre of the kitchen it looked larger than ever. Why, it stood as high as Bobby's head, and together the children could not reach around it.

Bobby got the hammer and chisel and helped his father pry out the cover. Around and around they pounded until out it sprang.

On the very top Betty found a card, and every one listened while mother read it aloud:

Dear children—Here is another harvest barrel from grandpa and grandma. How we wish you were here on the farm to help us harvest the grains and vegetables and fruits. We are looking forward to Thanksgiving Day, for that is the time we "gather in" all of our children, large and small, and we long to see you. Love from both

Grandma and Grandpa.

The letter was laid aside, and father rolled up his sleeves and began to unpack the barrel. First there was a layer of straw, then a layer of tiny seckle pears, a layer of ripe, yellow pears as large as one's hand, and a layer of green pears to be laid away to ripen.

Then came some red apples, some green apples, some yellow apples, some brown russet apples and some long apples called "sheep's noses."

Then came vegetables—parsnips, beets, carrots, turnips and cabbages. A long green stem was pulled out, and what should come with it but a round pumpkin with tag on it, which read: "Bobby's own pumpkin."

"It's the one I planted," said Bobby. "When I left grandpa's, it wasn't much bigger than an apple, and now look at it!" It was as large around as Bobby could possibly reach.

"Wouldn't it make a fine jack-o'-lantern!" exclaimed Betty.

"Yes, but I think I'd rather have some pumpkin pies!" replied Bobby.

More vegetables were taken from the barrel, then a box of grandma's good molasses cookies, a paper bag full of hickory nuts and chestnuts, and six boxes of honey.

By this time it was hard to reach down into the barrel, and it was turned over a box, when out rolled potatoes and potatoes and potatoes.

As soon as the barrel was empty, everything had to be put away in the cellar.

Then came the story hour before going to bed. To-night instead of having mother read a story, the barrel packings were put in the fireplace, and the children watched the flames dart about and the sparks fly up the chimney. It was then that each one told what he liked best in the barrel.

Bobby liked the pumpkin and grandma's cookies. Betty liked the honey, father liked the apples, and mother liked the pears.

When the fire had gone down, Betty and Bobby gave good-night kisses, and then each went to a little bed for the night.

The very first thing they did in the morning was to write a letter full of thanks to grandma and grandpa, which they dropped in the mail-box on their way to school.—Maud Burnham, in Kindergarten Review.

SQUIRREL FRIENDS.

Very independent are the squirrels in Independence square. And why not?

They live on the fat of the land, without labor or worry. A number of persons, who pass through the square daily take them tidbits in their pockets, while the kindly firemen in the engine house on Sixth street are always ready to give them a treat. It is doubtful if the tamest of them would not go to live in this fine engine house, only for the love of scampering up and down trees.

Delighted thousands pause to watch the tamest of these, as he looks critically over his human admirers.

He's very keen at determining their worth, too. Some of them are merely curious. Some, hateful to relate, are not above playing him a trick. Others, however, are good citizens and regard him as a good neighbor, if not an actual taxpayer. To these last Bre'er Shady-tail gives his confidence. He knows they will reward his attentions with some delicacy, especially nuts with not too hard shells.

Of the plentiful peanut, to tell the truth, he is often weary. So he buries it until a day when his supplies may run short.

This burying, by the way, does not delight the man in charge of the square, as it complicates the cutting of the grass. But he should take into consideration the delight given the passer-by and not grudge the charming squirrels their self-chosen larders.

Though these squirrels lay by enough for the cold days, thanks to their instinct, they are seldom forced to hunt up their hoardings, as must their brothers who dwell in forests.

As a rule they dislike children. One little maid is trying to win over the tamest of them, however. Though Shady-tail is suspicious, it will not be many days before he learns that his dear little friend always brings him something good and never plays him a trick. He may in time take to searching in her pockets for treats, just as he does in the pockets of some of his trusted men friends.—From the Philadelphia Record.

A FEW GOOD CONUNDRUMS.

What is the difference between a mother ape, the Prince of Wales, an orphan, and a bald-headed man? Answer: The ape is a hairy parent, the Prince of Wales is Heir Apparent, orphan has ne'er a parent, and the bald-headed man has nary a hair apparent.

Why is the thief in the garret like an honest man? Answer: He is above doing a wrong action.

What two letters of the alphabet described a faded loafer? Answer: C. D.

Why is I the luckiest of all the vowels? Answer: Because it is in the centre of bliss.

When was grog first introduced into the navy? Answer: When the Kangaroo went into the Ark with hops, and they had bruin there.

What musical key should a man study when he is walking on ice? Answer: C. Sharp or B. Flat.—Successful Farming.

BR'ER SH ADY-TAIL.

Cutting Both Ways.

A company promoter who advertised for an office boy received a hundred replies. Out of the hundred he selected ten, who were asked to call at the office for a personal interview. His final choice fell upon a bright looking youth. "My boy," said the promoter, "I like your appearance and your manner very much. I think you may do for the place. Did you bring a character?"

"No, sir," replied the boy; "I can go home and get it."

"Very well; come back to-morrow morning with it, and if it is satisfactory I dare say I shall engage you."

Late that same afternoon the financier was surprised by the return of the candidate. "Well," he said, cheeringly, "have you got your character?"

"No," answered the boy; "but I've got yours—an' I ain't coming!"—Ladies' Home Journal.

Paragraphic Repartee.

"Half the paragraphers do not know what they are talking about," says the Florida Times-Union, evidently not speaking of the paragrapher's better half.—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

A monument has been erected to Anna Holzel, in the Schlossgarten, at Mannheim, Germany. She was the wife of a carpenter, who, in 1784, saved the poet Schiller from a debtor's prison.

SPORT AND ADVENTURE

THE RESCUE OF ATWATER.

The Corinthian was a ninety-four ton gasolene schooner, carrying a crew of twelve men, including her captain, L. E. Atwater, and hailing from Eureka, Cal. The disaster which involved the loss of two members of the crew occurred on June 11, 1906, the schooner having stranded at about 6 p. m. of that day on the western side of the peninsula separating Humboldt Bay from the ocean, two or three hundred yards off shore and three miles northward of the Humboldt Bay life saving station.

Nine trips with the buoy brought in eight men without mishap, the buoy having been hauled up empty once through a misunderstanding of signals. Only the captain now remained on board. The darkness had since the arrival of the station crew become so great that objects on the ship could not be made out from the shore, and rescue operations had to be carried on altogether by signals. When the buoy came back empty it was, again quickly sent out, but while the men on the beach stood waiting for the word to haul in the hawser parted and the whipline also came in, parted and without the tail-block. Four men were despatched for another shotline, a whipline and shots. While waiting for the extra material those who had remained abreast of the wreck cleared up the tangle of hawser, tackle and whipline under the keeper's direction and made everything ready for sending out another line. The fourth shot carried the line across the vessel's springstay. After several attempts Captain Atwater got the tail-block aboard and secured it, and the breeches buoy was then hauled out without the hawser and with the traveler block detached. The captain got into the buoy and gave the signal to pull away, but in crossing the rail he was swept out and thrown headlong into the surf. Luckily before the seas could wash him away from the vessel he swam around to the schooner's bow and got hold of the bobstay, to which fortunate circumstance he doubtless owed his life.

The keeper did not suspect that anything had gone wrong with Captain Atwater until the buoy had been hauled in empty. As he had distinctly heard the captain's signal he judged that he had placed himself in the buoy all right but that accident had befallen him after leaving ship. This meant that he was somewhere overboard. The buoy was sent out again, however, and McLean and Surfmen Hunt and Nickerson followed it on the heels of an outgoing wave. McLean was first to the schooner, and located Atwater by the sound of his voice. McLean quickly caught up a bight of the whipline that swept within reach and dexterously swung it to the man on the bobstay. The latter fastened the line around his arm and let go the bobstay, and McLean shouted to those on the beach to haul in. By this time the two surfmen had reached the spot where McLean stood, and all three of the rescuers, knowing that they could not retreat quick enough to escape an incoming sea, laid hold of the line. They were none too soon. In another moment a wall of water rushed upon them, bore them down, buried them and with relentless force flung them shoreward. In the course of their journey they were ruthlessly beaten against floating timbers and other wreckage which the sea had torn from the schooner, but through it all they clung desperately to the line, McLean and the surfmen in a bunch and Captain Atwater a few feet further along behind. When the call came to haul in the men on the beach bent to the work with a will, and soon the four men were pulled out of the water "like so many fish hooked through the gills," as Keeper Hennig expresses in his report of the wreck.—From the report of the United States Life Saving Service.

HORRIBLE FIGHT TO A FINISH.

Ten thousand persons recently witnessed the most cruel exhibition that has been presented to the border habitutes of the bull rings for the past seven years, at the arena at Ciudad Juarez, Mexico. Seven years ago there was a battle between a lion and a bull in which the lion tore the bull to shreds and roared victoriously at the quivering bloody flesh of the vanquished beast.

To-day a buffalo from the plains of North Dakota battled with a fierce long horned bull from the Terrazas ranch in Chihuahua and both are dead. It was the worst battle that has ever been seen. The animals were evenly matched and they fought until both dropped in their tracks.

Their bodies were practically ripped to pieces and their entrails were draging in the dust of the arena. It was a battle that recalled the tales of the Coliseum at Rome in the time of the Caesars, and strong men sickened at the sight. Men accustomed, week after week, to see matadors dispatch bull after bull, but unaccustomed to such a sight as they saw this afternoon became as women. They were many visiting women among the crowd to-day and they were taken from the ring in an unconscious condition at the sight of the awful conflict; men turned their faces away.

The animals were goaded to fight by bull ring employes, who pricked and speared them until they were angry enough to fight anything. Then as each animal rushed at the other there was a yell from the crowd and a roar of anger from the contestants. Lunge after lunge, the maddened animals made at each other and almost every time the cruel horns went home in some part of the anatomy of the opposing beast. Great wounds were gored in the legs, thighs, necks and sides of the beasts and their loins were ripped open as if they were but paper undergoing the punctures of a penknife.

It was a fierce and bloody contest and Senor Felix Roberts, the owner of the bull ring, pronounced it "The grand attraction." Roberts furnished the bull and laid off the picadores and other fighters for the day. George Phillips of South Dakota, brought the buffalo all the way from the far northwest for the fight. More Americans witnessed the awful spectacle than Mexicans.

SWAM THIRTY MILES.

Edward Duvauchelle, of Molokai, is the hero of a most remarkable story of human courage and endurance, and of a marvelous escape from death, says the Honolulu correspondent of the Chicago News. The fact that he was one of the team that represented the National Guard of Hawaii at the rifle shooting at Sea Girt, N. J., last fall, will perhaps add some interest to the tale of his thrilling experience.

Monday night, May 23, Duvauchelle, who is a fisherman, living at Pukoo on the southern coast of Molokai, with three native Hawaiians as companions, left home in a whaleboat with a load of fish for Lahaina, about twelve miles away. They arrived there safely, sold their fish, and about 8 o'clock started in a dead calm to row back. A light breeze sprang up and they hoisted sail, making the sheet fast. A sudden squall capsized them before they could ease off the sheet. The boat became waterlogged and began drifting out to sea. They were at the time a mile or two from Kaapnapali Landing, Maui. They made a float with four oars and the mast, and with this to help them, two of the natives, at their own request, started to swim ashore to get help.

After awaiting their return for three hours in vain Devauchelle and his remaining companion, Dan Pawaa, came to the conclusion that the two men had failed to reach the shore by swimming. They made a float of the boom and gaff and all that was left of the boat's gear and started. The current carried them in the direction of Napili, and they were able to gradually make their way toward the shore. When within half a mile of it they discovered, to their consternation, that the current was settling against them and that in spite of all their efforts they were drifting farther away—this time in the direction of Molokai, which seemed to them to be about ten miles distant. They therefore made up their minds to swim toward the shore of that island. They seemed to be making considerable headway, and by sunset were, as near as could be judged by the line of breakers on the reef, four or five miles from the shore.

They had moonlight until nearly midnight, when the moon set. By this time Dan Pawaa was becoming exhausted and could barely keep himself afloat. Thereupon Duvauchele gave up the float to him entirely, placing him on the middle of it, and he himself swam without the assisting buoyancy of the float. When about 500 yards from the shore of a little rocky inlet, about a mile from the Molokai coast, Pawaa was overcome with exhaustion, and bidding Duvauchelle good-by, dropped from the float, sunk and never rose. Duvauchelle succeeded about an hour later in reaching the rock and dragging himself, wounded and bleeding, beyond the reach of the waves, where he fell asleep from exhaustion, not awakening until past noon the next day. Then he swam to the Molokai shore, a mile away, and made his way home.

BEAR TREES THREE BOYS.

Mickey McGowan, William Corey and George Barry, the latter colored, were gunning for rabbits near Cahoonzie, writes the Port Jervis, N. Y., correspondent of the New York World, when they came upon a grove of chestnut trees. While filling their pockets with chestnuts, they were startled by a smashing in the undergrowth and the scampering of their dog for cover. Then a big bear, with a chain and steel trap fast to one leg, came into view.

The boys "egged it" for the nearest trees after McGowan had put a charge of birdshot into the animal's shoulder. Barry turned a shade of white, when the bear nearly grabbed his leg as he was going up a tree trunk. The bear retired a few feet and the log, which was fast to the chain holding the trap, caught between two scrub oak trees, holding it fast.

Seeing that the bear was fast, the two white boys slid down from their perches and said they were going home. Barry begged his chums not to leave him. Getting their guns the boys poured a double dose of birdshot into Bruin's hide. The bear, badly wounded, renewed his efforts to release himself.

The noise and the shots attracted George Boyd, who was hunting near by. The boys, having reloaded their guns, they and Boyd poured a fatal volley into the bear's body.

Modern Conversation.

We should all be bored to death if we were called upon to dine with some of the notable conversationalists of former days. To begin with, our dinners are happily much too short for the kind of conversation that illumined the feast aforetime. We have cut down our courses, reduced the number of our wines and accelerated the pace at which we have dinners served. Consequently we have to say all there is to be said in crystallized form. In short, we have to come to the point without delay.—The Lady's Pictorial.

Traveled Eggs.

Thirteen hundred crates of American eggs have just left the cold storage chambers at Southampton for New York. They have already been conveyed from America to Cape Town, and from the latter port to Southampton, and on Tuesday the White Star liner Majestic took them back to the consignor.—Lloyd's Weekly.