THE QUEENSTOWN NEWS.

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By making the Duma a recognized possibility as a route to Siberia, contends the Washington Star, the Czar can be sure of inspiring caution.

Rats in a Nashua church ate up $50 worth of hymns. Yet naturalist fakirs say, retorts the Boston Record, rodents have no taste for music.

Luther Burbank predicted that his thornless cactus would be feed for mules. An Ohio man, notes the New York American, has lived five days on it.

Some men who believe in making the most of their opportunities, sighs the Philadelphia Record, unfortunately regard every other man as an opportunity.

The Newport society girl who rises at daylight to milk five cows, declares the Louisville Courier-Journal, is probably making a choice against the evil of sitting up after dark at monkey dinners.

The Ohio Penitentiary News has suspended owing to the fact that there are no printers incarcerated in the "big stir." There are plenty of opportunities, however, sneers the Commoner, to start a bank there.

No State ever came into the Union exactly as Oklahoma has just done. It comes, grown to manhood within a very few years, with an area twice as great as that of Ohio and a population as large as that of Ohio in 1840, thirty-eight years after it was admitted.

The five principal fire insurance companies of Japan decided to combine and to charge a fixed and considerably increased rate; but the project has now encountered a serious obstacle on the part of foreign insurance companies, who have combined with minor Japanese companies to offer rates considerably lower than those charged by the big five combine.

The New York Tribune remarks: Surely no other of the many plans for the Robert E. Lee memorial suggested by contributors to the memorial fund combines so many essential features as does the proposal to give the money to some Southern university as an endowment. Such an investment would be both commemorative and useful. Furthermore, those who might later wish to honor the memory of Lee could at any time contribute a mite or a million to the endowment.

The people who buy precious stones on the theory that they are a good investment property to lay by for a rainy day will receive a rude shock from the news that pawnbrokers are now advancing only ten per cent. of the value of diamonds and lesser stones, while jewelers are exceedingly loath to purchase even the choicest gems. Perhaps this may be a lesson to those who have been hoarding money in wholly unproductive forms at the rate of several hundred millions of dollars annually. The New York Tribune suggests that high school students casting about for a fresh, snappy topic for debate might take this: Whom should the bankers and business men growl more harshly at, the depositor who leaves his money most of the time in the bank but withdraws it during a week of panic or the man who ties up his money in diamonds and then tries to cash them in during hard times?

Our foreign trade continues to grow. The merchandise exports of the last fiscal year exceeded by $136,986,500 those of the previous year, which were the largest up to that time; while the imports made a still greater jump—$207,836,600 over the last and largest previous record. We were left with a suppositious trade balance in our favor of $446,449,932, which would seem to be large enough, but is nearly seventy-one millions smaller than the one we rolled up last fiscal year. This does not take into account the silver and gold imports which leave an apparent unsettled balance in our favor of $397,182,715. But the idea that this is an asset we can draw on, "as good as gold," is no longer tenable, avers the Country Gentleman. That was an hallucination of the salad years of the century. It is now known that there is nothing coming to us, that however enormous our foreign trade, it always balances exactly, that we always get prompt payment for everything we send abroad. Students of statistics have been estimating on what becomes of the four hundred millions or so that other nations seem to owe us at the close of each fiscal year; they find that our foreign debt, instead of diminishing, tends to increase, and that the great credit balance is paid back in dividends and interest, in the expenditures of American travelers in Europe, in countless remittances of immigrants and in freights to foreign vessel owners. Merchandise imports also are increasing faster than exports, and a continuance of this tendency must ultimately reduce even our apparent credits. Nevertheless, we are doing an enormous business with the rest of the world and are doubtless reaping princely profits.

DON'T YOU MIND.

I.

Trouble—don't you mind it, and don't you mind the care,
Push 'em all behind you, and dream of heavens fair.
The sorrows that, like shadows, come falling 'cross the way
Will fade before the sunbeams and blossoming of May.

II.

Don't you mind the thunder, and skies that threaten, low,
Don't you mind the wind sighs that keep a-wailing so;
For every sigh we hear, dear, there'll come a lilting tune—
For every bit of trouble there'll come the smiles of June!

III.

Don't you mind the grieving—grief must play its part;
Tears must blind the sight, dear, ere joy creeps in the heart.
Don't you mind the thistles that wound the weary feet—
We must know the bitter that we may know the sweet!

—Will F. Griffin, in Milwaukee Sentinel.

A Neglected Warning.

CHAPTER I.

Freda Montgomery was quite accustomed to wandering alone about the Sierra Morena foothills near her father's cabin. She had the soul of a poet, and her eyes never tired of the wild beauty that met them whichever way they turned.

One day she had scaled the fence of a cliff, clinging with feet and hands to such crevices and projections as she could find, until she reached a certain point from which she had long wished to look across Santa Clara Valley toward the Monte Diablo range.

But how could she look outward with her face turned toward the cliff?

On the top of the next ledge above grew a gigantic oak tree; one of its limbs curved downward and stretched an erratic branch over the cliff, just near enough for Freda to grasp. Relying upon it for support, she turned about, facing the beautiful valley, but also facing a fearful chasm into which even she scarcely dared look.

The cliff behind her slanted slightly inward, and, for the sake of a better view, Freda loosened her hold upon the branch and leaned backward. As she did so the branch flew far above her reach, and a great stone that had been weighting the upper limb, having been caught in a crotch of the branches, crashed downward, nearly striking her feet on its way.

Freda forgot the beauty of Santa Clara Valley then; she leaned hard against the cliff and set her feet firmly over the slight projections upon which her life depended, and then she tried to think. She could move neither upward nor downward with her face toward the chasm; there was no escape for her unless she could turn toward the cliff; the juts on which her feet rested were so small that it was impossible to turn without clinging to something with her hands; there was nothing for her hands to cling to!

Such a review of the situation passed quickly through Freda's mind.

Realizing her awful peril she cried out, with scarce a hope of being heard:

"Father, father, help me, save me!"

Before the echo of her voice had died away an answer floated softly down from some one overhead:

"Stand very still; be brave; help is coming!"

But the tones were unfamiliar. The voice was not her father's.

Almost immediately the branch above was pressed downward until she was again able to seize it.

"Turn very cautiously," directed the voice. "Do you feel safe now?"

"Quite, thanks," said Freda, rather faintly.

"Can you let go the branch until I climb back to the ledge and return again?"

"Yes."

"I want to fetch my overcoat and tear it up to make a rope to let down to you."

"I can climb to the ledge now without help," said Freda, with returning courage.

"Do not attempt it, I beseech you!" pleaded the voice, but she was already making the ascent, moving rapidly, determined to prevent the sacrifice of the overcoat.

Near the top a pair of hands, strong as an athlete's, yet white as a woman's, reached down, drew her lightly to the place of safety, and deposited her on the grass at the foot of the tree.

"There, little one, take breath. I shall not allow you to speak a word until you have rested," said the gentle voice—gentle and yet masterful.

Freda closed her eyes and leaned her head against the mossy tree trunk. She was, indeed, half fainting from the reaction following her danger and her terror. How safe she felt! From the ledge an easy path went down to the road—and how she trusted her new protector!

By and by a leaf cup filled with water from a spring was held against her lips.

She drank eagerly, and afterward opened her eyes and sat straighter, feeling strong again.

On the grass before her, looking with anxious kindness into her face, knelt a man of perhaps twenty-four years of age, with grave blue eyes and a somewhat delicate face, smooth-shaven.

"Sir," said Freda, "you have saved my life; you have—"

"Do not speak of it."

"Oh, but I must speak of it! My father is two miles away; he could never have heard me. Before he came to this particular spot to seek for me I should have become numb and dizzy and fallen among the rocks. I can never thank you enough."

"Then do not try."

"But how do you know—"

"There—what matters? It was all an accident; but well for you that I saw your danger, and was near enough to help you. Even if the branch had grown ever so low and been ever so strong, you were hazarding your life to go up there at all; do you know that?"

"I suppose so; but the valley was very beautiful seen from there," said Freda, in self-excuse. "Up here the branches and a spur of the hills partly spoil our outlook."

"You must be an artist, to care so much."

"No, I am only Freda—Freda Montgomery. But I love to look at beautiful things."

Two hours slipped away before Freda thought of going home.

In that time the acquaintance progressed rapidly, and when Percy Leeling said good-by to Freda it was at her father's door, and with a promise to call the next day.

"Father," said Freda, that evening, "I have something to tell you."

"Found a bird's nest to-day, I suppose?"

"No; guess higher."

"Not a nugget of gold?"

"No; nothing like money, but a grand, handsome—"

"There, there, child, don't bother me. I have to plan about getting the gold out of that pocket in the creek before some other fellow finds it. You can tell me your wonderful discoveries any time, can't you?"

"I suppose so."

A few evenings later Mr. Montgomery said:

"You look very rosy to-night; you haven't discovered gold, have you?"

"No, father, something a great deal better."

"What, better than gold? Not diamonds?"

"No, father; how to be happy without gold or diamonds."

"Nonsense, child! Where do you get such silly notions?"

"May I tell you about it?"

"No, no, not to-night; I've no patience to listen to fairy tales; I'm too busy with thoughts of gold."

"You think of gold all the time, don't you, father?"

"Never mind, chick. One of these days you shall help me to spend it. Your beauty shall shine from a proper setting of jewels, and silks and laces; then you will be really happy."

"Perhaps."

"Absurd child, of course you will."

CHAPTER II.

About two weeks after the first meeting of Percy and Freda, Mr. Montgomery went home at an unusual hour and found the two conversing earnestly in his cabin.

Both rose at his entrance and Freda said:

"Dear father, this is Percy—Mr. Percy Leeling."

"Who the dickens is Mr. Percy Leeling, and what do you know about him that you dare receive him alone in my absence?" demanded Mr. Montgomery.

Percy began to explain, but was silenced by a gesture.

"Let her speak first," said the father; "she is simple and easily imposed upon, but she will say what is true."

"So will he," declared Freda loyally. "He is a noble young man; he saved my life."

"From a garter snake, I dare say," scornfully commented Mr. Montgomery. "And then you invited him to the house, did you?"

"Yes, father; and he could only come forenoons, and then you are never at home. I tried to tell you, and you were always too busy to listen."

"A likely story! Can only come forenoons, indeed!"

"Yes, father. In the afternoons he is making maps or something with the others. He is a geologist; he goes round finding out about the stones."

"A prospector! Locating mines!" cried Mr. Montgomery, angrily. "I see through the whole mystery now; he is scheming to learn from you the situation of that pocket in the rocks—my mine—my gold! If you have told him—"

Percy laid a warning hand on Mr. Montgomery's arm.

"Sir," he said; "there are some forms of injustice that I will not endure. Your daughter is not a blabber; I am not a thief. I have asked nothing about you or your affairs, and Freda has told me nothing."

"Then what brought you here?" demanded Mr. Montgomery.

"I came to talk with Freda."

"Do you intend to marry her?"

"Oh, father, how can you be so dreadful!" cried Freda, covering her face with her hands.

"We never spoke of such things," said Percy.

"That's neither here nor there. Do you intend to marry her, or do you not?" thundered Mr. Montgomery.

"I do not," replied Percy, folding his arms and standing proudly erect, though a ghastly pallor spread suddenly over his haughty, handsome face.

"I think I understand you," said Mr. Montgomery, pointing toward the door.

"In that you are mistaken. You do not understand me; you misinterpret everything. I will go, but first I wish to speak with Freda."

"Not one word shall you speak to Freda to-day or any other day. Do you see this revolver? I give you three minutes to leave the premises. If I ever see you here after that time, I'll blow your brains out."

"Of course I will go. I am unarmed and at your mercy."

CHAPTER III.

One evening Mr. Montgomery opened his door in response to a knock, and was confronted by the muzzle of a revolver in the hand of Percy Leeling.

"Hold up your hands!" said Percy.

And Mr. Montgomery obeyed, as men usually do under like circumstances.

"I have no desire to harm you," said Percy, "but I have news for you, and didn't want to give you a chance to shoot me before I told it, so I took this way to make myself safe. I happened to overhear a conversation today from which I learned that this house is to be entered at 12 o'clock to-night by some robbers who believe that you keep gold at home. I will remain here until that hour, and afford you all the protection and assistance in my power if you will accept help from me."

"I have no faith in your story. It is only trumped up to get an evening with Freda. There are no robbers in this country," said Mr. Montgomery.

"I beg you will at least send Freda across the hill to visit Miss Marsh, her teacher, over night," pleaded Percy.

"And let you wait for her along the road, and fill her ears with nonsense? No, just take yourself away, and I'll trust the rest of the world," said the obstinate old man.

Percy withdrew immediately.

He had another plan to be pursued if this failed, and midnight found him, with a sheriff and two deputies, following close, spurring his horse through a pass of the hills, riding toward the cabin of the Montgomerys as he never rode before.

"Too late! Oh, Freda, Freda!" burst from Percy's lips like a groan.

He had heard firing in the cabin.

Just as they reached the yard gate the cabin door flew open and two men, alarmed by the tramp of horses' feet, rushed out and disappeared in the darkness, pursued by the sheriff and deputies.

Upon entering the cabin Percy found Mr. Montgomery lying on the floor in a pool of blood, and Freda kneeling beside him, trying bravely to bind his wounds.

"No use, child, no use; I'm past saving! I wish I had listened to the warning I received! What made the robbers run without my gold—your gold after to-night?"

"The sheriff, father; Percy brought the sheriff!"

"Always Percy! He is a better man—than I thought! Are you there, Leeling?"

"Just here! Let me lift you upon the bed."

"No time; I want to talk before—the breath—leaves me! Forgive a foolish old fellow!"

"Most heartily."

"I wish you had wanted—to marry Freda. I wish you—had loved her!"

"I did—I do love her, but she would never have believed in my love for her, nor would you have believed, either, if I had seemed driven to marry her at the point of a revolver! Besides, when I learned that you had a mine that was a bar, because I was poor. But my life has suddenly changed. I have received an inheritance, and if I knew that Freda loved me—"

Freda slipped her hand into his.

"Shall we pledge ourselves to each other in his presence?" whispered Percy.

The little hand clung yet more tightly to his and Freda flashed a bright smile at him from between her tears.

"If I knew—that you—would—take care—of her—" came faintly from the lips of the dying man.

"I will. Do you feel our hands clasped over yours? Freda will be my wife—loved and honored to the end of my life. Are you satisfied?"

"Thank heaven!"

These were the last words of Mr. Montgomery.

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Freda remained with Miss Marsh a short time after her father's funeral, and then, simply and quietly, she was married to Percy and went with him far away from the cabin among the foothills.—New York Weekly.

SCIENCE & MECHANICS

The use of air baths for curing nervous complaints is spreading rapidly in Germany.

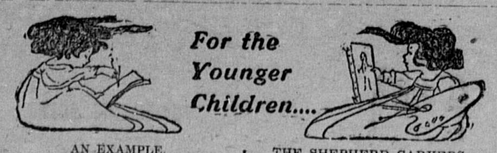
Asphaltic layers have been found in Syria, near Kferie, a village about twenty-five miles northeast of the port of Latakia, along the road leading toward Aleppo, which have been declared by competent mining engineers to be not only rich in asphalt but also practically inexhaustible.

It is reported that McCullogh peak, the volcanic mountain which was described and pictured in the Scientific American of October 26 last, has practically vanished. Thrown up to a height of more than 3000 feet by volcanic activity, it has now sunk until it barely rises above water. It is believed that the subsidence was a sudden one, due to an earthquake.

F. J. Cross, who is in the employ of the Fiji Government, and who was sent as special representative of the Colonial Office in London to report on the proposal to connect British Columbia with Australia by wireless, declares the proposition to be easily workable, and stations are now being erected at Fiji. The biggest jump will be from Vancouver Island to Fanning Island.

The German army authorities have just commenced, and will continue until January 15, 1908, an important series of experiments in wireless telegraphy at Metz and Strasburg, and at the six leading fortresses of Konigsberg, Thorn, Danzig, Posen, Cologne and Mainz. One thousand reservists, who have served as military telegraphists, have been called upon to work with those now serving with the army.

In this age of almost instantaneous communications of ideas and facts the leading countries keep pretty close together in the march of progress in medicine and surgery, as in all other matters. In certain branches of medicine and surgery one country may be in advance of another, but upon the whole there is not much difference. In the essentials they are about abreast of one another.



AN EXAMPLE.

Twenty-four bricks all in a row;
Upset one and the others go.
Thus the very first brick to fall
Sets an example to them all.
And so it must be plain to you
The good or evil one may do.
—Arthur Macy, in Youth's Companion.

THE HOME GUARD.

They gave it up in the nursery, these twelve little girls, and all the mammas and papas, and big sisters and fond aunties, and other admiring relatives and friends came to see and applaud.

There was a platform at the end of the room, at least, they called it a platform, though it was really a chalk dividing line on the dark carpet. A curtain was strung across, and the little upright piano that Edith and Lucy used for everyday practice was pushed close to this improvised stage, with Miss Brown, governess, as musical director.

The Home Guard had the approval of everybody, and there was in consequence much excitement over their entertainments. The Home Guard consisted of these twelve little girls whose mission it was to have tidiness wherever they came, and this drill, as the program announced, was to show how they did it.

When the bell rang the curtain was pulled aside, and the twelve, in dust caps and aprons, each with a gay dust pan and broom, marched forward to Miss Brown's inspiring music, and drilled so gracefully and prettily that the audience went wild, and they were forced to do it again and again, until the curtain was ordered down, and poor Miss Brown's hands lay limp on the piano.

After ten minutes' delay the bell rang again and they marched out, with their skirts tucked up. They carried wooden buckets, scrubbing brushes and bars of soap. At the first signal from Miss Brown they set their buckets on the floor; at another signal they dropped on their knees; at a third they dipped their brushes in the buckets (no real water), rubbed the soap upon them, and then began to scrub, in time to pretty music, doing it so rythmically and well that again they brought down the house. They scrubbed to encores until their knees ached, and they retired covered with glory.

The next figure was dish washing; a long table made of two carpenters' "horses," with a wide board laid across, occupied the front of the stage, and again the twelve, carrying bright tin dishpans and mops, with a dish towel slung over the right arm, ranged themselves down the side facing the audience. At the first signal the dishpans were set down with a clash of the tin, the mops were stirred round in imaginary water and the whole motion of dish washing was gone through, still to the pretty flowing accompaniment.

The Home Guard next appeared with dusters, and this drill was the cleverest of all, for it was very hard to keep time with the feather dusters in one hand and the chamois cloths in the other, and the precision with which they fell upon one article after the other made everybody laugh.

All went away, thoroughly satisfied with the Home Guard, and feeling sure that if this was a sample of their skill they were on a fair road to becoming excellent housekeepers.—Washington Star.

JOHNNY'S RECITATION.

A seven-year-old orator made his debut in front of a large audience at a west side club house the other night. His deluded but loving family who had egged him on to this sacrifice were mostly with him in the dressing room; they wanted to be sure that his bangs did not fall over his eyes and obstruct the view of his mother, father, aunts, uncles and cousins in reserved seats in front.

"Now, Johnny," said his mother "be sure you make a nice bow."

"You bet I will," said Johnny, with a swagger.

"And let your hands fall easily by your side, like this," and his father struck an attitude.

"Of course," said Johnny.

"Are you sure you know your piece?" asked his sister.

"Yep," said Johnny, and he recited the first two lines:

I wish I had a little dog,
To pat him on the head.

"That's right, he'll do splendidly," remarked his mother. "You'll go on in a minute now, and we must get into our seats. Don't you be scared a bit, Johnny."

"Whoth thcared?" asked Johnny, who began to feel a sinking at the knees, while his heart began to rise until it was in his mouth, and then somebody was pushing him forward, and he saw a lot of faces, not one of which he had ever seen before, and it was lighter than any electric search light he had ever seen. "Speak up now," said the manager. "Make your bow and say your piece."

Johnny made his bow and the audience applauded, but he had difficulty in finding his tongue. His hands hung down as his father had suggested, making him look like a little wooden man, and when he forgot and stuffed them into his pockets the audience applauded again. The manager took that opportunity for a stage whisper:

"Speak up, now," and he began the first line. Then Johnny said in a strange, hoarse voice:

I wish I had a little pat,
To dog him on the head.

Roars of laughter. Frantic demonstrations on the part of Johnny's family. He began again.

I wish I had a little pat,
To head him on the dog.

His father rose in his seat; that added to Johnny's confusion. Again the brave boy essayed:

I wish I had a little dog,
To head him on the pat.

Then a weary family took Johnny by the hand and led him home.—Detroit News-Tribune.

THE SHEPHERD CARVERS.

There are few lonelier lives in the world than those lived by shepherds in the high meadows of the California Sierras. All alone they follow their sheep, seeing no one for many months of the year but the sheep, their dogs and perhaps an occasional traveler. Probably this solitude dries up the springs of speech, for they are said to be very silent when they do encounter any one.

One of these strange men is a Basque from the Pyrenees. A lean, dark visaged, ragged fellow, he is now and then overtaken by some wanderer in the mountains. Along the trail before him his sheep feed; his mongrel collie hangs at his heels. He may raise his stick in mute salutation, he may slouch by without a sign. Yet this uncouth being has one talent; he can carve. His amusement is carving quaint sheep buckles out of bone. Every herd has its bellwether, about whose neck hangs a bell. The bell depends from a leather collar, and it is these buckles of these collars that this old Basque shepherd and some of these other Sierra shepherds make in the course of their lonely days. Sometimes a buckle represents a summer's work, for some of them are very elaborate. Some are in the semblance of saints or angels, some have the monograms of the sheep owners or of the shepherds in curious designs. All are patiently cut, bit by bit, with the pocketknife of the shepherd.—New York Tribune.

NAMES.

Your child naturally remembers his heritage from Adam, and loves to give names of his own to the animals and even to his comrades. There was a boy who used to go past the Brier-Patch and who was invariably called Butts-up by his fellows, because in making his dog-house he nailed all his shingles butt-ends up. That dog-house was a weird sight, even to a rabbit, and it caught every drop of rain and let in to fall on the shivering brute beneath. Curiously enough, this name, given by some true son of Adam, was more appropriate to all the boy's usual actions than the historic name his mother called him by. There is also a certain little girl who trips past the Brier-Patch, and, whenever she asks for the name of a thing, her father shakes his head and lets her name it herself. So she calls the owl Oo-hoo, and the young sparrows Peep-peep, and the monkey Make-a-face, and the water Lodle-odle, and the waves Tikoowuk, because that is what the waves are always saying to the rocks. In a few more years, besides seeing and thinking for herself, she will have a vocabulary not only more interesting, but nearer to the truth of nature than all the jargon of your scientists and the adjectives of your literary men.—"Briar-Patch Philosophy," by William J. Long.

A COMB CONCERT.

This all depends upon one's knowledge of music, whether the teeth of the combs are coarse or fine (a happy medium is better), the texture of the paper through which the breath is blown, the voice sent and the quality of the voice itself.

Take a straight comb of medium size and hold its teeth upward. Over this fold a piece of tissue paper, and hold this instrument close enough to your lips to make a buzzing sound as the voice comes through.

Have some one play an accompaniment, some well known air, which will be carried out on the comb. The effect is often delightful, for the comb music, if well played, reminds one of a violin, and if clever the performer may put little shades and touches to carry out the impression.

Two or three combs, if chosen with an eye to harmony, would make quite an orchestra, with little effort. Even without the piano the combs provide good rainy day music for the nursery.—New Haven Register.

HABIT OF POLITENESS.

Japan is the country in which habits of politeness begin to be formed with the first training of the child. Should the children, when emerging from school, see a stranger on the opposite side of the street, they courtesy, and, having made an exceedingly respectful bow, pass on. This civility is repeated by all the pupils. It makes a very pretty picture, and illustrates the polite bearing of the Japanese, who are thus trained to civility from childhood. Before a baby can speak, almost before it can toddle along, it is taught to lift the hand to the forehead on receiving a gift. Every child will make this signal of respect and gratitude without reminder from parents.—Indianapolis News.

Because Washington is Dead.

One of the most impressive of the ceremonies prescribed in the chapter on "Honors and Distinctions" of the United States Navy Regulations is that to be followed when a vessel of the navy, on its way up or down the Potomac River, passes Washington's tomb at Mount Vernon. Unfortunately the observance of this ceremonial is limited to smaller ships, as for such only is the Potomac at this point navigable. The despatch-boat Dolphin, the President's yachts Mayflower and Sylph, and the smaller cruisers and gunboats that occasionally visit Washington for Presidential inaugurations or similar events, observe the ceremonial so strictly that it would seem through infrequent occurrence it gains in interest. When any naval vessel approaches Mount Vernon the marine guard and the band are paraded, the ship's bell is tolled, and the colors half-masted. When opposite Washington's tomb the bugles sound "taps," the marine guard presents arms and all officers and men stand at attention and salute.—Harper's Weekly.

PLUCK and ADVENTURE

MAJOR STONER'S BEAR.

While Major Stoner was living in Johnstown, and not long after he commenced housekeeping, a large bear came into his wheat field, doing no little mischief. To destroy this grain destroyer he erected a staging, and watched repeatedly for him, but his vigilance was all in vain, and the wheat, when ripe, was harvested. As the corn began to fill in the ear, bruin again thrust himself upon the hospitality of the major. His bearship soon found, however, as have some more worthy though less courageous, that the charities of the world are granted grudgingly to strangers. For several evenings after his first entrance the husbandman vainly sought an interview with his unwelcome guest, with malice aforethought rankling in his breast, death intent absorbing all his thoughts, and a rifle loaded with two balls resting on his arm.

At length, in one of his nightly watchings, he heard his dusky visitant testing the quality of the tender ears, and although the night was dark, he approached sufficiently near to gain an indistinct view of him, and instantly levelled and fired. At the report of his rifle, agreeably to concert, a large watch dog, confined in the house, was let out by Mrs. Stoner, and as the interloper retreated from the corn, was soon yelping at his heels. He leaped a fence into a field where a lot of flax had been spread, and after pursuing for some distance the dog returned home. In the morning blood was observed on the fence where the animal had crossed, and it was conjectured that if wounded he would not return. Imagine Stoner's surprise, therefore, the very next day, when a neighboring woman came running to his house, near which he chanced to be at work, to tell him that the bear had come back, and was then in her orchard, but a short distance off.

Leaving the dog confined in his dwelling, to be let out if he fired, armed with his rifle he ran to the orchard. He was not long in getting a shot, and soon the dog was at his side. The bear, badly wounded, was overtaken by Growler at the roots of a dry tree, and several times, as the former tried to ascend, the latter pulled him back. Without leaving his tracks after he fired, the sportsman, as was the custom, lodged another charge in his rifle. To his chagrin he found that the stopple to his powder horn was broken off, and he was obliged to cut a hole in the horn to obtain a charge of powder. This occasioned some delay in loading, and by the time he had finished his dog was crying most piteously. Not pleased with being so unceremoniously drawn back, the bear turned upon his adversary, and succeeded in getting a paw of the latter in his mouth.

A dog in distress never fails to bring down the vengeance of its owner upon the object causing it; and hurrying to the tree where was enacting the tug of war, he thrust the muzzle of the piece into bruin's mouth to pry open his jaws and liberate his canine friend. Not altogether pleased with the interference, the grain and apple eater struck a blow at the intruder with one of his monstrous paws, tearing off one leg of his pantaloons, and leaving the prints of his nails on the flesh. The end of the gun being still in the animal's mouth, he discharged it and blew out his brains. The yell of the dog attracted the attention of several neighbors, and just as Stoner fired a second time, Lieutenant Wallace and his hired man Hulster, arrived at the scene of action, armed with pitchforks.

The bear proved to be very large, and had one white paw. On examining, to learn the cause, it was found that one of the bullets fired at him in the cornfield had passed through the centre of a forefoot while in an erect position, and the animal had sucked it until the inner part was as white as snow.—The Trappers of New York.

BRAVERY OF THE TOILERS.

The disastrous mine explosion at Monongah, West Virginia, resulting in the death of approximately five hundred men, half of the force in two mines, recalls once more the dangers faced and the bravery displayed by the men who work with their hands.

This is but one of a long series of mine disasters entailing frightful loss of life. If it were possible to arrive at the comparative peril faced by the average soldier who goes into war and the average miner who battles with the flint rock and the firedamp, it would doubtless be found that the soldier's chance of life is the better of the two. If we laud the heroism and self-sacrifice of the one, why not those of the other? If either deserves excess of praise, why should it not be the miner, whose warfare does not aim at death and ruin, but rather at construction and life?

The danger risked by many other classes of workers is almost as great. Not long ago a New York clergyman proved that the average railway employe is in much greater peril of his life than the average murderer. By reliable figures he showed that in a given year, the percentage of railroad men who met death in accidents compared to the total number of railroad men employed in the country was two and one-half times as great as the percentage of men executed for murder compared with the total number of murders committed.

The peril to men in the building trades is scarcely less than that on the railways and in the mines. New Yorkers have visual evidence of the bravery required in the construction of the modern skyscraper. Men on flimsy scaffolds or on swaying girders hundreds of feet from the earth display bravery of as high an order as is called forth on the battlefield.

The same is true in other branches of labor. Almost every trade has its own peculiar peril. Firemen, sailormen, motormen, policemen—the like quality of courage is dem[illegible] all.

If it is true that "Peace h[illegible] victories no less renowned than [illegible] it is equally true that she calls [illegible] bravery no less heroic than w[illegible] New York American.

EACH LOST A FRIEND.

To save the lives of tw[illegible] workmen two ironworkers on [illegible] Blackwell's Island Bridge suffe[illegible] each the loss of a hand. A heavy steel plate was slipping out of position and would have fallen on thre[illegible] men on a platform fifteen feet below had not its progress been checked by grinding through the wrists of the two men who had been assigned to the work of setting the plate.

It was high in the air on the Ravenswood tower of the new bridge that the accident happened. The men charged with fitting the heavy plate into position were John J. McGlynn, of No. 1200 Van Alst avenue, Long Island City, and O. Jude, of No. 152 East Sixteenth street, Manhattan. Above and around them were a score of ironworkers clinging to the rising structure.

The plate on which McGlynn and Jude were working was almost in place, when something gave way and it began to slide off the supporting beams. Realizing that its fall meant death to the men below, both men thrust a hand into a crevice below the sliding plate to check its progress, at the same time shouting a warning to those below. The sharp edge of the plate caught McGlynn's left wrist and Jude's right wrist, crushing them, but the barrier of flesh and bone served to [illegible] ther sliding of the plate.

While men hurriedly [illegible] tackle to haul the plate back into position McGlynn and Jude were held to their positions by their crushed wrists. Ropes were tied about them to prevent their falling when the plate was removed, but neither of them fainted. They were lowered to the ground and attended by Dr. Hurley, who arrived with an ambulance from St. John's Hospital.

Jude's hand was almost completely severed, and Dr. Hurley removed it before taking him to the hospital. McGlynn's wrist was not cut through, but amputation was necessary.—From the New York Herald.

TREED BY A TIGRESS.

I was patrolling the jungle between two of my chowkies, accompanied by my jemadar, and [illegible] proaching a particularly thick [illegible] we were startled by hearing a roar almost at our feet. I co[illegible] pretty loudly to let him know we were near, but judging by growls he was disposed to dispute right of way.

As we were unarmed swift re[illegible] was the only way to escape the [illegible]ger. I soon found a tree, up which "shinned" till some twenty feet from the ground, but on looking round [illegible] my jemadar I found he was making frantic efforts to climb one, [illegible] slipped to the bottom after each [illegible]deavor. So I called him to my perch and had just hauled him up when a fine tigress emerged from the jungle, followed by two small cubs.

She passed under our tree and sauntered into the thicket, but reappeared a few minutes later, without the cubs, and remained watching us for some time apparently considering if it was worth while to claw us off our perches. After some embarrassing moments productive of the bluest of funks she disappeared, and my jemadar, who had been dumb while the interview lasted, found his voice and gave tongue in the most agonizing yells to the rest of our party, who were close behind, to come to our assistance.

No one, however, appeared, and it is well they did not, as the tigress would probably have attacked them. After remaining in the tree for an hour or so we descended and saw no more of our unwelcome visitor.—Madras Mail.

WOMEN CLIMB POPOCATAPETL.

Two plucky young American women, Miss Hortense Edy and Miss Octave Woodward, of Rockford, Ill., have arrived at the City of Mexico from a successful ascent of Popocatapetl volcano. They made the dangerous trip without the aid of guides, and are the first foreigners, either men or women, to accomplish this feat.

The weather was severe on the summit of the mountain and the other members of the party and the guides declined to make the ascent on account of the risk that would be incurred. The Misses Edy and Woodward went on alone, and after several hours of hard work and many thrilling experiences they reached the crest of the crater of the volcano.

By this time the snowstorm which had whirled about them during their ascent had given way to clear skies, and they obtained a magnificent view of the Valley of Mexico. They made the descent without accident and joined the faint hearted members of their party at the outfitting place at the foot of the mountain late at night.

Chicago Society Wholesome and Quiet

The home life of the Chicago millionaire is, on the whole, simple compared to the New Yorker of the exclusive set, says the Delineator. Too much display in livery is looked upon with a cold eye, and footmen with powdered wigs are too ornate for use. Japanese servants are in high favor just at present, and Chicago homes are practically filled with these little Orientals.

Chicago society has on the whole a wholesome tone. It does not hold with the private governess or tutor method of education, and it sends its sons and daughters to military schools and preparatory schools, and finally, sons and daughters alike, through college, if there is a chance that the mental calibre of the offspring can stand it.

Two or three seasons ago a famous debutante group made its bow—five Bryn Mawr graduates from five of Chicago's best families. Every one who knows anything about college knows that a Bryn Mawr degree is never given in a [illegible] proves that Chicago [illegible] ces s but [illegible] women.