THE QUEENSTOWN NEWS.

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It is a safe bet, to the New York American, that people will continue getting married, whatever the form of marriage license.

A correspondent inquires of the New York American whether it is better to marry for love or riches. It is better to marry for both.

A number of Americans who got rich quick, avers the Washington Star, are happy in the fact that Paris has not developed any scruples about tainted money.

A man was arrested in New York for singing in the streets. Wall Street is singing low just now, observes the Atlanta Journal, and any loud outburst of song is an insult.

The London News says that in April, May and June, 1907, eight British vessels were broken up or condemned, nine were abandoned at sea, five were burned at sea, fifteen perished in collisions, fifty-four were wrecked and eight were reported missing.

The farm may do well without the owner's hand, but not without his eye. When the old man loses the power of "eternal vigilance," declares the American Cultivator, he might as well let the boys take charge, else the profits will mostly leak out around the edges of the business.

His wife should be a man's best friend and closest partner. There should be no other woman or man to whom he would first go either for advice or for solace, admonishes the New York World. The evil of divorce stops not with the injury to the children, but reacts upon the parties themselves.

Avers the Pittsburg Dispatch: Grip may be a contagion carried in the atmosphere, but its spread is often more rapid than the movement of the air. It is a distressing thing in its manifestations, but it frightens more people than it kills. In fact, the fright is one of its most serious features.

In the political maneuvres of the day the moral qualities of the act depend on whose ox is gored. That has been a long-standing phenomenon of political ethics, laments the Pittsburg Dispatch; but it was never more saliently thrust upon the public attention by commanding figures in politics and the press than at present.

It becomes the imperative duty of those who can free themselves from the thraldom of tenancy to do so, and lead the way for others. It is the only solution of the rent evil, declares the New Haven Register, and incidentally the best means of heading off that spirit of socialism which finds one of its most lusty roots in this trouble between landlord and tenant.

Probably nothing is more destructive of the nation's timber resources than the demand for railroad crossties, declares the Pittsburg Dispatch. A bulletin from the Bureau of Forest Service at Washington informs us that during 1906 the steam and electric roads used over 100,000,000 ties at an average cost of forty-eight cents, equivalent to the total product of 600,000 acres of forest. Obviously, unless a good substitute is adopted, this demand will increase rapidly, for transportation facilities throughout the country are inadequate. Railroads must be built, double-tracked and so on, to meet the necessities of distribution of products.

As an example of this quiet but steady entry of women into public life, the writer, suggests the New York Evening Post, might have cited the election in the most conservative of all English cities, Oxford, as town councillor, at the head of the poll, of Miss Merivale, daughter of the distinguished historian, an expert in the matter of hygiene and of housing the poor. Certainly, no breaking up of meetings or attacking policemen, or raiding of the House of Commons, brought about so revolutionary an election as this. It would not have been possible had there not been the years of quiet preparation of the British public for such a change.

There are plenty of boys and girls for whom education is the best thing, who have but a limited power of absorbing culture and on whom it would be thrown away. They can easily be picked out by the time their school days are over. They may as well be plunged into education at once. The necessity of earning a living, or the satisfaction derived from learning something "useful" is probable the only motive that will drive them to acquire knowledge, and this should be appealed to remorselessly, argues Emily James Putnam, in Putnam's. Every sort of professional and technical education should be provided for them. But they should be marked off from the free-born who are not so soon to be put into harness, and for the free-born it would be well if we were to refuse to consider the expense, but to give them the most thorough, the most severe and the most delightful culture that we can provide.

"FETTERS OF GOLD."

By KATHARINE RENELL.

He sat alone in the big luxuriously furnished library. The room was oppressively still, but from without, through the closed double doors, came the faint strains of a languorous waltz.

A grim smile curled slowly round the corners of his mouth. It really was rather comic to make one's exit from the world to the sounds, not of a "Marche Funebre," but of dance music!

He touched almost affectionately the revolver lying on the table in front of him. It was expensive, the best of its kind, like everything else in this expensive house, it would not blunder, it would do its work well.

Just one pull at the trigger, and then—ah!—respite from misery, freedom from care—eternal sleep. He leaned back in his chair and his eyes strayed, half mechanically, to the little Sevres clock on the mantelpiece. Half past eleven. In another thirty minutes—at midnight—he had made up his mind to die.

Leaning back, with half closed eyes, he thought over his past life. It is said that the dying—and he, surely, was practically that—sometimes see their whole lives pass before them in full review, and now he was seeing his. He saw it all from the very beginning. The childhood in his grandmother's log cabin on the bleak Irish bog; the flight, as a lad of sixteen, to England, because, in his miserable home he had been treated worse than a dog; the poverty, the hardships, the marriage, when he was barely twenty, to a girl of seventeen, and then, just as if the young wife had acted as a mascot—as, laughingly, in those days he had often told her that she had—the gradual turning of his luck. He had "struck ile," as the vulgar saying expressed it, and the man who had been little better than a beggar at twenty had, at forty, become a millionaire.

A millionaire! He opened his eyes and glanced—the grim smile still on his face—round the splendid room. Who would have thought that the poor, beaten, half-starved little urchin of the log cabin was going to blossom out, some day, into a business genius? And who would have thought, too—and the smile grew grimmer—that the man who had proved himself to have such a splendid talent for organization, such a wonderful "grip" of his trade, would be a fool at gambling, and fritter his vast fortune away?

His fingers strayed again to the weapon which was to bring him his freedom. To-night nobody knew anything; to-morrow it would be in all the papers that John Dolan, the millionaire, was ruined.

His ruin had been creeping upon him stealthily for years. He had gambled—foolishly, heartlessly, recklessly. He had seen everything, all the money that he had striven for, in sweat and blood, slipping from his grasp—and he had not cared! And why had the wealth, which he had spent the best years of his manhood in striving for, proved such dust and ashes to him that, when he lost it, he did not mind?

A look of intense bitterness crept into his eyes. Ah! he had loved her, the pretty village maiden he had made his wife! They had been happy in the poor little poverty-stricken home—happier far than he, at any rate, had ever been in Grosvener square. And then? Then the money had begun to come in, and they had drifted apart. Mary had such a big house now to attend to—she had her visitors, her gayeties, her numerous rounds of what she called her "duty" calls. It takes three generations to make a gentleman, they say; it only takes about three years, he reflected half humorously, half bitterly, to make a lady. He had never been a gentleman—never would be one, he knew—and he remembered his sudden feeling of amazement, of shock, when he had seen his wife on the occasion of her presentation at court. Mary, at twenty, had been shy, awkward, a typical country miss, nothing more; at thirty, she had the ease and graciousness of a young queen. She had carried herself superbly; her little head—on which the diamond tiara had seemed to him to twinkle with mocking derisive eyes—was poised proudly on the slender throat. She wore her court train, her feathers, as if she had been accustomed to such gorgeous raiment all her life. Mary had very soon adapted herself to the role of grand dame.

And then the children! In the cottage home they had been a never-ending source of delight. Well he remembered how he came back in the evenings tired from his work, they would meet him in the doorway, these four beings whom he loved; the baby crowing on Mary's shoulder; Harry, the boy; Molly, the eldest girl, clinging to her skirts. Then, after tea, they would gather round the fire, and, with Mary sitting beside him, her soft arm round his neck, they two would talk eagerly of the business which he had just in an humble way begun to start, and make plans—half jokingly—of the wonderful things which they were going to do "when they got rich!" Harry, the boy, should be sent to a good school—he had always sorely felt the lack of education in his own life, and determined that, if wealth ever did come to him, his son should not suffer in the same way. Molly and Baby—the darlings, they were so pretty!—they should have the loveliest frocks that money could buy, they had actually been realized!

Harry had had a good education, and, in his first term at Harrow, he had realized bitterly that his son despised him. He was "common," and Harry was a gentleman—made so by his gold; and now that the Harrow days were over and a crack regiment had been entered by the idle, good-for-nothing young man, who would never have had the brains or the energy to make the fortune which his father had, he knew that he was despised still more.

Molly and Baby—Kathleen she was called now—had had the "loveliest frocks that money could buy." They had inherited their mother's beauty, while "poor papa's bourgeoise," as they called it, had been fortunately left out. Molly was married—to the eldest son of a peer; Kathleen, the younger girl, was expected to make an equally brilliant match. There had been a rich young American at her feet all the season; in the few hurried conversations which, in her whirl of social distractions, Mary found time to have with him, she had told him that it was "to bring the thing to a satisfactory climax" that this ball was being given to-night.

Well, they were well provided for—those whom he was leaving behind. If they were going to be left helpless he would not have done it—would not have recklessly gambled away his fortune, would not have thrown away his life—but they were left with settled prospects. Harry's money had been settled on him when he came of age; nobody could touch that; the girls would have wealthy husbands, and Mary—

A shadow fell across the stern, grave face. Mary was a beautiful woman, she was fairly young—under fifty still—she would marry again.

Doubtless after the first shock was over, she would be glad to be released from the "common" husband of whom, he had guessed long ago, she was ashamed.

The clock on the mantelpiece chimed out 12. Without a moment's hesitation, he stood up. With his right hand he raised the revolver to his temple.

The door opened, and his wife came into the room.

Quick as lightning he hid the deadly revolver behind his back. Anxiously, he searched her face. No, she had not seen the revolver.

"John, I have come to fetch you. Is it not rather rude for you to hide yourself in here, away from all your guests?" She came slowly toward him. Yes, Mary was certainly a most beautiful woman—a young looking woman, too. In her white brocade dress, diamonds shimmering on her neck and in her hair, she looked almost like one of her own daughters. And yet—he had loved her best in the sun bonnet and pink frock.

"I hate my guests," he answered. He spoke roughly. "What do they come for? To feast in my house, drink my champagne, and laugh at me behind my back directly they have left!"

"John! I wish you would not talk like that. You won't come to the ballroom, then?"

"No."

"Why not?"

She looked up at him. He softened a little at the sweet wistfulness of her face. After all, they had loved each other once.

"I—I am busy. I have something else to do—just now."

He clutched feverishly at the weapon behind his back. What a mercy that she had not seen it!

She sighed. It seemed to him—or was it fancy?—that the wistfulness on her face deepened a little. A shadow fell across it.

"That is what it has been for years, John. You have always been 'busy.' Making money, I suppose."

He did not answer, and she moved to a sofa and sat down. He noticed how the softly shaded electric lamp drew out the rich tints in her hair.

"I—I have something to tell you," she said, gently, "about Kathleen. I thought, as the girl's father, that you would, perhaps, be interested"—

He laughed.

"Kathleen herself has never betrayed the slightest interest in, or affection for, me since she was ten years old. Why should I be interested in her?"

It was rather a cruel taunt, to the girl's own mother, but Mary ignored it. She sat very still, gazing straight before her, and he saw a tender maternal look steal over her face.

"Young Vanderveldt has proposed to her to-night. She has just told me. I hope—I hope the dear child will be happy."

"There is small doubt of that. He has tons of money, hasn't he?" Again he laughed. The laughter sounded bitter and hard.

His wife looked at him. There was a half puzzled, half reproachful expression in the large grey eyes.

"Why do you talk like that, John? Why do you look so white, so—so—odd?"

His laughter had died down, but it left a lingering smile—cruel, mocking—on his lips.

"You interrupted me," he said, harshly; "your entrance just now was—was ill timed."

"What were you going to do?" The clear, steady eyes were still fixed on his face. There was something about Mary to-night—her stillness, her gentleness—which, somehow, irritated him. It acted on his already overstrung nerves as a match applied to a torch. With a sort of bravado—defiance—he withdrew the revolver from behind his back and brandished it in front of her face.

"Blow my brains out!" he cried. It was cheap melodrama, but he had expected Mary to be impressed by it. He had expected her to scream—possibly, faint. Instead, however, she sat quite still. Only the sudden whitening of her face, the sudden little catch in her breath, betrayed that she had even heard at all. Then, suddenly, she got up from her seat.

"Why?" she asked.

He was amazed—and, perhaps, a trifle disappointed—at her coolness. Then a thought struck him. Mary thought that he was suddenly stricken with madness, and her attitude of calm collectedness was the one which she considered wisest to adopt toward a lunatic. Well, he would show her that his desperate words and action had not been the idle ravings of a maniac—that he was in deadly earnest.

He laid the revolver down on the table, and caught hold of her hands.

"Because I am ruined!" he said. The small hands within his trembled, but still Mary did not flinch—still the lovely, gentle eyes were fixed calmly on his face.

"Ruined!" he repeated, and his voice was low and hoarse. "They think I am a millionaire, the people dancing and feasting to-night in my house. To-morrow, the whole world will know that my money is lost! I am a beggar!"

"But how have you lost it?"

He let go her hands suddenly, and threw his out with a gesture of despair. He did not notice that, directly her hands were released, she snatched up the deadly weapon on the table and concealed it behind her back.

"Gambling! Oh, you didn't know that I was a gambler, did you? For the last ten years I have been fritting my hard earned money away. I gambled on the stock exchange, on the turf, at Monte Carlo—those annual visits which I paid there, when I always would go alone, were simply to indulge my awful passion—and I always—always—lost!"

"But why in the name of heaven did you do it?"

She did not treat him to tears, abuses or reproach. She simply stood there calmly, and looked him straight in the face.

Almost unconsciously, he hung his head. Before, he had not been in the least ashamed of himself. He had thought his conduct—taking into consideration the fact that he was unhappy in his home—perfectly justified. Now—well, some people might think that to ruin your wife and children by gambling, and then bring further disgrace on them by committing suicide, the action of a brute and a cad.

"Because—oh, because I was miserable, reckless, mad—I did not care what I did! A man must go somewhere to find amusement, happiness, and I—I found no happiness in my own home!"

"Oh—John!"

At last she broke down. Her face worked, tears coursed down her cheeks.

"Mary!" he lifted his bowed head. "You remember the old days, when we were poor, how we longed to get rich? We did get rich, and I learned to curse—yes, curse—the money which forged fetters of gold around my neck! What was money to me, do you think, when my children and my wife—ah! especially my wife!—were daily drifting away from me? You despised me! You, Mary, were able to take your place in society—women adapt themselves to their sourroundings far more easily than men do—and I—I was not. So, now, I am best out of the way."

The low, desperate voice broke off in a kind of sob. He moved to the table for the revolver—yes, he would do it now, in front of the woman who had ceased to love him—

The weapon was not there.

With a fierce exclamation he turned to his wife. Mary was breathing heavily, her face was deathlike, two little crimson drops—she had bitten her under lip till the red blood trickled down her chin.

"Have you ever thought, when you had done this dreadful thing—the children are provided for—what was to become of—of—me?"

"You are a beautiful woman, Mary. I know plenty of men who admire you—you will marry again."

She made no reply—it was as if she treated the remark with contempt. She asked him something else.

"When all your debts are paid—all your affairs wound up—shall I have any money?"

"Very little."

She drew close to him. He heard the soft rustle of her gown; a faint, subtle perfume of violets wafted across his face.

"We lived—on 'very little'—once."

He glanced at her, sharply. When had he seen that look before on Mary's face—that look of tender happiness—of love? Ah! he remembered! On that summer evening, years and years ago, when he had asked her to be his wife.

"And we were happy—too."

He stood as one struck dumb, gazing at Mary's radiant face, her shining eyes.

"Far happier than we have ever been since we were rich."

The silence in the room was intense. The ticking of the little clock on the mantelpiece—the only sound which broke the stillness—was like the beating of a heart.

Suddenly, he felt a soft arm round his neck.

"John!—you never knew it, you were always so busy, you never seemed to have time to talk to your poor little wife—but for years I—I have hated the money, too. It was all right for the children—they were young and had never known anything else; but we—we were old folks, old-fashioned"—she smiled—"and, whatever I might have appeared outwardly, I could never quite throw off the past. You thought the new prosperity made me drift apart from you; well, I thought it made you drift apart from me. You were always so occupied with your business, your affairs, which I was too stupid to understand. But now the money is lost, and I am glad—yes, glad!—for to me, too"—and there was a sob in the low, tender voice—"it has been fetters round my neck, John!—oh, my husband!—whom I have always loved better than any one else in the whole world!—let us go back to the little cottage—let us begin life over again."

She put the revolver back on the table—she knew there was no more need to hide it—and both the soft, clinging arms were round his neck now. And he was sobbing, with his gray head on her breast—sobbing like a child.

Yes, he would take up his life again—that life which he had so nearly thrown away—and, once more, he would be happy, with the happiness which only love can give.—The Bystander.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

CASTLE TUMBLEDOWN

The beautiful Castle Tumbledown
Is close by the Chair of Rocks;
It's always part of Alphabet Town,
And built of alphabet blocks.
The name of the king begins with an A,
The queen's begins with a B,
And all go down in a regular way,
And the youngest child is Z.
Twenty-four children of Alphabet Town,
Two parents of high degree,
In beautiful Castle Tumbledown,
All lettered from A to Z.
—Arthur Macy, in Youth's Companion.

WILLIAM GOAT'S ESCAPE.

There was once a wise old Goat. One day he took refuge from a storm by running into the first cave he saw. It proved an excellent shelter, but it belonged to a Lion, and soon the Goat heard the Lion coming home.

"Aha!" remarked William Goat to himself. "This is a place where wit is of more use than sharp horns!" And when the Lion came in he found the Goat calmly stroking his beard.

"How very lucky!" exclaimed old William just as the Lion was preparing to spring upon him.

"Lucky?" said Leo, stopping halfway. "For me, you mean?"

"Not at all," answered William. "I mean for myself. It is my business to hunt lions."

"I never heard of such a thing," answered the Lion, laughing scornfully.

"Very likely not," replied the Goat, "but then I'm not an ordinary goat. I am the lion hunting kind. We are rare, but there are a few of us still left. I made a vow that I would kill ten lions this week, but they are scarce, and so far I have slain only five. You will be the sixth."

So saying, he lowered his head and charged the Lion with pretended ferocity. Not expecting the attack, the Lion turned and ran out.

No sooner was William Goat sure that the Lion was at a distance than he started on, too, but in another direction. Meanwhile Leo met a Jackal and told him the story the Goat had made up.

"What nonsense!" said the Jackal, bursting into a roar of laughter. "Why, I know old William Goat well! He is no fiercer than any other goat. Come with me, and we'll quickly make an end of him." So they turned back toward the cave, and, soon finding the Goat's tracks, they made after him at top speed.

William Goat luckily caught sight of them before they saw him.

"Now," said he to himself. "I must make believe harder than ever or all is lost."

Thereupon he turned around and ran toward his pursuers at full speed. As soon as he was near enough to be plainly heard he cried out in an angry a tone as he could put on:

"Why, Jackal, how is this? I told you I needed five lions, and here you bring me only this little one!"

At this Leo was again overcome by fright and he once more took to his paws toward the deepest part of the jungle. The Jackal called after him in vain and, being really a coward, did not dare to face old William Goat alone.

So William arrived safe at home, to the great joy of Nanny and the little kids.—Busy Bee.

ANIMAL TOILETS.

The manner in which elephants, crocodiles, field mice and flies make their toilets, and crabs wear ready-made suits, formed the subject of a lecture at Stepney by Dr. Hoyle, F. R. S. E., of Manchester.

"A cat always carries about with it a clothes brush," said the lecturer, "for its tongue is rough, and it cleans its glossy coat as a lady brushes her furs.

"Foxes, dogs and wolves on the other hand, do not use their mouths when they need 'a wash and brush up,' but scratch themselves vigorously with their front paws, and are as fresh as ever.

"Field mice comb their hair and whiskers with their hind legs in the same way as dogs, and the fur seal spends much time in making herself look smart as a woman does.

"Although elephants appear to be thick skinned and callous, as a matter of fact, they take the greatest care of their skins, and are constantly having shower baths by the aid of their portable trunks. After the bath they roll themselves in a 'toilet preparation' of dust which keeps flies off.

"It is the crocodile, however, who makes his toilet in the most luxurious fashion, for the Egyptian plover acts as his valet. The crocodile has pointed teeth in which fragments of food stick, and the plover—a great friend—dives into his open jaws and picks out the meat.

"It will surprise many to know that the common horse fly has feet like a camel—only small, and that the common crayfish keeps himself tidy and clean. A certain kind of crab wears a smart dress made out of fragments of red and green seaweed.

"The hermit crab wears a living overcoat made from a sea anemone, which it kindly supplies with food and removes on its back to a new shell each time the crab seeks a larger house."—London Express.

SOAP BUBBLE PARTIES.

These are most interesting for all sizes and ages. Good clay pipes and castile soap and bowls enough to go round are the needful things; also a room, which will not be hurt by a sprinkling of soapsuds, and one thing more, the smaller the child the bigger the apron to cover him.

A little glycerine in the lukewarm soapsuds will make the bubbles bright, and if the shawl is spread on the floor they will bounce upon it like transparent balls.

A bubble tournament is great fun. Arrange sides, with leaders, of course. Let one side step forward in a line, with pipes and bowls; then the leader starts and sees how many bubbles he can make with one dip of his pipe. Each of his followers does likewise, while some one not in the game keeps the score. Then the other side takes its turns, and the side which blows the greatest number is the prize winner.

There are many different ways of enjoying this pretty pastime, and science has discovered several methods of heightening the colors in the bubbles before bursting. — New Haven Register.

THE LIFELIKE BIRD.

You have probably seen some of these well-balanced birds in the toy shops. You can make one easily if you follow these directions: The drum is made of two circular pieces of cardboard (as large as the palm of a man's hand), which are joined by a narrow strip of paper pasted around the rims. But before the strip is pasted a wire is run through both the circular pieces of cardboard, and a

small ball of lead is swung from the wire between the two sections. Then the strip of paper is pasted around the rim of both circular pieces, and the ends of the wires extending over the paper are bent over the rim of each circular piece of paper and joined (see cut). A small bird cut from cardboard, which may be colored to make it more lifelike, is fasted to the top of the wire. (The bird, of course, must be lighter than the ball of lead inside of the drum). When the drum is rolling over the table the little bird will bob and hop as if alive.—Washington Star.

A QUEER TABLE.

"I wish to tell you all to-day of a very queer table. In the first place, it is several hundred years old and yet it is as good as new—just as sound and strong as ever. No, it is not iron, and yet I can't see how it can ever wear out. It is not used for breakfast, dinner, or any meal. It came all the way from Arabia, and it is ornamented with many figures. We do not know who made it, but we do know that it is a very useful table, and we call it "The Multiplication Table."—The Churchman.

NOT HIS FAULT.

A first grade boy brought perfect spelling papers home for several weeks, and then suddenly began to miss five and six out of ten.

"How's this, son?" asked his father.

"Teacher's fault," replied the boy.

"How is it the teacher's fault?"

"She moved the little boy that sat next to me."—Lippincott's.

Misfires of Young Idea.

Air usually has no weight, but when placed in a barometer it is found to weigh about fifteen pounds to a square inch.

If a small hole were bored in the top of a barometer tube the mercury would shoot up in a column thirty feet high.

A right angle is ninety degrees Fahrenheit.

Hydrogen is colorless, odorless and insolvent.

A cuckoo is a thing that turns from a butterfly into a moth.

Horsepower is the distance a horse can carry one pound of water in an hour.

The earth revolves on its own axis 365 times in twenty-four hours. This rapid motion through space causes its sides to perspire, forming dew.—University Correspondent.

Fellow Churchmen.

The late Rev. Dr. John Hall was once walking home from preaching at a Sunday night meeting out in the country. In the moonlight he saw a man lying drunk in the gutter, and going up to him gave him a shake.

"Here!" he said; "it's a shame for a nice, respectable looking man like you to be lying in the gutter."

The man opened his tipsy eyes and saw the long, black coat.

"Are you a minister?" he asked.

"Yes," said Dr. Hall, "come, get up."

"Presbyterian?" queried the inebriate.

"Yes," was the answer, somewhat impatiently. "I am."

"Then," said the other, "help me up. I am a Presbyterian myself."—Philadelphia North American.

Her Stipulation.

When a rosy-cheeked, good-natured Irish girl, fresh from the other side, recently sought employment in the service of a Germantown woman, the latter began anxiously to interrogate the girl as to her qualifications.

"Can you cook, Nora?" asked the lady, most earnestly. "Are you a good cook?"

"Yes, mum, I t'ink so," responded the girl, naively, "if ye'll not try to help me."—Harper's Weekly.

SPORT AND ADVENTURE

BLOWING UP A SHARK.

According to a letter received by a German newspaper from a young sailor at St. Thomas, in the West Indies, the harbor there is troubled with the presence of a number of sharks which, except in shallow water, are a hindrance to bathing, which is deemed necessary during the hot weather. Two negroes were recently devoured by sharks, and the engineer of an American training ship anchored in St. Thomas hit upon the idea of killing the sharks by means of dynamite. Accordingly an iron fishing hook was baited with a five-pound piece of bacon, in which was concealed a dynamite cartridge, which was connected with electrical conductors and an igniter. The bait was lowered into the water by a strong rope, and the other end of the wires connected to a battery. It was not long before a shark twelve feet long made its appearance at the stern of the ship, when it turned on its back and the bait was swallowed. The shark killer switched on the current, and at the same moment the dismembered pieces of the animal flew into the air with a column of water. In ten days no fewer than eight large sharks were destroyed in this manner.

Encouraged in this way, the engineer endeavored to kill the animals by electric shock. A thin cable, which was capable of being connected with a lighting circuit on board the vessel, was got ready with the hook at one end, and having the usual form of bait, which was lowered into the sea. The other end of the cable, according to the story, was placed in connection with the dynamo. A large shark soon pulled at the hook, and a current of 200 volts was sent through the cable, but this only made the animal lash the water with fury. It was possible to raise the pressure to 750 volts, and when this had been done the shark shot out of the water almost vertically, and then fell down motionless and dead. The story adds that the negroes, who had gathered in fishing boats, seized the carcass and conveyed it to the shore to cook for a meal.

SIXTEENTH CENTURY PIRATES.

The Dutch first and then the French played such havoc at the Azores with the returning plate ships that from 1588 a strong escort known as the Indian Guard met both the West and East Indian ships at those islands and convoyed them to Spain; the French then improved upon the Dutchmen's method by sending a fleet to the New World in 1533, which sacked Cartagena and several other places on the Spanish Main, though all that was done by both French and Dutch was hardly more than sporadic, and until the English mariner marked the plate fleet for his prey the Spaniard hardly noticed his losses at the hands of others, but from the day Sir Francis Drake sailed into the Caribbean the galleon's security vanished, and her wake across the seas was fouled with drifting spars, shattered hulks and blazing wreckage. After a bold attempt upon Nombre de Dios, which he called "The Treasure of the World," Drake withdrew to a secluded spot and entered upon a system of predatory warfare that drove the Spaniards to distraction. How many galleons fell victims to his daring there is no means of knowing; the San Felipe and the Cacafuego, the Glory of the South Seas, are but two of the many charged up against him by the Spaniard, who lost nearly $2,000,000 in these captures alone, and how thoroughly he swept the seas we can only judge by the terror and panic the mere mention of the name El Draque inspired. Drake next sailed through the Straits of Magellan and burned and plundered his way to the west coast of South America, and in the frenzy aroused by this attack Spain put forth great efforts to fortify the Straits, but from fraud and mismanagement the attempt failed. The reckless daredevil courage of the British sailor of this period has never been surpassed. Captain Whiddon's attack upon a galleon fleet of twenty-four sail and the immortal fight of the little Revenge when, alone and unsupported, she accounted for seventeen out of a fleet of fifty-three heavy galleons before the waves closed over her deck, have been seldom paralleled and never surpassed.—John C. Fitzpatrick, in Scribner's.

A WHALEMAN'S INVENTION.

A remarkable instance of bravery and invention in the work of rescue is given by Mr. Charles Burr Todd in his book, "In Olde Massachusetts." The fine ship, Earl of Eglinton, left Liverpool in December, 1845, bound for the East Indies by way of Boston, and on March 14, 1846, after a stormy passage, found itself embayed in the shoals of Nantucket Sound.

At once the startled mariners let go their best bower, but the vessel thumped so that the heavy cable parted, and it went adrift amid thunder, lightning and fog, until, about midnight, it struck on Old Man Shoal.

At 3 in the morning, after grinding and thumping three hours, the vessel slipped off into deep water, and was carried along by the current, between the rip and island, until daybreak, when the crew, spying a little cove near Tom Never's Head, where the surf seemed less violent, ran the ship inshore until it grounded. At the same moment a huge breaker came aboard, swept the decks, filled the cabins and forced all hands into the rigging.

A great crowd gathered on shore, almost within hailing distance, but wholly without any means of rescue, the surf being too violent for the lifeboat, and the Lyle gun and breeches buoy not having been invented. Af- [illegible] of the crew launched the lifeboat and pinnace, and attempted to make the shore, but both boats were crushed to splinters the moment they touched the surf, and their occupants were drowned or pounded to death before the eyes of the horrified spectators.

This drove an inventive old whaleman to write on a board in large letters, "Bend a line to an oar."

The crew on the wreck read the message and did as directed. The surges heaved the oar landward and it was caught with a bluefish drail. A hawser was then attached to the end on the wreck and drawn ashore and made fast.

Next the inventor improvised a sling out of a pair of old hawsers and a bowline, which would travel over the hames, and by means of this extempore breeches buoy all the remaining crew were rescued.

It is not improbable that this device led to the invention of the breeches buoy.

A CURIOUS COINCIDENCE.

Ralph D. Paine, while delving into the old sea-logs kept by eighteenth century captains, and now stored in the Essex Institute at Salem, brought to light a strange tale that yet was fact. He tells about it as follows:

"The Grand Turk, a good ship belonging to Elias Hasket Derby, of Salem, a well known merchant, was returning to Salem from the West Indies.

"During the voyage Captain Ingersoll rescued the master and mate of an English schooner, the Amity, whose crew had mutinied while in the Spanish Main. The two officers had been cast adrift in a small boat to perish. This was the first act in a unique drama of maritime coincidence in 1774.

"After the castaways had reached Salem, Captain Duncanson, the English master of the Amity, was the guest of Elias Hasket Derby while he waited for word from his owners and an opportunity to return to his home across the Atlantic. He spent much of his time on the waterfront as a matter of course, and used to stand at a window of Mr. Derby's counting house idly staring at the harbor.

"One day while sweeping the seaward horizon with the office spyglass, the forlorn British skipper let fly an oath of the most profound amazement. He dropped the glass, rubbed his eyes, chewed his beard and stared again. A schooner was making across the bar, and presently she stood clear of the island at the harbor mouth and slipped toward an anchorage well inside.

"There was no mistaking her at this range. It was the Amity, his own schooner which had been taken from him in the West Indies, from which he and his mate had been cast adrift by the piratical seamen. Captain Duncanson hurried into Mr. Derby's private office as fast as his legs could carry him. By some incredible twist of fate the captors of the Amity had sailed her straight to her captain.

"Mr. Derby was a man of the greatest promptitude and one of his anchored brigs was instantly manned with a heavy crew, two deck guns slung aboard, and with Captain Duncanson striding the quarterdeck, the brig stood down to take the Amity.

"It was Captain Duncanson who led the boarders, and the mutineers were soon overpowered and fetched back to Salem jail in irons. The grateful skipper and his mate signed a crew in Salem, and took the Amity to sea, a vessel restored to her own by so marvelous an event that it would be laughed out of court as material for fiction."—From "Pioneers in Distant Seas," by Ralph D. Paine, in The Outing Magazine.

FLORIDA SHARK STORY.

A tarpon pursued by a shark near Garden Key, in one of its tremendous leaps fell across a skiff containing two fishermen who were so busily engaged with a net that they did not notice its approach.

The skiff broke in two, the fishermen became entangled in the net, and the shark took a huge bite out of the side of one of them, Belton Larkin, cutting his body nearly in two. It is thought the shark mistook Larkin's body for the tarpon it was in pursuit of, for sharks in those waters have never been known to attack a man.—Punta Gorda Herald.

Rates Too High.

A lanky countryman from the mines came into the Argus office. "My old guv'nor's dead and I should like a bit of poetry or sumthink put in the paper about him."

"All right," says the clerk, "hand it over."

"Can't you fix sumthink up for me?" asks the miner. "He was a right good chap."

"Oh, yes," replies the clerk, "we'll manage that for you; our charge for 'In Memoriam' notices is sixpence an inch."

"Oh, thunder!" exclaims the mourner. "I can't stand that; my guv'nor was over six feet!"—Melbourne Argus.

Methods of Reporting.

In short, the three possible methods are, first, to leave the man's speech alone; second, to report what he says or some complete part of what he says, and third, to report what he means. But the present way of reporting speeches (mainly created, I think, by the scrappy methods of the Daily Mail) is something utterly different from both these ways and quite useless and misleading.—G. K. Chesterton, in the Illustrated London News.

A Strange Result.

According to the Edinburgh Evening Dispatch the attack at Grimsby on a rabbi (or, as another contemporary has it, a rabbit—the details still lack confirmation) had an unexpected sequel:

"The rev. gentleman was conveyed home, where he is now under medical treatment. Result: Motherwell, two goals; Third Lanark, one goal."—Punch.

The Proper Way.

In reply to the inquiry from a friend, "What is the proper way to eat an orange?" Uncle Charles would say, "In a bath tub."