THE QUEENSTOWN NEWS.

VOL. XXVI. QUEENSTOWN, MARYLAND, SATURDAY, MARCH 21, 1908. NO. 17.

Perhaps if a man wasn't chicken-hearted he wouldn't be henpecked, suggests the Philadelphia Record.

Forest preservation, suggests the Atlanta Constitution, is a kindly provision of tall timbers for the politicians of the future.

In marrying, as in ordering a dinner, be sure you don't pick out a wife who is too rich to agree with you, urges Town Topics.

The St. Louis experiment of sending crazy women out shopping for relief is probably calculated, thinks the New York World, on the principle of setting a greater frenzy to cure the less.

If, outside of city churches, the salaries of all our ministers were increased by fifty per cent., observes the Christian Register, the average would still be less than the wages of a good bricklayer or a plumber.

Venezuela is to have baseball. All past revolutions in that country will pale into insignificance, prophesies the Atlanta Georgian, beside the upheaval in the bleachers when the umpire goes against the home town team.

Recalls the Hartford Times: When Josh Billings wrote his famous words, "Darn a fli," he had in mind only the annoyance these insects cause. It is only since his time that we have learned that they carry fevers and may be at least as noxious as they are irritating.

Automobiles of the land killed or injured 1568 persons last year. Nobody doubts the eventual complete economic utility of the motor wagon. Nobody believes for a moment that it needs to mark with spilled blood and broken bones its road to the highest usefulness.

An English banker, speaking to an American newspaper writer and referring to financial scandals, made this emphatic declaration: "We will no longer buy your securities. You seem to have one law for the small thief and quite another for the big thief. Your simple scoundrels ride in prison vans; your big, sagacious scoundrels ride in automobiles."

That is civilization, announces the New York Mail, the interchange of ideas and methods. It is a vast process of borrowing, a community of mental goods. Nowadays it is not necessary for a State or a city to originate much of anything. Its task is to select, to adapt. The best communities are dominated by eclecticism. They appropriate their own wherever they find it. Not to originate but to assimilate, not to create but to know what the other fellow has done and whether or not it is good—these are the characteristics of the modern statesman.

The most striking feature of contemporary social life in the United States is the steady growth of temperance sentiment, declares the Chicago Tribune. Almost every election that is held shows its triumph somewhere. When the conditions in the several States of the Union are examined the extent to which the movement for the abolition of the saloon has developed occasions surprise and astonishment. The principle of local option has been the controlling factor. The county, the township, the town, or village has voted "wet" or "dry" without outside interference. The increased interest in mankind resultant from the study of sociological problems may have had much to do with it. The influence of the religious forces has been great. The faithfulness of women in their long fight has accomplished much. Whatever the causes of the remarkable movement may be, the facts are plain. The temperance sentiment in the United States is stronger than it has ever been.

Last year proved exceptionally disastrous for the Spanish bull fighting profession. Never before in any single year has there been so much loss of life and limb in the arenas of the Peninsula. Seven of the best known toreros have been removed from the field. The first victim was the famous espada Montes, who was fatally gored by a bull on January 13. He was followed on February 4 by the popular banderillero Melito, who while witnessing a fight as an ordinary spectator was seized at an exciting moment by uncontrollable frenzy and jumped into the arena, to be promptly tossed into the air by the infuriated bull. In all eighty-two of the profession, including nearly all the best known espadas, received more or less severe injuries during the year. The casualty list among the animals is also a record one; 2,980 bulls and 2720 horses were killed in the various plazas. That this barbaric form of sport is losing none of its popularity in Spain is amply evidenced by the fact that new bull rings are being built all over the country; one of the largest among them, at Bilbao, will accommodate 8000 spectators. An even larger one is in course of construction in Madrid, this being the second ring in the Spanish capital.

A Descendant of the Vikings.

By EVERETT McNEIL.

Striding into the general store and postoffice, Jed Thompson tacked up on the door a large sheet of paper.

"That's a correct statement, men," he said, "and I'll back it up with the coin! Now I'll go on to the doctor," and he strode out of the postoffice, banging the door behind him. The men read this notice:

TAKE NOTICE.

This morning in Crooked Gulch, the biggest grizzly bear I ever saw clawed me up bad, killed my dog Tige and one of my horses. Colorado is not big enough to hold me and that bear; and I will give any man, woman or child, who will kill that identical brute, two hundred dollars in cash the moment I set eyes on the body. The bear has got a ring of white round his left hind leg and has lost a chunk out of his right ear.

JED THOMPSON.

While the men, gathered round the notice board, were reading this placard with many and various astounded comments, the store door opened, and Thor Olsen and his father walked in. Thor Olsen was a huge Norwegian lad not yet nineteen years old, with the build and look of a young viking; and his father was a great, stern-faced man, who leaned heavily on his son's shoulder as he walked, for an ugly fall had recently crippled his right leg.

"Here you are, Thor!" called one of the men. "A college education in a bear's skin. You get the bear, and Jed Thompson'll do the rest. Walk right up and read about it."

Thor pushed his way through the crowd, and read the paper aloud to his father. The moment he had finished, he drew a long breath.

"I will kill that bear," he said, "and take the money to go to college."

"Get mail, and we go home," his father answered, the lines on his strong face hardening.

Thor walked over to the little square of glass-faced boxes, which did duty for the postoffice, and asked for the mail.

"Jed Thampson, he nail that paper up with his own hands?" Thor's father fixed his eyes on Jake White's face.

"Yes," answered Jake. "Not more than ten minutes ago."

"You believe he give the money?"

"Sure, to the man that gets the bear. Are you thinking of tackling the job, Olsen? Now a grizzly is a grizzly, and this here one's a whopper, according to Jed's report, and ready for a fight. I don't envy the man that gets that two hundred," and Jake shook his head warningly. "How's your leg?"

"Better, t'ank you. Good day!" and linking his arm in that of his son, who at this moment returned to his side with the mail, Olsen walked out of the store.

Thor said, "Father, I'm going to kill that bear." He spoke quietly, but with earnestness. "I will kill that bear and go to college with the money. Father"—his voice softened and lowered—"it would please mother to see me in college. She was always planning for me to go. She—she was saving money to send me when—when—" His voice faltered. "I am going to get that education, father; and I am going to make the man of myself mother said I would, mother and you, father."

Father and son had stopped, and were clasping hands and looking into each other's eyes.

"Thor, you shall go. I had the money, but the hurt leg and the sickness and the idleness—I got no money now. Mr. White say Mr. Thompson give the money sure, if you kill the bear. If my leg—" He stopped and drew his lips tightly across his teeth. "You shall go and shoot the grizzly, Thor, and go to college, and the mother will be glad."

Neither man spoke of the danger, but the thought was vividly present in the mind of each, and gave a great tenderness to their bearing toward each other during the few hours that remained before Thor started on the hunt for the grizzly. The Norwegian lad had no better weapon than a heavy, single-barreled, muzzle-loading rifle, a powerful and deadly gun in skilled hands; but with its one shot, all its effectiveness vanished until it was reloaded. And both men knew that a full-grown grizzly bear was seldom put out of the fight with one rifle-ball, or gave his enemy time to reload a muzzle-loading gun.

But to both father and son this proffered reward for the killing of the grizzly came like a gift especially designed for Thor's acceptance. The two hundred dollars would enable him to attend the next two terms of college, and these two terms would fit him for teaching; and the money earned by teaching and during the vacations would keep him at college two terms a year until his education had been won.

It was getting this start that had troubled them; and now, just in the nick of time, along came Jed Thompson's grizzly with two hundred dollars wrapped up in his shaggy hide.

Four o'clock the next morning found Thor Olsen ready for the hunt. In addition to his rifle and ammunition, he carried, fastened in a broad leather belt buckled round his waist, a heavy ax and a long-bladed hunting-knife, and on his back were a blanket, and a knapsack containing sufficient food for two or three days and a small coffee-can and a skillet. Thor did not intend to return until he had killed the bear.

"Son," and Olsen gripped hard the hand of his boy, "use brains before gun. Wait until you get safe chance. Thor," and the father's voice softened, "God protect you, my son," and he turned and walked back into the house, and shut the door behind him.

Crooked Gulch is a deep, narrow, wooded ravine that cuts its way into the mountains through their eastern foot-hills. Thor was well acquainted with the locality, often having hunted up and down its wooded, rock-covered bottom; and so he had no difficulty in finding the place where Jed Thompson had encountered the bear. Indeed, the smashed wagon, partly loaded with wood, the dead horse, the bones picked clean of all flesh, and the dead dog lying near by pointed out plainly the exact spot where the disaster had occurred.

Thor's first object was to discover the direction the bear had taken. He was in hopes that, with a full stomach, the bear would not go far, but would soon seek some secluded covert to sleep off the effects of his gormandizing. It was to discover him in this retreat, if possible, that Thor had made his early start.

He had no difficulty in finding the bear's trail; and, as he had hoped, in less than a mile from where the bones of the dead horse lay, he came to the spot where the grizly had made his bed, a little pile of leaves in a cave formed by two huge rocks; but the bear had been an unexpectedly early riser, and was gone.

The trail from the cave led up the gulch. For a couple of hours Thor cautiously followed it; and then, as he rounded a point of rock that thrust its jutting elbow out half-way across the ravine, he caught sight of the grizzly some five hundred yards ahead, standing out in bold relief on a huge flat rock. For a minute or more the bear stood there, swaying his head from side to side; then he jumped down off the rock and vanished from sight.

The distance had been too great for Thor to distinguish the ring of white round the left hind leg and the marked ear; but he felt sure that this was Jed Thompson's bear, for never before had he seen so large a grizzly, and Jed had called him the biggest grizzly he had ever set eyes on.

The moment the bear vanished Thor hurried with all possible speed to the rock where he had last seen him. The huge tracks in the soil that here and there covered the bottom of the gulch told him that the bear had continued on up the ravine; and with every sense alert and rifle held constantly ready for instant use, Thor followed after him.

But he did not see the grizzly again that day. The gulch soon opened into many smaller branch ravines, often with beds of solid rock, where the grizzly's feet left no marks; and near the entrance to one of these ravines Thor lost the trail, and could not find it again before night compelled him to give up the search until the next morning.

He camped for the night, and resumed the search as soon as it became light enough for him to see.

All that day he tramped up and down ravines and gullies, examining every cave and crevice in the rocks large enough to harbor the grizzly, without finding a trace, until, just as the shadows of another night began to darken the gulch, he came to where a little stream of water entered the ravine; and there, in the sand that bordered its shores, was the fmyrint of a bear's feet so recent that the damp sand thrown up had not yet had time to dry. There was no chance for a mistake, for there were the same huge tracks, with one of the toe-marks of the left hind foot missing, that Thor had found plainly imprinted in the soft ground near the dead horse.

It was now too late in the day for Thor to take advantage of his discovery until the next morning. At the bottom of a deep mountain ravine night falls with startling suddenness; and he at once prepared to camp. He had now been on the trail for two days, and was tired out.

He built a fire, boiled some coffee, fried a couple of generous slices of bacon, ate sparingly of the little bread he had left, rolled up in his blanket and lay down to sleep.

Before daybreak Thor was up, and he was ready to take up the trail of the grizzly again by the time it was light enough to see. The tracks now ran along the side of the stream of water for about a mile; then they crossed the stream and entered a narrow gully. Here the ground was so hard that Thor could no longer see to trail the bear by his tracks; but the gully was not over two rods wide, with impassable, precipitous sides of hard rock, and the sand at the entrance showed no tracks coming out. So it was clearly evident that the bear had gone into the gully and had not yet returned.

Every turn of the gully, every huge rock, presented a possible lurking-place; but Thor did not get a sight of the bear until a little after noon. He had reached a point where the gully made an abrupt turn to the right, and, as usual, was advancing around the curve with the utmost care, when, just as he had completed the turn, he saw the bear not twenty rods away, asleep, outstretched on a great flat rock in front of the dark mouth of a cave. Thor had no difficulty in distinguishing the band of white round the monster's left hind leg and the notched right ear.

For a moment Thor's heart seemed to stop beating, and then it jumped into such violent action that it set his whole form to trembling. He silently sank out of sight behind a rock, and waited until he had every nerve and muscle under control.

The gully had here narrowed until it was not more than a rod wide. There were no branches to crack, no gravel to crunch under his feet. Three large rocks, large enough for Thor to conceal himself behind them, lay between him and the bear.

The first rock was about five rods from where he now stood, the second some eight rods farther, and the third not more than two rods from where the bear lay. Thor determined to shoot the grizzly from behind that third rock. Fortunately a stiff wind was blowing down the gully, and would carry scent and sound away from the bear.

The moment Thor had finished his survey and formed his plan, he crept cautiously back round the turn and prepared for his dangerous venture. He took off his knapsack and blanket, pulled off his boots and laid them by the side of the blanket and knapsack, carefully adjusted the ax in his belt so that its handle would not be in his way while he was crawling over the rocks, reprimed and recapped his rifle, and stood up straight, ready for the venture. There was no time to lose, for the bear might wake at any moment.

Thor reached the first of the three rocks in safety. The second rock was so situated that by crawling he could get to it without once being visible from the flat rock where the grizzly lay; and consequently he had little trouble in reaching the shelter of this also without causing a suspicious movement on the part of the grizzly. As he drew himself up behind it he noticed, just above his head, a little crevice in the rock, and by placing his eye to it, he could see the bear without himself being seen.

Thor began to wonder if it would not be wiser to shoot from where he was than to attempt to reach the third rock. The bear was now not over seven rods away from him. The crevice was large enough for him to thrust his rifle-barrel through, and would furnish a rest as steady as the earth itself.

At that distance and with such a rest the shot seemed an absolutely sure one. At any rate, he would be safer here than he would at the third rock should the balls fail to kill instantly.

Thor drew his ax out of his belt and laid it down on a rock, where it would be most easy to grasp. Then he carefully measured out an extra heavy charge of powder for his rifle, rolled up a little funnel of paper, placed the powder in it, and laid it down on a rock, where he could quickly grasp it. By its side he placed two rifle-balls, each wrapped round with its little greased patch, and three or four rifle-caps. This would enable him to reduce the time of reloading to the minimum; and time might mean life to him.

When all was ready, he straightened up for a last calculating look through the crevice before he fired the shot.

The grizzly still lay quietly sleeping; but as Thor was about to thrust the rifle through the aperture and take aim, his eyes caught sight of some object moving in the dark mouth of the cave; and then he saw a great female grizzly slowly lumber out, followed by two half-grown cubs!

For a moment she stood in the bright sunlight, blinking her eyes and swaying her head from side to side; then she walked over to where her mate lay, and gave him a cuff on the ear. With a startled grunt the huge grizzly awoke, and growling a savage protest, got on his feet. The two cubs began wrestling, and tumbled and rolled about on the rocks, while the old bears sat up on their haunches and solemnly watched them.

Not for an instant did Thor think of retreating. In two minutes his plan was made. He would shoot the old male grizzly first, instantly reload, and be prepared to meet whatever might happen as the result of that shot. The rock behind which he was hiding was large enough to conceal him completely while reloading, and he was confident that he would have the rifle ready again before the bears could discover his hiding-place.

With the utmost care, Thor thrust the long barrel of his rifle through the crevice in the rock. His keen eyes selected the exact spot below the bear's ears where he believed the ball should strike, his finger pressed the trigger, and the rifle flamed. Then, without pausing an instant to note the effects of his shot, he jerked the rifle from the crevice and began loading it.

Whatever was happening on the other side of the rock, the thing for him to do was to get powder and ball into his gun as quickly as possible. He heard a terrific roaring and growling, the thud of a heavy body jumping or falling off the rock, the patter of nailed feet rushing swiftly over the rocks, and he knew that the bear was charging him; but not for an instant did he cease his loading.

So swiftly that it seemed done almost in one movement, he caught up the funnel of powder and emptied it into the rifle, seized the two balls and rammed them home, slipped a cap on the nipple, and threw the loaded rifle to his shoulder just in the shaggy head of a grizzly rushed into view round the corner of the rock, not ten feet away!

Taking quick aim at the great head, Thor fired, dropped his rifle, caught up the ax, and with a tremendous bound, swung himself up on top of the rock behind which he had been hiding, but with so close a margin of safety that a blow from the bear's huge paw tore the stocking off his left foot and lacerated the flesh badly.

The rock was about seven feet high, and had a flat top, affording plenty of standing-room. By the time Thor was firmly on his feet the grizzly had whirled round and sprung after him. But a grizzly is too heavy an animal to jump high, and only the bear's forefeet and head reached the top of the rock. For an instant the huge beast hung on the edge of the rock, struggling to pull herself up, and practically helpless. This was the moment Thor had hoped for; and swinging the ax high above his head, he drove its sharp blade with all his strength straight down into the skull of the grizzly. The great beast, without a sound, slid limply off the rock and tumbled to the ground.

Thor now had time to look round, and his heart gave a great bound of exultation when he saw, lying on the rock in front of the cave, the body of Jed Thompson's grizzly, with the two cubs whining and growling over it.

He jumped off the rock, quickly loaded his rifle, and shot the two cubs without difficulty.

Jed Thompson paid the two hundred dollars willingly, and Thor Olsen went to college.—Youth's Companion.

New Chinese Railway.

The railway between Tientsin and Chinkiang is to be built without delay. This road, one of the most important links of the Chinese railway system, will be 600 miles in length, and for the greater part of its course will parallel the Grand Canal.

American Foreign Population.

The United States has the largest foreign population. Argentina, where twelve out of every 100 are foreigners, ranks second

WHEN GRANDMOTHERS WERE LITTLE GIRLS.

"When grandmothers were little girls,
Oh, how they used to sew!
We see their patient stitches still
In many a weary row;
The sampler and the tapestry,
The long and patient hem—
When grandmothers were little girls—
We do not envy them!

To row or skate a mile?
These stitches must have taken such
A long and weary while!"

When grandmothers were little girls
No doubt their industry
Brought them much strength and patience, whose

"Oh, was there ever time to nod?
Or ever time to play?
Or time for living out-of-doors
The whole bright summer day?
Oh, was there time for tennis,

Good fruits we still may see;
No doubt the skill with which to-day
You serve your tennis ball,
Is owing to your grandmother
Not having played at all!

—Maria Johns Hammond.

AMBITIOUS AND ENERGETIC.

In our nation's capitol city lives a little boy, who, judging by present indications, is bound to make his mark in the world.

His mother is not burdened with riches, and she was, therefore, compelled to refuse him a nickel, not long since, which he had asked for in order to buy a tablet of paper.

"I'm sorry, son, but I have only one penny left from marketing, and no more in the house."

"Well, give me that, please, mamma," he urged, "and I'll go earn the rest."

"What can my little boy do to earn money on the street? I am afraid you will get hurt, or into mischief."

"'Deed I won't, mamma; I'll be real careful, and be a good boy, too; where's my wooden snow shovel?" He went after it and came back to ask: "You don't care if I shovel snow, do you?"

"No, if you don't overwork. Don't attempt too much, and do your work well."

"All right; good-bye."

At the first promising heap of snow in front of a door he rang the bell and asked permission to remove the snow. But the cook shook her head:

"No use to ask the madam; she wouldn't have babies to shovel her snow; move on."

His second request received the same answer; but, undaunted, he walked on, and, oh, joy! at the next house he found the mistress just returning from a walk.

"Good morning, lady," and his hand flew to his cap. "May I shovel your snow, please?"

"You! Why, you're too little."

His face lengthened as he replied: "I'm seven years old, and 'deed I can shovel some of it, and do good work, too."

"I believe you are quite a little man," the lady replied, admiring his eagerness, "but will you tell me why you are so anxious for work? Are you candy hungry?"

"No, ma'am—at least I do like candy, but I'm in the third grade and we have to write so many lessons it just takes lots of paper. I asked mamma for the money to buy some, but she didn't have it; poor mamma never has any spare change time she buys our dinners and clothes. She felt real sorry about it, too, but I told her never mind, I could earn it," and he drew himself up proudly. "I'm real strong and big for my size, and if I don't have it I'll run behind in my lessons, and I couldn't do that—not if my fingers froze," and he cast a rueful glance at his red hands.

"You're a brave little fellow! I have a pair of mittens my boy has outgrown, also a pair of rubber boots. I'll get them for you. Then you can shovel until you are tired. After that come in and get warm, and I will pay you."

Could any city contain a boy more proud than this one?—Washington Star.

A GOOD LESSON FOR BEN.

He did not look in the least like a baby as he started off to Sunday-school in his trim blue suit and white necktie, and he did not feel like a baby either. Why should he, when he had been going to school for two years and had brought home a good report card every month out of that time?

But there was a mischievous spirit in Ben that morning. He did not sing with the rest of the school, though his teacher found the place in the hymn-book for him. He took no part in the opening exercises, and the lesson was hardly begun before he started to whisper a long story to Herbert Joyce.

The patient teacher reproved him gently, and tried to interest him in what she was saying, but Ben would not be interested. He kept on talking, till the other boys could not pay good attention to their lessons, and it seemed as if the hour was likely to be wasted.

Just then the superintendent passed, and the teacher spoke to him. "Mr. Berry, what do you suppose can be the trouble with a boy who will not listen to the lesson and will not let the other boys listen either?"

The superintendent looked at Ben. "If a boy acts in that way," he said, after a minute, "I think it must be because he is not quite old enough to have learned how to behave in a class like this. I know a better place for him."

He took the astonished Ben by the hand, and led him down to the baby class, where there were a lot of little fellows in kilts and curls. "I have brought you a new scholar, Miss May," said the superintendent. "This seems to be just the place for him."

The teacher smiled as she made room for Ben, but her pleasant welcome could not lift the cloud from his spirits. His cheeks grew red and hot. It was all he could do to keep from crying. He, Ben Henleigh, the best scholar in the whole second grade, put into the same class with little boys, some of whom did not even go to kindergarten! He did not know how to bear the disgrace of it.

He hated to think of telling his mother what had happened, but he could not keep the uncomfortable secret. Out it came the minute he was in the house. "Just think, mamma! They s'posed I b'longed to the baby class. And I'm seven, and my suit's the eight-year-old size."

Then he cried, and mamma asked some questions. "Which is the thing to be most ashamed of, dear," she asked at length, when she understood it all, "to be thought a little boy who doesn't know just how to behave, or to be thought a big boy who will not do as well as he knows—a boy who is old enough to understand what is right, and yet chooses to do wrong?"

Ben looked bewildered. For a moment he thought hard.

"I guess it's worse to be big, and to act as if you was so little that you didn't know anything," he admitted at last, in a faint voice. "I never thought of that before."

And, what is better, he never forgot it.—Happy Hours.

THE GOLDEN RULE OF THREE.

Three things to be—pure, just and honest.

Three things to live—courage, affection and gentleness.

Three things to govern—temper, tongue and conduct.

Three things for which to fight—honor, home and country.

Three things to cherish—the true, the beautiful and the good.

Three things about which to think—life, death and eternity.

Three things to commend—thrift, industry and promptness.

Three things to despise—cruelty, arrogance and ingratitude.

Three things to love—the wise, the virtuous and the innocent.

Three things for which to wish—health, friends and contentment.

Three things to admire—dignity, gracefulness and intellectual power.

Three things to attain—goodness of heart, integrity of purpose and cheerfulness of disposition.—Leadership.

A CURIOUS CANDLESTICK.

The first candlestick was a boy. He sat in the corner of a Scotch kitchen holding a piece of fir candle in his hands, from time to time cutting and trimming it to make it burn brightly.

The fir candle was a length of wood cut of a kind of fir tree, which is found imbedded in the peat. This kind of candle is still used in some parts of Scotland.

It usually fell to the lot of the "herd laddies" to act the part of candlestick; but should a beggar ask for a night's lodging, he was expected to relieve the "herd laddie" of his duty. A candlestick is still called in Aberdeenshire a "puir man," or "poor man."—Home Herald.

"Profound Emotional Sense."

Hold out your hands to feel the luxury of the sunbeams. Press the soft blossoms against your cheek and finger their graces of form, their delicate mutability of shape, their pliancy and freshness. Expose your face to the aerial floods that sweep the heavens, "inhale great draughts of space," wonder, wonder at the wind's unwearied activity. Pile note on note the infinite music that flows increasingly to your soul from the tactual sonorities of a thousand branches and tumbling waters. How can the world be shriveled when this most profound, emotional sense, touch, is faithful to its service? I am sure that if a fairy bade me choose between the sense of sight and that of touch, I would not part with the warm, endearing contact of human hands or the wealth of form, the nobility and fullness that press into my palms.—From Helen Keller's "Sense and Sensibility," in The Century.

In spite of present facilities, contracts are out or bills asked for a dozen new railway lines in England.

HUNT FOR A COWBOY.

When I was on the Afghan frontier we had in a cavalry regiment a young man who had enlisted in the line as a private soldier, but who bore the ancient and somewhat ponderous name of Genille Cave-Brown-Cave, and who was a veritable sensational novel in himself. This gentleman is now a cowboy in Colorado and is wanted to take his place in the vacant mansion of Stretton-en-le-Field, near Ashby-de-la-Zouch in Leicestershire, England, for the old baronet is dead. Sir Mylles Cave-Brown-Cave, C. B., died a short time ago at eighty-five, and Genille, the Colorado cowboy, his only son, is heir to the baronetcy, which dates from the time of King Charles I., by whom it was conferred on the Cave family in the year 1641 for special service rendered to Mary Queen of Scots when she was imprisoned for a time in the old castle at Ashby.

When he was in the cavalry regiment on the Northwest frontier of India, Genille, who was a tall, broad-shouldered, blue-eyed, manly "ranker," was not only an excellent boxer but was exceedingly popular among both officers and men for his daredevil character. He was a brave fellow and had a hand to hand encounter with an Afghan by whom he was taken prisoner, and only escaped from his prison house through the kindness shown him by an Afghan dervish. He used to astonish us even then with the story of his eventful life, and during the last twenty or thirty years he has added many a chapter to the interesting volume.

He was only a boy when his elder brother was killed, and as he was regarded by his father as a regular scapegrace he was sent to sea. He served as captain's boy on a gunboat in the British navy on the Australian coast. He soon got tired of nautical life, and much to his father's chagrin he left her Majesty's navy and enlisted as a private in a Highland regiment. Feeling that the position of a "clodhopper" was somewhat undignified for a Cave-Brown-Cave, of Stretton-en-le-Field of Ashby-de-la-Zouch, Genille took a step upward by enlisting in a cavalry regiment, and was present at the battle of Tel-el-Kebir in Egypt under Lord Wolseley and afterward served in Afghanistan. Then Genille appeared in England and became popular in the West End of London among a certain set and was well known at the "Cocoa Tree Club," but he soon got into debt and had a quarrel with his father. Sir Mylles Cave-Brown-Cave gave him a small yearly allowance and ordered him to leave the country. It was then that Genille came over to the land noted for the rehabilitating of tarnished reputations and was commissioned by a New York firm to kill tigers and other big game for the furrier market. He made some money in Burmah, but squandered it in extravagance. After making a name for himself in Hongkong he passed through Yokohama and eventually found his way to San Francisco. In 'Frisco he was immensely popular, and it was said he had a matrimonial future before him. But he suddenly shipped and was next heard of in Kansas City, where he worked as a day laborer in paving the streets. From Kansas he went to Arizona, and then to Texas. Finding the life of the "wild and woolly" West congenial he became a cowboy. It is said that his last letter bore the postmark of Denver, but up to the present time he has not taken any notice of the formal intimation of the executors of the late baronet, and it is thought that he is either determined to live a democratic life in a free country which he has found so congenial to his Bohemian disposition or perhaps he is dead. According to the English peerage Genille Cave-Brown-Cave would in the event of his death be succeeded by his second cousin, Reginald Ambrose Cave-Brown-Cave, C. B., commander in his Majesty's royal navy, who is about ten years older than the missing cowboy.

The whole narrative of this man's life is one of the many instances of the romance which surrounds so many Englishmen who leave their country for their country's good and find a home in the United States.

The story of the cowboy baronet reminds one of the "Gentleman Tim" in Mr. White's "Arizona Nights."—An ex-Chaplain of India, in the New York Sun.

REVEALED HOARD IN A DREAM.

Miss Lucy Alvord, of Taylortown, N. J., told her brother Claude on Sunday morning that her grandfather, who died in 1837, came to her in a dream the night before, and although she had never seen a picture of him she recognized him from her mother's description. He was middle-aged and wore a beard. In the dream he seemed to shake Miss Alvord and arouse her. She stared at him, but he indicated silence and motioned her to follow him.

She followed him into the kitchen of the house, a wing that was built long before the Revolution. The house itself has been occupied by the Alvord family for five generations.

Stepping to the north side of the great room the man opened the iron door of the brick oven alongside the fireplace. He stepped inside the big oven and reappeared with a stone jar which he set on the table in the middle of the room. He then seemed perfectly natural. He dug his hands into the crock and brought them out filled with gold pieces. He emptied the crock on the table and began to stack and count the money. He made separate stacks of English and American coins and of the different denominations. He made figures on a slip of paper, which he totalled and put in his pocket.

Then the visitor put the money back into the crock and crawled into the oven. Miss Alvord peered in and saw him wall up the crock with bricks and mortar which were waiting. The oven is six feet deep and the new wall was scarcely noticeable in the great depth. When all had been secured the man closed and locked the iron door. Then Miss Alvord woke up.

When she met her brother at breakfast she told him the story. The vividness of her dream has frightened her. But she insisted that her brother attack the wall of the oven. She was confident that he would find the stone crock and the treasure. He laughed at her, but to humor her went at the wall with a crowbar. The first light blow went through the wall. A few blows demolished it, and there lay a crock such as the woman had seen in her dream.

The excitement of the sister and brother knew no bounds. They dragged out the crock and opened it, and before their eyes lay gold. They emptied it on the kitchen table—a table made generations ago out of a slab of pine. They counted the money.

In the heap of gold was four thousand and some odd dollars. The stacks weighed eighteen pounds on a grocer's scales.

The hoard belonged to Silas Alvord, the grandfather, in all probability. He was the last of the family to work an iron forge on the place. He made anchors, anchor chains and other implements. When he died, in 1837, it was thought he had a fortune. Apparently, however, he left nothing but the farm valuable in itself. Then his relations thought he had lost his money in wildcat banks.

Miss Alvord's story of the strange dream and of the finding of the hoard of gold was told about the countryside, and all day yesterday neighbors heard her repeat it and looked in the oven and saw where the bricks had been removed.—New York World.

SIX-YEAR-OLD GIRL CAPTURES A COYOTE.

The nursery story of "Little Red Riding Hood," who was enticed by a naughty wolf, was reversed in Wellston, a suburb, when the six-year-old daughter of Dr. Bracy calmly tied a rope to the collar of a snapping coyote and led him back to captivity.

The little girl is the daughter of the Coroner of St. Louis County. He recently received two full grown prairie wolves from a friend in Texas. The brutes had been kept in a cage and occasionally little Miss Erline Bracy was permitted to feed them.

Because of weather conditions today Dr. Bracy tied a stout rope to the collar of the brutes and then fastened them to a tree to get a bit of fresh air and sunshine. Angered by the restraint placed upon him by the leash the fiercer of the two beasts began to gnaw the rope and was soon at liberty. He began to terrorize the neighborhood, snapping and snarling at all whom he met, but fortunately no one was attacked.

It was not long until a crowd of mounted men with clubs and dogs were in hot pursuit. The wolf finally sought refuge in some underbrush. The men dismounted but none dared to approach. While standing there debating upon how to capture or kill the brute and before any could interfere Erline Bracy was seen approaching the wolf and then calling it by a pet name, unmindful of her danger, walked up to the wolf, petting him for a moment then fastened the rope to his collar.

While the crowd stood admiring the grit of the child she romped off in the direction of her home where she placed the wolf in his cage. The girl's father, who did not learn of the episode until after it was all over, said that the animal had not been tamed, but thinks that his savage instinct made him readily recognize a friend.—St. Louis Correspondence of the New York World.

ALFONSO'S NARROW ESCAPE.

King Alfonso of Spain had a narrow escape from death while hunting recently. A wild boar rushed at the king, who shot it. He dropped his gun and walked up to the body, supposing that it was dead, but it bounded up and flew furiously at the king, who was saved only by a shot fired by one of the party.

Penetration of Heat Into the Soil.

The penetration of heat from burning debris into the soil was tested after a recent fire at Berlin by Herr Effenberger, the director of the Hanover fire brigade, the results being as follows:

A very high insulating effect is exerted by even relatively thin earth layers, the temperatures varying from 520 degrees Fahrenheit at a depth of four inches to sixty-three degrees Fahrenheit at a depth of forty inches. The increase in temperature noted at a depth of no more than one yard is thus seen to be very small. The moisture of the soil, however, plays an important part in connection with these phenomena.

The results were obtained by erecting three embankments about forty inches in height with a slope of about fifty-five degrees and a square upper surface. Coke ovens, consisting of walls five inches thick and thirty-two inches in height, were placed on the top of these embankments, and after they had been filled with coke, the latter was set on fire.—Scientific American.

Appetites of Woodsmen.

Here are some figures from a lumber camp up in Greenwood which give an idea as to the appetites of husky woodsmen. There are thirty-five men in this crew, and the cook reports that he makes each day 300 large biscuits, 150 doughnuts, thirty-six pies, bakes six quarts of dry beans, with potatoes, vegetables, etc., in proportion. A large beef creature is eaten every five days. There is something to be explained in that item of thirty-six pies daily for thirty-five men. Probably the boss gets the extra one.—Kennebec Journal.