THE QUEENSTOWN NEWS.

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The Pall Mall Gazette says we must have kings—crowned or uncrowned.

New Yorkers are getting frail, notes the American. A woman dropped eleven stories in an elevator and injured a wrist.

There is nothing in this world more exasperating, to the Somerville Journal, than the man with no bad habits, but you don't meet him very often.

Forest preservation is about to become one of the big public questions, prophesies the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. Unless the trees are looked after we shall become short on timber and long on floods.

It is an axiom, recognized and accepted by all, except by those who stand to profit by denying it, maintains the Coast Seaman's Journal, that maritime power depends finally upon the personnel—that is, the seamen. The nation most powerful on the sea is that which is served by the best seamen.

The suffrage question may with safety be left at this time to woman herself, and she is settling it, announces the Philadelphia Ledger. No sooner does some woman suffrage propaganda—carefully pushed on by an energetic little coterie of our "suffragettes" — become noticeable than there appears a powerful and energetic body of women ready and eager to oppose woman suffrage.

Smaller classes, more industrial training, better equipped schools, and special classes for the unruly pupils are proposed by the Public Education Association as aids to discipline. The association urges the immediate adoption of these methods, notes the New York Globe, as a substitute for corporal punishment, and adds that failure to act upon them will result in the demand for corporal punishment becoming irresistible.

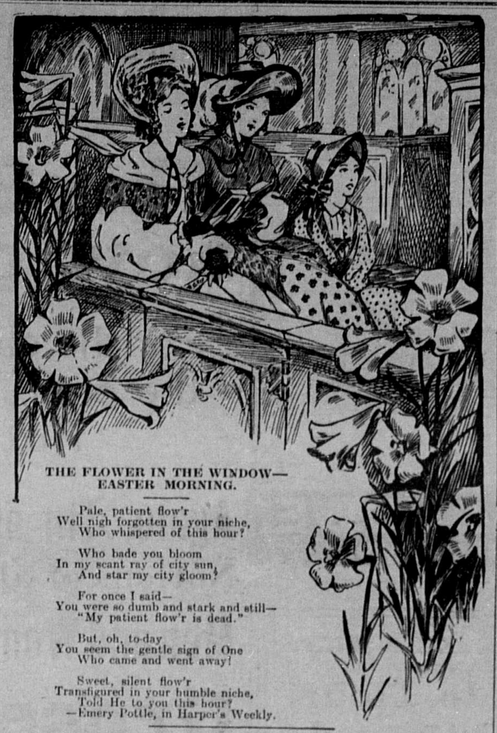
It is not very long ago when drinking to excess was in a way fashionable, recalls the Argonaut. In the memory of one not yet old, every so-called gentleman's dinner saw from one to half a score victims under the table, or if not under it, silly drunk beside it. Now nobody in any respectable company ever drinks to the degree of confusion and shame. No gentleman's club tolerates a drunkard.

Why is it that Europe in this age of railroads continues to spend so much money and devote so much energy to the improvement of natural commercial waterways and to the construction of those which are wholly artificial? asks the New Orleans Picayune. The answer is that European economists have long ago foreseen that the capacity of railroads is limited, while the great cost for maintenance and equipment must constantly be met every year, whereas natural and artificial, great waterways have larger capacity at vastly less expense.

Says the Yonkers Statesman: Pneumonia is to a great extent preventable. It is not classed among the germ diseases, but it does not follow that all persons into whose systems the germs of the disease enter will develop the disease. There is for the great majority of human beings not a day on which noxious germs of one kind or another, or of several kinds, do not enter their systems with the food they eat, the water they drink or the air they breathe. Medical practitioners say that the germs of pneumonia are always present, to a greater or less extent, in the air passages.

There is a room in the Bank of England where what is called the reserve is stored, relates the New Orleans Picayune. The gross amount may be put at about £25,000,000, or about 126 tons of standard gold. To this must be added some £10,000,000, or about another seventy-two tons, held in respect of the Bank of England note issue. This latter amount can be called into requisition by the suspension of the Bank Act, in case of need. In addition to this, the reserve held against Scotch note issues amounts to £6,000,000, and Irish £3,000,000, making a grand total o- £44,000,000, or 333 tons of gold.

Praising in the highest terms the energy of the American people and asserting that in case of war the entire sentiments of the French nation would be with the United States, M. Louis Madelin, president of the French Society of Historical Research, left America for his native land. M. Madelin, who is a noted French scholar and author, has been in this country for five months on a lecture tour, as the official representative of the Alliance Francaise, says the New York Telegram. While touring the country he was the guest of many universities, at which he had been invited to lecture. M. Madelin said he had never believed that the energy of Americans was so great and was sure that a most efficient army could be brought into the field at short notice if need be.



THE FLOWER IN THE WINDOW—EASTER MORNING.

Pale, patient flow'r
Well nigh forgotten in your niche,
Who whispered of this hour?

Who bade you bloom
In my scant ray of city sun,
And star my city gloom?

For once I said—
You were so dumb and stark and still—
"My patient flow'r is dead."

But, oh, to-day
You seem the gentle sign of One
Who came and went away!

Sweet, silent flow'r
Transfigured in your humble niche,
Told He to you this hour?
—Emery Pottle, in Harper's Weekly.

Customs of Eastertime

EASTER is the chief festival of the Church, and of course, the Little Men and Women always look forward to it with pleasure. Festivals of some kind seem to be necessary to all the members of the human race, big or little, and nothing could be more natural than that there should be one at this time of the year, when nature is waking up from her long winter sleep to put on new life. There has perhaps never been a time when there was not a celebration of some kind at the end of winter, for people must express their joy in one way or another, even if it is only as the little girls do, when, at the first signs of spring, they invariably with one accord get out their skipping ropes, which may have been laid away and forgotten for eleven months.

The word Easter is probably derived from Eastre, the name of the Saxon goddess of spring, and it is easy to imagine that before our heathen ancestors were converted to Christianity they used to have a great spring festival in honor of the goddess. With the advent of Christianity the same season, when all nature suggests joyous thoughts, would naturally be selected for the festival that commemorates the resurrection of Christ.

At first there was great disagreement as to the exact day that should be set for this great festival. The Jewish Christians wanted to have it at the same time as the Feast of the Passover, but others would not agree to that, and the result was that for hundreds of years different branches of the Church celebrated Easter on different days. It is because a part of the Church did at one time keep Easter at the same time as the Jewish Passover that the word "paschal" is now used in reference either to Easter or the Passover. The question as to the particular day on which Easter was to be celebrated was discussed in Church councils, and all the learned men of the Church gave it their most serious consideration, until it was finally decided that Easter Day should be "the first Sunday" after the full moon which happens upon or next after March 21; and if the full moon happens upon a Sunday, Easter Day is the Sunday after." No one is expected to understand this except the astronomers and mathematicians, who discover and announce to the general public on what particular day Easter will fall each year.

The only reason for mentioning this bewildering decision of the Church is that it gives a hint of the connection between Easter and rabbits. It must first be explained that the rabbit is all a mistake, and the animal that appears in our Easter pictures and done in sugar in the windows of the confectioners should really be a hare, instead of a rabbit. The hare has from time immemorial been the symbol of the moon, and, as the moon decides the time of Easter, it is quite proper and natural that the hare should be associated with this season. In Germany the Easter hare is almost as important a personage as St. Nicholas, and its habits somewhat resemble those of that much loved saint. On the night before Easter a white hare enters the homes of all children who have been good and hides in all sorts of out-of-the-way corners any number of beautifully colored eggs. Anyway, the children find the eggs when they hunt for them, and it would perhaps be presumption on the part of any one who is not a German to express an opinion as to where they really come from.

A rabbit is not a hare, although they are cousins. There is one marked difference between them. The baby rabbit, as all know who keep these little animals as pets, comes into the world blind and helpless, while the baby hare has its eyes open from the beginning, and is soon able to take care of itself. It has been believed that the hare never closes its eyes, and that is one reason why it is chosen as the symbol of the moon, which always has its eyes open and sees everything that goes on at night. Just how the rabbit error was introduced is not known. It may have been all the fault of the confectioners, who no doubt thought they could make candy without studying nature, and therefore never learned that there was any difference between a rabbit and a hare.

The use of eggs in the celebration of spring is an ancient custom, for the egg has always been the symbol of creation and new life. It is easy to understand why this should be, for every one knows that all the downy little chickens and ducklings come out of eggs, as well as a multitude of other birds that don't look so pretty because they are in such a hurry to get out that they won't wait to put on their downy garments. The egg had been used in the Jewish Feats of the Passover, and when the Christian festival of Easter was established its use was retained with an added meaning, for it became the symbol of the Resurrection.

The Easter Hare and Her Interesting Family.

—Mrs. J. Bernard, New York, in Leslie's Weekly.

There have been many curious observances in regard to Easter, in which hares and eggs are dying out, while new ones are coming in, but the custom of wearing new clothes is one of the old ones that is not likely to die out. This practice has been so long and firmly established that in some parts of the world there is a superstition that it would bring bad luck to neglect it. Even if there were no Easter festival the coming of spring would probably always create in the human heart a longing for fresh raiment.

The total area of Africa is estimated at about 11,500,000 square miles, of which Great Britain owns 2,173,910 square miles.

Ye lilies, stately, sweet, bend low: your King
Walks through the garden in the faint-lit morn;
The Grave has given up the Holy One—
He Who was mocked of men and put to scorn;
Speak to the breeze, fair blooms, that it may blow
Your gentle incense to Him, walking so—

Ye lilies, waxen, glorious, see her come—
Mary, the type of weak humanity;
In palest dawn she meets One wending slow.
"Gardener," she calls Him, for Doubt cannot see;
(He speaks her name (the night-winds hush their cry)—
"Master!" she cries (and daylight finds the sky).

"Gardener," true—oh, lilies drenched with dew,
He tends all nature, bringing Spring to earth;
Yearly growth's Resurrection brings anew
From out the grave of Winter, wondrous birth.
Ring, silent chimes of fragrance, lilies pure—
The mysteries of life through death endure!
—The Ladies' World.

For the Younger Children....

NUMBER LAND.

We write the numbers on our slates,
And add them in a row;
Then rub them out; and sevens and eights
And all the others go
Far away to Number Land,
To the east and west of us;
For they have their Slumber Land
Just like all the rest of us.

Number Land is a pleasant place,
Where beds are soft and deep;
And all the figures we erase
Go wand'ring off to sleep
Far away to Number Land,
To the east and west of us;
For they all have their Slumber Land,
Just like all the rest of us.
—Arthur Macy, in Youth's Companion.

BABY, MY SQUIRREL.

In the month of July our house was destroyed by fire. Being left homeless, we sought shelter in tents, pitched in a grove of large bay-trees, near the site of our former home. And this is where I found my squirrel.

The gray squirrel, native of California, builds his nest in the topmost branches of tall, slender trees, which sway in the breeze.

One day the wind may have been stronger than usual, or perhaps an overbold youngster ventured too near the edge of the nest. Whatever the cause, the fact remains—a baby squirrel was lying on the ground near the foot of a tree. The poor little fellow, too young to run or climb out of reach, was easily captured.

I placed him in a cage with a bed of cotton; but he clung, trembling, to the wires all day, and could not be induced to take any food. Next morning, however, he sucked warm milk from the end of a spoon, and I fed him four times daily in this manner. At the end of a week he was quite fat, perfectly tame, and apparently happy in his new surroundings. After a month or more he was able to eat nuts, sitting up with his tail over his back in regular squirrel fashion during the process.

All this time I had taken personal care of my Baby, as I called him, and he resented the presence of any stranger. His disapproval was manifested by burying himself in his bed, from which safe retreat he emitted shrill squeals or a low, malicious chuckle.

Baby had a special antipathy for the maid. Whenever she entered the room where he was kept, his angry squeals could be heard throughout the house.

His ears, accustomed to the stillness of the forest, were extremely sensitive to sound, and he seemed to suffer from the various noises incident to domestic life.

Baby never made a mistake in regard to persons, and was unvarying in his friendliness toward me. When I would let him loose for exercise, he would scamper about and play like a kitten, rolling over and over when I tickled him, climbing up my dress, sitting on my shoulders, and in ambitious moments mounting to the top of my head.

We had occupied a house during the winter, but with the summer our camping time returned. Baby had then arrived at an age of discretion, and I, being averse to keeping an animal in captivity, decided to give him his freedom.

For a few days I kept his cage suspended from a tree in front of my tent. He was greatly excited by his surroundings; but, when he had become sufficiently at home there, I opened the door and set him at liberty. He scampered about on top of his cage for a while, and finally ventured to climb a tree. The ascent was accomplished in safety; but, with the proverbial rapidity of the downward course, he lost his grip and landed ignominously on the ground He was glad to be lifted gently and placed in his bed, where he slept the rest of the day. On the morrow he was lively as ever, so I let him out again. Experience had taught him caution, and he had no more falls.

Every evening for a week Baby returned to his cage, but afterward took possession of a deserted nest, which he repaired with sticks and bits of moss. Here he lived happily all summer, playing among the branches with the wild squirrels, and coming to my tent every day for nuts. He soon discovered that I kept the nuts in a covered jar on the bureau. If he came during my absence, I would find, on returning, the cover removed from the jar and the remnants of his repast scattered on the floor.

Three months have passed since we left the camp, but Baby is tame as ever. He has changed his place of abode, and now lives far up on the hillside, whence he comes in response to my call, leaping from bough to bough till he reaches the camping ground. Here he descends the tree nearest to where I am sitting and jumps upon my knee, holding out his tiny hands for the nuts, which I bring daily.

Baby is now full grown and very handsome. His coat of silver gray fur is soft and sleek; his wide-spreading tail seems to puff up with pride and satisfaction; and he enjoys, to the fullest extent of a squirrel's capacity, life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.—Mary D. Barber, in the Churchman.

WONDERFUL MOVING VINE.

Near the bank of the Guadalupe River, I saw something green upon the ground, and, hurrying forward, found a lovely vine with leaves smaller than those of the smilax, of a pale, tender green. The vine had its root about five feet from the trunk of a towering cottonwood tree, and spread out on the ground four or five inches wide, becoming a little narrower as it approached the tree. I could see no stems nor tendrils, so thick was the growth; and as I drew close to the tree I saw that the vine branched just above the ground and went climbing up the great trunk and the branches. It grew more and more slender, until, far up, I could distinguish only a thread-like line of green. As I stood intently watching the delicate, graceful vine, I became aware that it was pervaded by a curious, tremulous motion. Then I saw that the individual leaves were not stationary. Picking up a twig from the ground, I touched one of the leaves and found to my amazement that there was a brown ant under it about as long as my little finger nail. Each leaf was held in the mandibles of an ant in such a way as to conceal the body of the insect, and the ants were coming down the tree. The discovery came upon me with a shock. I had stumbled on a nest of umbrella-ants. Books had told me that such ants were found in the tropics, where they carried bits of leaves over their heads as if to protect themselves from the sun; but here, on the banks of a Texas river, I had found a colony of them, shading themselves where there was no sun, and completely hidden by their covering of green.

Charmed at the sight, I turned back to call my companions, who were fishing in the river. Within a few yards I met my husband coming to look for me. He was even more excited over the phenomenon than I was, and shouted for the others to come quickly. On investigation we found that the spot where the vine seemed to have its root was really the opening of the ant nest. The tiny creatures had by some instinct learned that the topmost branches of the cottonwood had put out their first small leaves. They had climbed the immense distance and had cut off and brought down their leaves—to feed their young ones, we supposed. The ants which issued empty-jawed from the nest made a long circuit to the farther side of the tree and climbed up where they would not interfere with the leaf-bearing thousands coming down.—From "Nature and Science," in St. Nicholas.

LOUISE'S HAT TRIMMED.

Until she was six years old little Louise had lived in the city. Then her mother moved to a smaller town where the houses stood in large yards, and there were trees and flowers and plenty of grass. Louise had a little garden all her own, and in it she raised one tomato plant, one pea vine, two dandelions and a geranium. Think of that!

There were many other things about her home that pleased little Louise. One was a swing with two chairs that faced each other, and here she and her sister used to sit and swing and play they were riding in the cars.

One day Louise was sitting in the swing alone, when a bird plumped down out of the apple tree right upon the crown of her hat. Louise was a bit startled, but her mother, who sat near in the hammock, called out: "Don't be frightened, dear; it is just a baby robin! Keep still and see what he will do."

So Louise kept still, and the robin perched on her hat and looked about. Then he seemed to think that he would like to take a walk, for he got down off the crown of Louise's hat and hopped around the rim, until at last he tumbled off into the grass.

Pussy saw the bird fall, and started at once to creep slyly towards him, but Louise's mother saw her and scared her away, and picked the baby robin up and put him in the tree, where the old birds were making a great fuss. They seemed glad to get their baby back again.

Louise's mother says she doesn't like hats trimmed with dead birds, but if a little live bird wishes to trim a hat with himself, why, that is quite a different matter!—Mary Wood-Allen, in Little Folks.

A BOOK COVER.

Many of our boys and girls no doubt would like to have a neat cover to put on the books they read to keep them from getting soiled. Here is the way to make one that may be used on any book of ordinary size. The girls can make it for themselves; the boys can ask their sisters' good offices in the matter. Take a piece of tailor's canvas eight inches wide and seventeen and a half inches long, and on one end of it embroider an initial or a monogram, as may be desired. This should be done on the part of the canvas that will cover the front of the book. Line the canvas with gold colored silk the same size as the canvas, overcasting it on all the way around, then bind it around with half-inch crimson ribbon. Fold in about two inches on one end and fasten it at each edge. The back of the book can be slipped in at this end so that it will hold, and the other end, being unfolded, may be used to mark the place when the book is laid aside. Of course the cover may be of any size desired, but the one here described will answer for most books.—Chicago News.

His Shoe Was His Bank.

W. S. Webb, cashier of the Missouri Savings Association Bank, had an unusual experience with a depositor this morning. The depositor had three $20 bills. The bills were worn through at one end, evidently from contact with nails in the heel of a shoe. The depositor said he had been carrying the bills in his shoe since the financial stress began. The bills were sent to Washington for redemption.—Kansas City Star.

Painless Cancer.

There is a prevailing opinion that cancer is always painful from the beginning, whereas it is really painless in the majority of cases. It is desirable to ascertain how far the public ought to be instructed in the early signs of cancer, with a view to the adoption of earlier diagnosis and consequently earlier operation.—London Hospital.

An electric railway is under construction from Odda to Hau[illegible] in Norway, a distance [illegible] miles.

SPORT AND ADVENTURE

ENGLISH GHOSTS.

While there are those who smile at the Gray Woman of Windsor, few treat lightly the ghost of Catherine Howard at Hampton Court. She foretells nobody's demise, but walks the corridor that looks out on the lovely fountain court, wailing and disturbing the comfort of the ladies who are privileged to live in the old palace.

It was in this corridor, almost 400 years ago, that Catherine, fifth wife of Henry VIII., waylaid the King on his way to his chapel to beg for her life. Henry flung off the poor pleading creature and went mercilessly on to his prayers. There used to be a venerable guard at Hampton Court, who would solemnly assert that he had heard the whole interview one night; the woman's cries for pity and then her screams of despair when the King spurned her with an oath and then slammed the door in her face.

The old guard's h's were as ghostly as his tale, but he used to tell it so well it was hard to doubt him. The fact, however, remains that the nightly noises from the corridor become so disturbing that eventually it was thrown open to the public. The trampling of tourists' feet is usually distressing to ghosts, and Catherine is less noisy than formerly.

But the royal ghosts are as a drop in the bucket to the private family phantoms that prevail in England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales. Perhaps the most thoroughly haunted spot in the little piece of land that goes by the name of Great Britain, is the Leap Castle at Roscrea, Ireland.

The ghosts of Leap are many, and those members of the Psychical Research Society, who have tried to pluck out the heart of Leap's mystery have retired from investigation ready to agree that there are still some things beyond the touch of the finger of science. At Leap, ghosts in human form do not appear very often, but in broad daylight a ponderous book will softly close or open its covers, bells ring, though touched by no visible hands; locked doors and windows fly open, and at night lights glimmer under shut doors, or women's voices are heard whispering, giving vent to hair-curling laughter and sometimes sobbing dismally.

The Leap Castle is an antique stone building and picturesque, but few there are who envy its owners, though Leap is a jolly and peaceful old homestead in comparison with its Scotch prototype. The famous, the fierce and frowning northern stronghold of the Lords Strathmore is Glamis Castle (pronounced Glams), and while it may seem flippant to say so, Glamis has ghosts from 'way back, from the time of King Duncan and bloody Macbeth, from before the coming over of William the Norman.

Besides them those of Leap are just tricksome brownies. Everybody in England takes Glamis seriously and nobody disputes the existence of some frightful mystery, hidden for generations in the dungeons or the secret tower chambers of the brutal looking pile of masonry.

Even Dean Stanley acknowledged a feeling for Glamis' ghost. The dean had a way of digging up the royal folk and others who sleep in Westminster Abbey, just to see if they were all there and doing comfortably; and he was not a nervous or foolishly credulous person. He got a shock, however, when he happened to blunder into the tomb of that Lady Strathmore of whose fatal inquisitiveness a grim Bluebeardish tale is told.

She tried to see the Glamis mystery which was supposed to be secreted in a portion of the castle to which only the Earl and his heir had access. Yet a more dreadful fate than that Bluebeard prepared for prying Fatime befell this poor lady who suddenly disappeared. Her husband announced her death, but the gossips said he had had her tongue cut out, her hands cut off, and placed her in exile in a remote town in the Italian mountains.

This, of course, was to prevent any revelation as to the nature of Glamis' awful secret, and when at last the wretched woman really did die, she was smuggled into a tomb in Westminster Abbey. As this tragedy took place a hundred years ago, it sounds like a fairy tale to modern ears; nevertheless, Dean Stanley did unearth the remains of a Countess of Strathmore, a pathetic skeleton without any hands.

Last winter, while a large party was taking place at the castle and while the guests were gathering in the hall, a nine of diamonds, a card of singular ill-omen for the Strathmores, fluttered down from the oak-beamed ceiling to the carpeted floor. The present Lord of Glamis hastily put his foot on the card in an attempt to conceal it.

Eventually he was seen to toss the card into the fire before leading the way to table. The guests who had witnessed the incident discreetly bided their time to add this as substantial proof of the fact that Glamis is still haunted.—From the House Beautiful.

A REMARKABLE EXPLOIT.

Present-day paths to literary glory make the way of the mediaeval warrior to fame seem tame and unexciting. Robert Dunn, of the red-blooded younger generation of writers, climbed over a volcanic island recently in the Bering Sea. Dante's Inferno can be no worse than this spot he thus describes in the Outing Magazine:

"Cliff sank away into chaos. Upright fans of tuffa; crevices like salt-cru[illegible] wounds; chasms with leprous edg[illegible] mad; less [illegible]

high-pressure 'Zjsssh[illegible] sound? Then I wou[illegible] catch only the horrid, ov[illegible] silence.

"The thing seemed mo[illegible] The sulphur no longer c[illegible] could have passed a b[illegible] of miners' matches unc[illegible] and I would have gulpe[illegible] like fresh air. But th[illegible] venom still belched out o[illegible] secret and furtive; now fr[illegible] and gashes four feet and mo[illegible] no longer red-yellow, but [illegible] crusted white or brilliant [illegible] bristling with rapier-li[illegible] Heat tremors pulsed [illegible] were a vast roof to[illegible] eye of the sun. [illegible] blasted acre unde[illegible] ing steam flag[illegible] desolation—crum[illegible] over-parched; trailed [illegible] of the dull rainbow hue[illegible] from grotesque mosaics. [illegible] pudding of slag fresh from the [illegible] furnace of the unknown fus[illegible] and how alien to the cold [illegible] winds of the subarctic!"

BEAR HUNTING ALL THE [illegible]

Young men and old have g[illegible] for bear hunting with unusu[illegible] thusiasm this season, writes th[illegible] cow corre[illegible] of the Ne[illegible] World. [illegible] ized an[illegible] after a bear has but to sl[illegible] club in St. Petersburg an[illegible] some peasant comes in fr[illegible] rior and reports that a b[illegible] near his home. The hunt[illegible] bear from the peasant, or [illegible] the privilege of shooting h[illegible] often $100 or more. Then [illegible] after the bear. But he is [illegible] tious, and if the unknowing for[illegible] wishes him good luck he will b[illegible] ly to turn pale and abandon th[illegible] He considers it bad luck to ha[illegible] friends wish him good luck befo[illegible] ing hunting.

He leaves St. Petersburg [illegible] servant laden not only with [illegible] with a goodly supply of [illegible] ments and sheets. Ar[illegible] village, he hires all the men [illegible] in the place, a hundred or [illegible] they proceed to rope in a [illegible] of ground to inclose the be[illegible] rope is decorated with a mult[illegible] tiny pennants in various brign[illegible] ors to catch the brute's eye. T[illegible] hunter, meantime, has arrayed hi[illegible] self in white garments and taken [illegible] his post by a snow covered tree, wh[illegible] he could be passed by a dozen fri[illegible] ened bears and never be noticed.

Having made the inclosing rop[illegible] cure, the peasants take up their [illegible] tion near the bear's hiding place [illegible] raise such a hue and cry that usu[illegible] he rushes toward the bright col[illegible] pennants, showing up clear and d[illegible] tinct against the snow covered land[illegible] scape. The white clad hunter is wait[illegible] ing for him, bang goes the gun an[illegible] the poor brute is slain.

Russian society women have taken [illegible] up this winter the fad of going on the [illegible] bear hunts. They put on white clot[illegible] skirts and coats, envelop themselv[illegible] in white sheets and stand [illegible] tree safely out of the bear's pat[illegible] where they can see all the sport.

HUNT FOR MISSING LINK

The latest scientific sensation i[illegible] Berlin is the sending out of Frau Selenka to Java and Sumatra to find the missing link in the Darwinian theory. She is not scientifically trained, but has a remarkable knowledge of the controversy regarding the missing link.

A German exploration party is on the spot now under Dr. Elbert, but its researches have not been encouraging. It has been investigating fossil deposits on the Trinil River in Java, expecting to find traces of the ape-man, which Dr. Dubois, of the Dutch army, says are to be found there. Elbert has found traces of human manufactures and the bones of extinct animals at least 20,000 years old, but they prove that the ape-man was in existence at a still remoter period.

It is Elbert's view that man and the ape-man have two different sets of ancestors. Frau Selenka will n[illegible] believe it. She is convinced that t[illegible] Java ape-man is the progenitor of th[illegible] human species, and will listen to nothing which will rob her of her Pithecanthropus, as she calls him.—Special Correspondence of the New York World.

SCALES CLIFF TO SAVE DOG.

Robert Walker, a silk worker of Paterson, N. J., risked his life to save that of a bulldog. In some way the dog had become marooned upon an ice floe fifty feet from shore in the Passaic Falls Basin, and had been there for eighteen hours.

Walker descended the west wall of the ice-covered, eighty-foot cliff, going down at times over what appeared to the three hundred odd spectators as absolutely smooth ice. He made the trip in safety, and when a rope was lowered to him fastened it about the dog, which was cared for at a boathouse near by. Instead of making his own way down the gorge Walker returned as he went down, scaling the fence of the cliff.

Warns of Timber Famine.

Announcing that there was no issue before the American people so important, in his judgment, as the conservation of natural resources, urged upon Congress by President Roosevelt, Gifford Pinchot, forester of the Department of Agriculture, told 1500 persons at a meeting of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers that a timber famine in this country was imminent, and that unless there was a great change in public sentiment, the country would have to face in a few years the problem of how to do without wood.

At the present rate of consumption, he said, the tree[illegible] standing could supply timbe[illegible] years. There have alre[illegible] aside in the West 165,0[illegible] of forest lands, [illegible] ernment [illegible]