THE QUEENSTOWN NEWS.

VOL. XXVI. QUEENSTOWN, MARYLAND, SATURDAY, APRIL 25, 1908. NO. 2

A man thinks he has a great mind, avers the New York Press, when he doesn't slip on the ice because his wife made him wear rubbers.

"Mythomania" is the latest coined word, asserts the Baltimore News. Its projectors intend it to signify a chronic incapacity for telling the truth.

Many people would be millionaires, suggests the London Daily Mirror, if they could only say the right thing at the right moment, instead of ten minutes afterward.

A Detroit woman wants $75,000 for a kiss. Wall Street in its palmiest days, observes the Omaha Bee, never saw a more flagrant attempt at overcapitalization.

There is real virtue, to the Chicago Interior, in preaching for small salary to people who have little money to pay, but no virtue at all in preaching cheaply for a church that could pay a worthy recompense.

"Do fish feel pain?" inquires the Atlanta Georgian. We should think, sneers the Washington Herald, the low repute to which fishing has fallen in Georgia these days would be calculated to give them a pain.

"Exhaustion of the coal supply is not far distant," says the Engineering Record. However, at the present price of the fuel the chances are that the money supply will be exhausted first, comments the Bristol Herald-Courier.

Henry James' new serial story opens with the introduction of a mother with three divorced husbands and a daughter with six broken engagements. This, thinks the Boston Herald, should do for a thrilling and complicated starter.

Winston Churchill, Under Colonial Secretary, of Great Britain, says that "nobody should have anything till everybody has had something." Tittlebat Titmouse proposed that "everybody should have everything without costing anybody anything."

All movement in right directions is slow, and progress is made by furnishing better precedents of judgment and action. Nothing is sacred that is not right, observes the Christian Register, and nothing less than the attainable best is worthy of perpetuation.

The Youngstown, Ohio, hen which will lay no eggs unless she is regularly supplied with fine cut chewing tobacco as a part of her food, is plainly an immoral creature, declares the Hartford Times. Still, hens have been known to eat worse things than "fine cut" and yet to lay very palatable eggs.

Rats, fleas, flies, mosquitoes and dust are now identified and branded as carriers of disease. Verily, says the Christian Register, those prophets of Baal, with whom Elijah contended, were not wholly false prophets. They selected Beelzebub, or Beelzebul, the most devilish of the Eastern deities, to be the god of flies.

Dr. Weir Mitchell says "nervousness in women causes more domestic unhappiness than dram drinking among men." And moreover, comments the Louisville Courier-Journal, there is almost no satisfaction in having ingrowing nerves, while dram drinking among men is esteemed by the up-to-date woman as being a positive pleasure.

Taking separately the points of physical beauty, announces the World, the New York shop girl or factory girl has more abundant and prettier hair than the so-called "society woman." She has softer eyes, fewer lines in her face and peachier, more velvety complexion. Sometimes her teeth are not so good and her hands are not so well kept.

The founder of the George Junior Republic went to California to establish two more branches of boyville. The success of his experiment in New York State, affirms the Boston Transcript, has focused the interest of the country on that unique institution. To get the city waif into the country and by putting him into an imitation city in which he is police, merchant, alderman and magistrate, was surely a new idea. The life dramatizes the lessons of civilization and interprets all the offices which, in the city environment, he would come to look upon as his hereditary enemies.

The Pittsburg Survey, by the charitable prompting of Mrs. Russell Sage, has estimated in individual studies the immediate cash loss—$700,000 a year, in round numbers—due to the prevalence of typhoid in Greater Pittsburg, which has continued for twenty-five years unabated. As everybody knows, observes the New York Times, typhoid is a filth disease, and preventable. By expending $500,000 a year upon the prevention of the primary and secondary causes of typhoid the city of Pittsburge could wipe out this disease, and the expenditure would represent an insurance investment paying forty per cent. interest.

DOES 'MA WISH SHE WAS PA?

"I wish I had a lot o' cash,"
Sez pa, one winter's night;
"I'd go down South an' stay a while
Where days are warm an' bright."
He set and watched the fire die
(Seemed lost in thoughtful daze),
Till ma brought in some fresh pine knots
An' made a cheerful blaze.

"I wish I had a million shares
O' stock in Standard Oil,"
Sez pa; "I wouldn't do a thing."
Ma made the kettle boil,
An' mixed hot biscuits, fried some ham
An' eggs (smelt good, you bet!),
Fetched cheese an' doughnuts, made the tea,
Then pa—set down an' et!

"I wish I was a millionaire,"
Sez pa; "I'd have a snap."
Next, from the lounge, we heard a snore:
Pa—at his ev-nin' nap!
Ma did the dishes, shook the cloth,
Brushed up, put things away,
An' fed the cat, then started up
Her plans for bakin' day.

She washed an' put some beans to soak,
An' set some bread to rise;
Unstrung dried apples, soaked 'em, too,
All ready for her pies;
She brought more wood, put out the cat,
Then darned four pairs o' socks;
Pa woke, an' sez, "It's time for bed;
Ma, have you wound both clocks?"

—Mary F. K. Hutchinson, in the Woman's Home Companion.

An Extraordinary Proposal.

CHAPTER I.

Andrew Elliot was the eldest son of a small farmer.

At the period when we commence our story Andrew was between two or three and twenty years of age. He was a sharp, clever, active young fellow, of excellent disposition and upright principles, and was held in high estimation by all who knew him. Andrew had at this time an uncle in the metropolis, a wealthy merchant. To this person he was sent by his father to push his fortune in the city, there being little prospect of his being able to improve his condition in the rural section where he was born.

On his arrival at his uncle's, he was immediately introduced by that person into his own establishment, when he soon discovered such aptness for business as induced his relative gradually to devolve on him some of the weightiest and most important transactions of the concern. His steady, upright conduct and agreeable manners won the esteem of his uncle (who was a bachelor), and thus placed him on the high road to fortune.

In time the old man took young Elliot into partnership, and at his death, which occurred a few years afterward, left him his whole business and fortune (which last was very considerable), with the exception of a few trifling legacies.

Here, then, was the young man raised, by a combination of his own deserts with favorable circumstances, at twenty-eight or so, to what a person of moderate ambition would call the top of fortune's ladder. The business left him by his relative was prosperous, and in money, real estate and securities of various kinds, he might, besides, be worth nearly one hundred thousand dollars.

For two or three years after this, matters went on exceedingly well with Mr. Elliot. He was a man of consequence among his fellow merchants, and his credit was unbounded—this last circumstance not more owing to his wealth than to the excellence of his character, which was honorable and upright to the last degree. He was, moreover, generous and benevolent, and had ever a ready hand for the relief of the needy.

These qualities, however, though they gained him the universal esteem and respect of his fellow men, could not shield him from those reverses that checker human life.

A series of losses by shipwreck, and two or three failures of friends for whom he had indorsed notes to a large amount, reduced him, in a very few years, to bankruptcy, and placed him precisely in the situation in life which was his when he had set out. But he was an bankrupt in fortune only, not in fame. His excellent character still remained to him, and stood him in good stead.

During all this time Mr. Elliot continued to reside in his late uncle's house—not his own, however—which was at the distance of about a mile from his place of business. He had taken up his abode there when he came to the city first, and there he still remained. In going to and from his store to his residence, a route which he had now traversed several times a day for many years, Mr. Elliot had to pass a certain corner, at which was stationed a crippled mendicant who had occupied the post for upward of twenty years.

To this needy and unfortunate person Mr. Elliot had been exceptionally generous in the days of his prosperity; throwing him a silver coin several times a week; for he was taken with the modest demeanor of the man who never sought the charity he gave.

But from this benevolent purpose Mr. Elliot was compelled to desist when his reverses came upon him, and was forced to pass his old pensioner without putting his hand in his pocket. He still, however, gave him a trifle now and then; but it was latterly more proportioned to his means than his disposition, and was given, besides, only at long intervals.

Thus, then, matters stood between Mr. Elliot and the beggar, and thus had they stood for several weeks, when, as the former was returning home one evening in the dusk (it was the month of October), the mendicant, who was just in the act of leaving his station as Mr. Elliot passed, called after him by his name. Surprised that the man should have known it, and a little irritated at the interruption, Mr. Elliot turned sharply around, and demanded to know what he wanted.

"You have not been so kind to me of late as you used to be, Mr. Elliot," said the cripple, with a smile.

"There are reasons for everything," replied the former, "and, of course, one for that, too. I am not so able now to relieve you as I was."

"I know that," said the beggar.

"Indeed!" replied Mr. Elliot, more and more surprised at the knowledge of him and his circumstances which the cripple seemed to possess. "Pray, how do you happen to know that?"

"It doesn't matter," said the mendicant; "I do know it, and I am sorry for it; but I am not certain that poor and humble as I am, I could not be of some service to you in your present difficulties. If you think, Mr. Elliot, of calling at No. 36 Varick street to-morrow evening at 8 o'clock, I could perhaps introduce you to a friend from whom you might hear of something to your advantage. Will you do this?"

Perplexed by the singularity of this address, it was some seconds before Mr. Elliot could make any reply.

At length, thinking there could be no harm in making the call to which he was invited, however strange the circumstances, he replied that "He had no objection—that he certainly would."

"Well," said the little old beggar, for he was a man of diminutive stature, "do so, and inquire for John Johnstone," and he hobbled away.

The appointment which he had thus made, Mr. Elliot resolved to keep—not from any idea whatever that it could possibly produce any benefit to him, but from sheer curiosity to know how it would end.

CHAPTER II.

On the following night he made his way to Varick street, having previously remarked, however, at an earlier period of the afternoon, that the little old beggar was not, as usual, at his station.

The number to which he had been directed Mr. Elliot at once found; it was a neat and respectable looking house. He rapped. A modest, well-dressed servant girl opened the door. He said he had come there by appointment to meet Mr. John Johnstone. He was instantly admitted, and shown into a small but remarkably clean and well-furnished sitting-room.

Knowing nothing of the person whose house he was in, Mr. Elliot had no idea whom he was to see. What was his surprise then, when, after he had been seated for a few minutes, his old friend, the cripple, entered the apartment, but now so clean and neatly dressed that it was some seconds before he recognized him.

The old man smiled at Mr. Elliot's surprise, but requested him to be seated. When he had done so, the former sat down opposite him.

"Now, Mr. Elliot," he said, "let us proceed to business at once. I am myself the person whom I proposed to you to meet, and I will begin with giving you a brief sketch of what I am.

"For years I was a resident of the county in which you were born, Mr. Elliot. I thus knew most of your relations. In early manhood I was a bricklayer, and in that capacity came to the city about twelve years ago. Soon after my settlement in the metropolis I had the misfortune to fall from a scaffold, and was by the accident lamed as you now see me. Incapacitated for working, and seeing my wife and family starving around me, for I was already married and had three children, I resolved on adopting the last resource of the destitute—to solicit charity on the public streets. In pursuance of this resolution I sought a popular corner—that where you found me—took my station, and soon found my receipts considerable, much more, perhaps, than you would readily believe. Thus encouraged, there I have remained ever since; and the result is that I am now worth a sum that cannot be called trifling. My wife and my children, excepting one daughter, have been dead these many years.

"Now, Mr. Elliot," added the old man, "I have a proposal to make to you, and you must not take it amiss, for it is well meant; and if it is not agreeable to you, you have only to say so, and there will be no more of it. We will part as good friends as ever, notwithstanding. You were generous to me, Mr. Elliot, when you had the means, and I know your character to be all that is honorable, and these are the reasons that have induced me to take this step. But before I make the proposal I spoke of, Mr. Elliot," continued the old man, at the same time stretching his hand toward the bell-pull, "you must see my daughter."

He rang, and the latter soon after entered the apartment—a modest, beautiful and apparently a well-educated girl.

Mr. Elliot was introduced to her by her father, and a conversation ensued which discovered to the former that this young lady—for such she was at least by manners and education—was indeed all she appeared to be.

After she had remained in the apartment about half an hour—

"Now, my dear," said her father, addressing her, "do you retire and prepare a little supper for us, as I have something to say to our old friend, Mr. Elliot, here."

When she had withdrawn, the old man continued, addressing Mr. Elliot:

"Now, sir, that you have seen my daughter, I feel—but it may be a parent's partiality—more confidence in making my proposal to you. That proposal is, Mr. Elliot—and I beg you will not be startled by it, but just take it complacently, for, as I have said before, if it does not suit you you have only to say so—that you marry the girl you have just seen, and I will give you on the day of your marriage twenty-five thousand dollars! Now, take time to consider it. I neither expect nor require an immediate answer on a question so important to you; but if you do not decide unfavorably on the instant, let me know the result of your reflections on the subject as soon as you conveniently can. You will no doubt at first consider it a degrading alliance, perhaps the very proposal degrading to you; but such an idea would not stand the test of reasoning. Notwithstanding my lowly station in life, my daughter has been brought up in comfort, I may say in affluence, and has had a first-class education. I have spared no expense upon her; and I believe there are few accomplishments becoming her sex of which she is not possessed; and I hope, I need scarcely add, that she is as amiable and virtuous as she is accomplished."

Availing himself of the offer of time for reflection on this most unexpected and most extraordinary proposal, Mr. Elliot said—for he certainly was startled by it, and was by no means reconciled on the instant to marry the daughter of a street beggar, even with twenty-five thousand dollars in her name in her pocket—"that he was much honored by the proposal, that he felt exceedingly grateful for it, and that he certainly would take the matter into his consideration, and let him know the result in a day or two."

"Yes, do so, do so," said the old man, again extending his hand to the bell-pull. "Now, no allusion to what we've been talking about; not a word," he added, and he rang. His daughter again entered.

In a short time an elegant supper was served.

The repast, of which the old mendicant's beautiful and accomplished daughter did the honors, afforded Mr. Elliot an opportunity of further studying her merits, and these he found of so pleasing a character, that he sensibly felt his repugnance to look on her in the light of his future wife rapidly subsiding. He found her, in short, all that he could desire in a companion for life; and a few more visits, which he contrived to make subsequently, on various pretenses, without her father's presence, confirmed him in the opinion which the first interview inspired.

A few weeks later, Mr. Elliot led, in the phrase of the newspapers, the fair Isabella Johnstone to the hymeneal altar, and, on the same day, thirty thousand dollars were put to his credit in one of the banks of the metropolis, by the father of his bride.

He had increased his daughter's portion by five thousand dollars, saying to his son-in-law:

"I have done this, Mr. Elliot, because I wish you to pay off all your creditors in full" (Mr. Elliot had previously informed him that somewhere about ten thousand dollars would do this); "by doing which you will recover all your former credit and get on, perhaps, as well as ever."

With this proposition, which accorded so well with his own honorable position, Mr. Elliot closed. He paid off all his old debts, began business anew, and aided, soothed and cheered by the society of an amiable and affectionate wife, for such she proved, he soon found himself again in flourishing circumstances.—New York Weekly.

The Torch-Bearer.

By Laura E. Richards.

A VOICE came ringing down the way, "Room! room for the Torch-bearer! room for the keeper of the gates of To-morrow! room!"

'Ah! yes," I said. "It is he, the great sage, who has lightened the world-shadows this many a year. Who shall bear the torch but he?"

I looked, and the sage passed, his arms folded on his breast, his calm eyes bent forward, seeing many things; but no torch was in his hand.

And still the cry came ringing down the world's way, "Room for the Torch-bearer! make way! make way for the keeper of the gates of To-morrow!"

"Ah!" I said. "It will be the mighty leader, then; he who so long has marshalled our hearts, and led us whithersoever he would with a wave of his hand. Hail to him, hail to the Master of Armies!"

But as I looked, the master passed, and his truncheon hung low by his side, and his eyes looked downward, remembering; and no torch was in his hand.

Yet still, as I marvelled, came that great cry ringing down the world's way, and now it sounded loud in my ears:

"Room! room! make way! give place! the Torch-bearer comes. Make way for the keeper of the gates of God!"

And once more I looked.

Ah! bare and dusty were her feet, the little woman; and she went bowed, and stumbled on the rough stones, for the great torch hung heavy in her hand, and heavy the babe on her arm; but he sat there as on a throne, and laughed and leaped as he sat, and clutched the living torch, and shook it, flinging the blaze abroad, and the world-way lightened before him.—The Silver Crown.

Railroad Discrimination.

The Big Four Railroad has its foot in it good and proper at Pana. The young ladies of the town are beauless now just because the Big Four time table has changed and the Sunday night train fails to stop at Shelbyville. The railroad will either be compelled to change the order of its trains or Shelbyville will have a surplus of bachelors and Pana will have an old maids' club in the near future.—Litchfield Monitor.

"The Wandering Jew" as a serial netted Sue $20,000.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

A NURSERY JINGLE.

Oh, Susie has got a big hole in her stocking!
Oh, Susie—fie, fie, fie!
Poor Susie, the knowledge is dreadfully shocking;
No wonder it makes you cry.
But, Susie, my girl, think for one little minute—
If it hadn't a hole, could you get your foot in it?

—Philadelphia Ledger.

THE BABY AND THE JINRIKISHA.

Of course, the American baby is a wonderfully important little person. We all know that, and if he or she wants anything that thing has to appear at once or there may be trouble.

One of the things most American babies have is a pretty little carriage. It so happened that there was an American baby born in Japan, where, as you know, the babies ride on their mothers' and sisters' backs, and where such things as carriages were then unknown.

Maybe, you think the baby should have known better than to be born in such a country, but I'll tell you how it happened, and, remember, it is a true story.

It was long ago when our Government was just beginning to send ministers and consuls to Japan. The people there traveled about in big chairs, which men carried on their shoulders. The only vehicle on wheels was a funny sort of car drawn by a white ox and only the Mikado could ride in that.

So, when a dear little girl baby came to the family of one of the consuls mother, father and friends wondered where they were to find a carriage for the tiny lady. "I believe there is not one in all Japan," said the father, and all the others agreed with him.

He looked everywhere and inquired of everybody he met, but could find nothing like the thing he wanted.

At last, just as he was about to give up in despair, he happened to notice a light pair of iron wheels thrown with some rubbish in the corner of a blacksmith shop. The captain of a trading vessel had given them to the blacksmith and the blacksmith, having no use for them, was glad enough to sell them.

"Now we shall have a carriage," the consul thought as he carried his wheels home.

With the help of a carpenter the small carriage was soon furnished. Everybody was much interested in it, of course, and the commander of the battleship Wyoming, which was in port at the time, had it brought on board his ship, where the sailors painted and decorated it with an American eagle and other emblems.

After this the baby took daily airings in the odd little carriage, and you may be sure the natives wondered greatly.

When the consul left Japan he gave the carriage to the carpenter who had helped to make it, and what do you suppose that smart man did? He set to work and with a few changes fashioned the jinrikisha, the odd little carriage used in Japan today. The new vehicle was so well liked that the carpenter was kept busy making others like it, and soon became a rich man.

So, you see, the jinrikisha really owes its origin to an American baby.—Washington Star.

THE BOTHERSOME PEARL.

There was an oyster once, and he lived in a bed—an oyster bed. And it was a funny bed, without any sheets or blankets or pillow cases, or even a mattress. So I don't see why they called it a bed, but they do. His shape was all ups and downs, and his disposition was mild, and he wore a pearl in the left-hand corner of his upper shell on the inside. The oyster grew on a little stone, and it grew on hard and tight and fast, so it never could move around and see the world. This was a wild oyster, so it grew just as it pleased. If it had been a tame oyster it would have had to grow on little twigs put in the water on purpose, and afterward it would have been moved to other places to fatten, and it would have seen something of the world. But it was a mild wild oyster, and it lived by itself on a little stone and never went anywhere or said anything, and that's what people mean when they say other people are as mum as an oyster. And at last one day it had a toothache. Now, when you live inside of your mouth a toothache is something awful. And the poor mild oyster couldn't go to the dentist because it was growing hard and fast on that little round stone, so it asked a little fish to go for Dr. Lobster as fast as it could swim. And it was in a dreadful state of mind until it saw a large green lobster walking over the bottom of the sea. And it said, "Oh, please, Dr. Lobster, I've got a most extremely large toothache."

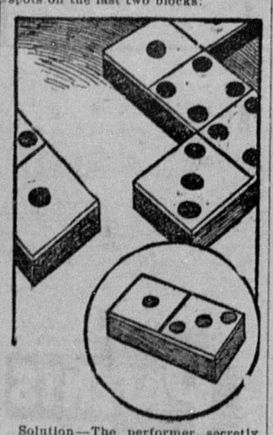
"Very well," said Dr. Lobster, "open your mouth. Oh, I see what the trouble is!" And he pulled out the pearl with his pinchers. He threw it away on the sand where it got lost. And the oyster was happy—Washington Star.

ICE-SCOOTS AND ICE-SCOOTERS.

Scoots and scooters are the latest wrinkle in ice-boats. Down on the Great South Bay, on the southern side of Long Island, they speak of them in fun as "ice-water boats." The advantage in a boat of this kind lies in its ability to sail on poor ice or to go across water that it partly open and frozen, as many of the bays along the coast are at times. The scoot is in general in the form of a sharpy, but the bottom curves up to the bow, so that if it is sailing on the water and comes to the edge of an ice-floe that is not too high out of the water the wind will blow the boat up on the ice, and it will sail along on its runners at double its previous speed. In the same manner, when it comes to open water, it will slip off the ice quite comfortably and become again a marine craft. A scoot is a cranky boat on the ice, as the runners or foreshoes are closer together than on an ice-boat with a triangular frame. Going before the wind it is all right; but when sailing on or up into a stiff wind, it will keep a boy moving to hold his balance and steady the boat. The shovel-nosed scooter is an easier boat to handle, as it is broader than the sharpy; but it is not quite so fast, being slightly heavier.—From "Harper's Outdoor Book For Boys."

TRICK WITH DOMINOES.

The performer asks the audience to match the blocks of a set of dominoes so that the numbers held together correspond. While this is being done he leaves the room. Returning he announces the number of spots on the last two blocks:



Solution—The performer secretly removes a block, bearing no double number of spots. The number of spots on this block must be the end numbers on the set. To avoid detection it is advisable to change the block when the trick is to be repeated.—Washington Star.

IN THE KINDERGARTEN.

Ernest had been absent for several days. His teacher asked the "circle" if any one could tell why Ernest did not come to school. One little hand went up and its owner said: "Please, teacher, he's sick—he's got the chicken coops."

Another girl was absent. "Can any one tell me why Marie is away?" asked this same teacher. Patsy gave the reason as he piped out: "Marie's got an illustrated tooth."—Washington Star.

BOBBY'S STOCKINGS.

Little Bobby's Aunt Helen went to spend the night at Bobby's house. She slept in the room next to the nursery. In the morning she heard Bobby making a great fuss about being dressed. She called through the register which is between the two rooms, "Bobby, Bobby, what's going on in there?" The answer came back promptly, in a pitiful wail, "My 'tockin's."—Harper's Magazine.

CONUNDRUMS.

Why are sheep supposed to be great gamesters?

Answer—Because the young ones are seen to gambol (gamble), and many of the old ones are blacklegs.

What professional man makes the most precarious living?

Answer—A dentist, of course, as he lives entirely from hand to mouth.—New York Tribune.

A Judge Advises Mothers.

"Mother," said a judge of the Cleveland Juvenile Court the other day, "you are ruining your boy by nagging him and telling him he is not good. His teacher tells me he is good. You had better change your tactics or we will find him another home."

Rearing a boy or girl is much like walking a tight wire: The least bobble is likely to precipitate one head first into disaster. There is but one way to do it and that is the right way—make the child the companion, then be good yourself.

The judge hit one nail a resounding whack on the head when he said: "Don't nag!"

The child who grows up in a home where from earliest times he has heard the shout: "Don't touch that!" "Don't do this!" "Will you stop whistling?" "You shall not keep that dog!" "Take that kite out of the house!" and all that sort of thing, having no liberties about the home, and who is constantly reminded by suggestion or direct charge that he is "the worst boy one ever saw!" is pretty apt to be driven into being that very thing.—Omaha Daily News.

TALES OF ADVENTURE

EXPLORING PRIMEVAL CAVES.

In the summer of 1907 Robert Dunn was intrepid enough to brave the fumes and deadly gases of the new volcanic island which had just been thrust above the surface of Bering Sea. Of his unprecedented trip he writes as follows in the Outing Magazine:

"I stumbled over red-purple blocks, from the size of your head up. Where the water lapped them, they were ringed with a deeper and more deadly orange. Waist-high, clinkery patches of smaller stones, where slides had choked old vents were splashed white or pale with sulphur, trembling with heat or coiling weak steam wisps. Flop! I fell knee-deep into the lagoon. Blocks and bowlders uncertainly propped eager landslides, all balanced just at the angle of rest, ready for the touch of a fly's foot to crash into the pale-bloody stew beneath. Higher, ridged cliffs choked with tuffa eddied out vast coils of vapor from invisible vents, wonderful hot caves, crusted with white and yellow salts, throbbed and spluttered as if they hid a million scratched lucifers. I started slide after slide, saved myself by pawing the hot stuff on all fours, or by sudden balancing. My heart beat furiously. Well, this was the excitement I'd been thirsting for. The inner-questionings were answered by being overwhelmed. But suppose the Thing should stir and grow some more, right off? Suppose——

"The cool gale touched me, like a fevered being at a window opened suddenly. I was to windward of the steam. The crumbling shafts of Bogoslov, peppered with murres, were in full sight across the channel, and the open sea below was now only muddy. But upward? Oh, yes, you might dodge the caves and step lightly over the yellow vents, but where the purple blocks ended the upper cliffs shot up sheer, uncertain, crumbling into the upper pall—into God knows where, even if you got there. I had to see where I was going. You couldn't grope about, as if only exploring the steam room of a Turkish bath, which it was up there. I zig-zagged up and down awhile, testing each rock with a foot, for avalanches that would end in a hot plunge. At last a parting cloud of steam showed a gully.

"Though this led almost sheer into the guessed-at sky-line, it would guide, anyhow. I waited till the puffs waned, for the vents belched intermittently, irregularly, then started, maybe to be checked and choked in ten paces. I corkscrewed around the trembling, leprous-yellow places, holding wind where to breathe was to suffocate, dodging or side-stepping as my boot-soles scorched; and when a bunch of vents prisoned me a moment, I laid the thermometer on them, till a rift in the pall planned a way out. Funny but either a hole was a breathing Satan, and sent the mercury splash to the end of the tube, which told it hottest at 212 degrees, or it was plain ninety-four degrees—the average surface heat, rising only ten degrees or so when I jammed the bulb down. But that terrible suggestion of tension and reserve force, as the live ones panted into my face, all still as the grave!"

WOMAN BRAVES FROZEN NORTH

After a trip of 1100 miles through the unknown northland, Mrs. Beech has arrived in Winnipeg with her husband and son, none the worse for the trip, which was the longest ever undertaken by a white woman under similar conditions. With eighteen dogs they left their homestead north of the Churchill River on December 10, the trip occupying a little more than three months. Their adventures and the privations they suffered were far worse than they had expected.

Mrs. Beech is more than fifty-five years old, and the trip was made against the advice of traders in the Far North. She arrived, however, in excellent health, and as soon as spring opens up the district will be ready and willing to return to the homestead, but will make the journey by canoe instead of dog sled. For the first week the snow was in first-class condition for fast time and they reached the Nelson River on the seventh day out. They found the river flowing, however, and crossing impossible. Food was scarce, and after twenty-three days in which they were close to starvation they were able to cross the river and obtain supplies from the Hudson Bay post. However, supplies were low at York Factory, and they were unable to obtain many of what generally are regarded as the necessaries of life.

For forty-five days Beech and his wife and their son were continuously on snow-shoes. The worst experience of the trip was from January 23 to 27, when the thermometer registered sixty below zero. The party managed to kill a polar bear, which provided needed food for the travelers and their dogs, the skin eventually being disposed of to the Hudson's Bay Company for $20. Beech witnessed a queer Indian funeral on his way down. It was that of Chief Sinclair, of the Norway House Indians, the body being followed to the grave by 3000 members of his tribe.

Beech was once a prominent member of the Winnipeg Grain Exchange, but several years ago lost heavily on wheat and then decided to go into the north country for rest and as a means of earning a livelihood.—Winnipeg Correspondence of the New York Press.

TREED BY WOLVES.

From dusk to dawn, with the thermometer away below zero, two trappers clung to the branches of a slim tree while a pack of two ... ous timber wolves kept ... sant chorus beneath. ... Tom and Patrick M... had their experi... Mountains, near ... tario.

They started off into ... to Tom Murphy's trapping he... ters, but before they had go... they heard the baying of the ... which gradually became m... tinct as the pack collected ... closer to them. The Mu... little of the matter u... lized that the wolves ... track, following them ... Two shots failed to sca... leaders, so the Murphys ... tree, but only just in ... leaders snapped at their ...

In his hurry to reach ... tore off a portion of hi... broken branches, and ... or overcoats the men ... tree all through the nig... them seemed to last for ...

When morning came t... scattered out of sight, but ... ters managed to pick off ... them, for which they col... in bounty here to-day, ... each wolf.

Of late timber wolves have bee... very bold, owing to scarcity of ... animals which they feed on, and ... eral instances have been reco... since Christmas ... lowed men and m... them.

A TRAGEDY OF MISSIO...

"But the expedition to Ti... I queried. Pere Michel paus... ment and his eyes gazed thou... at the crucifix which he hel... hand. "Ah, the expedition ... buctu, monsieur, it is a sad s...

"It was the desire of our ... to establish a station in the ... west Soudan, and so Peres ... mie ... and Beschaud ... on ... w... t...

cam... mads ... caravan... trade. ... sionari... or sores ... invited th... desert, and ... rances of thei... conduct south. ...

"With Touareg... exclaimed in surpri...

"Touaregs from th... I believe, monsieur, ... reputation these robl... bore from Lake Tch... terranean, a reputati... fierce, treacherous an... run across them in the ... towns down in Trip... came to buy camels a... sinewy, cat-like fellow... —blue, black or whit... the lower half of the fa... evaporation, and long... knives in scabbards ... leather bracelets to ...

"But it ... to have ... hands ... De...

"And, if his ... whom they a... tried ... them, but the possibility ... their long-desired goal, ... now seemed assured. Fro... when they passed beyond ... hills their whereabouts a... ings were shrouded in ... mystery, and they disa... completely as though the ... swallowed them up. No ... tion from them of any ... reached their friends here ... Caree or elsewhere."—Fr... White Fathers of North A... Charles Wellington Fu... Scribner.

RIDES LOG IN SWIRLING ...

After being overturned ... and nearly drowned, J. ... a miner, managed to ma... on which he rode for an e... through the swirling wat... treacherous Colorado Ri... rescued by the Indian ... Parker, Cal. Phillips, a... prospecting trip, tried to c... swift river below Needles. ... stream a huge bank of d... overtook him and swamped ... Phillips was on the point ... under for the last time wh... his grip on a log. In hi... condition he could not ...

BOY KILLS RA...

Earl Rice, ten yea... mad dog in a single... his home in Alton, writ... correspondent. The boy ... to death with a hamm... closed a door upon hi... it as in a vise. The boy w... fully bitten and bruised in th...

Encouragement.

Colonel H. W. J. Ham... among the funniest things ... hears are some of the int... he gets. He gave this as a ... one evidently intended to ... lecturer from thinking too ... himself:

"Ladies and gentlemen, ... known to you, our lecture ... year is not quite so exte... was last season. The fac... went into the lecture co... too steep last year, and ... able money. To avoid ... that kind this year we ... shorter course and ... speakers, the first of wh... the felicity of presenting ... Lyceumite and Talent.

Chicago School ...

The Chicago Board ... has adopted a budg... amounting to $13,357,... an increase of salary ... teachers.

More Sp...

Most people ... work for the ... such a slow ...