THE QUEENSTOWN NEWS.

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Go to the gas meter, thou slug-
rd, shouts the Nashville American,
d learn how to sit still and yet
ttle.

Russia owes $4,250,000,000 and
nts to borrow more. The man who
epts a second mortgage on that
ntry must be pretty reckless, ob-
ves the Chicago Record-Herald.

"A Swiss lecturer says Esperanto
he learned in a week," notes the
shington Post. However, retorts
Richmond Times-Dispatch, most
ple have somehting better to do
their weeks.

me people dislike to shovel
h, other detest writing letters.
nurse their weak parts when
ought to exercise them, asserts
American Cultivator. No mind
dy is stronger than its weakest

ging interest in the Panama
suggests, to the Atlanta Con-
ion, that it's going to take some
and patriotic publicity to keep
ealthy national attention cen-
on this gigantic project until
mpletion.

ee hundred and fifty lives sac-
to the wrath of the North
ic last winter, makes a formid-
cord, laments the Boston Tran-
yet it would have been much
r but for the heroic and effi-
forts of our national life-sav-
vice.

Washington Post defines the
tor as one who has "the
sense to quit when he is
." If that rule were gener-
llowed, the vast majority of
to use an Irish mode of ex-
n, would quit before they be-
nments the Norfolk Virginian-

normal Spaniard, such is his
education and training, could
ching a bull fight, declares
Haven Register. The blood-
fight, the happier his death
e. What the baseball game
merican, what the duello is
chman, the bull fight is to
sunny Spain.

ld sooner see a Mexican bull
a game of football," Prof.
rris, of Big Rapids, Mich.,
Southern Indiana Teachers'
n, "and my boy may break
r his neck in a game some
ays, but I let him play. He
Why, I believe that boxing
ld not be a bad thing for
any girls. And in more
ay, perhaps, if they should
e men I know for hus-

It would be a good idea
some quiet island for the
putting them there at
equest, or as fast as they
ally convicted of preach-
, declares the New York
t them have on the isl-
wn kind of government,
government. Let them
hout any protection for
ht, "innate honesty,"
try life without civiliza-
ion.

says the Birmingham
it will be impossible to
ng in stocks, by law.
me things that the law
should not try. There
rse than a law which
e enforced except some
The exchanges in New
al in stocks and cotton
me pretty close to being
ry, but they can hardly
w. Men will do some
regard to law.

says a number of in-
s in his paper about
Charles H. Fowler.
them: "In college he
thematics. This was
y. In the whole four
rse he did not fail to
question propounded
that abstruse science.
uired by the average
one example on the
d several. Further-
ted to memory the
ms and could recite
e the multiplication

ing to hear that the
ranch of the postal
nger operated at a
New York Tribune.
sion of the postal
sion as a wise pro-
e future, since ex-
n that every exten-
ent in postal facili-
roved profitable. In
utlay naturally ex-
t so cumulative is
stal business that
the rural lines —
a mere luxury—
y their own way.
ans of education
also been enor-
vercome the iso-
, and, with the
telephone, have
nant communi-
ouch with town

WATCH YOURSELF GO BY.

Just stand aside and watch yourself go by;
Think of yourself as "he," instead of "I."
Note, closely as in other men you note,
The bag-kneed trousers and the seedy coat.
Pick flaws; find fault; forget the man is you
And strive to make your estimate ring true.
Confront yourself and look you in the eye—
Just stand aside and watch yourself go by.

Interpret all your motives just as though
You looked on one whose aims you did not know.
Let undisguised contempt surge through you when
You see you shirk, O commonest of men!
Despise your cowardice; condemn whate'er
You note of falseness in you anywhere.
Defend not one defect that shames your eye—
Just stand aside and watch yourself go by.

And then, with eyes unveiled to what you loathe—
To sins that with sweet charity you'd clothe—
Back to your self-walled tenement you'll go
With tolerance for all who dwell below.
The faults of others then will dwarf and shrink,
Love's chain grow stronger by one mighty link—
When you, with "he," as substitute for "I,"
Have stood aside and watched yourself go by.

—Strickland W. Gillilan, in Success Magazine.

WITH THREE KEGS OF POWDER.

By C. A. STEPHENS.

Just across the west field of the old squire's farm in Maine, at a distance of less than half a mile, lived our nearest neighbors, the Edwardses. Thomas Edwards was a genial, kindly farmer, always ready to assist every one about him. He would put off his own work, even necessary work, at any time to help us.

It was much the same with his wife, "Aunt Anna," as we called her, a rosy, cheery soul, who in one way or another was constantly doing grandmother and our girls a good turn. And as for Kate and Tom, the children, they were well-nigh as near and dear to us as members of our own family. We attended school together, and nearly all our playdays and good times were shared with them.

But although they worked hard, were economical, and appeared to plan pretty well, the Edwardses did not get on well in the world. There was a mortgage on their farm which constantly worried them all. Every year they planned zealously to lift that mortgage, but for more than twenty years never succeeded in paying more than the interest money, and about every second year they missed doing that on time.

One of the plans for raising money during the season of 1868, was for them to do less farming and embark in lumbering up on Wild Brook, in what we knew as the "great woods," about forty-five miles to the north of the farm. Throughout the ensuing fall and winter they gave all their energies to this scheme.

As a result, they got nearly seven hundred thousand feet of spruce and pine lumber into Wild Brook, to be floated down to the Androscoggin River, and so on, to mill and market, with the spring freshet.

But here, as in many other things, ill fortune followed them. There was less snow than usual that winter, and less water in the brook. They got their entire "drive" of lumber hung up in a bad "jam," at a tortuous, ledgy place in the channel of the stream, and failed to get it out. There it remained all the following summer. A vast mass of logs, piled helter-skelter, was jammed among rocks in the bed of the now nearly dry brook.

At Edwards' solicitation, the old squire, who had much experience in such matters, went up to view the situation, and advised his neighbor to blast out the obstructing rocks and logs with gunpowder, and to do it during September, while the water was low.

A keg of powder was secured accordingly, and six river-men were engaged to assist in the operations. With the powder and crew, our hard-working neighbor and his son repaired to the scene of their unsuccessful venture, and set to work. The task, however, proved difficult. They fired four or five blasts, and, in fact, used up all their powder, without accomplishing much. And after they had been up there nearly a week, Tom came home in haste one night to procure more powder—three kegs more, at least. Gunpowder was very dear at that time; and in carrying forward his lumbering operations the season before, Mr. Edwards had strained his credit somewhat. At the village hardware store, where Tom went to get the powder the next day, the storekeeper asked for cash in payment.

In consequence of this demand, Tom came home without the powder. Meanwhile he had somewhere been exposed to the mumps, and that night fell ill of the disease, so very ill, indeed, that Aunt Anna was not a little alarmed. He had taken cold, perhaps.

And there were Mr. Edwards and his crew of men up at Wild Brook, lying idle, waiting for the powder. Nor could he be reached by letter or telegraph, and so apprised of the cause of the delay. Moreover—as we surmised later—the family was too proud to apply to us for a loan, or even to let us know that credit had been refused them.

By noon the next day Tom's condition had become so serious that Aunt Anna was obliged to send Kate to the village, seven miles distant, to summon a doctor. She hitched up and set off alone.

Kate had also another errand in view. Unknown to any one but her mother, she had accumulated during the last two years a little deposit at the village savings-bank—thirty-six dollars in all. For various reasons the two had kept this a secret. Whatever happened, they had not intended to draw out this money. But when Kate went for the doctor that afternoon she took her little bank-book, and after seeing the physician on his way to attend Tom, she drew out her thirty-six dollars, bought and paid for the three kegs of powder, and drove home with them. She had resolved to get the powder through to her father, and do it herself.

When she came home it was too late to start for the lumber-camp that night; but four o'clock the next morning saw her on her way there—with the horse and buckboard, and the three twenty-five-pound kegs of powder in the box under the seat.

The road to Wild Brook was a mere trail, with only a few scattered clearings in the forest. It was a long drive for a girl alone, which only necessity justified. Kate knew the way, however; she had been there with her father twice the autumn before, and was in no fear of getting lost. Their horse, old Ben, was afraid of nothing; the only difficulty was to urge him along. But by starting early, Kate hoped to reach the lumber-camp that evening.

Danger impended, however, danger which neither Kate nor her mother had anticipated. There had been little or no rain for five or six weeks. The fields and pastures, and even the woodland, had become very dry. For a number of days the sky had been so smoky that the sun set and rose red as blood; yet so far as we knew, there were no near-by forest fires.

The smoke grew thicker, however, as Kate journeyed northward that day; she could smell burning pine. And at the clearing of a settler, named Day, where she arrived at about noon, the settler's wife told her that the sky had looked very red the night before up in the direction of Wild Brook.

Kate drove on, however. She was bent on getting the powder to her father. But by the time she reached Clear Pond, six miles farther, the spruce woods on both sides of the trail were full of smoke; and just above the pond she perceived fire off in the woods to the west of the road.

Now for the first time serious misgivings beset her. Gunpowder is dangerous freight to carry through burning woods. All the fire which she could see was off to the left of her route, however, and in hopes that this was the only forest fire in that quarter, she determined to go on, and put old Ben, who was panting a little, at his best pace again.

The wind was northerly, and the smoke drove southward through the woods. It became worse as she approached the ford of Otter Brook, eleven miles below Wild Brook; and from the top of the hill beyond the ford she saw fire again, and this time ahead and far round to eastward. At a distance of a mile vast clouds of dense smoke were rolling upward, with here and there a red gleam of flame. The roar of the fire, too, was distinctly audible now, with the occasional crash of falling trees.

It was an alarming spectacle. For some moments Kate gazed on it in silent apprehension, marking the spread of the fire on each hand. Fear fell on her suddenly.

Convinced now that she had been over-venturesome in coming past the fire at Clear Pond, she turned old Ben on the narraw trail, recrossed the now nearly dry brook, and drove back as fast as possible, her idea being to return to Day's clearing.

She had proceeded but a mile or two, however, when she came where fire had nearly reached the road in several places. The whole forest to westward appeared to be burning. Whipping Ben into a clumsy gallop, she drove close by the blazing brushwood for some distance, hoping every moment to get past the worst of it. Smoke, heat and sparks drifted across the road, and soon she came to where the dry bushes were afire on both sides.

Terror lest some flying spark might penetrate to the powder under the seat goaded her to desperation. She plied the lash as hard as she could. A spark set the horse's flying mane afire, and another ignited the ribbon and flower-wreath of her hat; but tearing the hat off, she threw it away and drove on.

Fortunately for her, she was now near Clear Pond. The little sheet of water to the west of the road had divided the conflagration, which swept past it on both sides. But where the trail skirted the east shore of the pond there was still a small tract of woods on which the fire had not yet encroached. Here, on the lee side of the water, the panting old horse stopped short. Leaving both horse and buckboard there for the time being, the distressed girl ran on ahead for several hundred yards, to see if the woods were afire on the road beyond the pond.

To her consternation she soon discovered that the fire had passed the pond to the southward, and was raging fiercely in the thick growth through which the trail led. More slowly, too, the flames seemed to be working back and spreading over the small tract which the pond had for the time protected. Owing to the long drought, in fact, the woods and bushes were like tinder everywhere. Even the little tract where she stood would soon be burned over.

The situation was one that might well have appalled stouter hearts than those usually possessed by girls of fifteen. Yet through it all Kate behaved with remarkable coolness, and never lost much of her self-possession.

Mounting a large rock beside the trail, she looked hastily about her, and although half-blinded by smoke, decided that the pond itself was her last chance of safety. The water was now very low, and out a little distance from the shore was a small, muddy islet, on which grew a few bunches of bog-bush. If she could drive Ben across to that little islet, she felt pretty sure the fire would not reach them.

Running back to the buckboard, she found a place where the horse might be driven off the trail into the pond. But a fresh difficulty now presented itself. The water and soft mud between the shore and the islet proved too deep to get the buckboard across without submerging it. For an instant Kate was disheartened. She unhitched in haste, being minded at first to leave the buckboard there and ride the horse across. Yet the explosion of the powder, when the fire reached it, might prove fatal both to the horse and herself on the islet. This, too, flashed into her mind, and she had wild thoughts of tumbling the kegs into the water.

But that powder stood to Kate for all her savings at the bank. Moreover, her father needed it. Even in those moments of peril she was extremely loath to sacrifice it. On the bare shore where the water had receded she hastily scooped a hole with the watering bucket, and one by one rolled the kegs into it. The fire was coming close, but she dipped the horse-blanket in the bond, wrung it as dry as she could, and spread it over the kegs. Then using the bucket again, she hastily covered blanket and kegs over with damp sand and mud to a depth of six inches or more—all this amid blinding smoke, with the fire working nearer every minute.

Nor did she abandon the buckboard to be burned, but turning it with a great exertion of her strength, backed it as far out in the pond as she could, till the water rose over the seat.

The fire was now crackling and roaring all along the shore. Clambering on Ben's back, Kate urged him into the water, and although he floundered up to his sides, succeeded in getting him across to the islet.

On that little muddy island Kate Edwards remained, supperless, all that night, alone with the horse, and a deer and a hedgehog that swam over from the other side. Toward midnight the smoke settled so low over the pond that she was much oppressed for breath. The spectacle of the flaming forests at night was a terrible one to the girl, sitting there alone.

At dawn the conflagration had burned itself out to a considerable extent, and Ben having lain down in the bush, Kate herself fell asleep there.

A shout of "Thomas! Tom! Are you over there?" waked her suddenly.

It was her father.

At their lumber-camp on Wild Brook Mr. Edwards had seen the smoke of the fire the afternoon before, and being apprehensive lest Tom, on his way up with the powder, had been stopped by it, he had set off very early that morning, and was picking his way down the still smoking trail. As he was passing Clear Pond, Mr. Edwards caught sight of Ben out on the island; for by this time the horse had got up and was hungrily cropping the bog-bushes.

Dread lest the boy had perished in the fire took sudden possession of him. The sight of the buckboard standing almost submerged in the water added to the anxiety with which he shouted his son's name.

To his astonishment it was Kate, instead of Tom, who sprang up to reply, and her first words were, "O father, is that you? But don't go near that little pile of sand there! All that powder is under it!"

There was so much fire still smoldering all about that they did not dare unearth the powder for two days. But thanks to the care with which Kate had buried it, all three kegs were found in good condition, and later contributed their might to blast out the "jam" in Wild Brook.—From Youth's Companion.

What Will Women Do When They Rule?

"What will women do when they rule?" asked the Berlin Lokal Anzeiger recently. Answers came from all over the world. Here are a few:

"They rule already and always have, so I can't understand your question."—Lady Alma Tadema.

"Nonsensical things."—Mme. Suzanne Despres, Paris tragedienne.

"They will retain their good and bad qualities as men rulers have done, do and always will."—Mme. Sarah Bernhardt.

"They will not differ much from the best men rulers. I don't believe in the superiority of either sex. The world is for both. They must sway its destinies together."—Lady Henry Somerset.

"They will have undisputed power to aid my life work of supplying gowns to needy actresses."—Mme. Yvette Guilbert.

"I would destroy all but a few schools and create a generation of minds free from traditions of modern wretchedness. Until there is a new humanity reform can be but superficial."—Mme. Ellen Key, Scandinavian writer on marriage and maternity.

"We would restlessly seek office, but would not spend fortunes sending warships to the Pacific to terrify our neighbors. We would strengthen industry, make the church more popular than the theatre, enforce total abstinence, and open all schools to women."—Belva Lockwood, twice Women's Rights candidate for President of the United States.

"American butter" is the name given in Syria to oleomargarine.

For the Younger Children....

WAITING FOR DINNER

When one is very hungry,
It's hard to wait, I know,
For minutes seem like hours
And the clock is always slow.

There isn't time to play a game,
You just sit down and wait,
While mother says, "Be patient,
Our cook is never late."

It's best when one is hungry,
To think of other things,
For then, before you know it,
The bell for dinner rings.

—Alden Arthur Knipe, in St. Nicholas.

THE YOUNGEST KING.

Portugal, that little sister country to Spain, far across the waters, has just crowned a new King. His name is Manuel, and although he is a King's son, he was not the Crown Prince, the eldest boy, and therefore few thoughts of ruling a kingdom in the near future entered his head, says a writer in the Children's Magazine.

We hear that he was a happy Prince, with a great interest in music and a love of the beautiful, until the first of February, of this year. Then, without a word of warning, his father, King Carlos of Portugal, and his brother, the Crown Prince, Luiz Felipe, were killed in the streets of Lisbon, while riding with the Queen and himself.

The loving mother, Queen Amelie, tried to protect the Crown Prince from the attack by bravely throwing herself in front of him, but without avail. That the present King, Manuel, was not killed, together with the Queen, is probably due to bungling on the part of the assassins. Manuel was slightly wounded, and the Queen escaped injury.

Young King Manuel II. is only eighteen, and was born November 15, 1889, at Lisbon. To think what a tragic change for the infante Manuel to lose his father and brother in a minute and from a carefree boyhood to step in one moment to the Kingship of an ancient race. That he will make a good King seems probable. It is recalled that King Manuel I., who reigned in Portugal from 1495 to 1521, was known as King Manuel the Fortunate, and that his reign was very prosperous.

Dom Manuel II. is the youngest sovereign of Europe. He assumes the duties of King with a little less training than his brother had. His first words to his counselors were, "I am without knowledge or experience. I place myself in your hands, counting upon your patriotism and wisdom."

The King, as Prince Manual, Duke of Beja, has sufficient names for the whole of a normal family. How would you remember your name, if, like the young King's, it was Manuel Mario Philippe Charles Amelio Louis Michael Raphael Gabriel Gonzague Xavier Francis?

King Manuel was trained for the navy, his late brother for the army. The two Princes spent many happy days with their parents, both in Lisbon and at their beautiful country seat, the Castle of Nenha, at Cintra. It is built on a mountain peak in the midst of marvelous scenery, where the King Manuel of long ago spent much of his time.

Let us all think frequently of the young King Manuel, and believe that Portugal's fortunes have fallen into strong hands that will raise it out of turmoil.—Home Herald.

THE LETTER.

I suppose some of you think it is a great bother to write letters, especially "thank you" letters. But you don't have half the trouble your great-grandmother had when she was a little girl and had to write them.

In the first place, the paper she used cost a great deal more than it does now, and the pens were quite different. She didn't use a steel pen, as you do, but one made out of a feather, usually a feather from a goose's wing. She had to sharpen the end of the feather and split it a little way, and that was her pen. Or, perhaps, if she wasn't old enough to be allowed to use ink, she used a pencil, a funny, old-fashioned pencil, that cost a lot and was very likely to split in two halves if she wasn't very careful of it.

And if she wrote a word wrong and wanted to rub it out she didn't have any eraser. What do you suppose she used? A piece of dry bread.

Then again, if she was writing with ink and got a blot on her page she didn't have any blotting paper. She used instead fine sand, which was kept in a little box on the desk called a pounce box. The sand was sprinkled all over the page to dry the ink, and then it was collected and slidden back into the pounce box again.

After little great-grandmother had finished her letter she didn't put it into an envelope, because they didn't have any envelopes in those days. But she folded it in a certain fashion and sealed it on the back with sealing wax to keep it from coming open.

But though little great-grandmother had sealed and directed her letter, she hadn't finished it. She hadn't stamped it. But there were no stamps in those days. Later stamps were invented. First they hadn't any glue on the back, so that they had to be glued onto the letter, and each stamp had to be cut off from the sheet with scissors because they were all made in a solid sheet without any of the little holes around the edges by means of which we can tear our stamps apart.

Well, little great-grandmother didn't have any stamps at all, so she had to carry her letter to the postoffice and pay the postmaster to send it.

With all this trouble I really do wonder that little great-grandmother ever got any letters written at all, don't you?—Washington Star.

CAT WAS BETTER THAN LILA.

Mamma had gone downtown, and Lila didn't know what to do. She trotted around the rooms and looked out of the various windows. It was a cold, windy day, and few people were on the streets. She turned her eyes indoors with a sigh.

"Oh, I'll look at pictures," she said, and she pulled a volume towards her. It was very heavy, and she came near dropping it. Then she stopped short. She had remembered something. "Anyway," she mused, "mamma didn't say for me not to take these when she was gone downtown, and I hadn't anything else to do, and was awf'ly lonesome. She said I mustn't touch 'em the other day; but I knew there wasn't any other books 'cept what I've looked at."

Down sat Lila on the floor, and she turned the leaves slowly. There were beautiful pictures.

"Me-ew," sounded suddenly close beside her, and she jumped, almost tearing one of the silky tissue papers that covered the engravings.

"You're a naughty kitty to scare me so!" she scolded.

"Me-ew!" persisted Sukey. "Me-ew! Me-ew!" and she ran to the window.

"What do you want?" asked Lila, for Sukey always came and mewed when she wished for anything.

"Me-ew! Me-ew!" said Sukey.

"Well, what do you want?"

The small cat eyed the window wistfully, keeping up her mewing.

Lila laid the book on the floor, and walked over to the window. There were several flies buzzing about there.

"I guess you want me to catch them for you; is that it?"

"Me-ew!" responded Sukey.

"Well, I can't; I don't know how. But you're a lovely kittle to do as mamma told you, and not to catch them for yourself! When mamma comes home I shall tell her how good you are."

Then her face grew suddenly grave. She couldn't tell mamma that somebody else had remembered to do as she had been told. She put her arms around Sukey.

"I guess you're better'n I am, kitty," she whispered; "but I'm goin' to be as good as you." Then she put the beautiful book back upon the table, and when mamma came home she heard all about the lesson that a little cat had taught to a little girl. —Home Herald.

MOUSE SCARES ELEPHANT.

One very small mouse, smuggled in by three very wicked small boys, nearly sent three big elephants into spasms in the Bronx Zoo, New York City. Spectators were panic-stricken by the trumpeting of the elephants and stampeded to safety.

The mouse was first seen by Gunda, the big African elephant, usually the most docile of beasts. Gunda tried to butt his head through the wall and strained at his leg chains. Gunda's panic was speedily conveyed to Congo and Khartoum, Indian elephants, and they began to sound their terror.

All this time the mouse was crouching in a corner of Congo's cage, more frightened than the elephants. Keeper Hoffman killed it.

SMARTNESS.

Do not be "smart." Whenever you see any of your mates showing signs of "smartness" in his work, his talk, or his play, take him by the hand, or both hands, or by the back of the neck if necessary, and lovingly, playfully but firmly, lead him to a knowledge of higher, more interesting things. In these words of Mr. Kipling is presented the gospel of the real life, of common sense and of universal experience.—The Outlook.

SCIENTIFIC & INDUSTRIAL

A healthy adult breathes from fourteen to twenty-four times a minute. The rate of the pulse is four times that of the respiration.

A German not long ago invented a horseshoe of paper, prepared by saturating with oil, turpentine and other ingredients. Thin layers of such paper are glued to the hoof till the requisite thickness is attained. The shoes thus made are said to be durable and impenetrable by moisture.—London Globe.

It is predicted that ten or fifteen years hence scientifically cultivated rubber will be crowding the "wild" rubber of the Congo and the Latin Americas in the world's markets.

The new rifle bullet developed by Brig.-Gen. William Crozier, chief of ordnance, is said to be one of the most important recent achievements of that department. The head of the bullet has been modified, and a powder produced which gives the rifle an accurate life of some 4500 rounds. At the outset of the experiments the accuracy of the rifle was destroyed after but 1000 rounds.

The blind now have a watch on which the hours are indicated by movable buttons on relief upon the dial. The wearer finds the time by passing his hand over the dial and finds the button indicating the hour depressed. A strong minute hand shows the minutes.

The power of the operation of a new steel plant will be electricity. This will be nearly all provided by utilizing gases for generating it. The blooming plant will be operated by steam power.

An abstraction of water, and of albuminoid and chemical substances, at the immediate expense of the cerebral blood, takes place in the act of shedding tears. This produces the effect of a slight local loss of blood, dulling the nerve centres to pain for some instants and bringing relief to the weeper. This is the way in which tears come to the aid of the suffering soul.

Pluck and Adventure.

AN IMPRESSIVE SERVICE.

At the time Mr. E. W. Howe, the editor of the Atchison Globe, visited Jerusalem there were 2000 Russian pilgrims in the city, and when he attended the Greek church in the Russian quarter it was crowded with pilgrims, seven-tenths of them old men. No seats were provided. The old people stood during the service, which lasted nearly three hours, and as Mr. Howe describes it in his recent book, "Daily Notes of a Trip Around the World," it was as impressive as it was elaborate.

There was a fine male choir on the right of what might be called the stage, says Mr. Howe. There were a dozen singers, monks or priests, and one of them was the best basso I have ever heard.

All of the officiating priests wore long hair, hanging loosely down their backs, and full whiskers. Their robes were of gorgeous colors, and one of the number frequently came down into the audience and read portions of the service.

When the service was about half over an archbishop appeared, and when he went down into the audience all the other priests followed and kissed him. Then the priests surrounding the archbishop sang, assisted by one tenor, who came down from the choir. Afterward the archbishop, who wore a sort of crown, walked through the audience, swinging a smoking censor. Once during the archbishop's part in the service the chimes in the tower were rung.

It was the most impressive religious service I have ever attended, but what interested me most was the congregation. As a visitor I was given a chair on a raised platform to one side, down in front, and the Russian pilgrims were packed in front of me. They were constantly crossing themselves, and every little while they would kneel and touch the floor with their foreheads. Many of them kissed the cases containing the relics.

Half of the men looked like the pictures I have seen of Count Tolstoi, the Russian reformer and philosopher. Without exception, the men were old, and all wore long gray whiskers. Nearly all were bald. They were peasants, and their hands were knotted with age and toil.

They reminded me of the Methodists I knew as a boy; they all seemed to be good, sturdy men, men who had worked hard all their lives and accomplished little. I thought of the days when I rode about the frontier with my father, who was a Methodist circuit rider; many of these Russian peasants reminded me of the old, hard working, earnest men I saw at his meetings. And one of the old men was strikingly like my father when I saw him last; when he was old and unsuccessful, but still firm in the faith.

There was a commotion in the audience, and a hysterical woman, one of the Russian pilgrims, was carried out. This, too, reminded me of the old days.

I leave Jerusalem to-morrow and shall never see it again, but as long as I live I shall remember that service in the Russian church.

AUNT MARY'S STORY.

Aunt Mary's stories were, like herself, "just too sweet for anything," so the children in the nursery were wont to say as they gathered around her in the twilight. A very pretty group they made—Auna Mary, with bonny little Jack on her knee and the others all clustering near.

Aunt Mary's stories held them spellbound, but what they loved chiefly to hear was about her life when she was a little girl in far away Africa.

"What shall I tell you about this evening?" said Aunt Mary one day.

"'Bout a lion," replied Jack promptly.

"About some brave dead."

"About yourself."

Aunt Mary smiled at the chorus of voices and then after a few minutes' thought she began:

"Once there lived a little girl in a land far away, and she was much inclined to be disobedient. She had no mother, so perhaps this was the reason why she was a rather naughty girl. Her father had told her never to stray from the house by herself. Chotee, her old nurse, was always to go with her. But Mollie one day in her father's absence determined to have a little trot all by herself, and so out of the house she stole, walking on and on till she came to a kind of forest. By this time she was tired, and so sitting down under a tree she rested for a bit and soon fell asleep.

"When she awoke, to her terror and affright she saw two big, bright eyes glaring at her in the dim, leafy twilight. Poor Mollie thought her last minute had come, but she was far too terrified even to scream. Ah! how bitterly in those few terrible moments she repented of her disobedience. Well, indeed, might she be frightened, for those bright eyes belonged to a young lion. But, happily for Mollie, Chotee had missed her, and had tracked her footsteps by the aid of a tiny handkerchief which the child had dropped.

"And now comes the story of a brave deed. Chotee arrived near the spot just at the time of Mollie's awakening, and she, too, saw the lion in the distance. So dearly did Chotee love her little charge that she was ready to give her life if needs be to save her. She saw the lion draw nearer to the helpless little one, and then a happy thought flashed into her mind, and she uttered a wild, unearthly yell. This so alarmed Mr. Lion that he turned and made off, without stopping to see what enemy was approaching, and so Mollie's life was saved.

"Now, chicks," said Aunt Mary at the close, "I think I've told you all that you asked for, and remember it is a true story."

Said wee Elsie, "But I wanted it to be about yourself, Aunt Mary."

"Well, darling," was the reply, "naughty, disobedient Molly was your own Aunt Mary."—Scottish American.

HOUSE RENT IN PERU.

In a village on the upper Maranon in Peru, Mr. C. R. Enock stayed for some weeks in a thatched adobe house on the banks of the river. In "The Andes and the Amazon" he recalls certain amusing facts regarding his stay.

I hired the place, writes Mr. Enock, at the not exorbitant rental of twenty cents per week, which amount I handed to the owner on receiving the key. I had just had it well swept out, my baggage installed and traveling cot put up, and was enjoying full possession of the premises, when a wrathful senora appeared and asked my servant by what right I was there.

It transpired that she laid claim to the ownership of the place, saying that the person to whom I paid the rent was an imposter, who had absolutely no right to the house at all.

Weary, at length, of the voluble arguments of the woman, who went back into the remote history of the village to prove her claim, I hit upon the simple method of getting rid of her by paying her the amount of the rent, the disputed twenty cents, in full, but I took the precaution to obtain a receipt this time.

The dame having departed I again lay back in my cot, and was just falling into a siesta when more wrathful voices aroused me. Behold! three other women and a man were laying claim to the house and its rent, and were only prevented from entering by the knowledge that the patron was asleep within, as my men informed them, and sleep is much respected among these people.

This was really too much, and I sent my boy for the Gobernador. After much sifting of evidence, it appeared that the last claimants, the man and his three cousins, held probably the most likely right to title, and to get rid of the whole affair I again produced a twenty-cent coin and deposited it temporarily in the keeping of the Gobernador, until such time as a judicial decision on his part should be arrived at.

This particular house afforded me yet another incident. Wishing to encourage habits of cleanliness and decency among my men I had, upon leaving, given orders that the place should be thoroughly swept out and cleared of the litter of departure of my men and baggage, and went on ahead. When the arriero and my servant joined me I inquired if my instructions had been carried out, and saw by their answers that such had not been the case. Forthwith I ordered a right-about-turn, and the village was shortly astonished at our re-arrival. I set the men to work, and had the place left in thorough order, whilst the villagers crowded round wonderingly.

"Know," I said, grandiloquently, "that an Englishman always leaves a house cleaner when he goes away than when he entered it."

A TALE OF TWO BEARS.

This happened in Canada, and is a good illustration of the luck which attends children, fools and drunken men. About two years ago I, with a large band of cowboys like myself, was on a "round-up" when we met a riderless "bronc," which we recognized as belonging to one Andersen, a Swede, who had lately settled in the district. Someone had seen Andersen riding toward the foothills that morning, and we according turned in that direction, fearing some accident had happened to him. We came upon him a couple of miles or so from the foothills. He was very busy and having the time of his life with two bear cubs. He was in a very dilapidated condition, as his clothes were reduced to rags, his face was scratched, and the sole and heel of his right shoe were missing. We relieved him of the biting, scratching little fellows and eagerly interrogated him. This was what he told:

"May coo, she get out. Ay go hoont 'er, tank maybe she go in dar," pointing to a wooded gulch in the foothills, "and Ay go in after 'er. Ay tank Ay see two black dog. Him climb tree. Ay tank him bay funny dog, go up an' see. Ay get up tree, then see big animals come out de brush an' climb bar. Ay catch little bar, tie him togedder. Ay throw little bar down, maybe big bar go down after 'im. Big bar go down. Ay go down, too. Big bar grab little bar. Ay tank little bar bay nice pet. Ay catch end of rope little bar tied toggedder with an' run for horse.

"Big bar, he follow, hang on to little bar all way. Horse, he no like bar. Buck an' jump. Ay see Ay no have time to get on if Ay untie him. Ay jump on him, then cut rope. He run. Ay wrap rope around he horn an' hang on. Big bar get sole of may boot. Horse run 'bout two mile. Ay tank little bar killed. Ay get off to see. Horse run away. Little bar, he scratch may."

Some of the cowboys refused to believe him. Upon investigation, however, it was found that he had told the truth. The only thing that saved him was the fact that the bear was a young one and the two cubs her first. —Victor Endersby, in Recreation.

Sidestepping Both.

"Senator," said his private secretary, "here's a letter from the editor of the Skedunk Bugle, who wants to know how you stand on the question of repealing the infamous tariff on wood pulp."

"Tell him," said Senator Primmer, "that —"

"But here's one from a paper manufacturer who writes to ask you if you are going to allow the senseless clamor of irresponsible newspaper men to influence you against the great principle of protection to home industries and cause you to vote for the repeal of that most righteous and necessary tariff on wood pulp."

"H'm!" mused the eminent statesman. "William, send the editor's letter to the paper manufacturer and the paper manufacturer's letter to the editor, and explain to each, in strict confidence, that a public man who is trying to serve his country has to stand this sort of rot from ignorant or prejudiced constituents who seek to dissuade him from the faithful performance of his sworn duty."—Chicago Tribune.

Every one wears silk in Madagascar, as it is cheaper there than linen.