THE QUEENSTOWN NEWS.

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The really disgusting feature about this mad rush for wealth to Puck is that we were left at the post.

It seems no longer to be a question whether it is as cheap for two to live as one, but whether it is possible to the Providence Tribune.

The Providence Tribune opines: Whatever racing may have done for horses, it doesn't seem to have improved the breeds of certain legislators.

The law is all that it should be. It establishes a high standard of official action, a high standard for jurors. Yet we all know, laments the Indianapolis News, what sort of men we have had as jurors.

Senator Clay, of Georgia insists: If we govern properly and treat fairly and justly all the nations of the earth, and keep up that high standard of civilization which it is our privilege to enjoy, we will in all probability not engage in war with any of the nations of the earth.

The Newburyport (Mass.) Daily News says: "The nation is moving toward the playground idea. The public playground is rapidly becoming a feature of life in every large city, and there is a movement under way to have this same opportunity afforded to the children of the smaller cities."

The Richmond Times-Dispatch says: "We predict that 'the good newspaper man' who marries Hetty Green's daughter will have cracked his last mother-in-law joke." In other words, he will then begin to understand how serious the mother-in-law proposition really is, explains the Houston Post.

"All I want now," said Mr. Carnegie at the luncheon of the Vagabonds, "is an option from God on my life to live as long as I like." One of the experts explains, to the New York Commercial, that the ironmaster overlooks the fact that under the rules of the Celestial Exchange the arrangement he seeks is a matter of put and call.

Crime is increasing rapidly in New York City, mourns the Herald. There were more complaints, more indictments, more charges preferred and more cases tried during the last half year than in any six months in the history of the city, and the increase has been in much larger proportion than the increase in population, which is estimated at sixty-five thousand.

The hats of all scientists should be doffed, asserts the New York World, to W. H. S. Jones, the English medical investigator who has discovered that the decay of Greece and Rome was due to the mosquito. Here is a deliver in the dead past who delves to some purpose. Following the introduction of malaria, according to Mr. Jones, the intellectual vigor of the Greeks began to decline.

Quick firing and heavy guns are the tradition of our navy from the Revolution. All our naval victories have been won by it, observes the Philadelphia Press. This led to straight ammunition hoists. They exist in other navies. Both they and our navy have brought in precautions, put in doors and bent the way up to screen the magazine. In our navy this has been done without reducing speed or accuracy of fire, but perpetual swift drill has itr perils and accidents.

If the National Government would set the precedent the local communities would quickly be spurred on to better their highways, suggests the New York American. In Missouri, Illinois, Iowa and Indiana, where farm lands have enhanced greater in value for the past five years than in any other part of the United States, farmers and bankers say the increase is due largely to the good roads system that has sprung into favor in those States, beginning in 1901.

The hen makes more noise over the laying of one egg than is heard from a mule in a whole military campaign, declares the New York Sun. And the hen is cheered to her work by the ringing vaunt of her polygamous partner, while the only inspiration of the mule is his simple devotion to the gray horse which he swings after up the trail. The hen is all very well as a contributor to the breakfast table, but for general utility and homely worth she is not to be mentioned in the same breath with the American mule. May his ungainly shadow never grow less!

Fighting disease by destroying the germs by which it is propagated is one of the remarkable advances of modern preventive medicine, boasts the Richmond Times-Dispatch. The discovery that the deadly Roman fever, yellow fever and malaria were all transmitted by mosquitoes opened the way for immunity for those who were able to keep themselves free from the bites of these insects. Now comes the further information that the dreaded sleeping sickness of Africa, one of the most horrible, painful and distressing afflictions that has ever visited mankind, is likewise due to the bite of an insect—

A HOME PICTURE.

Oh, the happy little home when the sun shone out,
And the busy little mother got the children all about;
And Johnny fetched the water, and Tommy brought the wood,
And Billy-boy tied both his shoes, as every laddie should—
And Dannie rocked the cradle with a clatter and a song,
To make little sister grow so pretty and so strong.

Oh, the sweet peas and the morning-glories climbing round the door
And the tender vine of shadow with its length across the floor,
Oh, the "pinies" and the roses, and the quiver of the grass,
And the cheery call of friendship from the neighbors as they pass.
Oh, the scuffle and the shouting, and the little mother's laugh,
As a rabbit starts up somewhere, and her "great helps" scamper off.

Oh, the happy little home when the twilight fell,
And all along the meadow rang the old cow-bell,
With a tinkle that is music through the rushing of the years—
And I see the little mother in the tremble of the tears,
And I hear the happy laughter, as she cries, "The boys have come,"
And we know she's getting supper in the happy little home.
—Louise R. Baker, in Locomotive Engineer's Journal

ALEE OF THE TANK-SHIP

BY ALBERT W. TOLMAN.

As he slipped back into the dense gray fog astern of the Gloucester trawler, Elizabeth Ann, Captain Jack Harvey flung a parting hail to Otto Nelson at the wheel.

"Mind you don't lose us, doctor!"

And the light-haired cook answered:

"Aye, aye, sar!

It was the first time the Swede had had complete charge of the schooner. Of twenty-two men, but one besides himself remained aboard that July morning—Zeke Penney, confined to his bunk with a sprained ankle. Captain Harvey had taken Zeke's place, that no dory might put out single-handed.

The Elizabeth Ann was fishing in fifty fathoms on the sandy bottom of southeastern Georges. Splitting the fog briskly with an eight-knot southwest beam wind, she had in the half-hour since 6 o'clock dropped her ten dories about a hundred fathoms apart. The cook must now run to leeward to pick up Number 1, which by this time had got its trawl overboard.

Otto felt his responsibility. Before long he had run back to where he thought the first dory should be; but it was nowhere to be found. This was not strange, as he could barely see the bowsprit end. He cruised back and forth, but failed to run across a single boat. His only course was to anchor until it cleared; otherwise he might lose his mates altogether.

Hurrying forward, he let the jib and foresail run. With a handspike he hove the anchor off the bow and let go the cat-stopper; then he jumped to the cable-coil abaft the windlass, paid out a hundred and twenty-five fathoms, and made it fast to the traveler. Running out on the bowsprit he furled and stopped the flopping jib. The mainsail was left up and the wheel lashed amidships, until the fog should life. It was now about 7 o'clock.

But there was no loafing for the industrious, clear-headed Swede. A man who feeds twenty-two sets of brains and muscles has no time to be lazy. Galley, deck and cabin claimed Otto's attention that morning, for on him fell the triple duties of watch, nurse and cook.

In his oven a stuffed codfish was soon baking, while a big kettle of rice simmered above. These demanded frequent attention.

From the main-boom hung the hundred-pound bell, a rope tied to its tongue. Every little while Otto jangled this bell eight or ten times, in hope the dories might hear it, and also to avoid being run down by some passing steamer.

Besides, Zeke Penney, who had slept through all the stir of dropping the boats, was now awake. The worst grumbler on board, he was just sick enough to be disagreeable. Fussy and unreasonable as an ailing baby, he kept Otto dodging up and down.

"Slush, bring me a drink of water." 'Swede, toss up a doughnut." "Any signs of clearing, doctor?"

So it went the morning through, Otto trotting obediently, with unfailing good nature. His legs were stout and his temper good; otherwise one or both would soon have failed.

But fearful perils sometimes burst suddenly from the thick gray that walls the anchored fisherman, perils of which too often no man lives to tell.

Fifteen minutes to 10 by the galley clock, and both the rice and codfish were doing finely. Zeke had not demanded a drink for fully ten minutes. It was time for Otto to ring the bell again. He climbed the stairs and jerked the rope.

Jangle! jangle! jangle! As the clear tones sang through the mist, the Swede sniffed wolfishly to windward. What was that strange odor spicing the briny fog?

A fisherman's nose must often take the place of his eyes, especially when the latter can pierce only a hundred feet. Otto knew that something not of the sea lay beyond the mist wall. He was familiar with the smell of fish, of kelp, of ice, of the malodorous phosphate droger, of the West Indiaman laden with sugar and molasses; but this was none of these.

Full and long the cook sniffed. At last he recognized it—kerosene oil.

Gradually it grew stronger. Otto strained eyes and ears uneasily. As yet he could neither hear nor see anything, but instinct warned him of approaching danger. Could a ship be bearing down? But why did he not hear her horn? At any rate, he must give notice of the Elizabeth Ann, anchored and helpless in her path. Again he seized the bell-rope.

Jangle! jangle! jangle! An almost incessant peal set the fog vibrating. Otto was tempted to buoy the cable and get under way; but that would have taken time, and the little schooner would be little safer running than anchored. Besides, he [illegible] the bell.

[illegible] ?"

crackling, a hissing. Then came a warm blast, like an August land-breeze. The smell of oil was strong and penetrating. He waited breathless, palsied by an indefinable fear.

All at once to windward the mist gaped raggedly asunder. Through it streamed a brightness, that burst blue and red and yellow into a moving wall of flame. Licking tongues darted from it, shriveling the vapors. At its base appeared a blotched hull, with lower masts standing, on fire from end to end.

It was a steel oil-vessel, a derelict, menacing everything in her course.

For two or three seconds the fearful spectacle paralyzed the cook. Then he roused to the peril threatening the schooner. The tank-ship was drifting straight down on the Elizabeth Ann. Already barely fifty feet distant, she was coming on fast before the eight-knot breeze and strong Georges tide. Should he remain idle, in less than a minute the trawler would be wrapped in flame.

Otto threw off the wheel-lashing. He must get under way at once. Forward he darted, snatching a bait-knife from its cleat on the gurry-kid. Twice, three times he drew the sharp blade strongly, quickly across the cable. It parted, flicking out through the hawse-pipe. The trawler, unleashed, surged back her length, swung broadside to, and lay quiet. It was a brief respite.

Out ran Otto on the bowsprit, and cut the stops on the jib. Jumping for the halyard, he began to sway madly upon it. Could he get the sail partly up, enough to pay the vessel off before the wind, he might be able to escape from the stranger's path. But every second the burning ship was drifting nearer. It was a race between her and the schooner. Which would win?

Hand over hand the frantic Swede swayed upon the halyard, to the accompaniment of rings rattling on the wire stay. Foot by foot the jib rose.

Meanwhile, alee of the flaming oil-carrier, the Elizabeth Ann hung practically becalmed. She had lost the impetus of her first rebound, and was now moved only by wind and tide. In the drifting match there was no question but that the stranger was slowly gaining. Her eighteen feet of depth gave the strong current a far greater purchase than did the trawler's twelve. Besides, the fiery wall to windward cut off some of the breeze from the schooner.

Ring by ring the peak of the jib jerked up the stay. Yard by yard the oil-ship wallowed nearer. As the cook pulled on the halyard, he looked over his shoulder at the approaching terror. The air was growing steadily hotter. The scent of oil was overpowering. He began to feel sick and faint. At last the jib was half-up.

Catching a turn round the cleat, Oto raced aft again, hove the wheel hard up, droped the main peak, and let the sheet run. There was nothing more to do. He could only finger the wheel and wait, hoping soon to get before the wind and run clear of the wreck.

"On deck there! On deck! What's the matter?" bellowed Zeke, furiously, but the cook was too busy to answer. He watched the shivering jib in agony, praying to see it fill and draw away.

Thus far he had acted from instinct; he had really been too busy to think. Now, hanging over the wheel, his brain seemingly clarified by the heat, he had time to take in the situation.

Every boat was gone. He could see a bare chance for himself, and for himself alone. By running forward and jumping off the bowsprit end with an oar, he might escape and be picked up later. But what of the men in the dories if the vessel burned? What of Zeke, crippled and panic-stricken? No, he must try to save the schooner.

The oil-ship was steadily drawing nearer. Ten waves had tossed between the vessels when the race began; now there were only five. From trough to crest, from crest to trough, they pitched and sank, the gap every moment narrowing.

Above the companionway rose a tousled head. It was Zeke, his face white, his eyes glaring. He had crawled out of his bunk and dragged himself up to learn what the trouble was. One glance was enough. His jaw dropped loosely. Too terrified to [illegible] he tumbled in a heap on the [illegible]

[illegible] heap of flames now drowned [illegible] of the waves. The heat was [illegible] Wisps of smoke twisted up [illegible] windward rail. Otto caught whiffs of tar, of burning paint, of scorching canvas. Under his southwester his face and neck were searing. He strained his smarting eyeballs forward. Unless the jib caught the wind in time, there was no hope.

Fortunately the head of the schooner projected a little beyond the lee of the burning ship. A fresh gust bellied the jib; it began to flap, to fill. Otto could feel the trawler start. Slowly, very slowly, she swung about; her mainsail filled, the slack sheet tautened. The spokes became living under the wheelman's fingers; the vessel had steerage way at last. With a graceful courtesy the Elizabeth Ann slid out under the very flaming nose of her pursuer. The paint was peeling from her starboard side, her sails were scorched; but, thanks to the plucky cook, she had won the race.

By degrees the burning vessel vanished in the fog. The heat lessened; the crackling diminished; the blaze died away; and she was gone at last, swallowed up from sight and sound. Once more the trawler was wrapped in the thick gray fog. It made the Swede shiver, but he rejoiced in its welcome chill.

Back and forth he tacked, waiting for it to clear, hoping to keep within reach of the dories. At 12 came the "noon scale," and the fog scattered long enough to enable him to pick up all the boats, holding on to the ends of their trawls.

In Gloucester, at the end of the trip, they found that the vessel that had threatened the Elizabeth Ann was the tank-ship Madagascar, with kerosene from New York for Saigon, which had caught fire the day before, and had been abandoned by her crew. She was never heard from again. She probably sank somewhere in the Gulf of Maine after her encounter with the trawler.—Youth's Companion.

SCIENTIFIC & INDUSTRIAL

S. W. Ramsey, of Girard, Ohio, is the inventor of a process for making use of fine dust from a blast furnace in the manufacture of fuel which is said to be very promising.

In Mayfields Cave, in Indiana, A. M. Banta has captured thirty-three species of flies (two of them new to science), thirty species of other insects and twenty-one species of the spider class.

Turpentine is obtained by cutting a hole in one side of the tree, called "boxing," which in a few years kills the tree. The forest service has found a method of extracting turpentine by which the trees are far less injured, and the yield is increased thirty per cent.

According to recently published statistics in Mining Science, Charles N. Gould professor of geology at the State University, estimates the amount of gypsum in the three regions of Oklahoma examined as follows: Main line of gypsum hills, second line of gypsum hills and the Greer County region, at 125,800,000,000 tons.

Experiments have recently been made with an inflammable paste on bullets. When the bullet leaves the muzzle, the paste ignites, leaving a stream of smoke behind it, and enabling the marksman to watch its course and, if necessary, correct his aim for the next shot.

An Egyptian mining centre—probably worked as early as 2500 B. C.—was in the Eastern desert, between the Red Sea and the Nile. The lately discovered remains described by C. J. Alford include small, irregular, stone huts, arranged in groups of two or three to towns large enough for 1000 men. The ancient workings are buried in sand. The only vestiges of mining appliances are elliptical rubbing stones for coarse crushing and quartz mills for reducing the rock to fine powder, ready for washing out the gold.

Giving evidence before the Coast Erosion Commission, Dr. Otto Stapf described the reclamation work performed by Spartina grasses, which, he said, spread by underground shoots and seed which was dispersed by tides and currents, and presumably by water birds. Certain forms established themselves easily, and the roots and bases of the dense clumps effectively fixed the mud, and where they occurred in dense patches they formed a protecting belt for the shore or bank behind them.

Concerning Columbus.

Several of the ancient cities of Italy lay claim to the honor of being the birthplace of Columbus, and each has been able to advance plausible reasons in support of its claim. Genoa, however, seems to be ahead of all competitors. There has recently been discovered a decree of the dean of Genoa, dated 1461, appointing Dominic Colombo, the father of Christopher, custodian of the Ogivella tower. It was in October of this year that the discoverer of America was born.

Charitable.

A good many things have been done in the name of charity and a good many people, too.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Order of Creation

WHEN man was in the making, saith the Persian legend, it was agreed between Ormuzd and Ahriman, the spirits of good and evil, respectively, that when it came to giving him his instincts, they two should suggest, alternately, what instinct should go in next. Ahriman won the toss and had the first choice.

"Give him the gregarious instinct," quoth he, with a diabolical sneer. That made things look pretty black for mankind, but Ormuzd was not asleep.

"Give him the sense of humor!" he cried, with a justifiably triumphant smile. But unhappily, the workmen, in making the adjustments, did not clinch the sense of humor quite perfectly, to the end that there is considerable sin and misery in the world after all—.
Ramsey Benson, in Life.

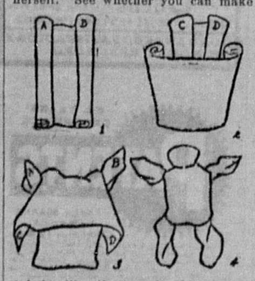
CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

A STRANGE COUNTRY.

I love the place I live in,
But on the map I've seen
Another little country
All pink, while ours is green
I like the trees and bushes
And grass the way ours are
Still, pink is always pretty.
I wonder if it's far.
If I should ever go there,
Where everything is pink,
I'd say, "Your country's lovely,
But green is best, I think."
—Elizabeth Lincoln Gould, in Youth's Companion.

FUN WITH A HANDKERCHIEF.

When Dottie was sick mamma gave her one of papa's big linen handkerchiefs, and this is how she amused herself. See whether you can make



a baby like the one in the picture. Follow directions in illustrations 1, 2, 3 to get the results in 4.—Philadelphia Ledger.

TOM AND HIS BABY OXEN.

Little Tom Tripp was "harrowing in" his field of buckwheat with his yoke of calves, Jack and Robin. His father had given him a patch of rich ground about as large as a good-sized kitchen garden to do with as he chose.

Tom had been somewhat at a loss to decide what to raise upon it. Aunt Polly thought sunflowers and poppies and marigolds would be just lovely! But he thought it was "girls' work" to raise flowers.

Uncle John suggested potatoes. But, oh, dear! he would have to "tug" the heavy things in a ball basket all over the patch to drop. Then he must hoe them when the sun was hot enough to scorch him, or when he would want to go a-fishing. They would have to be "hilled up," too, like enormous ants' nests. It would take heaps of dirt to do that, and it always did make his back ache so to hoe! Besides, there were the tormenting potato bugs! Ugh! He wouldn't plant potatoes, that was certain.

Then grandma proposed catnip for Major (Sister Nan's cat), and sage for sausages and turkey-dressing for Thanksgiving. This latter allusion did make little Tom's mouth water, but after much thought he settled upon buckwheat. It made such delicious griddle-cakes!

And here he was this morning, the last of May, with Jack and Robin in their little yoke, and hitched to a diminutive harrow that Uncle John has made for them, pulling their best, and Tom tugging at the yoke to help them along; but the little harrow would get a big turf in its teeth, or get hung up on a stone, and Tom thought it too hard work for Jack and Robin, so he harnessed Towser, the great, good-natured dog, in front, tandem.

"Things had to march" then. But Jack did not like Towser and he kept balking at his hind legs so much that he could not pay attention to his harrowing. So Tom had to cut Towser's traces, and let him go. Then Robin and naughty Jack had to do the work alone.

By this time Robin was awfully hungry, and so was Jack. Besides, they were just discouraged. And in spite of Tom, Jack would lie down in the furrow and chew his cud as fast as he could—poor little ox!—while Tom scolded, pulled at the yoke, fanned himself with his ragged hat and prodded him with his brown great toe.

But Jack didn't mind the toe, nor the scolding, if he could chew his sweet cud of clover.

Just then Aunt Polly came out of the shed with a tin pail of sour curds for the young turkeys. Now Aunt Polly had been in the habit of feeding sweet milk to Jack and Robin—it made them grow so fast—and as soon as they heard her call: "Turk! Turk! Turk!" up jumped Jack like a "Jack in the box," and away scampered both baby oxen toward Aunt Polly, jerking the little harrow over stones, through Uncle John's great beds of onion sets, cutting down a whole row of Aunt Polly's tender "pie plant," and getting hung up in a great gooseberry bush at last, where they bawled so loudly for their milk that Aunt Polly clapped her hands over her ears and hastened to the milk room for "something to stop their mouths."

Tom was angry and discouraged; but he persevered, and at last got his buckwheat harrowed in, and he raised nearly a bushel, which served for takes the whole winter, besides giving the bees a delicious feast in blossom time.—Farm and Fireside.

EVERY GIRL CAN SING.

On the other hand, there are girls who, beginning with scarcely any voice at all, by earnest thought and right endeavor, application and perseverance develop into real artists. In fact, the girls who have the best voices to begin with are not as a rule the ones who eventually make the greatest singers—simply because they too often lose their voices by neglect or careless study.

Many a beginner thinks she can [illegible] nothing herself alone.

Beach Yaw, in the Delineator. She feels that she must have a professor, and if she once masters the elementary course she thinks that it is necessary to go abroad in order to perfect herself. This is all very well if one can afford the expense, but it is a mistake to suppose that no particular progress can be made without those advantages. In singing as in all other undertakings it is of the utmost importance that there shall be a proper foundation, and that foundation can be made by the girl herself.

Would you, one of the millions of girls who are now beginning the study of singing, learn the secret of success in my chosen calling? It is as I have said, within yourself.

It is unnecessary to suggest or apply any fixed rules for each individual student, but it is of inestimable value and consequence that this one general rule shall be adhered to, as applying to all cases and to every individual singer, namely, seriousness of thought, earnestness of application, patience and perseverance.

AN EGGSHELL OSTRICH.

One eggshell, three twisted paper lighters, and a small piece of fringed paper go to the making of one ostrich. You will need a whole eggshell for the body, and must empty it by making a small hole in each end and blowing out the egg. Bore the holes with a large darning needle or hatpin, pressing steadily but not too hard, and twisting the point round and round until a small hole has been punctured; then enlarge the hole slightly with the sharp point of your scissors, being careful not to crack the shell in doing so. Make the hole in the large end of the shell a trifle larger than the one in the small end to your lips and blow steadily until all the egg has run out of the shell.—From "Hints and Helps for 'Mother'" in St. Nicholas.

THE DAY'S LENGTH.

The boys and girls may be surprised to hear that the length of the day may be found by doubling the time of the sun's setting, and the length of the night by doubling the time of the sun's rising. If, for example, says the Chicago News, the sun sets at 7.30, the length of the day is fifteen hours, for twice 7.30 is fifteen. If the sun rises that day at 4.30, the length of the night is nine hours, for twice 4.30 is nine. The thirteen hours of daylight and the nine hours of night make up the whole day of twenty-four hours.—Philadelphia Record.

MAKE THIS FOR MOTHER.

By using a rack similar to that shown in the accompanying sketch for holding large butcher knives, there is no danger of dulling them as when they are thrown into a drawer or knife box, and they are also out

of reach of small children. It is simply a notched piece of wood, explains Prairie Farmer, fastened to a board of any desired shape, for a back. Any clever boy should be able to make it with a jackknife.

The French Academy.

In a period when so many time-honored traditions of France sink beneath the waves of what we are pleased to style progress, without perhaps caring to learn whether we gain or lose as the stormy tide flows on, there is one national institution still standing firm, which, despite all that is said against it, is unique: I mean the French Academy. In vain have men tried to raise up rivals; it remains the sole arbiter of taste, the guardian of our language, the last surviving vestige of sovereignty. To prove this would be an interesting study, in view of the increasing importance attached to the "Academie des Goncourt," and to the committee which has been humorously called the "Academy of Women." — From Th. Bentzon's "Literary Rolls of Honor in France," in the Century.

A Snake-Bite Knife.

The British government has been actively fighting snakes in India for a dozen years and more, and still these reptiles kill many thousand natives annually. Sir Lander Brumton a little while ago devised a neat pocket instrument for handy use in case of a snake bite, and the Indian government has decided to distribute the apparatus widely among the natives. It consists of a small knife in the handle of which is a cavity. This is kept filled with permanganate of potash, a powerful antiseptic and caustic. When a person is bitten he immediately cuts the wound open widely and rubs the permanganate upon the raw surfaces. If the bite is in the extremities and this operation is performed without delay, the treatment is said to be very effective.—Chicago Journal.

King Edward an Athlete.

A contemporary announces that the King has taken "his golf clubs to Biarritz" and that he will spend fine mornings on the links. It so happens that the King is not a golfer. [illegible] only out[illegible] Majesty is [illegible]

TALES OF ADVENTURE

A LITTLE-KNOWN HERO.

A man lately died in California who had had one of the most extraordinary careers of any one connected with the Civil War, and yet whose name was almost unknown by the public. His story is told in the Boston Transcript.

When the war broke out Lieut.-Colonel G. F. Robinson was a young man of twenty-nine. Although he was not a "copperhead," his views regarding the war were such that he was cordially hated by the citizens of the Maine town in which he lived. He resisted the draft as long as possible, but was finally captured by the provost marshall and put into Company B of the Eighth Maine Regiment, and went to the front.

Robinson, becoming ill, was sent to a Washington hospital. During his long period of convalescence he was transferred to the corps of nurses, and became well known as a proficient nurse. He never returned to his regiment, but remained on hospital duty.

Toward the latter days of the war Secretary of State Seward was taken sick, and as a good nurse was needed, Robinson was sent to him. It will be recalled that on the same night when President Lincoln was assassinated by Booth, another assassin, named Payne, undertook to murder Seward, as he lay sick in his home.

Payne succeeded in getting into the sick room, and made an attack upon the invalid with a dagger. The Secretary's son, Frederick, intervened, and was seriously cut.

Then the nurse, Robinson, got into action, and by his fearless and energetic work succeeded in placing Payne in a condition from which no further difficulty was experienced on his account. He is said to have used first a chair and then a wash-stand in his effort to "knock out" the would-be assassin before he could kill the Sewards, and was successful to such an extent that Payne needed the services of a surgeon when he had been taken into custody.

For this service Robinson received a gold medal through an act of Congress, and five thousand dollars in money. He also had the offer of a clerkship in one of the departments at Washington. In 1879 he was appointed a major and paymaster in the regular army. In 1904 Major Robinson was made lieutenant-colonel on the retired list.

THE YOUNG MAN RECOVERED.

If it be the case that the imagination has much to do in the healing of the sick, as all physicians admit, it is not unreasonable to hold the same mental faculty responsible for many illnesses. The author of "Forty Years in New Zealand" was a missionary among the Maoris half a century ago, and had to care for the bodies as well as for the souls of his people. One of his medical cases was of peculiar interest.

As an example, says the missionary, I may cite the case of an athletic young man who was brought to me one day by a venerable old chieftain. From head to foot the young man was trembling with excitement. He had come for some medicine. The cause of his illness was that he had by accident eaten a "sacred potato." He most firmly believed, that for such an act of sacrilege the offended god had entered his stomach in the form of a lizard, and was consuming his vitals. Unless I could deliver him, he must die. It was equally vain to laugh, or to reason with superstitious fear.

After making the orthodox examination of my patient, I gave him some aperient pills, and told him to keep quiet for a while and he would recover. The next day I was told that the young man was still ill, and would die. Repairing to the village, I found him pale, haggard but resigned, sitting at one end of a long hut open in front. From twenty to thirty chiefs were seated near him, smoking their pipes and discussing the current news. The old women were preparing the ovens for the entertainment of his friends, who would flock to the place on the report of his death. In three days he was to die, and they were making preparations for the event.

I expressed my regret and disappointment, and re-examined my patient. I found out my mistake; I had given him medicine internally. I would now apply it externally; and with an air of the greatest confidence, I assured them that he would recover immediately on its taking effect, and this they would know by its producing stinging pain. On this I sent him a blistering plaster, with directions to apply it on his chest. In less than an hour the young man cried out, "It bites! it bites!" and all said, "Now he will recover," and so he did.

COOLNESS IN DANGER.

When Lieutenant Henderson was captured by the natives of the Gold Coast hinterland they got into a wordy discussion as to how they would kill him. The victim listened awhile till he was weary of it. "Oh, well," he said. "I can't be bothered with your arguments! I'm very sleepy. Let me know when you've made up your minds." And off to sleep he went. The unexpected performance saved his life. His calm indifference persuaded Samory's men that they had to do with some one of immense importance [illegible] to take on them[illegible] bility for h[illegible] unharmed [illegible] Jimini cou[illegible] Once a[illegible] red hi[illegible]

his hands and knees he did [illegible] of the sort. He simply sat on the throne beside Samory, shaking that monarch warmly by the hand. Thanks to this, and to nothing else, he was accepted as the representative of a great sovereign instead of a captive doomed to death. He talked to Samory of the queen, and Samory talked to him. Thus a mission which might have ended, as so many African missions have ended, in a terrible silence and a suspicion of unspeakable horrors, did, in fact, end in a valuable basis of future relations between Great Britain and a Mohammedan power.—London Scraps.

CHILDREN LOST IN SWAMP.

Lost within half a mile of [illegible] home on a Sunday afternoon, [illegible] two years old, and Katie, [illegible] old, the children of Frank [illegible] farmer living near Bens[illegible] were not found until the [illegible] Tuesday morning. During the [illegible] vening time they had nothing to [illegible] and were thinly clad in only one garment each.

As soon as Mr. Emala gave the alarm searching parties started and stayed out nearly all Sunday night, all Monday and most of Monday night. About 10 a. m. Tuesday, Harry Pielort heard a child crying as he searched the marsh known [illegible] Muddy Gap, at the head of Salt [illegible] Creek, a tributary of Middle Ri[illegible]

Hastening in the direction [illegible] sounds, he saw the two childre[illegible] in the marsh land face to [illegible] snuggling close to each [illegible] was crying as she lay [illegible] shield her little broth[illegible] cold wind.

The children had remo[illegible] shoes and stockings. Their [illegible] were red and badly swollen fr[illegible] cold, and both were suffering [illegible] hunger. Katie had spread her dress over her brother's legs as far as she could in an effort to keep him warm. It is believed both children will survive their experience.

1800 MILES IN A ROWBOAT.

Edmonton, British Columbia, is to be the starting point of another exploring trip to the north.

V. Steffanson is the daring voyageur who with "healthy body and cheerful mind" as his principal equipment is to start for the Arctic Circle to learn the ways of Esquimau tribes that no white man has yet visited. He will not require money, but he will carry a few files, needles and butcher knives as gifts in return for the hospitality which he expects to receive. One rifle, a few fishhooks and nets and a suit of fur clothing will be the equipment of the expedition.

Steffanson was formerly instructor at Harvard University, and his coming expedition is under the auspices of the American Museum of Natural History. The expense of getting to the Mackenzie River, where he will build a rowboat, is to be advanced by the institution. The museum will publish his report, and if it is possible to bring any out of this inaccessible country it will secure whatever ethnological specimens Steffanson may gather.

Steffanson is of Icelandic birth and speaks the Esquimau dialects. He will live on the country. He expects to travel 1800 miles in a rowboat.—New York Sun.

HERE IS A PIPE STORY.

After Ventura Dominico, thirty-four years old, had arisen he lit his pipe and seated himself in his window, in the third story of No. 389 Grand avenue, to see what was going on in the world below. Leaning too far out, he lost his balance and tumbled to the cement sidewalk. A passerby summoned a police ambulance, but when the vehicle was within half a block of the house the driver saw Dominico get up, shake himself and walk into the house, still smoking. Dominico nor the pipe, full of fragrant cut plug, suffered serious injury.—Chicago Correspondent of the New York Herald.

A FRIGHTENED TIGER.

Missionaries sometimes tell funny stories about the things that happen to them. Dr. Jacob Chamberlain tells about the way he frightened a spotted tiger with an umbrella.

The tiger wanted to eat him, he says, and instead of running away Dr. Chamberlain sprang suddenly at him, with a terrible warwhoop that he had learned from an Indian tribe, at the same time opening his big white umbrella. The tiger thought it must be some new kind of animal and turned and ran for the rocks.

A BRAVE LITTLE GIRL.

The diploma of honor of the French Life Saving Society has been awarded to Lily Ripton, the daughter of a non-commissioned officer at Colchester Camp, for her bravery in rescuing another child from drowning. After the rescue she remembered that she had been forbidden to go near the water, so she walked about until her clothes were dry, and then, leaving her sodden boots in an outhouse, crept upstairs to bed, where she was found when her parents heard of her bravery.—Home Chat.

Test Your Coal.

The United States Government is a buyers of coal to the amount of over $6,000,000 a year. Prior to 1904 contracts were given to the lowest bidder on the theory that coal is coal and that there was not enough heat-making difference between different lots from the same region or mine to make any scientific quality tests worth while.

Since then several testing laboratories have been established and it has been found that some of the coal offered is expensive at any price. Now samples are required with bids and a great saving has been effected. The time may come when the citizen will [illegible] chemical analysis of the [illegible] easy [illegible]