THE QUEENSTOWN NEWS.

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In agricultural interests generally in the United States there is a persisting scarcity of labor.

Fortune tellers should not be permitted to flourish. Nothing is clearer than the duty of society to protect the weak-minded, maintains the Philadelphia Ledger.

The instantaneous decision of the Sultan of Turkey to yield to Italy when he learned that nineteen warships were to pay him a neighborly call illustrates forcibly the value of the battleship to a nation.

It is remarked that the red-haired heroine is a feature of the novels of the day. It is a fashion originally set by that best seller, the "Iliad" of Mr. Homer, of Smyrna, recalls the classical New York Evening Sun.

One of the Astor farms in New York City, bought in 1838 for $23,000, has just been divided among the heirs at a valuation of $3,250,000. And yet, protests the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, there are people who say that farming doesn't pay.

In the opinion of the Christian Register, if all foreign immigration of the industrial classes could be checked for three years, we should distribute and assimmilate those that are already here, and begin to make places for more.

What! exclaims the New York Evening Sun. Women janitors at Yale? And for the reason that women have long been successfully employed in this capicity at Harvard! Alas! Too soon is Yale taking up with the ways of the mollycoddle.

A lot of fuss is being made over the forgeries of paintings. Since a good forgery pleases its owner just as much as a genuine work, the New York American maintains that the art forgers are really spreading a love of art, besides giving the critics a lot of harmless amusement.

The Senate has at last acted favorably on the Frye bill for Government inspection and control of sea-going vessels. The loss of life due to the unrestricted use of worthless old hulls and made-over condemned ships in the coast coal-carrying trade has so long been a disgrace to this country. The only excuse for their use, without power and often without even boats, was the greed of the coal-carrying owners, who thought only of cheapness. Senator Frye said recently in speaking of his bill that 400 sea-going barges in American waters sixty last year went to the bottom and twenty-five per cent. of their crews perished.

That the unbelievable indulgence in liquor at such times and the ensuing riot of vice, together with its preposterous maximum of snobbery, is responsible for the abhorrence of reform on the part of the more self-respecting graduates of Princeton is the gist of a few startling statements made before the Milwaukee Presbytery by Dr. George L. Robinson, of Yale University, Chicago, himself an alumnus of the Eastern school. "Yale is now a place for the idle sons of the wealthy," declared Dr. Robinson. "Here they first make known their social and financial position. They take charge in their own way of the children of ordinary people and savor with them."

Gerardieu, the foreign editor of the Temps, who has been writing on American topics, says: "Most Frenchmen are better informed upon American weakness than upon her strength. True. But he is further from the truth when he adds: "Most Frenchmen who visit France seek first her acquaintances." The class of Frenchmen he speaks of is limited, says the New York World. Most Frenchmen who visit France do not seek aristocratic acquaintances, and would be astonished to meet them would regard them as titled curiosities of a republic. By contrast with Gerardieu's remark it might be said that a fair measure of truth that most aristocratic Frenchmen—not all Frenchmen—who visit the United States seek first plutocratic acquaintances.

The Weekly takes this point of view from Operate William Waldorf Astor's recreation which no intelligent American need begrudge him. Nevertheless, the chorus of protest has greeted the disclosure of action anent the Chesapeake. It seems to be somewhat lacking in diligence. Would there be any kind of solace or satisfaction in gaining by purchase a title gallantly lost in war? Quite the contrary. The title belongs permanently as certainly as the war belongs for the present. It was a scandal that it should have been offered for sale. That was like leaving to be kicked about the street or bought the old house in a suitable semi-public place where it will always need treatment. What should be bettered. The title be found with his name is his.

THE UNCLOSED DOOR.

As she went through the House of Life she closed
All doors behind her—all save only one,
And this she could not, even though she strove;
One door that was her anguish and her shame—
One door that opened to the wind and sun
From that still room where once she dwelt with Love.

And lo, she died, and in the House of Death
Even those doors she closed with her own hand
Held her a prisoner. Long day by day
Before the hundred doors of Faith and Joy
She strove with prayer, with pleading, with command
To force but one and win where Heaven lay.

And then came One with pity in His eyes
And said: "Was there no door thou didst not close?"
And she: "But one, that was my shame and sin;
Surely I may not win to Heaven thus?"
Then, even while she wept, He smiled, and rose,
And through that door unfastened led her in!

—Theodosia Garrison, in Munsey's Magazine.

THE WONDER OF THE WORLD

By DONALD KENNICOTT.

Thorold the Indomitable had sworn by the splendor of God with his own eyes to see the Wonders of the World—the mermaids that in a certain sea rise laughing about the gunwales; the slim, small fishes with scales of electrum and eyes of true beryl that leap up through the spray of an island beyond Britain; the river of purple wine that foams down the hills to the south of the Pillars of Hercules. All of these Thorold would see; and the forty strong men who rowed with him would each fetch home a wife, a buxom lass from the Far-Lands.

They had thus far pursued an empty quest—had pulled over the North Sea swiftly, without even the sight of a whale or berg; had harried the Frankish coast and found no spoil at all, but only many and skillful bowmen; had fared on beyond the Pillars of Hercules, with never a glimpse of white-limbed mermaid or echo of siren singing, but only the shadow of black rocks in dark water and the shriek of a tempest that had swept the rowers' benches three parts empty; had landed on many an island in the Mid-Land Sea in search of the tall and red-lipped weir-women, but had found only poisoned provender and deadly disease and a reef that had split their ship in sunder. Now the tithe that was left of them was huddled about the blue-green flames of a driftwood fire in a fisherman's hut on the Sardinian coast, surrounded by a horde of cowardly islanders who sought to starve them like wolves trapped in an empty sheepfold.

Sigurd spoke: "Where are your weir-wives, Jurgen," he asked slowly, turning to the old sailor whose tales of over-sea wonders had led them on. There was no bitterness of anger in his voice, but only the heavy sadness of a war-worn man who is altogether spent. "Tell me, Jurgen False Word," he pursued, drowsily almost; "tell me, where are the milk-white mermaids swimming up through the foam along the gunwales? Where are the little dolphins with scales of gold and eyes of emerald? How you lied to us, Jurgen."

Passionately Tryggve broke in: "Ay, he lied, he lied. And ask him where are the forty strong men who listened to his word and left a good land for an empty voyage and a sharp death. Ask him that!"

"I lied not," the voice of old Jurgen boomed stolidly from out his white beard. "You have vexed the gods with an impatience and they deny you." He spoke manfully, but his eyes shifted and his hand did not leave the sword-hilt.

"There be no gods," Sweyne observed wearily from where he lay at full length in the shadow; and no one answered him.

Silence came, broken only by the giggle of Little Nils, who sat cross-legged close to the fire and snapped his finger-joints. Little Nils had been altogether witless, ever since that day of fruitless battle, when the stone of a Balearic slinger had cracked his skull. "Odin and Thor," he cackled with an idiot leer at the stern face of old Jurgen, "Odin, Thor and Freya. They be the gods."

Sweyne rose on his elbow and stirred the fire with his dagger-scabbard. The blue-green flames turned his bloodless face to a ghastly hue, and when he spoke, his voice rang hollow and far. "Ingeborn, Ingeborn," he mused. "She was well enough. I used to laugh at her because in winter she went swaddled up like an old wife, but for all that she was well enough. Her lips were warm and her hair was soft and she had a leal heart, too. It is like that she weeps for me—for me that left her to steal a fairer bride from out the Far-Lands."

His voice drifted off into silence, but Tryggve's followed it almost like an echo. "And Ragnild," he murmured huskily. "You remember Ragnild? She was a buxom lass now. Summer twilights I used to lie with my head in her lap and watch the seagulls coming in. Only a fool would have left her to seek a mate from out the shadow of the sea."

All spoke save Thorold—Thorold, whose eyes were the eyes of a woman, whose heart was the heart of a king, whose limbs were the limbs of a young god. He had been standing apart, peering out a crack in the door. Now he turned to the fire.

"It is black dark now," he announced shortly. "We will start."

No one answered him for a moment. Then Sweyne looked up at him with dull eyes. "There be no gods," he remarked drearily.

Tryggve echoed close, "We are weary of war. It would be sweet now, to rest one's head on a woman's breast."

"I told lies," Jurgen muttered hoarsely, with averted face. "With my proper eyes I saw no weir-wives or mermaids, but many other sailors had told me of them and—one must hold his own about the camp-fire. They lied also, belike."

"Start," growled Sigurd gloomily, "and where? There are a thousand jackal islanders ringed about us, Thorold."

"Rather more than that, from their fires," Thorold returned tranquilly. "We be six Northmen."

"Even so—what is there for us to do?"

Thorold brought down his mailed fist upon his brazen shield. "What do," he stormed. "What do? Cut through them; steal boats; fare on."

Turning, he swung open the door and strode out. And they followed him, but with bent heads and dragging steps, for they were spent men. All thus save witless Nils, who capered from one to another waving his sword and babbling loudly his childish jargon—"Odin and Thor. Odin, Thor and Freya. They are the gods."

Too loudly. For before they had won half the distance to the beach, the islanders were on them like a wolf-pack. Sweyne lost his footing in the rocks, and smothered by the press that swarmed upon him, never so much as cleared his sword. Old Jurgen and Sigurd stood back to back like a pair of dog-bayed bears and cleared a little space about them; but like the bears also went down at last when weariness had weakened them. Tryggve indeed gained the darkness and the shore, but the blood oozed everywhere from his armor joints, and he sank down helpless to wait his death on the wet sands. Only Thorold the Indomitable and Little Nils, whom the gods had cloaked, won clear together, and feeling their way along the sands in the darkness, stumbled upon a beached fisher craft and hastily put forth.

A ragged sail saved them the labor of rowing, and letting the wind have its will, Thorold knelt wide-eyed at the rudder, while Little Nils, after devouring a stale fish he had nosed out from among the tangled nets, curled up in the bow and slept.

Dawn unveiled an opalescent splendor. Sardinia a mere dim blur behind, and, across a mile of foam-flecked water before them, a tiny islet vestured in deep verdure. Thorold held an unswerving course; detail of tree and rock and shore-line was growing clear to him, when suddenly, uttering an eager shout, he dropped the tiller and leaned forward with clenched hands and staring eyes. Something more white than any foam gleamed in the blue water near the shore, once again across the strip of beach, and then disappeared in the purple shadows beyond.

Roused by Thorold's cry, Little Nils rose to his knees and gazed at the gaunt, exalted face of his companion. "Odin and Thor," he muttered sleepily. "Odin and Thor. They be gods."

The boat grounded and Thorold sprang forthwith out into the waist-deep water, dragged the hapless Little Nils after him, and floundered to the shore. His searching eyes quickly caught sight of tiny footprints in the wet sands, and he followed their course across the beach to a path through the close-set poplars, that in turn led him to an open glade, an olive yard, and a white-walled dwelling. He paused a moment in the shadow, while pleasant sounds and odors came to whet the famine of his senses—sharp scent of hearth-smoke, fragrance of trodden grapes, perfume of new-reaped grain; melody of swallows and splash of drawn water; a woman's laughter. Loosening his sword, he swung boldly up to the portico. Little Nils trotting at his heels and whimpering like a famished hound. None met him, his feet made no sound on the thick-strewn rushes, and he passed without pausing, even to the open door of the atrium. There in the bar of sunlight that came through the roof-hole, sat a woman drying her unbound hair—neither mermaid, nor siren, nor weir-wife, but a woman such as Thorold had never seen, red-lipped and great-eyed, straight-limbed, deep-bosomed, splendid. Bending forward, she tied the purple sandal-thongs firmly about her ankles; rising, she drew over her loose white garment a saffron-colored mantle of silken cloth and girded it closely about her. She turned then to a mirror of polished silver, and with swift, dexterous fingers bound up the rebellious masses of her dark and glossy hair, and confined it within a hoop of turquoise-studded gold.

Peering under Thorold's arm, Little Nils cried out in childish delight at her beauty, and she turned swiftly, with paling cheek. Yet she neither cried out nor fled, but stared calm-eyed at the tawny Northman in the doorway. And when, striding forward, he pointed toward the sea and beckoned her to him, she gave only a little scornful laugh by way of reply, and with a look of bitterness and hatred darkening her face, pointed, in her turn, through an arched casement behind her. Three men were coming down a path, the first a shaggy, savage bulk, wearing a leather war-cap, the others, retainers evidently, bearing burdens of provender and fuel.

Thorold looked once at the men without and twice at the woman before him. Then, leaping forward, he jerked off his shoulder belt, bound her both hand and foot, and clasping her close to him, strode out again. Even then she made not outcry, but fought him fiercely, sinking her strong white teeth into the flesh of his arm and breast. He gained the open with her, but there the three islanders met him midway and ran forward with a savage shout. He laid the woman down, but could never have cleared his long sword had not Little Nils, screaming shrilly, interposed his helpless body and futile blade. They thrust him through quickly and trampled him underfoot, the blood bubbling on his lips. "Odin and Thor," he babbled as he sank down, "Odin and Thor. They be the gods."

The two retainers fell facile prey to the long two-handed sword which the Northman now flashed hither and thither like darting lightning, but their leader, running in close would have ended the struggle with his short Roman blade had not Thorold dropped his weapon and grappled. Yet even so it was a losing fight, for the Northman, unarmed now, could at best but hold back the weapon of his adversary. With close-locked limbs they pitched hither and thither about the turf, neither gaining. Yet steadily Thorold felt his famished and war-worn limbs grow weary, and never for an instant did the vigor of his adversary abate. He felt himself yielding at last, and saw a flame of triumph kindle and flare up in the eyes of his enemy.

And, too, another thing Thorold saw then—the woman sitting up unsteadily, watching them with parted lips and heaving breast. Suddenly she bent over her bound wrists and tore at the fetters with her teeth. They had been tied hastily, and in a moment her freed hands were loosening the strap about her feet. Then, turning to one of the huddled corpses beyond, she snatched up a dagger and ran swiftly back with it to the death-gripped combatants. For a moment she paused over them, watchful, hesitant, feline, the flame of her eyes matching the hard glitter of the poised blade. Even in the bitter anguish of that despairing moment, Thorold smiled to think that after fifty manful fights, his death should be borne to him in the hands of a woman. With a mighty effort he struggled to free an arm to shield his heart, but in that same moment the woman lunged downward with a sharp, exultant cry, and he felt the warm blood flowing over his breast. For an instant she leaned over him, her lips parted in a gleeful laugh of triumph and then setting hard in a cruel smile, as she struck again, yet more savagely.

With measureless amazement, Thorold felt the grip of his enemy relax and the body grow limp within his arms. Yet only when, struggling dizzily to his feet, he saw the light in the woman's eyes, did he comprehend, and comprehending know for his the ultimate wonder of the world.—San Francisco Argonaut.

AN APOSTROPHE.

BY DANIEL WEBSTER.

WHEN little children were brought into the presence of the Son of God, His disciples proposed to send them away; but He said, "Suffer little children to come unto Me." Unto Me; He did not send them first for lessons in morals to the school of the Pharisees, or to the unbelieving Sadducees, nor to read the precepts and lessons phylacteried on the garments of the Jewish priesthood; He said nothing of different creeds nor clashing doctrines; but He opened at once to the youthful mind the everlasting fountain of living waters, the only source of eternal truths: "Suffer little children to come unto Me." And that injunction is of perpetual obligation. It addresses itself to-day with the same earnestness and the same authority which attended its first utterance to the Christian world. It extends to the ends of the earth, it will reach to the end of time, always and everywhere sounding in the ears of men, with an emphasis which no repetition can weaken, and with an authority which nothing can supersede: "Suffer little children to come unto Me."

A Wonderful Railroad.

Two famous cities of Italy, Genoa and Milan, are to be connected by a marvelous electric railroad eighty-five miles in length, which is to cost $47,000,000. The excessive cost is owing to the nature of the country through which the line will pass. It will require nineteen tunnels, one of which will be twelve miles long. There will be 372 bridges, and the road will be six years in the course of construction. The cost of the line construction alone will be $500,000 per mile. The line will be double tracked and there will be no grade crossings. Trains will consist of three cars, each accommodating fifty passengers. It is proposed to run twenty trains a day, and it is estimated that the daily traffic will be 6000 passengers.—The Boy's World.

Destruction of Famous English Oak.

One of the seven fine old oaks in Salcey Forest, Buckinghamshire, has been burned to the ground. It is surmised that visitors to the forest made a picnic fire in the hollow trunk, and the result was the complete destruction of the tree, which is said to be 800 years old. Salcey is the second great royal forest and has belonged to the Crown since the Conquest.—London Daily Mail.

For the Younger Children....

A CAT TALE.

The little old woman to town would go
To buy her a Sunday gown.
But a storm came up, and the wind did blow,
And the rain came pouring down;
And the little old woman, oh, sad to see!
In a terrible fidget and fret was she—
In a terrible fret was she!

The little old man was cross and cold,
For the chimney smoked that day,
And never a thing would he do but scold
In the most unmannerly way,
When the little old woman said: "Listen to me!"
He answered her nothing but "fiddle-dee-dee!"
No, nothing but "fiddle-dee-dee!"

Then she whacked the puggy-wug dog, she did,
As asleep on the mat he lay;
For a puggy was he of spirit and pride,
And howled in a dismal way.
For a puggy was he of spirit and pride,
And a slight like that he couldn't abide—
He couldn't, of course, abide.

Then Muffin, the kitten, said, "Deary me!
What a state of affairs is this!
I must purr my very best purr, I see,
Since everything goes amiss!"
So Muffin, the kitten, she purred and purred,
Till, at last, the little old woman she heard—
The little old woman the heard.

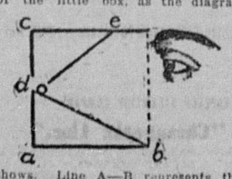
And she smiled a smile at the little old man,
And back he smiled again,
And they both agreed on a charming plan
For a walk in the wind and rain.
Then, hand in hand, to the market town
They went to look for the Sunday gown—
For the coveted Sunday gown.

Then the chimney drew and the room grew hot,
And the puggy-wug dog and the cat
Their oldtime quarrels they quite forgot,
And snuggled up close on the mat—
While Muffin, the kitten, she purred and purred,
And there never was trouble again, I've heard—
No, never again, I've heard!

—Ellen Manly, in St. Nicholas.

AN OPTICAL ILLUSION.

This amusing toy consists of a little square box made of cardboard 2x2x2 inches, inside of which a slanting piece of cardboard and a piece of looking glass are glued to the sides of the little box, as the diagram



shows. Line A—B represents the bottom, A—C the rear wall of the box, D—E the slanting piece of pasteboard and D—E the slanting piece of looking glass. In the centres of the front and back sides of the box round openings are made; one for the eye, the other one to admit a marble, which is to roll down the slanting piece of cardboard. If you let the marble roll down and look into the box at the same time you will see the marble roll upward!

This is a very puzzling little illusion and will amuse your friends if you do not tell them how it is done. —Washington Star.

GATHERING INDIA RUBBER.

India rubber has a curious history in the arts. Its common name was given to it because it was first used for removing pencil marks from paper. It is produced in most tropical lands. The use of it has increased until it has become one of the most important forest products of the world. It has become in many parts of the world an article of cultivation, but the native forests of the Amazon basin and of the Congo, in Africa, are still the source of the world's greatest supply. The quantity has been greatly increased in later years, for the production has been stimulated by an advance in price. Interesting facts in regard to the industry in the Amazon region are given by one who is a native of the country and familiar with its productions.

As the steamer moves along the traveler on the Amazon, or on any of its numerous navigable tributaries, will notice little wisps of smoke rising from the banks of the river. This smoke, which is quite characteristic of the most fertile river banks, indicates the places where the natives are treating the sap of the rubber tree to prepare it for the market.

The business of collecting and preparing rubber is carried on extensively in the valley of the Amazon. There are districts of from forty to fifty miles owned and operated by one person. The rubber trees are scattered more or less plentifully among other trees that yield no profit as yet.

When a man has secured a large tract of forest land for the industry, he puts up a rough shelter upon it, and engages all the Indians of the neighborhood, men and women, to help him in the work.

They start out early in the morning to make the rounds of the estate, for they must get back to the river-side before the heat of the day becomes too great. They tap the trees afresh if they need it, attach the little tin cups for catching the sap and bring home whatever sap may have been collected.

The sap of the rubber tree is a perfectly white liquid of the consistency of goat's milk. It is necessary that it be converted into a solid. This is effected by the action of a pungent smoke which coagulates, or curdles, the milky fluid. For this use the seeds of two different kinds of palm are employed. Nothing else will answer the purpose.

The seeds are put in an earthen jar which has a narrow neck, the bottom of which is perforated with a number of square holes. In this the palm nuts are burned; the holes in the bottom of the jar admit a draft and cause a dense smoke to issue from the deck of the steamer.

The operator takes a paddle similar to that with which he paddles his canoe and holds the blade of it over the jar. Upon it he pours the milky juice, cup by cup, all the time turning the blade so as to bring all parts of it into the smoke. The fluid is instantly fixed, and adheres to the wood or to the rubber already formed. This process goes on until a solid lump is formed that will weigh perhaps sixteen pounds.

When the lump has grown large enough for handling, a slit is cut in it and the blade is drawn out. A mass of rubber is left ready for exportation. It is the smoke used in coagulating the sap that gives crude rubber the dark appearance which is familiar.

The natives who collect the rubber have little use for the article at home. They have no pencilings to erase, wear no raincoats, have no mills to be supplied with belting, nor automobiles that require rubber tires. They do, however, make playthings for their children by pouring the sap into clay molds of birds, animals and fishes, and then crushing the clay and removing it.

THE BEE EATER.

The beautiful bird known as the bee eater is of gorgeous plumage, the predominating color of its feathers being a brilliant green, though a rich red-brown, buff, and black also enter into its coloring, making an artistic combination most attractive to the eye.

The female bee eater makes for her nest a hole in a bank, or digs a narrow tunnel into level earth to the astonishing depth of eight or ten feet. This tunnel nest shows much ingenuity in construction. The number of the season's lay ranges from four to six eggs, and these are deposited in the bottom of the hole or tunnel which is used for a nest. There is no straw, bark, leaves or feathers to soften the nest, the eggs being laid on the hard earth.

The territory occupied by the bee eaters ranges from the British Islands to Australia, the African region especially being plentifully supplied with them. The feet of the bee eater are peculiarly formed, the middle and outer toes being webbed together to almost their entire length.

The name "bee eater" is most appropriate inasmuch as the bird feasts upon bees whenever it gets a chance to do so, and in Spain is a real pest to the bee raisers, for it hovers about the honey bees' hives, catching the luckless insects in great numbers.—Birmingham Age-Herald.

SCIENCE & MECHANICS

Steel freight cars are being extensively used in South America.

The base of most of the chewing gum used is a by-product of petroleum, scented and flavored according to the various tastes.

Leprosy is not, in the ordinary sense, a contagious disease. Physicians, nurses and missionaries minister to lepers for years without suffering from the exposure.

Bad sight is given as the reason for men going wrong. Defective vision has been proved to be the cause of lack of self-control, alcoholism and drug taking.

Subject to the action of liquid air, lead becomes elastic and can be made to rebound or serve as a spiral spring during the continuance of this low temperature.

In a recent campaign of the French in Madagascar 14,000 men were sent to the front, of whom twenty-nine were killed in action and over 7000 perished from preventable diseases. In the Boer War the English losses were ten times greater from disease than from bullets.

A specially constructed derelict-destroyer has recently been launched from a Virginia shipyard. The vessel is nominally a revenue cutter, but its work will be the destruction of derelicts and other accidental obstructions to navigation. For this purpose the vessel has been designed with great coal-carrying capacity and the ability to keep the open sea in all weather.

A possible vision of the future, when tall towers near great cities may indicate the location of wireless telegraph stations, is suggested by a project now on foot to connect New York and Philadelphia in that manner. Plans have been filed for a tower 200 feet high, and thirty feet broad at the base, to be erected on Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, as a sending and receiving-station for the aerial messages. A similar tower is to be built in the environs of New York. The plan is to distribute messages from the stations by telephone.

FROM PILOT TO "SAMURAI."

Money is being raised in Japan to restore the monument of Will Adams, the first English resident of that country and the founder of the Japanese fleet. No fiction of adventure is more romantic and seemingly improbable than is the story of this Kentish pilot of the seventeenth century. Mr. Lafcadio Hearn, in one of his books on Japan, tells the tale of the young Englishman's rise to fortune.

In 1600 Will Adams arrived in Japan in command of a Dutch ship. Adams had partaken of many a sea adventure, and had probably been brought in contact with Hawkins, Drake, Sir Richard Grenville and the other celebrated voyagers of that day. He says himself, in his account of his life, that he "served for Master and Pilott in her Majestie's ships."

On landing in Japan, Adams was taken prisoner and sent to Osaka to the great Emperor Iyesyasu.

"As soon as I came before him he demanded of what countrey we were," says Adams. "So I answered him on all points. He asked whether our country had warres. I answered him yea. He asked as to the way we came to the countrey. Having a chart of the whole world I showed him through the Stright of Magelan. He viewed me well and seemed to be wonderful favorable."

The Emperor attached Adams to his personal service, and later we read of the late pilot teaching his royal master "jeometry and understanding of the art of mathematicks."

Adams was well provided for, and commanded to build ships for deep-sea sailing. Before long he was created Samurai, and an estate was given him.

Surely no romance of that romantic age was stranger than the rise of this plain English pilot, with only his simple honesty and common sense to help him. He was in such extraordinary favor with the greatest and shrewdest of Japanese rulers that we read in a contemporary account: "The Emperor esteemeth hym much, and he may goe in and speake to hym at all times when Kynges and Princes are kept out."

Adams' only cause for regret in his elevation to fortune was the fact that he was never allowed to visit his native land. His services were regarded as too precious to be spared. The Emperor never refused him anything but this one privilege, and Adams did not dare to urge the matter too hard, for, as he writes, "When I asked one too many times the Ould Emperour was silent."

ALIVE IN CAPSIZED VESSELS.

A striking example of one among the many strange accidents that befall sailors was reported the other day from Newcastle, New South Wales.

The barkentine Kate Tatham turned turtle in a gale, and one of her crew was shut up in her hold. The survivors, who had climbed on her keel as she heeled over, naturally took it for granted that he was drowned. What was their surprise therefore presently to hear faint knockings from beneath their feet, evidently made by their imprisoned comrade.

Help was at hand, and a hole was cut through the ship's bottom, when the man was hauled out, little the worse for his terrible experience. He had, it appeared, been kept alive by the air which had been imprisoned in the hull when the vessel capsized and which, becoming compressed as the water rose, had eventually stopped its further encroachment. He had used a balk of floating timber to support himself.

His imprisonment lasted for two hours, and in the cabled reports sent to this country the incident is characterized as unparalleled. This, however, is by no means correct. There are several cases on record of men having lived in similar circumstances in the hulks of capsized ships not hours only but days, the most remarkable authenticated instance being that of Captain Engallandt, of the Erndte, who was rescued alive after an entombment lasting altogether eleven days eighteen hours.

During this period the derelict, drifting bottom uppermost, was sighted by the masters of several vessels, all of whom, however, passed nonchalantly by, none imagining for a moment that the semi-submerged and capsized hulk contained, shut up in its vitals, a living man.

Eventually the Erndte drifted ashore near Danzig, and Captain Engallandt was taken out alive, although greatly emaciated.—Pearson's Weekly.

AN AVERTED TRAGEDY.

The family had six black cats, all of which lined up daily on the back porch, expecting food and getting it, says a writer in the Washington Star. Then after a while mother began to say she did wish that she could get rid of a few cats. Father said he should think she would, too, and asked why she did not chloroform them. He explained that it was a painless sleep, and a method approved by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Grandmother said she had read in the newspapers that the society used gas in an air-tight chamber, but, anyhow, it was humane. Uncle Nat said he never saw so many cats in his life, and that he was always stepping on one whenever he put his foot down.

Aunt Caroline said she hated cats; but one could get used to anything, even cats. Susan, the colored cook, said she was going to leave if some of those cats didn't; that there never was a crumb of anything to eat in the house after those hollow cats had been filled up; and why did [illegible] hunt their living [illegible]

Then one day mother asked Uncle Nat to get a bottle of chloroform at the druggist's, which she left on the mantel-shelf in plain sight.

Father asked where the bottle of chloroform came from, and what it was for? Grandmother said it was very careless of some one to leave a bottle of chloroform round like that where any one could get it.

Aunt Caroline asked who was going to use the chloroform.

Uncle Nat said he was willing to buy it, and had done his part, and if any one thought he was going to kill cats with it he was mistaken.

The day was Thursday, Susan's day out. The family had gone for a drive, all except mother, who had a motive in remaining at home. It was now or never. With the light of resolution in her eye and her lips pressed firmly together, with a bottle and sponge in one hand and cats in her apron, she started for the barn.

Pursing her lips more tightly still, she gathered up more cats as she went. Then she shut all she had in an empty box, which was to serve as an execution chamber, and went in search of more cats. Two more were added; none was spared. The sponge was saturated and thrust into the box, and the executioner fled to the house without once looking back.

When father came home and found what had been done he was amazed. He wouldn't have lost the cat named Punch for anything, and he had always regarded Punch as his own cat, and Punch was a first-class ratter.

Grandmother also evinced surprise at what had happened, and said she should always mourn the cat named Judy, for Judy was such a ladylike cat, and could always have a corner in her room to sleep in, for Judy was never in the way nor the least bit objectionable.

Uncle Nat said he wouldn't have taken any money for Topsy, as he regarded Topsy as his especial property, and the likeliest cat in the bunch.

Aunt Caroline said it was bad luck to kill black cats, and she couldn't think of anything she was so superstitious about as black cats.

Susan said she wouldn't have killed even one black cat for all the money on earth, and that she should be afraid to stay now, anyway, and couldn't wait till her month was up, either.

Mother hadn't a word to say for herself. That night black cats stared at her out of the darkness, and once she awoke from a nightmare of pursuing cats, an army of them, and thought she heard them wailing—the spirits of the cats she had chloroformed!

At daybreak she rose from her bed, dressed herself, and descended to the kitchen—and there on the back doorstep, peering through the screen door as usual, unhurried and expectant, were the six black cats, waiting for their breakfast.

"I'm so glad I didn't put a rock on the top of that box!" said mother. She gathered them in as if they had been prodigals, and all six of them had the breakfast of their nine or more lives.

STRUGGLE WITH A TIGER.

Two brothers, Khuda Bakhs and Shaikh Abdul Ghani, of Moradabad, were despatched recently to Rampur on an errand, and while entering a grove at Khadpura a tiger sprang upon Khuda Bakhs, who, being an athlete, warded off the blow aimed at him with his right hand and caught one of the paws with the other and maintained his hold, though the tiger was mauling the other hand.

Abdul Ghani now rushed up with a stout stick, which he forced down the tiger's throat, making it release his brother's hand, when Khuda Bakhs seized another paw with his wounded hand, forcing both the paws back. He wrestled with the tiger, keeping it down by sheer force, while Abdul Ghani belabored it with his lathi and killed it.

The tiger was carried by the brothers to His Highness the Nawab of Rampur, "who kept the skin as a memento and sent Khuda Bakhs to the State dispensary for treatment."—Indian Daily Telegraph.

VICARIOUS SNAKE BITE.

A vicarious snake bite is the curious case reported from Shepperton, Victoria, by Dr. Walchman. A small dog was bitten by a snake, and in turn bit his master, who was dressing his wound. The dog died. The man soon afterward became drowsy, on being taken to the hospital developed alarming symptoms of snake poisoning, and only energetic treatment saved his life.—Philadelphia Record.

A Trade in Brides.

According to statistics just issued the male inhabitants of St. Petersburg outnumber the female by 124,000. The total population of the capital now is 1,454,704, showing an increase of 230,000, or nearly nineteen per cent., as compared with the census of 1900. There are 315,632 children between the ages of one and fifteen, and of these 163,476 are boys and 152,158 girls.

A letter from Nokolsk-Ussurisk published in a London journal gives particulars of a profitable "commerce in brides" which is being carried on by enterprising peasants in the district. These matrimonial intermediaries bring a number of marriageable girls from European Russia, obtaining cheap tickets for them on some pretext or other, and play the part of father or guardian in the ensuing negotiations.

Their average cash profit on each bride is between forty and 100 rubles (a ruble being the equivalent of fifty cents), and in addition to this they get presents and vodka according to the means of the bridegroom.

Protecting the Camp From Insects.

At our camp last summer we discovered a good method to keep insects and snakes out of our camp. After we choose the best site we could find for our tent we burned a stretch of grass a few feet wide entirely around the tent. This proved very effective, as bugs and worms and even snakes, will not [illegible] newly burned-over [illegible] Kneeland [illegible]